

# The Hilltop

JUNIOR CLASS EDITION

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## Just Willows

I paused to gaze at the old weeping willow standing near the church and ponder the story she might tell us if she could only give voice to her thoughts. The trunk towers upward to meet the on-rushing breeze, but the slender branches droop their delicate leaves to caress the earth. Why this contradiction? Why the striving upward to gain a straight stature, yet a drooping head as if the struggle had been won, with the victor too sorrowful to enjoy the fruit of the conquest? Even in her sorrow, the willow brings us joy with her new spring apparel swishing softly, lightly with the wind. I wondered about the students of unremembered years who also paused beneath those branches, and who could tell the same story as the willow. Storms of social and personal worries, of exams and executive committees have swayed these young branches as forcefully as the storms of wind and rain have raged against the tree. And like the tree, they have striven to gain their peak on the campus, yet are observed to hang their heads in spring. We have a mutual bond with these by-gone students, for in a few weeks, we, too, shall find ourselves in a similar condition. Many have reached the farewell of graduation. C-Is will return, but they will not see many of the familiar, beloved faces under the umbrellas on Science hill. The willow will become our symbol because of thoughts of coming partings, as we all must leave some day. "Pass the zip!" will become a phrase remembered only with scales, and the short-sheeting of ole' ladies and preparations of pie-beds will be left for new troupes of Mars Hillians. Little red ants, the six-inch rule, and Wednesday dinners will be left for others.

Catfish tender, catfish tough,  
 We's done et catfish long enough!

We are striding forward, taking leave of only one episode, and a happy one, in our lives. This farewell may be forever or for only a little while, but a farewell. We march forward proudly, appreciative of the opportunity to study at Mars Hill, yet with a droop, and perhaps an inner feeling of sorrow over the little outcroppings we have failed to conquer, such as neglected studies, unexpressed fellowship with God and comrades, or failure to take advantage of opportunities provided for us by our families and instructors. For this we must give atonement, that we might "warm our hands before the fire of life," and with heads high during the storms, as the willow tosses her branches in mockery of the elements.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu,  
 I can no longer stay with you.  
 I'll hang my harp on the weeping willow tree,  
 And may the world go well with thee. —B. Z.

## Our Appreciation

As the spring of the year comes to Mars Hill once again, the C-I class realizes more than ever how much the Hill has meant to it. Several of the students have found life in these mountains where one can easily draw close to God. A person who has never accepted Christ and lived for Him has never really lived, but only existed. One doesn't live until Christ has come into his life and he has experienced the joy and happiness of Christian living; therefore those who have found life have found Christ.

To see the smiling face of "Daddy" Blackwell and to observe his humble spirit and friendliness has been an inspiration to all of us.

We appreciate the Christian leadership of the faculty and their wise advice. Especially are we indebted to Miss Caroline Biggers for her strong Christian leadership and influence among the girls.

The lives of our devoted house mothers have become a part of our lives this year, and we shall never forget all their unselfish deeds of love for us.

As the sands of time move ever onward recording the inevitable changes in human nature, Mars Hill will always remain a college of "Plain Living and High Thinking" in the minds of the members of our class. —L. F.

## Poetry...

### Life

The sun puts forth his golden arm  
 And whispers a lullaby to the budding tree.  
 A barefoot lad from off the farm  
 Sits at the brook running so free  
 And thinks that life is full of glee.  
 But then, a thought to him finds its way—  
 "Why did God make me  
 From a bit of dust and clay?  
 And what is life for anyway?"

The weary sun lays down his head to rest  
 And pulls the twilight blanket o'er his all.  
 Yellow trees unloose their golden dress  
 And, bowing heads of shame, allow them to fall,  
 For, they no more hear the service call.

The barefoot boy by the riverway  
 Lifts up his head and wonders at the fall:  
 "Why did God allow the leaves to fall today?  
 And what is life for anyway?"

The sun retreats before his eternal foe  
 And night, black devil, reveals the winning card,  
 As he waves his howling arms about the icy oak, thus and so,  
 While snow flakes heavily fall to the tune of this screaming bard.  
 The barefoot boy dares not leave his yard,  
 But gaving upward seems to say—  
 "I shed a tear for the whipping tree dying so hard.  
 Why does not God stop the winter night from her play?  
 And what is life for anyway?"  
 —Bobby Hanes.

