

The Hilltoppette

"Full Living and High Eating—Tonight"

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Editor's Note: Forgive us our trespasses."

Spring Is Sprung

"The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la—" Fine men, Gilbert and Sullivan. Here it is again, April, the month of showers and spring flowers. How we do appreciate the gossamer-like film of green that covers all the prevailing landscape. Good old Bailey, clothed again in the verdure that we C-I's first saw when we came on the campus last fall.

I wonder if we appreciate the beauty that is about us? On these fine mornings when we are out at seven-thirty for the botany or chemistry labs, do we look out towards Craggy and see the mist rising out of the valleys like a veil being lifted from some impressionist's painting done in tints and tones of green and blue? Do we look at the grass in the circle and on the slope below the infirmary as it lies shimmering in the sun? All this—not to mention the gaudy blue bird, the nodding daffodils or the budding tulips—make up this season called spring.

But if we will look closer we will see a deeper, a more serious meaning in nature other than the coming of another summer. Spring holds for us a rebirth, a rejuvenation of body as well as mind and spirit. The colds of winter are gone; back to the moth balls go the topcoats and ear muffs. We are now approaching the season of Palm Beach and Linen. All the old grouches and petty hates should be packed away with the coats and scarves.

In the spring we like to think of new life—little birds, lambs, calves, etc. All this is part of this season of seasons. We, too, can be a part of this new life. Let's just settle down to a new life of study and more regulated living. No more sitting up late exercising Ferdinand, no more midnight snacks, but a little more of the burning of midnight oil. We have research papers to get out, commencement to think about, and plans to be made for the summer.

This spring instead of so much drug store cow-punching, let's go for a few more walks in the surrounding woods. One is really surprised at the many things of interest to be observed in the flora and fauna on Little mountain, Bailey, and at the cascades. The fresh air will do wonders for that foggy head when we do get down to a bit of first class study. (We will really need some in the next few weeks).

So you see spring is really quite a versatile season, after all. But just one caution. I quote the immortal hard: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what girls think about all year round." There is something to this because the traffic on the circle seems to be picking up, or have you noticed? But I don't think we need to worry here at Mars Hill. In case any of you do feel a touch of spring fever, just go west down the middle of the campus until you get to the chemistry lab and then turn left. There will be found the infirmary, where Miss Shaw will be only too glad to present you with a full dose of sulphur and molasses.

—W. J. C.

"Knock, Knock"

Are you one of those gifted orators who, when speaking of Mars Hill, says, "What a dump" or "Nothing ever happens here" or "What wouldn't I give to see a civilized country again?" If you are one of those broad minded people, I think it would be wise to think over a few facts before continuing to develop your talent in this direction.

Mars Hill is scholastically one of the best junior colleges in the South. If you did not come to college to get an education, why did you come? If you came for any other purpose, the catalogue warns you in advance that Mars Hill is not the college for you. If you came to Mars Hill for the purpose that most of its students came, you chose a very excellent college.

Another element that makes Mars Hill outstanding is its air of friendliness. I am sure it warmed the heart of every lonesome, homesick freshman the first month he was here. In few other colleges do the upperclassmen mingle as freely with the first-year students as here. The faculty, too, has this friendly and helpful attitude.

The Christian influence that surrounds Mars Hill is another asset. You may get tired of going to Sunday School and church, but if the privilege of worship were denied you, as it is in many countries today, it would seem very precious, indeed.

Mars Hill is an ever-growing, alert institution. The beauty of the college and of its surroundings is enough to make anyone enjoy and appreciate it.

Instead of knocking our college, let's make it our supreme desire to aid and advance it in every way possible. If we all work together, Mars Hill will become such a famous school that we will be proud to say, "I knew it when—"

—E. F.

Meyers Visits Juniors In 1940

(Continued from page 3)

ten years of professional baseball and is now president of National league. I saw in the stands at the game that attractive Virginia Hinton, whose heart still belongs to daddy. She told me that June Davis in marrying Brig. General Stokes Leonard, commander-in-chief of the southern Ethiopian forces, has finally acquired a man with a uniform.

This evening after the game the members of the convention were given a reception at the home of the governor of the state of South Carolina. We were graciously entertained by his charming wife, the former Lucille Haywood, who is still as beautiful as ever.

Marley Caplan and his "Madhouse Cannibals" played the orchestrations for the evening. Performing at the entertainment were Horace Small and Mary Nell Hardin, talented C. B. S. stars who now have their own program.

Proctor Heads Duke

At dinner I sat next to President-emeritus Few, of Duke University, and the new president, Richard C. Proctor. President-emeritus Few said that he was proud to turn over the presidency to such a capable young man as Mr. Proctor. He related to me the marvelous record that Mr. Proctor had made there as a student. Another staunch supporter of Mr. Proctor was the young lady attending the meeting with him, Miss Mildred Jennings, head of a reform school for girls.

Hill Is Cop

As I was driving to my hotel after the reception this evening, I was stopped by Police Chief Dan Hill and asked for my license. He recognized me, and we had a long talk. He told me that County Solicitor Charles Logan had tightened down on the law and had requested all patrolmen and officers to do their duty. Lieutenant Ben Galloway, riding in the patrol car with Mr. Hill, didn't have much to say.

I came on back to the hotel this evening, and as I walked through the door, I ran into Tommy Goodman, who said he was on his way to Florida to get in shape for the 1960 Olympics. He's looking fine. He told me that he was flying to Miami with the famous air racer, Roy Whitescarver, who is head of Eastern Air Lines.

