

Exodus Just Around The Next Corner

Hardly four million seconds are left until the exodus of Mars Hill students for "greener pastures." These four million seconds cover a span of 69,000 minutes, 1,152 hours, or 48 days. To make these statistics sound less burdensome, maybe it would be wiser to consider that since the beginning of this collegiate year, we have traversed through 18,316,800 seconds, 305,280 minutes, 5,088 hours, 212 days, 7 months. If this still sounds like vacation is an eternity away, consider that Mars Hill has been in existence for 3,336,336,000 seconds, 55,605,600 minutes, 926,760 hours.

Actually, 48 days is not really too bad. For the average student this will include but 20 tests, 864 more classes, 288 hours sleep. With a little luck this may also include 110 meals. If the average student takes 20 minutes to eat, and it takes 7 seconds for each bite of food to reach the stomach, we have but 19,800 more bites of food. True, this sounds like every Mars Hill student spends most of his time eating, but we realists realize the absurdity of this, don't we?

With the end of the school year so fast approaching we would like to take this opportunity to make a few prophecies:

Next year foresees an increased enrollment of 200 students with more girls and less boys. Also on the probable agenda is more pizza for dinner and an increase in the price of the juke box from a nickle to a dime.

Within the next five years Mars Hill will have upwards of 1,500 students, smoking for girls, an improved athletic field, service fraternities.

In ten years the outlook calls for a bowling alley, new dorms and a new gymnasium (which is more of a necessity than a probability), a radio station, off-campus dancing, and a doubling of the present enrollment.

In the far-off future it appears Mars Hill College will be Mars Hill University, with greater social freedoms, more liberal principles, and a member of the Big Ten.

These prophecies are not out-of-bounds, since we have the money, the ability, the background, the room for expansion, and the materials to do it with. All we will need is a leader.

-WNW

About Auto Brakes

True or false? 1. Your emergency brake is quite as effective as your floor brake? 2. The linings on all your brakes usually wear out at the same time? 3. If your brakes fail, pumping the pedal will never do any good? All these statements are false! But, unfortunately, many drivers are unaware of their misconception about brakes, and still more don't have proper braking habits. How about you?

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 April 7, 1962 Number 12

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
- TypistJo Wells
- Faculty AdvisorWalter Smith

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



Letters To The Editor....

I would like to cross a few points with Mr. Whittaker concerning some points in his editorial, "Lines Cross Eventually."

There may be a transition in Russia towards capitalism, but it far from "obvious" to the Russian citizen. State-manufactured goods from shoes to TV sets are shoddy work. Russian consumer demand is consequently supplied better by the "Chastniki" than it is by state stores. "Chastniki," a group devoted to obtaining high quality Czech shoes, Polish men's wear, Chinese silk, and all other available foreign items, is implemented by flourishing spectacular's activities that involve almost any group from Soviet sailors to high party officials — anyone who can pick up salable items (even American dollars) on his little visit overseas.

However, all these activities are illegal. The individual speculator does not flourish — far from it! Laws harshly consider all such private enterprises illegal.

True paternalism, or socialism, is like creeping itch — but, oddly enough, the good paternalistic doctor cures you by passing even more rules and regulations limiting the legal definition of itch. When the itch persists illegally, it is dismissed with great brevity and with one grand cure: don't scratch.

"A dictatorial president" . . . "a three-man elected consulate" . . . such proposals are doubtless highly idealistic, but they would never solve the problem of those dirty, ol' mean, ol' nasty politics. Politics, by its very nature essentially a compromise between polar divergent zealots — a compromise that generally promotes a certain stability for the mass, incidentally— would not be purged of its grime by placing absolute power in the hands of a few. Politicians have never been especially doted for Godly qualities in sufficient quantity for such a Godly assumption of rule over the lives of men.

No, under such a system, the self-interests of the few would increase as their powers increased. Nor would abuse of the common people decrease as the number of those self-interested leaders decreased — rather, the contrary. Regime after regime would topple

as the leaders fought among themselves, while treachery and intrigue grew vicious as lean and hungry tigers and corruption paraded blatant before the helpless bowed.

