

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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Editor's Note—The Hilltop is sponsoring a series of guest editorials. Last week Professor S. O. Trentham wrote on "Growth." This week the guest editorial writer is Dean I. N. Carr.

Can You Be Loyal?

All of us believe in honesty, truth, goodness, and performance of duty. But underlying these is the more basic fact of loyalty. It is the finishing stroke in a man. It constitutes the highest virtue in womanhood. It makes associates respect a thief even though he be a gangster. Loyalty warms the heart of those most distant. It does not take a genius to be loyal. Even a simple-minded person can have this prized possession. Those in lowly station have often been supremely loyal. This characteristic makes one love relatives and friends. Its absence makes almost any of us want to run away from any such person whom we know. It is this quality which we so admire in our mothers. Loyalty banishes fear and establishes happy relations, even between employer and employee. Loyalty is at the heart of a thriving church. It is a fundamental principle in a college. President Blackwell cannot run a college unless teachers are loyal. A faculty cannot teach successfully unless students are loyal. A college cannot call upon friends for complete support unless all are loyal.

Loyalty stops scandal, silences evil gossip, and makes any community a bit more like heaven. It furnishes one the surest way to vocational success. Upon it is built the most solid reputation. Disloyalty is the most difficult thing in the world to forget and forgive. Family life rotates around loyalty. It causes the mother never to forsake her son, while the father spends his last dime for his child.

The thought of a loyal friend is like a tonic in the spring-time. "Just to be loyal! Lord we can all be that; and, if we only knew it, there isn't a bigger thing this side of heaven we can do."

Loyalty is a great factor in love. Attention, admiration, and tenderness all have their places in love, but these without loyalty can arouse only a passing interest. A lack of loyalty will cause one to miss the greatest experiences of life. Be loyal to the good in your family, to the best in your friends, to the trust placed in you by those with whom you work or study, and the best which life holds will come back to you.

I. N. Carr

Be Fair

In going around our campus we often hear the expression, "That's the silliest rule I ever heard of." This statement is generally applied to the dating regulations under which we are forced to operate. Let us take into consideration the fact that we are sent to college for the purpose of learning to live a useful life, and not to lead a country club existence. If we want the advantages of a social college, let us choose one other than Mars Hill, which is an institution for learning. Our social life on the campus is one compatible with the high ideals of our college; and, although some of the rules seem out of date, let us take advantage of the many opportunities we do have rather than lamenting our limitations.

Nothing is so disgusting to an outsider as to hear a student speak in a derogatory manner about his alma mater. Let us be fair in our judgment of all things; and, above all, let both faculty and students be tolerant in regard to our laws. Rules are made not to be broken, as so many seem to think, but to guide us and help us in both our present and future lives.

We obey the laws of our country without question, because we know that a swift and sure punishment will be certain to follow if we do not. Why, then, can we not obey the less stringent rules of our school without question?

Let us be fair; let us not cheat ourselves out of the great pleasures that we can get out of college life by eternally complaining about things that we cannot change.—G. B.

Listen!

Short short story contestants: Only 28 more writing days until your short short story will be in the hands of the receivers. By the way, English professors will be asked to serve as judges. Our motto: no delaying, no cobing, na plagiarizing. Happy writing.—The Editor.

DIDDAM AND DADDAM



By YOUR SNOOPERS

Greetings, most august and celestial Confucius fans! We aren't quite sure what we've just said, but the general meaning is: "Hi, youse guys and gals what is gone nuts over what that old, dead Chinaman said!" Evidently some of that generous advice of his has worked at Mars Hill. Dick Proctor might think this one over: "He who slings mud loses ground."

Christine Pope has apparently captivated Dean Willis in a big way. Wonder what a certain Guy has to say about that? Bill Clark believes in permanent affairs, if not—why the Shirley Temple hair-do? Heard Tolliver Davis say t'other day that of all virtues he prefers Constance-y 'Smithy fine'!

Have you folks noticed the pale (Continued on page 4)

THE CLOTHESLINE

A Letter From A Peeved Roommate To His "Ole Lady."

Dear Ole Lady:

When I consented to room with you, I thought our personalities blended, but now I know they clash. When I want to study, you insist on keeping the radio going full blast. Your musical taste is about as refined as Mrs. Shaw's zip. You insist on being put to sleep by Benny Goodman and pulled out of bed by the Carter family.

I know that you come from the farm, but when will you ever learn that our domicile is not a barn? Incidentally, it's your time to clean the room and make the beds. (I know it is, too. Don't you remember that I swept the floor the week before Thanksgiving?)

Of course I like jokes, but when will you ever stop interrupting me to tell one of your favorites found on page 24 of the 1928 Blum's Almanac?

Don't you get enough to eat in the dining hall? You are the first there and the last to leave. But still you down four R. C.'s daily, and the floor is lined with empty bottles.

