

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Soldiers . . . Students

He had been a P-38 pilot in Europe and was beginning his college career tardily. You thought at first that he was like any other college freshman, but after you had talked to him a few minutes you noticed an almost imperceptible tightness about his boyish mouth, an alien, steely quality in his clear blue eyes, which should have been laughing; and a more somber dress than the bizarre plaids and stripes of the ordinary college freshman.

"Thirty-one missions . . ." He pondered a moment. "I don't guess that was such a price to pay for the privilege of coming to a school like this," he said finally, with a little deprecatory laugh. He sauntered on down College Street, again the collegian . . .

He is one of several, thrust prematurely into full manhood by the terrible events of recent years, who at Mars Hill this year are beginning to experience some of the priceless prerogatives of the freedom for which they have fought, and for which their comrades have died. By their request, they are not being publicized by name; they are not seeking to trade on their battle glory. But their very presence here should provoke within us who came here so matter of factly, merely making the high-school-to-college metamorphosis, a fuller realization of the rare privilege of attending an institution whose standards embody so many of the tenets of the freedom for which like these returning veterans have paid with their life's blood.

If you are tempted to doubt for one moment the greatness of the opportunity that is being afforded you, think of these boys to which it is the culmination of long years of strife and weariness—and think of those who would have come to Mars Hill, but who have died that you might come.

Are They Yours?

By now you know the worst. With the help of one Jupiter Pluvius, you have discovered that Mars Hill, described glowingly in the catalogue as an inspiring panorama of the mountains, is in cold, damp reality a panawater. You know that the dining hall is pushing a concerted drive to poison you, or, at best, to haggle your digestive organs into an all-out civil war. If you are a boy, you have uncovered the ominous truth about co-eds—they come to school with the sole object of securing a partner for committing matrimony. And if you are a girl, you are convinced that the boys are a strange and unpredictable mixture of anti-socials and lukewarm Lotharios.

These are Mars Hill gripes, as traditional as they are meaningless. Are they yours? If they are, the Hilltop says: Welcome, Mars Hillians.

Training Union

Would you like Mars Hill College to have the largest Training Union in the South? Of course every member of Mars Hill campus would. Here's all we have to do—just have an average attendance each Sunday evening of 600. What! That's impossible! And just why is it impossible? Perhaps it's because we have never done it before, or there's just not enough interest among the students. What are Mars Hill students made of anyhow? Certainly we can do it. Let's all work together to show all the other schools and churches in the South that Mars Hill students can go over the top in Training Union.

This year we have added something new and interesting. Instead of having the Bible Quiz in the separate unions, we will go to the auditorium after the unions adjourn for a song service and Bible Quiz. These will be so well planned and interesting that you will want to be present every Sunday night. If you have not been to Training Union yet, come Sunday and join one of our twelve unions to train yourself in the service of your Master. If you're not a Baptist, come anyhow, and we're certain that you will be blessed as you seek to serve Him.

—L. F.

My Angel

I stood beneath the cross one day
 And, gazing upward to the sky,
 I saw that in the heavens lay
 A star so far and yet so nigh
 To me that all the world was light
 And the heaven was still more
 bright.

And as I stood there wondering,
 There came to me a vision rare
 Of one who came and, lingering
 Upon the starlit rays, with care
 Bent down to touch my upturned
 face,

Oh angel who art sent from God,
 Can e'er a claim be made on
 thee?

Can e'er a child of this dark sod
 So much as look from land or sea
 To thy fair face and call it
 "mine,"

When thou art e'er so pure and
 fine?

I look to thee and in thee find
 That it is thou, yet not thou
 alone,

For in thy heart lives One more
 kind

Than any I have ever known,
 More fair, more lovely, more
 sublime

Than all the living of all time.

I see Him as I look on thee,
 My angel from the star-filled sky.
 I thank Him for His gift to me,
 An angel whose lovely soul so
 high

Shall ever and always to me be
 A beacon and a guiding star..
 —Mildred Leath.

Thank You, God!

By Phyllis Ann Gentry

How can I "give thanks unto the
 Lord?"

A little child sings, "Jesus loves
 me," and says, "Thank you,
 Father."

He gives a rabbit a carrot—
 "Here, bunny, bunny.."

And pats a stray dog on the head.

An old woman with a face lined
 with deep thoughts looks at
 You.

She is grateful.

You can tell by just looking
 Through her tears.

A rich man shows it on paper—in
 writing.

He signs his name to a check;
 Or he buys another stained glass
 window.

A man who works with his hands
 Can make You something.

He can say, "Here, God,
 This is for You."

I can look at them all and tell.

I know who's thankful and who's
 not.

I know who hasn't waked up yet.
 And I know the ones who are
 smiling—inside.

I am—I'm smiling out-side, too.
 You can see that.

I don't know any other way to let
 you know.

Just say, "Thanks," I guess.

You can understand, I know.

You see, don't You?

I'm just one of them.

That's good, too.

Thank you, God.

