

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Presenting

An unwritten but ironclad law of the fourth estate decrees that once a year all self-respecting editors take it upon themselves to inform their reading public, via the editorial columns, that Spring has come. The annual Spring opus takes on many forms. With playful roguishness, the editor will hint, "In the Spring a young man's fancy, etc." He who is of a particularly witty turn will lead off with that veteran stand-by, "Spring is sprung, the sap has rizz, I wonder where the flowers is." Still another will rush the seasons to demand ecstatically, "What is so rare as a day in June?"

In all probability, Spring has arrived at Mars Hill. It appears to be well entrenched for its formal coming out tomorrow. And all the signs are holding true. Young men's fancies are turning more and more to the girls' dorms and away from all-male sessions of cokes and politics at Larry's. The sap has rizz, as far as we know, and the flowers are here—great clusters of jonquils, which grow in profusion around the Big Circle but which are something of a rarity on Faculty Hill, as midnight raiders from Sprinkle can testify.

Our cartoonist, in a fit of misanthropy and pessimism induced, no doubt, by chilly memories of the Christmas exodus, has depicted elsewhere on this page a not-so-pleasant scene. But with fingers crossed, the Hilltop, on the eve of the five-day Spring reprieve, announces the formal debut of Spring, 1946, and wishes you a merry holiday in which overturned buses and snowy roads will be nothing more than a three-months old memory. —S. M.

The Labor Problem

Work can be fun! That is hard to believe, especially after the week we've just been through, but it is true nevertheless. To appreciate just what is meant by this, one must understand the term work. To most people work is what we do for a living—what we earn money by doing, and here our work brings in grades instead of dollars and cents. There is something more to work than that.

Do you like to make people happy? Of course you do. Well then, every bit of work done by each one of us helps to make someone, perhaps many, happy. It is work for us to put out this paper, which affords enjoyment for you. It was work, hard work, studying for all those tests, but the teachers found satisfaction in the fact that their efforts for half a term had not been in vain.

The plays that were presented to offer recreation for you last students had to have just as many tests as you did. Their term papers Saturday evening required many long hours of diligent work. Those were due the very same day yours was. Their study hours were given over to rehearsals. Yes, it was work, hard work, but you found enjoyment, recreation from their work; therefore their work became fun to them. Turn your thoughts to the common laborer for a moment. Those who labor to build automobiles make it possible for people to go places, and going places is fun. Those who dig the ditches and build the highways on which we travel make our trips more enjoyable.

Then the professional laborer—the doctor and the nurse spend hours restoring people to happy and normal lives; the scientist, through work, shortens his own life to make life happier for someone else; and the teacher gives everything to help fight ignorance. The typist who types an order for goods helps to give the seller, as well as the buyer of those goods, real pleasure. So it goes. I dare you to think of some piece of real work, from mowing a lawn to designing a yacht, that does not bring pleasure to someone. I doubt if you succeed. So, as we work, we may gain satisfaction from the thought that we are doing our bit to give people pleasure and to make life a little safer or easier for others. That should be fun! —J.S.

Wisdom Digest.....

For the common things of every day
 God gave man speech in the common way,
 And He gave to the poet words to reveal
 The deeper things men think and feel.
 But for heights and depths no words could reach,
 God gave man music, the soul's own speech.

—Unknown.

Surely, music is the speech of the soul and the speech of angels. What other experience is there than that of living with music that can match or produce so many varying moods? The lilting strains of a waltz, the haunting breath of a nocturne, the stirring power of a march—these are a few of the types of music and the feelings brought about by them. One can be carried far away from time and place by the whisper of a violin, the rolling of a drum, and the call of a trumpet, the sweeping harmony of an organ, and the simple beauty of a singing voice. Listen, and appreciate, and love that thing called music.

