

# THE ACADEMY PRESENTS

## We, The Staff

Note: The entire class has enjoyed contributing to this issue of the *Hilltop*, and we are grateful for the opportunity to appear in print.

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## Literacy

Have you ever harbored a serious thought on the subject of literacy? Perhaps, but even then you may have gained a misconception of the truest meaning of the word. We immediately think that the reference is to the ability to read and write, but the meaning is much deeper. To be truly literate one must be able to read and write with *understanding!* Do we always express ourselves completely? Many of us have formed the habit of saying just enough to make sense without being clear on all points. We must not leave the issue in mid-air, neither should we be too lengthy in our writings and discussions. Conciseness is more important than ampleness. The ability to cover the subject in as few words as possible is the greatest characteristic of the good speaker or writer. Let us take stock of ourselves and attempt to analyze our own faults. Surely we don't want to remain illiterate.—R. R. P.

## Friends

"If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,  
And nobody helped us along,  
If each one looked after himself,  
And good things all went to the strong;  
If nobody cared just a little for you,  
And nobody thought of me,  
And we all stood alone in the battle of life,  
What a dreary old world this would be.  
Life is sweeter by the friends we have made,  
And the many things in common that we share;  
And we would live on, not for self alone,  
But for our friends who care.  
It's giving and doing for somebody else—  
On which life's splendor depends;  
And our greatest joy, when it is all added up,  
Is found in the making of friends."

Yes, we need friends along life's rugged road, and Mars Hill is a good place to make friends. It has been said that "a man that has friends must show himself friendly." This is true, for if we expect to have loyal and sincere friends we must be friendly ourselves. The loyalty of a true friend is unwavering; his devotion is real; and his sympathy is sincere. No words can express the value of a true friend. Yes, along life's rugged pathway we need friends. —W. F.

## Yes, I'm The Guy!

"If any wrong has been done, then I did it. I'll walk the circle and talk to a girl whenever I want to. Why? Just for the simple reason that I am the guy who doesn't give a continental about the old rules of this school. What do I care? Why I'll even stand in front of Spilman and yodel all day long. All the girls think I'm cute anyway, so what else matters. For all I care, the dean can do his worst. Who is he to tell me what to do? My dad is paying his good dough for me to be here, so what's it to anybody what I do? Furthermore, I'm going to get my car up here regardless of regulations. This is a free world and if I want to have a good time who should worry? If I break my neck it's my business. Why do I say all this stuff? Well, it's this way. You see I'm the chump of all chumps, and nobody else. So what?"

Are you the person who was heard to utter the above words? Perhaps not, but just the same you *have* heard some one say practically the same things. Yes, it is true that seldom would any individual be harmed, but can't you see that if every member took the stand taken by the person quoted that the result would be disastrous? You are not going to be a chump, are you?—R. R. P.

## How To Cob

Jack Wagner

"That's an attractive tie you are wearing today. Where did you get it? Say, that isn't bad. Look how that yellow blends with black. Boy! How do you tie 'em that way?"

Do you want to make the honor roll, get good grades, have many friends?—learn to cob, be a good "yes man" that can say no once in a while. Don't stay on the other side of the street and yell "cobber"! Get on the "in and in." May I give you a few rules, a few principles from which you may build up your own individual flourishes? Study your victim, learn his or her habits, philosophies, likes and dislikes, whether she is a talker or listener. Always do this before you attempt anything.

Never spread it on too thick because it may peel off if you do. It is better to just say a word than to go into a long eulogy on what ever your line of approach is.

I may as well mention some manners of approach. If a person is proud of his new suit, work on that, agree with him on every point, unless he calls you a mule. If your victim is a "testy" old professor disagree with him on a few points and then let him prove them to you. He will think you a person of great reasoning ability. Always be tactful. A lot depends on being tactful. Everybody likes a person who is tactful.

If you will but observe these few rules you will become one of the chosen few, unless the members of the faculty read this!

