

Bang, Whop, Thwack Now Is The Time

Within a short time many high school and college students will graduate and go into our society and take their places.

Many will travel a long way over the bumpy road of life. Others will soon fall by the wayside. No matter what our ambitions, most of the male students still have a military obligation to fulfill.

When the bill was passed signifying that all males would have to spend some time in the military service, a great fervor was created throughout the country. Many believed we were drifting toward a military-type government. A young man reaching the eligible military age might agree that this bill should never have been passed. Really, the service isn't as bad as many people have said. As a Korean veteran with eight years of "exposure" to Uncle Sam I would like to pass on a few helpful tips to those who are about to enter the service.

No matter what branch you decide to enter, it would be wise to enter with the right attitude which is this: "While I am in the service I will do my best to be a good soldier and be a credit to my country."

A great many young men have the attitude that their time is being wasted. The military service is just like anything else in life, you get out of it exactly what you are willing to put into it.

The service offers an excellent opportunity to advance your training and to prepare for a good life on the "outside." If you are interested in electronics then as you sign up, request electronics training. Here again, your attitude, willingness to cooperate and the grades on several tests will determine whether you attend that electronics school or not. That same electronics course would cost a great deal in private life. Perhaps you thought that after graduation you would be through with school. I have news for you; as soon as you enter the service you will be right back in school again. Here again your attitude is important. If you "flunk out" you can't transfer to another school. You will be assigned to a lesser job.

Without a doubt, there will be a great deal of "bull," red tape, and regulations to contend with. On the other hand, to offset this, you have excellent training and in most cases extensive travel.

—Richard Ergenbright

Green Day Arrives; Irish In Color

With the wearing of green and the display of shamrocks one may feel safe in assuming that St. Patrick's Day is here; otherwise, we've flipped our ever-loving lids.

We do not know exactly how many Irish exist on the Mars Hill campus or for that matter, how many live in Peoria. However, the day is occasion for some good Irish tunes and gives the *Hilltop* an opportunity to wish each and everyone a merry "Erin Go Bragh." Seen any snakes lately?

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College

The Hilltop

Box 486-T, Mars Hill, N. C.



Second-Class postage paid at Mars Hill, N. C. Published semi-monthly during the college year.

Volume XXXVI March 17, 1962 Number 11

STAFF

- Editor 'N ChiefWalt Whittaker
- AdvertisingGary Murdock, Franklin Calhoun
- CirculationKen Hunneycut, Roy Bower
- News EditorJon Rountree
- Editorial PageDick Ergenbright
- Feature EditorMary Horton
- Sports EditorJohn Baskin
- ReportersMarietta Atkins, Janice Eiland, Mimi Jones, Mary Sue McIntire, John Grier, Cynthia Vann, Jerry Grant, Thelma Taylor, Audrey Bunce, Tina Stokes, Nancy Hannah, John Reagan, Jacquie Moore
- ProofreadersPat Phelps, Darinda Camp
- TypistsJo Wells, Joyce Craft
- Faculty AdvisorWalter Smith

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"THIS IS THE LAST TIME I SCHEDULE A CLASS THAT LETS OUT AT NOON UNTIL THE CAFETERIA DOES SOMETHING ABOUT THAT LONG CHOW LINE."

Hark: College Boy Composite

Reprint, State College, N. Y.

Ever since that famous essay entitled "What is a Boy?" appeared, every idiot that can hold a pen has done some kind of takeoff on it. I, too, can hold a pen . . .

A State College boy is poverty with tobacco on his face, cynicism with acid burns on his fingers, and the "Hope of the Future" with monstrous taps on its green bucks.

A State College boy is a composite . . . he has the energy of Ray Charles, the sincerity of a phony Santa Claus, the shyness of Gypsy Rose Lee, the kindness of the Albany police, the imagination of Mickey Spillane, the aspiration of the Albany urchins, and when he wants something, it is usually 86 proof.

He likes Bru, women and brew, Pierce Hall and eight ball, vice, ice, short books, good looks, snow, dough, "weeds", rich keeps (rhymes come hard these days) . . . as a matter of fact, one could summarize and say, if it's spiked, it's well liked.

Dislikes Dancing

He is not too much on square dancing, squares, Hedrick's, Park lights on dark nights (last rhyme, I promise), Harvard, bulletin boards, dorm food, ash trays, pseudo-pseudo, dirty dollar bills, presidents other than Washington (Tavern) and Madison (House), marks, mirrors, moral, and maids.

In a State boy's pocket one may find a crumpled letter from the dean, a biology scaple scarred from many battles with worms and frogs, the slide from a slide-rule, a broken cigarette, a dark blue dollar bill and a uncovert pen, a lame lighter, and a key to Sayles.

