

The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

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Considering New Job? Watch Campus Activities

In this world of modern competition prospective employers feel the importance of checking thoroughly the records of those people whom they are considering for positions. Whether or not you realize it, YOU may be one who is being observed by some employer with an eye on the future. In this case your everyday activities, both play and work, will come under the careful watching of scrutinizing eyes.

Considering all of this, what can you do, individually, to make yourself more desirable as an employee? Above all traits, the average employer values dependability. Brilliance in a particular field, a pleasing personality, striking individuality—all of these are important but are to no avail if one can not be depended upon for the simplest of chores.

The trait of dependability should be especially built up while the individual is in college. Many present day college students are prone to become so absorbed in several activities that no one organization or individual can rely upon them. The next step after this is complete lack of dependability and reliability in everything.

Why not sit down for a moment and check up on yourself? Can others depend on you? Can they rely on you to keep your word and promises? If not, what are you going to do about it?

Spring Is Here; Keep Campus Clean

"The rain is raining all around;
It falls on fields and tree.

If students would stay off the grass
There'd be some grass to see.

Like guards before the old South Steps
A line of trash cans stood,

And signs are there to point them out,
But signs don't do no good." **DailyTar Heel**

Spring is coming out in all her freshness and beauty, but nature can't do everything by herself. Much work has been done on MHC campus and work is still being done to make this campus one of the more beautiful in the state, but some of the students don't seem to appreciate the work either of nature or of the administration. There are those students who mercilessly and unconcernedly trample across the new green grass, which after a few weeks will die and turn an ugly brown, and there are other students who thoughtlessly unwrap a candy bar or clean out their notebooks on the campus, leaving it soiled and untidy. It would be a very simple matter to walk on the walks which have been placed on the campus for such purposes and to wait until one gets to one of the conveniently located trash cans before throwing away his trash. Our campus reflects to visitors the kind of students we are; so let's try to remember to keep it clean and beautiful.

DR. BLACKWELL RECUPERATING
Students, faculty and staff regret that our President has been confined to the hospital. All rejoice at the improvement in his health and anticipate his early return to the campus.

Self Conscious? Others Are, Too

As she walked toward the cafeteria door, each forward step brought her two steps farther from it. The more she walked, the farther away the door was. What caused this phenomenon? Her number one S. P. was watching her from a nearby table she knew, and she was certain that her hair was drooping!

The boy made his speech with calm voice and perfect expression. It seemed that his oration had captured the ears of his audience and held them spellbound. Suddenly he blushed, stammered, gulped, and stopped. He couldn't find the rest of his notes.

Probably everyone has been in a situation equally as embarrassing as that of the above persons, and probably he felt the same horrible way. Self-consciousness is a disease that nearly all of us have—a disease that comes to the surface at the wrong times and the wrong places.

Have you heard about the bashful little C-I who decided that he was going to be brave and act as if he'd been in college for years? He courageously marched into the student center and immediately slipped on the newly waxed floor. The disease of self consciousness began to show itself. The boy's face turned a bright red, but he decided that he would carry on. However, it was too late; self consciousness won out and the next thing the boy did was knock a chair over in his attempt at being at ease. Amid the laughs of his fellow students, he felt the room grow to immense proportions. The floors all slanted in his direction. Leering faces were on all sides of him, and a roar in his ears finally dulled his senses. With a scream of terror he rushed from the scene.

Of course this is an extreme case, but we all have mild cases. Perhaps students in Mr. DeShazo's speech classes know of this disease more than others. Take Moe for example. He wanted so very much to be a good speaker; so he did what he thought best and signed up for a speech class. The first speech is always the worst. The eyes of the room were upon him; he couldn't tell whether they were with him or against him. In his attempt at remembering to enunciate clearly, to pronounce words correctly, to use good diction, to speak slowly, and not to say "uh", he forgot what his speech was about. He saw the faces in the room grow large, and he felt his own turning a deep red. One face, that of the girl he'd been trying to impress with his manliness, stood out from all the others. He realized that everything was hopeless, but as he stood there the words of his speech suddenly came back to him, and as he began to talk, his disease left him for a while.

You can think of dozens of times when this unwelcome disease has crept into your life and taken hold of your very being. Try to remember, though, the next time you feel it coming on, that everyone around has the same disease; you aren't the only one. You'll be surprised how that thought will bolster your morale.

Students Find New Library Bright, Good For Studing

When students came back after spring holidays, they found the new reserve library in Spilman waiting for their use. The reading room, spacious and pleasantly lighted with fluorescent facilities, is conducive to quiet and meditative study. In contrast to the main library, ample table space is provided for 110 persons.

Besides housing most of the reserve books, the long collection of religious books and books formerly stored in Stroup attic are found here.

Current magazines and newspapers, as well as older magazines, are conveniently placed. Lists of approved reading are on the ends of the periodical racks. Also, a list of the best articles, chosen by the librarians, is posted. Reading and reserve lists are on the bulletin board. Current publications of numerous high schools and other junior and senior colleges are also available for student reading.

