

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College, Mars Hill, North Carolina.

Entered as second-class matter February 20, 1926, at the Postoffice at Mars Hill, North Carolina, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published semi-monthly during the college year.

Subscription Rate Year \$1.00

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Volume XXIII October 23, 1948 Number 3

“Be Ye Doers of the Word”

October 17 ended the week of annual fall Revival Services on Mars Hill Campus. While all of us were spiritually revived during this week, we must not forget that it is our duty to continue a revival all the time. It is not only our duty to speak to others about Christianity, but we must keep our own hearts revived also.

Far too many of us are like the traditional Negro story; we go and get “religion” every revival and it only lasts us about a week or so. We must not let this sort of thing happen. Many of us feel deeply religious while the revival is going on, but do we ever stop to think what the “sinners” are thinking of us when we sit in chapel reading the next period’s assignment while some one on the rostrum is reading from God’s Holy Bible?

Have you ever stopped to think what an unsaved person thinks of those who persistently complain about the religious chapel services? We sing “I’d rather have Jesus than anything this world affords today.” Do we live that?

This editorial is not meant to be critical of anyone. We merely want you, the students of a Christian institution, to stop and ask yourselves, “Am I living up to the ideals of Jesus Christ?” If the answer to this is in the negative, then what will you do about it?

Lift Up Thine Eyes

The Psalmist said, “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills . . .” Those of us at Mars Hill have the distinct pleasure of being able not only to lift up our eyes unto the hills but also to cast them down upon the fertile valleys beneath us. Especially are we fortunate at this season when God has bestowed all the majestic beauty of nature on the trees which are scattered over our campus and the mountains.

Too many of us are so engrossed in our work that we fail to take time to look at Nature’s regal, flaming beauty. And yet, we would all join Joyce Kilmer in saying

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

When you are on your way to class take a look at some of our trees. Look at the golden maples in Little Circle which remind one of great tongues of red-gold flame shooting into the sky. Look at the magnificent elm in front of the Infirmary which looks as if it is topped with a crown of solid gold. Look at the blended yellows, reds, greens, browns, oranges and golds which make Little Mountain and Old Bailey into a perfect oil painting done by the greatest of the “Old Masters.” Look, also, at the beeches on the slope below the girls’ dormitories glowing like a mass of brown, gold, and red clouds in the sunset of a perfect day.

Lift up your eyes and behold God’s handiwork.



Watch The Birdie!

“Watch the Birdie, Please!” “Now, say Peanuts!” Does all of that sound familiar to you? In case you are wondering where those words come from, let us set you straight. We are quoting photographers who recently journeyed here to make photographs for the Laurel’s rogue’s gallery.

One bright young man cheerily informed the photographer that he expected to break the camera. The undaunted photo expert with an air of wisdom said, “I’ve had my picture made by this machine and look at me.” The young man retired into a shell of innermost hurt.

Well, according to rogue gallery expert, Buddy Anderson, the many disillusioned C-I’s and worldly-wise C-II’s viewed these works of art last week. We wish to offer our sincerest condolences to all of you and also to tell each and everyone that we are sure that the proofs do not look at all like you. You could never look as bad as that, not even if you tried. After looking at ours we are reasonably sure that the photographer must have gotten us confused with a group of “Dogpatchers” who had their pictures made in their Sunday-go-to-meeting-clothes. Better luck next time! That is, if you have enough nerve to try a “next time.”

UNCLE SAM’S NEW LOOK

It's gone with the horse and buggy ... the notion that Uncle Sam can live alone and like it. Two world wars have given him a new outlook. Today for his own security, Uncle Sam is concerned with the welfare of people everywhere. At home, he's making sure that all Americans... native and foreign born, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish, white and colored... enjoy their rights to equal opportunity, to equal justice, to the equal exercise of citizenship without discrimination. Abroad, Uncle Sam is backing the same basic rights, working with the United Nations for an international Bill of Rights that will protect citizens of every land and block the moves of dictators and would be conquerers. Yes... Uncle Sam looks to the U. N. as the great protector of human rights and peace. That's why he wants to make the U. N. a tower of strength. In this United Nations Week, Americans are proud of Uncle Sam's new look...

IT'S STYLE FOR PEACE!



Impromptu

Bill Smith - Guest Columnist

Now I'm not one to gossip, but I saw Frank Harris holding eyes with a certain Evelyn . . . These Franks really get around . . . Ingle went to Greensboro so that he might diminish the six-inch rule to a two-inch one. Rose Bullard is wanting to know how she can stop dreaming about men. Will someone please help Bob Anderson . . . he cannot decide between Nora Mahaffey and Mackie Mackey . . . wonder if they know anything about this?

If you want to laugh 'til ya' hurt, ask “Ham” Riner what his ideas are concerning a certain lady. I'm not blind 'cause I “Sawyer” “Pickering” around the Sandwich Shop with a smile as you tried to “Blenda” your voices. Don't mention this because it's “Personnel,” Miss Hegler loves “Olives” because they make her “Haire” “Curling.” She's contemplating moving number two s.p. up to first place.

Speaking of first places, I wonder who is first on Dan Marshall's list. Couldn't it be Louise, Loraine, Catherine, Valeria, or Hazel; and vice versa, is Dan first on anyone's list? That good-looking Roswell Wilson is a woman-hater . . . He doesn't know what he is missing.

Gordon Allen has announced his candidacy to be someone's s.p. Bob Savage has finally broken the ice; he asked Jeanette ??? for a date every night last week to keep someone else left holding the telephone. Jake Horton is having troubles at Montreat, but Pug Holbrook is really running (Myer) aculous interference with the football boys. It's “Connie Faheny” how some people get around.

Girls, look out for James Johnson . . . He got to the top of the Hill and didn't know the name of the girl he was dating. Oscar Northern got him straight. Wonder how “Jennings” got “Brown” in this cool weather? Richmond “Shirley” is a good place says C. Wilson. Time sure flies and Ferrell gets Styles. What's this about Curling and Charlotte?

As I have said before, I ain't one to gossip but I know you won't repeat any of this hearsay, and dirt is about the cheapest thing nowadays; they say.

Signed, your “Buddy.”

P.S. What is it that Nan Ponder has been having such a “Fit” over. Could it be that she is “Pondering” over Russell?

The Hero of the Hour

The place: Edna Moore hill; the scene: an apple tree; the time: Friday afternoon; the hero: Daddy Blackwell.

Those apples on the tree in front of Edna Moore dormitory proved to be more temptation than a certain six young ladies (true descendants of Eve) could resist. The apples left on the tree were hanging just low enough to tantalize the average Eve and just high enough to try one's patience, should she be craving an apple. Each of these six maidens was trying her best to obtain an apple without actually climbing the tree. (Young ladies of culture and refinement do not scale trees.) They gracefully tossed rocks into the tree; they shook the tree gently; they even hurled their shoes into the tree, but all their efforts were in vain.

They were so absorbed in their struggle that they failed to notice the approach of the president of the college, who was strolling down the High School road. He, however, had not failed to notice the young ladies, nor had he overlooked their obvious occupation. He directed his walk so that it would bring him casually under the tree. Was he going to invite the girls to report to his office at their earliest convenience? No, indeed! Without hesitation, “Daddy” Blackwell gallantly climbed the tree and dropped apples to the astonished girls!