

LETTERS

Dear Editor,

I read with interest the letter from "A Trustworthy Student" who was complaining about the glass doors on the bulletin board in the student post office. The enclosure of the bulletin board does not say that he/she or any other student is untrustworthy. The board had to be enclosed because of the unwillingness of students to be concerned enough about acceptable behavior. The board still shows signs of fire where students put matches to announcements on the board. Other signs of destructive acts are seen in the residence halls, Chambers Gym, etc., but there are no signs of student peer pressures on the people who commit such acts of vandalism which cost each student many dollars every year.

In the absence of community pressures against those who commit such actions the college must make attempts to protect the students from themselves by trying to avoid the opportunities for vandalism where possible. When students become disgusted enough at the inconvenience which comes from telephone vandalism, the extra cost that comes from repair of doors, walls, and other destruction, and the bullying by students who keep the residence halls in an uproar all night, we may expect some positive things to happen. It won't come through the policing of halls by RA's and RD's but by students who are concerned enough to stand up and be counted. When the students at Mars Hill College want a clean and comfortable environment in which to live, they can have it by acting against those who are the source of disruption and destruction in responsible ways to curb their acts.

I am not particularly wanting to publish a letter in the Letter to the Editor section of the paper, but I feel that the newspaper can do much to influence the students toward becoming a more responsible community.

Sincerely,
David Mathews

Dear Students,

The HILLTOP, is looking for a sports writer, an advertisement manager, and more staff writers. If you are interested, please slip a note under the office door and I will contact you.

I would like to apologize for the lack of any sports news in this issue. I would also like to ask you to get involved in what interests you. Each of the publication area managers this fall have noticed a lack of student interest and this lack reflects in the produced media. It is not too late. YOU are needed.

Sara LeFever, Editor

I can't eat, I can't talk.
Been Drinkin' mean jake, Lord
Now can't walk.
Ain't got nothing now to lose
Cause I'm a jake walkin' papa
With the jake walk blues.

Recollection of this old blues song recently came in a rather unusual way. Walking through a wooded area near my home one day, I came across a collection of empty vanilla flavoring bottles.

Immediately my mind flashed back to the various other liquor substitute which were making the rounds during my early years: bay rum, peppermint extract, lemon and orange flavoring, and a host of patent medicines with high alcohol content, including the infamous extract of Jamaica ginger.

Containing up to 70 per cent alcohol, "jake," as it was often called, was offered as a medication by drug stores and other agents and was an es-

pecially big seller in dry counties of the South.

Usually it was "cut" or adulterated with such substances as molasses, pine resins, herbal extracts and the like. It was usually found in two-ounce bottles which sold for about thirty-five cents each.

Sometimes the purchaser took the contents straight; at other times he might use it to make a bowl of party punch a little more interesting.

It was capable of bringing on a pretty good buzz, often followed by a hangover, but usually offered no more problems than conventional alcoholic drinks.

Then at about the turn of the 30's a new "cutting" solution for the jake was introduced: a compound known as TOCP (tri-ortho-cresyl phosphate).

Soluble and tasteless, it appeared to serve its purpose well. Unfortunately, however, it also affected the cells of the spinal cord and often caused the user

Dear Friend,

How are you? I just had to send you a note to tell you how much I love you and care for you. I saw you talking with your friends yesterday, and I waited all day hoping that you would want to talk to me also. As evening drew near, I gave you a sunset to close your day and a cool breeze to rest you.

I waited. You never did call on me. Oh yes, it hurts; But I still love you, because I am your friend.

I watched you fall asleep last night. How I longed to touch your brow and comfort you. Instead I spilled moonlight upon your pillow and on your face. Again, I waited, wanting to rush to you so that we could talk.

I have so many gifts for you. This morning, you awakened late and you rushed about your work with no thoughts of me, and my tears joined the rain. Today, you looked so sad, so alone. I wanted to touch you and let you know that I was near, but I didn't, because you didn't ask.

It makes my heart ache to see you so sad. I understand what it is like when your friends hurt you and let you down. My friends have done that to me **many times**. I will love you no matter what, because I understand. Oh, if you would only believe **how much I love you**, you would only stop **long enough to listen** to me when I speak to you.

I speak to you in the blue sky and in the green grass. I whisper my love for you in the leaves on the trees. I breathe my love in the scent of the flowers. I shout it to you in the mountain streams. I sing to you in the bird's song. I clothe you with the warmth of the sun, shine, and I give you perfume to scent the air you breathe. My love for you is **deeper than the ocean** and bigger than the biggest mountain. I want or need you could ever have. Oh, if only you knew how much I want to **walk and talk with you**. We could **spend an eternity together in heaven**. I do know how difficult it is living in your world. I really do know.

I want you to meet my Father. He can and will help you. My Father is like that, you know. Please come talk to me, **anytime**. I am your friend. I have **so much to share with you**. **You are free to choose me**. It is **your decision**. I have **chosen you**, and **I will wait**... Because **"I love you."**

Your Friend,
Jesus Christ

(author unknown)



Appalachian Folk-Ways

to develop what was known as the "jake" or "jake leg" paralysis.

If he recovered sufficiently to be able to walk, it was with a high-stepping gait somewhat akin to that of polio victims. It became known as the "jake leg" or "jake walk" and resulted from the inflexibility of the user's feet and ankles.

The paralysis claimed thousands of victims, including heavy concentrations in such Southern Appalachia states as Kentucky and Tennessee.

Reaction was also widespread. Some ministers claimed that the "jake" was a punishment sent by God because of the sins of mankind.

Quack doctors rushed forward with various medications guaranteed to bring cures or at least relief.

Folk healers offered mud packs and herbal cures.

Clinics especially designed to treat the Jamaica Ginger Paralysis sprang up in strategic locations.

And folk musicians filled the air with their blues, echoing the lamentations of the "jakies."

I went to bed last night, feelin' mighty fine,

Two o'clock this morning, the jake leg went down my spine.

I had the jake leg too,

I had the jake leg too.

Readers are invited to send folk materials to **Folk-Ways and Folk-Songs**, Box 376, Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C. 28608.



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