

Are Our Literary Societies Fading?

In the last two issues of the *Hilltop* we have had a rousing controversy about Mars Hill College and its activities. It has been interesting to note that our societies were one of the key points of controversy.

We have heard the pro and con, now lets bring our facts together and see just what the average student's opinion is in regard to our societies. The college quarterly states, "There are four literary societies on the campus — two for young men and two for young women. A high standard of excellence in debate, declamation and reading is to be maintained throughout the year." It seems to be the general opinion that the societies have fallen short of these goals.

Societies should be a place where students can work on their own. In past years members have won national awards for their speaking ability. It seems that this interest has lagged and we now rely on our public speaking course. No longer is there an interest to practice what we learn in class.

Are societies fast-fading at Mars Hill? If so, something is definitely wrong. Mars Hill College is growing, and the societies should be growing with it; particularly when we change to a four-year program. If the high standards of our societies are not being met, then the officers are falling down in their responsibilities, and better officers should be sought for the next term.

Societies are like anything else — you only get out of them what you are willing to put into them. It is hoped that before the next issue goes to press we will have several letters from interested society members explaining what their trouble is and telling us what we can do to help.

—Richard Ergenbright

Exams Break Over Mars Hill Campus

The horizon of our campus life has been darkened for quite some time now by an approaching storm, which finally broke yesterday. The threatening menace — not an "Alice" or a "Diane" or a "Hazel" — is named "exams." The great majority of us will weather this storm, but a few will sink, probably because we have not properly prepared our boats. A few unscrupulous "sailors" will attempt trickery or dishonesty to pass these on-rushing exams.

Dishonesty in school can only lead to dishonesty after school. You may not be caught, but certainly a fellow student will know. Do you believe this fellow student would have transactions with you in the business world? Certainly not.

—Richard Ergenbright

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STAFF

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



SECTION II - LIT. 3-A, SLAUSON WILL ASK FOR 4 REPORTS - AND, IN SECTION III, WATKINS WILL ASK FOR 8 - TAKE SLAUSON---

Quadrupedal Hexapods Expected on Planets

Through the ages, men have dreamed of finding the proverbial Fountain of Youth. Today, instead of just dreaming about it, scientists are actively working towards this goal. Where once they scoffed, they now speak of stretching the average human lifespan to 100 years or more.

According to Albert Maisel, writing for *Readers Digest*, researchers are continually finding ways to prolong life. Workers at Columbia University have discovered that people who eat moderately outlive those that eat consistently. Certain hormones have been discovered that can actually postpone aging. In Baltimore scientists can lengthen the age properties of cockroaches by injecting youthful hormones into them. At Cornell, doctors have linked rats together and found that the older member soon assumes youthful appearance.

Meanwhile scientists tell us that there is much we can do to lengthen our lives today. They suggest that we avoid unnecessary exposure to the sun; keep physically and mentally active, and avoid over-eating.

Since the creepy notion that millions of unknown planets are inhabited by intelligent creatures has now become respectable, scientists are muscling in on the science-fiction writers and predicting what these Space Beings look like. William Howells, professor of anthropology at Harvard, expects to find extraterrestrial creatures that combine horse bodies with human arms and heads, like the creatures of the old Greek myths.

Professor Howells reasons that intelligent creatures need to move around—otherwise they cannot accomplish anything. Space Beings must be self-contained with some kind of bones to hold them up, a nervous system to control operations, and a liquid supply system. The main center of the nervous system, which has to be big for intelligence, would make a lump like a head.

Space Beings will not be insects, because insects are designed

for living by instinct. They will not be birds because birds are stupid, too. Flying is so difficult that bird brains must concentrate on muscle coordination. They might live in the water. Land creatures are more likely.

Hands are essential because hands appear to be the only efficient mechanism for doing things. Some practical purpose might have forced early animals to keep an extra pair of limbs. These could eventually become arms and still leave four legs for sturdy support. Professor Howells believes the first space men will be bimanous quadrupedal hexapods.

Pappy's 'Fuel' Keeps 'em Flying

My father, he was a moonshine man,
 A regular sort of a feller;
 He kept Ma plastered for forty years
 With the still he ran in the cellar.
 I recall the folks who sampled the stuff,
 The glassy looks on their faces.
 One day, our spaniel inhaled the fumes,
 And dropped dead at 20 paces.
 But Dad worked hard with his cooker and mash,
 And there were fruits of his labor;
 By selling his moonshine around the town,
 He killed off most every neighbor.
 Us boys, we got in the moonshine game,
 And it gave the business new birth.
 The eldest is now at Alcatraz;
 The youngest at Leavenworth.
 They never caught my father though,
 And they no longer raid his place.
 The Revenooers now buy his stuff
 For use at a missile base.

—Copied

And The Lanky Trees Guard The Quiet Scene

Reprinted from the *East Carolinian*, student news paper, East Carolina College, Greensboro, N. C.

The scene was quiet. Icy sleet turned to snow, had left a magic blanket of white hugging the brown grass and lanky trees. Tranquil. But, only minutes ago skidding tires, screaming voices, and blaring headlights had cut nature's silence and winter's scene.

They were just college students, gay and anxious, and glad to be on their way home for the semester break. Five of them. Five, singing along with the radio . . . unconcerned with the icy-slick, treacherous highway.

Strains of "Walking With My Angel" were ringing among the group when a periodical announcement came through the air. A North Carolina Patrolman warned motorists of the dangers of driving carelessly and especially under the influence of alcohol. "Remember to drive safely this season. The life you save may be a friend's or it may be your own."

"Funny, how these North Carolina Patrolmen all sound alike," piped a tiny brunette, wedged between hanging clothes and a husky ex-high school football hero.

"Yea! For sure," answered the hero, reaching for her cup. "Refill!"

The quintet laughed . . . as the spirited driver, after an hour on the road, passed his cup over the seat for his third round . . . his eyes leaving the road.

A split second at 65 miles per hour. The right front tire hit the highways edge, pulling the steering wheel from his one-armed grasp. He jerked the wheel to recover . . . no one knew what happened next.

The screams grew silent and terror-filled eyes rolled to the side.

The quiet scene, following its untimely intrusion, pictured the mangled bodies, the blood spattered snow, and the upturned late-model car . . . its radio sounding the familiar "99 Bottles of Beer" as two brown bottles slipped from their resting place to the crusty snow . . . the lanky snow-covered trees guarded the scene. Before too long, the slow talking Patrolman would be there.

To All Supermen, Attention!

Supermen, attention! It is due to the envy of the human race that we mere weaklings congratulate you on the fine destruction you have perpetrated at Mars Hill. The chairs in the cafeteria that you have broken have proven your great strength. The many books, coats, slide-rulers and numerous other articles that you have so lightly lifted prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, your outstanding intellect. In fact, the world is better off with your beloved personalities gracing its shores.

Even though your minds are ten years behind your bodies there is still hope. Mathematically your minds will mature sometime within the next 25 years — if you are around in 25 years.

Many house mothers have begged me to thank you for throwing bottles out of your dormitory windows and several students would like to thank you for stealing their mail.

And God, even though you know He does not see you doing these hideous things, gives you His blessings for keeping His commandments.

—WW

Acceptance Shows Open Mindedness

Does the youth of today have an open mind? We believe they do and this belief was upheld Friday night as Mr. Warfield gave his fine performance. Years ago, a man was condemned if the pigment of his skin was not the same as ours. It is encouraging to see that the youth of today are beginning to judge a person for what he is, for what he has accomplished, and not his color.

This may be a hard lesson for some to understand but the sooner we learn, the better off we and our country will be.

—Richard Ergenbright