

Teachers, Students Have Memorial Service For Butler

Whole Institution Honors Student Representatives Of Faculty, Church, And Students Take Part

Quietly and respectfully the students of Mars Hill college gathered into chapel last week to give homage to their comrade, Milton Butler.

With faces deeply marked by emotion, they heard the Rev. W. Lynch, pastor of the church, begin,

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations . . .

After their pastor had read in the Scriptures and had led, and after a quartet of students had sung a hymn, they their president come to the front of the platform and with feelings, sometimes beyond control, say:

A few weeks ago when the time of the opening of this session of school was at hand, those of us who work in the offices were out our work in our places and earlier early, when students were beginning to come to the campus, one day I was in the registrar's office and a handsome, fit-attanned youth, seventeen years of age, eighteen just a few days ago, came to the desk and entered into conversation with me.

A striking fellow he was, took his place in our midst to pursue his education. Monday afternoon at one o'clock I left the campus, and Milton Butler was well and strong about his usual work. This morning about one o'clock when I returned I made my usual inquiry when I reached my home whether there was anything needed to look after. Mrs. Skwell said, "Yes, there is something you ought to look after."

And then she told me of Milton's passing. I made my way in to the funeral home to see the body was being properly cared for, and then made my way over to the room to visit my roommates. Before I got there, however, I met one student who knew him well on the campus, and asked about Milton's spiritual condition. And he said, "Milton is all right." And then he told of his re-dedicating his life to the study course week.

When I talked with his roommates, who lived in the same house with Milton, I asked them, "at kind of boy was he?" "Milton's life was an inspiration to us." "Do you think he was all right spiritually?" They were confident of that.

My young friends and colleagues, I am quite aware that we have to be careful about standards. I am aware that we have each certain standards made by the accrediting agencies, but I am more interested in saying that the spiritual welfare of the college family by far than their academic standards.

System rather be separated from the right arm than from that which has suddenly left us that is going to be with his Savior to face. My heart and your hearts go out to his family. It is indeed shocking and hard on his mother, father, and his sister, especially because of the long distance he was away from home. May our prayers go out to them.

Never willing to come into the presence of death and knowledge defeat. I am not going to acknowledge defeat (Continued on page 6)

Autobiography Was Written By Butler

English Assignment Here Called For Story Of His Life

For an assignment made by his English teacher, Professor De Shazo, Milton Butler prepared an autobiography. Here is what he wrote:

At the time the leaves were just turning brown, red, and many other garish colors. Truly, there weren't many trees to supply the leaves, but nevertheless they were changing color in preparedness for the coming winter. It was hot, for the little town was up in the hills. The hills were barren, as are almost all of the hills in Arizona; yet they were purple in the twilight, showing God's beauty in creation. The air was calm; not a thing stirred. The mines, for this was a mining town, were closed for the night; for this was after the Great War, at which time they ran day and night.

The clock ticked off the quiet hours one by one, and only the gentle murmur of distant voices could be heard. Even nature seemed to be relaxed and resting after a day of weary labor.

Suddenly from far off, down in one of the little twisting, dusty streets, came the sound of an automobile going somewhere in a great hurry. To be sure, it was not a modern automobile, but it was one of the popular makes at the time—a Model-T Ford.

The little car, panting for air, drew up before a small brown house. Out of the tired little car jumped a short, spry old gentleman with a small black satchel in his hand. He rushed up the short walk to the house and was met by another little man. This other small man was a bit younger than the first. The man with the satchel went into the house, but the other stayed out on the porch.

There was an anxious look on the little man's face as he paced up and down the narrow, creaking porch. After a few minutes there was heard a new voice. It was not the voice of a grown human being; rather, it was the first squalls and then yells of a newborn baby.

That baby, in that setting, in that little town, was me! That was to begin the most important career ever known to myself—my own career. That anxious, pacing little man was my father. The most important figure of all was in the house, my mother. I say she was the most important because it was she who was to name me and to guide me up to the time when I could care for myself.

