

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## A Bit Of Remembrance

"The night has a thousand eyes" and the lighted windows of Edna Moore Dormitory through the blackness of a Monday night seemed to symbolize the outstanding spirit of Mars Hill college. As the misty shroud floated slowly to earth the campus seemed to assume an attitude of complete serenity.

In the blackness of despair and the turmoil of an unforgettable conflict we see students leave to join others who stand ready to sail the seas, march through mud, and touch the sky on the wings they have acquired. We see them go away with memories of a bell calling those who have heard to worship on Sunday morning. They look back on society meetings, and the happy fellowship they experienced there. As they go the sound of "Tell Me Why . . ." goes with them as a part of the things they have loved and known.

Just as they cherish those memories of the hill they look forward to learning even the small details of the activities here on the campus. "So little happens," we say, but the election of new B.S.U. officers and that humorous debate in society could easily be the source of a remembering gleam in an old student's eye. The small things in life are the ones that furnish the most delightful and memorable moments. Remember that the next time you pen a "master-piece" to a former Mars Hillian—once a fellow student. —L. M.

## Father Time On The Little Circle

The night is dark. The stars are dim. The moon plays "hide and seek" behind the clouds. The inhabitants of the village of Mars Hill slumber peacefully unaware that a dramatic scene which will change their future is about to take place. The hour is 11:25, the night is December 31st and the year—the year is one thousand nine hundred and forty-four A.D.

A stooped, tired, decrepit figure appears on what is commonly called little circle. (It really isn't a circle—it is an ellipse; it is not very little either; it is 70 Girl Scout paces from the chapel to Treat Dormitory and fifty Girl Scout paces from the music building to the road in front of Moore Hall.) But to get back to the stooped, tired, decrepit figure—because he is the hero of this paper and you just can't have a hero appearing on little circle and let it go at that—anyway, the figure moves slowly—very slowly toward the flagpole. And as he walks, an abrupt realization strikes us and we recognize the figure. No wonder he is stooped, tired, and decrepit—for he is **Father Time!** Father Time drags on until he reaches a bench next to the flagpole. He lets his shape drape on the bench and assumes the pose of that famous piece of statuary, "the Thinker." He has this pose but a very few minutes. Then suddenly he jumps to his feet, straightens his stooped shoulders, opens his tired eyes wide, and a chill runs over his decrepit frame — "No, No, it can't be." He mutters—he looks at his hour glass—then pulls back his sleeve; raises his wrist to his ear; listens anxiously to his "curved to fit the wrist" Bulova. "It is only 11:30," he says, "and I didn't forget to wind my watch last night. I don't understand—it can't be! But it is! Standing right there before him is a tiny little baby—yes, you've guessed it—standing right there before Father Time at 11:30 on December 31, 1944—is that precocious youngster, 1945.

The shock is too much for Father Time. He sinks back onto the bench and points an accusing finger to the intruder: "What do you mean," he demands, "I have half an hour left—thirty whole minutes—before you are even supposed to appear." "Yeah, I know it. Don't get excited, just calm yourself—I'm not trying to beat your time," answers the youngster. "I just thought I would come a little early and have a talk with you—after all I'm new at this business. I kinda thought you might give me some advice."

"Advice? Humph! So that's what you want? Do you have a notebook and a pencil?"

"Notebook and pencil? Of course not, I just got here."

"Well, look under that tree over there and you'll probably find just what you need."

1945 finds a notebook and pencil and returns to Father Time with a puzzled expression: "What kind of a place is this anyhow—books and stuff under trees and bushes?"

## A Prayer

A thousand years is but a day to Thee,  
And there is naught but that  
Thine eye doth see.  
Take these few moments in our  
coming year,  
And in them grant us peace with-  
out heart's fear.  
Yet, before this petition Thou  
dost grant,  
Within our hearts new light  
Thou wilt implant.  
We are worthy of this toil and  
strife,  
For we have chosen how to guide  
this life.

Dear Father, make us worthy of  
this peace,  
Then from this dark struggle  
grant us release.

A thousand times we've heard  
Thy voice quite clear,  
For fear of Thy commands, we  
would not hear.

Take the unblemished moments  
of this year,  
Teach us Thy Son to love and to  
revere.

Heal our broken hearts with Thy  
supreme love,  
End needless sacrifice of our be-  
loved.

Yet, before this petition Thou  
dost grant,  
Within our hearts new light Thou  
wilt implant.

Make us worthy of this dread  
sacrifice,  
Then grant us some small taste  
of paradise.

—Nancy Hunter.

"This, my young friend, is  
Mars Hill Junior College," re-  
sponds Father Time.

"Junior College — oh, and  
does everyone leave his books  
under a tree?"

"Oh, no, not everyone—just a  
few—the rest leave theirs on  
their desks unopened. That is one  
thing I wish you would do some-  
thing about. Of course, you'll  
have to be tactful—but I think  
you'll be able to manage."

1945 makes a ready promise:  
"Oh, sure, sure. I'll tend to that  
right away."

"That's my first piece of ad-  
vice; my next is—by the way, do  
you have an umbrella?"

"Umbrella? No—I don't even  
have a hat."

"Well, you'd better get one  
quick—it rains up here often—  
or snows—sometimes it sleets—  
other times it does all three—so  
get an umbrella and I don't mean  
a parasol."

