

Behold-Government Needs New Word

Perhaps 99.9 per cent of the student body does not recognize the word *lickerslick*. It can't be found in any particular or non-particular dictionary of English, foreign, or beatnick words. It originates from an inconspicuous room in Brown dormitory via two confused students who could not think of a good word that was different. The resultant was *lickerslick*. The trick is that it has no meaning. To the contrary, it can mean anything you want it to anytime you need it. For instance, you see a house for sale, "Honey, that is a real *lickerstick*." Or your house is on fire and you can't quite think of the right words to use when you ring the fire department. "Hello . . . hello . . . hello . . . chief, I need *lickerstick* right away." The result in either case may be a backhand or a white coat.

It seems that many times the United States government can not think of the exact words to use in explaining their designs and actions to the public. For instance, there was a Cuban crisis. The word there used was "mistake." This word, however, seems to have been too commonly used over the course of the last generation. It was used in Hungary, Korea, Laos. They may just as well have used *lickerslick*. For "mistake" is much too subtle and nice a word, where the word suggested could be much more easily misconstrued.

But the past is gone and why cry over spilt milk? After all, it was probably three-fourths water anyway. But now our government officials are having a tough time explaining their actions in compromising with Fidel Castro, who is probably more responsible for hurting the razor-blade business than any other human being (?) on earth (?) The American taxpayer paid out 2½ million for the release of 60 prisoners. The word used was "humanitarianism." In legal circles the word is "blackmail." Therein lies one of the many differences between the law and politics. But nonetheless, Mr. Castro and his little Communist Castros have again made "fools" out of the United States which has not gained any of its "lost prestige" since Jack hit the beanstalk scene.

This sounds like the talk of a Republican. In truth, these are the words of a disturbed American who finds his powerful, militant and democratic country being pushed around by a . . . *lickerslick*, and take it to mean what you will.

For the records, Austria Hungary in the period 1815-1914 enjoyed a period of European ascendancy. That is, until a little country by the name of Serbia began pushing her around and making threats. Waiting too long, the Serbs finally resorted to murder and then the Austrian-Hungarians stepped in. Viva la World War I, when it could have all been avoided, perhaps.

And so, maybe *lickerslick* would be a good word for our Harvard administration to adopt. It is nonetheless as confusing as "mistake," and "humanitarianism."

—WNW

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 21, 1962 Number 13

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



Rex, a friend of coach Harold Wood, displays the hat he will wear in the forthcoming Easter parade to be held in downtown Mars Hill. Rex was last year's winner in the "Chase the Car" contest and runner-up in the cafeteria line for which he received 49½ demerits and two greasy steaks.

Hints Made For Freshmen

From Belmont Vision

It has recently come to my attention that numerous students (freshmen in particular) have been observed wasting time on frivolities such as Latin, algebra, English, psychology, and New Testament History. This disgusting habit must cease at once, or else the students of this school may lose many of the benefits gained by informal sessions with cheerful companions in the Slop Shop. Such barbarous activities, preventing the full enjoyment of "bull-sessions", must cease if this revered citadel of knowledge is to continue to exist as a wholesome, healthful institution of higher learning.

Several factors brand this subversive practice of study as definitely harmful. Among the most obvious of these factors is the necessity of buying massive books, which, from their price, must be bound in genuine wild Siberian chipmonk leather. Thus these valuable animals are fast being destroyed, and the pecuniary strain upon the students prevents them from consuming their normal ration of Pepsi-Cola.

The crux of the problem, however, is that time spent in class and study courses robs the student of many valuable hours in the shop. The Slop Shop is the intellectual heart of the college and its most outstanding laboratory. In the shop, the student who is anxious to improve his mind may join the intellectual conversation and study to the quiet strains of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, known as "Boop-do-doo with me Bertha," under the direction of Fats Domino, with guest vocalist Chubby Checker.

Still more hocking is the malicious propaganda fostered by those cruel taskmasters who swear by the great god Outline, and basely leave the absurd impression that a knowledge of English composition is needed for other college courses.

Research has revealed that there is a definite correlation between study and cancer. The curricu-

lum of Mars Hill College must be designed in such a way as to prohibit study.