Registration

(Continued from Page 1)
 night under the auspices of the
 Baptist Student Union. W. T.
 (Dub) Lane emceed a pair of
 truth or consequences programs
 in the auditorium and games,
 featuring two grand marches,
 were held in McConnell Gym-
 nasium.

SEE TWO



Frances Stuart

Perhaps it was that Virginia
 drawl of hers that brought forth
 the many chuckles at the first
 C-II class meeting at which she
 presided. It was just about too
 much for the seniors.

Frances, or "Stukie," if you
 can bear it, has taken over her
 duties as C-II president in a great
 way and is planning to lead the
 senior class to play a more im-
 portant part this year than it
 ever has before.

Those big brown eyes of hers
 first opened on Richmond, Vir-
 ginia; but shortly after she
 entered grammar school, she
 moved to Brooklyn, New York,
 with "dem bums." She lived there
 for eleven years and was grad-
 uated from high school there.

Frances traveled an ascending
 road from Virginia to New York
 and back to Virginia again. At
 least she calls it an ascension,
 but she might be prejudiced. She
 did office work at the Chesape-
 peake and Potomac Telephone
 Company in Richmond until the
 time that she left for school. Af-
 ter completing her work at Mars
 Hill, she hopes to go on to the
 W. M. U. Training School and
 into definite Christian work. All
 who know her agree that she is
 the sort of person to do this type
 of work. Her gift of understand-
 ing, her sense of fairness, and
 her energetic enthusiasm to tackle
 the job at hand well equip her
 for any big task. Proof of her un-
 usually even temper is that she
 puts up with the other three mem-
 bers of her suite.

Frances has done good work
 here on the campus in many or-
 ganizations, especially in the
 Baptist Training Union. This year
 she is the first vice-president of
 the Young Woman's Auxiliary.
 She is a member also of the Inter-
 national Relations Club, the
 Volunteers for Christ, and—high
 on the list in her estimation—
 Clio Literary Society.

Her likes? Why, food, shop-
 ping, church work, and food again
 all rate high with her. She's full
 of friendliness, and her smile is
 proof of it. She thinks Mars Hill
 is tops; and, in her words, "It's
 one big Ridgecrest all year
 'round."

There's the girl. She's your
 president, C-II's, and she's every-
 body's pal.

Pre-School Retreat

(Continued from Page 1)
 presented opportunities and a
 challenge.

In addition to the thirteen
 members of the B. S. U. Council,
 there were also at the retreat
 Mary Broome, Evelyn Fendley,
 Frances Stuart, and Hagood Mix-
 son, all chosen by the president,
 and faculty advisors, Miss Beulah
 Bowden, Dr. Ella J. Pierce, and
 Miss Evelyn Underwood.



George Thomas Stapleton

When in doubt as to the name
 of the tall, friendly fellow seen
 dashing around the campus, you
 may feel sure that it is G. Thomas
 Stapleton, president of the B.S.U.

If at any time anyone needs
 to find him and he is not on the
 campus, he can be found in the
 Robinson home. Do not be sur-
 prised if on entering the room a
 sign is seen which says "Silence
 —Genius at work." Tommy con-
 fesses that he does not really
 believe that he is a genius, but
 that it is just a complex that
 runs in the family.

Tommy is 23 years old and is
 a graduate of Central High
 School, Charlotte, N. C., where
 he played an alto clarinet in the
 band, was in several plays, and
 worked in a bank during his spare
 time.

His earliest ambition, like that
 of most boys, was to be a fire-
 man; but he now feels that he
 has been called to do some defi-
 nite Christian work.

After graduation from Mars
 Hill College he plans to enter
 Wake Forest and then a semi-
 nary; which one he is not yet
 sure.

When asked his opinion of
 Mars Hill he replied in his jok-
 ing manner, "As president of the
 student body I feel bound to plug
 for Mars Hill. My only objection
 is the presence of Ed Long, Jr."

Then seriously he replied, "In
 my opinion there is no better
 school in all the United States
 than Mars Hill."

This president of last year's
 Junior class holds, unofficially,
 this year the position of assistant
 professor in Greek and Bible,
 teaching Mr. Kendall's class dur-
 ing his week in Birmingham.

His sense of humor never fails.
 When the B.S.U. is called Brother
 Stapleton's Union he smiles, the
 hypocrite. He said, "My only de-
 cent opintment last year was
 the opintment of Sigsbee Miller
 as editor-in-chief, above all other
 editors, of the Hilltop."

"My chief interest lies in North
 Wilkesboro, namely in one called
 Beth Jones," replied he when
 asked his interest. He also takes
 pride in his electric razor, which
 those who live close to him say
 sounds like a wood saw. "I also
 love to wear my loud cowboy
 shirts," he stated.

Never ask Tommy what color
 his eyes are for he cannot tell
 you. He will only say, "Beth says
 they are blue—I never bothered
 to look myself."

One item that could not be left
 out is the fact that he is a
 loyal(?) member of the Euthalian
 Literary Society, in which he has
 held the offices of janitor, chap-
 lain, and debate critic.

He has made a very good
 record for himself at Mars Hill
 and has the qualifications for
 (Continued on Page 4)