

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, North Carolina.

Entered as second-class matter February 20, 1926, at the Post Office at Mars Hill, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Issued semi-monthly during the college year.

Subscription Rate ..... Year \$1.00

MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

### STAFF

Editor-in-Chief .....	Bob Chapman
Associate Editor .....	Lillian Miller
Managing Editor .....	Ted Hethcock
Sports Editor .....	Sigsbee Miller
Faculty Advisers .....	Louise Vaughan . J. A. McLeod

### CONTRIBUTORS

Howie Bingham . Eunice Smith . Mary Sue Middleton . Marian Ballard . Phyllis Ann Gentry . Dixie Hawkins . Wilhelmina Rish Jane Wright . Mary Evelyn Crook
---

### BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager .....	Nathan LeGrand
Advertising Manager .....	Jerry Dayton
Circulation Manager .....	R. L. Wyatt
Typist .....	Jane Wright

Volume XIX. December 16, 1944. Number 6.

## Christmas Eternal

I was sitting on the auditorium steps the other night, dreaming as I often do, and watching the flurries of snowflakes which were falling without a sound to dress the earth in a garment of sparkling white. The spirit of Christmas seemed at once to dwell on the campus. A group of students were standing under the street-light singing the familiar Christmas carols and as the first strain of "Silent Night" reached my ear, I began to recall the history of that beautiful song.

It was the 24th of December, 1818, in an old village in the Austrian Alps that Father Joseph Mohr sat alone in his study reading the Bible. The valley below was filled with excitement; it was the Holy Eve, and the children could stay up for Midnight Mass.

The young priest had no eyes for the festive valley. He was sitting with open Bible at his oaken study table preparing his sermon for the midnight service. He read again the story of the shepherds in the fields to whom the angel came and said: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour . . ."

Just as Father Mohr read this passage, someone knocked on the door. It was a peasant woman who told him that a child had been born to a charcoal-maker's wife who was living on one of the highest Alps in the parish. The parents had sent her to ask the priest to come and bless the infant, that it might live and prosper.

Father Mohr was strangely moved during his visit to the poorly lighted ramshackle hut. The scene certainly did not resemble the manger in the City of David, yet the last words he had read in his Bible suddenly seemed to be addressed to him.

To Father Mohr a true Christmas miracle had come to pass. Sitting in his study after the midnight service, he tried to put down on paper what had happened to him. The words kept turning into verse and when dawn broke, Father Mohr had written a poem. And on Christmas day his friend, Franz Gruber, the music teacher in the village school, composed music to fit the verses.

The church organ was out of order and the song was played on the guitar as the two men sang it.

Karl Mauracher, famed organ builder, came to repair the organ. When his work was done, he asked the organist to try it out. The organist was young Gruber, and somehow he slipped into playing the Christmas melody he had composed for Father Mohr. The organ builder was awed, and asked permission to take the song with him.

The song quickly became popular in the valley and was called "Song from Heaven." On the Holy Eve of the year 1832, in the Royal Saxon Court Chapel in Pleissenburg Castle, four children sang this beautiful melody at the end of the Christmas services. And on that Christmas Eve the song bade the children farewell and spread quietly around the world. Today, the "Song from Heaven," like the Christmas message itself, still rings for all men of good will.

The singers must have left before I finished my dream. The snow was falling faster, and I pulled my coat collar up around my neck and started to my room. As I walked down the hill I thought of Christmas this year and how it will bring an entirely different spirit to that little village in the Austrian Alps; not only to that little village, but villages all over the world. The night that brought joy and gladness to that poor peasant family living high in the Alps will bring sorrow to some home this year. The Christmas spirit will prevail; yes, but it will be darkened by the shadows of war.

But in sadness and sorrow, one can always find comfort in the words of that beautiful Christmas hymn which bring to mind the verse from the second chapter of Luke: "For

## Can You Keep Christmas?

"Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world . . . ? Then you can keep Christmas . . ."

Once again the Christmas season comes and the hearts of people around the world are united in a common spirit; and the true spirit of Christmas is promoted by those people who realize the strength of love—the love of parents and friends, the love of a boy for a girl. Somewhere on a distant battlefield a young soldier is awaiting the signal to advance. Amid the din of battle his thoughts wing homeward to his family and friends, and to that special girl—the girl whom he hopes will someday be his wife; and his lips form the words he cannot send across the miles:

"I send my thoughts afar,  
And let them paint your Christmas Day at home."

The true spirit of Christmas is a spirit of good-will, a spirit of giving with joy. Christmas is not real unless it is shared with others. Whether or not you are with your loved ones, be together in thought. Keep the true spirit of love on this Christmas Day;

"And if you keep it for a day,  
why not always?  
But you can never keep it alone."

The love which we have come on a night centuries ago with the advent of the Son of God. That Saviour who is due our deepest reverence and love reigns supreme in this His natal season. The love which is that spirit before Him, for He is the very Heart of Love. —H. B.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

When school opened this year, I sat in chapel and heard "Daddy" Blackwell welcome me, along with hundreds of other students, into the Mars Hill college family. It was then that I first heard mentioned the spirit of Mars Hill, and I knew that I wanted it. The first days of getting settled, catching on to the idiosyncracies of my roommate, and roaming about the campus, were perfect. But after a few days of meeting classes, I became aware of something that has made me lose, in a way, that first spirit I had.

