

### Reach For The Stars

This edition of *The Hilltop* brings to a close its twenty-third year of publication. In that period *Hilltop* has watched Mars Hill College's growth to one of the foremost junior colleges in the nation. Over this period of years Mars Hill has developed a number of fundamental principles and ideals. These ideals were selected by the founders and preceding administrations not as a block to the personalities of the student body members but as a means of furthering their growth spiritually and scholastically.

At various times this publication has joked at these principles, not because they were unjust but rather because they had come to be applied to anything which the student disliked. Now, we would have you consider seriously whether or not these same principles would be worth while in your after-college life.

What could be a better motto for anyone than the words "Plain Living and High Thinking" which have appeared over *The Hilltop's* editorial column for many years. What better life's example could one have than the living ideal and principle of Mars Hill—Dr. Robert L. Moore? What better ideals could one develop than those used by the two societies—"truth, purity and fidelity," and "dignity, simplicity, and conservatism"? As you go on to school or enter your life's career, remember that if you live by these ideals, you will truly "live abundantly."  
Clyde G. Moody.



### Destiny Rides

Another lap in life's journey is completed for you, Seniors. The world awaits your hand at the rudder of the Ship of State. Past generations have steered it into troubled waters. Now, the old captains step aside and wearily turn the wheel over to you who are now prepared to direct the courses of your country.

In the past there has been war, with all its horrors of blood, death, and destruction. Posterity may bring war. The world is yours but for a short span of time, in which it is your responsibility to either steer your ship into waters of progress and prosperity, or into waters of blood. The waters are even now seething with the beginnings of a third conflict, while the air yet rings with the cries of the war maimed and marred. Will strife never cease?

Whether you continue your education in higher institutions, or whether you now enter your life's vocation, you are still chartering the courses of your country's destiny. The world is weary of war and bloodshed, and it eagerly awaits the sunrise of a new and glorious morn of peace. The Ship of State awaits the hands of strong men, men who can charter a course through the troubled waters. What will the annals of history record for your hand at the wheel—peace or war, success or failure?  
Peggy Jones.

### To Thine Own Self Be True

The coming of the end of the semester brings a sigh of relief to almost everyone, but before all the books can be put away for a few weeks or months of vacation from school there is one more big "ordeal"—to most students—final exams. What do the final exams mean to you? To some students who have tried to keep up with their work all year, they do not seem so fearsome. To others who have just "played along" they are "nightmares." To some C-II's they are the answer to the question, to graduate or not to graduate. To others they are merely the means of maintaining that hard-earned and hoped-for "A" or "B".

But no matter what the exam is to you, the important question is: Will it be your finest work? Will it represent what you know instead of what someone else knows? In the middle of an exam it is hard to realize that the fact that one is honest is more important than the date, the formula, or the name that you just can't seem to remember. An honest "C" is far more commendable than a dishonest "B". When the grades are posted, will you be able to say "I did my best" and be sure that it is your own best and not what you have stolen from someone else.  
Ruth Lineberry.

### Gratefully Yours

The editor of *The Hilltop* wishes to take this opportunity to express appreciation to the many people who have contributed time and experience to this publication.

First of all we are deeply indebted to Miss Collie Garner, our advisor, who has been a guiding light through many trials and tribulations. Secondly, we must express gratitude to our "regular" reporters who have contributed to each issue with virtually no recognition. Included among these are Anna Owen, Betsy Johnson, Elaine Gibson, Betty Ruth Hunt, and many others. Thirdly, we wish to thank Miss Caroline Biggers and Mrs. R. L. Moore for their very greatly needed contributions to the Alumni column.

Finally we wish to thank our printer, Biltmore Press in Asheville, which has been understanding regardless of our many errors.  
Clyde G. Moody.

### "Wherefore Art Thou, Romeo"

By Jean Hamrick

The finished product of a play is a polished diamond set out for the public to enjoy. But to really see this 'diamond in the rough' is to go to a rehearsal and see the actors and actresses in their every-day dress trying to throw themselves into the personality and character of another person altogether different from their own. Occasionally these characters who must be portrayed are of a period long past. Such is the case of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," one of the opening activities of the commencement which is now in the 'diamond in the rough' stage but soon will be set forth as a finished product—a polished diamond.

To watch this 'diamond' being smoothed to perfection is fascinating and a great deal of credit must be given to Miss Imogene Cowan, its director, who is molding this play into a beautiful thing.

Credit also is in order for each of the characters who is certainly putting his best into this Shakespearean tragedy. Naturally their work is not perfect, as yet, but there is no doubt but that when this 'diamond' is presented to the public that it will be a smooth and perfectly finished production.

