

# The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## A Look On The Past

Almost two thousand years ago God wrought His greatest miracle and the celebration of that event is drawing near. Let us journey down through the ages and witness this all-important event in hope that it will shed a true light on Christmas.

Traveling across the arid land toward Bethlehem we spy a radiant, effulgent star sending its beams down into a stable, humble and lowly. We meekly enter the stable and look about us in bewilderment. What an odd assembly! The wise men in their robes of silken material, Joseph and Mary in the rough work-day clothes, shepherds in their warmest clothes, angels in shimmering raiment of luminous white, all paying homage to a King wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

The three gifts of the magi are offered to the Baby-Jesus. Kaspar offers gold, Melchior brings the frankincense, and Belthazar tenders myrrh. The heavenly host are flitting around and joyfully chanting a chorus of hallelujah. Mary and Joseph are kneeling before the manger, gazing with admiration written on their faces. The shepherds, led by the glowing star, have left their sheep. They enter with their crooks and bow before the Babe.

Although looking very insignificant, we have the unconquerable impulse to blend our voices with the choir. The angels are proclaiming to the world, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."  
—L.A.S.

## Tomorrow

When we approach the end of the year there is a tendency on the part of most of us to look backwards in review. This may be well for a moment, but only for a moment.

We must turn our faces toward the new year, **tomorrow**, with hope and courage. Certainly we made mistakes yesterday, lots of them. They must serve, however, only one purpose—that of profit. If we really profit by our errors of the past then they are no longer liabilities holding us back, but assets pushing us on.

Tomorrow holds everything in the way of opportunity that our hearts could wish. Let us hit our goal. Give thanks to God for tomorrow and then go to work. There is nothing which we cannot do if we are equipped with three things—God, a dream, and a willingness to work. Instead of letting a year pass and then lamenting about what we might have done, why not get in there and give our all, then look back and say, "look what we have done." There is no goal out there in tomorrow that is too high for us to attain. We have everything in our favor. Let's stop complaining about the things that have gone wrong, and starting now, resolve that the New Year, filled with three hundred and sixty-five tomorrows, will be one of accomplishment and realization of our dreams and ambitions.

Yesterday is gone and belongs in oblivion, but tomorrow is ours. Let's make the best of it.  
—M. W.

## Beyond Tomorrow

Thoughts at this particular time of the year probably run in one of a few channels. They are concerned chiefly with the season just ahead and its accompanying significance in the life of a student body. We cannot tell just what phase may be foremost in the minds of the majority of students, but to some, the holidays climax with the temporary expulsion from classrooms. Others await hourly that reunion which inevitably takes place as each holiday has its turn. Some, however, are keenly awaiting Christmas itself. It may be a Christmas whose real significance has become distorted—it may be a holy day kept in the true sense of the word. Whatever its attitude, the world is on tiptoe with anticipation.

Scarcely, however, will the celebration end before there come thoughts of an equally important season. A New Year will begin once more as the cycle of centuries continues. With it will come the inseparable resolutions and festivities characterizing man's conception of the proper welcome. The boisterous laughter will linger, then die, and the NEW day will begin as numerous others, with no obvious change save the fresh calendar on the wall.



## Bits By A Book Worm

By Wm. J. Clark, Jr.

**The Danube**, by Emil Lengyal, is not the biography of an ordinary river, but a pictorial history of the countries along the banks of this stream, painted for us in bold strokes.

**The Danube** is presented to us in a new light. It is not pictured as the beautiful blue river of Strauss's waltz, but as the thread, or nerve center, which unites all of the Bulgarian countries.

This epic has, as is logical, its beginning at the source of the Danube, in the Black Forests of Germany. Its history is traced from the time the first cave dweller drank from its placid waters to the present, when Sturka dive bombers cast their shadows on its now turbulent surface. The book is divided into three distinct parts: The Brown Danube, the Green Danube, and the Red Danube.

The story of this ancient river is told in a manner which is inimitable. The reader finds himself swept along by the current of the river as well as by the history it tells. Those who wish to be well up on their reading will have this as a **must** on their reading list.

**Edward John Trelawney**, adventurer, navigator, lover, traveler, and friend of the poets. This biography by Margaret Neilson Armstrong is a tapestry woven of the threads of the life of one of England's most picturesque characters.

**Trelawney** is the story of a man. He is not just an ordinary person but one who has led a life unlike that of any other. Being the child of an unhappy marriage his life gets off to a bad start. He is put into strict private schools where his naturally jovial if not boisterous personality is stifled.

Because of a trivial misdemeanor he finds himself on a vessel bound for oriental ports. After this voyage the sea becomes his first love. During a very exciting adventure he finds himself married to an Arab chieftain's daughter. This lovely girl gives him the happiest years of his life, but she soon dies at sea.

