

# The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## Between The Lines

People keep bringing up freedom of speech, keep emphasizing the fact that this is a free country and that we can at least write or say what we please, whether it has any logic to it or not. But is ours a free country? Can we actually say what we think, tell the world how we feel about the situation?

I think not! There are so many social entanglements and dogmatic Gordian Knots binding the tongue of man that his very thought becomes stale because he is unable to express himself as he desires. He dares not tell the truth because of public opinion's dominance over puppet opinion, opinion putrid with tradition, opinion that cannot boast one atom of modern thought and reasoning. The thought process and reasoning facility of mankind is his highest mental power; yet every time a gap is jumped by a "man ahead of his time" the biased souls whose dreams are steeped in the "good old days" try to drag the moderner back into the gap. A modern Erasmus or Luther has as much chance now as did those great minds in their own day.

To remedy this situation, the modern thinker has resorted to a system of beating around the bush. He utters two phrases and we must read between the lines to get the true meaning of his innermost thoughts. When speech becomes free, then we can shake off the old man of the sea from our young shoulders and become logical in our thoughts.

I wonder how many who heard Mr. Blanton's messages read the vast sermons between the lines. Mr. Blanton, it seems to me, suggested that mankind must resort to more modern principles if he is to save his civilization. —J.F.W.

## Anticipation

If, when you face the cold storage eggs at breakfast, you cannot look forward with eagerness to some happiness which that day holds in store, you are defeated at the outset. The effect is not restricted to yourself alone, but all with whom you come in contact will receive a portion of the unhappiness which you spontaneously begin to generate. The eggs won't even get a square deal; and the biscuits have not a hope for assimilation.

Yours is the ability to create for the day an enthusiasm that will bear you safely through the digestive difficulties which confront your metabolism at breakfast; the capacity to insure a keen anticipation that will give you the intestinal fortitude and optimism to face the real problem. It is not enough to look forward to rubbing elbows with your love as you both reach for the sugar bowl. He might oversleep, and you will face the eggs alone, with nothing to live for.

If you have conscientiously nurtured the spark of anticipation that you almost stifled this morning, the day is full of enough potential energy to catapult you through the breakfast hazard to a respectable position beneath your German professor's very nose. Stir up a bit of anticipation and enjoy its fulfillment; or start the day a-pouting, and groan of undigested eggs. —W.R.G.



## Pepper & Salt

By Norman W. Williamson

When it was decided to expand the HILLTOP, the problem of how to fill the additional space popped up like a Pepsi-Cola bottle-top. So "Little Willy" called on me to do the dirty work. Why? Your guess is as good as mine. Anyway, I don't want to set the HILLTOP on fire; I just want to be the one you read.

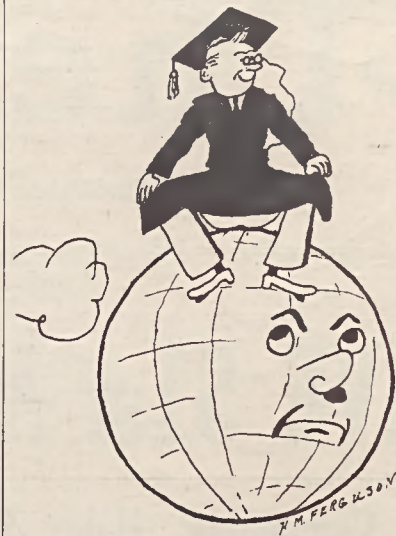
"Letters-to-the-editor" will be appreciated. Don't hesitate to see how many kinds of a bore you can call me. I don't mind and I'm sure my "public" will enjoy the fun. Toward a heavier mail bag let me contribute this thought, with apologies to Mrs. Grundy; would Sally Rand get any mail if she had no fans?

This column will publish the things that nobody else will publish. There will be book reviews, treatises, dramatic criticism, obituaries, short stories, dissertations, poems, dithyrambs, anecdotes, phillipics, homilies, *et cetera ad infinitum*. Within certain limits this will be an all request program. If you like it, tell your girl friend, or write a post card home; if it bores you, don't backbite; tell us.

Since I don't want to slip into—and I quote from Mr. Wood, that renowned authority on verbal pyrotechnics (fireworks to you)—quote, the limbo of innocuous desuetude, unquote, I earnestly solicit your love letters, favorite quips, pet peevs, and those poems and short short stories you dashed off in an unguarded moment. Any references to persons living or dead are purely coincidental and unmalicious and must be overlooked.

