

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Of Vice And Men

While few, if any, of our young ministerial brethren have had the indelicacy to refer to it, as such, during the current Youth Revival, vice—certainly as a subject, possibly as an actuality—has figured importantly on the campus during the past week. And this is all very good and natural, for vice is the antithesis of virtue, which the young ministers have expounded generously this week.

When such a thing is thrust so prominently on our daily life, surely we should know what it is of which we must rid ourself. Of course, there is the dictionary, which will tell you that vice is "a moral fault or failing." But let's get closer to earth.

Vice is smoking.

Really? Then the tobacco habit, it is to be feared, will make bed fellows of some highly-regarded ministers and their lesser contemporaries in sin in the nether regions. Possibly it might be best to leave the spiritual aspect of tobacco to the conscience of the user, and the physical aspect to his doctor.

Vice is attending movies.

Conceivably. Personal convictions would seem to be the ruling factor here.

Vice is drinking.

Perhaps. But the HILLTOP shares with the administration the fond hope that this is not a particularly acute problem on the campus.

Then just what can, unequivocally, constitute vice on a Christian college campus?

There are a thousand and one things which can legitimately come under the heading of "moral faults and failings" which are too often discarded by the ecclesiastically inclined in favor of the more exciting "border-line" sins, which are accordingly pounced upon with a fervor all out of proportion to their importance.

To such persons, and to others, we commend serious thought, and subsequent action, on vices that are vices, in every sense of the word, and about which there is no debate—hypocrisy, bigotry, procrastination, intolerance, prejudice, sloth, selfishness. Free of these, you are ready to discourse to your heart's content on the lesser evils of the day. —S. M. & E. L.

Into The Valley?

The week of Youth Revival is one of the greatest weeks experienced on Mars Hill Campus. Everyone is lifted to the mountain peak. Was it as great this year as ever? What did it mean to the Student Body as a whole? Shall we descend into the valley next month?

These questions are important. The answers lie within each reader. Don't expect any more from Youth Revival than you have been willing to put into it. There can be no real spiritual revival until each person who is to take part examines himself; until each person who is to listen prepares his own heart.

One of our greatest privileges has been to listen to our own fellow students proclaiming Christ so magnificently. We are inspired; we are challenged to give of our best. We make resolutions; but then comes next week with its temptations, and those things we started with zest soon find procrastination taking over. However, this is only human nature . . . and we are human beings . . . believe it or not . . .

If Youth Revival has been really successful, there will be no sudden emotional outburst of enthusiasm, but a deeper and more sincere spiritual atmosphere will pervade the campus. —J. S.

Local Talent

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen . . ." but we're not going to let that happen if we can help it. There's talent all around you, and we intend for it to be seen. Take a look, for example, at this note of optimism from Inez Wyatt.

Success

A tiny hand reached for a star, Faltered, and then drew back. Years later, the very same hand Grasped, and pulled it down.

Tommy Stapleton goes philosophical in his words about the world's humblest creature.

The Earthworm

He pushed his head from out the sod, And wiped the black dirt from his eyes;

He gave one look up to the moon, And watched the silent clouds go by.

I do not know just what he thought. (The scientists say he has no brain);

But soon he turned his head to earth, To bits of leaves for hunger strain.

Jerry Saville makes this contribution:

Words, poems, songs are tinsel—I only sit and absorb the glow And become contrite in knowing such great happiness

Has come to me, unworthy, incapable me.

Oh may I grow tall in the thought That I may love and live today, Joyfully, superbly, thoughtfully and prayerfully—

And so become a disciple of your divinity.

Move over, Mr. Webster! Sally Morton Hudson has come through with a supplement to the Dictionary!

Alarm.

An alarm is a little red box Made with a breakable plate. It's also what happens to ladies When they get to a sale too late.

Ashes.

Ashes are all that's left of a fire When the fuel is finally neglected. . . . Or the tragic remains of a love That was wooed and won, then rejected.

Harmless

Harmless is a fly. Or is it? For flies defy health laws With every single visit.

Ladder

A ladder is what you shouldn't go under When it's leaning 'gainst a roof. So take this bit of advice: To a ladder remain aloof.

Match

A match is a phosphorus-tipped stick Or either an adoring pair. And if you're not careful with the flames, They'll both get in your hair.

