

# 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 Betty Allen . Jane Wright . Clyde McLeod . J. C. Fagan
--

### BUSINESS STAFF

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

Volume XIX. February 10, 1945. Number 8.

## This Is Life

We stood upon a breathing hill and watched a day begin. We saw the early morning sun as she trampled the golden stars beneath her travel-reddened feet. When her conquest was finished she climbed the silver steps to the sky blue throne and sat there as majestic as a queen clothed in the splendor of royal purple. She moved her head as the crystal seconds passed and when her eye fell on the gentle hill leaning against mother earth, the frost became a mass of liquid silver. The trees seemed to whisper the serenity of morning and the peaceful joy that is nature.

The day passed on and we saw the fingers of the sun reach down and grace the smiling face of a passing child. The warm air became cool with travel; the silent sleepy shadow lengthened and became a part of the approaching night.

At the end of the day we saw the fiery face of the sun being covered by the rapid hand of night as it sank into the abyssal sea of other worlds to wait for tomorrow. —L. M.

## A Heart For You

The custom of sending Valentines may seem like nothing more than a memory of childhood to some people, but judging from the amount of sentimental cards and greetings available in stores it is still a very active one. In times such as these, with an increase in the marriage rate and the revival of interest in sentimental things, St. Valentine's Day may well be headed for a boom.

Some of you who are interested in prolonging the custom of this day might like to know how it all began. The origin of the custom involves bits of pagan and Christian lore, and there are various theories about how the name of Valentine came to be connected with the day on which lovers send tokens to one another. One is based on the belief of the Middle Ages that on the fourteenth day of February every year the birds began to mate. Chaucer refers to it in his "Parliament of Foules" in this way:

For this was Seynt Valentyne's day,  
When every foul cometh ther to choose his mate.

Some people suggest that the association of St. Valentine and lovers grew out of the Norman word "galantin," meaning a lover of women, and the name of the saint. They think that Galantin's Day, frequently pronounced with a "v", led to confusion in the popular mind.

Another theory is that the lover's custom is a survival of a practice in a Roman feast occurring in February. The names of young men and women were put in a box to be drawn by chance, an arrangement under which a young man became the gallant of a young woman for the next year. It is said that the Christian clergy objected and substituted the names of saints, and each young person was to try to equal the saint whose name he drew during the next twelve months. As this drawing occurred on February 14, the association with Valentine was established. The drawing of the names of young men and women from a box on that day continued for many years after the custom of Christianizing pagan usages had been abandoned.

The boy and the girl who were paired by this method were once in the habit of giving presents to each other. Later only the youth gave a gift to the lass. Then the custom of sending valentines to the favorite grew up. When post offices were established and postal rates were reduced, the mail was crowded with the sweet messages every year. Stores offered them in various designs at various prices.

Thousands of Valentines are sent each year—some of the most popular being sentimental cards, heart-shaped candies, and flowers. The type of Valentine you will send your sweetheart will be a matter of choice; you might even be exclusive and make it original. Tradition leaves the custom open to various interpretations. —B. C.

## The Morn Is Young

I stand upon the golden wings of morn  
And look beyond the whiteness of a cloud  
Up to the laughing, piercing blue above.

'Tish fresh and pure; the air is clear,  
The earth is strong, and life is young,  
A dart of blue, and songs of birds—  
A butterfly that on its wings  
Lifts down a sunbeam to the earth,  
Shattering its brilliance 'mid  
The opal seeds of dew at dawn,  
Dispersing waking Morpheus' tears—

The newness of a sleepy flower  
That rises from the earth to blow  
A kiss into the morning breeze.  
Nor shall it fade, forgotten be,  
But find some mossy spot in which  
To rest, or even fall upon  
A ripple in a trembling brook,  
And ever thus be carried on.

The morn is young nor shall it ever age,  
For deep inside my heart I feel anew  
The fragrant freshness and the youth of life.

—Phyllis Ann Gentry.

## I Love You

"I love you as I love some growing flower  
That grows more beautiful hour by hour;  
I love you as I love the bird that sings  
From the old tree upon the bough that swings  
Outside my magic window in the morn.  
I love you as I love all lovely things . . .  
For you are the reason I was born."  
—Anonymous.

## Way Down In The Mouth

By Dixie Exam Week

No mail . . . no money . . . late hours . . . early mornings . . . closet lights . . . yawns . . . sights . . . slamming of doors . . . red eyes . . . no going home . . . fussy people . . . questions with no answers . . . no clean rooms . . . call downs . . . lost tempers . . . little sleep . . . and sausage!!

