

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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On Loyalty!

How often the old terms "loyalty" and "school spirit" have been talked and written about in school papers and on campuses! How friendly we are at Mars Hill! Yes, Mars Hill is a wonderful place for loyalty and school spirit and friendliness to grow. Possibly this is the reason for one's noticing any small lack of it here. Of this situation we wish to talk.

Football creates school spirit. It's fun to bubble over with fun and frolic for Alma Mater; however, let's not step there. The impression we will make on Founders' Day upon the many influential visitors who will be upon our campus may mean much to the future of the school. There has been a day when anyone who did anything other than support to the fullest all activities happening at the time on a campus was absolutely in the wrong and considered so by the students and faculty. Can we not remember this fact this year as we realize that Founders' Day programs and the success of its activities call for full cooperation? A campus not crowded with loiterers but showing busy and friendly students as they do things efficiently makes an appearance not easy to forget if the visitor is also treated kindly and with interest.

Then full support is needed by all students in backing up our team in the afternoon game and in all others. Don't play tennis during a game. Give the Lions your support, physically and vocally, as well as mentally.

It is a matter of honor and glory to Mars Hill. Loyalty and school spirit cover a wide front. Do the little things for our college and let her reap the good.

—P. D. E.

Something To Think About

If you are here at Mars Hill to get the best possible out of your college life we'd like to quote verbatim a set of rules that hangs above our desk in THE HILLTOP office:

1. Keep your nose out of other people's business.
 2. Keep your mouth closed except in those rare moments when you really do have something to say.
 3. Keep your chin up. Remember you're just as good as the other fellow and you don't give a "dadburn" whether he thinks so or not.
 4. Remember also that you aren't any better than the other fellow. Life on a college campus is democratic.
 5. Don't try to borrow money until you've known your prospect a couple of months, and don't borrow it then unless you are absolutely certain of being able to pay it back on the date specified.
 6. Find a member of the opposite sex who appeals to you and date occasionally. It keeps your mind on a higher level.
 7. If you know more than the professors don't tell them so. It's annoying to a doctor of philosophy to be instructed by an undergraduate.
 8. Speak to everybody you meet. No one will resent it, and some may if you don't.
 9. Get plenty of sleep. Despite popular belief to the contrary, college is no place for night life.
 10. Grin.
 11. Be courteous and thoughtful. If you can help someone it's your duty to do so.
10. Don't talk about your achievements. If you have talents people will find out about them, and they'll be much more impressed if they haven't had to listen to a lengthy biographical preface.

She Snoops To Conquer



by Crackie

Flash! Flash! Hello Mr. and Miss Mars Hill college. We regret extremely that the dear old Rambler met with an accident during the past week and was unable to do any snooping for this issue. After much persuasion, however, dear old Sally Snoops came across with a little information that we thought was printable. It is hoped that the Rambler will be back in the near future and if he does you can rest assured that he will be more careful about the remarks he makes.

Heard here and there: Hilda Stoker, "These Bells are driving me nuts—I eat by a Bell, go to class by a Bell, and date by a Bell." (Veddy Clever.) . . . Stormy Fowler: "Save us a seat at the table." I agree with her. She's two of the cutest girls on the campus—no flit . . . June Almond after returning from Asheville, "Sometimes I wonder why I spend." . . . Don't forget to do your shoplifting early. Only 69 more days . . . Lila Ruth, "I know I've said it hundreds of times before but honest! this is the real thing." (We hear ya clucking Lila Belle) . . .

Things 'in Stuff: Some lucky boys got to carry Virginia Terry up the hill to the new dormitory, because of a sprained ankle. P.S. It was really sprained . . . Sara Orders was certainly the happy one the other Sunday and we can understand why. Goody, Goody for you Sara. He's O. K. . . . Billie Baucom's incessant chatter on being President of the W.P.A. Ask him what it means. Aw Gee, Billie . . . By the way did you see Miss Sally Allen in that beautiful suit of hers. Wow, she looked like a dream walking. That's not cobbing, either . . . Jimmy G., heap big football player, has been dating this year. It's so seldom but our congratulations to D.M.—Have you noticed the Co'els hats in church lately? Everything from a bird's nest to a flower pot but since it's the thing this season what's a gal to do?

Hitherto we have not run a want ad dept., but at the insistent plea of the author, Eye submit the following.

Wanted: A young woman, under twenty-one, blond, not weighing over 122 lbs., to enroll with me in the department of Campusology. Applicant must be vivacious, and of a studious nature. Those interested apply to Jay Moore, C II, who feels his education entirely defective because of two years previous oversight in this particular field.

