

# The Hilltop

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College

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## Brand New -- And Ours

Have you noticed what a beautiful building is going up next to Edna Moore? Remember when that spot was just a rather unsightly vacant lot? Makes a big difference, doesn't it? There's not much left to do now; the inside has to be finished and the grounds landscaped and seeded, and the job will be done. Mars Hill will be the proud possessor of one of the nicest looking churches we have seen in some time.

We were standing on the street the other day, watching what little activity we could see from the outside and admiring the glint of the sun on the copper-sheathed tower, and we began thinking. The old Mars Hill Baptist Church has served long and faithfully, but it doesn't look like much now, does it? The pews are scarred and splintered, the aisles are worn and pitted, the windows are full of vacant places. Signs of rough usage are evident, and because it is so obvious that others have used it harshly, we ourselves are not always inclined to show it the respect that should be shown to a building which houses our worship services. We get pretty careless when it comes to caring for church property.

The new Mars Hill Baptist Church, however, is another proposition. When we enter its doors for the first time, we shall be entering a building which hasn't a mark on it, a spotless auditorium in which every pane of glass, every pew, every board down to the floor under our feet is brand new. How well it will look ten years from now is up to the people that use it, and we are going to be the first group to lay a hand on it after its completion. We will set the precedent which the C-II's of next year, and in turn, those of the next year will follow, and so on down through the years. It is up to us to see that the new church is treated with the respect and gentle handling which it deserves.

## Almost Gone

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." These sage words of Ben Franklin offer us a good motto to live by as students. Soon the mid-term reports will go home to parents. The grades themselves are being made right now. No one can be blamed—or praised—for grades except the individual. One cannot expect to make a good grade on a term paper which is hastily slammed together without any attempt at even the most elementary unity. Neither can one make a good grade on a trigonometry test without first learning the rules.

Too many times students are very proficient at finding excuses for wasting their time. Then when grades are published, they blame their instructors. This practice only shows immaturity on the part of college students. When we come to Mars Hill, we accepted a responsibility both to the college and to ourselves. We owe the college the responsibility of keeping its academic rating among the highest. We owe ourselves the responsibility of developing into worthwhile citizens.

At this very moment, let us resolve to make the best use of the time available to us. There is one method that helps one to make his time count. He should make a budget allowing sufficient time for all his activities. Then when the sheep are separated from the goats at grade-time, he will be among the former. It is up to us. Are we interested? Do we want life? Or do we just "not have the time" to think about it.

## Thank You

We notice with pride, and with a deep sense of thankful humility, the response which the Mars Hill students are showing toward a number of worthwhile causes to which they have been asked to contribute. The hospital fund for Bill Lovorn, the Red Cross Drive, the Sunday-School drive for church furnishings, and others, have not been left begging. It is this spirit of kindness and co-operation which makes Mars Hill College a place long-remembered in the hearts of its alumni.

# Editor Relates Further Experiences In Russia

(Editor's Note—The following are excerpts from two of a series of articles by Dean Schoelkopf, editor of the University of Minnesota *Daily* and one of seven American college editors just returned from a three-week tour of the Soviet Union. This is the second of two articles of the series, and is being published as the result of favorable comment from the student body on the preceding article.)

Moscow University is the shiny new showplace of the Soviet educational system. The 32-story skyscraper, situated in the Lenin hills just outside the city, was opened last fall. It was built at a time when apartments and other new buildings were badly needed.

## What We Can't Do With Your Names

Mars Hill College students may think they have the ordinary run of the mill names but there are a few names which present unusual possibilities.

What if:  
Ward were a maple instead of a Burch.

Janice were a doctor instead of a Dennis.

Art were two instead of Fore.

Page were nobility instead of Gentry.

Faye were purple instead of Lavender.

Heyward were less instead of Moore.

Anna Lynn were paid up instead of Owen.

Betty were a mackerel instead of a Pike.

Jim were pans instead of Potts.

Barbara were ugly instead of Priddy.

Janet were odor instead of Scent.

Jim were a potato instead of a Beane.

Louise were checks instead of Cash.

Mimi were awful instead of Devine.

Fred were brittle instead of Crisp.

Jackie were a shell instead of a Hull.

Tommy were a stab instead of a Pearce.

## Between The Book Ends

What is God? What proof is there of His existence? In his newest book, *Why I Know There Is a God*, Fulton Oursler says: "To that question there are two answers . . . the first is sheer reason, through the brain; the second is through personal experience."

Lanland says: "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and have not found God." Other scientists testify: "We have examined the brain with our microscopes and have not found the soul." Can anyone really know? Mr. Oursler answers on the grounds that "the supreme franchise of the human soul is that it can know God."

He states that materialists will deride prayer as a superstitious practice or a psychological hoax—and yet it is the only way to God. They want to "rewrite the universal law to meet their own requirements."

*Why I Know There Is a God* is a revelation of one man's personal experience with the most exciting mystery of life.

**Fellows:**  
The Junior-Senior is always more fun with a date. Make your plans early and call a girl today.

# The Casual Observer

It has been said that it is unfortunate that death and taxes do not come in that order. The man who said this had undoubtedly never heard of burial tax. He should have known that there is a tax on practically everything. It doesn't have a tax on it, it probably illegal.

Take a billfold, for instance. The price-tag on that little handy-tooled job reads \$5.00. By ignoring the student center for six weeks you can just manage it. If you hand the salesgirl your last cent, only to hear her coo sweetly, "That will be six dollars please. Luxury tax, you know."

But the one that hits hardest where it hurts most is . . . income tax. And since the fatal Ides of March (March 15, to you) are only two days off, perhaps it would be well to take a closer look at this distinctively American custom.

Income tax is a system where the government takes money from the people and spends it to find out what the money they took from the people last year was spent for. This is called a congressional investigation, and is followed by an investigation of the investigation, all of which takes a lot of the money.

Of course you don't have to pay income tax. If you'd rather, you can spend several years in the care of the federal government, housed in a small, rather bare room with bars on the windows. Otherwise you or whoever pays your grocery bill, must sit down with pencil and paper every March 15 and try to make your rich Uncle Sam believe you are all virtual paupers. (It is interesting to note that Julius Caesar was murdered on that date probably by an irate taxpayer.)

Children are good for very few things, but when it comes to the space on the tax form marked "Deduction," the more the merrier. However, you are one of those non-deductible types who makes more than \$600 a year, you had better stay out of sight when Dad starts wrestling with that tax form.

There is one other way out. Move to Russia. The Russians have no income tax. No income.

## Last Of Laurel Gone To Press

The 1954 *Laurel* has gone to press! The last picture and the final page of copy have been turned over to the publishing company and proofs are being received and read daily. The finished annual is expected to arrive sometime in early May.

Much hard work has gone into the composition of the *Laurel*. The co-editors, Bob Coley and Skeeter McCauley, and the entire staff wish to express their appreciation for the kindness, patience and understanding shown by the faculty and student body.

Loudspeakers on every street corner blare forth its programs from the time it goes on the air, about 7 a. m., til it goes off about 7 p. m.