

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, N. C.

Entered as second-class matter February 20, 1926, at the post office at Mars Hill, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Issued semi-monthly during the college year.

Subscription Rate: Year, \$1; Issue, 5c

STAFF

Acting Editor CHARLES R. GREENE
Managing Editor J. NORMAN ELLIS
Associate Editor T. C. WAGSTAFF
Poetry Editor EMILY PATRICK
Sports Editor PAUL MEYERS
Faculty Advisor FALK S. JOHNSON

REPORTERS

J. Norman Ellis George Blackwell T. C. Wagstaff
 Bob Daniel Anne Lewis Carl Compton Louise Wall
 Kent Brannock Frank Venters Vivian Crisp Paul Meyers
 Mary Ellington Johnny Farrar Imogene Brown
 Dorothy Lee Savage Miriam Critcher Louise Thomas
Business Manager ALEX JOHNSON
Circulation Manager IRVIN JOHNSON
Advertising Manager JOE HARPER

Vol. XIV.

February 3, 1940

No. 7

These Are The Letters

"Dear Folks: School O. K. Car fine. Cookies swell. Weather cold. Please rush allowance. Love—" The foregoing is no doubt the nation's maddening Letter No. 1., composed weekly or fortnightly in several hundred colleges and preparatory schools. Such is the initial step in illiterate letter-writing; unchecked, we, the youth, are doomed to such blithe burbling for the rest of our days.

However, we are not the only offenders. Our elders are responsible for a kindred abomination which often runs as follows—"Uncle Ned's lumbago the same. Have a new bridge and two crowns. Business about as usual. Otherwise we are all well and hope you are the same." It was Doctor Johnson who said, "A short letter to a distant friend is, in my opinion, an insult like that of a slight bow or a cursory salutation."

There is truly no mystery about effective letter-writing. First of all, although many people dread the writing of them, everyone likes to receive them. Second, when the correspondent takes pen in hand, he should think about what the receiver will enjoy reading about. Third, he should remember that the best style in letters is informal. Montaigne said of his letters: "Those that cost me the most trouble are the most worthless: when once they begin to drag, it is a sign that my heart is not in them—I usually begin without any plan: the first word begets the second."

The journal and the diary have gone out of fashion, for both required more leisure and application than the bedlam of modern life usually permits.

But the purely personal letter, privileges and uncensored only in a free democracy, and genial, friendly and individual, will always bring pleasure both to those who are away and to those who stay at home.—W. J. C.

Chester Swor

This week Mars Hill has enjoyed a peculiar treat. For one of the most sensational and practical speakers that ever appeared on Mars Hill campus was Chester Swor. I said that we have enjoyed a treat; but sometimes this is not literally so, for so close to our hearts did his messages come, and so vividly did he point out our faults that the only enjoyment we derived from his messages came when we did as he bade.

A dramatic man is Chester Swor, not one who beats the air and practices gymnastics in the pulpit; but, I say, he is a dramatic man. Look at his face as he appears on the platform, serious, expressive, a face that is the trade mark of a man inspired by God.

When it comes to platform appearance and oratory, Mr. Swor is tailor-made. His eyes, that sometimes flash and gleam, are dreamy eyes, though not sleepy, that seem to see the innermost soul of his audience and Christ himself. His voice, if I may be so feminine as to say it, is a sweet voice that soothes the heart. His style of speech attracts the audience, and his gestures and the magician-like way in which he handles the crooked, brown cane that follows him to the platform, are purely entertaining.

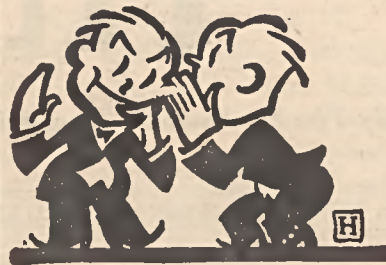
Chester Swor knows the problems of youth today, and his lucid, heart-to-heart "chats" point the way to a Christian solution of everyday problems. We had a prophet in our midst—a man sent from God. O Lord, give us more men like Chester Swor.—C. R. G.

Why Not Grade Your Grades?

