

# The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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## 'In This Our Life'

(Editors' Note: This letter is a personal letter and was not written to be published. Because of its timely message to all students, we of the **Hilltop** publish it. Mr. Clarke, a graduate of 1942, is now enrolled at Wake Forest college.

Box 854,  
Wake Forest College,  
Wake Forest, North Carolina.

Mr. Bill Williams,  
Mars Hill, North Carolina.

Dear Bill: I hope you are in the mood to read what I want to make a serious letter. I have something to say. I feel it will do more good in your direction than any other.

As a former Philomathian writing to my ex-roommate, a Euthalian, I wish the Eus all the success possible in the year's activities. Many people judge the whole campus by the degree of ability the societies show; so do the best possible.

On the campus there are numerous outstanding examples of Eus and Phis living by the ideals of Dignity, Simplicity, Conservatism; Truth, Purity, and Fidelity—just as there are those non-society members who do not live by them.

You know what Society means. At first it is just for amusement. It is true that amusement is a by-product of the activities, but any true and loyal member will have our noble ideals instilled into him as few other media can. Philomathia and Euthalia represent something that is made only too clear by the war situation. In a few words, they represent what humanity has been fighting for since the dawn of history. That, even the most radical cannot deny. They represent the inalienable right of free men to organize themselves into societies for mutual benefit.

The importance of perpetuating these ideals, not altered by the selfish desires of one person or a minority of persons, cannot be too highly emphasized. That sounds extremely idealistic and impracticable—perhaps so, to those who would succumb to the 'factual' propaganda of those who seek to destroy us. But, if in this most serious crisis in human history, America is weighed in the scales of destiny and found wanting, there is no hope for mankind's civilization.

The Mars Hill College Societies and the thousands of other influences like them will be enough to culminate the conflict into an Allied victory, and consummate those scarred by tyranny, only if every source of fortitude is taxed to the utmost. This is realized by everyone; but, to set an even faster pace, the pre-war luxury and riotous living must be sacrificed. The dignity of a Hamilton, the simplicity of a Lincoln, and the conservatism of a Theodore Roosevelt; the truth of a Jefferson, the purity of a Washington, and the fidelity of a Wilson: these are the things we in America must instill into the souls of all men after this war. To accomplish this, we must be saturated with them ourselves. That is self-evident.

So to you who remain active members, the only thing to say is: **The task is yours.** Progress; do not retrogress. And some day, all over a free world our posterity can look back and proudly declare: "This was her finest hour."

Sincerely yours,  
James S. Clarke.

## OUR PART

Once again as the leaves turn a golden yellow and the air becomes brisk and cool, we feel the tinge of Autumn and rejoice in its beauty. Yet, we do not feel the thrill that we have known in other years because our skies are filled with war planes and black smoke.

Far across the sea, our own American boys are freezing, starving, and being ridiculed and humiliated as Japanese prisoners. Certainly we say that we are sorry and we make known to others our attitudes with an endless current of words, but that is beside the point. Are we really doing our part in helping win this war? Let us answer truthfully these important questions: Have we bought our share of war stamps? Have we contributed to a war salvage campaign? Do we fuss about tires and gasoline when we should be thanking God that we can sleep at night without fear of Japanese bombs? Do we complain because we have to give an old tube in return for a new tube of toothpaste? What are our answers? Are we as inventive and energetic as we must be to win this war on the home-front? If we are, we will win it in spite of Japs and Hitlers.

Yes, it is easy for us to say, "If I were President, I would do this and that. I would clean up the war production board or lower the age for military service; or I would speak to the cabinet." Since we are not the President, and since he seems to be carrying his responsibility admirably, why not turn our energies into useful channels and attend to our own part here at home?

"Oh, say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave?" Yes, it waves and we will keep it waving as we preserve our beautiful America. Hitler with all his ruthlessness and cruelty does not frighten us. We still have ideals and a spirit which even he cannot destroy.

Stars and Stripes, we stand by and salute thee!

## Missionary To Africa Visits Campus

The Mars Hill College Y. W. A. was glad to welcome to the campus October 1-3 Miss Mary Currin, our state W. M. U. young people's leader, and Miss Ethel Harmon, missionary to Nigeria. While here, Miss Currin had conferences with the Y. W. A. council to help them plan their work for the current year. Miss Harmon gave inspiring talks in vespers, chapel, and Y. W. A. She also held conferences with students who plan to do foreign mission work. While in Africa, Miss Harmon spends a great deal of her time organizing Sunday schools and Baptist Training Unions, and teaching study courses.

