

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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CIRCULATION

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Christmas And You

The Christmas season is here again, and with it come the bright lights and decorations, the warmth and excitement of seeing old friends and relatives again, the mystery of beautifully wrapped presents with "Do not open 'til Christmas" scattered on the colorful paper, and the indecision of what to give brother or how many boxes of Christmas cards to buy.

But this cannot be all that Christmas means or it never would have lasted for these thousands of years. What is Christmas? Everyone knows how it began, how a little baby was born quietly and humbly on a cold winter night in the hay of a barn that was meant for the common farm animals. This little baby, who was to be called later the "King of Kings," did not have the welcome and luxury that a new king of today would have, although His kingdom extends over a much greater area and is more powerful than any the world has ever known. He was greeted and honored as the King of Love with gifts inspired by love brought by the shepherds, angels and wise men—a more fitting tribute than any other king has ever received.

In the busy rush and bustle of getting ready for another Christmas season, have we remembered that baby who was born on this day? He is still waiting humbly and quietly to be born again in our hearts and lives to include us in His vast kingdom of love. Let us not become too busy this year to see Him waiting. He is not asking for beautiful or expensive gifts—He only wants the simple gift of our love. That is not much. Let us take time off from the fun of the holidays and remember Him for whom we celebrate the holiday.

True to Black and Gold

Dignity, simplicity and conservatism are the ideals of the Nonpareil and Euthalian Literary Societies. No better ones could be chosen for a society or for one's personal life. When we Nons and Eus enter the hall of Black and Gold, we cannot help but feel that God is well-pleased with the group of young people who are preparing themselves to better the world in which they live.

Perhaps ten or twenty years hence we will have forgotten many of the things which we have experienced on Mars Hill campus, but it is unlikely that we will ever forget the real love in Nonpareil and Euthalia. Society means so much to us that it is hard to express the feeling which we have about it. Those of us who exert our best efforts in society work are especially devoted to it and profit most from it. It is a trite but true saying that we get out of anything very much what we put into it.

We trust that continued devotion to God and to our ideals may inspire us as we face the problems of mature life.

Santa Claus

Jean Hamrick

It was three days before Christmas that my sister told me the unbelievable, that there was no Santa.

Of course, like all normal children, I had been a tiny bit suspicious of how big fat Santa got down our little skinny chimney and kept from burning himself in the fire there. And I had questioned my Grandmother as to why the reindeer made no noise, because I had certainly stayed awake and listened for the prancing and pawing of each little hoof. But when my sister, five years older than I and so very wise, told me that there was no Santa Claus, that it was only Daddy who bought the presents and put them under the tree, I was heartbroken. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, I was so miserable. But all this I kept to myself, and would not tell a soul.

Finally it all came out, for on the night before Christmas I was tucked in bed when the storm broke. All the tears I had suppressed burst forth and I cried, cried hard. Perhaps I was crying for all the children who have had their illusions of Santa smashed in the past. Crying for all the pitiful little letters which never reached the man at the North Pole. I cried on until Mother came and gathered me up in her arms to comfort me. She dried my tears and explained that Daddy was really Santa Claus all the time and that every family had their own special one who lived with them the whole year 'round and who, when Christmas came was extra special because he was Daddy and Santa, too.

I drank all this in and was made to understand, even though it was a little hard to grasp at first. Mother, however, did not know that it was my sister who had told me there was no Santa Claus. So on the next day, Christmas Day, when my sister accused me of breaking her new doll, I denied it flatly.

(It was not hard; I dropped it on the hearth.)



Honolulu Christmas, 1941

By George Tanji

We were just getting into the spirit of Christmas in early December, 1941. In the store windows were Christmas decorations and mass displays of beautiful Christmas gifts. Brightly colored lights were being strung over streets and buildings to bring the atmosphere of Christmas to sunny Hawaii. The city of Honolulu was busy getting prepared for the holiday season.

