

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
Adviser	Louise Vaughan

CONTRIBUTORS

Helen Allen	Marian Ballard	Wilhelmina Rish	Sarah Coston
Mary Sue Middleton	Eunice Smith	Jane Wright	
Pinky McLeod	Jessamine Davis		

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	Nathan LeGrand
Advertising Manager	Jerry Dayton
Circulation Manager	Raymond Wyatt
Typist	Jane Wright

Volume XIX. March 10, 1945. Number 10.

You Do It

"In the spring—ah, well, you've heard it." And we want you to do just that. Not the traditional things of "baseball and other forms of pitching." You've quoted it more than one way. We aren't discussing your past experiences along that "line."

Instead, we of **The Hilltop** staff are anticipating those days when we can plough through furrows of fresh experiences. Here, where beauty moves your heart to ecstasy, let the creative impulses flow. Take that conversation between Freddy the Frog and the Biology prof—remember that long afternoon in the lab? Put it on paper; check it for errors, legibility of script, and clever statements. Let us have your original literary work. The story you always wanted to write about the unusual characters in your hometown can be told now.

Maybe you want to expound on our Oriental custom of men on one side of the church and posed women on the other. You've thought about it before. The mountain footpaths across the Little Circle give that section of our campus a definite bedraggled appearance. We're in the mountains, yes, but we still need the grass. Tell that good-looking gal who is so utterly fascinating that you don't like that habitual cold shoulder ... We have enough cold weather in Mars Hill. No names please, but use your ability to satirize constructively ... it might help. That moon you saw the night after the good movie, and all in vain you wished it weren't against the rules and regulations to stroll around the Big Circle ... with a man. Express your feelings in an individual literary style.

Perhaps spring has poked a probing finger in your heart and you feel lyrical. The poem you write won't have to rhyme; try free verse and discover how interesting it can be.

We are asking you for a product of your creative ability so that others may see the talent and originality of Mars Hill students in the Literary Edition of **The Hilltop**, April 7. —L. M.

A Message: Dr. Sams

It has been said that the temple of art is built of words, and if that is so, then is not the temple of lives built of souls? During the past week we have heard testimonies given by Christian students on the campus; Tuesday we heard the words of a living testimony from a personality that through these years has kept one hand in God's and the other held out to all who would grasp it for its human helpfulness. His message to us: Build a personality with all the care and interest and put into it all the beauty that David's son planned for the temple in Moriah. Could his message have been more effective? And his words came to us, we thought with the poet that well might all "sermons be called contrabands," when we were drawn by such an unconquerable spirit toward "that great Temple that's not made with hands." —E. S.

Out Of The Mail Bag

(Editor's Note: The members of the editorial staff thoroughly enjoy the traditional tussle with dozens of mis-spelled words, times when the whole "she-bang" apparently goes "hay-wire"—not to mention the staff—but the pause that refreshes which comes not from the manufacturer's of Coca-Cola, but in well written letters—words spelled correctly—from students who once dodged puddles of rain on Fridays and gave out with a sigh, not of sea-longing, when the aroma of fish drifted from the dining hall on Wednesdays. Such refreshment was personified in a letter recent-

ly received by the editors ... we think you'd be interested in reading the opinion of this former Mars Hillian.)

Box 202, Meredith, Raleigh, North Carolina, February 15, 1945.

Dear Bob:

Not a month has passed this year that I didn't receive a copy of **The Hilltop**, and I can honestly say that I look forward to that more than any other mail I get. Every issue has been just wonderful, but honestly the one I received this morning just "topped" them all.

Now that it is getting to be so much like spring here in Raleigh, with the flowers beginning to bloom and the grass turning

The Quest Of A Soul

The darkness was so deep
I dared not fathom it.
Not even the smallest ray of light
Filtered through the black.
Suddenly like a flash of lightning
There stood before me Wisdom,
Arrayed in all her enchanting
glory,
Offering the cup of knowledge.
Drink of the cup—the secrets of
the Earth will be thine.
I quivered as I reached forth my
hand
Then almost reluctantly,
I drew back.
Was this what I sought?
Would wisdom bring to a close
This loneliness of an aching soul.
Again the darkness.
I feared even to breathe.
Now it was the dull gray mist of
dawn.
A slight movement of the air
made me turn about.
Was there someone near?
I felt the presence of a stranger—
Yet, I was blind to the unseen.
A silvery voice seemed to whisper,
"Is it fame you seek, worldly
pleasure?"
Something within beat against my
very soul
Answering, No.
Fame could not open wide the
gates
That would set me free
From my miserable journey.
The day became night again.
Then, fame vanished from my
sight.
This silence was too great to bear.
Was there none to share the
burden of an empty soul?
I heard a knock.
It was the knock of secrets yet
untold.
Was it for me to beat
Against the walls of man's un-
canny reason?
Something seemed to answer, "As
you will."
—Alwayne McClure.

green, there's a little something in the heart of a Mars Hillian that makes him homesick for "the Hill." When you can't stand on Edna Moore Hall and look at Bailey as it clothes itself in the dress of spring, when you can't sit in the Little Circle and see those lovely trees shading paths that have been "worn thin" by so many past "Hillians," and even when you can't sit in church there and watch the patterns the sun makes as it shines through the windows, that is when you really get homesick.

