

# The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## Life's Purposes

"... all things work together for good to those who are the called, according to His purpose." Rom. 8:28.

There is a definite purpose behind all of the thoughts and actions of man. The purpose may not be visible, but it is nonetheless a reality. The subconscious mind contains thousands of discarded purposes, displaced from the conscious mind by the birth of new aims and aspirations. Although these aims are now discarded, they have played an important part in the development of present aims. Just as one discards childish actions upon reaching maturity, so does he purge his mind of juvenile thoughts and aims when he has "come of age."

But there is a power manifested on the earth that changes and clarifies purposes even more surely and swiftly than does time. This power is the power of God in the mind of an individual, a power that often changes the entire perspective of one immediately upon its reception into his mind. It is an intangible but commanding force. It can make of the vilest nature a radiant, happy and contented personality. This power is a transforming element in the mind of anyone who receives it.

The power is available to all men. Its ready access sometimes causes one to fail to comprehend its true value, for men are prone to feel that anything worthwhile must be striven for. The power is vested in Christ. It is available in abundance to all who accept Him. The power is limitless. It comes from an inexhaustible source, the throne of God.

If you do not have a clear-cut and well-defined purpose in this life, look to God to enlighten you. He knows what your life should be, and He will help you to make it the maximum in service, in happiness, and in true love of living. "What shall I do with my life?" If you desire an answer to the question, ask the Creator of men; and He will point the way to the higher and more glorious life that is experienced by those who have sought and found their life and purpose.

—Walter Harrelson.

## Thou Shalt Not

By honesty one means freedom from lying. Fishermen are notorious for their exaggerations concerning the size of the fish they claim to have landed and still more for those "whales" that got away. Boys and girls brag and then lie to make a good story. The teller of the story is the one who is always fooled. "Lying gets a person nowhere," so to speak. The truth is the easiest and simplest way.

Most people think of stealing as robbing a bank, or some other things along this line, but there are other forms, for instance, stealing ideas, plots, inventions, models, and even clever sayings. Many people collect "souvenirs" as we call them, and "become attached to" other admired articles that it took money to get. If these things do not belong to them, why should they steal them? The Seventh Commandment says, "thou shalt not steal." This means all forms of dishonesty, cheating, stealing, and lying.

—R. B.

## All Is Not Lost

All is lost. All is not lost! If all were lost there would be nothing. There is something. Therefore all is not, has never been, and will never be lost. The fact of the matter is that very little is ever lost at any time. If a thing or an idea is lost this means that it cannot be found. There is practically nothing in the world that one cannot find if he will not but try. Thus we approach a conclusion to the problem: if there is a loss accounted for, a **try** or **effort** is the best antidote to use.

A winning person is not always a victorious person. A losing person may be victorious theoretically, but actuality is all that counts in this world. Let a person **try**. Let him put forth **effort**. That which was lost may still be recovered!—Marks.

## The Family Album



Come, sit on my knee, children—Who said six inch law? Anyhow we'll take a look at the family album. Take this young fellow; you wouldn't believe him to be a father, but he is. He is the father of photography at Mars Hill, and is still occupied in rearing the growing youth his enterprise has become. In fact, he probably made this picture; it looks like his work.

Look on page five for his name.

## School Spirit

During the two years that I have spent as a student at Mars Hill college, there are a few things which I have noticed. One of the main things that has impressed me has been the lack of school spirit. The students seem to take a nonchalant attitude about their Alma Mater. When the school songs are played—and especially the Alma Mater—some few of the students will stand up, and the rest will slump in their seats and pay no attention at all. At the various athletic contests, especially the football games, the student body does not seem to care whether the team wins or loses. The band and the cheer-leaders have no support whatsoever. Maybe the students will come to the games, but if they have anything else to do, they don't come.

It seems to this author that this is a sad state of affairs and one for which there is no excuse. It is easily remedied and easily maintained. One of the things that makes a school outstanding among other schools is this thing called school spirit. One of the most admirable characteristics that can come to a school and on of the finest that can be said about on is that it has good school spirit.