You have been absent from chapel so many times that you will not be permitted to take the examination at the end of the semester.

My best white shirt now hides your dirty hide, my toothpaste is gone, my razor cannot be found, and here goes my patience.

J. C. R. G.

P. S.—If you are interested in moving, Miss Snelson is the person to see.

YOU NAME THIS ONE

By MARY W. CORPENING

"What's in a name" Juliet could not see,

But the idea just occurred to me

That maybe we would all be pleased

If from the christening we be released.

But necessity demands that we be named. Some of us who bear the burden of being named something other than Smith may often feel that necessity demands too much.

Take for example the man who

International Summary

GEORGE BLACKWELL

Since the time when the vast and ponderous flow of ice that came from the home of the immortal gods of the Vikings retreated to the frozen plains of the north, the inhabitants of the Baltic nations have been warriors first and last. With the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, these nations have marched through the ages with a love of democracy that is unequalled by any of the other European nations. With these things in mind, we look in upon the Baltic nations of the year 1940.

Finland

The big bear of the north—the Soviet Socialist Union, jealous of the recent advancements by Adolf Hitler's Germany—has turned its hungry eyes in the direction of the nation of the Greeks of the North, little democratic Finland. And the Finns, descendants of a hearty race, have forced this bear to crawl, paying dearly for every inch of Finnish territory that she dares to lay her bloody and polluted paw on. The Finnish Mannerheim line, named for their present commander-in-chief, General Mannerheim, has held the Russians back and cost them some one hundred thousand lives. Thousands of bombs have been dropped in Finland, thus paralyzing the civilian life. Of most encouragement to the Finns was the announcement by the United States of a twenty million dollar loan (America again turns Santa Claus). The Finns have a country that is easily defended, and four million people with such resolve to fight, plus the aid of the democracies, may yet see the ultimate defeat of the Reds. Only spring will tell; and that, by the way, isn't far off.

The "Little Three"

Across from the home of the Swedes live three races of people who have always loved freedom, but somehow have not been able to retain it. They are the three countries of Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania—now provinces in the new Russian Empire and once members of the so-called democracies. Lithuania was once a mighty grand duchy; Estonia was once the province of the old Swedish empire under Charles and Christina. World War I gave all three of these countries freedom—once grand duchies of Czar Nicholas. These three nations, with a combined population of less than the state of California, made rapid progress along with Finland up to the present time. But the year 1939 brought trouble, and today they are once again under Russia (they are allowed, however, to retain name and personal freedom, but are really under Russian control). The end

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CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

By T. C. WAGSTAFF

JOE HARPER—

President of the literary society, president of C-II class and advertiser of the Hilltop. Confers for his ability to play down his genial personality, but is known and liked among students. From Rocky Mountain is by turns an ardent misogynist. First he swears and then he is hooked at the time of this writing to be hooked. A thorough man, he is noted for his lack of never unnecessarily copying others and his "Greek" appearance, which has caused him the appellation, Harper. Height, weight, are medium.

"PETE" MERRILL—

C-I president of the mathian literary society and in-chief of the Laurin Asheville, he is one of the popular students on the and is a friend to every one to amorous intentions and ties he might be described as "steady." Outstanding personality are his integrity and friendliness. In to the usual pattern for a student, he is energetic and industrious. In most things, very efficient and can be depended upon to carry out a job assigned him. His appearance is marked by developed sandy torsion upon his cranium and a squint in his eye. His measure is the usual "average."

BILL AVERA—

Former censor of the literary society and president of the orchestra. He is Rocky Mount and can play any instrument upon which he has his hands. A fine fellow and interesting friend, he sees intimate with very few people. A gentleman, he seems to have a knack of appreciation of the fine things of life, be it food, books, etc. As yet he has been the victim of no infatuation and will probably safely the dangerous side of romance. Credited by some as originating the word "crotchety" should certainly be regarded as benefactor to Mars Hill. Of slight build, he has a face and a crop of dark hair.

HILDA STOKER—

Former secretary of the literary society and president of Le Cercle also secretary of a college day School class. A well-student and society member with the color of strained milk and a lily-white complexion, her eyes which might have been the famous "non Angli, sed magis aëlis" are her distinctive characteristics. It has been said that the expression some of her face (especially in moments) is comparable of an Easter bunny. A and fluent conversationalist has a winning smile and a trolling personality.

VIRGINIA LISK—

President of the literary society and a valuable member of the dramatic club. Also member of the B. S. U. council and member of the forensics and has taken a prominent part in this type of work.

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carried his case to court in order to get his name changed.

The judge said, "Your name, sir?"

The plaintiff answered, "Abner Hoppickle."

Judge: "And you wish to have your name changed to what?"

Plaintiff: "Henry Hoppickle."

Whereupon the judge said, "Case dismissed."

Each day one lives one learns, especially if one is in college. And

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