One of the most astounding facts that we learned from Miss Harmon's talks was that an African boy can be sent to school for a whole year, with all his expenses paid, for twenty-five dollars. Someone in the audience was so deeply impressed with this that a check for half that amount was handed to our Y.W.A. president to be sent to the Foreign Mission Board.

## Grandpop Fights Back

By Charles Broun

In this modern day and time we consider the customs and traditions of grandfather's day as completely outmoded and antiquated as the buggy and other relics of a past age; but let us examine this matter more closely. Actually, the old folks had a great deal of good clean fun with not one-third the expense that we consider necessary to having a good time. When a young man had a date, he usually escorted his girl to a meeting, or possibly to a square dance, or to some sort of good wholesome home entertainment. Now the modern deb must be taken to the beach, to a dance, or to a show. Moreover, she can never be asked to walk anywhere. She must be taken in a car. A fellow who asks a girl to ride the bus need never bother about asking for a second date. All of this incurs a considerable amount of expense, and since those who are careful of expenses are considered pikers, it is with some misgiving that I mention the matter of cost at all. Now after taking all this into consideration, gentlemen, I wish to ask you of the dating age one question: Which was better, Grandpa's day of the old gas-gulping automobiles?

## Those Days Are Gone Forever!

If grandma could come to Mars Hill today, what would be the first attraction she would look for? Why, the springs, of course! The present students of Mars Hill ask, "What springs?" Well, back before water came in pipes, the Mars Hill water supply was obtained from two beautiful and romantic springs. One is at the back of the fire truck garage, and the other near the old beech tree in Mr. Kendall's yard. The students used to meet at the springs in the afternoons to get water. Many romances were results of this cupid's paradise. Today we have many modern conveniences, but we, the students of Mars Hill, do not have a wooing ground as beautiful as did the flapper co-eds of the gay nineties!

## OLD JOE

The story of Old Joe is very exciting. Joe was a slave of the president of the board of trustees, Rev. J. W. Anderson. After the first building on the campus was completed, the board found it lacked twelve hundred dollars having enough to pay for its construction. The contractors for this building brought the sheriff of Buncombe County to try to collect what the school owed them. Old Joe was taken to the county seat and put in jail to be sold for twelve hundred dollars which was to be paid on the contracting debt. Joe, however, was never sold because the people here in Mars Hill collected enough money among themselves to buy him back from the firm of Clayton and Shackleford, contractors. Old Joe lived all the rest of his life thanking the good people here for returning him back to his master.

## ALUMNI NEWS

Former Mars Hill men and women are now serving in the armed forces of our country in almost every part of the world.

Dr. Moore, who keeps date records of the activities of former students of our college, has the names of approximately 275 students who are in the service listed in his record. There are students stationed practically every state in the union, and also in Great Britain, Australia, Iceland, the Philippine Islands, the Central Pacific, Puerto Rico, and the Aleutians. Three out of this roll of 2,000 women. G. Nell Burgess of Canton, N. C., is with the WAVES at the University of Wisconsin. Marie Compton of Wilson, N. C., is with the United States Army Nurse Corps at Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C. to guard Elmore of Arlington, Va. is with the American Red Cross in Great Britain.

Two former students have already paid the supreme sacrifice in this war. Leonard of Mars Hill, N. C., was killed in an airplane crash in Puerto Rico. Loris Dover of Shelby, C., was killed in an airplane accident in New England.

Lieutenant (JG) Herman Kennickell, Jr., 21, son of and Mrs. Herman Mackinnell of Fairview, is the youngest "skipper" in the S. Navy. At the time he placed in command of a minesweeper, he was only twenty years old. The five-foot officer, who looks younger than his twenty-one years, has been under his command for twenty-three years service in the navy. They call him "Old Man."

Mr. Kennickell graduated from Mars Hill College in 1940. While here, he was an engineering student, a Philomathian, a member of the coaching staff. The same year of his graduation he attended Midshipmen's school at Northwestern University where he received his commission as an ensign, May 10, 1941. He studied at the U. S. Demand, patrol school and became diesel engineer.

Two of our Mars Hill graduates have been called to colors and another is expected to be called any day. Herbert L. Sebren is with the air corps in St. Petersburg, Fla. Captain Isaac N. Carr, former dean and teacher, is stationed at Camp Beale, Maryland. California. Dean R. M. Le now awaiting final word concerning his departure.

We have former students in the navy with rankings of apprentice seamen to lieutenant commanders. In the army, we have them listed from private to colonel.

Wherever they are, what they are doing, we wish them good luck. May God bless them!

## Flash!

Ethel Bells Kornegay, played Mrs. Fairfax in **Eyre**, the summer production of the Wake Forest little theatre has been cast in their fall production, **You Can't Take It You.** Ethel Belle, a graduate of 1942, was a dramatic last year.