### Values

For what are riches and gold  
 For which the earth doth seek?  
 Will they stop our growing old  
 And keep us from the grave's sad song?

For what are thoughts and theories great  
 With which we burden our brain, so weak?  
 Will they provide the fare to o'ercome our fate  
 And lead us up to walk the golden street so long?  
 —Bobby Hanes.

### Bull Session

A little group first wanders in,  
 And raise their voices to begin  
 A conversation which includes  
 The sights they have view'd  
 In a day at Mars Hill College.

Others come and join the group,  
 And on the beds and chairs they drop  
 To add their bit of gab and talk,  
 For they too have watch'd like a hawk  
 All the sights at Mars Hill College.

The talk begins at first with girls;  
 They all join in and each unfurls  
 His inmost thoughts on all beauties,  
 Which cause him to forget duties,  
 All day long at Mars Hill College.

Teachers, classrooms, stuff in gen'ral,  
 Some are good and some are dreadful,  
 And in the night the gab goes on.  
 Each thing is discussed pro and son  
 In the bull session at Mars Hill College.  
 —Pat Murphy.

## Lights On Leaders



**Lib Foster**

Alabamian by birth but now hailing from Charlotte, N. C., is our busy class secretary, Lib Foster. Lib is an admirably industrious and efficient person. Seldom does one see her wasting time. She carries a heavy schedule, makes the honor roll, and performs in a manner which would be difficult for anyone to improve. Lib is advertising manager of the Hilltop, snapshot editor of the Laurel, chaplain of the Classical club, and a very active member of Sunday School and Training Union work.

Lib is a genuine, sincere person, vitally interested in many things, but most of all she is interested in the foreign mission work which she plans to do after finishing her college education. Among her varied interests are speaking and journalism, particularly when involved in the field of newspaper work.

Purely and simply, to win oth-



**Rolan Bailey**

The serious-looking ministerial student who lives in Sparkle and is a Philomathian as well as C-I class president is Rolan Bailey.

Since Rolan came to Mars Hill he has held the offices of president of the C-I class, music director for the training union and Phi chaplain. He is a member of the Classical club, and was recently elected first vice-president of the Baptist Student Union for next year. Rolan is a capable leader; he is versatile, sincere, and a real Christian.

He expects to be graduated in May of 1947 and from here to go to the University of Richmond.

ers to Christ is her greatest aim in life. Mars Hill College, and the present C-I class in particular, has gained much by Lib's radiant personality this year. We wish her much luck and success as she continues her college work at Wake Forest.



**Phoebe Duckworth**

The happy looking blonde whom one sees walking around on the campus is none other than our own class treasurer, Phoebe Duckworth.

This year Phoebe has been C-I editor of the Laurel, hostess of Nonpareil, and vice-president of her training union.

Phoebe, who hails from Morganton, N. C., is well liked. All who know her will agree that she is among the "cream of the crop" for she has a sweet disposition and friendly smile which win many friends.

Among the many interests which she has is our beloved Pat Murphy, BSU President for 1946-47.

After graduation from Mars Hill Phoebe plans to do church secretarial work.

### GLEE CLUB

(Continued from Page 1)  
 Two Were Maying," Smith; "On The Road to Mandalay," Speaks; "Scherzo, Opus 31," Chopin; "The Black Steed," Russian folk



**Pat Murphy**

The junior class made a wise decision when they elected Pat Murphy vice-president of the C-I class. He has already proved his worth by being the school's choice for president of the Baptist Student Union for 1946-47.

Pat, who hails from Wallace, N. C., is a ministerial student. He is a member of the Ministerial Conference and the Scriblerus club and is on the first honor roll.

Pat is a quiet, studious, easy-going type of person. He plans to go to Baylor University or Wake Forest when he finishes Mars Hill, then on to the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

song; "I Dream of You," Arr Waring; "Come to The Fair," Martin; "America the Giver," Gaines.

Soloists were Tommy Stapleton, Ann Nelson, Richard Moore, Charles Brinkley, Doris Anderson, John Bringear, Betty Rae Carter, and Milton Bliss, a former member of the Glee club.