The full time assistant is Mrs. Emmett Sams, who is aided by Mrs. Walker Ford. Students assist in this work, also.

Guests Have Fun At Banquet

Mars Hill's chapter of Delta Psi Omega, National Honor Dramatic Fraternity, held its first annual formal banquet Friday, April 8, 1949. The members and their guests gathered in the elaborately decorated Blue Room of the Coyte Bridges Dining Hall at 7:45 in the evening. Cleverly drawn Shake-

spearean comedy and tragedy masks marked each person's place at the U-shaped table. The garnet and black colors of Delta Psi Omega were carried out in the centerpieces, the red carnations and the wall decoration.

Ann Owen's invocation preceded Herbert Gray's welcome and Miss Imogene Cowan's response. Clyde Moody entertained with a solo, "She Never Told Her Love." The Player's Speech from Hamlet was given by Rudy Singleton, Beulah

Impromptu

Are you discouraged? Lovesick? Does your S. P. have "Impossible" for a middle name? Lend an ear, my dear one, and profit by the experience of one who was once in the same boat with you. Last year a sweet little C-I girl chose her S. P. from the throngs of wonderful Mars Hill muscle men. 'Twas sad for her that this exalted S. P. was practically going steady with another girl. Although she saw no hope, she continued to dream. Around Christmas time things began to happen. One thing led to another and now the little darling is engaged to marry her wonderful S. P. You see, as the composer has said, "It can happen to you." If you do not believe it, just ask **Rosie Simmons**.

WONDER WHY???? Claire Sams has named a certain student librarian **Brer Rabbit**? **Pete Davis** is "excelling" so much lately? **P. C.** did not discover **Betty Jo** back in their home town? Some people have to be hit in the head in order to catch on . . . **Cloyes**? **Gilda Rector** has such twinkling stars in her pretty eyes? We have to learn the "hard way" that a secret loses its flavor when it ceases to be a secret? More people have not made dates for the Junior-Senior Banquet? (Fear, Neglect, or Indifference?)

SONG SOME SING: "Promise Me We'll Still Be Sweethearts After Graduation Day" **Clyde** to **Ruby**, **Joe** to **Netta Sue**, **Allen** to **Catherine**, **Tom** to **Jackie**, **Edgar** to **Betty**, **Bryan** to **Caroline**, **John** to **Ruby**, **Russell** to **Blanche**, **John** to **Ann**, **Benny** to **Helen**, **Faulton** to **Mildred**, **Ed** to **Ella George**, and **Wesley** to **Emma Carol**.

An hour or two of dreaming . . . And now the dream is lost; . . . And you must start redeeming . . . Faith at a tearful cost . . . Be this your charm and token . . . Against the bitter smart, . . . Until a heart's been broken . . . It's not a full fledged heart.

QUESTIONS PEOPLE ASK . . . Is Chapel Hill "Fuller" than it used to be, **Jean**? Is **Gordon Middleton** trying to prove the Theory of Evolution with his new haircut? Will **Janette Jones** be able to make up her mind before the Junior-Senior Banquet? Will **Thomas Lilly** continue to chase **Janet Minton** until she catches him? Where did **Earl Holman** get his fickle eye?

Philomathian's super crooner, **George West**, is receiving encores from both **Clio** and **Nonpareil**. **Louise Stewart's** recent visit to **Euthalia** was prompted by a "gorgeous hunk" of **Euthalian** who was visiting her. **Bryan Thornburg** needs to have a nice long talk with somebody. **Betty**, can't you make up your mind between **Winston Carter** and **Richard Stevens**? What a problem!

Open letter to S. P.'s:
Dear Shmoo,
"Tell Me Why" . . . "I Love You for Seventy Mental Reasons." "Yours Is My Heart Alone" . . . "Until" . . . "Somebody Else Has Taken Your Place." "If You Don't Love Me, Tell Me" or "I'll Be Waitin' for Your Phone Call for Eighteen Years." "Oh Promise Me" . . . "You Are the Promised Kiss of Springtime" . . . and . . . I'll be . . . "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." Otherwise, I'll take a "Slow Boat to China" and "Maybe You'll Be There." "Someday" . . . "There'll Be Some Changes Made" . . . and you'll be . . . "Looking for Me."
Droolingly yours,
????????????

B's

(With Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see,
An "F" as lovely as a "B".
A "B" whose form is gently pressed,
Upon the front sheet of my test.
A "B" that on my report card may,
Induce the folks back home to say:
My, how smart that child must be,
To make such grades at M. H. C.!

A "B" that represents the toil,
Of countless nights and midnight oil.
"F's" are made by Nuts like me,
For only experts make a "B".
—By George Foster.

White presented a clever satire on **Romeo and Juliet**.

Doris Carter's piano solo was followed by **Bob Solomon's** choice bits of gossip. **Dickie Phillip's** selection from **The Sonnets** concluded the program.

Carnation corsages were presented to **Miss Imogene Cowan**, director of the Mars Hill Speech department and to **Miss Berrel Riley**, guest of the grand director, **Herbert Gray**.