

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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In Defense Of The Rag

The Hilltop, you will notice, is in its new jacket again this issue.

A mild flurry of protest arose three weeks ago when The Hilltop appeared for the first time in bona fide newsprint. The reaction, however, was generally favorable. Still, there were a few that were not so favorable, and they will be duly recorded here for the sake of a posterity which probably won't care anyway.

A usually authoritative source, in one grand, sweeping indictment, observed that the new format resembled (1 an engineering sheet, (2 the Christian Science Monitor, and (3 the publication of the American Legion. Just what strange and obviously terrifying affinity these newspapers share, we are at a loss to say. It seems, however, that the style employed by these "rags," (to use an appropriate form of the fourth estate vernacular) is quite the fad among the larger universities and colleges, where the publications are backed by strong journalism schools and expertly trained journalists.

With the appearance of the rough, newsprint edition, a few students confided vociferously that the slick paper editions of heretofore had been their pride and joy. They took one terrible glance at the rough, unshining sheet (the product, no doubt, of some mad editorial quirk), their faces blanched, and they screamed with one accord: "Cheap! It's cheap!"

It is cheap—much cheaper than the shiny variety of paper that makes such beautiful Sunday School pamphlets. And the Hilltop can easily stand a cut in its budget. Extra money can be diverted to plans for expansion of the paper, which are now under way.

It is the sincere hope of the editors that, by bringing the Hilltop down to the level of the publications of big-name universities, the feelings of the stricter adherents to precedent will not be too deeply wounded.

And if you still aren't convinced, drop us a line, won't you?
E.L.—S.M.

A Tribute

At seven o'clock Monday morning a bus pulled out of Mars Hill carrying five of our boys to the United States Navy.

We who say "the war is over and all is well" should stop and think about these boys, in the prime of youngmanhood—three lacking only a few months of completing their courses at Mars Hill—who are leaving all of those things that mean so much to them.

It would have been easy to have gone a year ago when the war was at its peak—when everyone else was going, too—they would have had something to fight for. Now it only means two years delay in their education—two years longer before they can attain that one thing for which they have been working. It is a much greater sacrifice than we even imagine.

We shall miss them always. They were a part of Mars Hill—a part that we couldn't have done without. They were leaders.

We shall remember football games with John, Jim, Charlie and Dewitt. We shall remember Seth and Jim on the basketball court . . . the way Charlie played those drums . . . John and Jim behind the desk at Eu Anniversary . . . Seth's Phi Anniversary . . . John and Seth in the church choir . . . the way Seth sang "The Lord's Prayer" that last Sunday . . . and yes, we shall remember then on the campus and eating pie at Larry's.

These five aren't the only boys who have left. The others left one by one and we miss them; they were leaders; they were just as much a part of Mars Hill; they made just as great a sacrifice; and their picture holds just as dear a place on some co-ed's desk.

We miss all of the boys who have left us for the Services and our prayers and thoughts go with them.

All isn't well, and it will not be until young men can get an uninterrupted education: Until young men can be where they choose doing those things they wish.
—J. S.

Wisdom Digest.....

It's a beautiful world we live in. And this little part of it Mars Hill has a special touch all its own. Or have you noticed? Have you observed the different pictures nature paints around here as the day progresses?

On your way to morning watch have you ever looked up and seen the white moon smiling on the morning just beginning to stir and scatter light behind the hills?

The hands of night reach down behind the eastern hills
And give the slumbering dawn a gentle shake.

He turns his back as she awakes and climbs on high
To watch his shadowy figure slowly trudge across the sky.

Have you ever stopped by the north side of Treat Dormitory and looked at the reflection of the sunrise through the tall pines or through the fragile, bleak branches of the trees?

Feathertips of barren trees,
Sweep up the stardust from the skies,
And with their tiny brushes paint
The golden rose of each sunrise.

Have you ever stood on the landing of the Edna Moore or New Dormitory stairs and looked through the windows to the distant Smokies? If you have you've seen that one tiny mountain top that timidly peeps over the big range.

A baby mountain peeks above the shoulders of the mother range
And rests his pug nose flat against the window of our town.

The rays of the sun are lovely as they stretch in the West at the fading of the day. Watch as

The long, slim fingers of the sun gently tug the blanket of night over the drowsy earth.

Then, when the day is gone, one by one, tiny, sparkling lights appear and dazzle the dark heavens as

Night, dark enchantress,
pins diamond and silver jewels upon her black velvet gown and casts her spell o'er all the earth.

—Phyllis Ann Gentry.

Myrtle Westbrook Gets C-II Office

Myrtle Westbrook was elected vice-president of the C-II class at a meeting January 25. Jim Kelly, former vice-president, had to resign because of his withdrawal from college to enter the Navy.

Plans were made at the meeting for a talent show to be given in the auditorium one Saturday night. The student activities committee was placed in charge of the program.

Dramateers Elect New Officers

Jerry Saville was elected president of the Dramateers at a call meeting last Monday afternoon. The other officers are: Leta Shelby, vice-president; Ed Long, secretary; and Elon Myers, treasurer.



SEE TWO



Pat Ingram

Her birth certificate labels her as Patricia Quen Ingram, but few people eulogize her by that name. All during grammar school and high school Pat's benevolent personality won the hearts of her classmates. She held many honor offices. At home her lawyer father and her school-teacher mother saw that she lacked none of the necessities and educational opportunities of life.

About a year and a half ago little Miss Pat Ingram ambled off the "cannon-ball" into a jostling crowd of college students. She was one of many. That is to say, she was unknown except for the exclusive few from Albemarle. Little did she or anyone else realize that her name would be uttered by every Mars Hill student this year.

All during the first semester, Pat went about her work diligently and succeeded in attaining the honor roll. At the end of last year the Science Club made her vice-president. Then this year she became their president. Shortly after this the Nonpareils recognized her prodigious originality and made her their vice-president for the Anniversary-Reception term. She did such a grandiose job of it that they wanted her for their Forensic president. Pat finds a great source of enjoyment in playing the violin and being in the college orchestra. With all her duties she find time to display her talent in drawing. She may be little, but her accomplishments make up for her lack of size.



Edward Landers, Jr.

"Lanky" Landers, as he is known to Mars Hillians, is by birth a Yankee. He was born in Camden, N. J., but some years later he and his family moved to Mars Hill.

Here he has excelled in all phases of high school and college life. While in high school he was a member of the dramatic club, the staff of the Mars, high school paper, and a member of the Columbian society, where he surpassed all comers in debating. In his senior year Lanky was chosen as one of the superlatives. He was classified as a "woman hater." But, as the old trite saying goes, Time heals all. He was graduated from Mars Hill high school May 31, 1944.

The next fall he enrolled in M.H.C. From the very first of basketball season it was evident that Lanky was to be a valuable man in sports. He became first-string forward and has held that position for two seasons. He, also, held down the first sack position on the baseball team. At the beginning of second semester last year he was initiated into the International Relations Club. During the 1945-46 period he has been active in society work and at present is the Philomathian president. He has held the job of censor and was Anniversary debater this year. He has succeeded Seth Lippard as Town representative to the B.S.U. council. He sings, too, and is a member of the glee club. His high school superlative not long holds true, as Louvene could probably tell you.