

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## That's How You Got The Hilltop

The preparations for this issue of the *Hilltop* began two weeks ago, just after the last issue came out. It was then that we had our first staff meeting, and it was then that the articles were assigned to our faithful reporters. From that time until last Monday night, the reporters worked and got up their respective assignments. It was during this period, also, that the editors began to plan the general layout of the paper.

By last Wednesday night all the material was in and the layout had to be made up. It was in our Edna Moore Dormitory pressroom that we made it up. We drew off a full-size dummy of the paper and laid off each article and put in the headlines.

Then on Thursday morning the copy, when it was complete and ready, was sent to our printers, Biltmore Press, in Asheville. It was there that Mr. Herman and Mr. Pye set it up with their wonderful linotype machine. Then Mr. Harmon made up the form and by Friday noon a proof was made. The editors went over to try to catch some of the numerous errors that the linotype makes. We took the proof, marked all the errors we could find, and then gave it back to Mr. Harmon, who had it corrected. On Saturday morning another proof was made and corrected by Miss Hord and Mr. Williams, of Biltmore Press' efficient staff. At 10:00 o'clock Saturday, today, it was ready to go to press. Those many hours of hard work were all tied up in an iron frame (or chase) and it all weighed about three hundred pounds. It was then that Mr. Crowell, with some help, placed this form in the press. After he had made the form ready he began to feed the big press paper in sheets about twice the size of the finished *Hilltop*. They came out of the press with all four pages printed on one side so they had to run through again in order that the other side could be printed. Mr. Melton, the binder, then cut them into two pieces and this gave us two complete copies of the *Hilltop*. Then Mrs. Melton folded all of them and put them into a neat package. After this they were carried to the bus by Mr. Huff, the bus brought them over, and you got your copy tonight right after supper.

That's how you got the *Hilltop*. —B. G.

## 'Don't Get Around Much Any More'

"Don't get around much any more," you and I sing, and chalk this sad confession up as one more reason why we should hasten the end of the war. But you and I like to remember there was a time when we did "get around." Each of us likes to feel fully qualified to say with the poet, "Much have I seen and known," and each of us believes firmly in the truth of his statement.

We sometimes forget, however, that the same poet said, "I am a part of all that I have met," and that in saying it he was putting into immortal words another inescapable truth. Your life and mine have been moulded largely by the things we've seen and the people we've known. In turn, you and I have contributed to the experiences of countless others. The cycle of experience goes on: your influence on me and my influence on you help make each of us what we are, and that influence goes on through us to have its effect on the thousands of people we have yet to meet.

Out of the fullness of our experience each of us is able to give to every one else something he didn't have when he met us. You and I can give something no one else in the world has. We can give ourselves.

If you would make yourself a worthy gift then you

## POETRY

### History

One thinks of history,  
 Of dullness and exams,  
 Of dates, and kings, and dictators,  
 And constant nocturnal crams.  
 But I think not of dullness,  
 For we are history too.  
 The selfsame things that Napoleon did,  
 In dreams we all can do  
 History is a tale of living,  
 Of people and laughter and fame;  
 Though we say it often repeats itself,  
 It is never exactly the same.  
 But if you don't like the subject,  
 Live a life that's exciting and new;  
 Then future history students  
 Won't have as much trouble as you.  
 —Ronald Hill.

### Spring

Wake up, roses and buttercups,  
 Wake up, blue violets dear.  
 As the warm sun brightens the sky  
 We know springtime is here.  
 As all the birds and flowers  
 Wake up from their sleep,  
 Let's thank God for all that's ours  
 As the spring we greet.  
 —Maureen Lovingood.

### God Plants

... and God must grow in spring of earth  
 The souls he plucks like kernels pure,  
 And gathers into sheaves and keeps  
 For bread of Heaven evermore.  
 The husks are dropped, and to the earth  
 They fall—becoming then the sod  
 In which spring comes and grows more souls  
 For harvest by the waiting God.  
 —Nita Barnes.

### Resolution

I've found myself some dreary days  
 As bitter as criminals who feel  
 That harming other peoples' joys  
 Is the only thing which makes life real.  
 But there are days when over joyed  
 I delight to do a loving deed  
 With warmest feelings for my friends,  
 Who readily forgive my greed.  
 If I resolved to place my trust  
 And future in some better thing,  
 My cares and woes and words that sting.  
 I'd throw them far away from me,  
 In ditches of remorseful death,  
 Where they could ne'er return to me  
 To hurt some soul with every breath.  
 —Beatrice DeWitte.

### 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 merely the time of shifting a load.  
 Then it is that we can find happiness  
 By blotting out our own vain selfishness.  
 —Paula Moore.

must seek in the much that you see and know that which is beautiful and uplifting. It is not for us to mark time, waiting for some dreamy, magic tomorrow. You're not thinking truthfully if you think that the people around you today are only dull, uninteresting backgrounds against which you must play your little part until the Master Artist has prepared another background. The hundreds of people around you are living, breathing, dreaming beings, even as you. The person who seems to you to be a dull and uninteresting laborer or a meddlesome old woman and who considers you a feather-brained adolescent could teach you much if you could only get together. And, if each of us looks for the best others have to give, we shall be able to meet on the common ground of the best that is in us.

If you will "wake up and live," you will find that you get around more than you think. There is plenty right around you to add to your experience and, through yours, to mine.

Then each of us can enrich the other. Each of us, when we give of ourselves, out of the fullness of our experience will have something to give.  
 —N. G.

## Ex Libris Montags



### The Apostle

*The Apostle*, by She Asch, the author of *M Nazarene*, is an account of the growth of Christianity based on the life of St. Paul. Mr. Asch has approached the subject with reverence, and the novel is written with Biblical simplicity. Its simplicity as great literature cannot be disputed.

Reading Acts and seeing what tiny clues Mr. Asch has woven into major episodes and finding what huge gaps in Paul's life he has filled in from his imaginings are fascinating. *The Apostle* depicts this central character wonderfully, and it is abundant in the depiction of Jewish, Christian, and Pagan world in which these helpless people worked and lived.

*The Apostle* is one of the best-sellers in America and will probably arouse more controversy than its predecessor. It has been said that it deserves a place on the shelf of the immortal. This novel is found on the fiction shelves of our libraries. It will prove especially interesting now when our day school lessons are concerning Paul's life. You enjoy reading *The Apo*

## With Our Students In Service

Second Lt. Grover G. gan, West Asheville, N. C. is now stationed at the Training Center No. 10 of the AAF Training Command where he is assigned as commanding officer of a production unit.

Lt. Morgan taught English and social science in Bailey, N. C., high school a year before entering the Army in May, 1942. He is a graduate of Mars Hill College and Wake Forest College.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Morgan, reside at 210 Vandalia St. in West Asheville. His wife, the former Miss Lorraine E. Miller, is living in Greensboro.

McDonald Douglas, Jr., of Route 1, Charlotte, N. C. has been commissioned second lieutenant in the Marine Corps after completing advanced flight training at Pensacola.

The new flying officer being assigned to active duty with flying Leather Squadron.

Lieut. Tweed is the son of Mrs. Dora F. Tweed of Shall, N. C. He formerly attended Mars Hill College.

Second Lt. H. L. Eakes of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Eakes, of Route No. 4, Oxford, North Carolina, is at a fighter station where in England" will take an advanced course in the latest fighter plane the U. S. Army Air Force P-47 "Thunderbolt".

Lt. Eakes attended Mars Hill School, Oxford, and was graduated (Continued on Page