## The Prospective C-II Class Is Cosmopolitan

### Class Of '37

#### Let Us Pretend That The Date Is March 10, 1937

Eleanor Harrington is that silent, yet efficient member who grades all the papers for the teachers.

Ferrell James is president of the Mars Hill Standard B. Y. P. U's. Betty Elliott is president of the Nonpariel Literary Society.

Many C-I's have joined. While I think of it, Fred Heberling is president of the B. S. U.

Jessell Cochran is the Clio president. She is a good one, too.

Hazel Massie keeps the library from one to six o'clock. Why the boys go to the library in the afternoon.

Meechem is sure to be the baseball star this season. Who will get his letter?

T. R. Simpson, you know — the ladies' man, rings the bell. He seems to have time on his hands.

Prof. Calvin Beckwith now helps Stringfield take pictures of the beautiful C-I's.

John Wagner is door keeper for the Eu's. And by the way, Bill Fleming is president. I understand that since the boys have given him a limited time to talk they are getting on fine.

J. M. Barnett is editor of the HILLTOP and Richard Padgett is editor-in-chief of the LAUREL.

Margaret Jackson has slowly but surely worked herself up to being the president of the French club.

Honorable Charles Truman has now received his B. S. degree. You know, "bull shooting."

Jim Murrel is now the assistant coach. Not bad for such a shy little boy.

Carlton Marsh lectures to the C-I's every Friday on his foreign travels.

Joe Thomas is head of the Sunday School Department.

Pauline Wenz is president of the Y. W. A. Her "old lady" has organized a music club.

Bobby Wright is president of the Student Council. He does little except see that nothing happens.

John Moore happens to be the head waiter in the dining room.

Neil Saunders is president of the I. R. C., and James Frazier is president of the Scribblers' club.

Frieda Joiner can type up a storm, so she is Mr. Canup's assistant.

John Ross is head of the Study Hall and Messrs. Teague, Wagner, Truman and Padgett are coaches.

Let us now go back to 1935. Do you not see a great future? We truly hope that we shall be able to bring success to dear old M.H.C.

## I Can't Get Over It

By Jick

Some people may think that Betty Elliott prefers a curt manner. Pardon us, we meant to say "Kirk."

After four years Jimmy Reid seems to be singing his swan song at the feet of the "girl back home," in favor of Dick Padgett. This gives the Mars Hill co-eds their long awaited "break."

Was Hoffman fired or did he resign in favor of a new "position" in the dining hall?

"Cricket" is worried since the doctor diagnosed Leonard's trouble as a double case of heart trouble. We wonder which case is the worst.

Jimmy Reid is in "Adele" of a mess. Linden Street disinherits him.

Jack Wagner and Dick Padgett tossed a coin for first chance with the new brunette addition to the class but a C-II seemed to beat their time.

Maybe some people don't give a "hoot" about the impressions of visiting speakers. Ask the guy who went to sleep in chapel.

Frieda Joiner is trying to "make" Lover's Lane.

## Age Extremities Seen In Academy

Doubtless the most striking characteristic of the Adacemy class this year is its cosmopolitanism. Just what does that term mean? We find that it means that which belongs to all or a part of the world and that is exactly what our class represents. The world! Perhaps that sounds like an exaggeration but nevertheless it is true. Our representation is from both hemispheres and it embodies three continents and a group of islands. Even after narrowing the group down to the states alone we find that our members come from many parts of the country at large. All this is still more startling when we realize that numbers are not responsible for this interesting class, for actually there are fewer than fifty persons in the group.

It would be interesting to be able to delve in detail into the backgrounds of these class members according to their respective homes. Centers of government, finance and industry represented.

The group includes the Philippine Islands, Brazil, Germany; the cities of Washington, D. C., Detroit and New York and the states of Florida, New Mexico, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, Virginia and, of course, North Carolina.