Some of the leading roles are portrayed by Elaine Gibson, who makes a lovely Juliet and Bob Scalf as Romeo, who is quite dashing. Beulah White, as Juliet's nurse, is her usual good self and Jo Pittard as Juliet's mother, Lady Capulet, is excellent, and is supported by Walter Smith as the perpetually angry Lord Capulet. A new-comer to the Dramateers is Johnnie Brigman, who gives an excellent interpretation of Friar Lawrence. Paris, Juliet's hand-picked suitor is played by Rudy Singleton, and his antics are sure to draw a laugh. These are only a few of the members of the cast and if space permitted, due laurels would be given each individual actor and actress. However, since this is impossible, your reviewer adds as a representative of the campus, that we are all looking forward with great anticipation to the final play of a wonderful season with the Dramateers.

### Tears, Idle Tears

Each graduating senior is inwardly lamenting his departure from some particular phase of Mars Hill life. In the name of curiosity one may stroll along the campus at almost any hour of these fleeting days and discover a minor tragedy.

We stroll over to the BSU building where Frank Ingle is slowly removing a poster from outside the prayer room. Perhaps he is wondering what kind of poster John will use to replace it. Further down the hall, we find Clyde Moody sobbingly cutting articles from all *Hilltops* in which his name has appeared. Several minutes later we find ourselves in the main library where Blanche Richards neatly arranges her beloved books for the last time. Overcome with grief from this scene, A. L. Gardner picks up his umbrella and departs. We immediately follow his example.

Moore Hall is our next stop. Here Melba Grayson confides to the suspended rope that "it isn't the bell ringers I like, it's the bell." Proceeding to Treat, we approach Ann Owen, who is sadly reminiscing on her successful past in Dramateers. In the Science Building, John McAllister silently bemoans the fact that he must leave the Hall of Friendship. He is accompanied by others who are grieving over their departure from "the other end of the hall." Also, Kenneth Russell bids a

### A Chest Of Memories

When you start packing these next few weeks there are going to be a host of memories that flood back. Memories that come to you when you see some dress or sweater which you wore to that special picnic, or some memories of a wonderfully gay time when you see snapshots and photographs Pop has made for you. In these memories of this glorious year will you think of . . .

Registration with all of its blanks to fill out and puzzled faces . . . the BSU Reception when Janet Harris presented *Out of the Top Hat* . . . Mr. Mac's musical "I know something you don't know!" . . . the big welcome the societies gave the new students . . . May Day with all of its gay colors and beautiful girls . . . *Arsenic and Old Lace* with Ruddy Singleton "charging" up the stairs . . . moving into the new cafeteria . . .

Thanksgiving Dinner with turkey . . . Pop Stringfield's glee over his new room . . . The M-Club's "Stars in Review" . . . Junior-Senior with all of the gay dates despite the rain . . . Anniversaries and Receptions with nightly vigils and gobs of work . . . Down in the Valley when Dean Minton "up and killed" Tom Tobey . . . "Poppa De's" "If I err not" . . . Dr. Moore, all smiles, strolling around the campus . . . Brevard Brown's "Deadeye" shots in basketball . . .

Dean Lee's strolling to chapel at 12 A.M. every day . . . Mr. Wood's prediction of no snow . . . The Easter sunrise service . . . The new reserve library . . . the fire at David's and the Campus Corner during the night . . . Old Beowulf's fight with Grendel . . . Miss Brewer with her spray gun . . . Dickie Phillips and Buddy Anderson's relief when the Laurel went to press . . . Harold Clark's finish in the two-mile race . . . the paint job on the Carter House . . . the removal of the iron rail from in front of Moore Hall and Spilman . . . Willie Basket's eighty-yard football gallop . . . the fall of the two pine trees in front of the gym, not to mention the apple tree . . . Miss Garner trying to round-up *The Hilltop* crowd . . . Mrs. Yeobright's snake bite . . . Miss Cowan's interpretation of Shaw . . . all the pretty green grass rolled into "jelly rolls" . . . those famous "DEADEYE" posters . . . Dr. Blackwell's greeting to everyone . . . Mother Sparks and her "sons" . . . The BSU trip to Gastonia . . . The senior picnic with all of the required rain . . . the new ping pong table in the new Student Center . . . Mr. Ashworth telling jokes to his "slow" class . . . Mr. Harris' running from Spilman to the Science Building . . . Valentine Parties, with Maria Sosa as Queen in Huffman . . . the Glee Club and its Fred Waring music . . .

Berkley Square and poor confused Dan Stallings . . . Spring Holidays, 'nuff said . . . Virginia Roger's "A macaroon, I cannot live without a macaroon." . . . Dr. Pierce, busy as usual . . . THE THREE (Misses Cowan, Hollowell, Crowell) strolling around the campus . . . Hallowe'en parties and all of the spooks in the bushes . . . Moore Hall bell at 8 A. M. . . the pool and fountain beside Spilman actually squirting water . . . all of the new roads . . . fish for dinner . . .

Yes, we have a host of memories to take away with us but best of all we will probably remember the wonderful, genteel, and friendly atmosphere which prevails at this, our alma mater.

mournful farewell to the Ministerial Conference. The saddest feeling, though, is ours. How can we replace our C-II friends?

## The Hilltop

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