

# The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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## Truth, Purity, and Fidelity

For fifty-five years Philomathia has stood as a beckoning light, which has served to illumine paths that have led people through archways of lasting friendships, broadening cultural experiences, and enriching spiritual and mental activity.

The first president of Philomathia was Douglas Tweed, of Marshall. Many men have expounded themselves with zeal and vigor in debating, oration, and declaiming. The first debate query of Philomathia was: "Resolved, that the Government of the United States will pass away as other great governments of antiquity." After a heated argument the affirmative won. People at that time came from miles around to attend the society and to take part in the debates.

Great men have gone out from the Hall of Truth, Purity, Fidelity, and taken their places as leaders all over the world. Dr. O. E. Sams was one of the first members of Philomathia, but fifty-five years have not erased his enthusiasm and spirit. A number of the members of our present faculty are Philomathians. We are proud of the lives of these great men and proud that the spirit of Philomathia has never died within them. For the Philomathians long since past and the future Phis, who wait unknowing, Philomathia is ever striving to hold high their ideals of Truth, Purity, and Fidelity, which are so far from the reach of the impure world. —J. S.

## Meeting An Emergency

Firearms, perhaps wisely, are outlawed on the Mars Hill campus, but if they were not **The Hilltop** would suggest a 21-gun salute for Miss Eva Brewer and her brace of emergency Florence Nightingales who have so efficiently handled the epidemic of influenza.

Working tirelessly under the strain of the largest outbreak of illness among the students in 23 years, Miss Brewer has superintended the creation of two emergency infirmaries (after hall space and her own room in the Robinson Memorial Infirmary had proved inadequate) and the recruiting of student and faculty aides, to whom she accords a large measure of the credit for keeping the epidemic in the "mild" category. At no time was she nonplused by the giant task that loomed before her, even when the number of students on her official sick-list reached a peak of 75.

Editorial bouquets are in order, too, for Mother Sparks, who added to her duties of being boys' housemother the job of attending the boys placed in the gymnasium and those who remained in their rooms; and for these students who devoted several hours daily to helping in the infirmaries while continuing with their full class schedule: Dorothy Edwards, Eunice Robinson, Marcum Nance, Rosalie Harrison, and Louise King.

A very special bouquet goes to Miss Caroline Biggers, dean of women, whose practical assertion, "I prefer treating influenza cases to an outbreak of hysteria," had a sobering effect upon students among whom rumors of pending disaster were rampant. Hers was the task of putting into practice the very apropos axiom that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

There are others to whom great credit is due. Not the least of these are the girls in New Dorm, who watched their beds removed to the playroom, and with the spirit that is so typical of Mars Hill, cheerfully bunked for the night with a suite-mate. —S. M.

## Attention, Saints and Sinners

Last Sunday night, two of the religious leaders of the campus made an amusing spectacle of themselves in a Fellowship Hour performance. Their performance—a modern, coarse rendition of a very old and sacred hymn—was hardly so amusing.

A few weeks ago, some of the more devout students expressed themselves as shocked at some skits given at an after-church Fellowship Hour. There was nothing at all religious in the program, as would have befitted a Sunday night affair, they protested, and summarily left the auditorium.

Which program would you have walked out on?

—E. L. & S. M.

## A Hillian In Japan

Chaplain Waldo D. Early, father of Jane Early and former Mars Hillian, writes an account of his visit to a Japanese home and says that both sides are learning that "friendships may arise between erstwhile enemies."

Pastor Yuya, Chinese preacher and friend of Chaplain Early, took him and a group of soldiers to the outskirts of Tokyo where they visited the "home of the humble working man, Mr. Ando and his wife. He earns his daily living by toil, and yet, because within him is a great soul and love for the beautiful, he is written up in *Who's Who in Japan*, as an artist and poet. The paintings he and his wife have made adorn the modest little home," writes Chaplain Early.

