

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

Entered at the Post Office, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, February 20, 1926.

Member Southeastern Junior College Press Association.

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VOL. VIII MARS HILL, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPT. 22, 1934 No. 1

Whose Paper Is This?

Do you, who receive the *Hilltop*, feel that the paper is just another "something" in which you have no part? Or do you consider yourself a part of it? Do you think that all the staff expects of you is that you read the paper? If so, you are mistaken.

The staff represents you, and you are expected to do your part in making the *Hilltop* a successful paper. Whether you can write news articles or not, does not excuse you from doing your part. In offering criticism, be sure that it is constructive and not merely destructive. Constructive criticism will contribute greatly towards a successful paper, but destructive criticism may do a great deal in destroying the morale of the staff.

The *Hilltop* is the voice of the students, and unless every student does his part, that voice cannot be heard. Do not hesitate to submit any news article you wish for approval, but do not be offended if that article is not printed. Sometimes it may be omitted for lack of space and sometimes for lack of quality. The staff reserves the right to select what is to be printed, and unless any article reaches the standard of the *Hilltop*, it will not be used.

The *Hilltop* is not just a newspaper. It is an institution founded on high ideals. And it is the purpose of the present staff to live up to those ideals. Can the staff depend on you? Will you do your part in making the *Hilltop* a successful paper?

Cinematic Reaction

With a fight for better movies already on by the Catholics, we of Mars Hill have gone just one step ahead; we are showing better movies in our own auditorium.

With this in mind, we of the younger generation, on the road to ruin, if you wish, desire to express our gratitude to the college officials for their sane judgment in the picking of the films for our amusement. The motion pictures, that so far have been shown, are the type that appeal to our souls. How our hearts did beat when the stirring strains of "Dixie" were heard in "Carolina" at the appearance of General Robert E. Lee. And many a tear was shed when "Mr. Bob" died.

Enough said!
Again we say "Thanks."

H. A. E.

From The Society Presidents

(Continued from page 1)

the other. We enjoy good, clean sportsmanship and spirited, friendly rivalry when the time comes for matching talent and ability, and we want you to have a part in it all.

Let it be known to both the young men and the young women that even though you should see fit to join one of the other societies, the Clios and the Phis are still your friends and want to feel that you are our friends.

Best wishes, and all the luck in the world to the Eu's and Nons for the coming year.

CHARLES A. FISHER.

EU'S

The Euthalian Literary Society extends to every new student of this college a sincere invitation to visit our society at any time you wish. This society was organized in 1891 and in the years that have followed it has shown remarkable power in developing character, as well as in training the intellect. Our society offers facilities for practice in debate, oratory, and declaiming; and our members become familiar with parliamentary law and procedure. If you are interested in this sort of training and in building character through working and associating with men who are men, we invite you to join us. If you want to be a Euthalian,

Educating The Soul

Someone has said, "The sole education is the education of the soul." How true! For as the spiritual man is being renewed daily, all else falls in behind and takes its proper place. Why then start off your college year by neglecting to educate your soul? Would a carpenter start out on a job without his tools? Would the stenographer take dictation without a pencil? Why then do we as Christians start out in the morning without the proper preparation to carry us through the day? Let us, as we start our college work, educate our spiritual side as well as our physical being, by seasoning the path each day with prayer. Prayer is our talking with God, and Bible reading is God talking to us.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him. Neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." Would you know the unsearchable riches of Christ? Then educate the soul!

—Eddie Lieberman.

we want you to be a Euthalian. If you give to Non-Eu the best that you have, the best will come back to you.

NEIL HARTLEY.

THE HILLTOPPER

H. E. ELLIOTT

My, isn't it great to be back, old students? With all the improvements and the new faces on the campus, the atmosphere of the place has a new meaning for some of us.

And you, new students, who will be with us this year, we bid you welcome to our friendship and inheritance of Mars Hill spirit that has been embodied in us. Needless to say, we are mighty glad to have you with us.



