

The Hilltop

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Seventeen Days
Till Christmas

Ten Days Till
Holidays

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A Merry Christmas To Everyone

A Christmas Story

TYPICAL CHRISTMAS AT MARS HILL

Christmas Spirit Prevails On Our Campus



The gaily decorated windows, which carry out the Christmas motif, are in direct contrast to the beaming sun. The throngs stopping to gaze at the festive displays are incongruously dressed in linen and cotton instead of wool and fur. It is the height of the winter season in Palm Beach.

A sleek blue Buick pulls up to the curb in front of Duval's the most exclusive jewelers in South Florida. Hamilton Ernst, casually neat in blue slacks and a canary yellow shirt jauntily steps from the car into the cool darkness of the store.

As he leaves the glass-encrusted doorway a weight seems to be lifted from his shoulders, though he appears to be enveloped in some intangible gloom.

"Well, that's done. I only hope that the pearls suit her."

He, his sister Marilyn, and his aunt live in a seventeen-room house on Star Island with four servants, two dogs, and an aquarium. Marilyn, just passed nineteen, is home from school in the North. Aunt Edith, who is of Brynhildic proportions, is so busy keeping up in her social activities that no warmth of the Christmas season has been allowed to slip past the austere butler into the cold, well appointed drawing room.

As the heir to the Ernst name and fortune muses over these none too pleasant thoughts, his attention is caught by a small, neatly lettered placard, "German Refugee Bureau."

The amber light changes to brilliant red, harmonizing with the decorations in the shop windows. Without so much as a change in thought, Hamilton swings the Buick again to the curb. A second time he steps from his car and enters a store.

"Have you any German orphans here?" He sounds as nonchalant as if he is asking for a "coke."

Somewhat surprised, the young lady at the desk stammers in reply to his abrupt query: "W-w-why, no. I'm sorry. You see, we just find homes for the Jewish children from Europe, not the German ones. Why?"

"I was thinking of taking one home for the holidays. Give the family a bit of the spirit, you know. I'm sorry I took up your time."

As he turns, his glance is held by a pair of clear blue eyes, blue as the bay at noon. The eyes are framed in black ringlets.

"Who's he?" asks Hamilton.

"He's Jon, a Jewish orphan. His parents were killed in a concentration camp. Too bad. He's such a sweet child. His

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A THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS, 1940

As Christmas approaches and our minds are filled with anticipation do we ever stop to be thankful that we know the significance of this holy day? Do we stop to pity those who have forgotten or who have never known its spirit? The world is full of those who have taken Christ out of Christmas and substituted an "X" in His place. They have taken this sacred day and by commercialization brought it to the world instead of taking the world to Christmas. They have discarded real beauty and given in exchange an optical illusion. They have not realized that the things of lasting truth and beauty are inside of men, and that love and good-will toward others are more beautiful than all mechanically created things.

To those who know what Christmas really means, Dec. 25 is not only a mile-mark of another year, but a season, from all its associations of all kinds, that suggests thoughts of joy. It is a significant thought that Christ should come to the earth in the midst of the winter—in winter when man's life runs at the lowest ebb and he is condemned to the bleakness and coldness that cover the world without mercy. Can we go out and share the JOY of living, of giving, and of receiving with others during this coming season? By taking the hand of someone who needs you and by sharing the spirit of the Christ-child make this Christmas the most beautiful one he has ever known. Smile and wish everyone a Merry Christmas and mean it! —G. D.

CHRISTMAS STAR

Into Judah's blackened night
There shone the wondrous Christmas light,
Standing still as it surveyed
The one for whom the world had prayed.

Hearts are blackened still tonight
Without the vision of that light.
Oh, blessed Babe, thou Prince of Peace,
We would thy light might never cease.

Out on Judah's hills that night
The shepherds saw the heavenly light.
Angels calmed their quaking hearts
With peace His coming still impartis.

Send thy heavenly hosts once more
And let them anxious hearts restore.
Their song of peace, good will toward men
Is needed in our world again.

Wise men came from lands afar
When they beheld the guiding star.
Gifts they brought and treasures rare,
And they were blest in coming there.

Come to us till we behold
As wise men did in days of old
Thy stars; and grant that we,
As they, may humbly worship Thee.
—Richie Harris.

A Letter To Santa

If we had time to stop to write a letter to that most honorable patron of Christmas, it would go something like this:

Dear Mr. Santa: (After all, we haven't written him for the past three years.) Please bring Hon. Editor Dover a wittle ewectwic twain that wuns on a twack. For D. D. Pearce, you might leave an umbrella because it Waynes so much. John Foster West says he could do very nicely with a brown tortois shell comb, chased in silver, for his Taylor curls. Lynn Starkweather would welcome a Charley McCarthy to go along with Bergen. And

Carol Bartling would appreciate an idea. Mr. Walker wants a razor for his pretty complexion. Mr. Johnson wants a gun—he's been called to "that man's army." And why not surprise Mary Lee Ellington by leaving a man in her sock? Gin Agee wants a new pair of moccasins—and she promises not to lose them down at the science building again. Mr. De Shazo would like one Dictionary of Modern Slang to interpret these freshman themes. Miss Dons asks for a bit of drawl to be used in one slightly yankee brogue. Please bring Lowell and Betty Lee two extra

dating hours per week, with a full moon for spice. And last but not least please bring Bob Brissie some stimuli to make him move a little faster.

Here's hoping you'll appreciate these suggestions. If you want more, please see me.

Sincerely Yours,
N. W. Corner.

P. S. June McColman needs a smidgen of patience to be used when her date is detained overtime at the big city. For Miss Hardin, some love as she is sick of apples. Stan Smith is positively pining for a football uniform so he can play
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The only thing nicer than Christmas in one year would be two Christmases, especially between September and June for us college students. For even at our arrival in the fall, somewhere in a little corner of our heart and thoughts is the anticipation of Christmas. As the end of December approaches, that little corner widens into a whole apartment. It is then that we are as near to being children as we shall ever be again; and to many this glad season offers the first opportunity of the college year to go home.

To many of us our earliest recollections are of the Christmas festival and we could almost reckon our lives from Christmas to Christmas. Though one may be thousands of miles from home and friends on this day, Christmas unlike any other holiday brings the spirit of brightness and cheer and a flood of childhood memories. There is an intangible something in the atmosphere that cannot be explained, but which smells of evergreen, turkey, and wood burning in the fireplace; which gives one a picture of the good brown earth covered with a soft white blanket of snow, of the tree with its glittering lights and daintily-wrapped gifts, and of the table heavily laden with the Christmas dinner, around which stand the relatives and friends that we love.

Many of the customs originally held by the people of earlier centuries have changed. The candles have been replaced by electric lights of many colors, but a Christmas without a tree is no Christmas. In many homes the modern forms of heating have taken the place of the fireplace, but the warmth of the season is still present; we no longer travel in jingling sleighs to visit our grandmother, but our eagerness to go is not lessened; and in some homes Santa Claus has to come in through the doors rather than down the chimney, but he is still expected.

The traditions of Christmas, the many customs in connection with it, even the elements which enter into the conventional Christmas dinner, all have antecedents which reach to distant times. But the highest significance of the day for us is in the spirit of kindness which has come to be associated with it.

The way in which Christmas is celebrated may change and customs may become new, but the peace, the joy, the beauty, and the love of the Yuletide season will continue to hold charm for all.