

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Days Of Splendor

"When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" an atmosphere of happiness hovers over the campus. Have you heard those around you say that November is a dull, dreary time? Have you seen them ignore the wind as it grasped the fallen leaves in its rapid slender fingers and frown as it lifted them into the crisp morning air?

November is a time for dreams and thankfulness before a glowing fire. It is a month of vision and anticipation of festive days ahead. It is a time of breathless beauty when the moon rises full and orange from a bed of serenity and lends a majestic glow to the silvered earth.

Days and nights of November are occasions for thoughts of gratitude and humility. Let us open our hearts and our minds and be ever appreciative of a season of fruitful and abundant harvest. —L. M.

Are You—One Of Those?

It is evident from a glimpse at the delinquent lists of the college that there is a considerable number of young men and women who may be rated "dumb." Those who roam the campus, prizing activity more than knowledge and popularity more than wisdom, may some day regret their misspent hours.

Getting by is the highest ambition of many of the students. This attitude, however, would probably vanish if privilege replaced duty in the delinquent students' vocabulary, and they realized the true value of an education. There are many who would cherish the opportunity which some students discard with a flip of the finger.

Many students make ambitious plans and have good intentions for accomplishing certain tasks, but they allow procrastination to rob them of their time. Many have found that things which are planned but never completed reap no reward when results are tallied.

Are you one of those students dogged by delay? Can you blame procrastination as the cause of your delinquency? The first month of school is gone, but there is still time for you to get down to work. The ones who accomplish the most good in the world are the ones who train their minds to be keen and alert. Will you allow procrastination to defeat your purpose? —B. C.

Dreaming—Reminiscing

I look forward to:

the sun slipping behind the clouds about sunset time ... Pop having chapel ... walking after supper ... more birthday dinners as we had last year ... Saturday night entertainments ... seeing Miss Bingham happy ... society and fellowship hour ... candy store "bull sessions" ... hearing "Always" ... Doskie's pies at Roy's.

I wonder:

how Mother Wells always keeps that dignified look ... how it would feel to have a sister my age ... how Mrs. Souther would look with her hair down ... what there is about Genie Jo White that reminds me of Florence Gordon ... how Mars Hill would be without some of its rules ... how many people go home every week-end ... why Dr. Pierce never seems to be tired ... if Pat Lancaster's hair is naturally wavy ... why it didn't rain last Friday ... why the music library isn't used more often.

I love

to see that old cross on New Dorm hill ... to watch the sun rise every morning over the purple mountains ... the music programs in chapel ... the ideals of the societies ... to see Golding and Don together ... the way Mr. Wood is always doing the unusual ... to climb Bailey ... to see Troy Day heading for the second floor of Moore. —D.R.H.

I Sought Contentment

I was lonely as a prayer
That went up to heaven and
found no God.

The snow flakes stung my cheeks,
And the cold of December froze
around my heart.

I sought contentment in a world
of strife.

I wondered—this struggle of
sword and knife,

Can it be the ultimatum of God?
But in my search I found no
answer—

Only the echoes of man's mourn-
ful cry.

Strange, but the clouds grew dark
And the heavens black.

Then like the torrents of hail
And the rolling of thunder,
Something within sought refuge
from this storm.

It stopped, quite as suddenly as
begun.

I felt—there was a tear drop in
my eye.

Afar on the horizon, I saw a flash
of light—

Only a flash.

And then, I heard a call,
Low and serene as the celestial
hills

I asked, "What hast thou done,
O soul of mine,
That thou tremblest so?"

But silence against which I dare
not cry,
Ached round me like a strong de-
sire.

What hope? What help? What
led me hither?
I sat terrorized.

The wind whispered like the voice
of a base violin.
The waves of discontent dashed
against me

Like the rumble of death.

To the crystal throne of God
I turned at last:
"Speak thou availing Christ and
fill this pause."

—Alwayne McClure.

Dream Girl

How sweet she was when I met
her
In her green checked bonnet so
gay

As she stood there among the
roses
And the bright-colored flowers
of May.

She watched me from half-closed
eyelids,
I could not resist such a smile.
Her blue eyes twinkled coyly,
She was stealing my heart all the
while.

I doffed my cap as I left her,
But our parting was not to be
long,

For next day I found my sweet-
heart
As the bluebirds were singing
their song.

She'll bring me spring in the
winter,
And when leaves turn and die in
the fall,

But, alas! The girl of my dreams
Is a picture that hangs on my
wall.

—Phyllis Ann Gentry.

