

THE HILLTOP

A Gem in the Emerald Ring of the Hills.—BATTLE

Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, February 20, 1926.

MEMBER NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION and SOUTHERN JUNIOR COLLEGE PRESS ASSOCIATION

STAFF

J. NELSON JARRETT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	HOWARD CAMNITZ, ATHLETIC EDITOR	
FRANCES BARNES, ASSOCIATE EDITOR	HAROLD HENDRICKS, ASSISTANT ATHLETIC EDITOR	
B. G. LEONARD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR	D. L. STEWART, POETRY EDITOR	
MAYMEE KELLY, RELIGIOUS EDITOR	CONWAY SAMS, ALUMNI EDITOR	
BOYD BROWN, SOCIETY EDITOR	CHARLES LAMPLEY, TYPIST	
MANAGERIAL		
ROY F. FISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER	HOYLE LEE, CIRCULATION MANAGER	
W. O. ROSSER, EXCHANGE MANAGER.		
REPORTORIAL		
CHARLOTTE HOOPER	ELIZABETH WELBURN	MARGARET ALLEN
DAVID MASHBURN	LOUISE SMITH	MARTHA STACK
MARION JUSTICE		



VOL. V. MARS HILL, N. C., OCTOBER 30, 1930. NO. 3

For the King's English

FELLOW STUDENTS AND FACULTY, we want to start now a Better English Year. As members of a college such as ours, we should try to excel in the correct use of our mother tongue. It is surprising how many inexcusable errors we make in our daily conversation. Good grammar is essentially important in any position which we might wish to hold.

How about starting the helpful habit of correcting any grammatical error which we might hear? Now, don't expect not to be corrected yourself! Therein is the benefit to you. In the classroom, in your dormitory, and on the campus you will have ample opportunity to exercise your own knowledge of the King's English. (Why not make it ours?)

Of course, it must be understood that everyone is in on this (Check! first error caught—use of slang) and no one must feel offended when corrected. We may take consolation in the fact that President Herbert Hoover mispronounced two words in his address at Kings Mountain. The teachers must be on their p's and q's, too, for we shall want to ask their assistance and oftentimes we might question some grammatical usage of theirs. Some members of the faculty have admitted that they make mistakes and even we can understand how that is possible.

So, friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your speech and correct speech, at that; for we mean to make no mistakes in grammar from this time forth.

—E. W.

PROF. W. A. G. BROWN

The Man and His Work

1830-1906

Professor W. A. G. Brown was born in Blount County, Tennessee, May 23, 1830. He was the son of Deacon Jonathon Brown and Rebecca (Bowers) Brown. When he was twelve years old his father moved to Sevier County. No church being convenient he threw open his own home to church services, which soon resulted in the organization of what is now Sugar Loaf Church. Professor Brown was converted at the age of twelve years and united with Nails Creek Baptist Church. He graduated from Mossy Creek College in 1856. Soon after his graduation he married Margaret Amanda Pattison, who was a direct descendant of the Newman family, who have played such an important part in the establishment of Carson-Newman College. To them were born five boys and two girls, one boy and one girl dying in infancy, the others growing to manhood and womanhood. While Professor Brown was not a preacher, he was the father of preachers. Three of the four boys who grew to manhood became ministers of the gospel. One of these, H. Dudley Brown, who was always in delicate health, lived only a few months after leaving the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Another son, the Rev. T. L. Brown, a graduate of the Theological Seminary, is pastor of the Reynolds Baptist Church, Gates, North Carolina. The third of the preacher boys was the late Rev. A. E. Brown, D.D., who was the founder of the great Baptist Mountain School System under the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. The eldest son, F. A. Brown, was before his death a teacher of large experience and splendid ability. The only daughter living, Mrs. Sallie A. Walker, is also a teacher, and is at present principal of one of the schools of Cleveland, Tennessee.

Professor Brown was of a modest, retiring disposition. Had he not been so timid he would have taken rank among the great mathematicians of his day, for he was noted as a mathematician. He was a man of very broad culture. A thirst for knowledge was born in him. The first mo-

ney he ever made was spent for a book, and perhaps, if the facts were known, the last money he ever earned went for a book. He had a very large private library, and was so thoroughly familiar with it that on the darkest night he could place his hand upon any book he desired in any of the numerous book shelves.

