

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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In divinity and love what is most worth saying cannot be said.—Coventry Patmore.

Prepare!

Someone said this was just another custom, this welcoming of the CI students to the Hill, but somehow it seems to be a great privilege. This is your first **Hilltop** and here we wish to pause and bid you really welcome.

One year ago about this same time we C II's were reading the same sort of article and were beginning to comprehend fully how delightful our stay at Mars Hill was to be. We were beginning to see the great opportunities that were to be ours in all sorts of fields of endeavor; and a great love for this stronghold of influential, practical Christianity was growing daily in us. It wasn't emotional or superficial. We found this love to be real and a part of our lives.

Those athletes in our group were finding fighting for Mars Hill a joy; our work of all kinds for the college was pleasant because we knew we were helping the college as we helped ourselves. Daily we formed friendships by associations which enriched our lives and which have lasted and will last. As we entered into society work these friendships grew and our love of the Hill grew, for we realized that nowhere else were there any such active, interesting, and informative organizations of that kind. We learned to give and take; we learned so many things. But there were so many things that we missed. However in missing them, we did other things more thoroughly. This is the sort of welcome we wish to extend to you. Take advantage of your opportunities to serve, but never neglect the prime duty, classwork and regular study. If you are going to be happy to enjoy your extra-curricula work, you will have to do it on the assurance that your regular work is in good shape.

With this word we wish you all success as you prepare to take our places on the campus next spring. It will come very soon, so realize you are preparing now, and good luck! —P.D.E.

Our Own . . .

As this paper goes to press every student on our campus is thinking of the greatest leader that this school has ever known—our own beloved Dr. R. L. Moore. For the past several months this great Christian teacher has been in ill health, but he has gone on about his work and complained to no one. Several times already this year he has met his classes here on the campus when he should have been in bed.

We of the staff have often wondered just where Mars Hill would be today had it not been for this unsung leader. It is possible that it could be just as great a college as it is now, but in our opinion we do not think that it would be.

When a Mars Hill student leaves the campus the first question that he is usually asked, "How is Dr. Moore getting along?" Many of the most influential men and women in the business world today will tell you that he has enriched their lives to an immeasurable degree. Unselfish, willing to help everyone, loyal to worthy convictions, and having a perfect faith and trust in Christ, he has made all who have known him love and honor him for what he is.

Some who don't really know Dr. Moore might ask what his reward for such a life might be. What greater reward could a man want than to watch such an institution as this, which he has during forty-one years led to the among junior colleges, really become a power also in Christian influence and education.

We salute Dr. R. L. Moore as one of God's truly great of this generation. We are joined by all who know him in appreciation for his life given to Mars Hill and for what he is continuing to mean to us all. May he be spared to us for many years in his usual vigor of body, mind and spirit. —O.B.C.

Campus Changes

By John Ball

Change, what someone has called the only certainty, has made itself known on the campus at Mars Hill this year. And well it might, for here is always welcomed anything that will serve to increase the potentialities of the educational program.

The major problem in the past has been, and still is, the lack of space and equipment to accommodate the many students who petition for admittance. The college has done its best not to deny any whom it could reasonably care for. The results have not always been convenient because the physical equipment is yet inadequate and becomes more so as the enrollment increases.

This year the completion of the Edna Corpening Moore Dormitory has been a step forward in relieving somewhat the problem of insufficient dormitory space for girls. This has also permitted the second floor of Treat to be remodelled for two studies, one for expression, the other for art.

With the expression studio moved from what is now the south wing of the auditorium, seating capacity there has been increased to take care of the extra number of students over last year.

Another rearrangement resulting in an extra class room was the removal of Coach Roberts' office into the room formerly occupied by visiting teams. In the future, visiting players will find their accommodations in the Wood cottage, directly behind the gymnasium.

Nor was the college wholly forgetful of the boys this year. It has obtained two additional cottages for their use: Wharton cottage behind the library, and Buckner cottage opposite the entrance to the athletic field. Also two rooms were made available in President's Blackwell's new home at Edgewood.

No doubt there is much disappointment among mosquitoes, moths, and other insect pests when they see the new screens on the windows of Melrose. Their hunting grounds will for a time be limited to Brown dormitory; but there, too, in a short time, will be erected an impassable barrier to any unwelcome winged creature.

Despite attempts to increase the efficiency of the dining hall and kitchen, there still exists a serious need for further enlargement. The facility of the kitchen was greatly improved during the past summer by enlarging the floor space and most of all, the addition of an electric dish-washer. The boys will enjoy the enlargement of their entrance to the dining hall. The girls, too, will find their new entrance an improvement over the past.

All that has been possible, taking into consideration what was available, has been done. Without this year's additions and reorganization the college would certainly be in a difficult position. The older students realize this and can perhaps more completely appreciate the efforts being made to care for the increased enrollment. To those who are new, we would suggest patience and cooperation to the fullest in the program for the year now beginning.