## Can You Believe—

That if all the members of the Academy class were to go to their homes and return during the spring holidays an approximate distance of 74,824 miles will have been covered? This is enough mileage to send one of our class-mates around the world three times and still have enough left over to make three trips to Asheville. (We'll take the trips to Asheville.)

## Evolution Of Our Candy Store

Eleanor Harrington

"Cris, will you sell us some candy?" "Nina, we haven't some candy."

"I am starving to death." "I have got to have something to eat right now!"

"Cris, what kind of candy do you have?"

These are the cries one will hear from the girls if he enters Spilman at ten o'clock. They are heard continuously until the ten-thirty lights flash every night of the week except Sunday nights.

The candy was once sold in a basket in Miss Bowden's room but today we have a show window for our candy outside one of the girl's door. The first orders of candy were never more than one dollar and now they are never less than twenty-five dollars.

The same kind of appeals are made by the girls today as made by those years ago. All the girls want candy outside the scheduled hours but it couldn't be sold and will not in the future.

The candy store has served in many valuable ways. From it twenty-five dollars were given for the Lottie Moon Christmas offering for Foreign Missions. Special contributions are made regularly to the missionaries on the foreign fields. Fifteen dollars were given to help send delegates to the B. S. U. convention in Memphis last fall. Special boxes of food and fruit are sent to the sick with money from the candy store. The Y. W. A. Windows are also bought with this money. Other ex-

This year's academy class is notable for the extremity of ages represented. One extreme is that of the "knee-pants" age. The other is that of the married person which composes that permanent plane" as referred to by Dr. Richardson in his chapel address. Fred Taylor, son of Rev. Mr. Taylor, who comes to us from Brazil, is representative of the former group. He is an outstanding student with great scholastic ability. In the latter group appear the names of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Roberts of Tennessee; Mr. and Mrs. Grover Kinelaw and Ferrel James, who comes to us alone, his family remaining in Greensboro.

## The Triumph Of Imagination

(An Excerpt from a City Note)

Oh, fairest of the fair, attar of the rose. Oh, thou whose ubiquitous countenance is forever kissed by the vagrant gypsy winds of spring and fall, whose brow is as delicately moulded as the one-day Southern moon, whose eyes are like twin star sapphires, and whose lips are closest kin to melting rubies drenched with the wild free morning rain. I treasure such a sanguine affection for thee, dearest, that my very sanity quakes and trembles like the withered lotus stalk bending 'neath the icy breath of the cold far northern wind howling 'cross the barren steppes like the mournful eerie wail of the Banshee suffering the excruciating tortures of the nethermost depths of hell.

Thy balmy lips instill within me a sense of saporous exhilaration—urging me toward a revocation of all that is ethereal and sanctimonious. Thy sateen cheek hath the pale pearly pink of sea shells—heaven's sweetest tint, urging my ingenuous heart and soul into a di-eternal liquation of sublime equanimity. And, dearest, as I lie abed at night, nought but sweet dreams of thee peruse my nocturnal slumber. I fashion thee and me wandering amidst the verdant fields of far away Elysium, our hands entwined, and our hearts enthralled to the harmonious music of incomparable Orpheus, basking in the friendly smile and approbation of fair Venus. 'Twas ever thus—and 'thus 'twill ever be.

Thine eternally,

J. FRAZER.

penses of the Y. W. A. come from the candy store profit.

When we patronize the candy store we are helping the Y. W. A. in its contributions to the missions on foreign fields beside satisfying our sweet tooth. Thanks to Cris for her splendid work at the candy store.

Here's success to the good old "life saver" candy store in the years to come as has been in the past.

Bring out your Spring  
Clothes and let  
"Steamboat"  
make them look like  
new

MARS HILL  
CLEANERS

...FOR YOUR...

ICE CREAM — CANDIES — SOFT DRINKS  
SODAS — SCHOOL SUPPLIES

—visit—

POPE'S PHARMACY

"You are always welcome"