

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Your Future

In this highly-competitive post-war age, youth must learn sharply the real issues that constitute success. It is one thing to hear of these realities but quite another to understand their bare meanings. Young men and women from hamlets, cities and metropolises yearly flaunt college "sheepskins" and believe they hold the passport to a promising future. Some of them do find life in the world to be fruitful, rich in beauty and in prosperity; but the majority face uncertainty, insecurity, turmoil, and never rise above the mediocre. Certainly the diploma helps to pave the way, but decisiveness coupled with needed drive and initiative of life's hard knocks can not be learned in the world of books.

Face it! This is no world to be seen through "rose-colored glasses." One glance at the universal events in headlines or excerpts from commentators focus the need for alive, matured, enlightened future citizens. The background must be laid now for the successes and the leaders of tomorrow. Truly this must be a new "Era in Education." The craving-for-knowledge group must absorb background material quickly to cope with present-day and future demands. A wealth of knowledge must become intermingled with the learnings of everyday experiences. Only in floundering, in idle dreaming, and in wavering from one field to another in search of an easier road to eventual defeat is there failure. To find your element-to-be, to direct all efforts in learning which will motivate later action toward that goal—these make for scaling the initial hurdle in achievement. —C. B. —Don Jackson.

The Present - MHC - And Us

In one of his more eloquent moments in class one day a Mars Hill professor said, in so many words: "Live in the present, getting everything there is to get out of the particular moment in which you are living now."

One can't allow himself to be perpetually, negatively dissatisfied with the present, desiring only what a vague or even a clear future may hold if he is to live life to its fullest. The—present and Mars Hill College—hold for one as much, or as little, as his capacity, and more important, his desire dictate.

Needless to say, the choice of joining or not joining a society rests with the individual. The societies were established by students and through the years have become an integral part of student life at Mars Hill College and of the mental pictures cherished by generations of students long since gone. The social life of the campus revolves, to a large degree, around the societies. A form of fellowship not found elsewhere on the campus exists within the societies. The programs, the activities, the atmosphere, the policy of the society is determined by its members, an important fact often obscured by seemingly more obvious facts not in the societies' favor.

Today marks Mars Hill's ninety-first birthday. She has stood for a long time on the same basic principles upon which she was originally established. Her rules, an outgrowth of those principles, have, oddly enough, changed from time to time for various reasons. The fundamentals of that which is right, however, don't change. Therefore, there is every reason to believe that Mars Hill will exist as far into the future as she has into the past on those same basic principles, the rules varying with circumstances. Strange as it may seem, there are those, who, regarding the rules clearly and impersonally from the various existing angles, will see their worth and in some cases their indispensability. There are others to whom they are extremely annoying, and there are even those who can't see the common sense in allowing a set of rules such as that in existence here to present a bland wall or a barbed-wire fence at every turn. Rather, they adapt themselves to them and go on from there.

Those in any of the three groups are not necessarily right or wrong. They are simply themselves.

Activities and situations exist on the campus which do not correspond to the ideas backed by the personalities and outlooks of some individual students, a fact which is natural, and, again, not necessarily wrong. The fact does exist, however, that greatness consists, in part, of an individual's capacity for an understanding tolerance of ways of living this life contrary to his own.

The reality of Mars Hill, and the present, are ours, and we're living now as much as we ever will be. —C. H.

The Desk Drawer

It's raining ... In fact, it rains—rather frequently ... Oh, of course, you've long since abandoned those cherished illusions which, doubtless, sprang from the catalogue's glowing description ... The cold, damp fact is, it's just beginning ... Wait'll it starts snowing ... You can't really appreciate the infinite degree which the bad weather, at its best, can reach till you've lived through the bleak, soggy reality of a week of snow here ... It isn't even healthy then to walk down the steps ... ice, you know ... not to mention the fact that Miss Brewer invariably has more than she can do then anyway ... The boys throw snowballs ... they always have and they will this year ... The stuff's a very wet, gray slush when it begins to melt.

But it's still October ... autumn in these mountains—it isn't in full swing yet—is quite, well, it is colorful ... seemingly more so here than elsewhere, probably due to the added perspective. Nearer the coast only a single line of conventionally-colored dying and dead leaves is visible ... When they fall here, though, the aesthetically inclined souls living on Edna Moore hill will be able to view with less obstruction the hazy blue ... occasionally rose ... stretch in the distant east ... mountains, of course—on their way to breakfast ... At the same time they can begin their day with a nice, appropriate remark: "Aren't they lovely?"

