

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Bob Chapman
 Managing Editor Ted Hethcock
 Associate Editor Lillian Miller
 Faculty Advisor J. A. McLeod

CONTRIBUTORS

Mary Rose Bannister . Mary Sue Middleton . Wilhelmina Rish
 Ruth Teague . Gertrude Allard . Sam Johnson . Dixie Hawkins
 Mary Evelyn Crook . Sigsbee Miller . Marion Ballard
 Eunice Smith . Clyde McLeod . Howie Bingham

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Nathan LeGrand
 Circulation Manager Jack Hughes
 Advertising Manager Jerry Dayton
 Typist Jane Wright

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Back Again

The hills around the campus are still ringing with echoes from exclamations of joy which were issued when old friends were again united by the opening of school. Although classes have begun and students are fretting with their weekly themes, memories of the first days of school still linger. Students crowded the entrance of the science building. Faculty members suffered with genuine cases of writer's cramp. Seniors were mobbed with questions by the Juniors; such questions as "Who is the easier English teacher, Dr. Pierce or Mr. McLeod?"

Students who ask such questions as this usually fear a little work. It would be well, however, for both new and old students to remember that it is not the teacher but the pupil who makes a course easy or hard; and it will take ambition, determination, will-power, and self-sacrifice to have a successful year's work at Mars Hill. —B. C.

Your Paper

The *Hilltop* staff was very much pleased to have so many new students come to the first meeting and express their desire to help with the publication of the paper. We know that those who did not come will also co-operate to the fullest extent in helping to publish a larger and better *Hilltop* this year.

The *Hilltop* does not belong to the staff or the faculty, but to the student body as a whole. Do not feel that your articles are not welcomed because you are not a staff member. We will use any article of the right nature provided it is good enough. With the co-operation of each student we can publish a paper that will be a credit to the entire college. —B. C.

Lonesome?

Why be lonesome? Perhaps you have never stopped to think about it, those who have enough interests stored in their minds and those who desire to learn and develop never get lonesome because they never allow themselves to remain idle.

A desire for home-folks need not be loneliness. It is only natural for one leaving home for the first time to realize soon that something is missing. There is, however, a wide chasm between idle lonesomeness and that felt for friends back home.

I heard someone make a statement several days ago which might serve as a way to recovery from both types of loneliness. "If you aren't satisfied with your lot in life, build a service station on it." A little deed of service each day will help you as well as your fellow-man. —B. C.

Success - Failure - Which?

Many people have started out in life and have amounted to something in their chosen field, but many have failed. Those who have succeeded, worked for it. They did not let pleasure be the ruling factor in their lives, but work and the search for knowledge. A successful person knows for what he is working, be it a degree in chemistry, the ministry, engineering, or any other special field.

A requisite for success is an education. Without it, one cannot hope to reach the top. An educated person is given priority on a job over those who have no formal education.

The knowledge of God and our belief in Him is also necessary to success. Without this knowledge and the practice of the teachings of Christ we need not expect to amount to anything worth while.

There is no more pathetic figure than a person who is a failure in life. We may recognize him because he always has an excuse and blames his failure on others.

Which shall one be, a failure or a success? It is for the individual to decide; no one can decide for him. It is his choice and his alone. —H.T.H.

Affinity

You speak of wind and rain and stars . . .

You have not said a word,
 But in your face I see the skies
 And sun and moon and earth.

I hear the bird whose song you've known
 And smell the flowers hid.

I taste the waters you have drunk,
 And climb the hills you did.

I put my hand in yours and find
 That long before today . . .

We've swept God's Earth, and on
 we go
 In life's illumined way.

—Nita Barnes.

Youth's Dedication

Yes, I am Youth. I look ahead
 Into the days of coming years
 I'm not alone, I'm unafraid
 Of all the warnings and the fears.

The hopeless tales that I am told
 By pessimistic prophets here
 Of what the future days will hold,
 Of what there is for me to fear.

I hear them not, for they are wrong.
 My world will be a happy one.

