

The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

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Our Flag Isn't Flying

The last strains of music died from the air, but the heart-stirring melody of our national anthem refused to leave my mind. As I pondered over the significance of that immortal song, I realized that it is a prayer, a prayer that the flag of free men will always wave over this land of ours. My mind continued to dwell on the subject, and I was aware that this great prayer is unanswered on our campus. Our flagpole stands naked in the sun like the skeleton of a prayer that is dead.

We have broken faith with the great men who have given their lives to preserve our flag. Unselfishly they gave their lives that it might be flown. Yet, we are unwilling to take the time and trouble to fly it. Can we call ourselves Americans when we do not honor our flag and the things it stands for? The men who rest in foreign soil, the men crippled by war, these are Americans, because they have done something for America. We are merely unappreciative people who, by the grace of God, were fortunate enough to be born in this land. These men love the stars and stripes; they glory to see them flutter in a breeze. DO YOU? —G.E.F.

Cultivate Courage

Courage is definitely not something an individual is born with or without. Courage can be cultivated. Unfortunately, though, some folk have deeply-instilled inhibitions that can very easily hamper wholesome development of any nature, let alone that of courage. Intelligent fears should be a part of one's judgment, while groundless fears form an army to defeat every endeavor of him who has them.

Each of us has the ability to do something that to someone else would seem courageous. Probably the only reason we do not realize this fact is because some demonstrations are more public or more obvious than others. When someone performs a feat of daring, it is characteristic of the average observer to brand him immediately as one possessed of courage. Mr. Average Observer would never guess that this same daring fellow might "burn up a pair of shoes" to avoid meeting his mother-in-law face to face, or cringe miserably in the presence of a puffed-out police uniform.

The tight-rope walker did not take his first walk on a rope forty feet high with no net beneath. He started at a safe height with the aid of a good instructor and the protection of the safety devices necessary for his preservation. If he had found after repeated attempts that he had not the balance needed in the profession, his fear of walking a high rope over cement would be an intelligent one indeed. To attempt to walk a rope under these circumstances would be as good a method of self-annihilation as one can think of.

On the other hand, the skilled rope walker has to guard continually against his thoughts dwelling on the improbable. If he does not, fears will develop to distort his balance, unsettle his nerves and lead to disaster.

Any individual should stop, think and dominate his groundless fears in order to investigate the obstacle before him intelligently and in proper perspective. He can then decide whether his attempt to conquer it is advisable.

Again, courage can be cultivated; nobody is defeated at birth. Some necessary elements in the process of cultivation are intelligent introspection, self-confidence (properly evaluated in the light of previous experience), and the desire to accomplish. —Ted Haggai.

You Just Can't Win

Getting out a newspaper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we're silly. If we don't they say we're too serious. If we stick to the office all day, we ought to be out hunting material. If we go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job at the office. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius; and if we do print 'em, the paper is full of junk.

If we edit the other fellow's writeup, we're too critical. If we don't, we're asleep. If we clip from other papers, we're too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't we're stuck on our own stuff.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some newspaper. We did.

From the Wake Forest **Old Gold & Black** who swiped it from the University of Miami **Hurricane** who borrowed it from the University of Houston who swiped it from **The Daily Texan** who swiped it from **Texas A & M** who swiped it from someone else.

Hints to the Ignorant

This article is designed along the lines of a lemon party—that type of party where everybody gets together and tells everybody else what is wrong with them and nobody gets mad. Its purpose is self-improvement. Your roving reporter wandered among the students to find the opinions of the different sexes toward each other, and following is the question asked and the responses of a few girls.

Question: What do you think is wrong with the fellows?

Here are the answers:

Many of the fellows are too loud and boisterous. No girl likes to be knocked over each time a boy comes along.

Some boys think if you date them once or twice you are going steady.

Certain fellows would be better liked and appreciated if they frequented a barber shop, acquired a little more neatness, and dressed up for concerts and other gala occasions.

Some of them think that every girl who smiles at them has a crush on them.

They're either too shy or too bold; they're either too serious or not serious enough.

Boys do not realize that everything on campus is free—shows and meals—when on a date. Why don't they wake up and take the opportunity to use these privileges?

All too many of them are too bashful to ask a girl for a date.

Most of the boys take girls for granted too much. Numerous boys act like "mama's little darlings." They're silly!

They should treat a girl with all consideration and courtesousness instead of acting as if she is lucky to be dating such a big wheel.

Some young hopefuls should ask a girl for a date ahead of time instead of just being around to eat supper and walk up the hill.

A good many of them are too indifferent. They shouldn't expect more than they can give.

