

CHOIR

FROM PAGE 4

BAKER'S FRYING PAN

by JIM BAKER

THE VERY LAST FRYING PAN

Trials and Tribulations of a Writer:

Throughout history, we writers (those who speak of comparative strengths of pens and swords) have had to endure much from those around us. Ridicule, scorn, and presecution as our lot, especially if our writing stinks, which is often the case. From my point of view, I have to put up with a lot of hassle (justifiable, perhaps) from those I write about. Recently, however, I find myself being attacked by the person I write for. Yes, dear readers, tis' true; Civil War has broken out among the staff of the HILLTOP. And the perpetrator of all this nonsense is none other than the fair editor of this rag, Sarah Traylor.

Basically, the problem is this: she unfairly and unjustly expects me to hand in my articles on time. Now, I ask you, what could be more ridiculous? "On time?" I scoff at you from behind your own paper, Madame Editor! May, you get permanent ink stains on all your fingers! May your typewriter type only capital X's! Fellow students, my patience is strained to its limits. I don't know how much longer I can put up with all her nagging about past due deadlines and broken promises I made. Let me give you an example of the situation I am in.

Keep in mind that this in an ordinary typical scene I describe, no an exceptional case:

The HILLTOP comes out every other Friday, which means that the layouts are prepared at the first of the week in which the paper is distributed. Articles are all supposed to be in by Monday at the latest. Now, you are probably reading this Friday night? Okay, the paper has just come out (the ink may still be wet; watch those hands!) Well, I am writing this Tuesday night. I'm nearly two days late, right? Of course! Join with me in saying, "So what!" Rome wasn't built in a day, you know (although if you've ever been to Rome, it looks like it!) Creative juices are like cold molasses, they flow slowly. And just like cold molasses, you can't rush creative juices. They have to have time. So Friday when Sarah asked for my article, I said, "Sure, Sarah" and let it go, thinking she knew about cold molasses and creative juices like we all do. But no! She has the nerve to come up to me on Monday asking for the article I promised Friday. I said, "Sure, Sarah." Do you think that satisfied her? Does anyone understand the Competency Based Curriculum Program. We all know the answers to both of those. So I asked her who that streaker was behind her and slipped away



when she turned around.

You would think it would end there, but no sir. As sure as Mike Faires is a jovial six footer, she cornered me again today, and I must say, in a very irate manner did she speak. She glared, she fumed she turned red and smoke came out her ears. She put her ink-stained hands around my neck and demanded the article. I was speechless (couldn't get a word out with those ink-stained hands around my neck). What could I say, anyway? I had forgotten all about the Frying Pan; but some people, like Sarah, get all upset about little things and worry a lot. "Deadline! Deadline!" she screamed. I thought she had flipped. I cried, "Yes, Sarah! Get it all out of your system...tell Jim all about it..." Then I remembered about that old Frying Pan. She screamed, "Let me have it! Now!" and began choking me again. Well, that's when the campus director of Security came by, and luckily for me, took her away where she'll harm no one. I've never been so thankful for Faires' jovial six feet. As she was being removed she screamed back at me, "By 9 o'clock or else, Baker! Nine o'clock!!" Ladies and gentlemen, it's only 8:30 and I'm nearly finished. I just can't understand what all the trouble is about. I have lots of time.

Some of you have asked me what I meant by last column's heading, "The Last Frying Pan" and you will probably wonder about this one's heading. Will, it is true. This is the last, the very last Frying Pan. And I'll tell you why in the next HILLTOP's column (which will be two days late.) Well, I

must close now; I have several Incompletes I need to work on.

As you go from day to day, class to class, tedious moment to tedious moment, keep this in mind these inspiring words I give you: Two all beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions... (P.S. Sorry, Sarah)

INTRAMURALS

by Jeff Cudd

The third annual Mini-Term Basketball Tournament was played January 15-21 with the Legendary Third Floor, a group of Spillman "tuffies," dominating the boys action. Tom "Spike" Anderson, Wayne Gent, Jeff Colden, Eldon Hardy, Ronnie Reeves, Gerald Kerton, and Greg Hasselbring gave the Myers Sky-Skatters a lesson in run-and-gun basketball to take the championship.

The girls competition saw the Townhouse Bombers "shell-shock" the Edna Moore Maulers. The talents of Debbie Miller, Mary Rose, Marilyn Wyatt, Cathy Board and Terry Smith proved sufficient for a victory in the finals.

Over 200 people participated in this year's tournament. In the three years of its existence it has become one of the highlights of the Mini-Term (though I must admit the competition for Mini-Term attractions seems poverty stricken at times).

The Intramurals program will be in full swing this Spring with tennis, volleyball, softball and basketball sharing the spotlight. I hope all Mars Hillers will investigate the program and participate in your favorite sport.

"Car Wash"
 Hwy. 23 Johnson
 City Hwy. toward
 Wolflaurel
 Now has a
NEW UNIT
 3 1/2 gal. h₂O/min.
 5min/25¢

Tuesday, February 11, 1975 -- 7 PM in the Belk Auditorium of the College Union

A Panel Discussion: "The U.S.S.R.: Questions and Some Answers"

Presented by the Mars Hill College International Club.

Reception Following

The Panelists are: Ms. Martha Abshire--Reporter from the Asheville Citizen
 Dr. David Knisley, Mars Hill College Faculty
 Mr. Granville Liles, representative to Russia from U.S. Dept. of Parks and Recreation
 Dr. Timothy Takaro, cardiologist sent to Russia