

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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THE HILLTOPPERS

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Something For Nothing

It would seem that something that can be obtained for nothing is not worth having; such is the universal balance between price and value. No apparent dogma can be accepted completely, however; for there are literally millions of people on earth who continue to exist from day to day with this hope paramount in their minds, with this hope their only driving force.

Narrowing the subjects down to those with whom we are acquainted, we find an outstanding fact present in the outlook of every laborer. Everyone who has ever held a job has accepted his check each pay-day with anticipation, hoping, with no basis for hope, that the boss, for some unpredictable reason, has raised his pay. He knows the standard of pay; he knows what he earned in relation to that standard. He has made a contract with that standard, agreeing to work for an accepted amount; therefore he has not earned one cent more than the time he worked allots him. In spite of this, few people approach a pay-day without hoping that they will receive more than they earned.

It is the same in school. You know how hard you work, how much time you spend on each subject. You know your intelligence in relation to each subject. You should realize the relation between the time spent and your ability to comprehend a certain course. There should be no doubt in your mind as to how much you really earned on each subject. In spite of that, most people look forward to receiving a test grade with anticipation, hoping they received more than they deserve; hoping so strongly that the teacher slipped them a few points that before long they are expecting it and are ready to demand it if the instructor does not have the reward ready for them.

A gift is nice to have, but something you earn with your own sweat and blood is really the priceless thing to you. How many football lettermen have offered to sell the letter they paid for so dearly? Very few. You may demand something for nothing, but after you receive it you don't appreciate it much. Usually you would be willing to part with it at a fraction of its actual value. Isn't it true that the things you work for the hardest, the things you pay the most for, are your most prized possessions? —J.F.W.

"More Ways To Skin A Cat"

On January 16, Mr. King, one of Mars Hill's history professors, addressed the student body, announcing as his subject, "Honesty Is The Best Policy." The students slouched in their seats and prepared to listen to the conventional fifteen-minute sermon (probably justified) concerning social morals. But this was not the customary advisory dissertation. Mr. King said that he was going to discuss a phase of Japanese philosophy. The students sat up.

"The Japanese," said Mr. King, "have no sense of honesty whatsoever. At the very moment that a peace conference was being held in Washington, bombers were being loaded for the double-crossing attack upon Pearl Harbor."

"Now he's going to give the Japs a thorough verbal flailing," mused the students, as they leaned forward at attention.

Mr. King continued, describing how Japan has become a modern nation since Admiral Perry opened her doors in the last century. America taught her modern war, big business; but America did not teach her double-dealing diplomacy. Trickery and dishonesty are ingrained characteristics of the Japanese people. Japan has been planning an empire at the expense of other nations for more than a hundred years. On these precedents rests our justification for war with Japan.

"Bravo!" said the loud applause of the students. "They're a bunch of crooked rats!"

The point had been put across, but no sermon had been preached. Maybe the students are just dumb. —W.R.G.



Henry Anderson

Vice-President of the Euthalian Literary Society, is to fill the unexpired term of James V. Wright as Euthalian President. Wright is going to Virginia Tech, where he will take a course in the installation of radios in aircraft. Clyde Rollins has been elected to take Anderson's place as Vice-President.

Alpha To Omega

By East

Is this a dagger which I see before me? Come let me clutch thee! I just saw my French grade.

Don't sleep after your alarm clock sounds; he who would command must first rule himself.

Love thy neighbor, and he will meet you half way; despise thy neighbor, and he will (Continued on Page 4)

GALS' GROOMING GUIDE

A girl gets by with being witty. Because she's also slim and pretty.

Men admire a girl who's smart—

The femme who looks it wins his heart. Don't say you aren't beautiful! You yourself must take the reins in your firm little hands and run the works.

Fortunately beauty, or the illusion of beauty—and who's going to split hairs over the difference?—is a habit that can be cultivated. Million-dollar-grooming is more a matter of time and care than money. So girls, help yourself to beauty and charm. Now that exams are night-mares of the past let's take an inventory of ourselves. Your clothes first: a great deal has been said about longer dresses, but we won't talk about that unless you say so. If you would be graceful though, the bottom of your dress should match the bottom of your knee cap. And speaking of dresses—time to change the collar that doesn't absolutely sparkle, time to press those pleats in more firmly, and time to see that socks or accessories match your outfit even though you have only one class to attend.

And never under any circumstances allow yourself to dig a dress out of the back of your closet to wear it just-this-once-more because it's raining and it will spot anyway.

