

THE HILLTOP

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, North Carolina

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Listen Students

● Not one of us has cause to doubt the biological value of an ear. Those little protrusions on each side of the head are things which none of us would willingly do without. We pity him who cannot hear. The ability to hear the rustle of the wind in the trees, the song of a bird, the patter of rain on the roof, the kind words of a friend, or the mellow tones of a violin is prized by all of us. But how many of us know the value of an ear which is willing to hear? There is the problem of parents and teachers. Certainly at time comes in life when we learn that we must hear and heed the advice of our own and of other's better judgment. This wisdom often comes after many years spent using the costly trial and error method of learning.

The old adage says this in a terse statement, "Experience is a dear school and fools learn in no other." How fortunate is the youth who has been taught to hear and heed the advice of his elders and superiors! What a price is paid by the possessor of an unwilling ear in lost opportunities, wasted lives, and saddened hearts! How tragic it is that there are those who have eyes and see not, and ears and hear not! Insane asylums, penitentiaries, county homes and streets are full of people who would not hear the call of the best within them, nor heed the advice of those who sought to help them.

The boy or girl who is willing to hear avoids much that is troublesome in life. The converted drunkard may make a wonderful preacher and wield a powerful influence for good, but he is always haunted by the sins committed upon himself, and upon those within his sphere of influence, before his conversion. He heard, but too late! How much better it is early in life to see the goal far ahead and steadily build our lives toward that goal, growing in grace day by day! This does not call for a life of drudgery, but rather a happy life devoted to useful things, whose latter days are not spent in bewailing lost opportunities and atoning for past mistakes.

—Prof. S. O. Trentham.

Starting Over

● In the last issue of the Hilltop there was a noticeable change in the paper. It has always been the policy of this publication to be more or less on the conservative side but we, the present staff, feel that there has come a time for a change.

This change which we speak of is in line with the twentieth century trend of progress. Automobiles, architecture, roads and modes of living have improved with time. It is only logical for us to extend this to journalism.

The Hilltop is not the only paper to change. College papers throughout the country realize that they have a good chance to experiment. Many of them are today built around what we expect the newspaper of tomorrow to be. Practically all are making changes. Mistakes will be made. This is inevitable. Experimentation does not always prove to be the right thing the first time.

The present Hilltop is to be "Tailor-made" in accordance with the wishes of the student body. We plan to write each issue solely in view of student opinion. Beginning in the near future from time to time we want to take a student-faculty poll and find out what the majority of Hilltop readers like most. Changes will be made in the Hilltop in accordance with student demands.

It is our hope to make the paper more flexible. We hope to experiment with each issue and cover a larger scope than ever before. If something doesn't work, it will be thrown out. If something does work, it will be kept and modified, according to student demands. It is our desire to improve with time, and thus give Mars Hill college a newspaper that will measure up to her high ideals and standards. Yes, students, we're making a change. Let us know how you like it.

—O. B. C.

The Student's Creed

● I will never bring disgrace to the student body of my college by any act of dishonesty or cowardice. I will always show myself to be trustworthy. I will respect and fight for the property, the ideals and spirit of my school, both alone and with others. I will respect and obey the regulations and constantly work for the improvement of student life on the campus. I will do my best to incite a like respect and honor in those about me who are prone to set them at naught. I will strive to do my whole duty as a citizen of the school society, and thus in all these ways to transmit this college greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to me.

Term Paper Blues

By Charles Greene

Attention!! News Frosh!! Head-aches!! Phew! Fan my brow! Let me stretch my arms after wielding that pen on that inevitable term paper. A cloud may have its silver lining but a term paper doesn't. All it is lined with is black and white, and the decorations are made by the eraser in removing a typographical error. (The red ink is added later.) You know it's a good thing a student prepares footnotes before he presents the document to be immersed in the teacher's red ink, for when the paper is returned it has notes all over it. And they are not just at the bottom of the page where footnotes should be placed.

Getting up the material for the fulfillment of the teacher's waste basket was quite an adventure. I sharpened my pencils and tried to sharpen my wits, and went to the library to explore the ranks of the French Revolutionary officers and emerged from the seat of research with my hand in my coat just like Napoleon or Daddy Blackwell. So after all, I found something romantic about my paper.

The material that I found in the Encyclopedia sounded fine, but I hated to have the whole works as one big quote. How could I digest the quotes from the reference books or elaborate on the sentence I read in that bibliography? When I tackled this job I really saw red, but I saw more when I got my paper back. I missed seven meals, got three hours of sleep, and to top all of that, my best girl kicked me because she thought that I was inattentive. What price term papers!

At last the finishing touches were added, and I was proud to be the author of such a prospective "A" paper. When I presented the paper at the teacher's desk I fairly beamed. But "them days is gone forever". I should have made an excellent mark on that term paper for I really consecrated on the subject. I dreamed about my bibliography and added footnotes to my laundry slip.