## New Books On Peace

Ten books on world peace were recently added to the Montague Library. Such books are given twice a year by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to encourage the study of international relations. They are known as the I. R. C. collection. The new books are as follows: **Economic Defense of Latin America** by Percy W. Bidwell, **Against This Torrent** by Edward Mead Earle, **Canada In Peace and War** by Chester Martin, **Canada and the United States** by F. R. Scott, **Australia and the United States** by Fred Alexander, **Canada and the Far-East—1940** by A. R. M. Lower, **United States and Japan's New Order** by William C. Johnstone, **Union Now with Britain** by Clarence K. Streit, **Reconstruction of World Trade** by J. B. Condliffe, **For What Do We Fight?** By Norman Angel.



## ALUMNI NOTES

By Winfred Thompson

Hear ye! Hear ye! Be it known to all that Mars Hill men and women are still Mars Hillians where'er they go. Seems as if the worthy sons and daughters of the Hill are readily recognized by those not so fortunate as to be members of the alumni of Mars Hill, the Pride of all the South.

To bear me out in this, there's the case of one C. C. Hope who was just last year one of us. **Old Black and Gold**, the Wake Forest College sheet, had this to say of Hope. "Hope is a transfer student from Mars Hill College. He is a debator, last year speaker of the North Carolina Student Legislature . . ." which august assembly Hope was attending when that paper hit the press. All this clearing-up process came as a result of a letter written to C. C. by one "American Mother" who misunderstood a bill he (Continued on Page 6)

## SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL

A Book Review By James S. Dendy

Now, after a period of five years, Willa Cather, one of our great American women novelists, has given us another of her worthwhile books. Willa Cather, mellowed by a full life of abundant experience, writes in a beautiful style which will hold any reader after he has read a few paragraphs. In this novel she draws the setting from the home of her childhood, the mountains of Virginia. The story takes place a few years preceding the Civil War.

In the mountains of Virginia, undisturbed by the tumult of the outside world, live Sapphira Doddridge Colbert (of an aristocratic English family) (Continued on Page 4)

We wonder just what made the author write the following poem:

## A PARADY

In Landers House the water flows  
Across the floor from drenched clothes  
I just took off; and with a sigh  
I dress again to class to fly  
In wrath that ever deeper grows.

They are C-I's. Short weeks ago  
They came, were meek, respect did show,  
Loved and were loved, but now defy  
In Landers House.

C-I's, resume your homage low  
Or upper classmen hands will show  
Their strength. Yours is a state less high.  
If you insist our wits to try,  
We shall repay your pranks so low  
In Landers House.

## International Summary

By Henry B. Huff

An American destroyer, the **Reuben James**, has been sunk while on convoy duty several hundred miles west of Iceland. Several of its crew are missing. This is the first American destroyer sunk in the battle of the Atlantic. With the attack on the **Greer**, the torpedoing of the **Kearny**, and the sinking of the **Reuben James**, America has already almost equaled the entire naval losses suffered during the first World war.

On the battlefields of Russia, rain, snow, and ice have begun their siege. In the north where the Germans are encamped around the city of the Czars, Leningrad, little activity is taking place because of the intense cold that has come down from the frozen Arctic to engulf the whole of northern Europe. Before Moscow, the cradle of Russia, the Russians and the German armies are locked in mortal combat. The Germans are continuing to gain ever more slowly. In the south the Germans seem to be making rapid progress over the treeless plains of the Crimean peninsula towards the important naval bases of Sevastopol, and Kerch, the home base of the Russian Black Sea (Continued on Page 4)

## PHEW!

One of the first things I noticed when the organizations of the campus began to take shape this season was a definite lack of something — you know, **spirit**. I do not happen to be a pessimist, but we of the C-II species feel let down because we have seen greater loyalty and have heard louder yells on these grounds. However, it has been entirely up to us this year, and these students who planted the spirit in us last year are depending on us to carry it on. Are we doing that, or haven't we given it much thought? Evidently we haven't, or we have tried and couldn't. Such a fact is certainly not very gratifying to our football team—to say nothing of the participants in other activities.

Just as a suggestion, couldn't we show a little more interest and enthusiasm for the things which we represent on this campus? Couldn't we afford a bit of spirit in behalf of the worthwhile extra-curricular? Couldn't we do our part in "carrying on" the spirit of Mars Hill? It's up to us.