

# The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## Valentine Day

Because of his faith, Saint Valentine, a bishop and martyr of the Catholic Church, was put to death at Rome during the persecution under Claudius II on February 14, 270 A.D.

The origin of the custom of choosing a valentine on this day is almost lost in antiquity, but it is possible that it has some connection with the old belief that birds begin to mate on this day. On the eve of Saint Valentine's Day the names of all girls were placed in a receptacle, and each young man drew one. The girl whose name he drew became his valentine and he became hers—at least for a day.

This practice developed into our present-day procedure of receiving and sending valentines. The modern method has taken a somewhat different turn from the original custom. Whereas the traditional system was to exchange a message of sentiment between only two of opposite sexes, the present system has become one of friendly greetings between friends and even members of the family. In 1942 Valentine's Day will be a day of friendship, although the original purpose will not be defeated. It is still a day for lovers to exchange messages or gifts as tokens of their affection for each other.

In spite of wars, poverty, and the many faults rife among peoples, man is still a social and sentimental creature. Though he blast a thousand lives from the earth, little things still touch him and grows with the race. A people with this touch cannot be actually bad, or hopelessly criminal, and they cannot be defeated. They will surely go on; they must go on spreading tokens of friendship, affection, and love through the years.

Today let us not only send valentines to the ones we love, but let us hope that all men may feel some touch of friendship for their fellowmen. —J.F.W.

## Study Not Of Books

The World is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.

—So Wordsworth wrote; and sooner or later each of us will realize that fact. Our college life today perhaps affords too much opportunity for versatility. Even if we are not accomplished in a number of activities, we usually have that impression and participate in them regardless. "Don't let your studying interfere with your education" is as destructive a philosophy as Epicureanism.

However, it is not the study of textbooks which we need to augment, but the study of ourselves: why we are here, and where we are going. "Know thyself" is a prerequisite to charting our course for today or for forty years hence.

The youth revival is our affair. Professors and their books are to be of secondary importance for at least one week. Here is our chance for an introspective survey. May we do the lecturing for once—to ourselves; and say, with Holmes:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—W.R.G.

## Alpha To Omega

By East

Never spurn hope: life is hyphenated between expectancy and hope.

There is nothing wrong with looking toward the future. Most of the benefits of all we do today are reaped tomorrow.

Hate is like a cancer: it is hard to get new tissue to grow in the wound.

Even when you put Satan behind you, don't forget to keep one eye on him.

Stop mumbling to yourself; you don't believe it anymore than anyone else.

Before you take what is on the other side of the mountain, be sure that it doesn't belong to someone else.

To be or not to be should be no question; make up your mind and stick by it. Doubt can be disastrous.

"Life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness . . ." if you work and fight. That which is not worth fighting for should not be expected.

The only good textbook is a read textbook.

An American is a man who will save a cat from a burning building at the risk of his own life, who will wade through snow drifts to go to church, who will get the rest of his hay up in a raging thunderstorm; or he is a clergyman who will turn his collar around long enough to fight for his children. Are you an American?

What goes up will come back down; so watch out for your head. People often say the wrong thing at the right time.

Real beauty does not have to demand attention; one is made aware of it merely by its presence.

A 'wise guy' is pitied yet abhorred. He finds out how unwise he is usually too late to change the opinion of those who know him.

## Notorious Hurricane Of Thirty-Eight

By Bill Rimmer

(Ed. Note: Bill Rimmer is an ex-member of the fighting U. S. Marines. Who are they? Ask the Japs!)

To him who heeds the call of the open sea, the famous hurricane of 1938 will be long remembered. I had the opportunity of steaming through its very raging heart. My ship, the U. S. S. Honolulu, steamed out of Portsmouth, England, enroute to New York City. From the start of the cruise our skipper knew that to bring his ship to her home port would be a tough assignment. In the ship's hull was twenty-five million dollars in gold from the English government, sent for safe keeping in Fort Knox. Only one of the three screws was turning because of an affected steam-turbine.

Germany had just marched into Czechoslovakia. Weather forecasts announced that an unusually fierce hurricane was raging in the North Atlantic. The war department issued orders for our ship to proceed home north of the regular sea lane in order to avoid any unforeseen encounter with some belligerent ship. This would put us into the very heart of the (Continued on Page 3)

## GIRLS' GROOMING GUIDE

We're back again with a load of new beauty tricks. It seems that keeping up with beauty is a great morale builder—and we could use more of it today.