No, politics was born amoral, and there are those of us who love it — love it with all our ink-stained hands, our own lily-white aspirations, and our half-wary, half-trusting souls. We will keep it in our hands, and not relinquish it into the hands of the faithless few, thank you.

Concerning federal price limits on private industry — well, as the old saying goes, you can't fight an octopus with an octopus. All you get is one big tangle.

As for newspapers tendency to play up failures more than accomplishments, it is their own responsibility to ignore failures. They do, however, spotlight notable accomplishments when these occur. How about Glenn's flight? In the meantime — oh, what fun it is to hear Liz and Eddie are breaking up!

-Marietta Atkins

Paper Lament

Getting this paper out is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly; If we don't they say we are too serious. If we stick close to the office all day, We ought to be around hunting material. If we go out and hustle, We ought to be on the job in the office. If we don't print contributions We don't appreciate them; And if we do print them the paper is sometimes filled with them. If we edit the other fellow's write-up we're too critical; If we don't we're asleep. If we clip things from other papers We are too lazy to write them ourselves, If we don't we are stuck on our own stuff. Now, like as not, some guy will say We swiped this from some other paper. WE DID!!!

Dominated Males Need Amendment

Reprint from Brevard College Clarion

The 66th Congress, back in 1920, passed the 29th Amendment, which gave women the right to vote. The truth is, the girls didn't need any special help; they were doing all right by themselves — and still are.

In fact, 42 years later, the men are the ones who ought to be crying for special freedom-giving legislation. They are the ones in the inferior position.

These dominated males usually come in three categories: husbands (dominated by wives); sons (dominated by mothers); and daters (dominated by the girls they date). Females under the age of 13 are omitted since they have not normally had their how-to-handle-a-male training yet.

Husbands, of course, are in the greatest need of help. But since they have lived a set pattern for so long, they are usually beyond aid. And the son has only to cut the apron strings and run away to college to extricate himself, so we won't concern ourselves with him.

So the daters, then, are the ones that we will concentrate on, and, with the aid of the power that be, maybe some day convince Congress that more legislation is needed.

The male dater resembles a kind of serf from the feudal system of the Middle Ages, and the female a type of lord in a system that makes the middle age feudalism look like pure democracy.

Under the present system of dating, girls seem to be supplied with a built-in helplessness — helplessness that closely links them to the blind man on the corner, who is working on his second million.

On dates, a girl is at her helpless best — and it always gets results. There are some girls who can outbrow Wilt Chamberlain, outshoot Bob Cousy, and probably give Floyd Patterson a pretty good tussle; and yet, when they're out with a male, these same girls have trouble finding the handle on a car door.

This is not a condemnation of society, but just a record for the next 66th Congress to refer to when making its next legislation.

Collegians Die

In view of the rash of accidents in which college students and other young people across the nation have been killed recently we pause to give thanks for our safety during the holidays and to meditate on why some are spared and others not.

The Asheville Citizen of Monday, Mar. 26, carried a front-page story about two Appalachian State Teachers College students who were killed in a wreck near Morganton. Four other persons were injured.

The students were returning to the campus after a weekend at home.

Sunday's Citizen-Times carried a story of a wreck at Manning, S. C., involving college students, in which a coed lost both legs and several other persons were injured.

Hardly had the chill disappeared from our spine when we picked up the Monday Citizen (Apr. 2) and read the headline, "5 Coeds From Duke Killed in Florida 3-Way Smashup."

Footnoted to the story were two shorter ones telling of a head-on crash at Modesto, Calif., which killed six young men, ages 16-21, and a crash near Marshall, Tex., in which four youths ages 21-23, were killed.

College Has Value

Reprinted from the Daily Tar Heel

Today there is almost universal approval of the value of a college education. Here is a little story that proves the point:

After the college boy delivered the telegram to the estate-owner, the man said: "What's the usual tip for you messenger boys?"

"Well," replied the youth, "this is my first trip here, but the other guys said that if I get a dime out of you, I'm doing great."

"Is that so!" snorted the man. "Well, just to show them how wrong they are, here's a dollar."

"Thanks," replied the boy, "I'll put this into my special school fund."

"What are you studying?" asked the man. The lad smiled. "Psychology."