

The Hilltop

"Plain Living and High Thinking"

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Lest We Forget!!

Goodness! You are college students! Have you ever stopped to think about that? Why, certainly then, you are very important! But, definitely, you are of the intelligentsia. Surely, you are very important. No doubt, you are in your own minds, anyway. Today, whether or not you realize it, Mars Hill students are losing something that has always been the pride of this campus. Maybe this does not apply to all of you, and we sincerely hope it does not. Here it is—some of our students are losing all traces of etiquette!

Last Saturday Mr. Robert Elliott, a noted concert artist, honored our campus by appearing before our student body and faculty. Do you remember the reception our students gave him? We are glad you do. We would hate to recall such a scene to anyone's memory. But by way of paraphraseology we will recall this to you. Mr. Elliott was received by the students of Mars Hill College as a pearl cast to swine.

Possibly that is putting it a little abruptly; but you will have to admit that, judging from the etiquette demonstration on our campus lately, some of our students need an abrupt hint about their manners.

The wisest of men have said that students learn a great many things by example. If that is the case, may we ask why our students are so impolite at times? It cannot be because we do not have examples before us. Have you ever stopped and really watched Dr. Moore? If you have not, we ask you to observe him and see how a gentleman conducts himself on our campus.

Students, it is not we alone who are appealing to you; it is the faculty of our college. We have always heard it takes much less energy to be polite—that should sound interesting to the boys in particular. This problem can only be solved by **you!** What are you going to do about it? —L. R. J.

A Salute To The Farmers

Farmers of America, we salute you! We cannot pay too great tribute to this courageous band. Greatly hampered by a shortage of workers, this group toils on to play their indispensable part in the life of our nation.

We cannot too highly praise these men when we realize that many of them are making a meager living at the cost of hard labor when they know full well that they could easily acquire an easier job with a much more enticing wage. That is real patriotism! Many men have abandoned the farms, but there is yet that hardy group who refuse to be moved by the thought of an easier life. They are toiling on in an effort to meet the increased demands of a hungry world, and their efforts are bringing very encouraging results.

Our own state is playing a very important role in this connection. Although not one of the great agricultural states, our farmers are also stretching their efforts to aid in our nation-wide effort.

Our government has especially urged the growing of certain crops. Soybeans is one of these crops. Our North Carolina farmers immediately responded and increased their production of this essential crop by 73 per cent. Eggs are a very essential food. North Carolina farmers have increased their egg production 18 per cent. They have also complied with our government's requests by limiting the production of certain less essential crops.

The farmer is the backbone of any nation. What would we do without him? We must never allow our farms to lie fallow. Such a condition could well be the beginning of our end as a great nation. Let us awake to the importance of the farmer, and perhaps even some of us might well become farmers. Modern, scientific farming is a fascinating and profitable occupation.

Again we take our hats off to the American farmer in appreciation for his marvelous courage and his all-important part in our national life. —J. W. C.

Former Student Is Missing After European Raid

Lieutenant John B. Crisp, of Candler, a navigator with the U. S. army air force, has been missing since September 9.

Mr. Crisp was graduated from Mars Hill college in 1938 and from Appalachian State Teachers College in 1940.

While enrolled at Mars Hill, Mr. Crisp was a pre-law student and took part in many campus activities. He was a member of the French club, dramatics club, **Hilltop** staff, and track team, an intercollegiate debater, an officer of the Euthalian literary society, and a member of the band and orchestra.

Lieutenant Crisp entered the army about fourteen months ago and was commissioned a second lieutenant last April at Turner Field, Georgia. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant about two months ago.

When he received his wings, Lieutenant Crisp requested a foreign assignment but was sent for a time to Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Louisiana, as an instructor. He visited our campus last spring.

His father, Mr. G. C. Crisp, said that his son had been in England a day or two when his plane was reported missing after a raid over Western Europe.

Honor Clubs Hold First Meeting

Mars Hill college sponsors seven honor clubs for the purpose of encouraging scholarship and stimulating interest in the various fields of learning. Eligibility is based on scholarship, character, leadership, and personality. Honor club members must be at least second honor roll students, making "B" or above on the subject represented by the club.

At the first club meetings of the year, which were held this week, the following new members were initiated:

Scriblerus: Jackie Spainhour, Ruth Taylor, Elliot Donnels, Forrest Denman.

I. R. C.: Gwyndola Pierce, Henry Huff, Bob Harris, Elizabeth Dark, Donald Peninger, Annette Joiner.

Science: Ralph Bruton and Roy Holton.

Business: Laura Allen, Thomas Brookshire, Dorothy Clark, Sebren Cannon, Rebecca Horton, Ruby Hudson, Patricia Richardson.

