

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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Forgetfulness An Asset

All praise is given to one's tenacious memory. Men and women too are praised for their power to retain thoughts in their minds an indefinite time. But where are the cheers for the individual who has the unbesought ability to forget? Where are the laurels? Who will crown this achievement? Many persons who have retentive memories also possess the attribute of forgetfulness in as high a degree. But always it is the memory that gets the praise. Condemnation is usually the lot of the forgetful.

Should we think seriously concerning this subject, we should realize what a kaleidoscopic, yet confusing, existence we would amass. Our minds would be crowded with the unpleasant thoughts as well as the pleasant, and the conglomeration would be utterly bewildering. The wrongs done us, the slights aimed, our good nature, the degogatory remarks expressed in our presence, or out of it, will remain as a lowering cloud, pregnant with an impending flood of gloom and worry and dismay.

But through our power of forgetfulness we can rid ourselves of all unpleasanties and unclog our brains of dusty memories. We can forget the faults of our associates, and in the forgetting, transmit pleasing memories to them.

We are not advocating for mankind a dreamy state of forgetfulness—a sort of oblivion—but a steady development of that power of forgetfulness which is a broom to the mind.

The Ink Makes It Permanent

The admonition to keep one's Book of Life clean so that he may write in it unsoiled has been proffered for centuries, but when was a word spoken concerning the flow of ink that should be used in the pen with which we are to write in this book. An unstained page is expedient, to be sure. As is a page of quality and durability in order that the ink will not spread or fade.

But surely the flow of ink is as important as the grade of paper. Our pen, the weapon of life that we use more often than the sword, is filled with indelible ink, that can not be washed away by the tide of public opinion, seared by the sun of criticism or made to fade by monotonous time. We can regulate the rate and strength of flow.

Every day we write another page. Every day we refill our pen. As the spider manufactures his own web, so we refill our pen with our own substance—our hopes, desires, and ambitions, and with the realization or failure of these.

Is your pen dry?

Could it be true that Mars Hill authorities have a habit of passing anything beside students—say, maybe, bucks?

"Personality is the one infinitely valuable treasure in the universe." That's It.

You know, we had probably an awfully silly idea that the pool in the gym was built to swim in.

DEBATES

(Continued from page 1)

tention of students in the dramatic reading and humorous reading contests.

The only other definite engagement that has been scheduled is one with Wake Forest on March 31. It will be a double-header debate and will be here.

Coach Huff has had unusual success with his teams in the past. He and Mr. Hoyte Blackwell have coached the boys and girls, respectively, for some years. This year Mr. Huff has charge of both groups as Mr. Blackwell is at Yale University attending the Divinity School.

Coach Huff seemed cheerful about the prospects for a successful season and seemed confident of having one.

WHERE DO THEY GO FROM HERE?

WAKE FOREST

Most of the students who go from Mars Hill to Wake Forest really amount to something. You can judge for yourself by noticing these grades: M. H. R. Kendall, Jr., made the third highest Senior record. The others on the Honor Roll were: H. S. Stroupe, M. S. Tuttle, G. B. Mullis, H. L. Richardson, A. L. Vinokuroff, F. B. Wilkens, and L. R. O'Brian.

From the fifty former Mars Hill students there were fifty-one A's; fifty-nine B's; sixty-five C's; and fifty D's. There were two hundred sixty-three courses taken. We should certainly be proud of the fine record these men are making.

At a recent meeting of the Volun-

TRAVELETTES

YELLOWSTONE

Yellowstone Park may be seen from various angles—from the sleek yellow Lincolns, reserved for special parties or the rumbling busses that accomodate approximately twenty-five persons; from the weather-stripped windows of the modern hotels or from the screened slits of the tourist cabins.

The latter way is much the more preferable—that is, if the traveler wishes to see something rather than to be something. The first camp that is usually visited is the Mammoth Hot Springs Camp. Here one will find Minerva Terrace. It is a beautiful phenomenon with that water flowing from top to bottom over algae of all colors of the rainbow. The terrace is over a hundred feet high. A geyser or hot springs basin is here also and contains several smaller terraces and numerous springs. The terrain is sandy and hilly at this point with trees in clumps rather than in forests.

"Old Faithful" is the next center of our interests and activities. This geyser is as beautiful as it is famous. Boiling water shoots 150 feet into the air forming a huge silver stalk of water. At night a pink searchlight plays on the eruptions. The geyser does not shoot a stream of water 150 feet in the air at first, as no doubt many people think. It attains this height gradually by quick thrusts which gain power and height with every eruption. Probably the largest geyser basin in the world is situated near this geyser. There are numerous other geysers in this basin. Some of them are "Minute Man" a tiny thing, "The Giant", highest-shooting geyser (200 or 250 feet) in the Park, "Mud Geyser", "Beehive", and other minor ones. All these do not erupt with the regularity of "Old Faithful", and it is difficult for one to see all of them playing. Here is an odd pool, known as Handkerchief Pool into which one could throw his handkerchief at one point, wait a few minutes, while the handkerchief disappears, and finally receive it clean at another point. Here is a place to economize on a laundry bill.

Another camp is Yellowstone Lake Camp where the bears are as friendly as the officials. At one end of this placid lake, mirroring the neighboring scenery without a distortion, lies the camp, low and spacious. Bear feeding is a most interesting sight here at the edge of the woods where the bears congregate for their evening repast. The brown bears have a peaceful feast until the wild grizzlies lumber up to the feeding grounds. This movement calls for a quick one-act scramble into the trees by the brown bears. The gray, greasy-looking grizzlies are one of the fiercest of animals, and even the rangers who feed them have to take precaution against getting in the path of these beasts. At this camp also one will find a road and cliff built of glass. The cliff is called Obsidian Cliff and is composed of black glass. This material is crushed and used on the roads in that vicinity. Imagine riding on a road covered with crushed glass!

