

# The Hilltop Poetry . . .

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## Budget Your Time

The only way to save an hour is to spend it wisely. A nation is made poor through the waste of time, which leads to wasted years and wasted lives. We are all equal in the hours we possess, though we make vastly different use of these hours. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the workman and the student—all have just twenty-four hours in which to do all the things people do because they must do them or because they desire to do them. Some are able to do outstanding things because they exact of themselves the wise use of their time, and others fail to rise above the doing of unimportant things because they fritter their time in futile gestures or in fanciful planning.

All of us have a margin of time apart from the hours necessary for work and for recreation. How shall we use this margin of time? If we should save just two hours a day, the saving would mean more than six hundred hours in a year. In six hundred hours we could read at least ten great books and ponder them earnestly. In six hundred hours we could add keenness to our thinking and depth to our living. With six hundred hours saved to be spent carefully and wisely, any of us in a few short years could become an outstanding leader in his field of interest. It is not lack of ability or lack of opportunity that sets us apart. The way in which their equal numbers of hours are spent sets up zones of demarcation between the successful student and the one who never quite reaches the heights.

We pay the price for our waste of time; and we pay in the coin of disappointment, small achievement, and obscurity. The world at large pays, too, for the progress of the world depends on the progress made by each of us. You and I have our work to do, whether that work may be large or small as measured in terms of world progress. Success does not come from haphazard work—quite the contrary. Sermons on the matter of waste will not help much. Still, a bit of caution may set just a few students to thinking and may help them budget their time as they prepare for the work they plan to do.

—J. S.

## Does This Hit You?

Do you have a friend? You don't say catty and slandering things about that friend, do you? Of course you don't! Then, look at it in this way: your rival society is your friend. Don't talk about that friend! You have heard it said that there is a friendly rivalry between the cousin societies. Don't you believe this, or can you not accept truth as one of your ideals whether you are a Clio, Phi, Non or Eu? What we are driving at is the slandering remarks that have been made lately between cousin society members. Not only freshmen but also seniors have been guilty of this. This is not the Mars Hill way. In both societies God is predominant and we strive to live up to all six ideals by living a life for God.

We love our respective society and naturally we pull for it, but let us do it in the right way. We, who are already members, are representing high ideals: Truth, Purity and Fidelity; Dignity, Simplicity and Conservatism. Are we living those ideals? Can a freshman look to us and say, "She is a true Non or Clio," or "He is a true Phi or Eu?" He can not if we make a slandering remark about our cousins. We do love each other and let's prove it! Listen to this, seniors: Freshmen have been heard to say that they are afraid to join one society for fear the other will not like them. What has been done to cultivate this thought? To you, freshmen, no matter which society you may join, your membership in either will not affect the real friendships you will make at Mars Hill. We are all members of one student body and we are all living for six high ideals. If we concentrate on living our ideals, we will not have time to make a slandering remark about our cousin society.

—L. J.

We managed to get this from Jean Walker. It was written to her suitemates.

## Suite 216-217

It's ever so hard to find a girl  
 Who is true to every ideal,  
 One who is pal, companion, and  
 friend,  
 One who is genuinely real!

Somehow, I guess I'll never know  
 why,  
 God has blessed me with three  
 Of the loveliest creatures He ever  
 made,  
 With which to keep company.

The little things are those that  
 count,  
 Like kneeling together 'fore bed.  
 With heads all bowed and hearts  
 united,  
 Our prayers to God are said.

My sins are many in number, it's  
 true,  
 But ingratitude is foreign to me,  
 For I love my friends and thank  
 my God  
 Who gave this gift to me.

\* \* \*

Rolen Bailey wrote the words  
 to this hymn. The choir director  
 at his home church has set them  
 to music.

## Living And Praying

O living Christ of Calvary's tree,  
 As dawn begins another day,  
 We humbly, prayerfully call to  
 Thee  
 To guide us Thine own way.

And may we be upright to all,  
 Whate'er their race or creed,  
 And may all nations heed Thy  
 call  
 For each one Thou didst bleed.

May we not for our own delight,  
 In hope for glory or pride  
 Let sinners stumble in the night  
 Or cast the needy aside.

May we join hand in hand  
 And tell to those who haven't  
 heard,  
 As we march to the glory land,  
 Of Jesus and His precious word.

## DRAMATEERS

(Continued from Page 1)  
 held September 18. The Drama-  
 teers meet on the first and third  
 Tuesday nights of each month in  
 the auditorium. A playlet, under  
 the direction of a member, is  
 given each meeting. Acting, stage  
 setting, lighting, makeup and  
 costumery are studied.

In conjunction with the glee  
 club and orchestra, the Drama-  
 teers plan a Christmas produc-  
 tion, according to the president.

