

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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THE HILLTOPPERS

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CONTRIBUTORS

Rebecca Horton . Russell Jordan . Doris Wood . Fred
Ellison . Brundy Melvin . Winfred Thompson
Business Manager Bill Byrd
Circulation Managers Winfred Thompson . Bob Clodfelter
Advertising Managers Kenneth E. Davis . Brundy Melvin

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Is Paradise Lost?

Even when snarling, low-browed cave men beat each other to a bloody pulp before a grimacing, sadistic audience of fellow brutes there was a right and wrong side to the question. One of the combatants was in the right; the other had an unjust and selfish cause for waging war upon his brother. That is the principle of conflict; that has always been the principle of conflict.

Since Michael, the very symbol of the arm of righteousness, overthrew Satan on the golden battle field of heaven and the fiend was cast to hell there has been conflict between right and wrong. Hell has warred on heaven and heaven has held a bulwark against every onslaught of past evils. Here on earth man is the instrument with which Satan battles at the citadel of right, and the brother of man takes up the sword at the command of Michael to stop Satan's arm so that man might continue to live in peace, might continue to increase in numbers, and might carry his fellow mortals toward a more acceptable state of civilization.

In every great war recorded for us we can point out the right and wrong, the combatant influenced by evil and the combatant defending mankind against evil. Every great war has been a little more terrible, a little more effective against the citadel of right than the last one. Wars in the past have increased in fury each one over the previous conflict; they have increased in barbarism as the art of warfare improved, and each one has moved a little farther into the surrounding territory, a little farther into the next country, until we have the supreme climax facing civilization today. All previous wars have been excuses gathering the nations into two armed camps; all previous wars have been stepping stones, have been parallel lines of thought carrying the ideas and prejudices of all our predecessors through all the past ages across the years and dumping them into the respective fortresses facing each other today.

This is the supreme conflict. That is rather hard to imagine, but look at the first World War and compare it to the universality of this war and the inevitable move of the nations remaining at peace. Today good faces evil in an impending catastrophe. So far evil has won. But good has not yet struck in full force. One of them must fall—they cannot live longer in the static atmosphere existing over a world of weak mortals. Which shall fall? The least we can do is put in a blow for right.
—J.F.W.

In Defense Of Politics

Tired of reading editorial sermons against campus politics? No one has ever written for politics, though there are plenty of rational people who see politics in a light wholly different from the conventionally-expressed thumbs-down attitude. For instance:

The existence of politics among democratic organizations is as inevitable as night and day. What constitutes politics? Two or more persons truly interested in securing the best-qualified persons for a certain position discuss the merits of potential candidates. Reaching some conclusion, they convey their convictions to their associates, advising them that a particular person would function best in this or that position. This procedure is the only practical way of insuring the support of a qualified candidate and is our inherent privilege. How else can we prevent the campus playboy from having heaped upon him responsibilities which he neither wants nor is capable of assuming? Yet, it is politics. I challenge you to identify it otherwise—and every person sincerely interested in any organization, whether he be sponsor, faculty member, or insignificant layman, has indulged therein.

Would our saintly anti-politicians, with their campaigning (in itself inconsistent), deny us the constitutionally-guaranteed privilege of organization in order that the students at election might be guided solely by the reasoning that since Johnny can jitterbug or Mary has pretty eyes he or she would make a good executive?

Politics is what you make it—and some of it is made to stink. Though politics is necessary, the dog-eat-dog attitude is not. If you are such a born diplomatist that you cannot resist the

Possible Hilltop Officers

Russell Jordan has indicated an interest in becoming either editor-in-chief or managing editor of the Hilltop next year. He worked four years on the Smithfield Hi Times, school paper for Smithfield High School and held a responsible position on the staff each year. He was class reporter his freshman and sophomore years. His junior year he was advertising manager and rose to the position of editor his senior year.

His activity in extra-curricular activities in high school suggests a wide variety of interest and talents. He won second place in a county American Legion oration contest; he was a member of the dramatic club, playing leading roles during his junior and senior years. Russell was also a member of the glee club for two years. He was ambassador-in-chief of Raleigh division of North Carolina Royal Ambassadors, a Baptist organization, and rose to the position of plenipotentiary, the highest possible position.

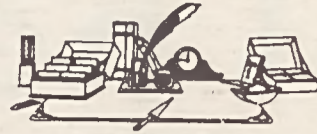
At Mars Hill "Russ" Jordan is a first honor roll student and a member of the French club, the glee club, and the dramatic club.

Wilburn Cranfill might hold any position on the paper, since he worked on Pine Whispers at Reynolds high school, Winston-Salem, for four years. He also worked on Black and Gold and the Wake Forest college year book. For one year he was reporter for a mill paper, the Chatham Blanketeer. He worked as a printer in high school and has since worked seven years as a printer, thus gaining valuable experience in the field of developing a paper.

