

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Managing Editor Bob Gellerstedt
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Typists Jane Wright . Lillian Miller

CONTRIBUTORS

Howie Bingham . Ronald Hill . Corinne Cashwell . Florence Gordon
Jean Allen . Mary Sue Middleton . Wilhelmina Rish

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Nathan LeGrand
Advertising Manager Bob Gellerstedt
Circulation Manager Bob Chapman

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Spring Cleaning

Spring has sprung its full "springth" by now, and has wrought miracles in the process. Nor the least of these is that seasonal phenomenon called "spring cleaning." Certainly it borders on a major miracle when we college folk get the urge to investigate the wilderness of things that have been underfoot all winter.

But since miracles admittedly do happen in the spring-time, we shall probably see a continuation of this one, until that day when every one of us will be singing, "I'm packing my grip, I'm leaving day . . ." with mingled eagerness and regret in our voices.

But, until that day arrives, it will be necessary to keep up the process of cleaning up, packing up, and throwing away the vast accumulation from the months we've spent here at the Hill. Some of our belongings, though they provide us with pleasure now and will be pleasant memories, we will have to give or throw away, because they're not worth packing for a long journey. Some of the things we've accumulated will be stored in the bottoms of trunks, as a sort of insurance against the emergencies we might meet somewhere and some day. But most of the things that we've accumulated will have become so much a part of our lives that we'll consider it necessary to take them right along with us, for use every day. And, so much is it the habit of us spring cleaners to find numerous things we'd almost forgotten were there, that we'll have to resign ourselves to throwing away even more of the merely pleasant things to make room for more substantial re-discovered treasures. Most of us will be surprised to see how much, gradually and without knowing it, our possessions have increased in number since we came to school here such a short time ago. Strangely enough, the personal property that fit nicely into the luggage we brought to school with us won't quite be confined to that very same luggage now. We find that in getting an education we get a surprisingly large number of things besides "book learning."

And, as it is with material acquisitions, so is it with the intangibles that we have acquired while acquiring knowledge. Some will become pleasant memories . . . some will be put away for future use . . . many will go with us through the long journey that is life. Just as we'll have a lot more in the material realm on that day when we'll be "packing our grips," just so will we have a lot more of the things that count to take back home. Each of us can say sincerely, with the Prophet:

"I came to take of wisdom;
And behold I have found that which is greater
than wisdom."

What was given us here we shall keep. —N. G.

That's All

The time has now come for the last issue of this so called campus newspaper. This is the last issue, in the regular form, for the year. We, of the staff, realize that this year the *Hilltop* hasn't been as good as it might have been, but we did enjoy putting it out. We only hope that you have enjoyed reading it half as much as we have enjoyed the worry and work, mostly worry, that it took to put it out.

It is not with joy, but with sadness, that we send this issue of our little paper to press. It means that soon we will have to say good-bye to this, America's most colorful college. Since we first came to the campus in 1942 we have grown to love the school and the people here at Mars Hill. We realize that Mars Hill is not like most colleges; but that is what makes it Mars Hill.

During these two years here, we have learned many things. Along the academic line we haven't learned too much, but we are grateful to those kind teachers who have tried so diligently to give us knowledge. We will prize for

P O E T R Y

What Will I Do?

When I consider how my days are spent
In idle thoughts and flighty contemplations,
In misjudged deeds, in haughty words,
In loathsome cramming for examinations,
I wonder what will be my task,
When in this cold world, dark and wide,
I step forth, timidly self-conscious,
With no college doors behind which to hide.
Can I endure? Will I succeed?
What will my lot in life be?
Will I be content to sit idly by
While others ascend in front of me?
May my college days fill me
With courage to face eternity.

—Virginia Perry.

Night

Oh night of velvet blue
How I long to talk with you.
Alone in the darkness I too must dream,
As I watch the enchanting beauty which you bring.
A satin sky with tints of blue,
A misty mountain of falling dew.
I hear your music all around,
Rhapsodies—a melancholy sound
And your crescent moon tints the brook a silvery white
To match the necklace of stars so bright.
I gaze at the silhouette of tall pine trees
Swaying gracefully in the breeze,
And I wonder if artists, far or near
Can paint on canvas what I see here.
Oh night of winds and roar of streams,
Of pure and noble thoughts and dreams,
How I long to talk with you
And gaze upon your heavenly blue.

