

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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A Maiden's Prayer

On the Y.T.C. bulletin board in Moore Hall is a poster (which, for some odd reason, is upside down), on which is written a poem entitled "A Maiden's Prayer":

He need not be handsome,
 He may not be grand,
 For a wealthy husband
 I never have planned.
 He might have shortcomings,
 Sometimes he might sin,
 But, dear Lord, he can't be
 A sot steeped in gin.

Quite a girl she must have been—in her day, which, at the latest, could only have been 1890. The fact that she had the right idea isn't questioned (though that such a fact exists in the first place isn't necessarily true). A sot steeped in anything generally holds little interest, aside from a psychological, psychiatric, theological, amused, or, possibly, a monetary interest, for anyone else, except, perhaps, another sot. Said maiden, unless she (1) happens to be a female psychiatrist obsessed with a desire for first-hand observation, (2) possesses a warped sense of humor, or (3) has an over-developed martyr complex has only to choose (used cautiously) for a husband one who isn't a sot. On the other hand, of course, there are husbands who become sots after they have become husbands.

The purpose of the Y.T.C. is, unquestionably, a fine one and, if properly conducted, publicity can be a main factor in its furtherance, but there are ways and ways of doing things. There has been a tendency, particularly in so far as temperance publicity is concerned, toward the use of sentimentality, which, invariably, is antiquated to the point of appearing ridiculous to the majority of the students. The student body, as a whole, likes to consider itself at least normally intelligent and with people of normal intelligence propaganda on a fifth-grade level won't work. —C. H.

Old Wives' Tale

By no means is this article intended to teach a lesson or preach a maxim, instead it shall be a mild dissertation upon the history of cosmetics: their origin and use. To illustrate from our present environment, we view the classroom with its female addicts and their two-minute beauty treatment of the face, termed by the girls as a necessity, by the professor as the height of nonsense, and by the male sex as a popular way of gaining attention.

The origin of this facial camouflage antedates to the pomp and splendor of the ancient courts of the East. In those days the ladies of the harem attempted to make themselves more beautiful by generous helpings of rouge, perfumes, eye shadow, and other cosmetics. The results were that the beauties took on the appearance of painted devils.

Then came the fabulous Fourteenth Century with its exploration and trade. Such a revival in world society placed back on the market the old standbys plus a few new varieties. With the advent of the hoop skirt, the women of this age were forced to make their faces even more tempting so as to compensate for their bodies' being covered up by countless petticoats. It was now a popular opinion that no woman was "le dernier cri" unless she had her face worked on by some suave Frenchman.

With the arrival of the Nineteenth Century, the same old cosmetics were becoming abominable to polite society. Something new was needed. With this universal feeling, Max Factor saw the opportunity and swamped dime-store counters with all sorts of face compounds and other paraphernalia guaranteed to make the feminine world more beautiful than ever. The result we can readily see.

Today, after centuries of watching the woman's remarkable process of making her appearance, the sensible man has resigned himself to the fact that wherever a woman goes so will go her make-up. With this observation the college student should not be too perturbed because this necessity, this height of nonsense, this way of gaining attention, has been in existence long before our time. Yes, never since the fall of Adam has the male sex been confronted with such an unsolvable problem. It is the vanity of woman and the anathema of man to the last syllable of recorded time. —J.W.B.

Halloween: Woes, Witches and Weeks



Yes sir, just as sure the moon beam's coming; Halloween will soon be here with its pranks, witches, and general confusion.

You know, with all the noise that accompanies the thirty-first of October, it's no wonder that they call it "Howl - oh - ween." But then we have a perfect right to "howl" if we want to. I can't help it if every time I reach for the nerve tonic, some little goblin springs up behind me and yells Boo!! with the ends of his tonsils flapping in the breeze. (Use Dr. Nervene's nice, new, nutritious "necessary for your nerves" Nerve Tonic. I find it very helpful).

Some people really like Halloween. A few characters around here are still wearing last year's model of a peculiar pan. We mustn't make fun of them, however, for who knows what's under

it. (Look at Lena, the Hyena. (No, you look at her, I can't.)

Beware of any black cats strolling across your path this time of year. It could lead to some awful things. I can see some poor soul now, slinking along as though something were following him. I can see him going through life with slow dragging footsteps and eyes sunken deep into the black depths of his skull. (this same effect can be obtained by waiting until the last minute to write a theme).

As to witches, well we don't have any real ones, but have you ever seen some of these gals early in the morning with no make-up on. They look like a bunch of understudies who have just parked their broom-sticks outside the door.