Speech students who are prospective members of the club are Leta Shelby, Annie Laurie Penley, Betty Fowler, Marian Robinson, Dorothy Sue Campbell, Carolyn Halstead, Polyanna Gibbs, Thelma Harley, Linda Coulter, Peggy Ann Ammons, Bess Ruppelt, Edith Bell, Mary Lela Sparks, Elizabeth Ponder, Nellie Sue Stinson, Edith Clark, Helen Jean Starnes, Hilda Bean, Joyce Wheeler, Boyd Sutton, Patt Murphy, John McLeod, Elaine Duckett, Ruby Crayton, Mary Louise Powell, Harold Tribble, Bobby Haynes, Bill Everhart, Charles Harris, Frances Wooten, Betty Boyette, Sally Hudson, Virginia Marshall and Emma Jean Abrams.

## SEE TWO



Hilda Mayo

Hilda comes from Rocky Mount, N. C., and says she could talk for hours about her family if she once started. And who couldn't? Year before last she attended the W. M. U. Training School in Louisville, and after graduating from Mars Hill she plans to return there. Although going to Louisville has been one of her dreams realized, Hilda Still says, "Mars Hill is the best there is; there couldn't be any better."

After taking a business course at home, Hilda started her first job. She kept books for an ice cream company that was just coming into being. "That," she says, "is why I like chocolate ice cream."

For the past two summers, she has done young people's work throughout the state. She gets a special thrill out of this kind of job, and has an opportunity to do exactly what she enjoys most—work with people.

Among her favorites are folks and sunsets. Hilda also likes to swim and to work in the library. You'll see her behind the big desk stamping books almost any time. Last year, you remember, Hilda lived and worked at the Infirmary. She says that among her special likes are the Infirmary and Miss Brewer. We might add chocolate candy, and say that her father seems to keep her well supplied. (Edna Moore girls, please take note!)

She thinks society has a very definite place on our campus, and her efforts for Nonpariel are proof of her sincerity.

Hilda has been a real help to the students here with her understanding and practical outlook. As a general thing she has a splendid disposition, but two things she "just can't stand" are her hat's blowing off and alarm clocks.

When informed of her election to the office of Y. W. A. president, Hilda was absolutely stunned. We do not know why, though, for, with her zeal for missions and her love for Woman's Missionary Union, she is the person for the job.

## LIBRARY

(Continued from Page 1)  
 described by authorities as "the great dictionary of the language," was secured at a cost of \$130.

Mrs. Ramon DeShazo has been added to the library staff as circulation assistant. Miss Vivian Lunsford is assistant librarian. Student assistants this year are Merle Stevens, Hilda Mayo, Evelyn Fendley, R. L. Wyatt, Frances Stuart, Peggy Nichols, Mary Frances Carrier, Martha Cheek, Mildred Jones, Hilda Lominac, Dorothy Murray, Jane Smithwick, and Mary Evelyn West.

Miss Anderson held 15 library orientation classes for freshmen at the beginning of the semester.



T. W. Nelson

The mild-mannered, bespectacled pastor of the Flag Pond Baptist Church of Flag Pond, Tenn., looks like anything but a hero, but . . .

Nine years ago, on the night of December 10, 1936, he stood before a CBS microphone in New York City, still a little bewildered by the sudden turn of events that had brought him from the coal fields of Virginia to one of New York's most expensive hotels and a command appearance on the Kate Smith Band-Wagon program.

Millions of persons listened in that night as the man they had voted the nation's number one hero of the week received a \$500 award and an elaborately inscribed scroll which cited his "distinguished personal heroism" in rescuing two trapped miners at the risk of his own life several days previously.

His name is Tolbert William Nelson—the Rev. Mr. T. W. Nelson since 1940—and he and his wife are seniors at Mars Hill this year. Nelson, who decided seven years ago at the age of 27 to become a minister after working as a coal miner and a salesman ("Not," he hastens to explain, "of the traveling salesman calibre") is president of the Mars Hill Ministerial Conference.

Inordinately modest, he hasn't broadcast his feat of bravery around the Hill; in fact, it's doubtful if, before this, more than a very few of the students who enjoy his amiable companionship ever heard of his national fame. He brought out the scroll, the radio script that he kept as a souvenir of the program, the photograph taken as he received the award from the songstress, and the fan mail which came from as far away as South America, reluctantly and then only after long persuasion.

The Nelsons, both native Virginians, live in a modest, three-room apartment in the home of Mrs. Beulah Bowden, of the Bible Department. Both are working toward Bachelor of Arts degrees, which they plan to take at Carson-Newman two years after they finish here next June.

Since a few months after their arrival on the campus in the fall of 1944, Nelson has served as full-time pastor of the Flag Pond Church.

"Full college and ministerial duties make something of a problem," he admits; but adds thoughtfully, "You soon get used to work at Mars Hill."

He thinks that Mars Hill can't be topped as a college and knows of no faults worth mentioning.

A native of Jonesville, Va., Nelson was licensed as a preacher in 1940 and has been active in the ministry ever since, never letting other jobs and school work interfere. He turned down a lucrative offer from a well-established church to return to the Hill this year.

(Continued on Page 4)