"At the door, which occupies a whole side of the room, we remove our shoes in true Japanese style. We are furnished scanty house shoes to keep our feet warm on a cool October day. Cushions are provided for our sitting comfort (on the floor). A scroll is brought and each of the five American guests is asked to write on it. Each tells that he loves the Lord and wishes for true Christian Brotherhood between the Americans and Japanese. Each of the natives writes in their language on a scroll that becomes a prized possession of the Chaplain.

"The little tables are brought and we sit and eat rice and beans (everyone uses chop sticks). Also there are boiled sweet potatoes, boiled chestnuts, and green tea (plain boiling water poured over tea leaves). Did I say there was much bowing upon entering and leaving the home? (Oh, my aching back!)"

Chaplain Early explains that gifts of artistic work and lines of poetic thoughts which are presented to the guests are inspired by the beauty of a persimmon tree in the yard of the home. On the paintings of the persimmon appeared the following poem which has been translated from the original Japanese.

In the small spring  
(Beautiful autumn day—or Indian summer)

We welcome our friends from afar.

The color of the persimmon  
Shows pride in having friends.

There is no war in our meeting today,  
The persimmon shows we are only one.

We can hear the sound of boiling water in our poor residence.  
And can see the persimmon ripening.

Fall is deepening into winter,  
And we welcome you heartily.  
All the world has become  
One peaceful autumn.

Chaplain Early closes his story by saying, "The Japanese friends had done their best to make 'friends from afar' spend a pleasant afternoon. We agreed that they succeeded."

—Phyllis Ann Gentry.



## SEE TWO



Mary Lela Sparks

Lamar Judson Brooks

Dashing around the campus with too much to do, and yet always taking on more work, is typical of Mary Lela Sparks. Her interests are so varied and "fascinating" that one begins to wonder if she isn't "master" of all trades instead of "Jack."

Mary Lela came to school here in the fall semester of 1943. After being away a year, she returned the spring semester of last year. Within a few weeks after her matriculation, the rope of glory threw her on the peak of success in a Forensic Convention in Charlotte. She triumphantly bore away the highest honor for women's orations. Not only that, but she stole the show in debating. She came back to summer school, and there she outstood all others. Mary Lela is just one who stands out in any crowd or situation. Mediocrity to her is absolutely intolerable. She believes in doing the best with what one has.

This year has given her bountiful opportunities to demonstrate her gifts. She is Y.W.A. corresponding secretary, literary editor of the *Laurel*, reporter for the *Hilltop*, member of the Scribler Club, member of the Dramatics Club, and Anniversary President of the Clio Literary Society. She is a speech major, but she dreams of a lovely little cottage with a husband and a "passell" of intelligent children. These are but a few of the accomplishments of Miss Sparks. She wandered over here from the tourist center of Spruce Pine, North Carolina. The people of Spruce Pine are very proud of their brain child. Last year, just before the close of school, she spoke to the Rotary Club. They have not yet ceased applauding.

You may see him in the pulpit expounding elaborately upon some item of theology; you may see him emerging from the B. S. room where the council just met; you may see him lounging, with a doubtful, about the campus; you may see him behind the white desk in the Clio-Phi presiding in his best regal manner. . . . But wherever you see him you immediately recognize him as Lamar Judson Brooks. You may or may not recognize the "Judson".

Lamar blossomed forth in Edison, Ga., high school where he out-classed nearly all comers in taking high honors. He was president of his dramatics club for two years and official representative of his school in state forensics meets. He was salutatorian of his class and also received the Senior Activity Medal and a science award at commencement. Later that same year Mars Hill college was introduced to him, and almost at once honors began piling upon his shoulders. He was elected president of the Junior class and a member of his Sunday School class. He joined the Ministerial conference, and has now been preaching over two years. Second semester saw him elected president of the I. R. C. and of the Training Union. Later he was elected first vice-president of the B. S. U. and vice-president for the Philomathian C-I class. This year the Phis, sensing Char-mar's ability for leadership, elected him president for the most important term of the year.

His plans for the future include finishing at Baylor, preaching all the while. Though other things temporarily hold his attention, the ministry has demanded his all, and it is there that he feels he belongs.