

# The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

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## On Sowing And Reaping A Barren Harvest Of Regret

With the surrounding hillsides painted in a real picture of autumn and harvest, it is fitting and timely that we consider our harvest—not in terms of corn and pumpkins, but in terms of accomplishment and gain—or loss.

Nature has produced a bountiful harvest this season. Winter cribs and storehouses are in no way barren. Apply this idea to our college life at present, if you will. Is our harvest bountiful or barren?

There is nothing so sad as the picture of one who suddenly awakes from his daily living to discover within himself a barren harvest of regret. Time is the stuff that life is made of. It is far too precious to waste in careless, thoughtless, aimless living.

Awaken now! Let us search ourselves. Specifically speaking, we have "sown" our first half-semester averages. There is yet another to come. Will it again be bountiful—or barren?

## BSU Group Drip In And Receive Showers In Return

As a group of us were eating supper Sunday night, who should amble up, looking rather wet and tired out, but one of our B. S. U. delegates, home from Winston Salem and a grand time at the convention?

Cornering him, we eagerly got the details of his week-end trip as follows:

After a rather damp reception (it had been raining all the way to Winston Salem), the students attended their first service, held in Winston Salem's First Baptist Church, and enjoyed a fellowship service afterwards. It seems that a real magician was a feature of the fellowship hour, and amazed everyone with demonstrations of his psychic powers.

Said our student, while describing one of his mind-reading feats, "I sure wouldn't mind having some of that talent around mid-term test time."

Saturday, the main day of the convention, was fair and sunny, and the weather was just right for a full program of interesting events. Among the events of the day were the song service, followed by announcements and a speaker, and a meditation period.

After these exercises there were discussion groups, in which members of each group discussed the speakers of the morning and their topics.

At the night services, delegates heard several mission speakers, among whom was the editor of the "Commission."

The special music during these services was presented by students. One soloist, who thrilled her audience with her beautiful singing, was a negro student, and one of the most accomplished student speakers was also colored.

"The atmosphere couldn't have been kinder or friendlier," said our interviewee, when telling us of the interracial plan upon which the convention was conducted. "It was inspiring to see that different races could get together to work and worship as they did. All the students seemed to welcome everyone as a Christian brother."

Asked about his trip home, our friend could only inform us that again he enjoyed "showers of blessing," and that among all the things he learned at the convention, one of the most outstanding was "not to hitchhike in the rain."

## Two Ways ... Yours And The Best

We're so human and childish we all naturally want our way in most things that concerns us.

A pet gripe on any campus, we infer, is not enough school spirit. Coaches, athletes and cheerleaders expect the student body to be a 100 percent cheering squad during game seasons. Publication heads, choir and play directors, club ramrods, house-council and B.S.U. leaders, all are equally entitled to the wholehearted support of all who make up our number.

When you're tardy about returning your picture for the yearbook (or worse still not having it made), you show poor school spirit as much as by not rooting for your ball team. When you make unreasonable demands of the working student in dining hall or dormitory, you display poor sportsmanship. Are you careless about keeping clean and attractive your living quarters, dormitory entrances, and the campus generally? Lasting impressions are formed by the visitor by the way we keep our building and grounds. Are you courteous and friendly to the stranger or returning alumni? More things are wrought by courtesy than most of us dream of.

Let's make "our way" the best way before we insist on having it. —Campbell College Creek Pebbles.

### FRANKLY SPEAKING

## Which Way The Wind?

Fall is here. The wind is blowing. The trees bow to its force. Leaves abruptly fall to the waiting earth. How easily each one seems to blow from its summer home. Before a leaf falls, it will bend to the left or to the right, up or down. Its direction of bending simply depends on the direction of the wind, the opposing force. Now it flutters in the breeze no longer. It just falls.

Leaves have no choice; they must fall. Each leaf has fulfilled its purpose in living. The brief period is over; the leaves die.

Youth has a choice and it does not have to fall. Each individual, like a leaf, can fulfill his purpose in life and help himself, his community, his country, his world, yea, the Kingdom of God.

A leaf cannot decide its fate, but an individual can. By developing a strong, forceful character one can choose whether he will bow to the wind or brace himself against it. How? One may develop himself by losing himself in prayer, work, play, thought, and love. No one forces a person to develop himself to the fullest possible extent; yet no one is going to force any person to be weak, undependable, and shiftless. There is a High Way and a Low, but each individual decides the "way his soul shall go." Youth may choose whether it will be the "chaff that the wind driveth away" or "the tree planted by the rivers of water."