The next time there is a game of any sort here at the college, the next time the band plays the Alma Mater, the next time any thing like this happens, be there. Support your school. . . . said your school. That's what it is. It's your school and it's my school. Let's support it with all that we have in us.

—R. C. P.

## Apologies

Our apologies to Miss Church who is doing graduate work at U. N. C. (and not post-graduate work as stated before); also to Mr. Spencer B. King and his family, who lived in Brown before the DeShazos.

The Editors.

## POET'S CORNER

### WHEN DAY IS DONE

The glorious sun sets in the west  
 The wandering cattle come home  
 Twilight settles like shrouding mist  
 When day is done.

The twilight fades into the night  
 The sunset from the earth is gone  
 The weary birds have ceased their flight  
 When day is done.

All light from the earth has faded  
 The shadows from the land have gone  
 The waters of the river are jaded  
 When day is done.

—Bob Brissie.

### TO A MOUSETRAP

Lowly little piece of wood  
 Caught him, eh? I knew you could,  
 With your tiny coiled up spring,  
 And wire lever—puny thing.

Yet as strong as man to louse,  
 To the sneaking little mouse.  
 What if Robert let him go?  
 Little trap, you laid him low.

Burns, he plowed 'im up, let go 'im,  
 Then went straight and wrote a poem.  
 Then the mouse came to our granary;  
 In these days we have machinery.

Then squeakie, squeakie little mouseie,  
 Creeped into our storage housie,  
 Nibbled cheese—the thing he learns is  
 All men are not Bobbie Burnsies.

—John Foster West.

### MY OCEAN

I've never seen the ocean,  
 But I can hear it roar.  
 In mind I see its rolling waves—  
 I see the shell-strewn shore.

I close my eyes and see the white  
 That caps its tow'ring hills  
 That rise and fall in rhythmic beats—  
 This sight my spirit stills.

I feel the wind upon my face  
 Blowing back my hair  
 And filling, thrilling all of me  
 With tangy salt sea air.

Someday I'll see my ocean  
 That fancy shows to me.  
 I'll view, I'll hear, I'll taste, I'll feel  
 The glory of that sea.

—Mary Nell Hardin.

### WHEREFORE THENCE

What to do and how it's done?  
 Ever wondering, never told  
 In perplexity questing that  
 As yet unseen, unknown, but still  
 Desired and ever hungered for.

When to go and where? we cry.  
 What commands gives God today?  
 What is right and why? we ask,  
 But wander on enveloped in  
 A seething mental fog.

Whom to love and whom to hate?  
 Dare we trust our hearts and minds?  
 Should we listen to our hearts  
 Or coldly weigh 'gainst virtue vice  
 Within cerebral balance keen?

Who, why, wherefore, whence?  
 Thudding up against my mind.  
 When, where, why then thence?  
 They come in never ceasing stream  
 And leave me wishing I were hence.

—Norman Williamson.

### ODE TO THE INFIRMARY

Here is to the infirmary nurse,  
 Whose every dose gets worse and worse.  
 She pass down the halls on rubber soles  
 While we suffer with flu or bad head colds.

None of our friends are we allowed to see  
 Not even our latest and best S. P.  
 We suffer here in silent pain  
 Attempting back our health to gain.

I wish ole lady'd bring me a coke;  
 He knows darn well I'm perfectly broke.  
 Why, oh why, do the hours lag!  
 What I'd give for one small drag!

My mattress seems so awfully lumpy,  
 Gee, the guy in the next bed's grumpy!  
 I think that I shall try to sleep  
 Nope, no use, even counting sheep.

Here I lie in a drab, cold tomb  
 Furnished in memory of who or whom.  
 Oh well, I guess infirmary strife  
 Is all a part of college life.

But what about our dear Miss Brewer?  
 Give her all the credit due'er.  
 When we do get out, as fit as fiddles,  
 We come out sans that pain in our middles.

—William James Clark, Jr.