EX LIBRIS MONTAGUE

A TIME FOR REAPING

"To everything there is a season"—a time for reaping, etc. . . . And so inevitably, the date for distribution of delinquent slips arrives. To some, sweeter music was never heard, while to others, a morbid and desolate tale had to be heard. To say the least, all was not quiet on the C-I front.

According to some of the teachers, this month took all the honors in the number of delinquent names handed in to the adviser. This does not speak so very well of the work done the first month of the 1944-45 school year. Some solace can be found in the fact, however, that school was two weeks later in starting than usual, and consequently, longer assignments have been given. Besides, it takes a month to learn every-
body.

To the C-I's who found themselves on the delinquent list for various and sundry reasons, the C-II's extend their heart-felt sympathies. The majority of them know how it feels for the adviser to look at a few slips of white paper and then start the fire-works. They have thought of home and fried chicken and how wonderful life is on the outside, too. In fact—some of them are still thinking.

To the C-II's that were told to stay after the smart fellow had heard his good news, all that can be said is that next time will be a different story. To those students not on the list this month, "Congratulations." To those who were, remember that reaping the whirlwind is sometimes a process more than perilous, a pastime less than amusing.

Wood Cottage Burns In Goblin Blaze

Fire! Fire! Clang, clang, clang went the little red fire truck, as the Mars Hill Fire Department—her one horse wound tightly in place and her bell bobbing briskly in the breeze—sped proudly at almost forty miles an hour, down the street on Tuesday afternoon. Up the hill from the Science building, out of the library and music building, in fact from every corner of the campus, stampeded students, eager to know what the excitement was about. Scholars in their two-thirty classes were awakened from lovely dreams of the previous week-end by the exciting sound of the fire bell. Down Edna Moore hill flocked a bevy of beautiful (?) young things in a state, more or less, of attirement, all screaming "Where's the fire?"

By this time the little red truck, pardon, I mean the Mars Hill Fire Department, had stopped dramatically before Wood Cottage, and amid the shrieks of the crowds of students, the hastily drafted firemen—some of whom are our own brave students—jumped heroically from the truck and with hardly a thought for their own lives and safety, started into the door of "Wood Cottage, home for wayward boys." Some of the more audacious onlookers had ventured almost to the cottage, while the more timid souls contented themselves with watching the scene from atop the amphitheatre steps. Teachers and students who had tried unsuccessfully to continue their class work, hung precariously from the classroom windows in Moore Hall, their eyes

Ignorance Is The Curse Of God; Knowledge The Wind Wherewith We Fly To Heaven

The library is keeping abreast of the time with the best in books, magazines, and other materials concerning the present conditions.

Two recent biographies are outstanding among this material. The first is *Eisenhower, Man and Soldier*, by Francis Trevelyan Miller. This is a stirring life story of one of the most prominent leaders of our time. More than two hundred years ago the Eisenhower family first came to the New World to find freedom from Old World restrictions. Today General Dwight Eisenhower leads the allied armies to bring freedom to those very countries from which his family fled. This is the story of an American family as a typical American boy whose leadership came to the front only it can in this free country. It is a great book—the story of a great man.

No less revealing is *The Soong Sisters*, by Emily Mahn, the biography of Madame Chiang K. Shek and her sisters—women who are courageous and charming. See their lives as they study at an American college, and follow them as they go into their extraordinary careers. Their story is the story of modern China fighting for its very existence and in this history of a great country looms the separate lives of these women of greatness.

Be sure to read these books. Both of them are unforgettable. Stop by the library and sign some hours of unparalleled interest!

bulging and their mouths open. The crowd waited breathless for flames to burst from the roof of the quaint green cottage. Several long moments they waited. The spectators began to grow restless; then doubtful; they began to feel as if they had been cheated out of their fire. Suddenly, the crowd around Wood Cottage began to turn around and climb back up the hill. The Mars Hill Fire Department rolled its hose back up and drove as quietly as possible. In fact, had the Fire Department been dog, we could say it slunk with its tail between its legs. So one shouted, "Halloween, just Halloween prank." The crowd gyped but giggling thrill-seekers turned and went back to their various tasks.

The diversion had been an exciting one and the students seemed glad that the fire been only imaginary.

Read and heed: We of the staff have definite proof of the identity of the culprits who turned in the fire alarm. Unless some sufficient remuneration is forthcoming promptly from these persons the editors of this periodical, will be forced to disclose their identity in a subsequent issue of the *Hilltop*. (In other words you pay or we squeal!)

German Club

(Continued from Page 1) *guage Review*. A humorous magazine featuring German dialogue. "Mr. Schmidt's Mistake" given by Vernita Barnes. German songs were sung by both Junior and Senior classes and social hour was enjoyed.