

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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"Don't spend money you don't have for things you don't want to impress people you don't like."

The Spirit of Christmas

"There's a song in the air," or, rather several songs—songs like "White Christmas," "Jingle Bells," and "I'll Be Home For Christmas." Already we see lighted Christmas trees in the windows. The festivities have begun. Everywhere, everything speaks of Christmas.

To many of us, Christmas this year has an even greater significance than usual; it means we will be going home. For many weeks now we have been marking off the days on our calendars, joyfully realizing that each passing day brings us nearer home and those we love.

In our glee, however, let us not lose the true meaning of Christmas. It is more than being at home, going to parties, and exchanging gifts. It is the giving of God's supreme gift of love that we celebrate, the story whose beauty time can never alter nor erase. It is still the story of shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, of the angels bringing glad tidings, of a Babe lying in a manger—the Messiah for all the world.

This Christmas as we walk gaily through the merry carefree throngs doing Christmas shopping, let us be ever aware that somewhere there are people who are not so fortunate as we. Let us appreciate little brother and sister a little more and be more than ever thankful for our warm homes and the turkeys and other foods that grace our bountiful tables. May we remember the meaning of the Christmas carols and be more humble and thankful as we sing:

"Silent night, Holy night,
 All is calm, all is bright,
 Round yon virgin, Mother and child,
 Sleep in heavenly peace."

SO COME LET US ADORE HIM, CHRIST THE LORD.

Hilltop Exchanges With Fifty-three Schools and Colleges

A little-known activity of **The Hilltop** is the exchange department. To it come publications from twenty-one high schools and thirty-two colleges. These are scanned by the exchange editor and items of current interest or unusual quality are filed for reprinting in **The Hilltop** with the proper credit given to the source. Of special interest to Mars Hill students will be the new Exchange Section in the Reserve Library where copies of all the exchange issues are to be kept. Many students will find the papers from their former high schools and from colleges they will attend after graduation from Mars Hill. The exchange list includes colleges as far away as New Orleans, Denver, Oklahoma City, Los Angeles and many other places. Nearly all colleges in North Carolina receive **The Hilltop** and send their own publications to us.

—Hank Maring.

"Borrow troubles for yourself, if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neighbor."
 —Kipling.

Dyer's Dubious Doings

By Jack Dyer

The spirit of Christmas is in the air,
 But it came from I know not where.
 For lessons are harder, assignments are worse,
 Around here they're a traditional curse.

The bell may ring, the choir may sing,
 But holiday joys they cannot bring.
 The student is busy with pencil and brain,
 Chasing that "A" he hopes to attain.

Instead of a Christmas theme, I'll use
 The names of students to abuse.
 If others are lax with Christmas joy,
 I'll not be different—not this li'l boy!

The "Hamburger King" is in his glory,
 The one who's tall as a second-story.
 For all Carowan's years at ole Mars Hill,
 A hamburger he's at last to grill.

Keep up the good work, long, tall D. T.,
 A real meat magnate some day you'll be.
 For with your line, your ways, your means,
 Nothing can stop you, not even the Deans.

'Twas quite alarming to hear at first,
 But then I thought my sides would burst.
 The Choir did sing it, 'cause I'm not deaf,
 "Stand up, sit down, and shake thyself!"

Lee Rhodes, your gal is quite in demand.
 Ab Norman and Bill Ward are now at hand.
 'Tis rumored that threats in contract form
 Have been floating around her room in the dorm.

Shirley R., Shirley R., wise up, little gal,
 Your telephone calls are from a pal.
 He's a B.T.U. president, not "Glenn Jordan" at all,
 And for your love, he's right on the ball.

St. Nick went shopping the other day,
 With money for a diamond he did pay.
 'Twill be a half-carat Christmas gift
 To wind up an affair mighty swift.

Their names 'twouldn't do for me to tell,
 Although in your brain this might ring a bell.
 He was slaughtered in the Biltmore game,
 And she leads W.A.A. to fame!

John Brown, the weight of the world on his
 shoulder,
 With words and deeds is becoming bolder.
 His old buddies, their names he'll slur.
 Who paid you thirty pieces of silver, Sir?

The Phi Anniversary was unusually nice.
 Instead of a "dream" it portrayed Paradise.
 To hear who blew the bubbles, you'll die.
 'Twas that ole **Bubble Blowing Carl I.**

Howard Alley is old enough to know
 That wooing all the women only brings woe.
 'Tis granted, Casanova, you might surpass
 Now that you're down to the younger class.

But that's all right, Howard, old boy.
 That gal is as cute as a Christmas toy.
 Just hope it works for the both of you,
 But don't get hurt; she slings lines too.

Of all the dirty digs to date,
 This li'l topic will take the cake.
 The man in love is Mr. Craig Lowe,
 But it's with himself, and I ought to know!

