

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Consummation

Are you complete? Silly question, isn't it? Most people are reasonably complete, at least in a physical way. Most people have two eyes and a pair of ears and just about everything necessary to get along reasonably well. God gave nearly all of us all the equipment that we need to live.

But—are you complete? Does the physical equipment that you have serve you fully? Do you have eyes . . . and still not see the sunshine of the mountains? Do you have ears . . . and still not hear the birds that sing? Do you have hands . . . and fail to grasp the chance for service? Do you have lips . . . and fail to breathe the breath of life?

In this spring season, not one of us can be content with accepting passively the hours of our lives. Each of us can receive this Easter season a new awareness of life.

Most of us would feel that we were not quite complete if we had to meet this Easter without a new bonnet. Likewise, none of us can feel complete without awaking to a fuller, more abundant life. This Easter the deep desire of each of us may be:

Keep me from quiet acceptance, God.
Of hours that come my way.
Don't let me meet life with reluctance, God;
Don't let me be blase.

But fill me with eager awareness, God,
Of hours that I shall meet.
God, give me the joy of living.
I want my life complete.

—N. G.

The Right To Give Roses

At the battle of Lexington in 1775 the first blood was shed for those rights and privileges that we hold dear today. Men gave their lives there for a nation that, at the time, was not even in existence; they gave their lives for a country they did not even know the name of. Since then the name of our country, the United States of America, has been written hundreds of times in blood by those who loved others more than self.

Through the terrible years of the Revolutionary War those brave Americans had in mind one freedom. This freedom—liberty—was fought for at Brandywine, at Monmouth, at Kings Mountain, and was finally won at Yorktown.

Since Washington took Cornwallis' sword at Yorktown, liberty has not been preserved without cost. We have not been able to sit back and enjoy liberty without paying for it, and sometimes the cost has been very dear. From the battle of Lexington to the battle of Cassino, many men have lost their lives in an effort to make secure the blessings of liberty—to preserve this one and only freedom, liberty. There will be many more lives lost in this struggle; but, if God wills it, we will have liberty until the end of time.

What is liberty? What is this thing that so many give their lives for? That's a big question and it will take a big answer, but in a somewhat limited sense it is the right to do and be what we want. Liberty lets us play baseball, climb mountains, have snow fights, go to church, eat big Sunday dinners, listen to the radio, or not do any of them at all. Yes, liberty is very dear—it lets us have a talk with Dad, write a letter to Mother, send Sis some post cards for her collection, and it even gives us the right to give roses to our best girl at Easter time.

—B.G.

POETRY

The Storm

The clouds all sweep and the winds complain
Because all's wrong with the world.
The thunderbolt and the lightning spear
By the wrath of God are hurled;
By neon flash and a rumbling crash
Are shown the shames of the world.
The rain torrents fall,
And the wild winds call
The name of a Jonah's child,
And the black clouds ride
Like a devil's bride
On a storm wind that's loud and wild;
And a sinner kneels and cries aloud
In a voice that's sacred and weak;
For he's humble now as he once was proud,
And the mercy of God must seek.
But he still must sweat, 'neath the ominous threat
Of a God who's never weak.
And the black night stark
Is not half so dark
As the depths of a sinner's despair;
For his soul is bent
And his life's toil spent
By the load of his shame and care.
The daylight comes and the struggle's o'er
And the sky is clear and new;
The weight slides off the sinner's back
And the smile of God shines through.
The sinner's plight's now a burden light
For his heart is strong and new.
Earth's melody rings
And a song bird sings
Of new life after the rain;
And a heart once drear
Is now filled with cheer
Of a new hope after pain.

—Betty Stinnett.

Carolina In The Moonlight

In the moonlight, far into the night
When the sun is set and gone
The breath of the pine stirs all life
And the brook ripples on.
The ocean roars its restless song;
The seabirds have gone to rest.
After a happy day with hearts content
They've gone back to their nests.
The mountain lies still and solemn;
Sights more beautiful are few.
The eagle returning to his nest
Feels God's blessing too.
In the shadow of the forest
With all nature's care
She has put her favorite beasts and birds
In beauty beyond compare.
O Carolina in the moonlight
When nature finished thee,
You were blessed with all her beauty
And christened with the sea.

—J. "Remington" Spence.

Spring

Oh God, what an artist Thou must be
If earth and heaven are in any wise like Thee!
Thou formest lace of the crude ground with frost patterns,
Thou turnest the leaves to gold, and then again to green,
Thou paintest the sky with red in the evening and blue in the day;
Thou dost shape out the mountains in blue and purple heaps
O nthe dim horizon, and they flow
And ripple like a towering sea;
Thou cleanest the earth with snow,
And warmest it again with rain;
The grey grass becomes emerald at the breath of Thy mouth;
Thou sendest forth the feathered birds, the sensible bees, and butterflies
That float and wander like so many flowers;
The violets and crocuses spring up,
Symbols of a larger perfection,
Each formed so beautifully that none of them might say,
"I was not fashioned after the thought of the Infinite."

—Mary Sue Middleton.

Ex Libris Mont



Literary England

Often in reading great works such as *Ivanhoe* and *Idylls of the King* we find that the beautiful places of England are legendary. But the pages of *Literary England* we see the ruins of Tintagel Castle where King Arthur was born. Here is the cathedral from *Canterbury Tales*, the field of daffodils of which Wordsworth wrote in his mortal, "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud." Here we see the wood Forest, where "gray, ghostly shadows go gliding through the brake" and the Robin Hood "winds his shadowy horn." These pictures show in *Literary England* why men have been inspired to write about England for which men have fought and died down through the ages. An Englishman who has been living in America says that the beauty of these photographs distanced her when she had thought she had substituted Maryland for the Chiltern Hills and the mountains of North Carolina for the ells of the Lake District. These pictures show the whole loveliness of England. A good book for browsing, *Literary England* is a book of memories of the past, of realizations, and visions of the future.

With The Alumni

Corporal Irene Livingston has made a good forward for the WAC basketball team at Camp Rucker, Alabama, before joining the United States Army Corps eight months ago at Mars Hill in 1940-41 and as Corporal Livingston attended '42 and afterwards was employed as a stenographer at the Blue Ridge Electric Membership Corporation. She is assigned to duties at Camp Rucker Station Hospital.

The Philomathian Anthony Hamlett, has recently commissioned as an Ensign in the Naval Air Corps. Ensign Hamlett is now stationed at Panama doing off-shore duty.

Lt. Dupey Sears of the 38th visited the camp several days ago. Lt. Sears is now an instructor in "identiment" flying at Freeman Field, Seymour, Indiana.

Three brothers who attend Mars Hill College and are serving Uncle Sam are M. G. Edwards, a bombardier navigator on a B-26 bomber; Seaman First Class William B. Edwards, first class navy air gunner's school at Yellow Water, Florida; and Ensign O. L. Edwards, stationed at an advanced base in the South Pacific.

A member of the class of '33, Second Lt. Mac D. is serving overseas with the 98th Evacuation Hospital. Promoted to Captain in the Medical Corps at Fort (See ALUMNI—Page 5)