College To Observe

(Continued from Page 1)

College History Reveals Growth And Service

Mars Hill College, "a gem in the emerald ring of the hills," was conceived in the minds of a few stalwart Christian gentlemen who had the initiative and endurance to carry out their ideas.

In the fall of 1857, under the name of **The French Broad Baptist Institute**, with Messrs. W. A. G. Brown and P. W. Anderson in charge, this school began its work. On February 16, 1859, a little more than two years later, the first charter of the school was secured and the name was changed to Mars Hill College.

From the beginning the college was managed by a self-perpetuating board of trustees. In 1925, however, the charter was changed so that the Baptist State Convention could thereafter appoint the members of the board. This insured a continuance of the principles and purposes of the founders.

In 1897 Dr. R. L. Moore assumed the duties of the presidency of the college, marking, in a sense, its second founding. Under his guidance the growth of the college was continuous; the assets were multiplied, and a unique character had been given the college which distinguished it among educational institutions. Dr. Moore retired from the presidency on June 11, 1938, and Dr. Hoyt Blackwell was unanimously chosen his successor.

Mars Hill College was fortunate in securing a new leader, fully qualified in every way, to accept the presidency when Dr. Moore resigned. Dr. Hoyt Blackwell had served the college faithfully as a member of the faculty and since becoming president of the college he has proved himself most capable in this great task.

Introducing . . .

Pat Murphy B.S.U. President

Pat Murphy is a very popular member of the student body. He hails from Wallace, North Carolina, which Pat claims to be the most outstanding little town in the state. He gained his first recognition when he served diligently as the vice-president of the junior class. Also, as a C-1, Pat was the chairman of the Mission Expansion program, a part of the Volunteers for Christ organization. Pat is an honor student and is a member of the Scribblers Club; football is his favorite sport. As



for food, Pat delights in having a midnight snack. His musical interests favor the semi-classical compositions. He is also a member of the Euthalian Literary Society.

Sunday School Superintendent

Norman Ferrell, a quiet and unassuming fellow, is from Durham, North Carolina. He is a ministerial student and a member of the ministerial conference. As a C-1, Norman served as president of his Sunday School class. His favorite pastime is helping his fellow students. Norman enjoys midnight snacks, and he has a large appetite for southern fried chicken. His favorite sport is football. In the music line Norman likes a variety of musical selections



listed among the classical, semi-classical, and modern groups. Norman has held the position of secretary in the Euthalian Literary Society.

Training Union Director

Bobby Haynes, is a sandy-haired youth with a radiant personality. As a C-1 Bobby was a Training Union Bible leader. This work led to his election as president of the Baptist Training Union. Bobby also did extensive mission work in the adjoining communities during his junior year. He is a member of the Scribblers Club. Bob is a member of the track team and is extremely enthusiastic about athletics. As a member of the Euthalian Literary Society, he won the medal that organization pre-



vented to the best debater for the year of 1945. One can easily spot Bobby on the campus because he has a mania for wearing a little red hat everywhere he goes.

Poet's Corner . . .

Twilight Unto Dawn

Weary Sun bids faint adieu to dying day,
Paleless Moon takes up her misty vigil,
Heaven's night children come out to play,
And Earth continues its never-ending cycle.

Lovers love in their secret way,
Evil minds of men turn beastially;
Sons of license whittle time away,
And strong men sleep so restfully.

Pale Moon wakes the drowsy Sun before the day,
And slumber-eyed retires from misty vigil,
And Heaven's night children tired of their play,
While Earth continues its never-ending cycle.

—Milton Bliss.

A Midnight Dip

A harsh wind had died down to a soft blowing breeze;
The sky, which had been filled with clouds, now stood sparkling in full dress;
The lightning bugs brought the sky nearer to the earth by their continuous flickering;
The water in the muddy creek rippled forward invitingly.
At midnight I stood on the sandy beach down by the creek.
I watched each floating twig and bit of foam go drifting by;
The water was intriguing, so soft and smooth and refreshing.
I did not think twice, knowing I would change my mind—
So quickly I stripped into the suit of my birth, and
Plunged headlong into the foaming, lapping water.
The touch of it thrilled my very soul.
I lay placidly upon my back and looked at the stars,
Heard a mockingbird singing, and dreamed.

—Don Jackson