

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## On Student Government

A girl complained that the poor lighting in her dormitory had made it necessary for her to get stronger glasses.

"I wish," she said fervently, "that there was some group to which we students could carry problems like this."

It was pointed out by a faculty member, very logically, that such a problem should be taken to the Dean. Doubtless, a remedy could be effected. But there are a thousand and one small problems like this on our campus which are crying out for a representative student government.

Theoretically, the Baptist Student Union is the representative of the students in the college administration. The fact is, the B.S.U. is too busy regulating the extensive religious phases of campus life adequately to take the place of a student government. B.S.U. President Tommy Stapleton, who favors a student government exclusive of the B.S.U., said flatly: "I'd like to see the B.S.U. relieved of everything but religious activities." With a heavy emphasis put on the religious aspect, the B.S.U. has little time to function as the head of a student government.

The attitude is often taken that the students on the Baptist Student Council are those who would otherwise have been the leaders in student government, and this, to some extent, is true. But it should be remembered that the members of the Council are, naturally, those who are interested in the religious field as a life work, usually. And this is good, for the primary job of the B.S.U. now is keeping the wheels of the religious machinery oiled and moving smoothly. It would not seem, however, that ecclesiastical tendencies would necessarily endow one with any particular administrative ability. There are students who could effectively take up the reins of a student government under a carefully worked out plan which would guarantee that only the most responsible, unprejudiced persons would be entrusted with the important posts.

The functions of such a government would embrace much more than merely attending to problems similar to the one mentioned above. It would be the direct link between the students and the administration. Its power, of course, would be limited by a constitution. It would in no way infringe upon the jurisdiction of the B.S.U.; rather, the two would work together for the betterment of the students.

A poll of a cross-section of the students shows that student opinion veers strongly—in fact, almost unanimously—toward such a plan of government. Out of 37 students who were interviewed, only two opposed the plan. The students who were interviewed include many of the student leaders of the campus. Three faculty members, picked at random, were asked to voice their opinion. One said: "If it will work in schools which make no pretense of being Christian schools, there is all the more reason why it should work at Mars Hill." Two others expressed themselves as strongly favoring the plan could certain problems be surmounted.

For there are problems, many of them, too numerous to go into here. But they are no more insurmountable than the problems which have faced the formulators of every good government the world has known. These problems, it would seem, could be ironed out were the green light given for the planning of a student government.

—E. L. & S. M.

## No Greater Tribute

That witches have not lost pace with this modern world was admirably demonstrated Wednesday night when even the wonders of electricity fell before the general Hallowe'en onslaught. The unscheduled blackouts in some of the girls' dormitories headed a long list of events that were to become Hallowe'en hangovers for the grounds maintenance staff.

Dean Lee, however, is not so vulnerable as electricity and the witches were called to account for their sins. The sting of reproach was somewhat softened by this glowing tribute from the Dean:

"It was the worst condition I've seen the campus in in twenty years."

—S. M.

## Campus Miscellany

Some very friendly 'possums are breaking the monotony of the otherwise tedious early-morning rounds of John Tolley, college night-watchman.

So far, Tolley has caught eight of the supposedly sly fauna.

"They're not so very sly, though," says the perplexed Tolley. "They just stand there and let me catch them."

All but two of the 'possums, Tolley has freed soon after catching them. The unlucky two fell prey to the appetites of two women helpers in the college dining hall.

The 'possums come out between midnight and 4 a. m., says Tolley. A large number congregate nightly between the church and Spilman dormitory. Tolley makes no effort usually to catch the animals. Once he caught one in a chicken house on the road leading to Melrose and Brown dormitories after the excited cackling of hens had attracted his attention.

There is one 'possum, however, that lives up to his name. He lives apparently in the pipe running out of the walk near the bookstore and has always managed to elude Tolley.

"I ain't never seen the like," says Tolley worriedly. He makes it plain that he thinks civilization isn't doing what it should for the hills.

Students at Mars Hill favor the study of languages. In a recent survey among students on the campus, more were interested in French, Latin, and Spanish than in any other phase of study. English ranked second. Bible and history were third.

Of the 168 students interviewed, 48 preferred foreign languages, 31 English, 28 history, and 28 Bible. Other subjects chosen were mathematics, chemistry, and biology.

Those who listed languages stated that they were aware of the growing need in our government for linguists. Among those interviewed were future teachers, journalists, preachers, lawyers, chemists, engineers, nurses, and missionaries.

## Dramateers

(Continued from Page 1) finally deciding to defy her father and marry Robert Browning, was telling him goodbye. The scene was very emotional, and the script called for Miss Barrett to rise and put her hands on her father's shoulders as he prepared to leave the room. Miss Barrett remained seated as she said her adieu. Her long, full, nineteenth century petticoat had fallen.

