

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## Going Home For Christmas?

In just a few days the students of Mars Hill College and other colleges and universities in our country will be laying aside their books and looking forward with eager anticipation to the coming Christmas vacation. There is no need of enumerating the differences between this Christmas and those of the past. It is with a humble and serious attitude that we greet the approaching event. Heretofore, the Christmas season has been a time of merriment and good feeling. Much of this feeling will be sacrificed for more meaningful prayers and meditations. There doubtless will be an attempt upon the part of everyone to create the customary jovial spirit of the yuletide, but a strong undercurrent of sober reflections will predominate.

When we stop to think of the many stockings that will hang unfilled this year, or the empty seats at the dinner tables, we should easily have a deeper appreciation of our good fortune. This year many Christmas packages will be sent to foreign lands, to be opened by boys whose only connections at home are in their dreams. They will spend Christmas Eve dodging Jap tracers or German mortar fire. Their homes range from fox holes to hospital wards, but the homes such as you and I will shortly see. Therefore, when you board that certain train and gaze up at the star-filled December night, remember one thing; you're going home. Let the drowsy rhythm of the tracks repeat in your mind the significance of such a privilege. So, with a full understanding in your heart, and a fervent prayer on your lips, ask Him to hasten the day when they too will be—going home. —M. S.

## Farewell — Mars Hill!

And comes the times when we must part, the time when we must take leave of this rendezvous in the hills. This is the place where manhood and womanhood are built, where old lives are made new and where new lives are made strong. Yes, until this cruel war shall end, this is the place that must be left behind.

Behind us we leave the tireless efforts of those professors who worked so hard to bring out the best in us.

Behind us we leave that brown-eyed girl, that girl who led this heart to Christ; with us we take that boundless love that only He can make secure.

Behind us we leave those faithful friends; with us we take those beautiful friendships. Behind us we leave that roommate; with us we take that never-ceasing influence for the good. Behind us we leave Non-Eu and the hall of Black and Gold; with us we take those ideals of dignity, simplicity, and conservatism.

Behind us we leave that wonderful environment that is found only on such a Christian campus as Mars Hill; with us we take Christ with all His beautiful promises and His ceaseless blessings.

These are the things that we leave; these are the things we shall be fighting for. Farewell, Mars Hill. —W. R.

## POETRY

### Thoughts At Christmas

Everyone awaits thy presence,  
Christmas, cherished time of year,  
Innocent, shining eyes behold  
A childish dream of Christmas cheer—  
A cheer including gaudy colors,  
Stockings by a chimney hung,  
Christmas trees, and family gatherings  
Where old Christmas carols are sung.

Old folks dream at Christmastide  
Of days when they were young and fair;  
They see designs in candle light  
That we would ne'er suspect were there—  
Designs of merry-making people,  
Which to their memories return  
Christmases with sleighing parties,  
Days for which they often yearn.

To the boy on the raging battle front,  
Christmastime presents a snatch  
Of pleasant, warming memories  
That future days can never match.  
And in these memories appear  
Faces of the ones he knows  
Are missing him and praying too,  
That he'll return when the Peace wind blows.

We await your white-robed entrance  
Upon a sadder, different scene  
From any that you've faced in years—  
A scene where battles intervene  
The joys we shared in former days  
With those whose vacant chairs we see;  
We pray these vacant chairs will hold  
The same gay folks that used to be.

Christmas, since the scene is sober  
And your entrance, sorrow-veiled,  
May your truthful meaning reach us  
And rebuild us where we've failed—  
Failed to realize that you're holy  
And our loud and wild, glad ways  
Should be put away till later  
And replaced with reverent praise.

—Beatrice DeWitte.

### Merry Christmas—Thank Goodness

Christmas—1943  
And things aren't like they used to be!  
Can't get sugar this year to make  
Those sweets that gave you tummy-ache.  
No jazz bands blaring holiday hello  
'Cause the tubes are burnt out of our radio.

The car this year we've had to forsake  
So no moonlight parking by that frozen lake.

