

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Speaking Of Founders' Day

Mars Hill did not formally observe Founders' Day. The glee club under the direction of Mrs. Souther did give us a delightful echo of the day in chapel on Monday. Incidentally, this is the first time the glee club has appeared this year.

Founders' Day is supposed to be celebrated on the Saturday nearest October 12, which is the birthday of the late Edward Carter, who gave the plot of land on which the first building of the college was erected in 1856. Mars Hill has had a colorful history. A host of men and women have poured their lives and their money into the building and maintenance of the institution through the years. It seems most fitting that succeeding students should always look back over the way the college has come and pay homage to those who have made the college what it is.

This year it was necessary to omit the celebration, as we were engaged in a series of revival services. Let us hope, however, that in the future the observance of this day will be resumed with bigger and better programs. —T. H.

About That Date

Can you be singled out of a crowd as one who complains? Do you spend the time set aside for dating grumbling about the social regulations at Mars Hill College? If you are guilty, you are one of few; for, according to our point of view, we find that social regulations have very little effect on the majority of students.

At our college are some 700 students. But how many of this large number date? We have found that out of this group only about 100 date on the average of once a week. What's the matter with the other 600? We realize that the armed services have taken many of the young men, and still more will be leaving, but why not make the best of the situation which now exists?

Some of us, however, take too much for granted. We feel that if a boy and girl are seen together three or four times they are in love, and we would not think of asking either of them for a date. Most girls will jump at the chance to date someone else; and as for the boys—well, "variety is the spice of life."

We have also noticed that some of the boys will not even date a girl, yet they stand around Spilman after every meal and watch those who do. What's the matter? The girls aren't dangerous—or are they? We do not advocate dating every day nor are we in favor of serious love affairs on the campus, but we do believe that a greater fellowship between the boys and girls on the campus would add to the happiness of all. —B. C.

We Lift Our Faces

How many times have we complained about the way the rain persisted in falling for hours, and the many tasks we have to do throughout the day here at "The Hill." Doubtless, if we would take the attitude that "an honest confession is good for the soul" and face facts, the total number of times that we complain about simple occurrences would be startling.

We forget the comfort of the friendly atmosphere of the campus and the beauty of Mount Bailey as its highest point is wrapped by a shroud of fog on an early morning. We fail to express the serenity of the hills about us as the persistent hand of night pushes the sun lower and lower into the peaceful arms of the mountains. We stroll heedlessly through the crackling leaves of a brilliant autumn and walk beneath skies graced with tranquil stars. We ignore the knowledge that youth of other countries face an existence of uncertainty and fear. They long for the finger of peace to cover them and provide an open path for free and happy lives. We forget that the men on the



Yesterday

Last night I thought of yesterday
 And lovely things I'd seen,
 Of how I dreamed along the way
 Of things that might have been.

If only you were here with me
 To watch the soft blue sky,
 To see the pine trees in the wind,
 And hear them softly sigh.

But you are far away from me
 Where life seems wrapped in
 grays,
 And I, tonight, must dream of you
 And all our yesterdays.
 —Lillian Miller.

October Reverie

It is a sacrilege to try
 To name that wordless bit of blue
 Framed by the fiery poplar tree
 And scarlet maples nearer by.

It is a bitter thing to see
 Those towers gleaming in the sun
 Stripped quickly bare and desolate
 Of glory that was once a tree.

Then let me hide those stars of
 gold
 And crimson deep within myself,
 That they may flower in my heart
 And make me glad when I am old.
 —Mary Sue Middleton.

Wells, Brookshire Head Cheerleaders

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Wells, a holdover from last year. She was assisted by Liza White, Doris Stone, Thelma Deal, Bobbie Grinstead, and Caroline Boyles, all Juniors.

Chief Evelyn Brookshire, with the help of Jerry Dayton, Anna Lois Thompson, Agnes Davis, Phyllis Penley, and Dusty Davis, led the yells for the Wolves. All the cheerleaders are members of the Senior class.

fields of battle, scattered far and wide, wade through mud and move bodies of their dead comrades aside as they push on to the inevitable victory.

Let us lift our faces from the earth to the sky with gratitude and appreciation. Let us prepare ourselves here for a life that will be clean, pure and useful in the days to come.
 —L. M.

In Tennessee

The long pine shadows fall on red
 clay banks,
 The contemplative buzzard flies
 above;

The dust is settling on a country
 road;

The stealthy lizard shows his
 frightened eyes;
 And autumn rests upon her sage-
 grass couch,
 In Tennessee.

The chickens' futile chatter in the
 yard,
 A buzz-saw snoring in the distant
 woods,

The farmer urging on his passive
 mule,
 The monotonous of life—the sights
 and sounds—

Now seem to lull the folk to
 sober ease,
 In Tennessee.

The scent of yellow honeysuckle
 blooms,
 The earthy smell of toil on farm-
 ers' clothes,

The rising dust made fragrant by
 a rain,
 A breath of perfume from a pass-
 ing maid,
 And these familiar odors all
 abound
 In Tennessee.

Now mingling voices rise from
 cotton fields

In plaintive songs once sung by
 those long dead;

Old customs and the people slowly
 change,
 But hold a sort of warmth and
 mellowness
 That brings a longing now when
 autumn comes
 In Tennessee.

—Betty Stinnett.

Business Only

Doctor: "You have acute ap-
 pendicitis."

Wac: "Listen, sir, I came here
 to be examined, not admired."

Euthalians Debate Military Training

**FIFTY-SIX NEW MEMBERS
ARE INITIATED INTO
THE SOCIETY**

A debate on compulsory military training featured the thirteenth regular meeting of the Euthalian Literary society, which was held Friday night, October 6, in the Euthalian-Nonpareil Hall.

The question was, "Resolved: That after the war every boy eighteen years of age should have one year of military training." Jimmy Pegram and Ed Long, who held the affirmative, while Walton Connelly and Alton Harter represented the negative. The judges—Miss Katherine Abbee and Mrs. Harvey Lance—gave a decision in favor of the affirmative.

In addition to the debate, the program included an original oration by Tommy Stapleton, titled, "Our Status Quo." This oration was based upon the idea that man's selfishness is responsible for his worldliness.

Mountain music by "Dub Law and his Skillet Lickers" introduced a note of gaiety in the program. The personnel of "Skillet Lickers" included Jimmy Pegram, Neal Ellis, Walton Connelly, and John McLeod.

During the roll call of visitors which concluded the program, twenty-one men expressed their desire to become Euthalians.

On Friday night, October 14, Euthalians attended the final vival services in a body with Philomathians. Afterward they returned to the hall for the first degree initiation of the fifty-six new members.

Y.W.A. Circles Hold Their First Meeting

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 the year. The goal for the Young Woman's Auxiliary is 100 percent attendance. Because of excellent showing made at first circle meetings, its members are on their way to reaching their goal.