

THE MARS HILL COLLEGE HILLTOP



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MARS HILL COLLEGE HILLTOP

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impressions

by Thad Strom,
former Senior Class
President

I suppose one could sit down and write about, or talk about his impressions of Mars Hill College, of what the school has meant to him; but as soon as he finishes one impression, there comes another one, and another one, and still more. If I had to list the things about MHC that meant very much to me, I feel that I would be doing myself and the school a great injustice, for I could inadvertently omit some of the most important ones, whether they be good impressions or bad impressions. But whatever the case, everything that has left an impression leaves a lesson with it.

However, there is one very important impression that will leave with me as I leave Mars Hill, and I consider it to be the most important of all.

Among the first thoughts of a graduating senior is how much he is going to miss his classes, the social life, the activities, dorm life, and most of all, his friends. He feels like, after he graduates, he'll be lost, for there won't be a dorm room to go back to, or to talk with old friends. For a while after graduation, the effect of leaving Mars Hill College as a student won't wear off too soon. And when late August rolls around, that empty feeling, though maybe smaller, will probably return to most of us. One doesn't know how much he appreciates something until he's away
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by Frank Farrell,
former Editor of
Hilltop

"College Experience" - the often used and seldom understood phrase concerning four years of one's life. My conceptions of "College experience" has changed considerably since I entered Mars Hill four years ago. Originally, academic achievement was the major goal and sole



reason for attending college. However, it didn't take long to realize that academic achievement did not necessarily have to be the main focal point. My conception of a "College experience: became individual growth through involvement. One could grow and learn through involvement. One could grow and learn through athletics, organizations, student government or any other area as well as through academic classes.

I soon realized that there was a level above involvement and individual growth that was more important. This was personal friendships. Friendships are the things that will last and be remembered about my college experience. The work and study to gain a diploma seems insignificant.
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by Kay Gregory,
former Cadenza
Editor

After experiencing four years at Mars Hill College, I quarrel with those who constantly harp on the lack of social freedoms. Instead, I choose to focus on what I consider the more positive aspects of the institution. While I sympathize with those who seek to equalize men and

women's social regulations, I feel that this type pursuit should not blur our vision as to Mars Hill's academic uniqueness. I doubt any other school has made a more sincere attempt to shift emphasis from academic requirements to educational relevancy. Since the fall semester 1969 when I enrolled here as a freshman, Mars Hill has undergone phenomenal curricular changes. These include the 4-1-4 system, the mini-mester, S-U grading of some courses, and most recently, an intensive exploration of a competency based curriculum. But what do all these terms really mean for a student? I can only tell what they have meant to me.

The 4-1-4 curriculum opened up my
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by Terry Kuykendall,
former SGA President

Mars Hill...I walk up Bailey Mountain to see how small the world really is.

Mars Hill...a run through the rain and not caring whether I get wet.

Mars Hill...people telling me what to do and when to do it.

Mars Hill... a shaft by a friend who only wanted position and title and not

willing to help other people.

Mars Hill...people concerned enough to say they understand what you're doing even though they may not.

Mars Hill... a place where the world stops if you want it to and where the action of the world begins if you want that too.

Mars Hill...a college that some people have heard of and some people haven't.

Mars Hill... where students are told not to behave like machines, but when they try not to they are labeled as misfits and sliders through college.

Mars Hill.....a place I'm glad to leave and glad to have come to.

Mars Hill.....a stepping stone not an overlook.

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by Joy Rhodes,
former President
of CSM

While choosing a college during senior year in high school, I visited Mars Hill just because my friend's mother wanted the two of us to take a look at it. My first impression of Mars Hill caused me to want to become a part of the community I found here. I felt that here I would find people who cared, here I could learn much about life, and here I could spend four exciting years.

Today I find that the years have slipped past me and it is time to move on. As I look back over these four years I see impressions of beauty - the mountains, trees, breathtaking sunsets, beautiful snows, and bright blue skies. When I hear people calling any other area "God's country" I wonder. There are impressions of people which remain also. I see close friends and roommates who have become very dear. I see people who have come and gone and people with whom I have shared all of these four years of good times and bad. I remember the smiling faces.

I remember the smiling faces on patients at the T.B. Hospital, the excited giggles of the black girl I tutored for a year, the searching eyes of the kids at the juvenile center who love having a college student for a friend. The teachers who have shared their time with students have impressed me and will be remembered.

Mars Hill is a special place. Perhaps there is no
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