

Wanted—Once Upon a Time: The Past at MHC

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an equally intelligent answer such as, "No, of course not. I just heard there was a talent scout on the campus looking for a human escalator."

There are even some unfeeling souls, upon hearing their friend has just attended his Aunt Mary's funeral, who will sigh sympathetically, "Oh, did she die?" Why, no. Aunt Mary thought it would be a change to have her funeral first and then die. She loves flowers. Then, too, there are some who can watch a poor sufferer drag out of a test, weeping bitter tears, and making plans to pack, and still have the audacity to speak the age-worn comfort, "Don't worry. Bet you made a hundred."

What I say unto you, I say unto all, THINK! The very word seems to produce an ache in the cerebral cortex. Sometimes I wonder if it were our words which were numbered instead of the hairs on our head, would we then be more thrifty with them. Speaking of thrifty tempts me to misquote the Scottish bard:

O wad some Power the giftie gie us
To hear oursels as ithers hear us!

The Hilltop, Feb. 25, 1950
Jo Sloan

WANTED

Beginning to think ahead concerning a summer job?

Here's one that combines business and pleasure. Fred J. Smith, manager of the North Carolina Baptist Assembly at Southport, wants Mars Hill students to apply for positions on his staff this summer.

In a letter addressed to Dr. Pierce, advisor for the BSU, he said, "We need fine young men and women to serve on our staff, and I think the best place to find them is in our Baptist colleges. I will appreciate whatever you can do in helping us to get more of our young people to write me for an application blank."

DEAN'S LIST (from page one)
Smith, Shirley Ann Sorrells, Marsha Stafford, Carolyn Sue Thomas, Rachel Troutman, Rhonda Jane Watson, Carol Ann White and William Witt.

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Favorite Faculty Foibles Captured In Light-Hearted Drama in Words

Now that we've all been here at least one semester and some of us seven or eight there is developing in our minds a common appreciation for some of the habits and mannerisms of ourselves, our fellow students and especially our teachers.

With this we now announce a new mystery thriller in three (murderous) acts, called "Impair Their Minds with Learning" — or better known as "Meet Your Faculty" (morning, noon and night)!

(Surely, no one will take offense at our spoof.)

The Enthusiast:

Dr. Outten (on the day after Christmas holidays): We're going to have a little check-up this

morning... take out six or eight packs of paper. **Mr. Narron** (after a brilliant five-minute discussion by his students): Umm... humm... Yes... that could be right... but... **Mr. Kendall** (just back from a convention): Such food... what good ham... such fried chicken... the speakers were pretty good too... **Dr. Pierce** (shouting next day's assignment out of a Moore Hall window to her legions of fleeing English students):... And take the next two books of Paradise Lost, read all the material on Ben Jonson, finish reading your classicals, start looking over the next volume of your textbook... and don't forget now... we'll have our test on the Puritan period next time...

The Specialist:

Mr. Lee (closing Religion textbook): That's what Schultz says, but... **Mr. Sams** (drawing geometric figure on board): Now class, as you can see, my figure isn't so good... but perhaps it will serve our purpose. **Dean Lee** (to his economics class): We'll have a test next class period covering the last twelve chapters in particular. Had you rather have a discussion test you can't possibly pass or an objective text which one or two of you might pass with a considerable amount of work? **Mr. Wood** (telling chemistry class the short-cut method of stepping from lecture platform):... The particular class of phylum chordata concerned is first motivated by gravity and pressure to pass through space and H₂O to the point of depression where by gravitation he is forced to descend through six inches of space until his passage is halted by a more concrete element—floor. And then... **Miss Brewer** (to patient):... Athlete's foot?... I have just the thing... Take two of these tablets every half hour.

Fight the Battle: — With a Smile:

Dr. Underwood (greeting second semester history class): We're still friends, aren't we? **Mr. Mac** (in English class): Well, brethren, I'll call the roll if the sky doesn't fall. Everybody look under his hat and see if he's there.

—With a Growl: **Coach Hart** (tossing knitting needles aside): Oh, for pete's sake, Goofy... let's do something destructive. **Mrs. Ruby Cox** (to shorthand class): We will concentrate on the word husband. Be careful of your curves and note that practice gets better results.

With a Twinkle: **Miss Bingham** (to accounting class): You'd better learn this now... Modern corporations don't furnish intelligent roommates or last year's answers.

—With a Yawn: **Dean Lynch** (attempting to create a psychological effect): You all think I'm crazy, don't you? (No response).

Pray:

Daddy Blackwell (hand in coat pocket and wearing a "large contribution" smile): If ever there is a time when you need advice or want to get a load off your mind, the door to my office stands ajar. Your presence will be indeed gratifying.

—And Pray More Selfishly, Too: **Night Watchman** (to mysterious figure on bell tower): Who's there? (answer)... "Nobody."

Because? So the curtain closes on — Happy Valentine's! — just because... but with a smile... just because.

M.G. Blunkle, Mutterings of

I recall all too vividly the time I struggled through sophomore literature.

Actually, I recall the three times I struggled through sophomore literature but I garnished a remarkable number of facts and through a benevolent heart I feel I am duty-bound to pass these pearls of wisdom on to my youthful constituents.

I wasn't too impressed with Beowulf. He was sort of a Norse Johnny Weissmuller, who wrestled sea monsters and spent most of his time in the local Mead Hall, juicing it up with the gang.

In the 16th century the Black Plague destroyed most of Europe and everybody was too sick to write for a couple of centuries. Then they began to write things which made everybody else sick, like "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," so-called because he chewed chlorophyll tablets. Especially sick were scholars who had to decipher all that Anglo-Saxon mess and spread their London Fogs over mud-holes for their dates. This was the black period in history known as the Age of Chivalry. This thought still persists in some backward parts of the world.

Into this period romped King Arthur, who was sort of a medieval John Wayne with a cause and a pair of iron levis. Also about this time Chaucer, in one of his gayer moments, whipped off "The Canterbury Tales," which included the Wife of Bath's Tale, thereby originating the first old wives tale.

Second semester my professor ushered the age of romanticism into his classroom and me into the Dean's office where I sat out most of the semester. Here I was introduced to the philosopher Descartes whose cogito ergo sum (I think, therefore I messup), became the keynote phrase of this period.

I also remember Tennyson's immortal "Crossing the Bar," written after his wife caught him in the neighborhood beer shop sipping a flagon of ale with the gang. Later we studied Keat's unforgettable "Ode to a Grecian Urn" written in memory of the waterboy of the 427 b.c. Aesop High Hockey team, who was killed when a cement water-urn fell on him from the top bleacher.

And I always liked the Trojan War. It was such a nice war. I liked especially Rosetti's "Troy Town" about the Trojan horse, wherewith the famed slogan, "Beware the Greeks bearing gifts," or was it "Beware the gifts bearing Greeks?" Anyway Troy became known as the first one-horse town.

Literature was pretty embarrassing to me. One day in class the professor regaled me with, "Do you like Kipling?" I promptly replied, "I really can't say. I never kippled." He was always embarrassing me like that.

But I have always liked literature. Ever since I was four and ate half of my brother's sophomore lit book.

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