The little article, "Mars Hill Is A Place Where ..." in the **Hilltop** was one of the finest descriptions, and I would almost say the finest tribute, I've ever heard paid to "the Hill." Just don't ever forget that Mars Hill is all of that and more, and that the students coming there after you leave are depending on you to pass that spirit to them.

Thank you, **Hilltop** staff, for making it possible for me to take a trip every month to Mars Hill through your **Hilltop**!

Best wishes for one who will always be a Mars Hillian;
Frances Pope.

ORIGINAL PLAY

(Continued from Page 1)
urer, were also installed.

Miss Bonnie Wengert, director of the club, is considering the production of several one-act plays for classwork and for presentation at Dramatics Club meetings.

LIGHTS ON LEADER



Wilhelmina Rish

Blonde, business-like, efficient, and thoroughly delightful is what we call the owner of the face above this bit of biography.

She's a devotee of Hugo's works—high school French influence doing its bit. Just to prove she's "sharp" on her other fiction authors she possesses a fond admiration for W. Somerset Maugham's **The Razor's Edge**. "To be frank; No!" she doesn't care for poetry a great deal. **White Cliffs of Dover** is an exception, however. Instead she dramatically persists—not haughtily—that she enjoys portraying the "snub-like, haughty women" behind the footlights.

Her interest in mythology has a definite culmination—Clio—the muse of history. She's been historian as well as treasurer of her society. Her ability of excellent portrayal resulted in her being selected president of the Dramateers. Her lovely personality, definite efficiency, and thoroughness have succeeded in placing the following honors on her excellent record: International Relations Club president, **Hilltop** staff reporter, Sunday school superintendent, and college marshal.

Her interest in Moore General is more than general, we insist. How can we help drawing certain conclusions when she admits that she enjoys the archery of Cupid ...

"Tonight We Love" and "Indian Love Call"—yoo-hoo, Cupid; where art thou?—are close contenders for first place in her choice of a favorite song.

She's walking in the wake of other students in making plans for entrance into Wake Forest college next year. From there her aspirations lead to Louisville Seminary and mission work.

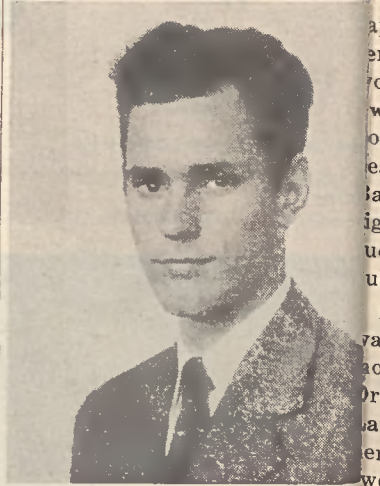
It's time for her to write a letter—her general interest ... then go hiking off in the com-

A Quest

My mind searched among the willows and found
No answer there.
It dug deep in autumnal leaves
and sobbed
To find no peace.

It walked on stones of sharpened hate and thrust
A fear within my heart.
It gazed into the meditation of a sinking sun and grasped
A tiny beam of pensive peace.

It flowed in lonely streams of thought and quenched
Its thirsty soul.
It probed in mists of human tears
and voiced
A pleading prayer.
—Lillian Miller.



Ronald Hill

This tall, broad-shouldered Hillian paused long enough for the relation of his corner about the Wac, the Wave, and "Woc" to tell us that procedure is one of his favorite pastimes. He runs like the "bit" to Roy's because he's of these faithful "three a doh people—not apples minus doct—milk shakes instead.

He's the ninth of ten—child this time—and he thoroughly enjoys the practice he received conversation and association. He likes "people" and aren't we glad P.S. The retiring Clio president is glad too!

His ability of simple statement and his Christian principles into practice meant much to the Youth Revival. He's studying the ministry; he has vision for further service at Baylor from there to regular pastor work.

His affinity for poetry can be summed up as "anything of Robert Frost," Browning's "Ben Ezra," and in the real fiction he casts his vote for **Robe**.

This native of Spindale spent very little time spinning threads of leisure. He is the B.T.U. director, he was vice president and chaplain of the Phi and Anniversary terms respectively. He "arguebates" on negative side of compulsory ratification of labor disputes in Forensic Council. To prove agility as negative debater he recently emerged as the leading representative in debate for commencement finals ... time tell ...

He likes music—something and dreamily pensive—for ... He also likes the erudition of the Scriblerus Club and story of Swift.

We're sure his family is he's a Hill, and we're just as he's a Mars Hillian.

pany of ... tomato sandwich chocolate pie, and milk.

We're sure you'd enjoy along—she's one grand panion!

FORENSIC SQUAD

(Continued from Page 1)
lor; Women, Evelyn Brookshire; Norma Minges. After D. Speakers, Men, Thomas S. Ronald Hill; Women, Lillian Miller, Evelyn Brookshire.