Wabbit's World

Thehw wunce was a wabbit
fwum Boston
Who wanted to wun fow
pwesident.
Poh wabbit!
Aw ee had was a wabbit's foot.
"Small wabbit," one day
A wise owl did say
"If a pwesident oo wanta be,
Ooo must change yow name to
Kennedy."
So da wabbit wan to his wabbit
dadda
(Who owned mow dan a millun
cawwots)
And told his dadda what da
wise owl said.
So dey changed der name to
Kennedy
And da wabbit wan fow
pwesident.
'N since he was a Jack wabbit
He called imself Jack Kennedy.

He went on television and
pwomised
A cawwot fow evwybody
And two cawwots fow anyone
named Jaqueline
Who was wabbit's wil wife
And he pweached democrawcy
And socialized medicine.

Evwybody liked Jack
Cause he could say Afwicalh
And Chinah and Maws
Hillah (?)
And "Pwease Mistaw Kwushev."
So Kennedy Wabbit won

And dat is why Amewicalh likes
Eastaw
Cause Evwy Eastaw day hope
dey can find
Dem Cawwots.
And what appened to de owl?
He fwies de pwayne fwum
Hyanispowt
To Washington to Indiah.
—WNW

Time to Differ; Time To Conform

Some students on our campus say the ideas behind the operation of the college are old-fashioned. These "modern" students would like the opportunity of remodeling things to please their own desires. They see no harm in trying many changes with the firm conviction that, if the change is unsatisfactory, it is a simple matter to switch back to the previous situation just as one would turn back the hands on a clock.

It is just not that easy!

High standards cannot be experimented with too freely. Once standards are lowered the upward climb can be rough. To be sure times are changing, but in changing ideas which would affect many students in years to come, one must consider the character, health, intelligence, and personality of those to be governed by these changes.

A lack of appreciation, control, responsibility and discipline is evident on the Mars Hill College campus at times. Aristotle has said, "All men seek one goal: Happiness. Happiness (which is true success) can be found only through expression of all of one's physical, mental, and spiritual power in usefulness to others." Here at Mars Hill we could show more appreciation for our fellow-student or our co-worker. We could recognize his ability and rejoice in his accomplishments instead of criticizing him for his selection of activities. Certainly each student has a right to take part in those extracurricular activities which are best suited for his personality, his talents, and his planned career.

Now and then we fail to control our emotions as we speak or act before we hear each side of the situation. We "yell" and think later, or we move with the gang and wish later. Often times "rational"ing ends in a harvest of bitterness."

Responsibility often gets shoved into the back ground. It is easy to accept an office or a task and do little with it. Many completely evade from their thinking all concern for the organization as soon as they leave office. "Big dog" nothing — maybe?" A lack of a sense of responsibility is also evident in our unconcern for the time and property of others.

If we cannot accept discipline or adapt ourselves to our surroundings, we are to be pitied. We are miserable and we make life unpleasant for others about us. We have said that we do not obey simply because we think it might be better to go against regulations and we would like to see if we can get by and not get caught. But we fail to realize that this attitude could lead to a fixed pattern of behavior. Can we always break laws and hope to get by?

After proper consideration, if we feel that we cannot be happy at Mars Hill, maybe we should move on and make room for the many new applicants who are looking for desirable surroundings in which to complete their college education. "The place for the knocker is outside the door."

—Mr. Emmett Sams

Casual Students?

From Duke Chronicle

Be casual. That sentence could well be the by-word of the American college student. He worries about making a C average; he worries about himself. But let the subject of the nation or the work of life in general come up — he can't do anything about; so he doesn't bother to think. Let other people come to him with a problem — well, it's not his concern. He commits himself to neither principles nor people. He believes in nothing but getting through a decently comfortable life; for everything else he has only a shrug of the shoulders.

Historically, the college student has been the leader of his nation. In Hungary the student fought. In Russia the younger generation was the center of attention. But in Hungary, and in Russia there stands an ideal for which to fight, a belief for which to live. A helpless uncertainty toward important things leads American students to turn to their immediate situation, accepting the status quo with apparent concern.

In keeping with college tradition, we must avoid committing ourselves. Let's just live along in our own little way. We must be collegiate, cynical, and above all — be casual.