Long has Hotels

After my conversation with Tommy, I went to the desk and asked the clerk for my key. He informed me that the manager of the hotel, Edward Long, had asked to see me, but couldn't wait as he had important business at one of his other hotels.

Euthalians Take Holt For Prexy

(Continued from page 3)

ic; William Clark, expression critic; Johnny Farrar, debate critic; Paul Brunner, pianist; Dean Willis, chorister; Kemp Reece, reporter; James Owen, timekeeper; Bill West, librarian; and Edward Long and Harold McCroskey, janitors.

The new president succeeds J. Norman Harper, of Rocky Mount. The new officers have an important and strenuous task ahead of them, in view of the fact that next year the society will be moved into its new hall in the new science building. The responsibility of moving into the new hall will rest with this group of officers.

Juniors Join Mad Social Whirl Here

(Continued from page 3)

Yank Moriarty talked her Way-land) into most of our hearts with her Joisey brogue; and Allan Ruth Brunt Russelled along happily with her southern drawl. By the way, she is considered in some circles an aristocrat because she puts a top cracker on her peanut-butter sandwich.

The ole maids and bachelors were planted around the campus at regular intervals to keep things from becoming too monotonous. Those first to receive their Bachelor's degree were Roy Whitescarver and Jug Arrington "Rally round the flag pole," old maids, or are you all politicked out?

Well, life goes on in a whirl of nothing but Glen Miller's "Tuxedo Junction," and corny jokes, and more out-witted professors bite the dust.

Junior - Senior Banquet Tonight

(Continued from page 3)

Terry, and Helen Moon—will then give a nursery rhyme suit by F. M. Custauce. This will be followed by the toast to the C-II's by Lynn Starkweather, with the response given by the toastmaster of last year, Charles R. Greene. The toast to the college will be presented by Frank Venters, and President Hoyt Blackwell will respond. A reading will be given by Paul Meyers. The program will close with the alma mater, written and given by Nona Moore Roberts.

During the entire banquet soft music of an appropriate nature will be played, and a public address system will be used to remove strain on the speaker and facilitate easier hearing for the audience.

Hail, Farewell To The C-II's

Younger Student Generation Greets And Honors Seniors

A generation is born, has its day, and passes away. Thus the world goes on. Whether or not the generation is remembered long afterward depends entirely on the mark it makes. So it is with colleges. A generation enters college, has its day, and is forced to relinquish its place to the oncoming generation.

Our school year of 1939-40 is drawing to a close. The green C-I class of this year will become the Greens, Allreds and Harpers of next year. As the leaders of today step out, new leaders must take their places.

As we C-I's came on the campus last year for the first time, homesick, heartsick, and lonely; we were greeted enthusiastically. The C-II class took us each and everyone by the hand and pulled us out of our misery. We were shown what was what. Within a few days we began to regard this campus as home. For a year we have been schooled in campus-ology by fellow students as well as in psychology by teachers.

C-II's to Leave

Soon our beloved C-II's will leave us. They will lay down their duties for us to carry on. Faithfully have they worked for the past school year. We students have been led to higher standards through the influence of their leadership. They have made mistakes, certainly; but that is only human. We should profit by these

Teachers Give Musical

Classical And Concerts Were Featured By Group

The music faculty of college was presented on the evening of April 8:15, in the college auditorium.

The recital was by Miss Mildred Gwin. The soloist played on the violin three movements; the first an adagio introduction, the second an allegro ending, then a melodious larghetto, and a rollicking allegro.

Miss Elizabeth Ellison, a group of three soloists, played an Italian song by Caccini, "Bist wie eine Blume," as lovely as a Flower, and "Simes vides ailes," (If my wings) by Hahn. Herbert Sebren played clarinet, the "Concerto in G," by Mozart, and Brahms' "Intermezzo op. 2," and "Dedication," by Liszt.

Returning to the stage, Miss Gwin presented two numbers: "Walter's Prayer" from Wagner's opera "Lohengrin," and "Passepied" by Delibes and Elman. Miss Gwin played "Le Petit Cygne" by Debussy, "Traumerei" by Schumann, "Flight of the Bumblebee" by Rimsky-Korsakoff. The program was especially difficult to play.

Miss Ellison sang several of four songs: Dvorak's "Sings Myself Taught Me," De Koven's "The Naughty Little Girl," "Eve I Heard a Flute," and "The Horner," by Diack.

The program was broadcast on the radio with Miss Biggers at the piano and Miss Gwin, at the orchestra parts, at the piano accompaniment by Miss Biggers.

Trustees' Annual Inspection

(Continued from page 3) and grounds committee campus. Mr. C. M. Wainwright; Mr. R. O. H. Morganton; and Mrs. R. of Shelby, composed the committee. Mr. Huffman was not present because of business matters. The committee recommended that Spillars be completely renovated the earliest possible front is to be rebuilt more attractive; the interior is to be fireproofed and the parlor space will be enlarged.

The committees were interested in the work on the new science building. They made tours through the building to see the mistakes instead of more. As we bid our friends a year goodbye, new friends will come. These new friends need our helping hands as we did at the beginning of this year. They will be schooled into the ways of Mars Hill as we were. They will fall to us, the C-I class. We owe it to the C-II class to do our task well. We have done so well this year that we expect to do even better next year.