

Digest Supplies Laughter

Many a pseudo-sophisticated legian frowns down his nose the mere mention of **The Reader's Digest**, but the truth is that this jam-packed little publication is a source of laughter and entertainment for 35 million readers in this month.

Not only are the editors shrewd and articulate, but they're also generous. They'll let publications like **The Hilltop** steal some of their funniest stories without the slightest hint of lawsuit. Here's a few:

My son, a senior in college, has become very lax about writing home. One evening, in an effort

to shake him up, I called the Western Union and dictated a message of mock alarm and sarcasm: 'Dear My-Son-the-Letter-Writer. Note salutation. Have alerted American Red Cross. Please advise.'

"I told the operator to send it at nightletter rates and have it delivered in the morning. After a brief pause the operator said, 'Lady, it's only 15 words. Why don't you send it as a regular telegram — and get him out of bed?' I did."

"My roommate and I acquired the reputation of having the most untidy room in the dormitory. Our housemother was a quiet yet effective woman. After repeated reprimands, which we ignored, she reached the end of her patience. When my roommate and I returned from classes one day, we found on one of our desks a very attractive display of seed packets and a note in the housemother's handwriting which read: 'If you don't want to clean, at least plant something!'"

For 51 years, tradition at Carthage College, Ill., has been that coeds caught sitting on a large boulder on the campus are obliged to submit to a quick but firm kiss. When the college moved to Kenosha, Wis., last summer, some 50 fraternity men hoisted the 2½-ton rock on a truck and took it to the new campus.

"One morning on our quad, a bewildered freshman saw her biology professor approaching. Unable to bypass him and unsure by what title to address him, she blurted out, 'Good Murdock, Dr. Morning.' Apparently without noticing anything at all unusual, he replied, 'Good Murdock, my dear.'"

Spring Holiday Experiences Varied Between Eating, Loafing, Visiting

Mars Hill students returned to campus last weekend from a 10-day vacation, some well-rested, others "beat" from miles of travel. Here are a few of their exciting adventures during the vacation.

Gail Teague: I visited school principals while I was home—one of them was a bachelor. I interviewed him. And you must add that I went to the dentist — I knew there was something exciting that happened to me!

Judy Jordan: I went to Selma, Ala., but not for THAT reason. My cousin and his wife are down there. He is in the Air Force. I met a "slew" of boys and a cute South Carolina possum. Think I might like to join the AF someday—but not as a servicewoman.

Betty Smith: I didn't have a vacation because I taught.

Roberta Gunnett: I worked in a hospital lab from 7-5. What do you expect me to do besides that, huh?

Hilda Gilpin: Oh gosh! I visited relatives in Kentucky. That's all I did!

Virginia Rollins: Oh heavens! Really nothing. I recuperated from choir tour and that took a lot. The funny part was coming back and getting six people and their luggage into my tiny Corvair. It was a never-to-be-forgotten trip—rest stop included.

But, I did nothing really dynamic.

Joe Killian: Well I went back to Washington to see some friends and get some decent food.

Kay Dixon: I ate, slept and went to revival. Then after being revived, I took off to Richmond and had an interview with a principal. I went to a VMI party and had a day in Williamsburg. I was one of those six in Ginny Rollins' car.

Angie Priester: I looked for a teaching position for next year and also visited principals. I got a summer job in a newspaper office, and I slept and loafed. I went fishing and caught three fish. Well, you see, two fell back in, but I did get them out of the water, and the cat wouldn't eat the other.

Audrey Manly: What's the best thing I did? I attended a Broadway play, "Barefoot in the Park" and ate cheesecake and coffee afterwards at "Lindy's."

Brenda Corn: I went to Salisbury to see Mark. Being with him was the best thing.

Linda Watterson: I stayed with my grandmother most of the time—she's sick. No comment on the rest of it.

Jane Slate: Hum—you really want to know? I went to East Carolina to see Larry and also Barbara Matthews. They have a

beautiful campus, but it doesn't beat MHC.

Mart Britt: Picked out bridesmaid's dresses and made frequent trips to the hospital 'cause my little sister had an appendectomy. I declare I spent all my time at the hospital.

Craig Greene: Talked to Mart's pastor about the wedding. Mr. Rich gave me a little book of informative literature about marriage.

