

# The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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### THE HILLTOPPERS

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## Farewell To C-II's

In the spring the fancies of seniors turn to graduation, but the fancies of C-I's turn to the C-II's. It is to you that we, the green freshmen, dedicate this issue of the **Hilltop**. Never shall we forget your kindness, which began when we first placed a foot on this campus and which has continued throughout the year. You may be assured that we shall miss you and shall be awaiting your visits. We realize that some of you will continue your education in higher institutions of learning, that some of you will be taking your places in the business world, and that still others will be joining actively in the defense forces of our country. Whatever your activities may be, we shall be following your successes with interest. We feel confident that all of you will become good citizens, ever cherishing the ideals for which your Alma Mater stands.

Seniors, we shall strive to live up to your standards and, if possible, surpass them. You have been the closest of friends to us, and you may feel confident that we shall hold the name of Mars Hill high where you and preceding classes have placed it. All during the year you have extended a guiding hand to us. For the warmth of your friendship and for the goals you have set before us, we are grateful. You shall not be disappointed in your expectations of us. We salute you, future alumni of Mars Hill.—R. J.

## As The New Staff Begins Work

Since this is the first issue of the **Hilltop** to be published by the new staff, we have tried to make it distinctly C-I. In spite of all our efforts, however, we have had to accept some aid from our friends of the C-II class. This is just another manner in which they have proved their importance, but not their indispensableness. The presence of several C-I's already in the forces of the **Hilltop** greatly lightened our immediate burden and will prove an invaluable blessing in our future endeavors.

The work of the outgoing staff has produced an enjoyable paper this year for our pleasure and profit. Each issue has been well-balanced and has shown careful planning and forethought. The ex-staff has maintained the high standards for which the **Hilltop** is known, and it is our desire to uphold these standards in the same lofty manner.

In recognizing those who have contributed to the success of the previous issues of the **Hilltop**, we must not omit those members of our faculty who have unsparingly given their time and ability to the production of a suitable campus newspaper. Nothing ever appears with their names attached, and their names never appear in the lists of contributors; yet the effort they spend in eliminating the flaws of their less experienced co-workers often merits more credit than does the work of the originators of the articles. Without the aid of our faculty advisers we could hardly have the newspaper which we enjoy. The present staff will be greatly dependent upon their guidance.

The new staff members wish to express to the student body our sincere gratitude for the confidence you have shown in our ability by choosing us to edit your newspaper. We shall attempt to prove ourselves worthy of the honor by our unflinching efforts to produce a truly creditable paper. We realize that there is probably more work than honor involved in the matter; yet we were previously conscious of that fact, and we are still willing to serve you in our various capacities.

—The Editors.

## RAINDROPS

By Isabelle Noblitt

Raindrops, cold and sharp with bitter sting,  
Strike like daggers to my heart.  
Intense, the cruel sorrows that they bring;  
I rue the hour I saw them start.

But now the sun behind a cloud of gray  
Sends forth a radiance to my soul;  
And I look up with courage to be gay  
On beauty that the dark clouds stole.

## International Summary

By Henry Huff

Last Monday morning the American people received the startling news that allied powers had bombed four important cities in Japan, including the imperial city of Tokyo. This is the first time since 1852 that a foreign power has ever dared attack the Japanese capital. Where these planes came from seems to be a mystery; however, it is probable that they came from bases off the coast of Alaska. This is indicated by the Japanese description of the bomber; or they may have come from aircraft carriers off the coast of Japan. It seems that the planes were traveling from America to China via Japan, since it has reported that planes have landed in free China. This shows to the allied nations, and more particularly to the Japanese people that Japan can be bombed from China, Russia, or Alaska. This brings the possibility of a Japanese summer attack upon Ruisan Siberia, or Alaska. A successful attack in either area would insure Japan against further interference through the back door, and it would allow her to concentrate more completely on the war in the southwest Pacific. Alaska and Siberia could act as spring-boards for the promised attack on Japan. We have been building roads to Alaska where army air bases have been established.

Russia has ben building a powerful string of airbases in northern Siberia. Since the  
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## Hilltop Social

The **Hilltop** staff held its annual social Saturday, April 18. The staff, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. DeShazo and Miss Templeton, left Spilman at 2:00 o'clock and hiked to Bruce's Place. Upon arriving at Bruce's Place, the Hilltoppers explored the scenic farm, gathering wood for a fire. About 4:00 P.M. the fire was made and soon the cooking of hamburgers had begun. Drinks were served with the hamburgers, after which assorted cookies completed the campfire meal. As soon as the Hilltoppers recovered from the feast, they began the hike home, frequently stopping to rest. The entire staff wishes to express its thanks to Mr. Wood, who kindly transported the refreshments to and from the farm.