Have you ever classified yourself academically? The recent examinations determine to an extent each student's attainment by conscientious study, consistent preparation, and faithfulness to duty during the last semester. Some will regard the marks they receive this semester as representative of the best that they have to offer in their school work, but to others these ratings will serve as a stimulus to better preparation and higher attainment.

On our campus there are many extra-curricular activities that appeal to the average student more than attending classes and study hours do; yet the fundamental purpose for attending college is to prepare ourselves for the affairs of life, which we face after graduation. Our grades are indicative of the progress that we are making. The principal solution offered to raise academic standards is to create a higher regard for good grades and a desire to be content with nothing but the best. The realization will come to each student that he has not been taking advantage of the opportunities made possible by his parents. It is never too late to take account of the past and redeem a formerly bad academic record.—T. N. E.

DIDDAM AND DADDAM



By YOUR SNOOPERS

Aw law! (quote "Bloody Duck") here it is 1940 and poor ole' Cupid is still going strong, even after a particularly busy Christmas season. He inspired Bill Griffin to give the LoNely Stoker an ivory clock. Now just try and beat Bill's time, D. R.! Leah Oglesby was billed for a happy holiday, and to all appearances she really had one. Santa must have brought Mary Lib Jackson a new dose of personality. It's triple time she's doing now, "Buck," "Proe," and "drummer man" Harper. Now take Paul Meyers—that trip home to Miami just warmed his heart to the right degree. He came back Howell-ing that there's none like "Wimpie." Maudie Bloodgood found the Christmas weather a bit "Chile"—had you noticed? They say Bob Summey planned to stay at home during those days, but he couldn't bear the su-Spence of waiting to see Jane again, so Fuquay Springs it was.

Quite a few couples didn't get together during the two weeks' parole we fellow sufferers were granted. But did you get one of those ch-arming Christmas Cards signed, "Alex and Irma." Yep—and what were Matt Summerlin's cards doing coming from Mount Olive, N. C.? Any possible connection with one Shelia Gulley?

Rachel Davis found Early Christmas shopping most difficult, but she finally found the right gift. Anne Lewis says she doesn't give a Don about anybody in particular, but Miller still has a yearning to Walk-er around the circle.

Johnny Farrar has more than Melba Cooper and a Yankee accent. By some queer twist he was seen coasting uphill in front of Ray's Monday. You know—this ice isn't all it's cracked up to be!

There's a magic about the moon that Gordon just can't get away from. Well, wonders Johnny Owen, why should he even try?

Did you notice Flo King at the Beacon Mills game? She was disappointed when Booger didn't score and giggled when he was knocked down. So that's love, huh?

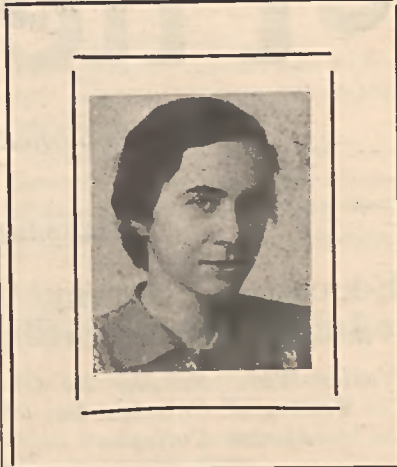
Wayne Blanton is patting him-

COLLEGE KNOWLEDGE

By ELAINE ENSCHO

We on-the-road-to-wisdom (intellectual and otherwise) C-I's have learned from bitter experience and some of us luckier ones by warning that: class cuts can really pile up; first impressions aren't very dependable; a college vocabulary isn't complete without full knowledge of the prominent three c's—cobbing, cribbing, and crisp-coursing; a wardrobe just isn't chic without something that will pass as a pork-pie; that Mars Hill has Sing-Sing beat with its grape-vine system (attention, you gossips and kitty-kat tongues); an S. P. is simply a have-to; modern vogue calls for a certain percentage of "scatterbrain" and "chatterbox"; dormitory life just wouldn't be without our ol' ladies; a budget isn't such a bad plan after all; all pre-med students are allergic to entangling alliances; and that C-II's knew what they were talking about when they said that college is no country club for campus cut-ups.