All too many of them think they can date a different girl every night and have them all remain true to him.

The trouble with the boys is that they don't trouble me enough!!

O. K., Fellows. There it is, and it wasn't censored, either. Take it or leave it, and in the next issue you'll get your chance to gripe.

Twilight Inspiration

As the sun begins to quit the sky and another day fades into night, man longs for a power stronger than his own to guide him safely through the night. Others at the close of the day are compelled by their joyful hearts to give thanks unto the One who so graciously lends us our very breath for that day.

Throughout the years we have seen man create a beautiful picture as he kneels at the close of day in his cornfield, on the broad prairie, in a fishing boat, or in the solitude of his own home.

Whether we come to the end of a perfect day or a trying day at Mars Hill, students find themselves lifting up their eyes unto the hills from whence cometh their help. Truly their help cometh from the Father who made heaven and earth as well as the day and night.

Each evening we thank God for His daily mercies, yet once a week we as a campus are fortunate to have the opportunity of coming together and in one body raising our praises to our Caring Father. Vespers each Thursday has become a treasure chest of minutes containing student speeches, music, guest speakers once monthly, and most of all, precious moments of communing with God. This bountiful treasure chest is a personal gift to each Mars Hill student who will take advantage of the Thursday evening vesper services.

Winberry's Whims

Out come the scarves and gloves and earmuffs, for Jack Frost has finally made his appearance. Now the Florida and Georgia folks are wishing up that snow they want to see "for the first time."

The Hallowe'en parties were a huge success—Charlie Tomlinson, as the chief gypsy, proved himself as good a song leader as a leader of school cheers. Jewel Beaufort and Mary Mixon seemed to be "old hands" at operating the House of Horrors at Stroup. Dot Rose Morgan really worked at making the social life at Huffman tops, and Jill Scruggs in those snazzy brown pedal-pushers was seen rushing around like mad on the afternoon before the big night. Don't worry, kids, your work wasn't in vain 'cause we had a scrumptious time. Just think—it's not long till Christmas Holidays. Wonder why Barbara Herrin is so anxious to see those ole' stamping grounds again? Christmas and then New Year and what next? Final exams—whoa! Let's get off that subject to more pleasant topics.

By the way, tell me why—there aren't as many "steady" couples as there were last year? Bill Bowen is the S. P. of so many girls? Uncle Sam drafts all the cute boys? All our work piles up at the same time? We can't all sing lovely as Anne Weber? Your roommate loves to give you cold showers at such an inconvenient time? The Gillespie twins are always late to Sunday School? Nick hates to be called Zeh? You are all still reading this article???

Speaking of snow and those Florida people—Phala Jones became quite excited over the first snow of the season as she made her first snowball. And while we're on the weather, what about those unprepared girls who went to the B.S.U. Convention with only light jackets? Regrets were flying thick and fast in Raleigh that night when the weather turned so cold.

Congratulations to the Marrs on the completion of their new home on High School Road. Theirs is the addition of another "country estate" to our own Mars Hill. It is quite evident that they're proud of it.

Miss Caroline was proud of Mars Hillians at the recent B.S.U. Convention. The State B.S.U. President, three of the soloists, the violinist and several others are former students of Mars Hill. Miss Caroline had a delightful trip, too. She stayed at her Alma Mater, Meredith, where she was also dean of women at one time.

Winnie Luffman, Rebecca Jackson, Faye Pace and others are working hard on sandwiches for the girls to buy in the play rooms on Friday nights during the break. This is another two bits which might increase your sales, girls, so what about a cut in the profits? No doubt you are aware of how handy such things are.

Though it isn't April, when those showers come your way, let your smile be your umbrella. Rainy days are no exception at Mars Hill, but with the ideals of Mars Hill, "plain living" and "high thinking" and hand and heart lifted upward, the obstacles don't seem half so hard. Try it and see!!!

Life Is Waiting

Shall cannons roll in death again?
Shall humans writhe and cry in pain?
Shall tanks across our nation roll,
And blood run red on every knoll?

Shall man and wife be torn apart?
If so, when shall the fighting start?
Upon our streets shall children roam
Without a bread crust or a home?

Why must mortal man await
For the outcome of his fate?
Life is waiting, it is true,
Even now I wait for you.

—George Fleming.

It's The Little Things

Each little wrong I do today,
Each time I show vain pride,
Each little sin along the way,
Reopens the master's side.

Each little shove at fellow man,
Each time I try to be boss,
When I don't do the best I can,
He's nailed again to the cross.

Each little lust I yield to now,
Each kindness I leave undone,
Puts the thorn upon his brow,
God's only begotten Son.

—George Fleming.