

Promptness Strengthens Character

The statement, "Promptness Strengthens Character," is seen on almost every notice and letter from the head of our college, yet tardiness is one of the most serious offenses found here, and should be corrected.

From another college came "a slap in the face" when it was said that Mars Hill students did fine work, but to get them to turn in assignments on time was impossible. Some have complained that too much work is given the students. This may seem true, especially since many are just out of high school; however, if assignments are kept up from day to day, the work will not appear too heavy.

Probably just as serious an offense as late work is laxity in meeting appointments. An appointment with the Personnel Department, faculty advisor, teacher, band, dramatics class or any other organization should be regarded as an obligation and met on time. Remember that their time is probably more limited than yours. Many students absent themselves from the chapel services and then think up reasons to be excused. The chapel service is essential to the student body to pause in the middle of the day and be refreshed.

Let us practice promptness in all phases of our work here at Mars Hill, and make the next remark from another college a compliment rather than a criticism.

M. H. C. Needs Bleachers

The need for bleachers here on the athletic field is great. This has been proved this year as well as last year. With the student body as great as it is more than half have to stand up along the sidelines to witness the game. In two of the games spectators have been knocked down when one of the players was tackled on the sideline and knocked out of bounds. People from other towns who come here to cheer their team on to victory have to stand because of the inadequate seating. Football here at Mars Hill always draws a big crowd and on both sides of the field there is always a crowd standing. Then during baseball a crowd is sitting on the ground to watch because there is not enough room in the bleachers for them to sit. I say that we need more bleachers to take care of the crowd who come out to help our team on to victory and for the visiting guests of the other team who come to cheer their boys. —Burke Morris.

"Straight ahead of him, nobody can go very far."

That is the wise conclusion reached by the Little Prince in charming book by that name. With the many extra-curricular activities demanding time from study, perhaps college students do not need to be urged to believe this idea. But are activities really a means of "going very far?" Are there not other ways toward which to turn from the beaten path than toward planned recreation and events which utilize a student's spare time?

Mr. McLeod's suggestion in chapel this week, that we take time to stroll under the stars at night—alone, although impracticable at times, might well be considered and accepted. It is a tragedy that some folk do not have the inclination or the ability to enjoy pleasant deviations in solitude. Those who become lonely or bored while by themselves might run the risk of producing the same effect on others when in their company. Learning to exercise the uses of the five senses, to acquire an appreciation of the lovely, to make of little extras matters of real importance, all help to develop in a person that power to enjoy every phase of life, both with others and alone.

It is needful, then, after one has learned how, to get away from routine and do a little figurative star-gazing. The next time we are faced with the opportunity of going elsewhere than "straight ahead," why not dare to be different? Why not investigate the enjoyment that can be found in inspirational leisure? Surely, none of us needs to be reminded that here in the mountains, at any season, we are amply supplied with excellent material for such a pastime.

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Dyer's Dubious Doings

By Dyer

The Biltmore - Mars Hill Game was certainly disheartening in that we lost to that ex-bunch of Mars Hill bench-warmers, but it was even more tragic that those two swell campus Playboys, Frank Yandell and Charlie Wilfong, were hurt. More tragic than these casualties, however, is the fact that campus officials in responsible positions would allow a ball game to begin without any medical equipment or aid being on the field. No, they didn't die, but neither was it sane or safe to have to remove those injured men off the field without even the aid of a stretcher. Oh well, what's the use?

To some of us students the price on "refreshments" at the last home football game was just a little bit discouraging. Last year the Executive Committee refused our dating uptown because it would be too expensive for the boys; yet at our last home game the (non-profit) book store's price on Coca-Colas was 10c. Boys, are we now considered to be financially able to be seen with a young lady off the campus? I'll bet at any rate that the Executive Committee was not aware of this situation!!!

Doesn't it make your heart simply thrill with joy to see the workmen now riding around cutting the grass with our new and expensive lawn-cutting contraption? While we are engrossed in just such a fit of ecstasy let's plant grass over our — feet of paved college street so as to hide our broken, cracked, dilapidated, and poverty-stricken "College Avenue."

The love life, or that forlorn look, on the campus this past week has definitely taken a turn for the worse. Don't know whether the weather's been breaking it up or the tinkle of a little bell. Bruce C., you might explain your running around

the track 11 times and of your running partner? Sho nuff looked good from the sideline, but any gal who can run like that had better be watched. Brother, beware!!

