

# Ageless Season Of Christmas

OVER TWO-THOUSAND years old and still as new, as fresh as the morning is the ageless season of Christmas. The age-old spirit brings an ever new joy and thrill to millions of hearts all over the world every year.

Age may crease the brow of man; it may alter modes and manners; it may even shape the destiny of the world; but it can never touch its hoary fingers to Christmas. For birth is ever new, and it is the birth of the Son of God that the season commemorates. The old in heart and soul are transposed to youth; evil forces cease, if but temporarily; the entire universe is tuned to the spirit of Christmas.

Through a maze of pre-holiday term papers and last-minute details, the familiar, thrilling spirit of Christmas seeps into our busy college lives, pushing aside the common-place, replacing it with the inexplicable Yuletide atmosphere.

THE HILLTOP STAFF takes this opportunity to extend to the students, faculty, and the entire college staff the happiest and sincerest holiday greetings. May your Christmas be the merriest ever, and may the New Year hold naught but the best for you.

## One And Apart

TERMED RECENTLY a "nine months Ridgecrest," Mars Hill campus is void of one of the most injurious elements prevalent on the majority of other college campuses of the nation today. That element is social cliques, or group discrimination.

Thanks to societies on MHC campus, instead of fraternities and sororities, one of the most serious dangers existing in educational institutions of the present day is avoided. Social discrimination has proved to be a vicious practice among college students. Campus-wide co-operation can never be achieved or maintained on such a basis.

Christianity's pervading atmosphere here perhaps is one of the chief reasons for the absence of social grouping on MHC campus. A spirit of equality permeates the daily life of students.

Mars Hill students can be thankful for the absence of social cliques in the school. It is one of the principal reasons why the college has progressed as it has, and only if this standard is maintained will it continue to grow in the future.

### Nonpareil and Guthalia

Extend Congratulations to  
Clio and Philomathia  
in this  
Anniversary Reception  
Period

### CHRISTMAS CAROL

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way.  
Why are students suddenly  
Counting off each day?

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Wreaths and mistletoe,  
Hanging all around the dorms;  
All we need is snow.

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
In six more days, school ends,  
To celebrate for two whole weeks,  
So Merry Christmas, friends!  
—Lib Bridges.



### FRANKLY SPEAKING

## What Price Time?

AN INTERESTING STORY is told of a group of bearers, who were making their way up the Amazon River with their white masters. The trip had been a hurried one, the natives hardly stopping for food or rest. The first two days of the journey went well; but the third, the native bearers were nowhere to be found. Inquiring as to their whereabouts, the white masters were met by this reply from the aged chief, "They are waiting for their souls to catch up with their bodies."

Perhaps the native bearers recognized a vital necessity of life which we, in our civilized daily life, fail to grasp. They had come to know the benefits gained from simply resting and waiting for their sapped mental and physical strength to return.

As the holiday season fast approaches, it would be well for us to follow this same practice. In the past few weeks we have carried an unusually heavy schedule; and our souls, as well as our minds and bodies, have suffered for want of time for meditation and restoration.

It is said that "There are seasons when to be still demands immensely higher strength than to act"; but we know that the profits are great to those who obey this need, learning to heed God's command to "Be still and know that I am God." Their testimony will always be "He restoreth my soul."

Elizabeth Bridges, guest editor.

### LAMENT OF THE DAY

Instead of jingle bells and Christmas trees  
I think of all my C's and D's;  
Instead of mince-meat pie and mistletoe,  
I think of all I do not know.

Instead of Christmas gifts piled high and low,  
Instead of fireside chats and falling snow,  
Instead of caroling and cold wind's blow,  
Alas, I think of "Life With Shmoe."

The teachers here are killing me;  
The way ahead I cannot see;  
Oh for the thrill of Christmas rush,  
Instead of college mush and slush.  
— P. E. G.

# The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

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## Cheezy Tidbits

SEEN AROUND CAMPUS: Papa De's C-I student with that oh-so-relieved expression after a siege of their Thomas Hardy papers last week end... the helpful boy who, when his friend dropped some dishes on the cafeteria floor, went to help him pick them up and in doing so knocked all his own dishes on the floor... the cartoons still appearing on the bulletin board with no signature. What's the matter, boys? Afraid to show yourselves?... Beth Savage, waxing her floor with soap... Eva McConnell, singing her song about her soap... Jeanne Mason with another box of candy... Snow, catching her tenth mouse. She's really brave when it comes to catching mice—or men... Thelma Ang and John Claypool... Cecil Bailey standing at the door of Treat Dorm in his "pajamas"... Phis and Harold Newman with big bags under his eyes after his jaunt to Raleigh.

### Here Comes Santa Claus

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT is beginning to be seen at Mars Hill what with the elaborate decorations along the streets down town. The suite in Huffman basement not only has decorations on the door, but it also has a Christmas tree and wreaths in the windows. Jean Moore has a big Christmas tree in her room in Stroup, too, not to mention dormitory trees. Lib Bridges seems to be celebrating with her bright green plaid shirt and her vivid red tie.

M-CLUB had its informal pledge period the other day and during that time the non-athletic students were pretty well entertained at all meals. One boy, Youngblood, sang his rendition of "Lovesick Blues" which sounded just like the record. Sam can also bark like a dog, a talent very few people have. Several boys sang in harmony that tore at our heartstrings, their melodies as "White Christmas" and "Why Don't You Haul off and Love Me One More Time." Paper napkins were being used up by the bushel as the pledges wrote notes to one another until they were allowed to go home.

THE PROUDEST PERSON by far on the campus this month is "Uncle Luther Marion Mann, who has a six-pound 14-ounce niece in Phoenix, Alabama. Luther says that just about all his city notes congratulate him and we want to congratulate him too.

NOTES TO SANTA: "Please bring 'him' to me for Christmas"—Peggy Jones. "How about an 'A' in English"—Jimmy Lambert. "I'd like an alarm clock that works"—Betty Harper. "I'll settle for a pair of proof boots"—Cora Mae Rickey. "A bathtub with a built-in typewriter"—Elaine Gibson.

### A BIT OF ART

## MEDITATION AT TWILIGHT

LONGFELLOW TELLS US that "There are dark dreary days," and that "Into each life some rain must fall." Yes, these words of the great poet hold true; however, from experience I know that for every rain which falls into our lives, there is a sunbeam awaiting if we will only open our eyes and look for it.

The day had been cloudy, wet, and dreary, with no sign of sunshine whatever. Late in the afternoon, I walked wearily out upon the back porch, I chanced to lift my eyes up to a giant mountain peak, and behold what a miracle I witnessed. Just where the crest of the peak seemed to touch the heavens, a dark, threatening cloud hovered. Then, as if suddenly changing its mind, the cloud reluctantly but gently parted in the center and the healing rays of the golden sunshine shone forth, kissing the damp, gloomy world.

The dark cloud presently became a background of dusky rose in the transforming light of the sunset. The trees and mountain slopes, covered with millions of drops, sparkled and gleamed as if they had just emerged from a bath in a diamond mine. Mr. Robin Redbreast perched on the garden gate, greeted the dancing sunbeams with a cheerful melody; old Daisy, grazing on the hillside, paused and raised her head in a joyous bellow of acknowledgement. In my heart a song bubbled; on my lips a smile blossomed while the sunbeams played and seek as they gloriously slipped behind the mountain, leaving behind them a feeling which comes as an evening benediction.

—Janieve Mast