John Lewis recently remarked to one of our most popular girls that he was knee-deep in love with her. She told him that she would put him on her wading-list. Luck to you, John . . . Or as J. R. Evans remarked: "A Tisket, a Tasket, a brown and yellow Mull-

A Sonnet

And as I mused alone, not knowing why
 I paused in labor's only saving grace,
 It seemed to me a shaft from out the sky,
 Perhaps, descended there around that place.
 A perfect light, a beam so heav'nly free
 From common touch and earthly-grasping taint,
 It burst within my consciousness to me—

A swift-gone glimpsed eterni restraint.
 There from that instant-last heav'nly thought,
 A theme was struck as by master key,
 To show revealed in patt freshly wrought
 A new-built life all mine by decree.
 Thus in far realms beyond mortal's ken,
 I saw revealed a life-time's pose then.

—John W. Ba

REMINISCING

By Bill Blaine

Soon one of the oldest remaining landmarks of the campus will become only a memory — a memory of a building that through the years has housed the hopes and fears of an inestimable number of students. "Old Spilman", so named because of the generous donations of Dr. B. W. Spilman, is to be torn down. Work is to begin immediately under the supervision of Mr. Tilson, college engineer.

When Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Moore came to Mars Hill in 1897. Old Spilman, or the Wilkins building as it is now called, was merely a massive framework, the incomplete realization of a boarding house someone had started and then abandoned because the depression of that year. In 1898 Dr. B. W. Spilman, seeing the need of the college for more buildings, bought the lot and had the incomplete structure rebuilt, naming it in memory of his deceased infant son, Raymond Pollock Spilman.

For three years the building was occupied by Rev. and Mrs. Woodall, early teachers in the college. It also served as the girl's dormitory.

In 1900 Dr. and Mrs. Moore moved into the building, and for the next twelve years gave their all to the advancement of the college. Mrs. Moore served as house mother, dean of women, dietician, teacher, bursar, and nurse during the epidemics of mumps and measles that fell within the ensuing year. The girls slept upstairs, ate in the basement, and studied in the large room on the first floor where Dr. Moore conducted study halls. To many of the early students of the college there remains cherished memories of their associations within the walls of Old Spilman where it is related that Mrs. Moore served apples to the students after each session of study hall.

Old Spilman has borne mute testimony throughout the years with constant service to the college, and it has been the silent witness to the progress that has been Mars Hill's.

One of the institution's happiest and most touching moments occurred at the close of a chapel program one morning when Dr. Spilman was the visiting speaker.

berry Bush, Flat Foot Floogey sent a letter to a dream, so help me, Margaret, Silence, Maestro, Please. I don't get it but from J. R. who else could? . . .

Time staggers on and no new romances have made a definite impression on us but time will tell, time will tell.

Well, I gotta go now and snoop some more. 'Bye now; and as the comb said to the brush, "It's time for us to part."

P.S. What we need is bigger and better romances, So long.

—Sally

At the close of the service Spilman turned to Dr. Moore presented to him a one thousand dollar check, saying that he wished to tender the gift to Mars Hill College in memory of his wife who had recently died. Moore, completely surprised and overwhelmed, was left speechless and a silence reigned like that of the Gettysburg address; a perfect silence for a moment or so; someone quietly dismissed the assembly with a word of prayer, all quietly went out feeling the Divine Presence within amidst.

It was that gift that formed the nucleus of the fund that resulted in the establishment of the Spilman girl's home that know today, still standing and named in honor of Mr. Spilman.

With the progress of the college new buildings have been built, ones renovated, the newest ones being the Edna Corpe Moore girl's dormitory, named in honor of Mrs. R. L. Moore, her unswerving and heroic administration throughout the years. This year another proposed building in that progress is about to come a reality; a new science building is planned to take up all the science departments. The proposed building will provide adequate room for other classrooms, and will be located at the site of the present Huff cottages and the adjoining lot at the corner of the road to the boy's dormitories and the Marshall road. The hope of the college officials to break ground for the structure by the first of April, 1939, is to have it ready for the September opening the following fall.

Much planning and attention have been given to the crowning condition of the dining hall. It is hoped that a practical solution may be attained by an addition to the present dining hall, or by the establishment of a cafeteria method of service with optional hours for meals.

To A Dreamer

Remember stars and candlelight
 And roses bathed in dew;
 Oh keep your love for happiness
 Forever warm and true.
 Remember laughter, light and
 But mingle it with tears,
 Lest gaiety forget to last
 For long unbroken years.

Some day the stars may fade away,
 Or day forget to dawn;
 So hold your bits of loveliness,
 You'd miss them, were they gone;
 And keep each dream a precious thing,
 The old ones and the new;
 Just dare to try to live your dreams;
 For life is meant for you.

—Helen Crutchfield