Can't get guns for the neighborhood boys  
Which certainly adds to my Christmas joys.

Joy riding is absolutely taboo.  
(Those highway accidents will be, too)

No cars, no candies, no 'lectric trains  
Not even one tiny firecracker remains.

So what will we do for Christmas this year  
Since all of these pleasures are gone?  
Why we'll just celebrate this Christmas, my dear,  
For the true sake of Christmas alone!

—Pinky McLeod.

### To Santa Claus

Dear Santa:

We know that you are surrounded with requests for very special Christmas gifts for the "little ones" of this institution; but we, their teachers and others who through the choice of their vocations must bear with these aspiring students(?), do not want to be neglected. Mrs. Livingston really needs a new podium, one at least two feet higher than her present one. Coach Clayton would like to have a class of Amazons; while Mr. Huff would prefer, we're sure, a slightly more masculine class of business math pupils. "Pop" Stringfield finds his supply of spectacles insufficient, so would "just love" to find a third pair in his stocking Christmas morning, and you might even include an extra pocket for them! A new series of train-twisting pop quizzes would be welcomed by Miss Russell. Miss Fisher would thank you for a pep squad to wake up the Glee Club. Although hesitating to be the source of unhappiness for any animal, Mr. King, after due consideration, feels it his duty to ask for a leash for Bill. Dean Lee needs another little black notebook to keep his jokes in; his old one is wearing out. The fondest desire of Dr. Moore is a multitude of miniature alarm clocks to impress the "little ones" with the fact that time is fleeing! Miss Biggers is trusting you, Santa, to bring her something more forceful than a bell. Please see that Mr. Dunstan

## BOOK REVIEW



### Christmas Everywhere

One day near Christmas, at the children waited in line for their Story-hour, two of them had a quarrel as to whether there was a Santa Claus or not. Some of the children were staunch believers in Santa Claus; others were skeptical.

The discussion was so heated that it occurred to Elizabeth Sechrist to make a search into other countries to see how other boys and girls celebrate Christmas and what they think of Santa Claus. She soon found that although there are many strange, colorful customs in the celebration of Yuletide there is always the good old Christmas spirit. And as for Santa Claus, he is there—sometimes as Pelznickel, Tomten, St. Nicholas, or the Christ-Child. She decided as she wrote her gay book, **Christmas Everywhere**, that Santa is always real to those who know where and how to look for him.

## CLIO

(Continued from Page 1)  
vested choir. On the left landing a scene portrayed a boy bringing in the Yule log.

Ellen Goforth, the Clio anniversary president, welcomed the guests to the program at the Clio-Phi hall. Here a play "White Christmas," written by Kathryn Tyler, was presented. The cast was as follows: Miss Winslow, Jeanne Wall; Ann Winslow, Evelyn Brookshire. The Stranger, Lewis Coleman. Miss Turner, a nurse, Frances Hancock; A child, Ora Lee. A backstage ensemble provided music.

In the Non-Eu hall Jane Le Clio vice-president, welcomed the guests. In this hall Dickerson "Christmas Carol" was presented in pantomime. Recordings were used to present the characters on the stage. The characters were: Scrooge, Yvonne Lawing; Tiny Tim, Johnnie Davis; Bob Cratchit, Dorothy Farrell; Three Spirits, Idella Fallow, Clara Lee DeMon, Atha Lee Mungo; Marley's Ghost, Yvonna Chapman.

After the programs refreshments were served in the Bibb room, which was decorated with evergreens and a Christmas tree in front of which posed three girls as blue and white figurines representing the Clio-Phi ideals of truth, purity, and fidelity.

has all the material for Advice to the Lovelorn column. Miss Martha Biggers would be most grateful if you will suggest a preventive poison ivy. Miss Scott would like the twin to the ring she wears on "that certain finger." Kindly furnish Mr. McLeod with that inevitable newspaper and the necessary briefcase. As you may have heard, Santa, this is to be the coldest winter in 100 years, so might suggest a cap for St. Trentham. —A Well-Wisher