

# The Hilltop

*Plain Living and High Thinking*

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## Sons And Daughters -- Ever True

Eighty-five years ago this month, this school received its charter, along with the official title of "Mars Hill College."

Mars Hill college has come far in those eighty-five years. The struggling two-year-old school which was granted a charter in 1859 has become a beloved and respected institution. Mars Hill college has written for itself an enviable record in the annals of education.

But the truest and most lasting record of Mars Hill college history is not to be found in the minutes of educational meetings. There is a record of Mars Hill's work that is more permanent than any found on paper. This record is found in the lives of three generations of men and women.

For three generations Mars Hill has helped young people find the spirit of gracious living. For three generations it has attempted to fit its young people for happiness and usefulness. In those three generations, Mars Hill has come a little apart from the world, and has come to be different in a way that makes the Mars Hill spirit what it is.

Not only has Mars Hill given of itself for three generations, but three generations have also given themselves to Mars Hill. Three generations of consecrated men and women have helped their fellow students, and have helped to enrich the spirit of Mars Hill.

There are few schools today that help their students to find the really valuable things in life. There are few schools that recognize the fact that Christian men and women are of more worth than scholarly men and women. There are few schools that make it possible for the students themselves to give as well as receive the guidance that we will receive next week.

The spirit of Mars Hill makes possible the week of religious emphasis which is at hand. The spirit of Mars Hill makes us proud to say, with three generations of the world's best men and women, "We're from Mars Hill, too!" —N. G.

## In Dixieland I'll Take My Stand

Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia. Yes, this is Dixie. The Dixie that is rich in natural resources and is blessed with an abundance of raw materials, with a growing supply of skilled labor, with ample transportation facilities, and with an abundance of electrical power, natural gas and coal—a Dixie that is growing as no other section of the Nation, as no other section of the world.

The South is today producing to her capacity the materials necessary for the victory of the United Nations. Alcoa is producing aluminum in Tennessee. Bell is building bombers in Georgia. Ships are being made in Virginia. Steel in Alabama. Cloth in the Carolinas. Lumber in Florida. Yes, today the machines of our South are humming to the tune of victory.

Since the invention of the cotton gin the South has been advancing industrially. Today we are producing for victory but we are waiting only for the end of the war to make the greatest advancement any region has known since the great waves of migration to the free lands of the West.

Today the South is the manufacturing site for almost twenty-five per cent of the Nation's industries. However, there is still plenty of room for advancement in woolen mills, pulp and paper mills, ceramics industries, glass manufacture, cellulose products, chemical industry, and many others.

From the broad plantations, the busy modern cities, roaring industrial centers, army camps and naval bases the people of the South look forward to the day when we will make our heretofore undreamed of advances in agriculture, transportation, and industry. Then more than even we can say, "What enriches the South enriches the Nation." —B. G.

## POETRY

### The Silhouette

The dawn awoke me with its gentle light.  
I stirred and rubbed my eyes,  
For there upon my window sill  
Was a Pilgrim mother silhouetted against the skies.

She was demure as in the books  
I read when I was small.  
She stood there, calm and peaceful,  
Staring at the vacant wall.

At first I thought it was a dream,  
Then the morning sun shone through;  
Then more clearly could I see  
What things the shadows do.

There was no Pilgrim mother there.  
She had vanished completely away,  
And in her place I saw a crumpled paper bag  
That I had left on the sill another day.

—Lillian Miller.

### Sonnet On Growing Old

Too soon a phantom figure leads the way,  
And then our eyes must watch the sinking sun.  
Nocturnal breezes chase away the day,  
And leave us with our courses almost run.

Yet, there is left a tiny spark of light,  
Too small for human eyes to even see.  
That spark is love for life and truth and right,  
And all the things that heavenly souls can be.

It is our duty to kindle that spark,  
For age is not the end of life's long road.  
Growing old does not mean that life is dark,  
But is merely the time of shifting a load.

Then it is that we can find happiness  
By blotting out our own vain selfishness.

—Paula Moore.

### On Living

What is life, its fullness, completeness?  
What is the end, the objective, the plan,  
The reason for living and working?  
Can men grasp the importance of man?

We stumble along in the darkness,  
We seek what we never can find,  
'Til one day through the mist that surrounds us,  
Comes a Light which is holy, divine.

Then into our life comes renewal;  
One can then see a brighter new way,  
A plan and a reason for living—  
To look up, to love, and to pray.

—Ronald Hill.

## Shall God Reign?

When but a child I stood by my pansy bed one sultry summer afternoon and gazed forlornly upon my withering flowers. I had attached myself to those plants for the summer, for even a child needs something which demands his loyal care. I yearned for a rain to revive my plants and to turn their sad faces into radiant countenances. When those longed-for showers finally came, my flowers took on new life. The rain brought forth a revival!

Another day, when I was older, I looked upon a despondent friend. Life to him had become worthless and "too much like a pathless wood." Loyalty to self had concealed the real value of living. A youth needs something to command his loyalty, something worthy of his devotion. I directed my friend to my source of strength and peace and watched him kneel hesitantly, almost resentfully. Prayer replaced resentment with humility. Self walked out, and the reign of God in the heart of man brought forth a revival!

Our Youth Revival does not mean that for a single week Mars Hill students become very pious outwardly. It does not mean that we get into the swing of things because that tends toward popularity with the crowd. It does not necessarily mean that we walk to the altar to signify the rededication of our lives. A real revival, however, will mean that each of us does center his life more securely around the supreme loyalty. It does mean that we forget to say, "As I will," and say instead, "As Thou wilt." It does mean that we resolve within ourselves, whether we make it known outwardly or not, to devote our lives, our talents, and our services to our God.

Through sincerity of purpose we can make ourselves better Christian young people; through misrepresentation of our inner selves we can make mockery of God and of this our week of deeper spiritual emphasis. The choice rests with you and me. Will we let self or God reign?

—F. G.

## Ex Libris Montana



### PUNCH IN—SUSIE

By Nell Giles

This book is written by American women who like to make a sacrifice for war effort but who cannot make the change. It is the best story and "disarming formal" description of the experiences of a white-collar woman who enters a war factory. **Punch In, Susie** is full of human interest.

The author, Nell Giles, a writer on the Boston *Grain*. She took a job in a Westinghouse Electric plant for the necessities of it. She wrote about her own experiences in her column; they are reproduced in this book. Twenty full-page ink drawings are scattered throughout the text.

## Montague Report on Periodicals

Have you been enjoying the opportunities that open up in the magazine racks in the library since the beginning of the spring semester? Or have you ignored or overlooked this new privilege? The *Montague Report* has supplied us with the following report on the current numbers of periodicals since the beginning of the spring semester.

Four issues have been published by **American Magazine**, March 1944.

**Narcotic Review**, December 1944.  
**Readers' Digest**, February 1944.  
**Saturday Review of Literature**, Feb. 12, 1944.

The first of these titles have been replaced; the last two are lost under unusual circumstances. All but the last item were taken directly from the display rack of current periodicals.

These losses in themselves are not, of course, numerous. The fact remains, however, that war-time emergencies make many magazines unobtainable. All of us must make the future exercise more in our use of library materials.

### Correction

A correction of the registration figures given in the issue shows that there are 144 students registered for the spring semester. Of these are girls and 144 are boys.

## Honor Clubs

(Continued from Page 1)  
The new members of the Classical Club are Eleanor Dryden, Isabelle blitt, Mildred Cherry, Luther Morphis.

## FOR VICTORY



BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS