

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Looking Ahead

We of the C-I Class are standing on the threshold of a world of vast opportunities. We are among the privileged few in having a wealth of educational facilities at our finger tips. For the most part, we are here to prepare ourselves for future services. Some are making great gains along this line, while others are wasting both their time and efforts. Yet no matter what kind of preparation we are making, the real matter of importance lies in how we are going to apply what we have learned to our future lives.

There may be people on this campus who are making straight A's in the classrooms and yet will be utter failures in the active world. It is not that these people lack intelligence or skill, but it is simply the fact that, in some instances, they cannot adapt themselves and utilize their talents.

Good advice to all of us is, "Get an education, but don't let an education get you." we are now in a position to learn, but we must be able to learn and yet not let it affect our standards of values. The college student who suddenly seems to think that he is wiser than his elders and even his Maker, is a victim of that dangerous element the writers term as "a little learning" and is headed for sure destruction.

The world of tomorrow is looking for the young man and the young woman who can put their education into practice. It is looking for young people who have a vision and yet have the determination to do as well as to dream. The world is looking for young people with new ideas, and for those with the vigor and courage to carry these ideas through.

Tomorrow will belong to those who prepare for it. The future is filled with obstacles and adversities, but out of them grow life's real successes and triumphs. There are advances to make in every field; there is work to be done on every side . . .

As Bernard Braley once said:

No chance? Why the world is just eager,
 For things that you ought to create.
 Its store of true wealth is still meager,
 Its needs are incessant and great;
 Don't worry and fret, faint hearted,
 The chances have just begun.
 The best jobs haven't been started,
 The best work hasn't been done!

The world is pleading with us, its youth, to prepare ourselves. The least we can do is answer that plea with the determination and the willingness to make tomorrow's world, our world, a better place for all mankind.
 —John Claypool.

It Won't Kill You

Greetings, gruesome! It's a cold, hard world, ain't it? When the sun doesn't shine, it's too dreary; when it does shine, it hurts your eyes. Tsk, tsk! Life gits te'jus, don't it? Cheer up—all of life ain't thataway—that is, unless you exert yourself to make it so.

For your information, stoneface, a smile once in a while isn't going to crack your glum mug. As a matter of fact, it will brighten up your environment and make your unlucky associates happier about the old idea of living. A gentleman doesn't wear his feelings on his face, nor does he carry a chip on his sleeve. There's nothing the world despises more than one who wears the appearance of "preheated post-mortem."

Do you think this old world is in a sad condition? Then you no doubt consider it your duty to wail about it. Perhaps economic conditions do limit your diet to meat, bread, and water, but it's the workers of the world and not the weepers who will alleviate this and other dilemmas existing today. "Smile, and the world will smile with you; weep, and you weep alone."

The Sweetest Story ...

"For that's the sweetest story ever told" could well be the title of this story. Read it and then you will see why.

Once there was a young man who was asked to supply in a church on Easter, in Erwin, Tennessee. (Ministerial students take heed). While there, this young man met the daughter of his host and upon returning home he sent her a dozen red roses. The correspondence and visits that followed led to the marriage of these two and a honeymoon in Edinburg, Scotland. Who was it? Our president and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Blackwell.

Again there was another young man who was teaching in Arkansas. A young lady happened to be visiting there and the two met. Correspondence played a role in this romance also and pretty soon they became engaged. Not too long afterward, they were married and came to Mars Hill, the young man to teach in the English Department. Who were they? Mr. and Mrs. DeShazo, our C-I sponsors.

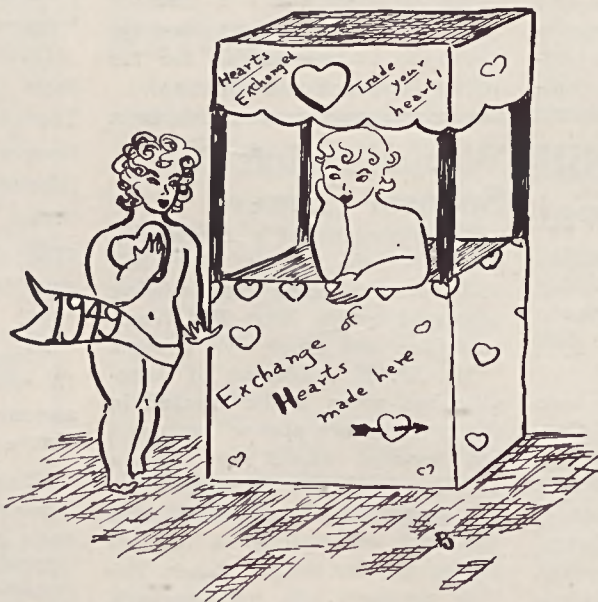
We bet we know something else that you readers do not know too. For instance, did you know that Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, in the Business Department came to Mars Hill at the same time and took no notice of each other, It was not until they both were back working during the summer semester a few years later that they became interested in each other? It was Dean Lee who started the ball rolling by inviting them to a party in his home and about the middle of July they became engaged. And on June 1, 1947 they were married.

Another "Did you know" could be the Jim Coxes who also entered Mars Hill at the same time and paid no attention to each other. But later, they too returned here and it must have been Fate, because in August of 1947 they were married.