Chases Girls

A college boy is a magical creature . . . you can lock him out of a class, but not out of Joe's. You can get him off your mind, but you can't get him off the pool table. He is a "no-account, girl-chasing bundle of worry." But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of hopes

and dreams, he can make them sound mighty insignificant with four magic words: "You look beat, man!"

In the February 17 edition of the *Hilltop* the name of Miss Susan Walker was regrettably omitted from the dean's list. In the March 3 edition an apology was made for leaving out her name with the statement that "Miss Walker", a freshman student from Pulaski, Va., accumulated 41 quality points." We again apologize to Susan who is not a freshman, but a sophomore.

Letters.....

I appreciate the effort being made by our administration to keep our social and dating relations clean and wholesome. It has reached the extent, however, where some restrictions seem childish and unnecessary. Some of the old beliefs about dating and social behavior should be placed with the other relics of the past in a museum. One such belief is that of holding hands sometimes referred to as "cheap petting," which seems to me about as sinful as a young lady shaking hands with the visiting preacher during revival week. Holding hands and shaking hands share the same physical contact and express nearly the same feeling of friendship and friendliness.

Adjustment Needed

One purpose of our beloved college is to provide the proper atmosphere for Christian relationship. This atmosphere, I think, should include some up-to-date ideas to correspond with the modern day student. I think we as college students realize the need for social restraints and would be more likely to respect the ideals behind reasonable and necessary regulations.

I feel that everyone is entitled to his or her opinion, but when the group is compelled to conform to the outdated ideas of one or a few persons there is a definite need for a change.

I appreciate the opportunity and space to express my personal opinion. Thank you.

—John Ingle

Fraternities May Proffer Solution

With senior college status coming this fall it's not too early to begin considering needs for new student organizations and activities on our campus.

Why can't we have a good active chapter of some nationally-affiliated service fraternity and several nationally-recognized scholastic fraternities?

A service fraternity with its chamber-of-commerce type program could do much to promote better school spirit and give us a real opportunity to do some practical, worth-while things for the college while we're here.

The scholastic groups could replace the honor clubs which have served their purpose well while Mars Hill was a junior college but which cannot give their members the pride of achievement which would come with nationally-recognized chapters.

Is it too much to hope that someday our top ranking graduates will sport Phi Beta Kappa keys?

We know that "fraternities" is an ugly word to some people, and we are aware that some Baptists have strong convictions against the evils of social fraternities and sororities. We are not, however, raising the issue of social fraternities. We are advocating service and scholastic fraternities and sororities.

There will be some persons, of course, who will not recognize any difference; to them all Greek letter organizations are evil. We are not convinced, however, that all friends of Mars Hill College have such closed minds. We choose to believe that most of them can and do differentiate between service and scholastic organizations, which have valuable purpose, and social organizations, which may have little or no purpose.

Last Sunday's Asheville *Citizen-Times* carried a story about the chartering of a Phi Theta Kappa, national junior college scholastic society, Gardner-Webb. Even our junior college cousins are concerned about up-to-date student organizations.

Perhaps our Student Activities Committee could appoint a special sub-committee to investigate the possibilities of chartering a chapter of Alpha Omega or some other good service fraternity and investigate the possibilities of forming one or more scholastic organizations.

For Though I May Speak...

A meaningful paraphrase of the 13th chapter of First Corinthians — directed especially to college students — has come to us through Mike Ihrig, who suggests the anonymous work may be helpful to us at Mars Hill:

Though I speak in the language of Browning and Shakespeare and show not love toward my roommate and fellow students, I am becoming as a sounding drum or tinkling test tube.

And though I have the gift of a Dean's List brain and understand the mysteries of Einstein, Eliot, Plato and Niebuhr and have an objective knowledge of chemical formulas, scientific hypotheses and historical facts; and though I have self-reliance in the belief that I can achieve anything, and have not love and understanding toward my classmates, I am nothing.

And though I have the innate gifts of a campus leader and understand the corporate needs of the student body, but fail to see the personal requisites of one who shares my room, it profits me nothing.

And though I bestow all my natural abilities on a dozen campus organizations and though I give my time and energy indiscriminately to extracurricular activities, and do not consider my roommate and dorm neighbors, it profits me nothing.

And though I can preach in glowing terms of God's transcending love, and though I never reject an opportunity to make a speech on Christian living at student prayer meetings, and though I give my strength eagerly to any and all activities of the BSU, and do not let love guide my relationships with my roommate and fellow students — teachers too — it profits me nothing.

Love is patient and kind from morning until well after midnight. Love is not envious of his roommate's clothes, popularity or dates.

Love is not rude, no matter how small the dorm room, nor how long the hours of study the night before, nor how frustrating the events of the day.