Then suddenly on a quiet peaceful Sunday morning only eighteen days before Christmas our spirits were shattered. The whole city was thrown into a panic. Just a few miles out of Honolulu at the great Pearl Harbor naval base, bombs began to fall; people were wounded and killed; fire and smoke covered the huge ships anchored in the bay, and the whole place dissolved into a smoldering ruin before our very eyes. In the days following the Japanese attack, we

were all busy caring for the wounded and helping those who were left homeless. Christmas was forgotten. The decorations that adorned the windows of our homes and stores were torn down and thrown aside.

Christmas Eve we tried to regain the Christmas spirit we had lost. We huddled as closely together as possible in our homes because lights were forbidden at any time during the night. We told Christmas stories and related exciting experiences that had happened to us. We even tried singing Christmas songs, but the attempt was hopeless because we had the fear of war in our minds. Sleep was almost impossible that night as the air-raid sirens screamed throughout the night, warning us that danger was still close at hand. After the long sleepless night, dawn finally crept upon us slowly from the east. We immediately got

down on our knees and prayed to God, thanking Him for keeping us safe and for His Son, Jesus Christ who was born on this day many years ago.

Missing that Christmas day in our homes were the beautifully decorated Christmas trees with gifts beneath them. Missing from our homes were the enthusiasm and gay spirits that were traditional at Christmas time. All we did was to stand where the Christmas trees should have been and cry out to each other in choked voices, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." At noon we ate a meager Christmas dinner because food was already becoming scarce. The rest of the day we spent digging an air-raid shelter, occasionally pausing in our task to hear radio announcements about the dead, and the progress of the war.

This was our Christmas in 1941.

Impromptu

Those new 5000 watt lights on the girls' dormitory hill are about to run this column out of business, but here goes. (Thanks to Dackie and others.) Two couples who have really got the Christmas spirit are Ray and Celia and Joe and Netta Sue. (Spirit, that is!) . . . You don't have to look twice to see that Ben and Jo, and Robert O. and Betty have forgot a certain rule (6 in.)

I hear Sam Torrence is a "romper boy" now. I guess I'm paying for what I did to Haire . . . John Shaver's crew cut gives him that "come hither" look; only trouble is nobody comes! Saw Ed Ramsaur showing Ella George "all" the uses for mistletoe;—I saw him, I tell you; I saw him!!!

Speaking of "falling" (Who is?), Teddy is doing a good job of it for Jean—right?? We can't figure out who's falling in the Clause—Abernathy-Reid triangle. Help us, somebody!! . . . We hear Bill Todd is giving lessons??? Yeah, and what about those trees, Nancy?

(N. B.) Mr. Huff urges that all C-II's come into the Registrar's Office before registering for the spring semester and check their credits. It is very important that every person expecting to be graduated do this in order that he may know what credits he lacks and for what courses he should register in the spring semester.

As number one censor for the "Direct to Santa" mail service, I find out what lots of the M.H.C. "kiddies" want for Christmas. Gordon Allen wants a Toni "Curl", Tom Toby wants a pen that "Durden" leak; Betsy Miles doesn't ask Santa for anything for herself, only a prospective son-in-law for her mother;—Pinkey, her "glum chum", says "ditto"; "Doc" Stuckey wants a new patient, preferably a blonde; (Just leave it under the tree in Melrose 222, Santa!) Bruce "Sinatra" Olive wants a new tooth. (Maybe Red will come back.) Two little boys, "Skinny" Everhart and "Fatty" Ross want exactly the same thing, (I wonder how this happened!)—a Robin Ann doll.

"Limpo" Yandell wants a scooter so he can coast down Faculty hill for the last three weeks. (I bet a bench down on that bridge would help too, huh Margaret??) Bob "Cyclops" Fleet won't complain about his new glasses but says he could use a seeing-eye dog. Dottie Shirley, Louise and Weldon promise to be good if Santa will bring another convention in Gastonia. Fun, huh???

Well, like Nanelle always says, "The corn is green," but I'm heading for Florida soon anyway.—Merry Christmas!!!!

Talking Bells

By Peggy Jones

Three bells on my door,
 Tied with a bow of red;
 Two words, "Christmas Cheer,"
 Proclaim it is here.
 Just think—nine days more!
 Christmas is just ahead!!