Dan Cupid has really worked overtime here on the Mars Hill campus in years past and will for years to come. He played his part well in the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall. They were in the same Bible class and passed notes. Unlike the other stories, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall were interested in each other and if you really want to get a good laugh ask Mr. Kendall about how he managed to finally tie that proverbial "knot."

One more couple who met and were later married here on the Mars Hill campus are Mr. and Mrs. Marr. Like the Chapmans and the Coxes, they were only passing acquaintances until they both returned to work here in 1938. Then the romance began and on Pearl Harbor day in 1941, they were married by Dr. Blackwell in the church.

All of this just goes to prove that you fellows that give no notice to the girls on the campus may wind up married to that little girl that sits across the aisle in Chapel.



Heart Exchange

By Wanda Lee Taylor

You were the object of my thoughts,
 The lover I adored.
 Your love, the thing for which I sought,
 Among the moonbeams soared.

You gave to me your loving heart,
 Then I in turn gave mine,
 But too much love forced us to part,
 And you alone must pine.

Now, some one else desires my heart,
 But you still have the claim.
 I know not where that I should start,
 In order to explain.

That you and I have made a trade;
 You won't return my glee.
 So all this someone now may take:
The heart you gave to me.

Impromptu

By Daniel Cupid

Mellow greetings my dear enthusiasts and other readers. I want to apologize to those whom I have overlooked since last Valentine Day. If you are on that list please check with Dean Lee or Miss Biggers immediately. They are my special "couple-matchers" and will gladly help you out. Ah! Yes! Love is the salt and pepper of the seasons. Perhaps that is why Thelma and Weld like to eat together so much. I do not like to jump to conclusions, but could love be behind some of the interest in other colleges? Why, Anne Puryear drifts into another world at the mention of Wheaton College. Just the "Baylor" and Janice Aiken goes ROLLIN' into drooping land. Wake Forest is the center of Eugenia Ingram's thoughts. Of course, there are many more, but mentioning them would only conflict with romances on Mars Hill campus.

Questions people ask: Why doesn't John Falls shed that shining armor and give the girls a chance? What will Ann O. give John a break? Earl, have you explained to Nina about a "sweet tooth" yet? What is the answer to the riddle of the moth-eaten meal ticket?

Song of the Week . . . "Do You Love Me?" . . . another PLATTER-CHATTER . . . "Far Away Places" . . . traveling fast . . . "Lavender Blue" is fading . . . "Sloop Boat To China" is docked. Yes, Life Gets Tejus, Don't It?"

CUPID'S IDEAL S. P.'s:

Hair	Lee Bellman
Eyes	Harold Newman
Smile	Paul Barwick
Teeth	Wayne Wood
Physique	John Dixon
I. Q.	Gordon Middleton
Glitter	Spencer Thornton
Sincerity	Ham Rine
Hair	Betty Williams
Eyes	Barbara Davis
Smile	Dotty Brinson
Teeth	Eveleen Taylor
Talent	Jo Pittman
I. Q.	Martha Maxwell
Glitter	Blenda Honeycutt
Sincerity	Jean Mason

Flash! Cupid's Cutest Couple: Ann Lloyd and Brevar Brown . . . It seems that Bill Snyder took a real interest in music during the recent clinic here. Isn't it wonderful how the United States Post Office assists in these off-campus romances? Jean Hamrick says she sends her heart to Texas daily. Bev Cline and several others trade love and kisses with the Miami post office. For some reason Frank Ingle is a frequent visitor to the Mars Hill P. O.

Dear Ken Russell, I am sorry you did not go to Greenville last weekend. You just don't know what you missed. Or do you?

Kiddies, as I leave you to your individual problems of love and such, let me also leave with you this thought: Dan Cupid, shoot the arrows of love into your dream girls' hearts, but it is you who must make it permanent. If you do not heed this advice, you may begin to agree with the person who said:

Love is like an onion:
 You taste it with delight,
 And when it's gone you wonder
 Whatever made you bite.

Look, It's Snowing!

"Look! It is snowing!" Surely this was a dream. After months of eager anticipation, Florida students on Mars Hill campus were convinced that the story of snow was only a fairy tale. Seeing the glistening flakes peeping downward, the "sunshine kids" poured out of every building to witness the marvelous miracle. "Oh, I want to go home. I don't know why, but this is making me homesick," moaned Ernie Sykes. Why? Perhaps Winnie Pringle solved the problem when she explained that snow looks "just like sand on the beach at home." Janet Minton, proceeding forth with her head unprotected, screeched, "Horrors, it's all wet." Another surprised Floridian was Kelly Caudill, who expected snow to fall in balls. In answer to their prayers, Nina Allen and Nancy Glosser received the lovely gift of nature as a birthday present. Since playing in the snow for the first time is a memorable thrill, Gerry Fossum stayed in the featherly flakes until icicles formed on her eyelashes. The brilliant whiteness appealed to Wanda Taylor so much that she has a snow-white bandage on her arm as a souvenir. The falling crystals were accepted differently by the Floridians, but each one is certain that fairy tales can come true.