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THE MARS HILL SODA SHOPPE Where It's Fun To Eat Phone 2501

Once a posture champ, soda jerk, he heads BSU



When sandy-haired Gene Hawkins gets together with Dr. Ella J. Pierce, it usually means there is something going on in the BSU. As the organization's president, the well-postured Hawkins spends much time in directing the total BSU program. Here Gene checks with Dr. Pierce on the symbolism of the BSU emblem.

Posture-pedic mattresses are out of the question for Gene Hawkins. Gene is the unofficial posture-champ of Asheville. But this is not the only accomplishment he has made. Last year he was a soda jerk.

Twenty-years-old and still going strong, Hawkins is this year's president of the BSU which, he says, "is Bus spelled wrong." The eldest in a family of five boys, Gene first heard of the far-out metropolis of Mars Hill through a Roxboro high school teacher. Coming to Mars Hill to find out for himself, Gene stayed over in Asheville and, while there, won a \$500 scholarship in a Posture Contest. But he has never been in the habit of being a "slouch" in anything, whether it is in tumbling or basketball, his favorite sports; church work, or scholastic activities.

In high school he was a member of the Beta Club, vice-president of the senior class and president of the student council.

Last year, while on the tumbling club, Hawkins managed to do a back-flip wrong, broke his back and had to walk around for a month like a modernistic robot. This did not deter him, however, from remaining active in his favorite organization, BSU.

Concerning the BSU, he has some very definite ideas. "It is a wrong conception that the BSU is the president and the council members! It is a link between the church and college students and is for everyone!"

Gene's duty is to preside at the weekly council meetings, where representatives from each religious organization on campus assemble and work out a combined program for the year.

Although planning to go into church work, Gene is majoring in history, since he feels that history will give him a better idea of the molding events of mankind.

The sandy-haired Hawkins is the son of a milkman yet he does not believe in holy cows. In his third year at Mars Hill, Gene sums up his feelings and philosophy of life this way: "I believe that somewhere, beyond the horizon, we will find all the answers to all the problems that plague the general good of mankind."

Field trips trip would-be scholars

by Lewellyn Lovell Rip! And some other good and spicy comments were among those which filled the air during a recent thrilling tour of Mars Hill plant-life by students of Mr. Taylor's botany labs. Wonderful things happen on these educational ventures—these ventures into the unknown hills around MHC — all of which happenings can be attributed to the

amazing intellectual curiosity of the students. Christine Hastings became so interested in the beautiful algae specimen that she plunged right into the creek to observe them more carefully. A freshman youth, male gender, got slightly off the track, became fascinated by a zoological specimen, and went so far as to bring back part of it in his skin for more careful study. Unfortunately, the specimen was a bee; the part he brought back — is well-known and feared!

Linda Murray was either trying to start a new fashion or experimenting to see how she looked in a gay red rash. How was she to know those lovely leaves she collected for her herbarium were poison ivy? Cheryl Robertson became so engrossed with moss and lichens she slid down a hill on hands and knees to study them scientifically. In addition to wonderful botanical knowledge gained, she procured a gaily colored knee.

Once upon a time: the past at MHC

TEN YEARS AGO Virginia students formed a Cavalier Club in which Mars Hill alumnus John Battle, then Governor of Virginia, accepted an honorary membership. In the "Strange but True" department Dean Lee forgot an announcement he had made in chapel, parked his car in the newly constructed traffic circle, was then given a ticket by Coach Hart, who (it is stated) "felt it her duty as a faculty member."

TWENTY YEARS AGO forensics flourished: from the preliminary tryouts, 36 students were chosen to debate. Life at Mars Hill was further enriched by the presence of an English girl, Maureen W. Bennett, in the student body.

THIRTY YEARS AGO British lecturer Douglas C. Booth, an emissary of the Carnegie Peace Endowment, came to Mars Hill on Nov. 4th, spoke informally at a society tea, lectured to a 9:30 American History class and addressed a group of largely voluntary listeners in the auditorium on the topic "Disarmament and the British Foreign Policy." Alexie Vinekuroff, a Russian emigre student from Harbin, Manchuria, was a member of the Ministerial Conference.

In a valiant attempt to jump across the creek to hear Mr. Taylor's lecture on rock exposure, Kitty Martin split her skirt. So we see what perils stalk our intelligentsia and what a high price one must pay for knowledge. As one sage commented, "He who plans planting plant knowledge often would be better off planting Planters' peanut butter."

In case of air attack: get ready, get set, run!

It may seem somewhat improbable, but — if Mars Hill is ever attacked from the air — a local collegian urges his fellow students to obey the following rules "For an Air Raid": 1) Run for shelter. That is, if you can find any. 2) If you are in a classroom jump from the window. It is a better way to die and, besides, it is not as hot. 3) If you are in the auditorium, push the walls in. They are only made of paper mache. 4) If you are in any of the dorms besides Brown, you can go to the basement. If you are in Brown, just say that you died for your country.

- 5) If you are in town, jump into a car and drive home. It's better late than never. 6) If you are in Coach Ezell's physical education class, don't worry. He will tell your panicked mind that you are in top condition and that you can fight off the fallout. 7) If you are in the cafeteria, ask them to turn up the records so you can enjoy your meal in peace. 8) If you don't make it, well, I'm sorry. 9) Boys and girls who are out for a walk should stay away from the Cascades. 10) Write a letter to your congressman.

WOMEN DRIVERS (ACP) — An older woman appeared at the traffic office of the University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan., waving a collection of parking tickets. The DAILY KANSAN quoted her as saying: "I thought they were football tickets but when I tried to give them away no one would take them."

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