I first noticed it when I came back from vesper services one evening. I love the amphitheater, and the service had been inspiring. The boy who brought the message really meant what he had said—I thought. But as I walked on toward Moore hall, I heard this same fellow ask one of the students for his English sentences.

On a campus where so much emphasis is placed on high standards of living, a place where there are two watch services daily besides the noonday chapel service, and on a campus where one can be delinquent in Sunday school attendance, I can't under-

stand why it's considered neighborly to sit up all night doing themes that other people are going to copy, to have someone always calling on you at the opportune time of your just having finished two weeks' parallel reading, or to "give away" your French translation as fast as it can be translated.

Everyone here is encouraged to attend morning watch at 7:15, but there's no one standing at the church door to help out the fellow who, as he leaves, is called upon to put his reading cards at such and such a place, so that such and such a guy may avail himself of the time and opportunity of copying them word for word. (That doesn't matter, you know, since they have different English teachers.)

It's quite an honor to be personal service chairman in Y.W.A., but some people seem to

## LIGHTS ON THE LEADERS



Phyllis Rowe

Phyllis Rowe, C-I president of Clio, chairman of B.S.U. Fellowship Hour Committee, social chairman of Y.W.A. and all smiles—no wonder everybody loves her!

Her pet likes—pepole, music, and—fried chicken! The fact that last summer she worked in Washington, D. C., and hopes to live there some day proves that she delights in being with people. The more the merrier!

"Pill" (and she definitely is not one) loves to be in the midst of anything exciting that is in the air. Life fascinates her, and the further she goes into its flow, the better she likes it. High school days found her participating in sports and dramatics — always dramatics, even now.

Phyllis wanted to become a nurse and came to Mars Hill with that as her goal. During a revival, however, she changed her plans, and decided to study music—with the emphasis on its use in religious education. As in everything else, Phyllis is working eagerly toward her new aim. If her plans mature, she will enter Westminister Choir school of Princeton University and study voice, piano, and choir directing. Also she would love to know how to play the marimba.

A "little gray home in the West?" Well, it may not be gray, and it may be in Washington, but it is definitely a part of her plans. "But not for three years yet," she insists.

The work that is being done by the Y.T.C. is well and good, but I quote one of our professors in saying that he "had rather see his son drunk than see him cheat, because while drink destroys the body, cheating destroys the character and soul."

Everyone here is encouraged to attend morning watch at 7:15, but there's no one standing at the church door to help out the fellow who, as he leaves, is called upon to put his reading cards at such and such a place, so that such and such a guy may avail himself of the time and opportunity of copying them word for word. (That doesn't matter, you know, since they have different English teachers.)

It's quite an honor to be personal service chairman in Y.W.A., but some people seem to



Clyde McLeod

Well, to give you this straight, I'll tell you that I had to interview this redheaded gal's Dad to get the real facts about the versatile person we "effect-ionately" call "Pinky." Because space is limited—but, wait a minute, take that back: I won't be responsible for anything that follows. Every since she can first remember, Clyde Marguerite McLeod, the second daughter of Prof. and Mrs. J. A. McLeod, the English faculty of Mars Hill college, has definitely not known what she intends to make of her life's career. She has considered almost everything, from trapeze to matrimony, but she regretfully admits that she has not been considered for either that is, as yet, of course.

"But why talk about my career," she remonstrates; "let's talk about, about—"

"My day," I suggested, meaning her day, and with all necessary amends to Eleanor, we discussed the regular twenty-four hours belonging specifically to Miss McLeod daily. Her day (pardon me, while I mop off the perspiration) quite a day. To begin with, every morning she reports promptly to her boss, Miss Lunsford, at the Estella Nissel Montague library, where for two hours she stands behind the charging desk and checks in books or checks out books.

Incidentally, the girls think of her as the C-I Nonpareil president, wearing her black dress (the only accessory being that smile) and standing behind the desk in the Non-Eu hall and giving three taps with the gavel; while the boys think of her . . .

"We were talking of my day," she reminded me, and having been reminded, I am minded that from the library, "Pinky" goes to the music building where she makes melody with J. Bach, S. Rosenberg, and X. Cugart. Her afternoons are spent in the home economics lab in the Charles M. West building, and all those in-between hours are divided among French class, dramatics, journalism—where she excels at "Talk Turkey," and English 23. Those additional hours that belong to her day are spent working for Nonpareil, Glee club, Scribler club, "Hilltop," and B. S. U.

(Continued on Page 4)

figure that being the Samaritan with your math problems and history reports is a part of that job also.

So you see, Mr. Editor, the finding so much of this "borrowing" on the campus has somewhat tarnished the meaning of spirit of Mars Hill for me. I do mean to say that the majority of the students are addicted to the illegality, but there is certainly enough of it that even I have noticed it.

Regretfully submitted,  
A Conscientious Objector