THE HILLTOP, MARS HILL COLLEGE, MARS HILL, N. C.

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Questions Linger From Focus Week

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Quo Vadis - Where are you going? - has not been a question in a poll or a census. It has been a question we all must pose for ourselves in self-inventory in order to evaluate our direction, our purpose and our goal. It has been a question based not on the mere facts of our personal history but on our need for commitment for future living.

Months have passed since the Christian Focus Week steering committee began its planning. The preparation has certainly brought rich rewards to us all. The thought-provoking play by Mike Yelton, the beautiful worship experiences by the BSU choir and the work of numerous committees have added all that has been necessary to make the week complete.

Leading us in finding answers for "the" question were adult Christians who have served and are serving their Christ as engineers, doctors, missionaries, homemakers, pastors and teachers. In their willingness to listen to us and to allow us to air our gripes they have helped us find a channel for expressing our feelings, and they have also led us by giving us the fine examples of their own Christ-committed lives. We have attended their seminars, their special services, their dorm discussions and even the noncompulsory chapel periods in mass numbers.

For some of us our teachers have made it difficult by their assignments to receive the maximum benefits of hearing these speakers, reaping the harvest of much preparation or even having time to ask ourselves, "Quo vadis?"

For some the extra periods on Monday, Wednesday and Friday were merely for gossip, study or "goofing off." Maybe we do not care where we are going.

For many of us, however, Quo Vadis? has been a challenge to higher goals, new direction and new purpose. We do not all have our answers complete, but by continuing to ask ourselves, Quo Vadis? we need not be ashamed to answer the Master when he asks, "Where have you been?"

-W. Dennis Hill

Tragedy Touches

Tragedy does not strike our campus very often. Perhaps that is why, when it does, the shock is widespread and deep. The sudden death of Jim Bradley right here in our midst has given us all a jolt. It has caused us to stop and to reflect on the real meaning of life and to realize afresh just how true it is that our destiny is in God's hand. Perhaps it has emphasized how essential it is that we get our lives in focus.

This tragedy should also cause us to be appreciative — to be grateful for an instructor who is capable and calm in a crisis, to be thankful for a dedicated Christian nurse who stands ready to minister gladly day or night, to be encouraged that a skilled physician will respond in moments. True, they could not save Jim Bradley's life; but how reassuring it is to know that we are among Christian friends who can and will respond to our needs.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



WHILE THE REST OF THE BOYS ARE OFF FOR A WILD WEEK-END, WORTHAL ALWAYS BARRICADES HIMSELF ON THE THIRD FLOOR IN ORDER TO DEVOTE ALL HIS TIME TO HIS MUSIC .!!

Scratchpad Scribblings...

The love bug apparently is still busy on the campus judging by the number of engagements announced recently. Latest to reveal plans for a trip to the altar are Laurel Editor Allen Hayes, senior Lora Jean Reese and recent graduates Lynda Whitaker and Don Rothwell. Congratulations!

Dr. Jolley's car may not be exactly musical, but from the rear it does look somewhat like an accordian. Story behind it is familiar: he stopped and the woman driver behind his car didn't. Condolences!

The 106th anniversary of the chartering of Mars Hill College slipped by Tuesday almost unnoticed in the midst of Focus Week activities.

Former students of David Knisley, assistant professor of history here last year, will be interested in hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Knisley are the proud parents of a daughter born last week in Chapel Hill, where Mr. Knisley is in graduate work.

English Professor John McLeod seems to be recovering nicely from a jarring fall on ice in front of the Administration Building recently.

A conference to promote better understanding of college publications and journalism will be proposed to the academic deans of the member schools of the Piedmont University Center at a meeting in Winston-Salem Feb. 27. Dean Lee will represent Mars Hill. Some of our readers keep insisting that on the basis of its publication roughly every two weeks the Hilltop is a "bi-monthly" journal, but they are mistaken. At least if the dictionary is right, they are wrong. Bi-monthly means "occurring once in two months," but bi-weekly means "occurring every two weeks." First semester graduate Betty Jean Crawford is teaching English at John Motley Morehead High School in Spray (near Greensboro). She writes that she finds "teaching a rewarding experience" and is "happy in by new role."

faculty at Furman. Mars Hill's Dr. Blackwell was on hand to introduce his kinsman.

Focus Week brought at least two old friends together, local minister Charles Davis and Baptist Student Editor Bill Junker. They were fellow students at Vanderbilt back in 1945.

It's encouraging to learn that several faculty members really know what they're asking when they assign term papers; they are in the midst of writing dissertations. Mr. Jordan of the religion department just lacks his dissertation in having completed work for a doctorate from Duke, and Mr. Chay is busily trying to complete (with his wife's help on the typing) his dissertation that will finish his Ph.D. work at the University of Michigan.

