

Advanced Responsibility

The Student Council of the college is now in its third year of existence. Being quite a young organization, relatively speaking, the Student Council has shown great advancement from its founding, and more is promised.

The powers of the Student Council lie between those of the House Councils and the Executive Committee, yet the powers and functions of both of the lower two bodies are being broadened as the members, students, are continually proving capable of handling the responsibility allotted to them.

It is only as of this semester that the Student Council has had the authority to give permanent demerits, and with the coming of this authority the power to give temporary demerits has passed away with the replacement of such by a greater authority.

Another change as of this semester is that types of cases formerly handled only by the Executive Committee are now being handled by Student Council. The cases referred to are more serious infractions, often involving "unwritten" law.

Offenders had much rather be punished by a body of students rather than of faculty, for they usually feel that their position will be better understood by other students. From the opposite viewpoint, students on the Student Council realize that they must prove themselves capable of handling the responsibility allotted to them.

The cloak of paternalism that traditionally has pervaded Mars Hill campus is slowly being lightened by the rising to positions of responsibility and leadership of students. This action, in itself, is an indication of the coming into the hands of students of greater burdens of conducting campus affairs.

Lack Of Enthusiasm

Any institution of merit will necessarily have people who adhere to its precepts, or else it could not continue to exist as a worthy entity. This "principle" may also be viewed as applicable to an institution such as a college, particularly, Mars Hill College.

Those of us who are students are often, and lamentably so, seemingly indifferent as to the record of achievements of those of our institution. This fault is exemplified in a lack of enough desirable school spirit.

Could you, upon being asked, quote the won-lost record of the Mars Hill baseball team, or the results of the latest track, golf, or tennis competition? This attitude is not only evident in athletic achievements, but in other fields of inter-collegiate endeavor and exhibition.

A student is one who studies, and supposedly, learns. The learning process on the collegiate scene should be flavored with the activities that are offered by that particular college. Though one certainly cannot participate in every activity, even as much as some may try, one should be a student of the affairs of his campus.

Psychologists say that an athlete will be in a better frame of mind when he knows that he and his team are actively being supported by a group of fans. Several Mars Hill athletes in various fields have complained that students don't seem even to care about the success or failure of the athletic teams representing their college. This is evident to the athletes through the low level of attendance at athletic contests and the lack of enthusiasm in evidence at pep rallies. Campus conversation does not indicate a rabid loyalty on the part of students either.

Students, you are all representatives of your college, and will continue to be as it becomes your alma mater. As representatives, do your best to perform the functions of such, and be informed about and loyal to your college.

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A Strange Girl Was Melody

A Short Story by David Wood

The whole town of Bear Lake agreed that Melody was a strange girl. Even though her parents, who were respected by every man and woman of the community, had tried to make her normal, she continued to amaze the townfolk with her actions.

Heaven knows how her parents tried. They sent her off to Miss Pinkleton's School for Young Ladies, by far the best school in the state, but she daydreamed all through the winter and had absolutely no respect for her devoted school teachers, who were, after all, only trying to make of her a young lady of the wealth and social position of her parents.

But the very worst came with spring. Melody revolted, and instead of going to her posture class, she would invariably go walking down by the lake, or along the path which led through the garden.

Of course at the end of the semester Miss Pinkleton just had to write Melody's parents, regretting 'that we cannot allow Melody to return to us next semester.' Melody's mother thought it was quite an insult, and certainly a disgrace on the whole family, but Melody's father was not at all surprised, and even seemed just a little pleased.

Of course, instead of allowing Melody to stay home that summer, and further disgrace her family, Melody's mother sent her to camp. She took very great care in selecting a camp which proudly advertised their ability to handle problem children, for Melody's mother now realized that she was definitely a problem. But in less than two weeks, Melody returned, with a note from the Camp Director. "We have taken the liberty of paying your daughter's train fare home. Her problem is beyond our help."

So Melody was left with the remainder of that summer to do as she pleased, and she pleased to walk through the beautiful Civic Gardens, which the people of Bear Lake had willingly dedicated to the nature lovers passing through their little town in hopes that while they were enjoying the Gardens, they would eat in Bear Lake's restaurants, and buy gas at their service stations, and in general be a benefit to the town's economy.

And young Melody also pleased to plant a small garden of her own in a little tract of dirt in the back yard, which her parents gladly donated in hopes that it would keep her out of trouble. This seemed to be the very thing they had been searching for, because Melody fitted in perfectly among her flowers.

Her flowing blonde hair shown brighter than the beautiful plants, and her cheeks seemed to take their color from the roses which grew at both sides of her garden. Her little thirteen-year-old body seemed to soak up every ray of sun, and she grew every bit as fast as her flowers.

Everything was perfect until one morning Melody's mother found two dead birds in the back yard. Of course she thought nothing of it until several days later when she discovered that the back yard did not smell at all like flowers, but rather like something

dead. In another week, the odor was almost unbearable and had even reached the house. When Melody was questioned, she knew nothing about it, or at least seemed not to.

