

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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The Conquered

"I came . . ."
 Five short months ago We the Juniors (nothing less than capitals could possibly do justice to our exalted state of September 18, 1944), descended upon Mars Hill, ready to confer upon the school the blessings of a sophistication that placed the puny efforts of Garbo and Luce in shadow, of infinite wisdom than ranged from the Seven Lively Arts to an exhaustive knowledge of the latest in slanguage; with the tolerant hope of receiving, in return, some of the sundry essentials of Higher Education, which, we knew vaguely, might later be of some benefit when added to our already amazing store of information. The fact that our multiple virtues gained slight recognition outside our own egos did not matter. We were a little hurt and didn't understand it at all when our Papas told us late in the summer as we prepared to become collegiates, "Enjoy it while you can; you know more now than you'll ever know again."

"I saw . . ."
 Mars Hill was not quite as we had expected it to be. Here was no "small junior college." Here was an institution where tradition and modernity had allied to give an effect of comfortable solidity and permanence, with a staff trained in the world's best universities. Here was a campus comparable in beauty to any in the South. But it was something more than that, something we couldn't quite express . . . We felt it, though, and we knew we had to readjust some ideas. We knew—without knowing quite why we knew—that the successful student at Mars Hill was a Hillian first, a personality second. It was a hard readjustment for some of us to make; often it was slow.

"I . . ."
 But he e Caesar's famous words, no longer applicable, must end. We had set out to make a conquest; and we instead had been conquered—conquered by something so big in scope that in one refreshing sweep it blotted out smallness of nature, replacing it with that indefinable something that is the spirit of Mars Hill. Somewhere along the line we have ceased to be C-I's; we are Hillians. And as Hillians we are far removed from the saintly beings we would like to be, and—yes, some of us—want to be; we exercise vigorously—perhaps too vigorously—man's prerogative of complaint; and defend with body and soul the escutcheon of the Hill when an outsider dares attack it. How can we put it down in words? We won't stop you on the campus to profess our affection; we'd be embarrassed. But let us tell you now—to the staff, to Seniors, to Mars Hill: We love you!
 —S. M.

Youth Revival

Tomorrow is the opening day of what students at Mars Hill have come to call Youth Revival. For many years this has proved to be a significant occasion in the lives of C-I's as well as C-II's. However, it can mean nothing to one who refuses to put himself into it wholeheartedly. The responsibility of the week and the success of it depends as much on the members of the C-I Class as on any other group.

We, too, must pray and witness in order that others may come to know Christ as Saviour and that we might be drawn closer to Him. If we seek God's will in the work of this week, we shall truly have a Revival.
 —Tommy Stapleton, C-I President.

We Miss You

There's a certain emptiness on the campus these days. It's not a lack of students or of competent instructors, or any hole in curriculum: it is the irreplaceable gap left by the temporary absence of the erect, dignified, always cheerful figure of the man to whom Mars Hill college as we know and love it today is a monument—a monument to a life devoted to the upbuilding of an institution that now stands in the vanguard of its class; to a life of patient perseverance against seemingly insurmountable odds; a life in which personal happiness is subjected to something infinitely more serious, which we know as immortality in the hearts of men.

Dr. R. L. Moore, president of Mars Hill college for 47 years until
 (Continued on Page 3)

C-I FORUM

To the Editor:

Mars Hill college has something I never before knew existed. It might be called the balance of curriculum. Before I came to college, I had the idea it would be hard, very hard, and full of boresome history, English, and math, with nothing to do but study, study. True, it involves history and math and quite a bit of study, but it hardly resembles what I had in mind. Although these subjects get in the way—sometimes too much in the way—life here at Mars Hill is still enjoyable. Could it be those wisecracks in history or Pop's eternal quipping? No, it isn't this that gets us through the day. It is we, the students. Here at Mars Hill we make life interesting and really enjoy it, every phase of it. Even the zip and biscuits for breakfast every morning, and those—green eggs and coffee(?)

There is more fun here than I ever knew there could be. The B.S.U. socials, society meetings, the fellowship hour, and last—but the sweetest—the girls. The mountains, the birds, the paths in the woods, the walks around the Big Circle, Sunday afternoons, will always live in our minds. What more could we ask, except more time and eternal youth?

Naturally, along with the good there is the inevitable evil, but very little of it is at Mars Hill college. Good boys and girls need rules to keep them good, not to restrain them from questionable activities.

