

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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CONTRIBUTORS

Inez Wright . Lois Harris . Ruth Forester . Tommy Stapleton . Betty Weaver . Jerry Saville

Advisor Ramon DeShazo

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A Hope And A Prayer

Another year has begun. A new calendar is on the wall. The world has been taught through bitter experience some expensive lessons. Or has it? Once we were given a chance to make this a worthwhile place in which to live, but instead we forced a whole generation into a bath of blood.

A huge transport slithered into the sky, its compass knocked out of commission by enemy flak. There were nineteen wounded men aboard. Six able-bodied ones manned the plane. The pilot nosed the great ship out over the Pacific and prayed!

At that exact moment a shell burst near a foxhole in embattled Luzon. A startled doughboy shook the dirt from his eyes, scrambled for his rifle, and said: "Thank you, Lord."

In a Japanese prison camp deep in the heart of Honshu a grimy, gaunt, skeletal American struggled to eat a bowlful of filthy rice: "Lord, give me strength."

Back at home a gray-haired mother kneeled beside her bed and prayed: "Please, Lord, give us another chance."

Those prayers were answered. Ten thousand different prayers in ten thousand different places at the same time, asking for another chance. Now we have another chance, our last chance! Are we going to fumble this chance? Have we really learned a lesson, or will we live to see our children march off to death? That depends on us as individuals to a greater extent than we will let ourselves believe. Yes, we as college youths, as Mars Hillians, have our definite part in the building of world peace. Until we realize that, until people all over the world wake up to this realization, all of the bloody battles, all of those who have given their lives in the prime of young manhood, all of this "so-called" peace, is in vain. A new year, another chance—what shall become of it? —J. S.

Ad Astra, Et Cetera

In this column some weeks ago, the editor grievously lamented the manifold difficulties that had stepped in the way of the Christmas edition of *The Hilltop*, observing thankfully that a siege of influenza and sundry other misfortunes had been successfully combatted, that the paper was appearing on schedule, and that everybody was happy.

Everybody was happy—on the Saturday afternoon the editorial was written. The story was somewhat different Tuesday morning. In the rush of trying to beat the approaching blizzard, everybody had forgotten that *The Hilltop* was to have appeared between suppers.

Everybody, that is, except the editors had forgotten. Quite content to step into the role of martyrs (it's quite the thing on the campus these days, you know), they (1) decided to remain overnight to see that the papers were mailed out to the students, (2) shelved their good intentions as the snow deepened, departed for Asheville, and left the papers to the mercies of some faculty members and students who remained, and (3) returned sheepishly to the Hill, after a fruitless search for trains and buses in snow-bound Asheville.

Meanwhile, the circulation machinery had been functioning smoothly, and the staff's heartfelt thanks go to Miss Collie Garner, Miss Eula Mae Young, Miss Irene Glass, LaVerne Rush and others who helped to mail out the papers.

But who would have thought that "Ad astra per aspera," penned so learnedly and so lightly a few short weeks ago, could contain such an ominous meaning? —S. M.

Wisdom Digest.....

What? Exams not over yet? Still have more hurrying and cramming to do before Wednesday? We dare you to slow down just a minute or two and see what's going on that you're missing in all your rush. We don't believe in crushing roses underfoot while reaching for a star. It just isn't worth it! So, come on, kids, let's stop for a while and open our eyes and take in some of these words o' wisdom gleaned from here'n' there.

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens. —Douglas Jerrold.

The older generation thought nothing of getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning—and the younger generation doesn't think so much of it either.

A shallow brook makes more noise than a deep river, but carries very little merchandise. —Dr. Perry F. Webb.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals. —Benjamin Franklin.

Great men never feel great; small men never feel small.

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet. Bailey.

Here's a "Ladder of Success" copied from the *Watchman-Examiner*. How about it?

- 100%—I did.
- 90%—I will.
- 80%—I can.
- 70%—I think I can.
- 60%—I might.
- 50%—I think I might.
- 40%—What is it?
- %—I wish I could.
- 20%—I don't know how.
- 10%—I can't.
- 0%—I won't.

Income taxes could be a lot worse. Suppose we had to pay on what we think we are worth.

Art hath an enemy called ignorance. —Ben Jonson.

Remember that old Arabian proverb everybody knows part of but can't recite? Tuck it away in your scrapbook and next time you want to sound learned, you've got it!

Four Sorts Of Men

He who knows not and knows not he knows not:
He is a fool—shun him;
He who knows not and knows he knows not:
He is simple—teach him;
He who knows and knows not he knows:
He is asleep—wake him;
He who knows and knows he knows:
He is wise—follow him.

—Phyllis Ann Gentry.



SEE TWO

"They might not need me; but I'll let my head be just in sight. A smile as small as mine might be precisely their necessity."



Phyllis Ann Gentry

Nothing but poetry could express her honorific personality. Her poetical love began as a small child at her mother's knees. Her mother's deep love for poetry was transmitted by daily reading. The elaborate phrases of a poet's mind settled in the young one's imperative mind. Phyllis Ann accepts no honors for her work with poetry. All the credit goes to her mother. One of her poems was recently published in *An Anthology of College Poetry*. Father also gets a share of the cake. He gave his daughter a talent of no less value—art. Although she is not notable in Miss Bowden's class of classical paint doblers, she has decorated her room at her talent's expense.

Before coming to Mars Hill, her life was one throbbing experience after another as secretary to the treasurer of Foreign Mission Board. Her love for that work is so compelling that she plans to return to it after finishing Mars Hill. However, she will attend college later.

Mars Hill is very proud of its protegee. She helped Miss Biggers of Volunteer for Christ representative to the B.S.U. Council. At the end of the last year she received the Bible award and special recognition of a Y.T.C. paper. She was a Y.W.A. circle leader. Her Ole' Lady likes to point out explicitly that she is one of the busiest persons on the campus. The watches take up a large amount of her time. She is an invaluable contributor to the *Hilltop*.

Phyllis Ann has definite likes and dislikes. Her likes are Nestle's Chocolate bars, big hats, English, Clio-Phi, milk, music, stuffed animals, oysters, hamburgers, and brevity.



John Angus McLeod

How was Peggy know that the little that was born on No. was the gentleman that day would meet at the fates play strange to ple, and soon little that he was living of a minister's family. He used to delight in church on Sunday. He had a friend who usually sat. One morning, the giggling and scuffling coming from the ticular corner caused erend Mr. McLeod as his sermon and moved other corner in the was probably the he ever played in

No occurrences of ing consequence took John entered high neither did they ward. In high school, Hill, he was editor of member of the dra and a member of the won letters in football. In his senior vice-president of his Then, just one ago, he entered M been very active in ning letters in football and baseball. This year he again athletics, and at the the year was in the production of the and was Anniversary Euthalians.

His plans for the clude a 24-month Navy, after which attend the University Carolina and Temple studying medicine. don't forget Peggy!