Raymond Dunn from New Bern would make either a good business manager or advertising manager. He was business manager of the senior class in high school and business manager of his high school annual along with various other less important offices. Here at Mars Hill he is a parliamentarian of the C-I class and chairman of the decoration committee of the junior-senior banquet.

urge to campaign, be a statesman rather than a throat-slitting carpet-bagger. For the sake of decency and next year's success, find the right fellow and get behind him. Somebody has to; or this year's heart-breaker will become next year's brain-racker.

Ex Libris Montague



By James Dendy

North Carolina Poetry by Richard Gaither Walsler.

North Carolina Poetry, an anthology of verse written by North Carolinians, is edited by Richard Gaither Walsler, a real student and lover of poetry. Mr. Walsler is a member of the faculty of East Carolina Teachers' College in Greenville, North Carolina. The pleasing manner in which he has compiled this collection is appealing to every lover of fine poetry, especially to the North Carolinian.

North Carolina is a state of beauty and culture. Its poets have struck notes which carry with them the true picture of our state. The subjects of these poems vary, including cotton mills, college students, the Blue Ridge mountains, love, snow, beauty, and patriotism. A brief biographical sketch is given of every poet whose works appear in the volume.

Some of the better-known poets represented are Struthers, Burt, Rebecca Cushman, Olive Tilford Dargan, Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, John Charles McNeill, and Elliott Coleman.

One interesting poet included in the book is Edwin Bjorkman, who first came to our state as literary editor of the Asheville Times. Mr. Bjorkman was born in Stockholm, Sweden, made his home, in Weaverville, North Carolina, for some years, and has since then lived in Asheville. He is well known in this section of the state. In Sweden and in America. Mr. Bjorkman has worked as clerk, actor, journalist, and poet. An attractive poem by this writer, included in the anthology is "Beauty and the Beast."

There is an octopus in my orchard,
Poking its blunt head hungrily
Out of the ground and sending aloft
Eight sinuous lengths of snake-like arms.
But the head of each writhing snake
Has turned into huge clusters
(Continued on Page 3)

She Snoops To Conq



"In the spring a young fancy turns to...
Spring affects young p in many different ways, as for Bobby Welch, she s to have a good Plott for 'L mantic novel.

Bobby Clodfelter has re, bitten again, at least he only talk about a certain subject.

John "Hard-to-get" Rule has finally been hockenta none other than Anna Fr "T Jinnette. Ah! 'tis spring, he John?

We can all ask Warren, dick how Parris is ibons spring!

Marvis Hardin has been, having Tate-a-Tate talks hen with a certain little Billy. resio

Bill Robertson has a m "J. spring fever. All he can ill a sing, "Martha, Martha!" anie

Miss Church has be, Walker lately between "T and the cleaners with a m ussio line palm beach suit.

It seems that spring ed to Gene Herrin all in a Hay "T

It has been reported ent there is a Poodle ru around Westmoreland resss

Gwen Philips is bul As Walls around a cowbo Vake Texas. Just ask Charlie! prec

Kitty is free
Jones is blue
A woman's a two-face "A

But Killian is true. erest

Was it the weather alexin mood or the movie that issue Betty Rumley see Blossom C. C.

the Dust twice in one the a You're doing all right Beil m

keep up the good work. "It We can all sympathize emb

James Amos who has clo an "Somebody else is taking stude

place" for his latest tinent p of the song.

Eleanor Clarke, you'd legisla not count your biddies b Las

they HATCH, 'cause "ously 'ave you been at" Finch the as

Black Mountain is on the powe again.

There's nothing like the a patriotic, is there Claire? The

about you, Wimpy? is spo

There is always a pla Leaf a Davenport around Ch lege,

Rock, isn't there Lorraine The Some young men's ta lina

(Continued on Page 3) Mars

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March bell r

repr and c We w with sible often.

Ma er, a to the and t as sh Joh at St call holid Ma their

MARCH WIND

By John Foster West

Did you ever flee before the wind
In March, when it is howling,
When it rushes at you from behind
Like a mighty creature prowling?
Have you ever laughed at it and run?
I have—and reveled in the fun.

Did you ever hide deep in a dale
'Til the wind came bursting by;
Then darting out, flee with the gale
Beneath the cloud-foamed sky?
Have you ever raced it, arms outspread?
I have—and rather flown than fled.

March is a lion, capricious, gay;
It paws through grass and trees.
Yet not a mouse it wants for prey,
It merely means to tease
When leaping o'er a sky-torn lake
It bids you follow in its wake.

VIEWS

By Hatch Crenshaw

Mountains,
cold,
dim,
ever
standing.

Prairies,
hot,
brown,
still,
forever
rolling.

Oceans,
cool,
green,
smooth,
never,
stopping.