Did you happen to notice the swallows over the Music Building the other day? It was a wonderful sight. Out of the chimney they would emerge, soar up towards the blue, and swoop down again to a safer level. Their haven—a sooty chimney! Soon the cold will drive them away.



Snapshots: Dr. Moore mowing the lawn with the grace of a young buck . . . Members of the faculty dozing in chapel . . . Miss Pearce wearing several pair of glasses . . . Mr. McLeod saying, "This will cost you nothing."



One thing I like about this campus—the friendly atmosphere. There are few institutions who are lucky enough to have a president who finds time to talk with his students. And the best part of it, he talks of worth while things.



If you really want a thrill, watch the moon come over the mountain tonight.



A bouquet to "Daddy" Blackwell, who gave us a new insight at the sunset vesper service at the beginning of school.



You new students who have chosen your literary society have a treat in store. Just wait till your society celebrates its anniversary.

Ye Old Snooper

With so many new students around, ye old snooper has not been able to gather in the dirt as you readers might want. But, here is a little on some of our notorious students.

Several days ago, Iris Rabb told Dr. Sams that she cried last year when she left Mars Hill. Listen, Iris, there's no use in your "cobbing" him. He doesn't teach you anything!

We think Eleanor Moore has an S. P. on the campus. Coming up on the bus she met a Mars Hill boy. Since then, believe you me, she's been a little "Dopey".

Jessiedow Jones certainly must have some secret power over the males. Anyway, she has a certain boy "reeling". Watch out Clearwater—you're "Miles" from home!

Then there's young "Woody" Teague (no relation to "Tiger"), who being a lover of fruits, is "that way" about "Peaches".

And does "Judge" Barnett like to "Pat"? All we can say is "PAT HER SON"!

And that little bird "Wren" has most lost his power. Anyway, his influence is not very "Long".

Bob Anders has deserted the fair co-eds and is rushing a certain "Jane" in town.

A certain C-I was overheard telling his old lady to watch his smoke with the women. "Wright" or wrong, we are wondering if a certain young lady from Burlington is going to get burned.

And who would have thought it!! John Clark and Bobby Wright have been seen together practically all the time. Yes, we know they are roommates. But, there is something more than that. Both have secret loves. When they saw a certain "Scotchman's" watch and bracelet on "Click" Elliott's arm the other night, John's face went blank. Since that time he has been in a melancholy mood.

The Editor has called a stop. Ye old snooper bids you farewell till next issue. More dirt to you!

GRADUATE GOSSIP

Two of those in the male quartet which sang at the church services the first Sunday of this term and at chapel—H. C. Edwards of the local high school faculty, and D. E. Poole, teacher at Bath, N. C.—were members of a famous quartet of 1925-1926. Another member of the '25-'26 quartet, Lydin Pendergrass, is in Los Angeles and Hollywood studying dramatics and voice under noted teachers in widely known institutions. He formerly studied under Edouard Albion at Pinehurst. Mars Hill will probably be hearing again Leo's baritone voice one of these days. The other member of this quartet, Leander Braswell, is living in Monroe, N. C.



Among the welcome visitors on the campus last week were Rev. and Mrs. M. H. Kendall who stopped over en route to Louisville, where Mr. Kendall will be a student next year.

Both Mr. Kendall and Mrs. Kendall, nee Eva Robbins, were graduated from Mars Hill in 1932. Since graduation Mrs. Kendall has been employed in the Bursar's office. Mr. Kendall has been a student at Wake Forest College where he was graduated with honors last spring. They were married in August, and will live this year at the Beeches in Louisville, where Mr. Kendall will be a student in the Theological Seminary.



Dr. and Mrs. George M. Leiby left Gibsonville September 12 for Harvard University where Dr. Leiby has been awarded a fellowship in international medicine under the Rockefeller Foundation.