—Maureen Lovingood.

Legend

In the spring—ah, well, you've heard it:
How the young man's fancy's roused
From its winter hibernation
Where it previously was housed.
How his heart, with all the country
Undergoes its yearly thaw,
And his family starts to wonder,
And to gaze at him in awe,
As he begins—for no known reason
"Suddenly to comb his hair,
And to pay his tender homage
To that sex oft called "the fair"
And is stricken with a sickness
Yes, a malady so bad,
That he loses, without murmur,
The little bit of sense he had.
Well you know the state of heart
Connected with this time of year.
That is why it's always simple
To perceive that spring is here!

—Pinky McLeod.

They Did Their Part

What did it mean to you to have the routine life of your campus upset by week-end visitors who called themselves new members of a B.S.U. council? They came here to attend meetings, to worship together, and to discuss problems. They ate in your dining hall, they lived in your dormitories, they worshipped in your church. In short, their arrival among your peaceful hills added a strangeness to the atmosphere for three days. And what did all this mean to you? The purpose of their meeting here is adequately expressed in these thoughts from one of the speakers: "This generation has terrific problems to meet, and tomorrow's world will be what we are building it today. The thing we need to meet the challenge is to seek and find the will of God for today."

You see, they talked about you in that meeting, Mr. Student. They discussed problems they face in helping you visualize youth's need today. They prayed that they might keep you adherent to the will of the Master Builder of the world of tomorrow. It was a meeting of youth to thrash out their problems and find the best solutions. But nothing was drudgery for them—the labor, the tiresome trip, the expense. They had fun as they planned, just as B.S.U.'ers always have fun because they heed the instruction: "Whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Your B.S.U. council joins others throughout the South in leading students next year. They are doing their part; you do yours by working with them! Only when you bear the title of council member can you realize the joy received over small but significant deeds which give proof that the little things do count.

—F. G.

years to come the many true friendships that we have made while here at the Hill. However, the greatest prize is that while here our faith in God has been strengthened—we have learned that if we trust in the Lord, He will direct our path.

That's all.

—B.G.

Ex Libris Montag



Are you interested in war? Certainly everyone so everyone should be interested in two sensational new books on the shelves of our library. The first of these "must" books is *Fuehrer*, by Konrad Heide. It traces the life of Hitler from his Austrian birth, tells how he came into power enough to involve the world in a second world conflict. It is the most brilliant book ever written about the man of the Third Reich, and makes the persons read it see Nazism in a different light—a movement not glorified by Hitler. It affords the reader a glimpse into the soul of Der Fuehrer. Heide traces in this book the steps leading to Munich and to the present struggle, a member of the staff of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Heide was one of the first writers to take a definite stand against Nazism. *Der Fuehrer* written not only with established facts but also with first-hand observations, a revealing narrative, and history now being created.

The second book which would prove valuable to us is *The Christ at the Peace Table* by Dr. Albert F. Gilmore. We all want to know more. We all want to know a recurrence of this war possible. Dr. Gilmore says that a lasting peace must be based on humanitarian principles—rules set forth by many of Christ's teachings. The peacemakers must have as their definite aim to righteously with all nations. *The Christ at the Peace Table* is divided into two parts. Part I reviews teachings of Jesus and they can rid the world of chaos. Part II discusses problems which will confront those at the Peace Table. Dr. Gilmore says "total peace" can come about only when nations devote their entire resources bringing it about with as much energy as they expend into total war.

These books bring a challenging and interesting discussion of many present and future problems.

Junior-Senior

(Continued from Page 1) enjoyed a movie which shown in the college auditorium.

Whatever might be concerning the success of the banquet should be pressed to Walton Connors, C-I president, Kathryn Ler, vice president, Phyllis Rowe, secretary, D. T. C. wan, treasurer, and Mr. Mrs. Ramon DeShazo, sponsors. These in should be relayed to a numerous faithful committees that worked diligently for days preceding and hours following the event.