Dear Reader, I hope my friend you'll still be,
 For writing verse is not always glee.
 To you whose names were harshly profaned,
 Remember that others were entertained.

Clio's Phi-landerings

Christmas arrived early on campus this year for the Clios and Phis in the form of Joint Meeting, Anniversary, and Reception. Santa had his presents well wrapped in a cloak of mystery, for Clios were kept guessing. Santa's little helpers, those wonderful Phis, were seen at all hours of the day and night hurrying about the campus searching for a lost pulley, trying to be in three committee meetings at one time, and looking for the missing page of that all-important debate.

Shhh... Don't look now, but we think we had a kleptomaniac running loose at that Joint Meeting! Isn't that what they call people who collect things like handkerchiefs, Morris? (That debate was all right!) **Earl Todd** surely looked peculiar ("funny peculiar," that is), foaming at the mouth after the pie-eating contest with **Bill Horton**. Good meringue, huh? Even at the tender age she portrayed in her song, **Betty Pringle** showed good choosin' when she picked **Phil Weeks** as her "Playmate." **John Adams**, did "Hoiman" teach you how to put on lipstick? **Bob Morgan's** studying to be another "Pop" Stringfield, it seems, with all his chasing around after pictures at the Meeting.

As Clios were guessing what the theme might be, they were all getting ready for that gala Anniversary night. **Ruth Lineberry's** face reminded us of a Christmas tree, 'cause it was all lit up over the certain Ex-Phi who was here to escort her. Speaking of escorts, the question of the week is why did **Peggy L.** go unescorted to Anniversary? Just this hint: It wasn't because she wasn't asked! Dresses surely did look good last Saturday night, especially **Peggy Johnson's** taffeta gown with the Christmas colors. **Betty Pringle's** lovely dress brought many delightful remarks about "how that skirt stands out!"

P. C. Keener wasn't satisfied with just one Clio, so he escorted three lovely ones! Our versatile vice-president, **Phil Weeks**, looked quite handsome in that blue suit. He escorted the equally versatile and lovely **Miriam Weddle**. "The Voice" of Philo-athia, **Bob Scalf**, came with charming **Becky Weeks**. However, Bob's brother, **John**, was not to be outdone. He escorted **Ann Stone**. Lucky guy!

How did **Mac McConnell** rate in Grand Finale, by the way? Or was it done with mirrors? **Rosy Stroud**, our Clio secretary, and **Joyce Shelby** quickly erased their names from the infirmary rolls in order to be escorted by **George Furches** and **Burke Morris**, respectively. A Phi, **Bryan Thornburg**, also took leave of that place, much to

the relief of his date, **Katherine Phillips**. Blue, blue, but not Monday blues as the "two alike" (the **Waldrop** twins) came in with **Bob Anderson** and **Ted Gaze**. Others arriving at the same time were **Harold Lominac** with **Shootenburg** and **Bill Horton** with **Jean Hamilton**.

Did you see the spark fly from the new gavel when **Garris** struck it the first time? The old gavel met a sad fate after Anniversary when it was broken at a special informal gathering. Every Clio and Phi officer got a little piece. **Johnny Mac** and **Seth Lippard**, now home to stay, and **Jim Kelly** were all forgetting the navy for the big night. And was it good to see them!

Who says Nons don't love Clios, Phil? Did you see "**Charlie**" **Clarke** perform the good deed of the evening by sounding the S.O.S. backstage and setting the Clios and Phis back on the right track during Grand Finale—after all they like sheep had gone astray?

Now that Anniversary has passed for another year, **Mr. Outten's** zoology class will be blessed by the presence of **Bob Scalf** with his eyes open again, and **Phil Weeks** will be able to sleep in some place besides the library. **Mr. Weeks'** weighty comment at the close of the Anniversary Program: "Ah'm tar'd."

The only thrill that could possibly have surpassed the glow on **LaVerne's** face as she walked onto the stage with our Phi president was the partial-surprise appearance of CI president, **Frank Yandell!**

That Christmas music sho' did make us feel good all over at Reception tonight! In spite of **Katherine Phillips'** remark that the three-tier cake was "too pretty to cut," we hear that there's not much left now! Hmmm. Some fun — under the mistletoe on a love seat with **Becky Weeks**, eh, **Bob Scalf**? We like the snowflakes in that room, especially. (Only one thing wrong — so much Christmas spirit makes us want December 19 to hurry and come). We hear it rumored that **Sim Wilde** violated the six-inch rule in portraying **Ar-taban**. The slave girl was plenty cute, and it "had to be like the picture," didn't it, **Sim**? And, **LaVerne**, those sheep didn't "get up and walk away" after all, did they? Even though they were mighty real looking.

Well, maybe we can catch a little shut-eye before Christmas holidays now until Anniversary and Reception time next year. It's all been great! And bless 'em, those sweet Nons! Our rooms are cleaned up 'n' everything!