Teacher Passes



MISS ETHEL GREGG

self on the back. It seems that Wayne met a girl during the holidays and stayed in love with her for all of 36½ hours. Endurance record, we call it.

Ed is back in school, and it won't be long before he'll be making the rounds again. There's another Ed around too, and Martha Lee Grayson says he Gaines in poison-ality most every day.

Looks like more snow; so maybe indoors is best for all well-bred snoopers. But take it easy—hear, kids? If the year keeps up as it's started it'll be hopeless to try to keep all new developments reported. Which just goes to prove that what Mars Hill needs is an ultra-special course in campusology! 'Bye now—!

Every Other Week

(Continued from page 1)

he became known as "senator-at-large" of the United States.

Two weeks ago Borah died at the age of seventy-four. His body, in a gray casket, was carried from the halls he knew so well back to Idaho, from whence he had come to senate as a young man.

Was Capable

Although opponents of Borah's policies accused him of being narrow, he probably possessed at his death the greatest intellect in the senate. His integrity was without question.

Borah's voice rang out on almost every important issue that came before the senate during his term of office. He won his toughest fight—his fight to keep the United States from joining the League of Nations.

Well might the young man (or woman) who dreams of political prominence and someday expects to wear the toga of a statesman study the life of William E. Borah. Honest, firm, independent in thought and action, he lived a great life, and his tallest monument is carved in the memory of the American people.

Onus

It is mid-day in Canton:

The teeming life is stilled;
 Nippon's armies have passed through,
 Plundered, burned, and killed.

All is desolation:

Chaos rules supreme.
 Farms are sacked and pillaged,
 Nothing's left—save a dream.

The sun sinks into nightfall

Like a spot of blood,
 Tinting all the heavens
 In a colored flood.

We are cultured creatures,

Made by hand of God;
 He's our carnate master;
 He gave the earth we trod.

It's our solemn duty

As children of the Lord
 To cease this mad destruction,
 By word of pen or sword!
 —William James Clark, Jr.

VIEWS FROM ABR

By GEORGE BLACKWELL

This issue it is our pleasure to have a letter from a boy in the land. He carries on correspondence with another Mars student, Kent Brannock. We know that the young Scotchman is fully convinced of the might of the British empire; yet he remembers that Scotland is as impotent a unit in the empire as Ely. He also brings in the fact that Queen Elizabeth is from the land. The name of the youth is Tom.

The letter, dated December 15, follows:

Dear Kent:

I have not been evaluating the situation, though a great many in the strict have. My school is otherwise we would hardly think that there is a war on, at things are going on just the same. There is one big difference that is that there are no lights and shop windows of darkened because of the situation.

You were asking what I thought of the Russian-German pact. I think that Germany has made a big mistake, and I doubt the pact will last very long. The and Russians will never get on. We wait with pleasure to see a showing of this supposed friendship.

There is a spirit of optimism in Britain because there is a belief who will win in the end, and it will be Britain and not Germany who will do it, as we in the United States play just as big a part in the war as they do in England. To be just as much a part of the war as the English.

The food here is still plentiful as before the war. We have lost a few native birds.

(Continued on page 3)

Former Student Is Now Airline Pilot

Arthur Fox, Jr. Is Continuing Work For Airline Position

Arthur Fox, Jr., former student of Mars Hill, has returned to Dallas Aviation School in Dallas, Texas, to take the flight rating which will be eligible for airline work.

He graduated from the school in 1936, taking a master's degree, and since that time has been working for Braniff Airways and has been a flight instructor in Houston.

As the holder of a pilot's license with a blind flight rating he will be eligible for work as an airline pilot.

After his graduation from the Fork Union Military Academy in Virginia, he enrolled at Mars Hill where he was active on the football team.

His long journey to study aviation was hastened by the fact that Dallas has many advantages, occupies a strategic position for the aviation industry. There are more government flying bases in Texas than in any of the other states combined.

Miss Gregg Given Memorial

(Continued from page 1) ten years at Mars Hill. Miss Gregg was especially interested in religious work, having been an A. councilor most of her life. She was here. As a leader and personal friend of many, she was deeply missed on the campus and leaves a void that cannot be filled.