

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking."

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Hail Wake Forest!

We were greatly impressed with the manner in which the strong Freshman quint of Wake Forest invaded Western North Carolina recently.

Willingness to cooperate with schools and colleges in this region, the display of good sportsmanship on and off the hardwood floor, coupled with their ability to play a fast brand of ball, caused the Baby Deacs to be held in high regard by all who saw them play, and moved Al Bannister of *The Asheville Times* to pay tribute to the squad, remarking that Wake Forest won a lot of friends on that brief trip of the Frosh Basketeers.

Again, we say we were impressed. We definitely have knowledge of several who have designated Wake Forest as their future college, who had before pondered over the advisability of attending this Baptist school of the Piedmont.

We affirm that a school need no better advertisement than courteous representatives. Wake Forest, we salute you!

And though we aren't often moved to praise our contemporaries, we present our best journalistic "plum" to Archie McMillan, editor of the Wake Forest *Old Gold and Black*, a proved gentleman whose paper has reflected the true atmosphere of the 103-year-old Wake Forest and who has transferred to many here the desire to be a "Deacon."

—H. A. E.

Starting Over

With this issue we start over. The first semester is past and the eleventh volume of the *Hilltop* is half finished. We, of the staff, have the experience of half a year behind us, and the even greater experience of another half year before us. It is our aim to make the *Hilltop* foremost in the southern junior college field. It is our aim to put out a paper worthy of **you** and **your** ideals. To help us, let us know how you feel about it. Drop us a line, or write us a note. Don't just kick us; give us a hand or a pat on the back. If you like something, say so. If you don't like it—shout. If you want to help us in person, our meeting is open to you, Room 4—6:30 P. M., every Monday night.

—J. J. C.

A Gentleman's Game

If we won no honors at any other field of endeavor our forensic team would still be worthy of our most hearty compliments. The standards of debate at Mars Hill have been so consistently high that our teams now rank well in the lead of most junior college squads. When a debate coach receives our fifteen inquiries from senior colleges, such as Wake Forest, Emory and Henry, University of Florida, Elon, Erskine, and only a few from junior colleges, surely something is responsible. As a rule debates are sparsely attended at Mars Hill, with but few other than the judges listening, and yet it is in this line of endeavor that Mars Hill has won her greatest fame. She always receives a hearty invitation to return, whenever she goes somewhere, and has earned the name of being a cultural center, turning out true gentlemen. In March the debaters go to the Tri-State Junior College Tournament, and in April to the Southern Tournament. We, for one, expect them to bring home a good-sized bacon.

—J. J. C.

Please

Worn spots are again appearing on the grass of the circle. The grass is just beginning to grow so now is the time to keep off. We all want our campus to remain beautiful, so we should remember to keep to the sidewalks, and make the **Please** sign unnecessary.

—J. J. C.

Aunt Minnie Meanwell

With the approach of St. Valentine's Day, Aunt Minnie went into a rhapsody of romantic beauty and adorned her living quarters with the following lyrical outbursts that she received from her ardent admirers.

From The Dramateers

Upon the stage we walk and turn,
And drama we affect.
We hope our sophistication
Won't give you a pain in the neck!

For, all of you we love so dear
In the mellow spotlight's ray;
So be our little Valentine
Upon this festive Day.

—o—

From The Glee Club

Sing a song of sixpence
Pocket full of rye,
If you say you like our singing,
It's nothing but a lie!

Three, four open the door
And be our Valentine;
And if you say we are a bore
We'll consider your feeble mind!

—o—

From The Youth's Temperance Union

We talk ourselves blue in the face
About Whiskey, Beer, and Wine.
We do so want you students
For our DRY Valentine!

—o—

From Dean Biggers

Simple young men come fishing
In my Spilman fish bowl.
But, when I ring my dinner bell
Melrose is their goal.

But some of these days when the
weather is fine,
I'll let you come and stay.
If you'll be my Valentine
I'll never run you away!

—o—

From The Young Men

Goosey, Goosey Gander
Where shall I wander
Down Patton Avenue?

I'll go to the Pickwick
For a cue ball and stick
To play a game or two.

From there I'll go to Gooches,
Might lead to some smooches
From the femme with eyes of blue.

Then to the Imperial
To see some lousy Serial.
(May I hold hands with you?)

If for my Valentine
You'll promise to be mine—
No other ladies will I pursue!

—o—

From A Yankee

I'm a little Yankee
Dancing through the woods;
I'm a little Yankee,
And Boy! I've got the goods.

The ladies how I wow them.
Man! I've got that thing.
I warble in their pink little ears,
"Of Thee I Sing!"