### Here and There

Library lines . . . boys in blue jeans and engineers' caps . . . the sound of girls' voices around the Big Circle on Sunday morning . . . the steps of Brown and Melrose after supper . . . the view from cemetery hill . . . the "feel" of the prayer room . . . a bare tree against the sky . . . the church bell . . . a beautiful poem . . . Youth Revival.

### This and That

Watson, Vaughn and Garner devouring pies at Roy's . . . Caroline Boyles hollering . . . couples going up the hill after the show . . . Heidick telling those corny jokes . . . The Book Store line . . . the friendly facial expressions of Mary Stone and Martha Rivers . . . Noel playing his violin . . . Bell and "Pokey" making their rounds . . . Mother Wells and Mother Gammons together at the show . . . the new haircuts . . . wonder where Herman is???

—D.R.H.

## LIGHTS ON LEADER



Virginia Perry



Eunice Smith

When questioned by this neophyte reporter about the deep, dark secrets of her past, present, and future existence L.—identification of the "L" is really a secret—Virginia Perry's exclamation was "My cow!" One would think she came from the country with such a favorite expression, but she hails from the town of Kannapolis and Cannon Mills please rush compensation for such wide-spread publicity.

She evidently possesses a love for the supernatural; "Am I gonna commit murder next week?" she questioned when we tried to pull the towel over her eyes and surprise her with an amiable face and a cloud of dark hair in the current issue of "The Hilltop."

She established her reputation of erudition firmly last year when she rated an unheard of grade—A under Prof. DeShazo. She evidently knew numerous answers to those famous "Sixty-four dollar questions" for which said prof. was renowned. Pop DeShazo certainly sowed "his love for English seeds on fertile ground"—she's looking forward to the time of teaching it. She plans to attend Wake Forest and obtain a major in English. Ed. note—We can't help wondering if she won't be interested in the hu-men-ity strolling about while she is there.

"Jenny" has an infinite love for Scotch—that's her ancestry—but she chalks up one sad confession as traitor to the traditional thrift. Her Mars Hill appetite begins "a-yearning" for Butter-scotch pie and her vision of championing the cause dies before it has begun its journey.

That gal not only has erudition and initiative; she has ability. We've heard her quiet, husky voice saying, "I am glad to welcome each of you to Sunday School this morning." That was when she stood before the Ruth Sunday School class as the first semester president. She keeps a close check on her secretarial minutes for the Senior class too. She depicted a feeling for murder—that word again—in the Scrib Club presented of Macbeth. Jenny was Banquo's ghost. Shortly after she emerged from the temporary robes of white, she resumed her position as vice president of the club.

Truth, Purity, and Fidelity, are her ideals and the ideals of her society—Clio. She carries a certain "little book" with her quite frequently now that the Clios have selected her as their censor for the Forensic term.

In her serious moments she writes verse. This one appeared

The tables turned—the "sno reporter" has been snooped and We even looked in her note book and found . . .

When her eyes spy all this information, non-censored by Miss Smith, just listen to her "Boy, am I humiliated!" When she's placing herself in such extinct category, let's see why she feels thus.

She enjoys walking . . . lights in moments of creation possible reminiscing . . . in a clover field with the sun overhead . . . Mr. Mac vouch for ability-plus in efficiency.

Two recent books in which she has indulged are *Song of Berdette and Soap Behind the E*—variety-plus also. She loves easy rhythm and quiet meditation of "Thanatopsis" by Bryant.

Some newspaper women besew her mind her "jargon" 'cause she "gonna" meet with competitors Eunice is planning to enter the lina for the express purpose of studying journalism. Just much concentration the lesson not those Dogpatch style—receive with all those L'il about—well, Mr. S. Miller?

Her favorite food is "fof mean, if you like more explicit mation she 'fesses up to blouses caloric chocolate nut sundae

Members of the Scrib Club were delighted by her easy voice telling of the woman who lived in "God's try." She's their president the second semester. She sent moments of meditation an oration about a young who enjoyed reminiscing. was in her society hall—pareil.

The Bykota Training U asked her sincerely enough make her president for the ent term. She's a wonderful son with a wonderful amount ability.

Ask her how she feels having read all this—we it; you name it—and her may be, resignedly end "poorly thanks." All of goes to prove that she's on lightful person.

in the literary edition of the top last year.

Let me seek a nobler purpose Dear Lord, as I trudge along Give me the grace to be more

Thee,  
And the love to forgive all we know.