Now the gremlins around here never seem to get out of practice. How many times have you aimed for the seat of your chair and swathed the floor instead. Tomato juice in your coffee and a lose lid on the salt shaker is, of course, the work of a Halloween gremlin. Perhaps these little people work overtime and help with the witches brew in the dining hall. I just love good coffee, don't you?

I am afraid that the boys are in for a little trouble when the witches start flirting around. You know women—they will stick together. The ole hags (the witches, of course) will be teaching the girls all their tricks of love. Yes, they will soon be putting to work "that ole black magic."

Oh well, who cares?

PHIL WEEKS

Honor Clubs Meet;

(Continued from Page 1)

SCIENCE CLUB: the president, Doris Jones; vice-president, Barbara Zoellner; secretary, Inez Haey; new members include Jean Dickman, Iris Godfrey, Margaret White, Dorothy Murray, Edward Adney, Floyd Miller, Frank Walters, Hugh Fletcher, Edward Soo, Douglas Davis, Arthur Wilcox, Kathryn Hipps, Madeleine Brown, John Brown, and H. B. Lowder.

CLASSICAL CLUB: president, Hilda Olive; secretary, Elene Fox; new member, Ellen Dennis.

SPANISH CLUB: president, Eldon Estep; vice-president, Bess Ruppelt; secretary, Elizabeth Ann Koonce.

FRENCH CLUB: president, Ann Wood; secretary, Edith Swann; new members include Wanda Sams, Edwin Pierce, Frank Goslin, Harold Bennett, Jack Roe, Mrs. Jack Roe, Kathryn Marshbanks, Eleanor Ostwalt, Hazel Morrison.

BUSINESS CLUB: president, Regina Styles; vice-president, Meredith Halford; secretary, Betty Jo Apperson; treasurer, Dorothy Swann; new members include Peggy Schumaker, Rachel Berry, Inez Burns, Banetta Black, Nell Keenum, Julian Hamrick, Ann Dyer, Phoebe Duckworth, Ethelyn Shaw, Jean Hackney, and Helen Wilkerson.

GERMAN CLUB: president, Edward Soo; vice-president, Robbie Sharkey; secretary, Betty Chapman.

Dramateers Present 'The Boor'

The Dramateers, play-producing organization of Mars Hill College, installed the following officers at their first meeting: president, Elliot Donnels; vice-president, Bess Ruppelt; secretary, Carolyn Halstead; treasurer, Sue Stinson; historian, Laurie Jean Dillard. Twenty-five students were admitted for membership in the club.

The first play, "The Boor," a Russian folk play by Chekov, was presented with the following cast: Cornelia Vann, Douglas Davis, Elliot Donnels, Kent Brooks and Bob Bunch.

"Our Town," a three-act play by Thornton Wilder, will be produced November 9. This play is noted for the simplicity and naturalness of the characters, and affords an opportunity for all the speech students to have acting experience. The cast is as follows: stage manager, John Scalf; assistant stage manager, Edward Edney; Mrs. Gibbs, Bess Ruppelt;

Dr. Gibbs, Ned Austin; Joe Crowell, Linda Coulter; Mrs. Webb, Cornelia Vann; Howie Newsome, Kent Brooks; George Gibbs, Douglas Davis; Rebecca Gibbs, Sue Stinson; Emily Webb, Carolyn Halstead; Wally Webb, Bobby Ivey; Mr. Webb, Bob Bunch; Mrs. Soames, Pollyanna Gibbs; Simon Stinson, Elliot Donnels; Constable Warren, Ira Adams; Si Crowell, Blake Floyd; Sam Craig, Gib Austin.

The school children: Dorothy Campbell, Ruth Winfree, Ir Porter, Doris Devenny, Dorothy Blackwell, Betty Sisk, Laurie Jean Dillard, Elizabeth Ponder, Mel Pate, Katherine Marshbanks and Margie Clayton.

The Choir: Elizabeth Koontz, Jean Dickman, Helen Starnes, Joyce Shelby, Mary Webster, Jeanne Alexander, Barbara Thornton, Betty Lou Nettie, Geraldine Stevens and Mildred Nix.

Contemplation, More or Less . . .

I DISLIKE . . .

perpetually cheerful people . . . being alone at twilight . . . in the library, 7:00 A.M. Monday . . . to think of graduation . . . being called upon to recite in class when I haven't prepared my lesson . . . world, in general, upon hearing the clock alarm at 3:00 A.M. . . . beds," which some ingenious souls must spend hours conceiving.

I LIKE . . .

the presence of the vets . . . Papa De's keen sense of humor . . . library on a rainy afternoon . . . Mr. Mac's "deah, deah" . . . Carowan's friendliness . . . autumn here . . . to watch the leaders.