

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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Meeting the Challenge of Today

How are we going to meet the challenge of the times? This is a very important question we can ask ourselves. We also ask, "Is our world going mad?" Across the waters there are "wars and rumors of wars." Communism versus Fascism—both are fighting our own government. What can we do about this? This remains to be seen. Among all the various "isms" how can we save the youth of today for an improved democracy? That is the challenge we must meet.

There are two things which stand high in the line of training: trained leadership and "followship." If we have qualities of leadership, we can accomplish things. We need just, honorable, alert leaders. We must teach leaders and followers alike to keep their balance in the world. It is up to the high schools as well as colleges to at least hold the youth of today. Our country is full of Communism today and it is up to us to teach a true democracy and not a false one.

Dr. Cloud Smith tells us that personality is the building of a man. In "Building a Personality," Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick tells us: "Primarily, democracy is the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people and that if we throw wide the doors of opportunity so that all boys and girls can bring out the best that is in them, we will get amazing results from unlikely sources." So attention to the development of personality is important.

Shakespeare was the son of a bankrupt butler and a woman who could not write her name. Beethoven was the son of a consumptive mother, herself the daughter of a cook, and a drunken father. Schubert was the son of a peasant father and mother who had been in domestic service. Faraday, one of the greatest scientific experimenters of all times, was born over a stable, his father an invalid blacksmith and his mother a common drudge. Such facts as these underlie democracy. Equality of rights and privileges is a basic factor in our form of government.

Let us as students of Mars Hill College believe in a true democracy and live for it. We can meet the challenge by making the most of our opportunities now—developing strong bodies, alert minds, and a fine sense of moral values. We can meet the challenge by facing it squarely and accepting responsibility whether it be as leader or follower.—R. B.

Anticipation

Why get up? The days are rotating with a dogged monotony and the calendar is merely repeating itself. November will come next—it is the usual procedure, tomorrow will be Sunday—always after Saturday, and night must follow day. It is as inevitable as the rising and falling of a living pulse. Then why get up? Why wake up and begin another day when there was one by exactly the same name last week? Why perform the same trite duties that have claimed a part of every day for years? Could it be habit alone that makes the individual seek his routine tasks with fresh vigor as a new day approaches? The answer to these questions probably centers within one word—anticipation—that quality which lends excitement to the least significant act.

Do you not feel a tinge of expectancy as you rush to breakfast? The end of the meal may find you with a new and cherished friendship. A smile from someone admired across the room may start the day with a song. Is there not a rising feeling of uncertainty as you leave a building on turning a corner? Ahead may lie almost anything. The exciting possibilities are innumerable. Does not the almost stifled hope that some day that dream will be fulfilled help you through the monotonous moments? Always there is a secret longing, half realized perhaps, and always there should be anticipation.

If nothing were hoped for, nothing would remain to be lived for. The similitude or dissimilitude of days is a matter of attitude. Look forward to nothing—reap boredom; anticipate joys, reap happiness.—S. G.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

For the benefit of you C-I's who are in doubt as to what to do and what not to do, we have taken a consensus of opinion from those C-II's who were in your shoes last year. We hope this advice will be appreciated and put into practice.

Gladys Turner: Be different; drop your book, not your handkerchief.

Erma Morris: Don't fall in love with a C-II.

Faustina Barnes: Don't fall in love period.

Rebecca Gulley: Don't kid yourself into thinking you'll study.

Alice Reed Smith: Don't pine; use your line.

Carolyn Williams: Don't sit at the table with too many football boys; bread and water was my fare.

Eleanor Fokes: Don't be afraid to be yourself. After all, how can we befuddled C-II's tell you freshmen apart if you all act alike?

Dorothy Pearce: Don't. Gladys Rhinehardt: A wink in the hand is worth two shoves.

Venita Penland: An apple a day (if not those green ones in front of Edna Moore) will keep the doctor away.

Carol Bartling: The shortest distance between two dates is a good line.

Omelia Robinson: Look, darlings, those three light flashes are not those dreamed about S. O. S.'s to Brown and Melrose dormitories, but are a signal from the housemother, which means "put it out."

Gwen Potter: Instincts are all right for lower animals, but remember you are ladies and gentlemen.

Lynn Starkweather: A date in the book is worth two at noon.

Gwen Reed: Do your school work thoroughly; participate in religious and scholastic organizations. If you know how to get around a rule, don't.

Shirley Sanderlin: It is considered both impertinent and ill-mannered to use your roommate's toothbrush.