He had a very large sympathy for struggling boys and girls, and surrendered opportunities for benefiting himself financially in order to give to the education of the poor and deserving. Immediately after he graduated he was elected President of Mars Hill College, in North Carolina. Upon leaving Mars Hill in 1859 he went to Hendersonville, North Carolina, and began the publication of the "Baptist Telescope." In 1860 he returned to Tennessee to teach mathematics in Mossy Creek (now Carson-Newman) College, and occupied this position till the Civil War broke out. He served four years in the Confederate Army, and was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. After the close of the war, with his brother-in-law, Dr. N. B. Goforth, he established Riceville Institute. From this institution went out such men as the lamented Professor W. T. Russell. When Mary Sharp College was the leading school for girls in the South, Professor Brown was chosen professor of mathematics in that school. Ill health caused him to give up this position and return to upper Tennessee. He became president of the Masonic Female Institute at Mossy Creek. It was while under his management that this school reached its pinnacle of usefulness, and among the most cultured women of East Tennessee will be found students of this institution, among them the wife of Bishop James Atkins. In 1879 he returned to North Carolina and became president of Judson College, with which institution he remained until a growing deafness caused him to give up teaching. During his last years, on account of this affliction, he was largely shut off from fellowship with his fellowmen, but through it all he was a regular attendant at church, even though he could rarely

hear a word; but by taking the text and outline of his preacher-son, he would be able to work out the sermon for himself. He died at Delwray, North Carolina, on August 25, 1906, and is buried at Fairview, North Carolina, beside his wife and preacher-son.

International Relations Club Studies Papal State at Monthly Meet

SIX NEW MEMBERS ARE CHOSEN FOR YEAR.

At the monthly meeting of the International Relations Club on Tuesday night, October 21, at the home of Mr. Carr, with W. O. Rosser presiding, a very interesting program was given on the vatican state.

Florence Johnson introduced the program with a striking essay on the conditions of the vatican republic at the close of the World War. Mr. Rosser then discussed the organization and duties of the entire Catholic world. He specifically pointed out the main objective of the pope and the vast number of people under his sway. In connection with the present role of the vatican state, Margaret Allen read to the club an article written recently in one of the leading magazines. Edna Stroude gave a personal bit of information concerning Pope Pius XI and his conversation with the daughter of Mussolini. After the students had informally discussed the papal state with the fear of its becoming a world power, Clarence Mayo read many current events. In this way the members got a bird's-eye view of the world at large—from the making of the vatican state down to the making of a rotary toothbrush!

In the business session which followed, six students were selected by the club as being desirable members. Three girls and three boys were chosen. They are as follows: Elizabeth Wilburn, Mary Baker, Marguerite Greene, Roy Tisher, Corbit Carnes, and Walter Smith. With these new members with which to work, the program committee plans to give a very instructive program on India at the next meeting.

On October 10th, a pageant was presented at Haskell Institute of Lawrence, Kansas.

DR. OSCAR E. SAMS

PROBABLY no man living loves Mars Hill better and is more hopeful for its future than is our Vice-President, Dr. Oscar E. Sams.

Dr. Sams has been personally interested in the growth and future of the College since the day that he entered its walls as a student.



Dr. Oscar E. Sams

Dr. Sams received his A. B. degree at Wake Forest College, his B.D. at Rochester Seminary, his D.D. at Wake Forest, and his LL.D. at Carson Newman College.

He has held many important positions as college executive and as pastor. From 1920 to 1927 he was president of Carson Newman College; from 1927 to 1929 he was president at Bluefield College; and this year he has begun his work as vice-president of our College, serving without a salary and better Mars Hill College. As a pastor he has served some of the important churches of the southeast.

Mars Hill College is fortunate in having such a character on its faculty. The students are fortunate in having such a man to look to for guidance and help. Dr. Sams believes in young people, and we should appreciate more than ever the service that he is rendering here daily. We are proud that we have the privilege of coming in contact with a man whose life of service and love is so manifest. We are proud that we can be called his students and friends. We are proud that one whose life is so beautiful, so hopeful, so happy, is with us to help us fight the battles that daily confront us. We see in Dr. Sams all that a magnificent life has to offer, and are thankful that we have the privilege of being students of his, and of the institution for which he is giving the full measure of devotion.

