

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Deliverance

Late on the afternoon of October 21, 1942, a plane somewhere in the Southwest Pacific radioed that it had only an hour's supply of gasoline left in its tanks. That plane went down, and the eight men who were aboard were forced to abandon it, starting out with only four oranges between them and starvation and only three rubber life rafts between them and the Pacific. Seven of these men were rescued three weeks later. One of those seven, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, will be on our campus one week from today.

Of those seven men who were rescued from those rafts in the Pacific, three have written moving accounts of their experiences. These men came near to death, but they came nearer to God.

One of these men, who was indeed little more than a boy, took a Bible from his pocket and read to his companions when the hunger pangs came. Words that have stood for two thousand years he read to these starving men:

"Therefore take no thought, (be not anxious), saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

These men knew that thoughts of food when none was near would serve only to increase their pain. All their thoughts and all their faith must be directed toward God. Because these men had faith, food was sent to them. The same words of faith that had worked for men for centuries worked for them, too; for the words are always the same, whether from an elaborate manuscript or from a G. I. Bible.

Soon we of the Mars Hill college will be privileged to see and to hear Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, one of the seven who "came through."

We, safe in our own complacent little group, will hear this man who has been near death. Captain Rickenbacker says, of himself and his companions, "Frankly and humbly we prayed for deliverance." Surely some of his experiences should somehow communicate themselves to us, and make us realize that it is not only those on rubber life rafts who need faith and hope. We at home are living too. This is our war. The troubles of the world are ours. Frankly and humbly, we too, must pray for deliverance. —N. G.

Lots Of Money

At 11:55 a. m. January 18, our famous Liberty Bell broke forth in Independence Hall with a sound that will be eventually heard around the world—a sound that will be as welcome to the victims of Hitlerism and of Japanese aggression as it was to our American forefathers who heard it one mid-summer morning in a colonial city. If every man and woman does "his or her full duty," this sound will reach these oppressed people much sooner.

You ask, "How may I do my full duty?" Well, it's like this: It takes money to win a war—yes, lots of money. We've got to talk to our enemies in a language that they understand. They understand the rumble of tanks, the zoom of planes, the crack of rifles, the roar of cannons, and the bursting of bombs. They chose this way to do it so we'll show 'em we can do it as well as they can. We'll show them that right always wins. But it takes money to get tanks, planes, rifles, cannons, and bombs. So let's all give up something we want so that the man at the front will have something he needs.

The government is asking us, as individual citizens, to raise five and one-half billion dollars. That's a stack of \$1,000 bills, five and a half times as high as the Empire State building. We can raise it too—if you put every penny you can spare—more than you can spare—into war bonds and stamps.

In 1776, the Fourth of July gave us liberty. With your work, with your prayers, and with your money in war bonds, in 1944, the Fourth War Loan may give us victory. —B. G.

POETRY

Life's Purpose

I wonder many times,
When in my mind I try to see
Just what purpose life might hold
For an humble soul like me.

The path is awfully hard sometimes,
The hills are steep and bare,
But through it all a purpose
Must wait for me somewhere.

Sometimes, the future's dark,
And then, again it's light
Until I stop and wonder
If my progress is all right.

"A purpose, O, a purpose!"
Comes that cry from deep within,
May my life not count for something
In this world of war and sin?

And then amid the strain
Of wonder and of gloom,
The voice within me whispers,
"With Christ there's always room."

—Raymond Martin.

Chanson d'Examen

I utter sighs, and roll my eyes
In painful agony;
The dreadful fact that I am un-
Prepared is plain to me.

My cerebellum is unlearned,
So how in all creation
Can I expect, with what I know,
To pass an examination?

In vain I probe my throbbing brain,
In vain I sit and cram,
Then agitate my head o'er that
Unpassable exam.

Forlorn, I sit and dry my tears,
And solemnly affirm
That future days shall mend my ways.
I'll study **hard** next term!

—Pinky McLeod.

Saint Valentine's Day

1944

A valentine, a bit of lace,
A memory of your smiling face,
It's all I have this February day.

A faded ribbon, a crumpled flower,
A memory of a happy hour,
It's all I have this February day.

It represents the love for me
You're fighting for out on the sea.
It's all I have,
But I'll have more, some February day.

—Nina Guard.

Submission

There was fear, for they came like the wind
Over the fields—and I raised my head.
Like stricken things, half-dumb, half-blind,
Men lifted altars unto dread.

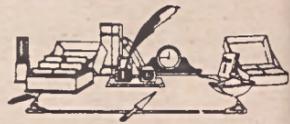
Faith could not hide the Beast's huge crown,
Glaring while a land was sighing.
Nor hands against my ears could drown
The sound of little children crying.

I fought against an earth gone wild—
Against its heart stone cold.
I saw the vision of a child
For thirty pieces sold.

Tonight the star-lit sky looks down
Upon a river calm and clear.
I gaze enraptured at the peace
Of which I've dreamed for many a year.

—Barbara Young.

Ex Libris Montague



Attention, magazine-lovers!

Have you been to the library lately? Aren't you pleased with the new order of things?

That display of handiwork just inside the door surely is eye-catching. And that idea of having the magazine racks for convenient use isn't such a bad one, either. Now those little particles of tape that are too short to use for anything really constructive can be spent in browsing around the magazine racks instead of in disturbing the peace by conversations and going on that are altogether irrelevant to the purpose for which the Montague library was constructed. Now that it is no longer necessary to spend full five minutes untying tape in order to spend two minutes looking at a magazine, more of us should take advantage of this excellent opportunity to keep up with what's new in the world at the same time to entertain ourselves.

Of course, there is no place in such a system for carelessness. Open magazine racks could never be allowed among irresponsible groups. The Montague staff, however, assure that we students are mature enough not to misplace any of the reading materials. Anybody absent-mindedly taking off with a lot of magazines the result will probably be a reversion to the old system of untying tape—only it will be tied tighter and dyed a deeper shade of red.

We'll be depending on you to help the library by using the magazine racks faithfully and well.

Alumni News

One of the many former students of Mars Hill who is rapidly making a name for himself is 2nd Lieutenant H. L. Eades, member of the graduation class of '36. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Eades of Oxford, N. C. He attended Oak Hill high school in Oxford and after attending Mars Hill College, completed his studies at North Carolina State College. He married the former Clara Dorsey, who is residing with her parents for the present. Lt. Eades joined the R.C.A.F. at Windsor, Canada, in 1941. He went to England in 1942 and secured his transfer into the U. S. Army Air Force in December, 1943. He is now "somewhere in England," taking an advanced course in the latest combat tactics. This course is completed, and he will pilot a P-47 "Thunderbolt," one of the finest planes in our air forces.