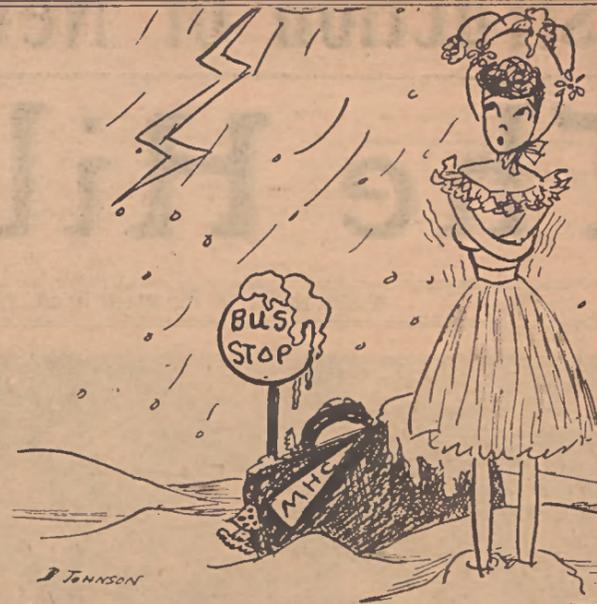
Each part of the perfect whole
 Must in itself be perfect.
 And so, the master musician,
 gauging his tempo
 By the tick, tock, tick of the metronome,
 Counts each beat individually,
 Mechanically it would seem
 To one who loves not music.
 But can it be called mechanical
 When such minute perfection
 Is gilded and made more glorious
 By the depth of feeling,
 By the ardent, soul-filling love,
 And by the passionate longing for something
 More beautiful than all the treasures
 That earth can hold—
 That only one who loves music
 can know?

For to love music is to love
 The presence of angels,
 The soft glow of a full moon
 Upon each tiny flake of freshly-driven snow
 That rests upon the silence of the earth,
 Through gnarled branches
 Of ancient, weather-beaten ghosts of trees.
 To love music is to love
 The voice of God.
 To love music is to live music,
 To create a symphony for a smile,
 And concerto from a deed of kindness,
 A nocturne from a word of hope,
 And to tune another's ear so that he, too,
 May love music.

—Phyllis Ann Gentry..

Chapel Schedule

March 20: Music Department.
 March 21-26: Spring Holidays.
 March 27: Speech Class.
 March 28: Advisee Day.
 March 29: Mr. Kendall.



Spring Holidays

★ SEE TWO ★



Norma Minges

Norma Minges, Mars Hill's Sarah Bernhardt, was born May 14, 1926, at Gastonia, N. C. She spent her last three years in and was graduated from Lowell High school in the town by the same name, N. C.

While there she was president of the dramatics club, and a member of a debating team that won second place in the state two consecutive years. She was also chaplain of her home room in both her junior and senior year. She received, along with quite a few other young people over the country, a high school diploma in May, 1944.

The next fall found her enrolled in a junior college in Western North Carolina, called Mars Hill college. From the first minute her ability was recognized, she was given many responsible jobs in extra-curricular activities. She was secretary and then vice-president of her Sunday school class last year, and she became a member of the Dramateers and, of course, the forensics team. When that team journeyed to Charlotte for the Dixie Tournament of 1945, she came away with seven first-place certificates. She went to Chapel Hill last spring with the Dramateers. She won the Temperance Reading contest and the Dramatics Medal.

Since September, 1945, she has been anniversary vice-president of the Clios and president of the Dramateers, with jobs such as second vice-president of her Sunday school class and group captain of her Training union thrown in. She plans again to go to Chapel Hill in April with the Dramateers.

Jack Rhodes is to be her chief concern of the future, for he it



Bobby Barnes

There is in our midst a meditative fellow who glories in his own good thoughts. He looks at life through the vision of a Christian. Bobby Barnes, another product of Mars Hill High School of North Carolina, came to the mountain to get closer to God and to do the work he has been called to do. The value of his life and spirit has been recognized. He has been elected President of the Classical Conference, Secretary of the Italian Literary Society, Treasurer of the B.S.U. Court, and Proctor of Landers Cottages. He brought us the message of the last year and this year. He has a blond scalp oceans of placid nerve cells of his lobes. For instance, for the summer the spirit of "lust" has secreted into the stream the fire to see the world by means of his thumb, though he dislikes school. He tends to attain by his grace a doctor's degree. In good lesson in ethics. In the year and then to a seminar in eyes and preaching the latter is his zeal, and the mer is the color of his eyes. It is evident that wherever he goes, whatever he does, he will succeed. God has made Bobby will fulfill it.

was who slipped that spatula her fourth finger, left hand is planning a Little League group, but "the rest of the center around Jack," she