

My Feet Hurt!

Lines, lines, lines, and I.D. cards — two things very dear to the heart of Mars Hill students. We stand in line at the beginning of school only to find that a particular class is filled. We stand in lines to have pictures made only to find that the photographer runs out of film just as we sit down. Lines are an integral part of any school, but must so much time be lost in them? Many man-hours are lost each week just waiting in the cafeteria. Perhaps some of us could use this time studying, but it is rather hard to study with the music going and the natural talking competing with academic work. Most of us use this line-standing time to renew friendships that are lost during the rush of classes — this being the chief advantage, if there is one, of line standing. If someone has any constructive idea of what to do during the hours of line standing on campus, please speak forth.

I.D. cards are fine, if students remember to take them at all times. The bad part of this is standing in line for 45 minutes only to discover the card is back at the dorm. This necessitates taking the food back, finding the I.D. card, standing in line again and wasting more time. Can't students be trusted without always having to use these cards?

Honesty is something some of us need to brush up on. When it reaches the point where a student willfully admits cheating in a class or taking pictures from the cafeteria (when checking proofs), something is wrong. This is a complaint from other students and probably from the faculty. Let us be honest if we fail every course. We are here to learn and do it on our own. Complain we will, and stand in line we must, but cheat we must not!

—Mary Mattison

Heels On - Chins Up!

Mars Hill College has a holiday air about it today. Cars are coming in, a building will be dedicated, a football game will be played, a banquet will be served, and a recital will be given. Anyone who looks around will notice an exceptional amount of students for a weekend. They all seem to be dressed nicely, going in the same place, and all in all just being nice Mars Hillians.

But, if you will notice, not too many of these students have smiles on their faces. It seems that these smiles were wiped off with a one-word rule that was set up for this weekend: **DON'T. DON'T** go home or off campus. **DON'T** wear anything but suits and ties, Sunday dresses and high heels. **DON'T** be anywhere besides your chapel seat between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock.

Mars Hill College students realize that homecoming is a very important part of the school's activities. Homecoming is for the alumni, but while the students are being required to stay and enjoy it, doesn't it seem that we should be given something to enjoy? The entire planning of homecoming has been for the alumni.

—Sally Lee Osborne

Published by the Students of Mars Hill College

The Hilltop

Box 486-T, Mars Hill, N. C.



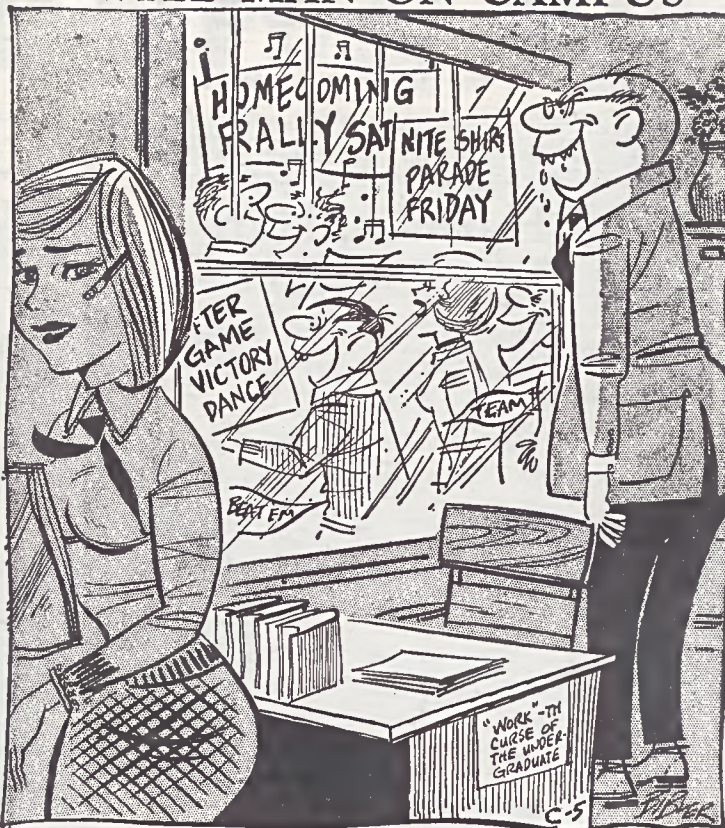
Second-class postage paid at Mars Hill, N. C. Published 15 times during the college year.

Volume XXXVIII Oct. 12, 1963 Number 3

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LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"GRAB A PENCIL, MISS ALLEN, I WISH TO DICTATE AN EXAM FOR MY MONDAY MORNING CLASS."

Imaginative Journey Reveals Unique Home

One seldom notices the individuality of houses as he walks down a street; he simply takes them for granted because in physical appearance they all resemble.

If you walk with me, I will take you for a visit in our home. Our house is quite unusual. Every other house along the street is built of something tangible, but our house is built differently. Others who walk this way probably will not see the beauty of our home; you will not see it either because our home is intangible, a home of the heart.

Letters...

Editors note: The following is a partial reprint of a letter which appeared in the Oct. 5 issue of the Biblical Recorder, state-wide Baptist paper.