Dr. Leiby was graduated from Mars Hill in 1926 where he made an outstanding record. In 1929 he received his B. S. from the University of North Carolina, and in 1931 his M. D. from Vanderbilt. For a year following his graduation he served in the Roper Hospital, Charleston, S. C. In 1932-1933 he did graduate study in gynecology at Vanderbilt. Since that time he has been practicing at Gibsonville, N. C., and serving on the staffs of several hospitals in Greensboro. Dr. Leiby is one of two North Carolinians to receive this coveted appointment.

Mrs. Leiby is also a graduate of Mars Hill College. She is remembered by many of the former students as Louise Wilkins, the charming and versatile daughter of Mrs. Wilkins of our faculty.



Rev. J. P. Gulley of Crozet, has been called to the pastorate of the Calvary Baptist Church of Richmond, where he will begin his work on October 1. After leaving Mars Hill in 1917, Mr. Gulley attended Wake Forest College and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Since that time he has been an active minister in North Carolina, serving as moderator of his association and president of the State B. Y. P. U. convention. His reputation is not limited to this state and he has won appreciation in many other states.

Scriblerus Club Plans Year's Work

The Scriblerus Club met for a short business meeting on Tuesday night, September 11. After the roll call and reading of the minutes, the president, Katherine Ellis, welcomed the members back and pledged her loyalty and support to the club in making the Scriblerus Club really a contribution to the campus.

Because of the failure of the vice-president to return this year, Dortha Morgan was elected the new vice-president; Marion McManus was elected reporter; and Mr. McLeod was chosen sponsor for this year.

Attention was called to the dues, and the programs for the year were discussed.

A list of eligible students for the club was presented, and it was decided that eight new members be admitted to the club.

POETRY

To The Moon

By NINA GRAY LILES

A sleepy sun glides slowly down
The evening shades come o'er;
The veil of day is smoothly drawn
And sunlight reigns no more.

O Silver Moon! O Slender Moon!
I see you peeping now;
I spy you o'er dark forest tips;
I watch you make your bow.

How lovely when you're riding high,
Oh goddess of the night!
You're like a golden, magic cup,
That floods the fields with light.

Oh White Moon! Oh Harvest Moon!
Oh silver pin-head bright;
I love to watch you when you're
Or just at blue midnight.

Hands

H. ELLIOTT

A tender hand
That watches by day
A curly head
In a cozy crib,
Is often held
By a hardened hand
Of one who
Watches boats
Plow to and fro
In a watery trough.

Death

NINA GRAY LILES

Oh why did death walk into life
And take his breath away?
Oh why did death put forth a
And draw him far away?

In just the twinkling of an eye
Death came to him I love;
And on the wings of angels bright
God bore his soul above.

It cannot be forever,
Forever—then a day;
That God will keep us parted,
For that is not God's way.

He gave him, and he took him—
And though He knows what's best
I did not want to give him up,
For I loved that one best.

Success

KATHERINE ELLIS

Some people seem to be destined by the hand of Fate to be lucky successful. Why? Because they have had an eye to see opportunity, the heart to act at the right time, the nerve to consummate a feat work. As Miss Bronte expressed it, "no tyrant passion dragged them back; no enthusiasm; no foibles cumbered their way." They have made up their own minds; they have decided what they should do, and have stuck to it determinedly. The voice of critics has never phased them. They have never heeded advice given by foolish counselors.

All the signs of the Zodiac and the stars in the universe could not create character, ambition, or a successful life without the direct development of the individual. The successful group in this great game of life must learn the art of sincerity. A truth for which there is no substitute. They must learn to take what is with their chins up and make the best of it, there is truly no short cut to success. Fear must be conquered and developed. Above all things they must be honest, honest to themselves, to their fellowmen, to their God, and to their business.

When a man has gradually climbed the ladder of success, one may find that each rung was climbed with steady steps rather than being pulled by the hand of Fate.