In charge of the stage were Boyd Sutton, Ed Long, Roy Fisher, Robert Hanes, John McLeod, Lee King, Edith Bell and Joyce Wheeler had charge of properties. Betty Fowler and Leta Shelby were costume mistresses. Marshals were Thelma Deal, Louvene Jordan, Sally Hudson, and Virginia Marshall.

## SEE TWO



Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flosser is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

### Mary Broome

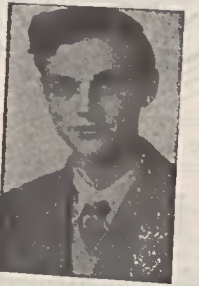
Seen industriously dashing around the campus is black-eyed "Mop" or "Ma" (alias Mary) Broome. Words seem inadequate in expressing the depth of this fascinating personality. "I gazed and gazed and still my wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew." That is what really counts! Mary does not hold all the high offices but there is always the knowledge that she is ready, capable, and willing to help when needed. Before going further, let us tell you a little of Mary's background.

This interesting lady hails from Asheville. There, in her pleasant home, she was reared in the company of one brother and two sisters. Mary did not plan to attend college. She started life in the business world, her first job being a telephone operator. Seemingly nothing satisfied her, for she kept changing positions. She was employed as an office secretary and then as a government clerk. Suddenly, she realized that her life was not to be spent serving man but serving God. She was called to definite Christian work. With ambition and determination, she enrolled at Mars Hill in September, 1944. Does she like it? That is putting it mildly. Her own words are: "My days now are the happiest of my life. Mars Hill is the most beautiful place on the top side of the good Lord's green earth." Mary proves her love by her happy personality and by her success as a student. She is on the first honor roll, is vice-president of the French club, and is Dub's chief assistant in the Fellowship services. After graduation from Mars Hill, she plans to work for a year, then go to W. M. U. Training School to "show herself approved" as a Religious Educational Director.

Mary has many likes and interests, but her twin sister tops the list. Yes, they are almost identical in looks. Mary's sincere affection for "her other half" is observed by numerous pictures in her "abode." Music seems to come second on her list. Her heavy schedule will not permit much music, but her love for it is shown through the well-organized fellowship services.

"Oh, yes, I mustn't leave out my 'ole man' and thirteen adopted young'uns at table 18." Her enthusiasm at this statement arouses curiosity, although the basis for it remains, as yet, unknown.

If you want to stay in the favor of "Ma", "Mop", "Broomstick" or however you prefer to address said party, take this as a warning. She has an intense dislike for impromptu and aloof people. She is seen smilingly greeting all those who may pass her way, and she always has a wicked impulse to "trip" anyone who passes her without the familiar "Hey!"



### Raymond L. Wyatt

Beloved "Poppa" of the Zip family of Mars Hill dining hall, quiet, blue-eyed, wavy-haired Raymond L. Wyatt, or just pop R. L.

He's a talented fellow, all right—and smart? Read on: Hran president of the Scriblerus Club and back in his high school days he was chief marshal, the high rank in the junior class.

In the high school in Salisbury his home town, R. L.'s dramatic ability hit the top when he wrote the hero in the senior class play. Incidentally, he's doing all right here at the Hill, taking parts first the way from Job in the Scriblerus Club play to Charles Harrison's father. (Remember the Y. T. skit?)

Last year Raymond worked on *The Hilltop* staff. This year his efforts are going full force on *The Laurel*, of which he is assistant editor. Editor, Mildred Leath, says of him, "He has such good ideas and such good common sense that I just couldn't get along on *The Laurel* without him." He's an excellent typist and enjoys working in the library where he is more than helpful to everyone. Mr. Wyatt is a loyal society member—Euthalian, of course!

Among his special likes are zip, chemistry, English, oyster tea, good music, Vickie, and some more zip—morning, noon, and night. We forgot to mention that he delights in climbing Bailey ('Tis said that he has a special technique for doing it, and he never gets worn out as a result. Mmmmm... Sounds wunnerful. Some day R. L.'s going to be a biologist. Anyway, that's what he plans after he finishes at Mars Hill and after two years at Wake Forest.

Way off in the future there's a picture in his mind of a home for the summer and a winter home to boot. There is nothing cheap about him. No, sir! He always travels by train instead of a slow, dusty bus. (The fact that he is the owner of a railroad passenger car has nothing to do with that. Oh, no!)

Raymond has two extra special virtues—punctuality and patience. He is always "right on the date for a date." (Take it from Vickie.) Nobody can deny that he is the essence of patience when R. L. laughingly tells of his trousers' being shortened by his ole lady because he thought they were his. He's original, too. (Witness his coiffure.) By the way, he goes all the way to Asheville to have his hair cut. So, you see, that "certain touch" is important.

One thing he just cannot stand is gaudy dress. He goes in for those soft, quiet, red plaid shirts of his. Gene Warth's hair just fascinates him. So does football. Scoop- Back in his early days R. L. was, of all things, a violinist.