Also engaged in writing these days is Dr. Jolley, who is preparing a volume on the history of the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Wedding bells rang last Sunday (Valentine's Day) for Natalie Soos, who was enrolled here first semester. The ceremony was at the Myers Park Baptist Church in Charlotte, and a sizeable delegation of Mars Hillians was pres-

Jo Feel Alone

Perfect Age Ahead

Editor's Note: "This Week, a nationally syndicated mag supplement for Sunday newspapers recently carried a clever interesting article by columnist Charlie Rice on age and su With hopes that we won't be sued for plagiarism we reprin here for the benefit of our readers who may not have seen i The sev ected t

Calling all teen-agers, from 9 to 901

You are told that this is an age of great opp^{nnual} tunity. You are told that there are practically ave disti eir var limits to success.

But maybe you're curious as to **when** you ^{graphical} most likely to achieve success? Well, I can prented her ations. well pin-point it for you:

AGE 35.

Back in It's no joke. I ran across a fascinating b recently: "Age And Achievement." In this built Professor Emeritus Harvey C. Lehman of C^{nly} with University, carefully studies the careers of the the University, carefully studies the careers of met out for ands of great composers, authors, scient ay across painters, philosophers, and what have you. and findings are startlingly consistent: In alm Ho He wen every field, a man reaches his greatest stat was th in his thirties — generally about 35.

his thirties — generally about 35. Now, this doesn't mean that old goats like ^{urope} in should rush to the Brooklyn Bridge and plurship to t into the billowy wave. There are enough he errg, when warming exceptions to keep us senior citiz happy (and I'll tell you about them later). I think Professor Lehman's book is pretty uable to teen-agers. It not only gives an ide what to expect in life, but when to expect it.

For instance, the peak age for painters is a 34; for playwrights, about 35; for philosoph 37; for inventors, 32; for discoveries in medic 37; and Professor Lehman even narrows studies down to hymn writers (34).

This is all based on the amount and qualit work. And if you test it out, you'll find surprise results. Have a look:

LEWIS	"Main Street"
EDISON	Electric Light
GERSHWIN	"Porgy and Bess"
	"Alice In Wonderland"
EINSTEIN	Relativity Theory
NOBEL	Dynamite
SHAKESPEARE	"Hamlet"

Well, dear reader, if you are fortyish or n you may be feeling a little downhearted by Nonsense — be of good cheer. As I said be there's a wondrous list of exceptions that sh keep you going until you're 1001

🛨 Titian was still painting masterpieces of In fact painters seem to hold up very well: sider Picasso (83), Chagall (77), the late Ma (85) and Grandma Moses (101). Even am painters are hardy --- Winston Churchill (90

★ Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" in his Goethe finished his "Faust" when he was Tennyson wrote "Becket" at 75.

★ Rossini was still tickling the ivories a Meyerbeer wrote his last great opera at 73. turned out a cute bit called "Falstaff" at 7

The exceptions on the other end of the are interesting too, and they prove that no b teen-ager must necessaritly wait till he's 3⁵

★ Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley wrote "Fr ******* enstein" at 21. ★ William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatof

at 18.

★ Jane Austen finished "Pride and Preju at 21.

★ Mendelssohn wrote "Overture to a Mid mer Night's Dream" at 17.

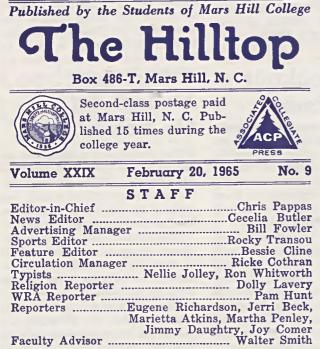
But to return to the average person: I rec ran across a quote that exactly bears out fessor Lehman's findings. John C. Villaume, ident of the International Correspondence Sch (with a world-wide alumni of 7,000,000), sta Judging from ICS records there seems some uncanny awareness — like a built-in some uncanny awareness - into a late 20's the clock - that warns people in their late 20's the state the time for self-improvement is at hand. For at that magic age, on the very threshold of maximum achievement level, that the grea jority sign up for a home-study education. Well, good luck, teen-agers. And a h 1985 — which should be, approximately, a fine year for youl - C. R.



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Sun



Members of the Math Club and several visitors enjoyed a fine address Wednesday night by Dr. R. C. Blackwell of the mathematics

If you want to feel alone Go to the city where you are thrown

With the crowds of restless men, All strangers, but no word or pen Can tell the loneliness you feel That no anodyne can heal; But do not go to mountains still Or to the slope of grassy hill, For every bush and every tree Seems jocund company. The crows' caw and squirrels' patter

Seem to be full of social chatter And when you are out walking All the forest folk seem to be talking

To you in friendly wise. Even the skies

Seem like a pal. So to be alone, Go to the city of brick and stone, But if you want to be with folks, Go to the forest of pines and oaks. -Roman S. Gorski Give It a Try!

The success or failure of the approv compus-wide symposium on "The Souther" olution" rests upon us as students as mu it does upon those who have planned ^p upon other members of the faculty. If we to face it with an open mind, it will no dow a flop. On the other hand, if we give it an try — if we attend the seminars and lecture enter into the discussions, perhaps we wi it a profitable and enjoyable method of lear

Open 8 WE