Mars Hill college already has its niche in the hearts of those who know her. The years to come will see that niche deepened and made an everlasting monument to Christian education.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

A streaked sky, all filled with rain— The pungent scent of pines; The heaviness of soggy grass, Wet morning-glory vines.	A windswept lawn that's covered With leaves of dullest brown
With autumn flowers, damp and sweet— The scent of burning leaves; A stalwart oak, deep bent with wind, And raindrops from the eaves.	A large old-fashioned garden Behind a crumbling wall; A little stone encircled pool, Where tiny stars may fall.
The whitest roses, wild and blown, Their petals on the ground;	A bird begins his evening song Upon a tree's brown limb; The wind has died—the rain gone, The sky's left gray and dim

—Helen Crutchfield.

Ramblers' Roost



Here we go again studes, back to "ye ole grind." Ah, college days — moccasins, daffy frocks, saddle oxfords, new hair-do's, home-sick lassies and, we might add—lads . . .

September again . . .

Three months can change lots of things especially on the sentimental side. Could it be the heat of July or was it the cute girl and handsome life-guard that one is apt to meet while vacationing. Oh well, this is just routine news, but what has happened to last year's circle-trotters? Let's snoop a bit, shall we? . . . Louise Moore has found another Charles Atlas in the form of a he-man from Texas, his name is Bee-Bee and no stuff, this time it's real . . . Lucy Lackey Lockett has lost her pocket and Kirk too. There were no tears . . . Fay and Murray are off the bumpy road to love; we hear it's a handsome fella from Raleigh . . . Ain't it worse but so much for that, let's turn to newer romances . . . Roger Bell and Hilda Stoker have done been around the circle many a time . . . Bill Davis, the Casanova, has so-o-o many girls; you must eat Wheaties, Bill, nice going . . . Hocutt Goodman has another red-head this season, not bad Hocutt, not bad . . . Monk's present and past girl friends are rooming together, woe is you, Monk, wow! . . . By the way, this year's crop of misses are deevine but where are the men to date 'em, oh where, oh where can they be . . . all the boys have fallen in love and with a very lovely lady, Mrs. Jelks; they say she is a—well, Mammy . . . "Flash" Gill acquired his nickname by swishing around so, in the dining-room, he carries one whole plate at a time, isn't he wunnerful . . .

Things 'an stuff . . .

"Butch" has a new step, I think it's the Jello shag, "Tear It Down" . . . the girls' new dorm looks swell but not near as swell as what it holds . . . the presidency of the Crude society hangs between Kays Gary and Royal Jennings, may the worst man win . . . We heard a cute one the other day: "Tody" Wall asked Sam Smith where he was from and he answers, "I'm a little Stiff from Bowling." Cute people . . . Our choices from this week's wax discs are Skinner Ennis' "Lamp-light," and Benny Goodman's "One O'clock Jump." How about writing to the "Top of the Morning" in Asheville and represent M.H.C. again this year; you get

SO IT SEEMS

By Orville Campbell

Thingamabobs: Another year new faces—new smiles—even one in a happy spirit—seniors turning and greeting old friends and teachers—new students turning to become accustomed things—the freshmen class this year is tops—luck to you—do get homesick — remember you came here for an education although you may be away from "your one and only" for about nine months you can truly say that it was worth it when you turn—after you know everyone and get into the general run of things you will find that this is the best place in the world—rightly so, because it really is.

Thoughts while strolling: See the well known "Chilie" Summer on the circle—Already up his old tricks—'Tis rumored that Dean Carr asked Mr. Sumner when he registered this year what he wanted to have put down for his life's work—His only reply was that he had already tried everything but law, so he would start out by trying that—Summer I looked forward to seeing the new girls dormitory. Several times I tried by half closing my eyes to picture what the finished product would look like—It was beyond all expectations and due credit should be given President Blackwell, Mr. Thom and others who were really responsible — While twiddling thumbs between classes, I had long talk with John Lewis—He already all aglow over the year book this year and with his ability it should be tops—Have you ever noticed the friendly attitude of some people and the unfriendly attitude of others—Don't forget that the first impression is the one that really sticks and do your best to make it a good one. I wonder if you've read this—My appreciation if you have.

FOOTBALL LINGO

Delayed Buck—One lent to friend.
 Backward Pass—An "F" average.
 Quarterback—Minor refund.
 Halfback—Man on his way home.
 Touchdown—Bend over.
 Wide Sweep—Big broom.
 Single Wingback—Well formed buzzard.

to hear your name over the radio anyhow . . .

Ancient Eggs and Boo-Kays . . . The new voice teacher is one with a capital O . . . It's really awful that Scotty Andrews just comes up for summer school. Don't you think so, boys??? . . . Ballard, cause of many a quivering heart gave the co-eds a good when he started squiring a girl about . . . Well, this is for now, folksies. See ya next time.

Yore's,
 Hoke Wall