—J.N.J.

The Girl in the Old Lawn Chair

I saw a girl
In an old armchair
'Neath a maple tree
On the grassy lawn
Of a little home
Near the river wide
That flows to the sea
In that gentle clime.
Oh why sits she there?
Is she waiting for one?
O who may she be?

I liked the girl, the beautiful girl
In the old armchair, the rough-hewn chair,
'Neath the maple tree, draped with hanging moss,
On the grassy lawn, the flowering lawn
Of a little home, a happy home
Near the river wide, decked with ferns and palms,
That flows to the sea, the wide, wild sea,
In that gentle clime, that balmy clime.
O why sits she there?
Is she waiting for one?
O who may she be?
May I come and see?

—D. S.

Audit Shows Financial Condition of College Is Very Satisfactory

Total Assets of Mars Hill Approach Half Million.

The auditor's report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1930, received last week from the firm of Raymond L. Price, C.P.A. and attorney-at-law, of Raleigh, shows the financial condition of Mars Hill College to be excellent.

The report gives the total assets of the College as \$487,436.75, divided as follows: plant assets, \$369,795.00; endowment, \$73,459.11; restricted, \$19,713.45; unrestricted, \$53,835.66; current assets, including materials and supplies, \$44,092.65.

Mr. Price added the following notes to his report: "In our opinion, these statements disclose the fact that Mars Hill College has had a most successful year and at June 30, 1930, was in an excellent financial condition. Much credit is due to the wise and capable management with which this institution is endowed."

To Procrastination

D. L. Stewart

Procrastination, enemy of mine
When in the morning I awake
sleep,
Thou whisp'rst in my ear,
early yet,
Lie still awhile; you need to
and when
I rise, unyielding to thy voice,
follow'st
Me, and everywhere I turn, wh
my task,
You subtly say, "Let this abide
here;
This little thing needs care; atte
it."
All day thou follow'st silent a
back
And slyly wait'st to ply thy evil
A thief, a robber, a despoiler
That hast regard for naught
noble is,
But rather takest pleasure in th
My time from me thou dost deli
steal;
I set my opportunities aside
To bide a time, till I can free m
Of num'rous duties pressing
about,—
And when I turn again, behold,
thief
Hast seized my opportunity, and
'st
Me in return but hopeless tear
grief,
And vain repentance where I lo
for joy.
My work in shreds you tear, in
meal cut,
And pile my desk with labor in
plete,
Till in a maze I know not whe
turn,
Nor where to start, so many
stick out.
My work is following with a tens
step
Far, far behind the pace which
demands;
My teachers doubtful look, and
are
When I present to them my po
cuse;
My creditors impatient with
grow,
And though down in my hea
honest am,
I almost fear my character is w
ed;
And scarcely can I say, c'en t
self,
That I am guiltless,—for I'm lea
with thee.
Thou art the foe of all my h
dreams;
My good intentions never com
fruit;
And held within thy sly and cov
grasp
My noble purposes grow faint
die.
Behind me on my barren trail
strewn
The graves of perish'd opportu
That I saw die and did not rea
save.—
Thou art a thief, thou art a m
'rer too!
There lie the unborn deeds I drea
to do;
There lies the work no other c
have wrought,
Nor ever has, nor ever will, nor
My hands alone were shaped t
the task.
And there were souls that I a
could save;
And they lie, too, in graves cha
up to me.
O thou foul fiend, sly thief,
murderer!
How long, how long wilt thou
soul conjure?
But I will fight thee till my d
hour;
I'll grip with thee, I'll loose thy
rous arms
Like tendons of a sucking octop
From round my soul, and free
strangled will,
Lift up my head, and take my p
with men.

An Apology

Since the last edition of The Hilltop, in which the organization of the Redheaded Club was announced, there have been several members of the student body feeling very much neglected at not being included in this brilliant club. The one responsible for this omission humbly asks the pardon of these respective persons and offers this public apology. Immediate action will be taken and the names added to the club roll.

Elizabeth Wilburn