## Why I Am Proud To Be An American

America—an ideal born in the hungry hearts of men and made life through the "blood, sweat, and tears" of those from Plymouth Rock to Pearl Harbor who have dared that we might be free.

America—a symbol of liberation to those whose lives are bound in servitude, whose hearts cry in silence, whose souls grope in longing, whose love is frozen by fear and hate.

## ALUMNI NOTES

Meredith College, April 20, 1942. In a recent election, Madge Allen of Forest City was elected individual sports manager of the Athletic Association Board of Meredith College. In addition to this office, Miss Allen is to serve as vice-president to the Helen Law Classical Club, an organization for those students who excel in Latin or Greek.

At Mars Hill Miss Allen was president of the Clio Literary Society, Secretary of the B.S.U., a member of the Classical Club, and an officer of the Y.W.A., B.T.U., and Sunday School.

Down at Wake Forest three Philomathian ex-presidents are carrying on in traditional Mars Hill style. Bruce Brown, C. C. Hope, and Larry Williams are three of Wake Forest's ten debating deacons. Hope won the after dinner speaking contest at Winthrop.

## From The C-II's

When we were C-I's and said farewell to last year's C-II's, we were taken aback by the realization that we were losing some of the best friends we had ever known—friends who had been big brothers and sisters to us, those who had shown us the way. Frankly we were scared!

Then you came. You weren't the dumb freshmen we had been; yet we tried to help you get started. We soon learned, however, that you knew about as much as we. As time passed, we learned that we could always depend on you.

We admire you a great deal. You have so many among you who are qualified to lead, so many who are strong and silent followers. Next year yours will be the job of showing the way. Those freshmen may not be so wise as you were, and they will be looking to you for leadership. The standards you set will be the ones which they will adopt and perpetuate. Your very attitudes will be absorbed by them. Keep them straight! Will you?

And above all, so live that the spirit of Mars Hill will be manifested in your lives. We've enjoyed everything here, food, fun, fads, and all; but it's the spirit we're taking with us. It's the spiiirt that counts!

Ours is a story of the courage and tenacity, the love and tolerance, the sacrifice and devotion of generations of Americans. It is the haven wherein men of all races have come to know the joy of living, the right of worship, the respect for liberty and justice, and the privilege of individual accomplishment, unhampered by social morse and legal statutes.

Such is the heritage of which I am humbly proud. But! as an American I shall be proud of myself only when I have given my best in the defense of this heritage. I am not a Washington nor a Lincoln, a Roosevelt nor a MacArthur, but I am an American! And there is a place for me to serve.

## She Snoops To Conquer

Dear Snoopy, Jr.:

How are things at my Alma Mater? It has been years since I saw the beautiful mountains of Western Carolina; but, thanks to you, I keep well informed about college. I shall start off my report of the class of '42 by telling you of my recent trip to Europe.

I arrived at Grand Central station very late Thursday night. I was accompanied by my secretary, Dorothy Geers. She has been making a career woman better once but decided she liked she severed martial relations with her old Mars Hill (Charles Bell). Since I am responsible to the college for the activities of the class of '42, efficient hands and mind necessary to me.

Well, to go on with my story, I walked up to the huge stand in Grand Central by West bought a New York Times High Snoopy, never will I know my shock as I read a picture of John West Nan Love. The paper that John, the editor of the York Times was sailing night with his wife for a cation in Europe. As I read in my pocket to pay, I into the eyes of none than George "Footsie" who was managing the stand. Well, during my conversation with "Footsie" learned that Maurine had finally left the stage screen to marry Wright, the present editor of Life magazine. I also that Georgia Coleman "Brissie" were still corresponding. Georgia is now president of Blake School of Dramatic founded by George Blake.

I must get on with my I had a pleasant journey across but was grieved to over the radio that Jane had drowned herself when her husband, Norman Caudle, was defeated in presidential election. By way, John Clayton was of my ship. He had named "Lou's Lamb" after his sweetheart who jilted following the war. His roommate, "Doug" Aldrich now happily married to Israel. They are living in da where "Doug" is past Miami's First Baptist Church.

Oh! I almost forgot. Count Leo Witch from while on the ship. He was anxious to join his wife, the former Burnette He also told me that was a great success on Russian stage.

When I arrived, I immediately to Paris where tea with Mavis Hardin Violet Thompson. They me they were tired of the cent world and were at ent selecting trousseaus. is marrying Murray and Mavis is marrying Boykin. Murray and J. now joint-owners of Island.

After several weeks in I went to London. While I saw Bill Gabbert and McCain, who were honeying. He told me that "Wit  
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