The religious atmosphere at Mars Hill college is such as I have never seen before. It makes one proud, or something, to know that so many young people have such an interest in Christ and His Kingdom here on earth. The morning watches give one a new lease on the coming day. Prayer meetings each night in the dorm have taught me more than any other phase of the religious life here. I have learned to pray better and have learned what prayer can mean. I know what it means to me as a college student, and I am sure it will be a great help on through life.

The administrators of Mars Hill college have their reasons for rules and regulations, even though we students sometimes cannot see why such strict rules are necessary. We are young and foolish, and as bull-headed as we will ever be, but some day we shall appreciate that we did not get to do what we thought we wanted to. We wouldn't know the difference a hundred years from now, anyway.

I never shall forget my college life. I shall remember a little of the classwork and a little of everything else. I think Mars Hill college is wonderful, and some day after I win my wings and halo, I shall fly around playing Alma Mater on my harp, to bring back those cherished memories.

Sincerely,
 Berkley Ruiz.

February 19, 1945.
 Mars Hill College.

To the Editor:

This C-I edition of the "Hilltop" has been my first opportunity to tell, publicly, my opinion of the conduct of us, the
 (Continued on Page 3)



The Merry Macs: Junior Class Sponsors Are An Interesting Campus Couple

Two of the best-loved professors on the Mars Hill campus are Mr. and Mrs. John A. McLeod, C-I sponsors, elected by acclamation.

Mrs. Mac was in no hurry when we interviewed her. She had sent Mr. M. down town for the groceries, and we quote her as saying, "I should have given up the idea a long time ago about sending him for the food. If I send him for the dinner, he'll not be back till supper time." So we parled at leisure . . .

Almost all her girlhood ambitions have come true, she says, and now she has been living with Mr. M. for almost twenty-one years, and it gets more interesting every year. For every one of those twenty-one years, she has prepared for him his favorite cake, which is angel food (hers too) — she likes it better every year, but what remark was that she made the other day about presenting him with devil's food for his birthday?

Incidentally, they met each other at a Hallowe'en Party, and from thence started beWITCHing each other. She was costumed in the traditional black and orange; he was wearing his regular Sunday clothes, except for a stiff six-inch bow tie.

She does the family corresponding—all of it . . . says she can't ever remember when she didn't teach school and have a home . . . (she has four classes of Freshman English.)

You should hear her exclaim over "The mess men can make of a kitchen once they get in there!" This was in reference to Mr. M.'s passion for cooking spaghetti and steak suppers. There's also been some rumor lately about the delicious pancake and sausage breakfasts in the vicinity of the McLeod home.

One does not usually recognize her main idiosyncrasies . . . the line of her red dress . . . her short strut . . . love of the gypsy in men . . . ear screws . . . "Annie Laurie" (her favorite) . . . no animals around her house . . . Yardley's Old English Lavender . . . Mill on the Floss . . . olives (her favorite edibles) . . . cooking for her family . . . "The Rosary" . . . and Lionel P. Johnson's *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

You'd never know it to hear her talk, but quite a woman we have here! Here's to you, Mrs. Mac!

* * *
 If you have ever knocked on that second door to the right in the English Conference building, you heard a deep masculine voice — trying unsuccessfully to imitate the high soprano of a German housewife — call out: "Come-ee-see, Fraulein!" Or at other times you might have been greeted with a cordial "Come in the kitchen!" And then, as you are ushered in, you are invited to

make yourself comfortable on any available furniture while I ask you questions if perchance he "make be of some hindrance to you in any way." As you hem and haw and finally come out that your parallel which is bothering you, he'll obligingly comply with you about students having to read the stuff, and then he "fight" with you over some of those pleasurable bits of literature from which you may make your own choice.

Of course, you know that takes him the modest time of one hour to get from the building to the Mars Hill post office to secure his afternoon mail. If you don't believe it, observe all those folks who gather around his box whenever he goes down town.

He is no "one-gallus" man, teacher: "Yes, yes, all my pal comes along with the count, there's no extra charge for (He has three classes of English plus one of creative writing.) minister: "It's not true because it's in the Bible; it's in the Bible because it's true." (He is past of the Piney Mountain Baptist Church.) A newspaper says "Now you take a big newspaper like the Chicago Tribune" (you've got him started; so I pare to sit back and listen. dentally, a motto of said Margaret Nelson is "You've got to be 'Smooth stay with the Tribune," and has "hung around" that for some time—as he expressed it. He's correspondent for a section of the county — m deadlines for the Asheville Citizen, and does all sorts of publicity for the college, from sending out the college quarterly to sending news to hometown pers about the students' writer:

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