When the whole mess was over and my thoughts turned to fancy, I might have been better equipped mentally; but my physical condition was ruined. I had to go to an oculist and the report he gave

So much I ask of him who walks with me,
 And yet, so little—
 Just an understanding heart of trembling dreams
 Swaying lightly on the fragile rim of fantasy.
 He must hold within his own heart a dream
 Kept very sweet and pure
 Through all the changing years—
 A dream untarnished by the touch of human hands,
 And strong enough to stand undimmed by tears.

So much I ask of him who walks with me—
 To know he loves the sound of rushing waters in his ears,
 The warmth of April sunshine on his face,

The thrill of surging
 neath his feet,
 A tenderness within his
 every sacred place.

So much I ask of him who walks with me—
 An abundant kindness,
 understanding of the
 aching hearts,
 A deep, abiding gratitude
 And the grace of forgiveness
 those

Who hurl such hurting
 less darts

At his poor efforts as he
 his quest in life.

So much I ask of him who walks with me—
 And yet, so little.

—Helen Crutch

She Snoops To Conquer

by Crackie



Hi, youse gals and guys. Here we are all ready to start off the new semester with a new crop of hearts on the Casanova bush. But remember — there were last semester's romances—and exams. Have you forgotten so soon?

Everybody hasn't, 'cause yours truly did some tall snoopin' Monday night and found that Brown-Wall was still holding up one side of Treat parlor! And if that wasn't enough, there was Cliff

me caused me to visualize myself standing on the street corner with a tin cup in my hand.

I am now living in the aftermath of wasted energy all because of the tattle-tale grey on the white of American education. You can tell me about the nightmare caused by Orsen Welles, but that term paper caps the stock. Worst of all, I didn't make a carbon copy of the document. No, frosh, I have no wares for sale.

"Ten Pretty Girls" Pals
 gaga about Dot Payne. Fred
 Marguerite makes two, R it
 "Top O' the Morning" mos
 know about the other eiy so
 palsy-walsies, and what a Pe
 Wall remaining Fritzzy als,
 Christmas and after? The
 strange power seems to be Hil
 Harold Lindsay and Lillia of
 deep in a dream too. Il of

Remember football-hef f th
 Johnson? What's left of for

back from Henderson yo
 wandering around the you
 these days. Footloose as its
 free! Well, girls, opp arè

knocks but once! . . . A
 about our gal Watson sile l

Corpening to you, dopes, es,
 repeats itself, and they o re

Mary's sister found a recee
 was a drummer man we, po

was in school up here. chark
 And Willis Benn-at-footb

too! None other thast l
 Crutchy was being her readir

around Willis at the gamar Ja
 and ?

Flash! From your wall he
 spondent! There's peay D

Shanghai these days a burgh
 Carter's verra happee a ter h

whole thing.

"Who's afraid of the
 Woltz?" Somebody bett

out, 'cause Bill's w
 around with that "Dope

in his eyes.

And just between you
 and the zip pitcher, what

co-ed was heard to say
 to our new student from

Rica, "Isn't he too too di
 servi

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Yo
 Well, we DID!

Looking 'Em Over

EDITOR'S NOTE: Material contained here consists of excerpts from college newspapers throughout the country, and expresses in no way the policy, or policies, of the Hilltop.

Women are like:

A book—always bound to please

An auto—needs choking ever so often

A train—often gets off on the wrong track

A party platform—subject to change without notice

A stove—often needs a new lid

A bed spring — cannot be squelched

Callous—it takes hard work to get it, it hurts when you have it, but you sort of miss it when it's gone.

—Mountain Eagle.

Prof.: "Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?"

Soph.: "No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over."

Prof.: "Extraordinary resemblance."

—Idaho Bengal.

"Gee, you look all broken up, whassamatter?"

"I wrote home for some money to buy a study lamp."

"So What?"

"Well, the traitors sent me a lamp."

—Los Angeles Collegian.

Owe \$50 you're a piker.

Owe \$50,000, you're a business man.

Owe \$50,000,000, you're a tycoon.

Owe \$5,000,000,000, you're a Government.

—The Pitt Panther.

Coach: "Say there, you dumb boob, where did you ever learn to play football?"

Scrub: "Why—eh—from reading your book, sir."

—Duke "n" Duchess.

Thirty million frankfurters and hamburgers will be eaten next year at the New York World's fair at the 70 or 80 stands to be erected in the fair grounds. That number of frankfurters and hamburgers, if strung on a rope, would reach across the Atlantic from New York to London. The meat in them would fill 187 re-

Orville Camp

frigerated freight cars.

—Ag

Judging from the am

the national debt, it is n

much of a compliment to

an to tell her she looks

million dollars.

—Brooks

"If we could get relig

a Baptist, experience it

Methodist, be positive abo

a Disciple, be proud of it

Adventist, and enjoy it

Negro—that would be s

ligion!"

—Indiana State

Getting out a paper is

If we print jokes, pe

we are silly;

If we clip things from

papers, we are too lazy

them ourselves; if we d

are too fond of our own

If we don't print contr

people meet us with a hu

If we do print them th

is filled with junk.

Now it wouldn't surpr

someone would say

swiped this from another

Well, we DID!