

Join the Mars Hillians in their 'Hiking Club'

leader is a favorite of the children aren't the only ones who enjoy it. The club is a cow pasture everyday experience, just one of the many which befell a few days ago a mountain more than an Old Bailey — Sir Edmund Hillary's fit members were so-called by the journal, McCormick, Tommy Edward Yancey and Poston. It amazes the man would have the girls could act believably. The mountain is 4,000 feet high. To Big Knob," said Bailey is a plowed ground of their 9:30 a.m., the trip in nine hours. We made it sooner than we thought, a miscalculation missed their target by an entire mile. On the way the prayers, according to Larry, and the last climber climbed on their shoes. The Johnson City Limestone pasture amidst the Big K they rangers station and tour by the ranger led a free view of through his field like a big blob of one of the travelers thought we'd never back semed like the of Egypt without a boys found some old comes and returned. Among the more some bloody feet a rabbit's tail found and an old kettle was lucky enough to

be allowed to carry back. Jim simply became a strict advocate of flat land. In the near future the boys hope to continue to prove that Mars Hillians can walk as far as any Federal Administrator. On their agenda is Johnson City and, perhaps, Bristol.

—WNW
 Editor's note: The trek to and conquest of Big Knob described above must have been the "virus" that infected the campus with "hiking fever," for shortly after the quartet from Brown made its trip a trio from Landers hiked off in the opposite direction. With an eye for publicity the three tramped into Asheville and took the elevator to the newsroom of the Asheville Citizen, winning for themselves and their efforts the following published tribute:

—O—
 MARS HILL—Older men and the U. S. Attorney General notwithstanding, three Mars Hill College boys have turned in their trek in the 1963 walking derby.

Rolly Reel, Frank Simmons, and Robert Brewington settled for the distance from the college to the Asheville Citizen office Friday night, an indeterminate distance ranging from 25 to 20 miles, depending on who they asked.

They sported weary ankles, muddy shoes, and the memory of one dive into a ditch to escape an inconsiderate driver on U. S. 23.

"Some of them weren't very polite," remarked Reel, "and that ditch was awfully muddy."

They also got rained on, but found solace in the fact that the terrain leveled off after Weaver-ville. The hills wore them down.

The trio returned to the campus by other means, convinced that 50 miles is a long way. "How about those old men out at Franklin?" asked Reel, admiring the oldsters who galloped from Clayton, Ga., to Franklin several days ago.

Pushbutton Radio Funny

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Sitting all alone in the living room one night, I began to experiment with the new pushbutton radio that Bob had given me. Since I had nothing better to do, I gently pushed one button after another in rapid succession. This is what came out:

"See the thrilling results which can only be accomplished by the hourly feeding of . . ."

"Red Band Flour, which makes your biscuits look and taste like . . ."

"Rocks! Come on, kid, quit stalling. This can't fail. If you double-cross me, I'll never forgive you, and what's more you'll pay for every one of those. . ."

"Twenty-four jet planes from Korea. The Western Allies are now preparing for a counterattack on. . ."

"'One Man's Family,' the program that Mom, Dad, and Junior will all enjoy. Tune in next Saturday, same time, same station, and find out whether Papa killed Stella Dallas or if Stella Dallas killed. . ."

"Howdy Doody, tell us about your trip to the. . ."

"Swanee Shore, I miss you more and more. Every day my mammy. . ."

"Goes to the Pentagon where he will be interviewed by the President himself. Now Mr. Dulles is talking to the prime minister, Mr. Churchill. They depart, and we follow Mr. Churchill as he proceeds to the far entrance where he is greeted by. . ."

"Hopalong Cassidy. First, boys and girls, here's how you can get your free radar set. In case you do not have a pencil at your convenience, tune in tomorrow and. . ."

"The conductor of the Philharmonic Symphony ascends to the podium where he directs the orchestra in Beethoven's. . ."

"'Mule Train,' which was written in 1950 by Spike Jones. The melody was taken from. . ."

"Old Ma Perkins. John, John, where have you been? John? John! You are John, aren't you?"

"Yes, Ma, this is. . ."

"Car 24, calling car 24. Wipe off your windshield. Someone is stealing your radiator cap. Over. . ."

"the round table discussion on the subject, 'Why the War in Korea?' We will now hear from Mr. Truman.

"I think that the war is unnecessary. I say now and will always say. . ."

"Put down that knife, David! Put down that knife, do you hear? David, do you hear? I'll. . ."

"have the problem of locating the. . ."

"youth panel. Pat, what do you think of the problems in your high school concerning narcotics?"

