

# Editorial

## Good-bye, Mars Hill! Second Opinion

by Craig Cox  
Columnist

For the composition of the last newspaper column of my college career, I had hoped to come up with something profound, something hysterical, or just something that would let me out with a bang. Alas, profundities are hard to come by, especially when one has a forty to sixty page paper due next Tuesday. What surprises me is that I am left with regrets.

I sort of regret not being more original at times. The title for this piece was taken directly from the movie Good Morning, Vietnam!. That probably was not the only time, either. Lies (as well as the odd plagiarism) have flowed from my pen, often to the consternation of various people on campus. These were not deliberate, vicious occurrences, but evenly divided between inadvertent mishaps and deliberate twists of familiar phrases.

Another regret could be called "columns that were never written." Foremost among these would be the promised column on sex, peer pressure and Mars Hill College; the idea from this came from an SGA official who received advertisements from companies who wanted the SGA to put coin-operated, ah, family planning centers in rest rooms around campus. I was going to do an interview and publish an excerpt from such an ad, but after this official and I discussed it, no more ads arrived in the mail. Alas.

Of course, regrets are not all that I am left with. Looking forward to the future has always been a favorite pastime, and now the future is almost at hand. Imagine that first high school class reunion, where someone will be bragging about how everyone else wasted four years in college while he or she went into business and is now a corporate vice-president with a six-digit salary. Imagine that first job -- one that doesn't have any vacation time analogous to Spring Break, but does have something comparable to large term papers. Imagine, come to think of it, that first ulcer.

Imagine getting past all of these obstacles, and actually becoming financially secure, or even well off. You will be able to tell when this has happened, because Mars Hill will call you and tell you it has happened -- and then ask you to share the wealth. Those of you who participated in the phone-a-thon, remember this when you suddenly get put on the other end of the line.

Graduation itself promises to be entertaining. I have never understood how it was that commencement and exams both got put squarely in the middle of my allergy season. This leaves me two intriguing options for my state of health when I accept my blank sheet (in place of the diploma that I'm shooting for in early August). First, I can go up on stage propelled by my own sneezes, with eyes looking like I've been crying over the sound of "Pomp and Circumstance"; or second, I can float onto the stage with a normal respiratory system, but slightly under the influence of a strong antihistamine. This second option is how I've handled past graduations; it helps comprehension on the speeches. The prospect of putting on my best suit of clothes, a robe over those, and sitting inside an enclosed space with about a thousand other warm bodies, promises startling weight loss potential. The temptation to display my blank sheepskin from the stage may be too much to resist.

Graduating (for real) in August is awkward on occasion. Many people on campus, upon learning that I plan to graduate, immediately ask if I have a job. For the record: not yet. The job search will occupy most of my free time (both hours during the summer sessions).

Finally, it is perhaps convenient that this is the end of Second Opinion; the bottom of the barrel (of ideas) has been scraped quite clean. To the graduating class, my congratulations and sincere wishes of good luck; to underclassmen who are returning: gee, I'm sorry!

The *Hilltop* would like to thank all of those who have contributed to the production of the publication during the 1988-1989 academic year. Special thanks are especially given to Dr. and Mrs. Fred Bentley for their assistance above and beyond the call of duty. Anyone interested in working on the *Hilltop* next fall should contact Tammy Condrey or myself. Thanks again and have a super summer!

Becky Horner  
1988-89 Editor-in-Chief

## Reel Talk Pet Sematary

by Duane Partin  
Columnist

WARNING: If you are planning to see this film, this article may give away certain "surprises."

Horror films have slacked off in the past few years. Good horror films are rare these days. Even Stephen King has had his hard times when it comes to making his books into films. "Carrie," "Salem's Lot," and "Stand By Me," which was based on a novella, seem to be the only gems among the collection of the mediocre ("Christine," "Cujo," and "Silver Bullet") and the awful ("Maximum Overdrive"). And now, "Pet Sematary" joins the ranks of the awful.

"Sematary" is about a doctor who moves his wife and two children from Chicago to a quaint rural area complete with the perfect house and a nice old codger named Judd for a neighbor. Their house sits right off a busy road that has a reputation for killing pets. As a tradition, the pets are buried at a pet cemetery which is located (ta-da) near the house. The film really doesn't really center around the "Pet Sematary" but rather what lies beyond the cemetery: an Indian burial ground (yet another great "Indian burial ground" plot). When the family cat is killed, Judd takes the doctor to the burial ground despite warnings given to the doctor by a ghost. The cat

is buried and in the next scene comes back to life. There are only minor side effects. The cat's eyes glow every now and then, and its appetite has increased. And as you can probably figure out by the middle of the film, the son (who seems about three years old) gets hit in the same road and the doctor, of course, buries him in the ground, again despite the warnings of a ghost. The kid comes back to life and goes on a rampage. Here, the film sinks even further. The kid swipes a scalpel from his dad's medical bag and first hacks up old Judd (played by Fred Gwynne, a.k.a. "Herman Munster") and then his mom. The film goes way overboard by showing the kid as he carries the scalpel and enjoys graphic slayings. His own father resorts to killing him in a scene that again goes too far. Certainly some sort of film ethics have been compromised in return for some sick scenes.

There were only a few scenes of genuine horror, aside from the old "jumping out of the shadows" cliché, but they were bogged down with graphic violence. In the end, you don't care about any of the characters, because they're totally unbelievable. This movie is sickening, but I'm sure Mr. X doesn't mind. He'll keep making money to write more.

## Lennon

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B. Bentley will bring a few short remarks towards the end of the ceremony, a tradition during his tenure as president.

Other activities during the weekend include an art exhibit by senior students, business meetings by the trustees and ad-

visors of the school, Graduate Banquet Saturday evening and the Pops Concert afterward.

Additional information on graduation weekend events may be obtained by calling the Office of the Registrar, 689-1151.

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