"On Friday night, Sept. 20, some business found me on Mars Hill College campus. One of the football players invited me to attend a football pep rally. Hundreds gathered around a large bonfire. The band played several numbers followed by the activities of the cheerleaders. Coaches Henderson and Ezell made short talks and each player was introduced.

"Then came a heart-stirring climax in which a student led the crowd in singing 'Every Day With Jesus Is Sweeter Than the Day Before.' He reminded each student when one walks with Jesus day by day he comes to see how great God is. They then sang 'How Great Thou Art' followed by 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds,' and prayer.

"A pastor with me said, when we started home, 'I have never felt the presence of God more real in any church than I did on that football field tonight' . . . character will be developed under such Christian influence."

—Clay R. Barnes
Associational Missionary
Hendersonville, N. C.

The Architect of our magnificent home was God. According to the blueprints, an Estate of the Mind was an approved building site. Materials and occupants of this dwelling were to meet the ideological specification of the Architect. In construction of our home Honesty and Integrity were required tools for use by the contractor.

Construction of our home was begun with the foundation being dug deeply and poured with the cement of Love. With lumber cut from trees of Hope, floors were laid. Walls built with bricks of Humility enclosed the ceiling, a covering of Concern for all. The roof was thatched with tiles of Security and there in the middle of our home was the chimney Success, an extension of the fireplace Ambition.

Within our home prevailed the atmosphere of Friendship and Devotion. Mom and Dad served as pillars of Support. Their Guidance was the molding and filling that covered holes of Doubt and cracks of Indifference. My brothers and sisters were Companion-ship.

The furnishings of our home are simple, as you will notice. The hallway is a path of Experience and each room is a cultivation of someone's Personality. The chairs signify Cooperation at the round table of Responsibility. By the fireplace there is the sofa Comfort.

Standing back observing our home, one could not fail to experience the emotional warmth radiated by this — an intangible home existing only in my imagination.

—Sarah A. DeLancey

Price Tag on Freedom

"Eso se ve muy mal aqui. Si los Estados Unidos es una nacion cristiana, por que tienen ustedes segregacion?" This question "If the United States is a Christian nation, do you have segregation?" was my first counter with the fact that others don't always see us as we see ourselves. As a seventeen-year-old Southerner, I had been schooled to accept segregation as "the way things should be." I was quite surprised that the news of the own-personal-Southern-problem-and-Yankee-mind-your-own-business" had leaked out much less that other nations disapproved.

It always comes as a shock when we see ourselves as others see us." However, in light of the rising importance of Latin America on the international scene, perhaps we should look at ourselves and consider some of the ideas they have of us.

The United States is often condemned for failing to interfere in internal affairs. A time a revolution is brewing, the revolutionaries denounce us for supporting "a dictatorship" (i.e., those currently in power). If we lend aid to the revolutionaries as we did in the Bay of Pigs episode, everyone but the revolutionaries denounce us as the "Colossus to the North," bent on pursuing our own self interest. Even the revolutionaries, after they have come to power, call us that.

The general attitude of Latin America toward us can be neatly summed up with the term they often use to refer to us: "the Colossus to the North." We like to point out that the Alliance in Progress and other such programs are seldom "took" by our excuses. As a Puerto Rican student I know said, "If you do anything, you always have a price-tag attached." This is probably true. It would be futile to deny that the "you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours" theory is necessary, any political realist, it may be obvious, Latin Americans have never been political realists.

Mexicans like to tell about Los ninos heroes (the boy heroes). During the Mexican Revolution American soldiers rushed Chapultepec Castle in the outskirts of Mexico City. At that time the castle was occupied by a military academy. The oldest cadet was about fourteen years old. Unable to defend the fortress, these young boys jumped from the high windows and were killed rather than submit to capture. Talk about Los ninos heroes in Mexico is like talking about the Alamo in Texas.

Most Latin Americans believe that no American speaks any foreign languages and they themselves into some embarrassing situation when they do meet an American who can speak their language. My favorite tale is about the time I went out walking in Mexico City with a seven year old, blond American boy who spoke perfect Spanish. We passed a monument and he wanted to know what the monument was for. I suggested he ask a scholarly looking old gentleman waiting nearby for a streetcar. He did so, in perfect Spanish, and the man replied (in Spanish too), "I'm very sorry, but I don't speak English." Robbie was completely baffled, but I suggested he try again: "Si yo can speak Spanish. Can you tell me what statue this is?" The man looked as if he had seen a green and pink elephant walking down the street backward as he blurted out, "Los Americanos don't speak Spanish! Are you American?" We assured him we were American and he was still shaking his head in wonder as he climbed on his streetcar.

The list of ideas the Latins have about us is practically limitless. Some are well founded, some are completely false, and most are partially true. A similar list could be made of ideas we have about Latin Americans. Unless we learn about our neighbors and learn what they think about us and why, I doubt that we will see this hemisphere as a great brotherhood of men against all foes. May we strive for the understanding that will enable us to achieve our goal!

—Jo Narkinsky