"Well, the kids in our high school have the problem of locating the source of the drugs. New Hampshire had bitterly fought the sale of. . ."

"Francis killed her husband, Tom! Hurry!"

"Sign off. Folks, we hope you have enjoyed listening to WWOT this evening. Thank you and good night."

Prison Camp Mission Rewarding Experience

by MARIETTA ATKINS

Have you ever wondered what life in prison is like?

A few boys from Mars Hill college have been going to Cane River Prison Camp near Burnsville and finding out. Allowed by the Prisons Department to hold church services at the Yancey County camp on first and third Sundays, the group is an all-male volunteer team. Heading the group is LaMont Albertson, a freshman from West Palm Beach, Fla., who came to Mars Hill to train as a missionary and, hence, is a member of the Mission Council.

The group works only partially under the auspices of the Mission Council and has few regulars. One is Mack Keller of Granite Falls, who plays a strong part in the prison's group activities. He is neither a ministerial student nor a member of the Mission Council.

How are the Mars Hill group and its services received?

No do-gooders—the guards and men alike respect character more than they do well-meant purposes—the boys feel, with some cause, their simple mission (with its lack of theological dogma) is respected. Simple friendliness and informality mark their meetings with men and, they have found, good fellowship can go a long way.

At present, some 15 or 20 men—accompanied by guards—attend the church services regularly. A camp quartet has been built up; the men formed a Sunday school among themselves and, in some ways, the men have become independent as they try to continue in their own worship services with the help of the boys from Mars Hill.

The boys, though heartened by their success, continue to hope for only such progress as is theirs now. As Albertson said, when asked how he felt going to his first service with the prisoners, "I thought I would feel odd. These were strange men and I would be a stranger to them. But I was going to try to give them a straight Bible message . . . just straight, not with doctrine in it." This keynote — a straight Bible message — continues, though

now the men welcome the boys as friends.

Many and varied are those who meet in the dining hall with its clean, but drab, grey and white walls, where the men may come to attend the services. Occasionally dogs, big German shepherds, attend the services . . . Albertson is afraid of them . . . (the guards, of course, go along to keep the wolfish shepherds at bay.)

One of the prisoners has written a poem during the week. He reads it. Songs, old hymns — things learned when younger — are sung by the group. The camp quartet, accompanied by two of the men who play a guitar, gives the rest a number or so. Generally a campus musician goes along with a solo, too. The sermon — not preaching — begins. They close with prayer.

Sometimes the boys talk with the men for five or ten minutes after the worship period is over. As Albertson explained, they break up into bull sessions with a few men around each of them, while the guards go into the kitchen to wait.

It is indeed a rare prisoner who will talk about specific conditions in the camp he lives in. The men at Cane River talk about other things. What are conditions? Albertson mentioned only that the sergeant, a man in charge of the guards who impressed him as an exceptionally nice man, seemed well-liked by guards and men alike. The guards themselves are less inclined to be friendly with the boys — except for leaving them while they wait in the kitchen; and, it seems, they rarely meet the superintendent of the camp.

Possibly the best impression of Cane River comes from its unprepossessing exterior. The men are young; in the yard is a faded backboard with strips of paint peeling from it, but the boys have never heard the men mention basketball. Nor, for that matter, any recreation other than pitching horseshoes. Magazines were once sent to the camp, but due to a changed regulation in the Prisons Department a few years back the practice has been discontinued.

Ironically enough, the men do occasionally get to see a movie, one of the same movies shown to the Friends of the Library in their regular Saturday night meetings in Burnsville. The old piano in the dining hall might add what small notes of hope it could — except, in addition to being some 150 years old and as tuneless as a toothless cat, it is so hopelessly out of repair it even has a mouse's nest in it.

"Daniel, is thy god strong enough to deliver thee?"

Significantly, the boys speak of God's love and compassion to the men and do not dwell on His hell. As Albertson says, "They're helping us in this experience, more than we're helping them. Most of them will admit they have done wrong. They can see where they made a mistake. They realize it and they know it's going to be rough when they get out. We just talk to them of Bible stories, simple stories. It's an opportunity to get to do that."

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Faintly
Spring
 What are words?
 When the sky is blue
 and pink and lace, self-portent billows
 light across the lower sky
 where sun, the late sun,
 gone has left free to turn a little while the billows pink,
 then slow to orange;
 and the moon, a little above the place where blue bursts greatly into floating edges of pink,
 is eaten,
 the moon's side,
 like a worn silver dime . . .
 What are words?