I make my own life weak or strong,
 And fearing not, my work is done.

As unafraid and not alone,
 I face the world they painted grim,

I pledge my time and all I own,
 And all my life I live for Him.

Into the distant Time to be
 I see that hope is burning strong.
 I see my Lord awaiting me,
 And, seeing, follow with a song.

Oh, Lord, to Thee I dedicate
 My life and all that I would be.
 Into thy hands I place my fate,
 And, having faith, I'll live for Thee.

—Phyllis Ann Gentry.

Blue October

Above, the leaves are falling,
 The autumn skies are clear;
 October days are perfect—
 Except you are not here.

With colors Mother Nature came
 And painted every leaf
 The scarlet and the crimson
 And the gold ones underneath.

I've never seen the leaves so bright,
 Or skies a deeper blue,
 But both seem rather sad this year,
 Perhaps they miss you, too.

—Pinky McLeod.

The Sound Of The Gavel

There came the sound of three firm, decisive taps of the gavel, and the first meeting of society was called to order. To those of you who are Juniors on the campus, you were perhaps a bit puzzled and surprised that everyone should display such an interest in society. Those of the Senior Class of Mars Hill college have found something within these halls that nothing else has been able to give them.

Many of you have already visited one society, perhaps both of them. To you we would say, "Join the society of your choice." It may sound like an evident exaggeration to state that you get "a certain feeling" when you enter the society hall that is best for you; but there is hardly a better explanation for the emotion one has.

You will find that through the ideals of the societies on the campus you can strive toward higher things of life. By an honest effort you can become a better person, and the society to which you belong will have advanced toward its goal because you did your very best for it. —L. M.



Professor J. B. Huff, for 26 years a beloved member of the Mars Hill college faculty. The editors of the 1940 *Laurel* dedicated the book to him in the following words: In grateful recognition of one whose beautiful conception of life—whose courtesy, endurance, and temperate will—has endeared him to all who know him; one who is a native son of Mars Hill, with a genuine love for and interest in the college; one who has unswerving faith in young people . . ."

EX-LIBRIS MONTAGUE

"Oh, I have slipped the surly
 bonds of earth,
 And danced the skies on
 laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed—"

With all the youthful vigor of a nineteen-year-old, John Magee, Jr., R. C. A. F., mounted on "laughter-silvered wings" and flew to his death on a bright English day. He was the son of John Magee, a Washington, D. C., rector and his wife, Faith Magee, both of whom were missionaries. John Magee, Jr., was a true American boy, educated in English schools. In his lifetime he wrote many beautiful poems, full of the love of life. But, as it has been said, "his short earthly career was a finer poem than anything that could be put into words." His biography, *Sunward I've Climbed*, by Hermann Hagedorn, is on the shelves of the library. It gives excerpts from his letters to his parents, and episodes from his shining life. John Magee was a fascinating person, altogether human, but with a

personality that lives on. His short life was deeply spiritual, and he states in his immortal "High Flight":

"And while with silent, lifting
 mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity
 of space,
 Put out my hand and touched
 the face of God."

The members of the library staff are willing to help in any way possible all who come to the library. Besides the librarians, Miss Daisy Anderson and Miss Vivian Lunsford, they are: Helen Allen, Bob Chapman, Thelma Harley, Mildred Kilby, Clyde McLeod, Alta L. Ponder, Jean Ray, Lois Eller, Doris Stone, Aileen Ailstock, and Winifred Hollowell.

The library schedule is as follows: Monday through Friday, 8 a.m. to 12 noon; 1 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.; 7 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Saturday, 8 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. and 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

The Band Begins Promising Year

Prospects are unusually good for the college band this year. Thirty members have already enrolled, and others are expected to join. Fairly good balance of instrumentation has been attained, Mr. Elwood Roberts, the director, says. He also stated that the first interest of the band this term will be to develop successfully as a concert organization.

Players of band instruments who have not done so already are invited to confer with Mr. Roberts promptly. Rehearsals are scheduled for Monday and Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 8:30.