—Jeanne Ramsey, Guest Editor.

## What's A Solution To This Timely Question?

Every year there are many in college who seek to answer for themselves the question, "How can I get the greatest benefit from my college experience?" There is no concrete solution for this problem, except as the individual determines his own course and follows it, but there are some valuable rules with which we may work toward our goal.

Of these various maxims, models and guides there are five outstanding ones given by the famous minister of another generation, Jonathan Edwards. The following five rules of conduct were his guides for a successful life: (1) To live with all my might while I do live. (2) Never to lose a moment of time. (3) Never to do anything which I would despise in another. (4) Never to do anything out of revenge. (5) Never to do anything which I would be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

We can see in Jonathan Edwards' rules of conduct at least two things which we might apply to our own lives. His principles were definite and clearly defined. He chose guides which challenged him to his highest accomplishment; there was nothing suggestive of ease or laxity in these regulations.

We, of course, must form our own standards, but in their formign it would be well to consider the value of forming them on a high mental, moral, and spiritual plane. "The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed."

## Cheezy Tidbits

**MEMORIES:** The Hallowe'en parties and Edna Moore eight-piece band; C-I society officers; the B.S.U. convention; Tom Lovelace's impersonations at Clio-Phi job meeting; home, sweet home; the leaves on all the trees getting out of class for Laurel pictures; Mr. Jolley, clever (to say the least) performance in "The Red Velvet Goat." "I'll never again be able to regard him as my teacher," said one dreamy-eyed C-I.

**HEARD IN THE AUDITORIUM:** The boy who barked like a dog and probably looks like one; the girl who whistles through her teeth; Gay Smith, laughing softly; Somebody singing "Baby, It's Cold Outside"; Bob White's portable radio; popcorn chomping; some poor soul trying to hear what was going on in the movie saying, "Shhhh!"

**HOW TO WIN FRIENDS:** Irving Watkins stopped on the campus the other day and asked us to print a retraction about his resemblance to David Matthews. The same day David asked us to do the same thing. We really don't know why; they're both so nice looking. Oh, well, Irving is growing sideburns to help kill the resemblance.

### NOTE ON THE SILVERWARE SHORTAGE:

I eat my peas with honey;  
I've done it all my life;  
I know that it sounds funny,  
But it keeps them on my knife!

**FAUX PAS OF THE MONTH:** The other night Betty Houston received a telephone call asking her to sing at church Sunday night. She asked who was calling and the reply was "Elwood" . . . The last name was lost in the buzzing of the phone. "Well, Elwood," Betty said, "I'm afraid I won't have time to sing at anything this week. By the way, what's your last name, Elwood?" "I'm your harmony teacher, Elwood Roberts," was the answer as he hung up.

**TO THOSE WHO LOSE THEIR BOOKS CONSTANTLY:** Janet Minton seems to have found the solution to the problem of having her lost books returned. She just inserts a picture of her boyfriend in each of her books and when they are found they are returned much more quickly than with just her name in them.

**SEEN AROUND THE CAMPUS:** Betty Chambless and Husky Sikes . . . Doris Shaffer's family all the way from Florida . . . people fighting to see the Laurel grove pictures . . . apples bought in town at nine pounds for a quarter . . . Celia Torres and Charlie Glanville . . . C-I sighing, "Only five weeks till Christmas holidays." (Rival member, though, it's less than two weeks till Thanksgiving, and we get a whole half-day off then!) Anticipatory expressions in the hollow eyes of students awaiting mid-semester reports. Mid-semester exams account for most of the gray hair overnight and the cheerfully mumbled greeting, "Duhhhh, hullo," many people have lately . . . The divinely inspired love affairs on the campus.

## One Family Yet

The college Alumnus is a member of a family. Even as the child grows into manhood or womanhood, moving out of the physical bounds of the family circle, yet maintains the spiritual allegiance to the home, so should the college graduate regard his Alma Mater in grateful love and appreciation. This is the spirit that will inspire Mars Hill College to greater fields of service in education. This is the spirit that will see her Christian influence spread beyond the local community to the state and nation. This is the spirit that your Alumni officers urge you to perpetuate, for in a very real and vital sense the future of Mars Hill College belongs to her former students.

