

Editorial

Jesus Loves the Little Children — All the Little Children

Okay folks, this time, no preaching, no ranting, just a story:

Bill awoke to a sunny spring Saturday in Mars Hill. The sun, shining through the window, was warm on his face, yet the breeze was just cool enough to make him want to remain curled beneath the covers for just a little longer. Just as he decided that Saturdays were made for realizing, there was a knock at his door.

"Hey Bill, are you awake yet?" a voice boomed from the other side of the door.

"No, go away and come back next year," Bill complained.

"Well, ok, but I thought we were going fishing today," came the reply. "See you later."

"Fishing! Don't you dare go anywhere!" Bill exclaimed as he jumped out of bed and stumbled over a stack of books between the bed and the door to his dorm room. Bill opened the door and in walked the most handsome, well-built blond on the face of the earth.

"Good morning, Fred," Bill muttered through a grin which went from ear to ear.

"Good morning," Fred replied through a stretch that seemed to last forever. The sunlight playing off his hair reminded Bill of a halo. "Well, what are you standing there for? Get dressed and let's go. The best fishin' is behind us already. We should have gone hours ago."

"Where are we going?" Bill asked as he pulled on a pair of jeans and reached for a red and black flannel shirt.

"I thought we might go down to Hot Springs to Murray's Branch picnic area. That way, we can go swimming when it warms up this afternoon," Fred grinned at the insanity of that very thought.

"Are you crazy? It won't be warm enough to go swimming in that creek

until the middle of August!" Bill replied.

"I know that. I just wanted to see if you were really awake. But if you don't hurry, we aren't even going to need to go. The fish are going to quit biting."

"Well, let's go. My pole and box are already in the truck. We just need to get some bait," Bill said as he tied his boot.

"I picked up some chicken livers this morning. Let's go!" Fred called over his shoulder as he went out the door.

The rest of the day proved to be the fulfillment of the morning's promise. The sun was warm; the wind was gentle; the smell of warm damp earth filled the air and stirred the life of all who noticed it. Bill and Fred didn't catch many fish that day. But the conversation was good, the fellowship was fine, and they didn't even care that dirt got into the lunch bag.

About five o'clock, just as the sun began to caress the top of the mountains, they decided to head back to "The Hill."

Just as they got back to the truck, four men drove up. The four men got out of the car and started harassing Bill and Fred. Shouts of "Nigger!" and "Kill that black bastard!" filled the air as four baseball bats appeared from the trunk of the car.

Fight as they might, in a few minutes, Bill and Fred were reduced to broken and bruised lumps of flesh on the ground. Now the smell of the warm damp earth was overpowered by the scent of struggle and fresh blood. The sounds of the birds gave way to the strains of "Onward Christian Soldiers," as the four men climbed into their car — Complete with a "You've got a friend in Jesus" tag on the front. The sun slowly sank behind the mountains as the car sped away. Slowly, the sounds of the night creatures playing along the bank of the river filled the valley.

Hilltop Publication Schedule

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January 17

January 31

February 14

February 28

March 28

April 18

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January 25

February 8

February 22

March 8

April 4

April 26

Unsolicited submissions are always welcome, but must contain your name, phone number, and post office box number.

Forum: Spring, the Catharsis

It is time to beat our swords of hatred and segregation into plough shares and unity.

When I came to MHC, the first two months were marked with signs of racial content. Degrading epithets were posted on doors in the dorms, racist slurs exchanged in arguments, and actions revealing prejudice were demonstrated among fellow students. Where did all this bickering originate? Fellow students ought not to be.

Mars Hill College is a place of integrity; it tries its best to be professional in every action, and it is an ideal college for any one who seriously needs an education. It provides extra-curricular activities to generate unity among students with different ethical and ethnic backgrounds. But these activities are not being used for the intended purposes.

Fraternities and sororities were instituted for unity and love, but now they are being used as training grounds for segregation and hatred. The dances are designed for interactions among us as students and now they are being used as breeding opportunities for gossip and criticism. Fellow students, gossip and criticism are two of the most powerful verbal weapons of moral destruction. We don't need any more breaking down or tearing down of each other. What we need is tolerance.

When did the varsity sports become events of racism? Every time there is a game between MHC and other colleges, whether in football, volleyball, or basketball, there are always distinct evidences of black and white conflict. Why can't we look and live beyond our gloomy world of racism and reach into the realm of hope? Let's face the facts: racism is subjective; it is a state of the mind; it is a state of heart.

A piano's keyboard is mixed with both white and black keys. It was purposefully designed that way for perfect harmony. Can one play a piano with just all white keys and get the best possible melodious outcome? Never. On the other hand, can one play a piano with all black keys and get the best music results? Of course not. When one combines both the white keys and black keys, there is perfect harmony — the best possible outcome.

The piano keyboard illustration depicts the fact that when we unite as one student body, we can do our best and have the greatest possible outcomes in college life here at MHC. We need to help each other with our studies, encourage each other when we are depressed, and accept and appreciate each other for who we are. A kind word a day keeps a state of racism away.

Foreigners and citizens alike, let us start to generate true friendships among ourselves. It is time for a change; it takes you, and it takes me, to make it work.

As the year 1990 ushers in our spring semester, let our hearts and minds be transformed into colorful petals of love and harmony.

—Elgando

Please direct responses to Elgando in care of the editors. —Eds.

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