This week's bunch of roses is addressed to Mr. Harold Boiter: Dear Sir: What's been coming off in the laundry room other than the laundry? Was your hair mussed recently? Just kidding, but no fooling, it would be a mighty fine spot. ?Si o no? (That little expression was placed right up there for the benefit of that hombre who is "larning" me to habla espanol, Mr. J. Roy (Dyer, you read the next sentence), Prince.

Apparently some people just don't care where they are seen any more—how about it, Rose Bullard? This crawling out from under bushes and shrubs on the campus must cease . . . and what a likely story about "hunting ACORNS." Why anybody could think up a better one than that!

Enough mud-slinging has been done for this issue so in closing I want to quote some very nice figures. Did you know that since 1935 nearly one million dollars has been spent on new buildings and improvements for our campus. Three new girls' dormitories and the Science Building were constructed; over twenty thousand dollars has been spent on improvements, such as the heating in the library, the heating in the auditorium, and general improvements to all buildings. (Yes, the interior of Landers Fraternity House was painted also.) The money is in the bank for the two hundred seventy-five thousand dollar dining hall now under construction. Dr. Blackwell, our hats are off to you and we want you to know that in spite of our obstinant and sometimes pernicious "doings" that we do appreciate you for your endless work and your more than understanding ways.

'You Said a Mouthful!'

By You

Monitor comes; girl in bed snuggled tight. Monitor goes; girl crawls out, shoes, clothes 'n' all. A poem by Imogene Eakes.

"I am glad to see that an awakening of practical, commonsense religion is beginning to circulate throughout our campus," states FRANK LAWTON.

Joan Nivens inquires: "Since they can't afford an escalator to the Science Building, why not a banister to slide down?"

"Why not pipe moonlight to the languishing girls?" wonders BERNICE LANCE. What about canned stardust?

"I participate in pep rallies and support our team; therefore I cannot understand why some people call us Christians fanatical when we shout

or witness for our Eternal Master. Then, when some knock themselves out over music, athletics, or temporary things, they are not considered fanatical." Ray Hodge.

POSTMASTERS, WORSHAM and LAMBERT: "Sometimes those crazy girls expect too much! Just the other day some of them wanted 'stamps to match my stationery.' And some of those ambidextrous females have the absurdity to accuse us of reading their letters. We will have it known here and now that we do not stoop so low—although they do get interesting postcards. Despite their stupidity, we love them just the same."

Conversation overheard between Mr. Outten and Skelton in Wall 23—Skelton speaking: "Yes, Mr. Outten, I too used to eat at the mess hall. Now look at me!"

Students Visit "The Lady in Blue"

By William Jasper

Many students of Mars Hill College do not realize that the overhead bridge one mile south of Weaverville on the highway to Asheville is a guidepost to a gracious and sincere lady of Western North Carolina. Three hundred yards southwest of that bridge lives Mrs. William Sidney Porter, the widow of a great writer, O. Henry. Her home, which is shared with two feminine companions, is of modern structure, facing a deep landscaped terrace. The interior, as seen by visitors, is amply provided with antique and modern furnishings. There are specially bound volumes written by O. Henry, which he gave to his wife with his personal inscriptions in them. On the walls are stirring paintings by Mrs. Porter's mother. Her father, who engineered the railroad into Asheville, was also a man of outstanding character. There is hanging in the living room, a unique photograph of O. Henry as he reclined.

"A Lady In Blue"

With her guests, before the fireplace sits "A Lady In Blue." Her blue dress, of a near royal shade, reflects Mrs. Porter's good taste in modern designing. As she sits in her chair and slowly

rocks, her age is reflected by her grey hair and thin face, and of course by the events which she speaks about. Her voice surprises her guests with its sparkling quality. Her friendly tones remind one of a bright morning which is both enchanting and challenging.

She graciously answers questions about her famous husband's work and personality. In addition, she informs her guests that a lawyer in Los Angeles, Calif., continues publication of her husband's works and handles the papers which are necessary for movie corporations to obtain her husband's stories for filming. She is human, so naturally she is pleased to discuss one of her own novels, *The Common Problem*, published under her maiden name, Sarah Coleman. It is the story of a girl reared at Mars Hill. She also flatters her young guests by informing them that their interest in her is an inspiration and will be an important element in helping her to finish her present novel.

The guests wish to linger in the cheery atmosphere of "The Lady In Blue," but they regretfully bid adieu, realizing proudly that they have shared an evening with a great person.