Mary Nell Hardin: Beware of pie bed-makers.

Christine Pope: Beware of strangling lines.

One C-II gives her advice in the following poem:

Come C-I's and you shall hear
Of an event that happened
only last year.

I was going to the reception
and was ready for my date
All clean and in my evening
dress—so he wouldn't have
to wait.

I was looking my best and all
persnickulous
When one C-II jived, "Why,
your shoulderless dress is
ridiculous."

It was not her words that made
me sad,
But because it was the only
dress I had.

Poor little me, not knowing
what to do—
I went back to my room and
left that C-II.

I was crying—then, suddenly,
it dawned on me

To Miss Claudia

From the Class of '35

Miss Allen will probably not remember me, for there were then—five years ago—over five hundred of us chasing about the campus, some with serious purpose, some of us without. Whether she remembers me is of no consequence, but neither I, nor any of those who ever talked or studied with Miss Claudia, will ever forget or cease to admire that heart which makes her so great in our friendships, that heart which did so much to endear her to us forever.

Never one to upbraid us for pulling some stunt, but always one to praise and thus to guide so easily that we never realized then that it was her suggestion or influence we were following. She taught us more manhood than German, more Christianity than verbal conjugation.

Behind her cheery "Good Morning" that always greeted us was, we know, a soul from which this early word brought good-will, good cheer, friendship and love for every one of us.

Miss Allen always "saw the good" in us, never even mentioned the bad—and there was plenty of mischief and deviltry—so that long afterward we would suddenly stop and remember what she had said, how she had gone so far beyond our thoughts and reasoning to give us a path which could have been charted only by one of greater heart and more noble soul.

Forensic Council Elects Officers

The Forensic Council elected C. C. Hope president at the first meeting of the 1940-41 session. Mr. Frank Venters was elected secretary. Thirty-three students were present at this first meeting. The president announced that debate eliminations would be held as soon as the national intercollegiate board submits the query for the colleges. Last year the Forensic club travelled over 2,000 miles on trips.

News Flashes

(Continued from page 1)
Cal., in October. The great thrill was near at hand. Their goal was almost reached. Attempt after attempt they made—at length they saw Deanna Durbin. Not only did they see her, but they talked with her and had their picture taken with her. It must have been worth the trip, for, they declare enthusiastically, "She is the sweetest thing on earth."
Who are they? None other than Jack and Wally Miller, two popular Mars Hill students.

That she couldn't do that to me—see?

So, I went to the party—you bet I did.
But, my dainty shoulders beneath a cape I hid.

Now, listen, C-II's—don't do as I and get in a mess,
But get your evening apparel "censored" before you dress.
—Lela Burgess.

A HILLBILLY LOOKS AT WASHINGTON

CECIL HILL

Washington is yet in mourning for the loss of America's greatest Speaker of the House, the Hon. William A. Bankhead. Two weeks ago the square-jawed old veteran of the House passed quietly away, perhaps as a result of the terrific strain heaped upon him during the past few weeks. In his seat we find former Leader of the Majority in the House, the Honorable Sam Rayburn of Texas.

In the opinion of many Americans Bankhead shared most of the humiliation in the Democratic Convention. Regarding himself as a strong contender for the Vice-Presidency, he appeared as the Keynote of the day. Delegates from Alabama placed his name on the floor as the first nominee for the position. Though he sensed his defeat when the New Dealists nominated Henry A. Wallace as the choice of the President, the aged Representative fought courageously. Such an experience as this was quite common with Mr. Bankhead. "These things he hid in his heart," and America grieves the loss of one whose heart was so full.

The recent embargo on all shipments of scrap iron to foreign countries except the Western Hemisphere and Great Britain has resulted in the closer alliance of Japan with the Axis powers. Japan feared such a move as this years ago—even in 1932 when the State Department protested so vigorously the invasion of Manchuria. The declaration that Japan would join the war if any other outside nation, meaning the United States, intervenes has been long expected—especially since the fall of France. Now at last it seems that the greedy fingers of the Japanese will be able to grab French Indo-China.

Washington awaits in silence but with a great deal of expectation the opening of the trial for former Premier Daladier and other high government officials of France prior to the installation of the Petain regime. The trial is to be held in a peculiar fashion. Instead of following the usual procedure, the court has decided to follow the old Roman law. In this instance the judges do not hear the trial, but search out all the evidence and strive to convince the jury that the victims are guilty. We in America wonder just what the courts are blaming the officials with. Could it be courage and valor and love for one's country? Only time will tell, and then the Nazi press will censor the report.