Just as sure as taxes, if you aren't well-groomed you won't be the beautiful girl you are. Polish yourself as though you were the Koh-i-noor; and, my dear, you'll shine on the campus.

Confidentially, by some inscrutable malice of fate, your S. P. may be lurking, and just when you haven't taken time to . . . you know what —A. M.

SHE SNOOPS TO CONQUER



Pay Dirt

Well, here it is again. Exams are over, and we hope you liked 'em. Really, there wasn't much time to check on subversive activities, but there are a few noticeable cases that were brought to our attention.

Take the case of the good shepherd of the hills, for instance. How's your Lamb, John?

Three times in succession has he dated different, O, so fortunate femmes. I refer to none other than Douglas, Beau Brummel, Cassanova Aldrich. He hasn't sung his Swan song yet, but he does seem different since that math review in Spillman parlor.

Catherine Haithcock has learned the hook and Crook of things since that Christmas visitor. It couldn't have been Santa Claus, because Santa only comes once a year.

We have just learned that on his way home during the holidays your good managing editor, William R. Gabbert, held someone's baby from Asheville to Knoxville. He declined to say either whose baby or how old she was.

"Footsie" Faile is having woman trouble! He can't decide between Georgia Coleman and Sara Curtis. They say that, having learned the use of the telephone, he is keeping the wires hot making "time."

And Carl says, "Sometimes I wonder if Lilia ever thinks of me."

Wallace seems a bit unsettled as to which flame to cherish. Time was when only one part of Georgia was on his mind; now he's diversifying. Sailor, beware!!! Speaking of sailors, ask Claire about hers.

Hilda may not be vastly affected by the defense program, but why this certain interest when the subject of Cannon is brought up?

"Keep 'em Flying," Jimmy, John, Harper, Plott, Cafego, and all of you boys leaving for defense work and flight training.

The report is that Edna Anne goes up in a Huff at the sight of Henry in coaching class.

Cheer up, Joey. You still make a hit with Jeanne.

And "Mickey Palmer" made quite a hit in the "Gloves" tournament. What a way to gain inspiration!!

Boys, they say there are some empty rooms in Landers House; very little worn, except for the doors and the table tops.

You'd never guess who dated Carolyn Wilburn Wednesday night. Naw, 'twasn't Cherry. No, Miller's at Durham. Nope, that's not Wright. I'll give you a hint. He's the guy what gets Oliver attention at the table.

Shirley has been unable to secure his seat next to Elaine at the table for the past few (Continued on Page 3)

Who Is The Average Person?

God has placed upon this earth a species of animal that is commonly and generally known as the human being. Out of this species, the most frequently found portion of human life is the average person.

Are you the average person? Do you complain when you think you have had a bad deal? Do you toss and roll your bed at night when most people, it seems, are enjoying to the fullest extent that necessity called sleep—"The gentleman sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care"? Do you often wonder and marvel at the beauty of mountains, the uniqueness of the tiny snowflake, the structure of massed man-made machinery? Is this a mystery to you? Is this an enigma? Do you rise early in order to fire the furnace, to prepare breakfast for the family? Do you get a feeling of both seriousness and gaiety when the Christmas season approaches?

If you find yourself within these boundaries, then whether you like it or not, consider yourself as the average person. The average man rarely thinks of himself as just being average, but as being a little different, a little more intelligent than his neighbor. He does not reveal by his actions, but deep inside of him his ego is inflated with that feeling. A person of great class finds that he wants to be alone. He keeps secret desires, ambitions, inventions to himself. When he has accomplished a piece of work that has taken months of energy and effort (Continued on Page 4)

Manners And Customs

The manners and customs of the fashions of behavior, many male students are always becoming to men. For example, in dormitory many students have no consideration for others that they gather jazz and other barbarous types of music from the ether waves by means of the radio and have the sound gushing forth with such volume, that the so-called music is audible over the entire dormitory. This is especially annoying to those who are trying to discipline themselves to concentration. Are there any thoughtless students not so in that they hog the quiet that is rightfully theirs and turn it into bedlam?

Swine are to be found in other places than the sties, too. If someone has an impression that swine are found in pens, he should make a sight-seeing tour of a dining hall at meal time. He will find there two types of swine—the "hog union" and the individual pig. If some non-member happens to be thrown into a table with a table of organized swine, the poor student is likely to leave the dining room in about the same condition he entered it. Now the individual pig presents a somewhat different picture. (Continued on Page 4)