It was only two days later when Melody's mother found the answer to the mystery. She was hastily finishing up the dishes which the maid had left in favor of bed-making, when she glanced out the window and noticed a small dog experimentally poking a paw into Melody's irises.

She was about to walk out and shoo the dog away when she saw a small figure sneak out from behind a bush and tiptoe up behind the dog. Before she could yell, Melody had brought an axe down hard on the little dog's head, splitting it in two.

"Oh, what to do, what to do." thought Melody's mother in the hour before Melody's father had come home. Of course she had sent Melody to her room, but it was best for her father to punish her. Her father, upon learning of Melody's strange actions, had only looked distressed and said, "We must find out whom the dog belonged to, and pay for it."

So Melody was left in her room that night, and no one called her for supper, nor did anyone bother to go up and talk to her until the next morning when Melody's mother called her for breakfast. When she didn't receive an answer she went up to get Melody, with all sorts of severe discipline running through her mind, since Melody had made her wait for breakfast.

She was very surprised to find Melody hanging from the hook on her closet door, with a beautiful rose clutched in her lifeless little hand. She ran downstairs screaming to Melody's father, but when she told him, he only sat down and looked rather pleased at being rid of such a problem.

Library News

The student Library assistant for April is Patricia Webster, a freshman from Bonlee, who works at the Reserve desk. She is considering Librarianship as a career.

The library statistics for April was 12,389. Have you seen the display in the lobby this week? It is gifts by students and former students of Mars Hill. Do you have something to add to this collection? We need curios, objects, books, pictures, miniatures, and other items of interest, from our country and from around the world.

These last days of the school year are valuable! Your fellow-students will greatly appreciate your cooperation in the library — for many grades are at stake, probably yours.

Reader Suggests Improvements

A reader lately suggested that a sufficient spirit of nationalism is lacking on the Mars Hill campus. The question was proposed as to whether this is due to general indifference on the part of students or to lack of action on the part of the administration. The most obvious evidence of



By June McCoy

Well, winter has finally cut its deep freeze and May is here with its beauty and excitement. Have you noticed the rosy cheeks of our girls on campus? We have a sneaking suspicion that this is not just the blossoming of youth or love, but sunburn. To the poor, miserable creatures we offer our sympathy:

I think that I shall never stay Out in the sun for half a day. Two hours is quite enough for me. As anyone can plainly see.

I thought there never could be found

A time when I refused to go down—

But the rays of the sun always burst

Upon the place that hurts the worst.

Tennyson Revision

Dr. Pierce firmly told her sophomore English class that she agrees with Tennyson's immortal words that a young man's face "lightly turns to thoughts of love in the spring." She is convinced that it should be "Strongly turned to thoughts of love."

Many of the lasses on campus are not so optimistic about the matter. One unlucky girl moans that she will be so old when she gets married, instead of throwing rice, the guests will throw vitamin pills.

Someone suggests a new title for a temperance paper: "As ye sow, so shall you reap." Dr. Jenks offers this one: "I was a cocaine juice addict. Signed, Tarzan."

Secret Ambitions

If you really want to know what is on your mind, take a course in psychology. One member of the class has already shown signs of a secret ambition to be a bartender; another, a pool shark. Very interesting!

Presenting an even more serious problem than poetry papers, is the fact that everyone is finding their years' summer clothes too small for her. It has been said that there are two hundred overweight girls on campus — these are round figures, of course!

Did you know that there is a law against excessive giggling in the streets in Helena, Montana? We certainly are glad that the law didn't apply to a recent basketball game when a disturbance on the bench caused so much laughter that the game almost stopped.

this lack of nationalism was to be a flag pole in front of the Hall, from which a flag is seen flying. Also, it was mentioned that the national anthem is never sung in chapel. Even the college alma mater is sung in chapel only enough for a student to know that it exists.

If changes were made in these matters, it is believed that a rising sense of national spirit. This would be a definite asset to the college.

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biggest sports event off this afternoon hosts the annual field meet. Eight teams conference champion and enjoyable to watch. High, for Mars Hill, do win, it the formation of one of those best outstanding at McRae will boast an who is a heavy 440 man, who Mars Hill will pick for first place both the 100 and true that Mars in meets prior to draw a beautiful vault, shot put several points. Last note on the affair. If the Monday, grab the you meet the co-welcome and this the best WC track sports in general strong possibility of this spring. Well, our tennis and it appears up Johnny Jordan, spring for Coach and yet one of the linksmen to find should take the Monday. track team has brown streaks of current conference) is 4-5. Catcher Paul Williams the Lions will do you at the track

amurals

en Clubs

1959 intramural has gotten into being floored the spring rainy we teams are entered which is directed Fish. Fielding seen flying. Also, it was Brown Bombers, Grassy Branch, is never sung in chapel. Even members, the Tel lege alma mater is sung in chapel only enough for a student to know that it exists.

Fish states that will be played if t and if the tou sed off, the club ord in regular s declared intram