

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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Friendship!

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fourth in a series of guest editorials to be published in The Hilltop. This issue Dean I. N. Carr is the guest editorialist.]

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No more important matter has ever faced a person than that of making and retaining friends. It is a subject that has provoked thought and discussion among the thinkers of all ages. It may well arrest the attention of college students. One writer said, "The way to make friends that will last long is to be a long time making them." The Greeks put it, "Do not make friends quickly." Deep and abiding friendship grows out of unselfishness. The self-lover has no rival. Heredity gives us our relatives, but we choose our friends. Socrates once said, "A friend is another self." Skill must be exercised in the retention of friends. The quickest way to lose a good friend is to lend him money. True friendships are rare.

The apostles told the Master everything that they did. How many of us know persons whom we should like to tell everything? A friend is one in whom we may confide. Time, which wears most things away, serves only to make true friendship beautiful. Friendship is immortal. It is one of life's greatest treasures. The person who forgets or neglects to warm the hearth of friendship will grow into a life of loneliness and seclusiveness. Probably the best time to form wholesome, uplifting, and permanent friendships is during the period of college attendance. Friends should consist of old, middle-aged, youth and children. Older persons should not neglect children as they grow up. Youth will help fill up the vacancies of life in its later years. "The tree dies stripped of bark and leaves; so no man can live without friends."
 —I. N. C.

Temperance

For the last few weeks the societies on the campus have been engaged in temperance reading contests. It is quite an interesting thing indeed to note the many comparisons drawn between strong drink and other calamities in the lives of people and nations.

In one instance the fact is brought to bear that the flood, which swept over a wide area last year, must never happen again. Steps must be taken to control the waters of these rivers so that American people might be protected from the merciless waters of such a flood. Millions of dollars have been spent in flood control and millions more must be spent in order to hold back this peril. The fact is then brought out that strong drink is constantly flooding our land and steps should be taken to control this peril.

The picture of the flood brings a realization of that which has happened, and what a tragedy it was to the people of that particular section. Let us go further into the matter, taking the wars that are evident as an example.

When the fury of all man-made destructive powers are loosed in the next war, the tales and news-stories hot from the battlefronts will be enough to completely paralyze the nervous system of a human being. Yet while the preparations were being made bit by bit for this war, no one thought any such results could have grown from gradual preparation. Man will stop to try to collect his senses. He will wonder why it ever happened, and all over again he will swear that it cannot, must not, and shall not be again.

The same applies in this case as did in the case of the flood. The preparation, bit by bit, led the nations to the point of intoxication for more wealth and adventure, with the final result being crushed and poverty stricken nations.

Temperance could be well used and exercised in the case of all our present day war propaganda as well as in the case of strong drink. Why drink an excess of this form of literature and go war-mad? In the meantime, however, efforts could be put forth to try to control this thing called war. The words "mercy" and "moderation" are totally unknown to the vocabulary of war, so there is a point in being 100 per cent temperate in this form of indulgence.

—E. F. B.



SPRING IS ALWAYS MAGIC

Have you ever stared intently as a magician persisted in pulling rabbits from empty hats, heavy objects out of thin air, and coins from your pockets? You saw, but yet you did not see. Such is spring—magic word—the abracadabra of the Master Magician. His stage is the whole world; all nature is His stooge. By merely

blowing His warm breath upon sleeping seeds and stripped stalks, the ephemeral masterpieces unite with a myriad of colors, designed upon an easel, and radiating aromas that hold you spell-bound. Just with the whispered word, "Spring", animals resume a life that has laid dormant despite the hullabaloo of humans.

He might not pull a million birds into a frigid sky, but he might put a song in each of their throats. Already I hear the scientist screaming, "hibernation! migrati spring will always be me!

IN THIS CASE BY EUGENE BRISSIE

Hitler—upon whose shoulders a world crisis rests—once faced starvation. He says it didn't look at all pleasant; therefore, it must have been a mutual feeling.

"The average girl's notion of an ideal boy friend is one that is clever enough to make money and foolish enough to spend it"—says a San Francisco writer. He insists that his ideal girl must be industrious. Perhaps it would be of interest to him to know that the girl that can knit often has the best yarn also.

Into the valley of death rode the 600, but they didn't have anything on the 700 of Mars Hill who have been and are facing mid-season exams. Spring holidays are next in order and then the last lap of another school year will be under way. Already some are beginning to wonder if this is going to be their lucky summer.

"Old Sayings" make quite an interesting study. Many of these "sayings," or proverbs, originated in China, but have been changed somewhat in being handed down to the civilization of the "West." For instance, one original Oriental proverb says, "A man's possessions speak in behalf of his recognized abilities." This has been modified quite a bit if our "money talks" came from it.

If money talks,
 We wonder why;
 We only hear
 It say good-bye.

In closing may we take this opportunity to extend our sincerest wishes to you for a pleasant spring vacation. So rare are the days of March; then come perfect va-

This Year's Crop Of Misses



Footprints in the Stands of Slime—

We wonder what Johnny Crisp thought when he returned from a pleasant time at home recently to find a bunch of dopes having a party in his room. Incidentally, his roommate was gone home too! . . . Mr. Stringfield, in Bible class, told us that the devil could be found at places other than Carolina, but he didn't seem convinced . . . Tony Morrison and Harold Early started to Miami, got as far as Greenville, S. C., and turned around and came back because they forgot their bathing suits. Better luck next time, boys . . . Melvin (that's his real name) "Ace" Elias has kindly consented to divulge his secret. He has announced a lecture course on "How I Hold The Women," or "The Gentle Art of Jiu-jitsu."

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cations if they ever come. But again may we remind you that only a matter of days will remain in the semester when you return, and then the twilight of another school year will have fallen. Would you mind if we referred you to the trite piece of advice, "Make the most of your time"?

They're Gone Not Forgotten BY LENA SUE SHERMER

According to our Stringfield, "Five of Hill college." In order P. C. Stringfield from this college in classical diploma. From went to Wake Forest received his B. A. Degree During the next year principal of the Se Institute, and from 19 was a teacher of the in Knoxville, Tennessee. Mr. Stringfield received Bachelor Degree from Theological Seminary, went to the University sylvania where he received M.A. Degree the same was an active pastor years while serving as The twenty-three year teacher at Mars Hill college been divided into two first was from 1909-1911, the second beginning in 1915, Preston Calvin, is a student here.

Dr. O. L. Stringfield from this college in Wake Forest he received Degree in Medicine and from New York University present he is a pediatrician in the Stamford, Connecticut. He is also an instructor in the New York University. Dr. Stringfield's daughter is a student here.

Miriam Stringfield from Mars Hill in 1913 and Literature. She then attended Lexington college in Massachusetts a while she was the music at Mars Hill college now resides with her P. C. Brantley, at Wake Forest. Brantley is a druggist.

Lamar Stringfield was a student of Mars Hill from 1915. From here he attended Wake Forest. In the army.

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