So to youse Southern molls,
Yeah, kid, I'm fine,
If you don't think me conceited—
You may be my Valentine.

C-I's Plan Banquet To Be On April 24th

The C-I class held its monthly meeting Friday, January 22, at the chapel hour with Billy Poteat presiding. Plans and committees for the Junior-Senior Banquet were discussed. The officers met Thursday of this week and appointed collection, program, decoration, and menu committees.

The Junior-Senior Banquet comes on April 24 this year.

With Our Alumni DOROTHY WALKER

One of our former students making the headlines for himself recently is William (Doc) Newton of the class of '13. Doc Newton has accepted the position of head coach for football at N. C. State College—a \$6,000 a year job. For the past five years he has been coach at Davidson College. Doc Newton received the vote of seven to one in the nomination meeting of the officials.

Christmas marked not only the beginning of a new year of greater happiness in the usual way for Bonnie Francis and Lois Haynes of the class of '34, but it marked the beginning of a new life. Miss Francis was married to Mr. Howard Shoak of Asheville and Clyde and Miss Haynes to Mr. Shirley Mooney of Clyde. Reports from two of the more recent graduates, Virgil Cox and Evan L. Evans, shows them to be doing well in their work at Wake Forest. Mr. Cox belongs to the Barristers Club, plays in the College band and sings in the glee club. Evans, a senior in the academic school is a member of the varsity debating squad.

COMPLAINTS and OTHERWISE

FIRST THINGS FIRST

"Do Right is an all-inclusive and all-sufficient rule. Every student knows right from wrong." These are the opening words under Requirements and Regulations in the Mars Hill College catalogue. It will be noticed that there are no "shipping" offenses—no do's or don'ts listed, thus leaving the impression that one will break no rules if his conduct is confined to the limits of the highest social standards.

Yet, when a student arrives on the campus, he is "swamped," literally buried with innumerable rules and regulations. He finds that we have returned to the ancient oriental custom of seating men on one side of the church, the women on the other. He finds it an unforgivable breach of social contract if he calls for his co-ed friend at her dormitory (other than Spilman) before escorting her to a show or public entertainment. He is severely criticized, almost threatened, if he escorts her home again. He finds himself subjected to an entirely new social system, unheard of anywhere else. No investigation is made as to his **right** or **wrong** doing; he must abide by rules, so many in number that he may never have heard of the one he is breaking.

There are certain offenses against society that are forbidden in even the most liberal schools. The governing authorities here, however, should be commended on their judgment where serious offenses have been involved. It is, however, entirely unfair to treat lightly and forgive serious offenders, when students are stripped of their honors and social privileges and confined to regulations typical of the strictest penal institutions, for breaking some minor rule, the over-stepping of which could hardly be construed to be wrong.

PUT FIRST THINGS FIRST
—M. Hayes Brown.

Yesterday Tomorrow

We were down at the second annual Appalachean Forensic and Speech Contest and we almost first thing we did was to run up to the stove and lean against it. We were happy for once, backed off, as it gave us a chance to shed our coats and hats. Finally we crowded on the other side of the door, pulled up the covers, and waited for the others to rush up, thaw, and get on with it.

Talk about cold, there. It was so cold that the flame froze in the lamp, broke off, and fell to the bottom. When the lamp went out, the townspeople gathered around, and during the night the snowflakes didn't melt, and just went on melting.

The winds came from the mountain tops, to the north, and up the mountain side. It blew from the other side. It blew the snowflakes down to melt, and just went on melting. And our coat has been so cold that it can't prove it. (Naw! Not so cold.) I saw several houses on one side and water on the other. When he asked why one of the professors that the wind had bent the night before that paint off one house next.

One thing about the there. They couldn't have cooled by the mountain. They don't know how much is in it, but they told Eskimos froze to death how cold it was.

The windows of the house on the inside going to had to scrape them. A crack in the door let the wind, and occasional snow. The heater roared the front seat, and the rear froze.

In fact, it was a warm day. To top it off, during the meal one of the visitors got up to tell how he enjoyed his visit. He was so vociferous in his praise that he talked loudly and long. At a certain time one of the listeners could bear no more and slipped out. Outside he met another who had just returned. "Has he finished yet?" "Yes," replied the first. "Yes," replied the second. "Has he finished yet?" "Yes," replied the first. "Yes," replied the second. And if that wasn't enough, the windshield wiper fell off and it started to rain.

Social Calendar

February 13—Movie
February 17—Charity
February 18—Camp
February 20—Movie
February 25—Movie
February 27—Basketball
March 6—Movie
March 13—Open House
March 20—Dramatic
April 3—Movie
April 10—Orchestra
April 17—B. Y. P.
April 24—Junior-Senior Banquet