

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## Visions

The close of the Thanksgiving season is inevitably followed by a time of anticipation and almost boundless glee. The atmosphere of the Hill suddenly becomes as brisk as the air that follows a rainy Friday afternoon.

The first sound of Christmas carols is greeted by a kind of inner joy comparable to that of bare fingers of a tree covered with glistening snow. The haunting melody of "White Christmas" brings a recollection of happy times, dreams come true, and a vision of sincere and serene friendship.

The clear voices of the glee club ring out in unison, and joyful hearts sing to a Child sleeping in a manger. The calm face of a Virgin is lifted to a sky lighted by an eastern star; gratitude is breathed by kneeling shepherds. The peaceful strains of "Silent Night" lend a reverence like that of the sun as it rises through the misty fog on an early morning symbolizing the birth of a new day.

I heard the bells on Christmas day  
Their old familiar carols play  
And wild and sweet, the words repeat  
Peace on earth, good will toward men.

—L. M.

## Do YOU Have It?

Several members of the student body are abusing the privileges which are offered them in the college library. Since the second semester of last year, the current periodicals have been placed within easy reach of the students, and the necessity of having to sign for a periodical before it can be used in the library has been abolished. Some of the students have taken current issues of the most popular magazines and have failed to return them. Because of someone's thoughtlessness, we now find it necessary to keep some of the periodicals at the charging desk.

Will each of you help us remedy this situation by returning the periodical to its proper place on the shelf?

One volume of the Americana Encyclopedia set has been missing from the reference room for several days. If you have this volume among your personal books or know of its location, please return it to the library or notify the librarian immediately.

It is impossible for the library staff to keep a definite tabulation of all materials used; each student, therefore, is on his honor to utilize these materials properly. We are sure that every one of you will do his part to keep the library materials in good condition.

## Thanksgiving Spirit Is Aided By Y.W.A.

A cold, rainy Thanksgiving day afternoon found eight Y.W.A. members piled into a taxi on their way to carry boxes of food to needy families living near the college.

Each humble home opened its doors to the girls and genuine, heartfelt hospitality was extended. Little dark-skinned, black-haired boys and girls looked on from dimly-lighted corners, their chocolate-drop eyes wide in wonder at these comers who had brought in the big boxes.

The spirit of warmth which prevailed in each small, dark home was evident, even amid the shivering bareness of the crowded

rooms. Negro families received the gifts in beautiful silence, broken only by such remarks as, "I've never had such a wonderful box in all my life!" "You couldn't have done anything better for Thanksgiving," and even, "This is all the Christmas I could want this year."

The last box being delivered, the girls walked back to the taxi. Even though the wind and the rain increased they felt warmer than they had felt before, for in their own hearts they found the humble, comforting glow which they had observed in the voice of old age and in the eyes of children.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Have you noticed that guests at Mars Hill are always entertained by being shown around the campus and through the buildings?

My guest turned to me the other day as we were leaving the chapel after one of our prominent professors had spoken and said to me: "I liked it a lot in there, but the acoustics were terrible!" "He usually is," I agreed, unwittingly, "but no one could have heard from where I sat anyway."

We stood outside in the drizzling rain, and watched the students, wearing their faces grim as the gray skies above, and saw then as they splashed forth into the great open spaces—between the broken bits of cement which serve as walks on our campus.

Helen, my guest, likes flowers a lot, and as we went up "The Hill," we stopped to see the late roses and nasturtiums growing against the broken barbed-wire fence along High School road.

"The mountains here really must keep you inspired, don't they?" Helen asked me. When she said that I took her over to the tin building where I go when I feel an attack of inspiration coming on. I leaned over the typewriter; a kind of mist seemed to encircle me. I looked at Helen to see if she felt as I did, and I could almost see the thin gray haze about her. Just then Helen sneezed, and I realized the source of our misty influence. I got up and closed the door to that old coal heater. I raised the windows and in a few minutes the haze had disappeared.

We walked back on campus then, and we looked at the library with the climbing vines over it, and we liked it; at the same time we caught the contrast it made with the modern science building, and we shook our heads.

The bell rang then, and we went to dinner on the second shift. Immediately afterwards we went down town.

Respectfully submitted,  
A Reader.

P.S.—I like Mars Hill as much as anyone could!

## Greetings

The following letter is one that was received a short time ago by the Hilltop staff from the father of two noble young men.

Hodges, S. C.  
November 13, 1944.

Greetings:

It was a distinctive pleasure recently to receive a letter from Dr. Blackwell in which he stated that I had been placed upon the mailing list of the Hilltop.