Trelawney then meets his ideals, Shelley and Lord Byron. They are inseparable in spite of frequent petty quarrels and tiffs.

This book is written in such a manner that it is impossible for the reader to lay it down until its red cloth cover closes on the finish. It is highly recommended for truly enjoyable English parallel.

But it must not necessarily be thus. Even now, as Christmas obscures all other important thoughts, there is a vague determination to begin again with the coming of the New Year. It will not burst forth in glorious resolutions as the clock strikes twelve. It is a deep-rooted realization that time has been squandered, potential talents have remained undisturbed, and good has been left undone. It is an urge to meet every day—prepared, profiting by today's forgetfulness. These subconscious murmurings vibrate and quicken with each unpleasant memory, and the New Year becomes even more significant. That fresh calendar will not register merely the successive digit—it will offer with every twenty-four hours the illimitable possibilities of a "new leaf."  
—S. G.

## Mars Hill Debates Carson - Newman

Mars Hill acted as host to Carson - Newman debating team in Moore Hall, on Wednesday, Dec. 4, in a series of non-decision debates. The visiting debaters were on their first tour, and left here on Thursday, Dec. 5, for Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S. C., for an engagement. The team, ten strong, accompanied by Miss Jane Smith, chaperon, met an equal number of Mars Hillians, composed of two teams of girls and three teams of boys.

The girls' team from Carson-Newman was Helen Wilson and Emma Knight, affirmative, versus Rose Marie Hanes and Willie Ruth Edwards, negative, for Mars Hill. Mary Louise Elkins and Mabel Walker, of Carson-Newman, debated negative against Gladys Brickhouse and Montez Scott, affirmative, for Mars Hill.

The visiting boys' teams were as follows: Affirmative, Carl Bowen and Harry D. Cook; negative, Joe Haynes and Earl Stallings; Dan Senterfitt and Bill Green. The Mars Hill teams were: James E. Hall and J. C. Jones, negative; Paul Meyers and Wade Yates; Cecil Hill and Norman Caudle, affirmative.

## Campus Personals

Congratulations to June Childs! After her two and one-half weeks' stay in an Asheville hospital with an appendectomy, we are indeed happy to have her with us again.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to Frances Winston on the passing away of an aunt.

We regret also that Frances Harris has returned to her home in Newell. We are eagerly awaiting her return next year.

Thanksgiving was indeed joyous here at Mars Hill. In poured boxes of fruits and goodies and surprises plenty. Our happiest surprise, though, was the return of so many of our beloved alumni. In this group we were delighted to find Bill Merritt, T. C. Wagstaff, Mary Lib Jackson, Harold Spainhour, Rush Beeler, Joe Harper, Hilda Stoker, Bill Griffin, Helen Trentham, who brought with her her roommate from Woman's College, and Kathleen Frink.

More recently two more alumni who are now State Baptist Student Workers returned to the campus. They were Louise Lane and Mary Lee Ernest; and from the reception they received, they may be sure that Mars Hill does not forget its alumni.



## A la Winchell:

Scenes on the campus . . . Mrs. Vann sitting school-girl fashion on the Moore Hall steps patiently coaching a backward Germite. **Nein?** Confirmed bachelors coyly catering to the whims of coaxing co-eds at the football games . . . The town citizens turning out **en masse** for the sheep supper . . . the favorite dish of same supper being apple cider. Hungry faces, fresh from boarding hall stew-beef, staring in the freshly-washed windows wistfully at the food-laden counters . . . Onion-head haircuts, which make us thankful for our matty locks these autumn days.

Object lessons in pep and spirit observed at girls' soccer and hockey classes . . . Athletes cheering madly for a game they can't understand (much less play) during the week, and then going to football games on Saturday for the glamour rather than the clamour afforded by their presence. Boys at the same game (football) trying to out-wisecrack their fellows for the delectation of their dates.

People are talking about . . . How everybody would like to hike up Bailey—if it were not for the steep mountain encountered on the way. The enigma attached to the sport is, "What fun do chaperons get out of trudging over the same path continually with nothing but their own thoughts and the mountain scenery to entertain them while dating couples are cooing (and wooing?) gayly — 'just within calling distance of the chaperon?'"

Random ramblings at opportune times can result in unique pictures . . . such as the pseudo-embarrassed scurrying of "nighty-clad" co-eds upon sighting a masculine visitor in Edna Moore Dormitory after 8:30 . . . and unique (?) hearings, such as the comment overheard which complimented how good the band looked on the football field in its maneuvering and formation-making from the top of the Science Building. (How did the playing sound at that great distance?)

Have you ever marveled at . . . The eruption of school spirit collegians **can** give when their team gets behind the eight-ball? The amazing abundance of the many-faceted knowledge of a college professor? The confusion of music (?) that bulges out the Music Building walls? (How do they stand it?) The small-boy-at-a-birthday-party manners of Mars Hillier students at an  
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