French: Martha Ransdell, Dorothy Robbins, Thelma Kidd, Jeanne McCain.

Spanish: June Hallyburton, Bill Roberson, Margery Harrison, Conley Mitchell.

Classical: Betty Francis.

Pianist Entertains Students At Chapel

On our chapel program Wednesday morning we had as our guest entertainer Mr. Herbert Livingston of Port Gibson, N. J. For the past three years Mr. Livingston has taught piano at the University of North Carolina. He also taught courses in sight-singing and (Continued on Page 4)

LIBRARY NOTES

He Spoke to the Ages, by Dr. Oscar Ray Mangum, a former student at Mars Hill and a graduate of the class of 1903, is a great book dealing with the outstanding events in the life of Jesus.

Dr. Mangum has selected certain events and teachings from the life of Christ and has developed this collection of sermons based on the life and teachings of Christ. This book is very clear, simply applied and seasoned by clear and appropriate references to his personal travels and experiences. Every student would get great pleasure and profit by reading this "little book about a great man."

In most books dedications are the first things written and the last things read, but this one requires special attention from Mars Hill. Dr. Mangum has inscribed this collection of sermons to his early teacher, who helped to turn the current of his life, Dr. Robert Lee Moore.

Dr. Mangum is now pastor in the First Baptist Church in Renone, North Carolina.

BAND NEWS

The college band has completed organization and has elected officers to serve for the coming year. These officers are Harry Paul, president; James Maughon, vice-president; Mary Evelyn Gibson, secretary; and Grover Maughon, librarian.

There are a number of openings for various instruments, and those students who own one and who would like to participate in the band's activities are asked to attend practices which are held regularly on Monday and Wednesday nights at 7:15 in the band room.

GENTLEMEN Your Lines!

As the sun went down behind the mountain, a shadow was cast against the winding rocky road. It was the shadow of a tired man carrying a pack on his back. He "puffed and blowed," and now and then a groan escaped his lifeless lips. He trudged on and on. Suddenly in the distance taps were sounded; and this tired figure turned his weary head toward the setting sun and gave a sigh of relief, the relief of a wanderer returning home. He gave a slow glance at the fading sunset and continued his journey. Finally, he arrived at his destination—Melrose dormitory. He entered and threw his gym clothes in a corner and quickly went to bed. Physical education was over for another day.

Campus Characters

You may not be aware of the fact, but our campus really has some interesting people on it. For instance, in the C-II group we have Arnold Haas. Arnold is the big dog behind our year-book, the **Laurel**. He is also president of the Spanish honor club, vice-president of the Youth Temperance council, a college marshal, and also proctor of Sprinkle. A fellow with that many offices should have a private secretary. The line (Continued on Page 3)

The Orchestra Of Life

A great symphony orchestra is playing beautiful music. Truly, it is beautiful music and the melody it is playing is the song of life.

The beginning of this song of life is soft and sweet. The melody continues in a smooth tempo for several minutes. Gradually the tempo increases. Often the trumpets blare. These strains reach a climax. Then a short rest comes. The music begins again, a tone slips in. It is a serious with a sad note here and there. The soft strains of the strings rise above the noisy brass instruments. Finally all comes to a conclusion. The horns, trumpets, harps, piccolos and the string instruments play the conclusion. The brass instruments stop suddenly, and soothing strains of wind instruments trail off to a soft end.

When we entered this world most of us played at a soft tempo and life was soft and sweet. During life the tempo increased gradually. High school and college years brought blares from the trumpet, indicating that we were nearing the door to independence in the world.

The years have hurried on and now for most of us the tempo is not too far distant when the song of life shall have reached its climax. Then the rest will come. At this time we have time to look over the music we have been playing. Perhaps our music will be of trumpet blasts denoting triumph and victory; perhaps soft strains of unseen honor by which folk will be predominant in our bars! Will the lazy tone of a tuba drown out the beautiful tones of a harp? Will the sharpness of a piccolo awaken us, reminding that the piece is not over and life is completed?

As the music begins and goes on, after the rest tempo has changed. The chord in our lives has been touched when we think of before we take action. The sweet strains of the music enter in remorse for some day of youth—then the finale, when the full throated tones from the heart of an instrument thrill our consciousness in unison: the horns, their average life tones, noisy trumpets of ill-gotten glory; the shrillness of the color denoting slyness; a large beautiful tones of the wood harp; the soft sweet strains of the violin, soft at first, rising, but queen of the strings. Which instrument do you play? —Anne Johnson

God Bless MacArthur

God bless MacArthur Man that we love; Stand beside him, And guide him, Through the night, By the light From above. From the Philippines to the Pacific; From New Zealand to the God bless MacArthur Our all-American man; God bless MacArthur Our all-American man. —Joe Drennon