Probably the most beautiful and appealing sight in all the park is the magnificent canyon of the Yellowstone River. This natural wonder is near the Canyon Camp last of the camps that one visits.

Much more colorful than the Grand Canyon though not as imposing, this Yellowstone Canyon is ten miles long and is padded in one spot by the Great Falls of the Yellowstone, which are about 310 feet high. The walls of this canyon are predominantly yellow or golden with long slurs of red and purple and orange streaking down to meet the bubbling torrent. The whole gives one a prismatic effect which is unforgettable.

The most attractive pool in the Park is Morning Glory Pool, a body of water that has the color and shape of a mammoth morning glory that is in full bloom.

Probably the most unique sight in the Park is the stack of antlers in front of one of the camp buildings. A law states that these horns cannot

MEN

A "tight" subject, however, there are a limitless number of unusualities about males that are interesting. Let us read a perfect description by Dorothy Reid.

"I like men. They stride about; They reach in their pockets and pull things out; They look important, They rock on their toes; They lose all the buttons off their clothes; They throw away pipes; They find them again. Men are queer creatures. I like men."

The following are a few ideas from your own dear co-eds:

"They are wishie-washie and fickle."

"Treat 'em dirty and they come back for more."

"They think they are the answer to maiden's prayers, but they can always be done without."

"They are vain, conceited and they strut, about as if to say, 'I like myself—I'm crazy about me.'"

"What would the female world do without men?" (Mildew).

"Ever since the world began woman has had to have her man."

"Fat or lean they look good to me."

"There isn't anything better than a good man. No sir."

"Men are short and men are tall. Either way—I'm fond of 'em all."

"There are men who are good-men who are bad; each can make a woman happy or sad."

"Men are sweet but my how they eat."

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"Men are necessary nuisances."

"Men are slouchies, men are neat, men are nice, but what big feet."

"A man may be law in the home, but the woman always makes the amendments."

"There is nothing like a deep voice (that leaves you out Whitesides) whispering sweet nothings in your ear."

"Certain family trees to which some of the Mars Hillmales claim a branch would perish if it were not for them"

Honor Clubs Elect Semester Officers

(Continued from page 1)

Mary Alice Gibbs, who discussed Michael Angelo. After the program Janie Britt gave an improbtu musical reading and piano selection.

The new officers elected for this semester were as follows: President, Bill Harkey; Vice-President, James Bruce; Secretary, Mary Morris; and reporter, Gladys Houser.

On February 13 the new branch of the Foreign Language Club met at Mrs. Oren Robert's home and organized a club for honor French students.

The officers elected are as follows: President, Geneva Messer; Vice-President, Elizabeth Campbell; Secretary and Treasurer, Neil Hartley; and reporter, Margaret Owen.

It was decided that the Club should be conducted "en francais" henceforth. At the first meeting, however, only games and contests were carried on in French.

be removed from the Park. Accordingly this stack, twenty feet high some years ago, is an accumulation of the antlers that the tourists' automobiles have been relieved of as they were leaving the Park.

With all these wonders of nature to silence one, there are some persons, probably school teachers, who ask questions like these. One asked a bus driver what the pipe line across the Lake was for. The driver replied, "Oh, that for the beavers to walk across on so that they won't get their feet wet."

And in answer to a question from one tourist with reference to the use of the cords of wood stacked by the side of the road, one bus driver replied that they used that to fire up Old Faithful with in the winter when it froze up.

"POORTRY"

To An Onion

(Dedicated to Pearl H. Odiferous, silver herb, All society you disturb, Since deliciously you bulge Weakening mortals to ind

Let us learn a lesson here From this little rounded sdy C Boys, if you would rate w with Be strong as the onions put Pearl's.

—Lyn

Relax

By FRANK HUN

Dimming the lights and the a chair Resting your head on a p near Propping your feet on a you find Nothing to bother the your mind.

The glittering sparks that skies Causes the closing of the eyes Dreaming of things in the past Impressions are made on will last.

Thinking of life in a serio Its many details in brief it Seeing so clearly the thing lect Resolving so willingly to pr v

Learning the value of sud pro Nothing but righteousness intrude Comfortably seated relat spine Nobody else knows the th your mind.

Lawn Joy

(With Apologies to K When the prof's last exam is a

Ink is blotted and dried When the lucky ones are the

Unfortunate ones have We shall rest, and faith, we it—lie

down for a month or two 'Till the bell in the Ad. bu er peals Out our doom anew.

And those that were cob happy. They shall Sleep way past nine each

And those who studied sh and appear With faces forlorn.

The brilliant shall loaf thr ust, and The dull shall loaf not a

But shall browse through b disgust, and Continue their work unt

And only our parents will and only Our teachers will blame; Some worked for grades standing and

Labored for other fame, But none for the joy of wo each In his separate room Sought to evade his studies, ly deserved His doom.

—Peggy

—They are the only sap in ily."

"Men are simply 'buy-p "Certain males of the campus possess birdeyes. from limb to limb." (Edito You're braggin')

"Some Mars Hill boys are they would eat their shoe st tie the spaghetti."

Well, men, you know why stand. What are you goin about it? We're waiting. answer?