"OK, Padre, where'll I buy  
it?"

"Try the Variety Shop first—  
if you can't get one there—you  
probably won't find one. But  
back to my advice. I don't sup-  
pose you know what a classical  
is?"

"A classical—I imagine that is  
something in a class all to itself."

"Right you are, my young  
friend, for the next few days  
you will hear much about classi-  
cals, and you'll have quite a job  
getting them in on time—but  
you have one important factor  
on your side—New Year's Reso-  
lutions. Almost every student on  
the Mars Hill campus has made a  
long list of resolutions. And one  
on that list is to get papers in on  
time. Of course sooner or later  
every student will break every  
one of his resolutions. If you can  
keep the idea that this is a new  
year in their minds, the time will  
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## LIGHTS ON LEADERS



LILLIAN MILLER

Keeping a scrapbook is lots of fun. Hers is a large black one with gold lettering, and it is now about three-fourths full. And did I enjoy inspecting it. She's such a great girl; everybody knows about her honors, and I wouldn't do her justice if I tried to 'splane about them, but this scrapbook now . . . It contained memos and souvenirs of every-thing from packing suitcase and trunk prior to matriculation last year to the up-to-the-minute snaps of reception.

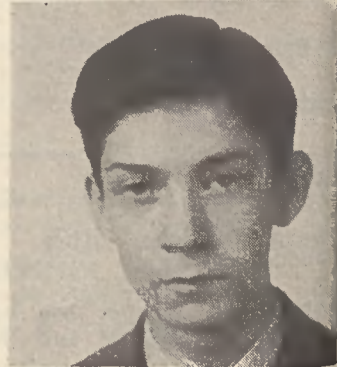
Joining society was the most important singular event after arriving at MH, Sept., 1943. She's a Nonpareil, in good standing, more or less. Personally we liked her best as she stood in the receiving line at reception. No, we liked her better when she, for the first time, picked up the gavel from the desk on that Thursday afternoon. No, it was when she presented the Euthalians with the Nonpareil gift . . .

Here's an advertisement from Baylor. She's going down there next year to major in home economics and ministers. Expects to do a little reporting there *aussi*. The facts some people hand around unguarded: When I grow too old to dream, I'll have a certain navy chaplain to remember. Oh well, Anchors Aweigh! There must be a little foam in every-body's life. There've never been too many question marks in her life; at least she has never carried a torch for anyone. She likes apple pie and worries about such technical matters as what keeps mayonnaise from emulsion-ing—some benighted process peculiar to certain foods she's studying down in the lab. She guzzles (French for imbibes, steeps, etc.) coffee by the cups when laboring over the "Hilltop" during the wee hours.

"I'm a part of all that I have met," she quoted, and proceeded to write an un-honorable-but-dar-narianistic (meaning wonderful here) essay on said subject. It appeared in the literary edition last year. Her affinity for poetry surpasses the love of whatever's her second choice, and she goes around humming "Don't Fence Me In."

We always use the superlative when we speak of her. Lil loves walking in the rain sans umbrella because it's pleasurable and meditative, she says. She's serious-minded and in earnest about all her activities: here in her scrapbook are copies of Scriblerus club programs—she was first semester president; plans for Y.W.A.—she's on the council; hints about "Hilltop"—she is the associate editor; plans for Sunday School—was class president; notes on certain rebutals—she's an intercollegiate debater; won championship in women's debating in

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BOB CHAPMAN

I'm a snoop reporter—that newspaper language for a scribe who gathers the dope on the editor when his back is turned. Basked honest, I couldn't help doing it. You see, there I was in front of Spilman when a good hot stroller strolled across the street and didn't have one scrap of paper on hand. Then I saw that no book lying on the porch.

Well, I opened it, and what a break! It was Bob—the editor's

Cheer! Now don't get nosier. Course I looked through it. Anybody who keeps notes in that fashion could . . . Here's a batch of "Hilltop" assignments. Check My name won't even be on the page edged in black after the

"In 1924 the United States okayed the gold standard agreement . . ." Hmm, economics notes. Nagnes this bunch of records here—

yes, he is the general secretary of the Sunday School. Look at this list of things he's gotta mimeographed by Tuesday; he loves doing it so . . . Here's a suggestion of his pet hobby, bet. Begorra! He can do paintings pretty well, pretty well; he likes poetry, too, kinds—Lil Miller's particular etc. A memo? Orchestra practice tonight at seven. He trumps the trumpet. And he's at home the piano too. Loves them from Stokoski to Tschai-kowsky

Lookahere. He's one of the see-America-first guys. Has on that week in New Orleans

those days in New Mexico. His current rolling stone will duct him out to Yellowstone tional. This is a note tacked about the library staff. He joys working behind the desk Estella N. Montague. He something else he enjoys—ing steaks. RARE? Which here minds me, he's really a working guy, and an enthusiastic editor with lots of Vitamin in his system. (Vitamin Gee, eh Mlle. Lane.)

These clippings, now, Scrib Club—he, by the way the new vice president. I laugh and laugh when I of those Little Audrey jokes told us last meeting.

Think I'll go over and talk him a bit; surely am glad he's editor. Hey, what's this note in here on the last page? oui, it's in French! He sure a wim and wigor word at He's such a swell person—al can't pry any more, so I'll write -30- and close the book put it back on the porch where found it.