Vehicle

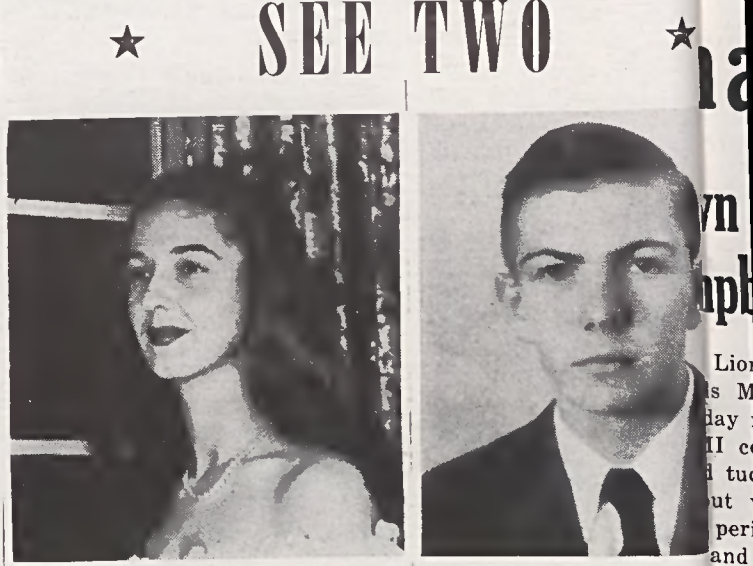
A vehicle, so I'm told, Is a fancy name for a car. (This definition is for those Who don't know what vehicles are.)

Yourself

Yourself is myself to you Or you to me, either one. Yourself is the one who is never to blame For what is done—or not done.

As long as we've gone this far, it couldn't possibly hurt to include these four lines, also from the typewriter of G. T. Stapleton.

A miss,
A kiss,
A dean,
A scene.



Louvene Jordan

"To know her is to love her." Such a statement was spoken of Louvene Jordan. Then it is no small wonder that the Clios elected her to their most honored position, President. Her personality is all that Clio stands for. Her beauty is one of excellent training and nobility. A smile plays over her whole face as she greets friends on the campus. It is a smile of sincerity. Her ambition is in keeping with her personality and family tradition.

She intends to do religious work. But as far as next year is concerned, her plans are rather uncertain.

One of her favorite pastimes is to etymologize and do something about it, especially in Papa De's class. Poetry and good music in the true sense of the word produce fertility for her greater moments. Pink Lightning is the only flavor of lipstick that will correspond to her taste.

She finished high school at Elkin. Here at Mars Hill she has worked assiduously for the Hilltop as Sports Editor and for the Laurel as Feature Editor. Her beauty has been recognized by the Laurel Staff. She is also on the Y.W.A. Council.

Before coming to Mars Hill she worked a year for Civil Service. (As her suitemates say, "for civilized service.") She is civilized because of her adorable love for food, especially from the box under her suitemate's bed. (But food is food.) For a good all-around person, Louvene fits exactly into the portrait.

Hubert Humphrey

Hubert Humphrey, you're liable to see with te on the campus, was born Octo 1, 1928 at Charlotte, N. C. Then he and his family h-man in many varied places. id be

He received his high education in no less than Mc schools in as many states. He spent his junior high in Norfolk, Va., then moved to Springs, N. C., and completed senior year in the M Orangeburg in our new state, South Carolina. In high school he was president of his Junior class home-Orangeburg he was a member of the executive council. He elected the most handsome in the class, but neither the laziest," he says. He was elected in June, 1944.

He came to Mars Hill same time some of us did, September, 1945. His scholastic ability was evident from the minute he entered in his first homework. He became a member of the Forensics Team and at the Dixie Tournament. Second semester he elected as a member of the national Relations club and elected president of the Laurence B. T. U.

He was vice-president of Euthalians during the term as president. He is a member of the Forensics team. Mr. DeShazo and is the marshal of the college. served as president of the first semester this year.

THE UNVANQUISHED

By Cornelia

HEADLINES

Pop Lance Fatally Wounded
Two rabbits while hunting.

Two CII's Expelled
all thoughts of graduating when they saw their reports.

Leon Corder Suddenly Struck
by an idea.

Dean Lee Fired
the furnace in the janitor's absence.

Anne Nelson Lost
her Latin book.

Baine Harris Drowned
a sack full of cats.

Mars Hill College Plans To Move
forward in the future.

Gloria Dean Hovis Killed
time during study hour.

Coach Hart Beaten
in a tennis match.

Football men—they'll rs f anything.
Tennis players—they c good rackets, and play to g love games.
Baseball players—ve f scrupulous, they hit and ways taking time out, and: 'out of bounds'.

Short Story

Two old maids we'r c tramp.
And here's something d g people who thrive on corn this and see if it is green al
If the light goes out, feather out of a pillow light enough for anybody's N

The Poet's Corner
Lives of great men all remind us, As their pager o'er we turn, That we're apt to leave behind us. Letters that we ought to burn.

Advice To Girls
Don't go out with: Track men—they're too fast.

"Who was the progre MHC who dreamed he wa tri ing to his classes, and wohn o blis
Never kiss on a M.H. date, Lov is blind— but the profs sure ai