Let's look at you. This time we'll start at the top and work down. Your hair—"woman's crowning glory"—it's the only hair you'll ever have—oh, I beg your pardon; that's eyes instead of hair. But you'll let me get away with it this time, won't you? I'm just trying to tell you that you should take care of your hair as though it were threads of gold. Now the care of the hair is a deep subject, but here are a few facts. Brush your hair every night. That's what your roommate's here for, but don't tell her I said so. Let her give it brisk strokes with a good hair brush (not hers, but yours) until your scalp fairly sings. Of course, you wash your hair at least once a week, so we won't mention cleanliness. Hear ye, though. All your time and hard work will be in vain if your coiffure isn't becoming to you. Study the shape of your face as though it were a math problem and style your hair accordingly. Any good fashion magazine will help you play the hair-do-jig-saw-puzzle. Don't forget; if you wear glasses, "play them up" with a conservative hair style. Now about this situation of (Continued on Page 3)

## Ex Libris Montague



By James Dendy

### WINDSWEPT

By Mary Ellen Chase

On the title page of *Windswept*, these words are quoted from Sir Thomas Brown: "Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us." Miss Chase gives us a picture of life, life as it can be and life as it should be—a picture of the genuine and desirable emotions in man.

*Windswept* is a novel of Maine. Its setting is a wide sweep of barren coast land. Miss Chase's own home is in just such a place, and it is not surprising that she should write about this locale.

The essence of the story is this: Philip Marston buys an untouched stretch of land on the Maine coast and builds a home there. He wants to get away from the things of the world. Philip Marston's married life had been unhappy, and now that his wife is dead he wants to "make up" for his previous discontentment. His only child is a son, John. Very close to him are two Bohemian lads whom he adopted and set up in a small business in the city. Their new home is called "Windswept." The story might have been called *The House of Marston*, for it is a story of Philip's close friends and descendants.

John Marston is not very old when his father dies. His friend, Jan, the Bohemian lad, is indeed a comfort to him in the time of grief. But the story takes us on, and a year later (Continued on Page 4)

## SHE SNOOPS TO CONQUER

By Crackie

B'gorsh—all this snow wind is freezing me to death. A little bit south—period—that's where I long to be this kind of weather. But there are still a few who still hold the old adage: "I've got love to keep me warm." On a cold day there's nothing like

Take, for instance, the case of Harris and Anderson. F.W. Harris was very well squirear; the latest Asheville concert promoter none other than the inimitable Henry. Henry appears to be very adept at the art of beauty as well as bowing.

He wasn't the only fascinating fiddler on that bus. But Ann thinks that David could play a nasty string, too. Or at least he has very definite attractions. Too bad he didn't ride on the same bus, but he'll be there to next time!

Even the loquacious Tom made a hit at the concert. Will any rate—while he waited the home bus, which was he was heard muttering—"Ruff I could have gone to Big E. Wilma." (!!??)

To terminate this report on the concert, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra "got all forth" while "Shorty" Williams burned over what she termed an "unjust" article inserted in the last *Hilltop*. Quoth "Shorty": "Miller may be old news; he's still good news." I am glad that definitely established Ade "Shorty."

Killian now seems to be on his Wash out on a J.C. definitely. Westmoreland said to be doing very well. Ken said Killian and one of the well known knights of the dining hall.

Elaine is still worried about the salt will not be passed to Charlie as soon as he asks for it.

"Chick" was really in a flutter, judging from the club. She left glee club when Tom showed up Wednesday.

Who missed Maguire's performance much at the Howard Rarely B.T.U. social last Saturday night? Dorcas missed him. (Continued on Page 3)



## MUSIC NOTES

This is just to remind you that the orchestra—although it doesn't quite come up to the Philadelphia orchestra in personnel and performance working hard as usual to send a good program later this semester.

The ensemble, which includes 1st and 2nd violins, viola, cello, and piano, is expected to make its first appearance in chapel very soon. King is working with that ensemble twice a week.

Speaking of ensemble, what's this we hear about "ensemble" playing on varsity show?

The glee club is preparing a fine program which will be heard on the M.H.C. Monday night radio program soon. This feature promises to be very entertaining.