

The Hilltop

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Toast To Seniors

Only a matter of days remain and then the school year of 1937-38 will be history. Diplomas, promotion, or failure will characterize the end of the Mars Hill trail for local seniors.

It seems somewhat conventional to give a toast to the retiring class, and at the same time warn them of the disasters that will arise inevitably along life's pathway. True, but who is looking for the tragedies of life? However, here's the annual toast to the senior: "Best of good health, wealth, and success to you always. You are the best senior class ever—until next year."

The Hilltop wishes to express its sincere appreciation for the cooperation from the class of '38. Truly you have been a genuine class, and that is not characteristic of all classes. Your activities have been wholehearted, and your accomplishments many.

So here's to the class of '38, the way of life and a future is before you. Your record book is open and as you take your pen, make that record clean and honest—then will you be a success!

Finale!

With the annual Literary Edition we ring down the curtain on the student publication of 1937-38. Maybe we've failed, but our very best has been all we could offer.

It has been a year marked with outstanding activities, and it has been our pleasure to give our small accounts of these. Without apologies we have given what we had to offer and given it with a willing spirit. So we say it has been a pleasure to serve you.

The 1938-39 volume of The Hilltop bids fair to be a history maker. Talent to back this fact was displayed in the C-I. The C-I staff deserves congratulations for putting out one of the finest editions in history.

So to the in-coming staff, we throw the torch. They will hold it high. It has been a distinct pleasure to work with them, and their future hides worlds to be sought out.

Now as the curtain has closed and the music is dying away, only a shadow remains to remind us of our ephemeral gains. Maybe we'll meet again some day—who knows—but without further ado, we take our seat in the corner of the past with a wish of good fortune to The Hilltop in the years to come.

These Are Not Educated

Man Is Educated Because He Is a Greek Shark
Yet He Is a One-Man Band
While Eating Soup

By
WARREN TAYLOR

In just two weeks more 150 of us will receive diplomas, thereby completing one more step in our ladder of formal education. Very briefly let us see whether this adornment has definitely aided us to live better in this world of varied aspects. There is a current belief that if one has attained certain heights in knowledge he is educated. If this were the goal of our actions in school, an education would be the natural result of our reading and studying.

To scrutinize this definition closely is to discard it. What availeth formal knowledge without the power to think the problems of life through? Suppose a student makes the first honor roll, which certainly denotes thinking on his part, but when out of school he learns he has not been taught to think and thoughtfully solve his own social, economic, and religious problems; of what use were his high marks? Life, we soon learn, is not as logical as an algebra problem, but is subject to many changes.

Our social life must of necessity be considered. There are always those who say that home and not college is the place for social activities. That is true to a certain extent, but college is our home for at least two years. We cannot, therefore, take this particular thought and call it educational, even though it may have come directly from the teacher's notes, or term this deed non-educational when it relates to our conduct with those whom we touch.

A college may be likened to a melting pot. As a freshman the student brings his prejudices, fears, ill-manners, ignorance, and a host of other faults, when a senior he leaves with the refined gold of the power to think, broad-mindedness,

and good-taste.

Let us now examine our Mars Hill graduating class and see if they are educated in both knowledge and attitude toward society in general.

Consider first Joe Zilch. He ranks high in the Greek class and knows all the difficult verbs, yet he still eats with the knife and thinks himself to be a one man band when soup is served. Or again, Andrew Zilch, Joe's brother, who is a former Philomathian Literary society president. When the negro question was recently discussed in chapel and the thought was advanced that more justice should be given the negro, Andrew hotly exclaimed that the negro was not intended to have equal rights with the white man, else why the black skin? He believes, however, in contributing to the missions in Africa which propagate the Gospel of Him who was no respecter of persons, yet he refuses to practice it in his own land. And finally, observe Mose Flogamslosher who is pointed out as one of the leading preachers of the campus. Moses is too good to attend the movies, plays, concerts, or other functions presented by our college, that is, unless they are religious. But still that same student will go to a revival meeting and shout, cry, and moan and think the preacher is not sincere unless he is shouting. With the retention of such ideals through college can we call him educated?

This then is the conclusion: in the words of President Hutchins of Chicago University we may say that "the true duty of an educational system is to educate students for the intelligent action in society, to adjust them to their environment, and to help them to cope with the contemporary world."

On Heroes

By
MILDRED HARDIN

To young Americans the story of the pioneer is colored with romance and glamor. We are fascinated with tales of the brave early settlers who fought with hostile Indians, protected themselves and their families in a wild country, and lived by their own resourcefulness. We think of them — rightly so — as stalwart, capable, unafraid, meeting every difficulty with instinctive skill.

They have conquered America for us:

the pilgrims who cleared the land to make the first settlements; the trail-makers who blazed the path along the Atlantic and pushed westward into an unknown wilderness; the colonies who dared to assert their independence and valiantly fought to win it. They set the stage for advancing civilization; and now, from a perspective of two hundred years, we look back upon those pioneer Americans as heroes.

Difficult problems faced the early settler; but he found real happiness in religious and political freedom, in the op-

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