A day or two ago I was delighted to receive my first copy of the paper. I wish to congratulate the student body upon their selections of such fine young men and young women as its editors and contributors. In reading the fine articles in the first issue, my mind drifted back over a period of years when "Gene," my first son to attend Mars Hill, was connected with the Hilltop. As the copies reached me I read them one by one, and I was filled with pride that only a parent can feel as he was preparing himself for a career in journalism. I thought also of his going to Wake Forest where he continued his training.

## LIGHTS ON LEADERS



James Taylor

James Taylor, Jr., hopes that some day he'll get around to establishing a World Super State, with everybody loving everybody else, broaden that vague thing called "Mars Hill college rules and regulations," and put in a good word for the Roman Catholics, but he's willing to start with a reform of the practice of law in North Carolina and of politics generally, wed his college-met fiancée and have two children.

That's Ambitious Jimmy. The Mars Hill college Sunday School Superintendent and president ex-officio of Philomathia, has, at 17, some very definite ideas as to what should be done with a very indefinite world. And the world in general and the North Carolina bar in particular may be in for some surprises when he leaves the University of North Carolina with his LL.B. (if present plans mature). An aggressiveness for "getting things done" has made him one of the most outstanding members of the Mars Hill college senior class. He was valedictorian when he graduated from Elkin, N. C., high school and came to Mars Hill at 16. Last year he was anniversary chaplain in the Philomathian society, was later elected C-I Phi president. His one complaint about Mars Hill: "I thoroughly disapprove of old conventions that some people still cling to." He hopes to put into practice in law the Christian ideals of Mars Hill college (he will send both his son and daughter to the Hill).

Then I remembered that later the younger son Bob took his place with the Hilltop and tried as best he could to carry on. How he loved his work, even though it was hard going at times; he never gave up but plugged along as only one who is determined can do. I continued to read and look forward to the coming of the Hilltop and read its pages to learn how he was progressing. He, too, finished his work at "The Hill," as he often called it. He loved every being, every tree and rock, and expected to follow Gene to Wake Forest. But, alas! They both enlisted in the service of their country and went their respective ways — Gene to the Navy, Bob to the Army, and then to North Africa where he lies beneath a little white cross.

I say these things so that you may know why I love the Hilltop. I have especially enjoyed "The Days of Splendor," by L. M.; also "Are you—one of these," and the poems: "I Sought Contentment," by Alwayne McClure; and "Dream Girl," by Phyllis Ann Gentry. All other material is fine, but I prize those mentioned above very much.



Walton Connelly

We sometimes meet an original gentleman who, if manners had not existed, would have invented them ... B.S.U. president ... of the "Skillet Lickers" ... a fellow who knows how to bring the cows home (Moore 21) ... a prankster, too ... in charge of Tuesday chapel programs ... a friend in his face ... hangout—where ever Margaret is ... anticipatory seminary at Louisville ... greet you with a stately: "Howdy all you friends and neighbors!" ... often seen in company of Herman (better known as "Fuzzo," the sole inhabitant of the amphitheater these winter days) ... expert as far as the old mountain-dew hymns are concerned ... sings with the church choir on Sundays, too ... misses the watch ... president of Junior class last year ... wears a jockey cap (belonging to Jealous in keeping with other sports clothes, pardon us, fatigues ... was almost born in Danville but missed it, arrived in Roanoke, just in time to be transported to Clifton Forge then to Newport News; this however, his family is moving to Richmond ... member of the Laurel staff ... everybody's buddy ... ambition, to be a minister — about six years hence ... always loves to play promptus ... in his youth addicted to cornet! ... enjoyed apple juice by the pints ... stantly punning, matter of necessity, he says ... has been elected janitor in school twice in succession — attribute his success to vitamins ... centric (?) loves to hike ... believe it or not, his robes are a cross-section of G. Truett, A. Lincoln, and D. T.

To everyone connected with the Hilltop I wish a very pleasant and profitable year.

Yours sincerely,  
S. L. Brissie.

Mr. S. L. Brissie is the father of Eugene and Bob Brissie, mer students of Mars Hill college. Eugene was editor of Hilltop in 1938—his senior year he was also connected with publication in his junior year is now serving with the U. S. Naval Reserve.

His younger son Bob was in 1941-42. He was associated editor of the Laurel, and like brother Gene, was an outstanding member of the Euthalian Literature Society. He gave his life for country he loved so dearly the ideals he fought to preserve.