Mary Lou Newman: I did the same thing Betty Smith did — lived in home management house and taught.

Mrs. Nellie Carson (housemother at Fox): Oh, boy! What I did. I went to see my grandchildren. I went to Virginia Beach, where my son lives.

Julia Greene: I played golf and just loafed for a change.

Wade McIver: I taught at North Buncombe and when everyone went to bed early on Friday night, I went to Asheville.

Sarah Higgins: I just looked out at our trailer, and Ronald (Cole) and I talked about the wedding.

Judy Ellis: Kept the home-fires burning while Mother and Daddy took a vacation.

Melinda Bagwell: Went to Atlanta and shopped.

Kathy Mauldin: Sat in the car at the beach and watched it rain.



Gentlemen prefer bronze

For the deepest, darkest tan going—bask in **Bronze Lustre** by Revlon. The intense-tanning gelee for serious sunners. Two formulas: Regular for normal skin or Special for delicate skin. (Now even fair-skinned blondes and red-heads can sun without tears!) 1½-oz. tube, 2.00 plus tax

Bronze Lustre by Revlon



MARS HILL PHARMACY

Bells Are Imported Yankee Talespinners

by B. J. Nuckolls

If you're the type who can't stand a dose of fish story wrapped in a yarn of cock-and-bull, you shouldn't meet the Bells.

Ken and Pat Bell moved from Southern New Jersey to Mars Hill

last fall to attend college and teach school respectively. Their tales of Yankeeland would make the most honey-smacking lovely be glad she's in Appalachia.

Ken, a music major, looks more like a football tackle. Pat is blond, petite, and well-liked by seniors at Mars Hill High School.

They both find life in Mars Hill not a great deal different from that in New Jersey.

"Those who think the North is a mass of metropolitan area are wrong," said Ken; "It's not!" Pat has never before lived in the city limits, and Ken's community was composed of his grandfather's general store and a service station.

"There is a constant rivalry between north and south Jersey," said Pat. "They have two distinctly different standards. The peo-

ple in North Jersey think we're hicks and we think they're rich snobs."

Some of the populous of South Jersey can be compared to the mountain folk around Big Laurel. Some of them are totally uneducated or semi-literate. Persons living in the remote parts, near the bay, make their living by fishing, trapping, hunting and farming.

Pat's grandfather was an old sea captain, briney in spirit and wit. When Pat was plagued with warts, he had her rub a green potato with a penny, and then she buried the potato and threw the penny away.

"It didn't work," she said.

Ken's Uncle Joe, twice-removed, put a dirty sock around his nephew's sore throat; but to this day, Ken can't figure out whether it was the smell or the sock that cured his malady.

Ken is an avid sportsman. In fact, Pat must be a good sport too, because they went camping at Blackwater Falls, W. Va., on their honeymoon. It was Pat's first camping experience, and they enjoyed it so much they they have camped many times in the past two years throughout Southern New Jersey.

The Bells have a lot more stories to tell; they even have stories about Mars Hill to take back to the home folks. There was the time that Pat was stomping bushes to scare out rabbits for Ken and instead attracted a big bull, coming full speed toward her . . . And the time they were mistaken for students at a high school football game and told to be quiet.

The most amusing story of all was when they were first coming to Mars Hill and rode up to the Esso station, down on the Asheville highway and asked, "Is this (the store) Mars Hill?"

MARS THEATRE

April 12-13-14
April 15-16-17
April 19-20-21
April 22-23-24

Marnie
Move Over Darling
Kiss Me Stupid
It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World

One Showing at 7:30 p.m. — Mon. through Sat.

DO YOU PLAN TO RETURN TO MARS HILL NEXT FALL?

Have your winter clothes stored in our cold storage vault—All fully insured! Pay for them when you return next Fall.

MARS HILL CLEANERS

Call 689-2611 for Pick-Up

COLOR PICTURES

8 x 10 and 4 billfolds

Have your portrait made in full, natural color for only \$4 by Laurel Photographer Russ Johnson.

Monday, April 12

9 AM — 6 PM

Mezzanine, Moore Auditorium

Faculty Members, Bring Your Children

MARS HILL FLORIST

We Now Have Corsages and Potted Plants for Easter

COME TO LEDFORD'S GROCERY

for FOODS, FRUITS, and BEVERAGES