That was back in October, 1921. The town was Globe, Arizona. Just after I was born, three months to be exact, we moved from there to "the Land of Sunshine and Fortune"—California. That was seventeen long years ago; yet they seem not too long to me. I can still remember some of the happy days of my fourth and fifth years as plainly as if they were only yesterday, such as the time Dad gave me my new red toy tractor and the time my brother broke my first football by kicking it too hard. Yes, that was a long time ago. Now that I stop to think of it, those childhood glimpses are few.

Up to the time that I was six years old, we lived on a twenty-acre farm. It was on the outskirts of a small town called San Luis Obispo, California. On the farm we had stock of almost every description; I say "almost" because

Mars Hill Student Goes To California

Henry Negron, an intimate friend of the late Milton Butler, left the campus for San Luis Obispo, California, Friday morning, November 3, to attend the services as a representative of the Mars Hill students.

The sending of Negron was entirely an undertaking of the students, who through personal contributions supplied the money necessary to make the trip possible.

While there he will attempt to express the feeling of the students at Milton's passing.

Henry will return from this trip of approximately thirty-eight hundred miles November 13. Throughout the time since his departure he has corresponded with many of the students here.

Mother did not like ducks. So we had no ducks. We had no geese, but I did have an old collie dog, and we did have the correct amount of cows and horses.

The old red barn always gives me a pleasant feeling every time I think of it, because, you see, we children used to climb upon a great stack of hay and slide or jump down onto a smaller pile. Oh!—That was fun!

Yes, that farm was a very good place, and I am glad that I had all of those experiences, because I learned more from the "school of hard knocks" there than at any other place.

When I had seen seven winter suns, we had moved up the road a bit to an old gray house. I didn't like it because we had only a small plot of ground, and I had no one with whom to play. One thing that I do remember about this old gray house is that behind it there was an old oil well. I used to wonder at the strange sucking sound that it made when I threw bricks into it. I used to wonder if it would make the same sound if I were thrown in!

It was not long after we had moved up to this old place when my father decided that he did not like paying someone rent every month; so he decided to build a home for himself and his family. As I came under the heading of a member of that organization, his family, I got to live in this new home that was built.

This new place, that we could now call our own, was a beautiful home. It was designed in a style that has lasted for years and will last for a few more to come—the Spanish-American style. It

BUTLER HAD AN UNSELFISH, DEMOCRATIC OUTLOOK ON LIFE

"My philosophy," declared Milton Butler in one of the last themes he wrote for Mr. De Shazo's English class, "is short and to the point; but, be that as it may, it is mine!"

Here, quoted in full, is the text of this theme in which he stated his outlook on life:

Some of them are strange; however, some are commonplace. My ideas about life and the things that go on in it, I call my philosophy. Everyone has a philosophy of life, whether one thinks to call it that or not. A person has formed definite conclusions about matters that come up every day. Each phase of life presents a new problem.

I believe that true happiness, for which everyone is seeking, is found only in helping others to find it. One need not be selfish with one's happiness, for there is so much more sorrow in this world than joy. I like to be happy and at the same time make others happy too.

Milton Butler, Popular C-I, Passes Away Unexpectedly

Memorial Prayer Made By Pastor

Invocation By Mr. Lynch Is Highly Praised By Many

So many people have spoken of the beauty and force of the prayer by the Reverend William L. Lynch at the memorial service for Milton Butler that the Hilltop is here reproducing it in full as it was transcribed by Miss Frances Snelson, secretary to President Blackwell, in a stenographic record of that service:

Almighty Father, we bless thee that life and immortality have been brought to light in the gospel.

We know from Jesus, and we bless thee for the knowledge, that death is not the destruction but the expansion of our life; and it opens the way into new opportunities of service and worship, new disciplines and new joys; that it can not take us out of our Father's hands nor separate us from the love of God. We are going whither we cannot see; but we do not leave our Father's house; we are the children of Eternal Love, and underneath us are the everlasting arms. O help us to realize the faith of Christ, and then we shall have the peace of Christ, and the bereavements that darken our homes will not break our trust in thee, the Father of our spirits.

Our God, we thank thee that to thee there are no barriers between this world and the other; but that, hand in hand, they who have passed on and they that remain may even now in prayer draw near to thyself and to each other as unitedly and as naturally as little children round their mother's knee.

We thank thee that in thy presence all barriers break, all illusions dissolve, all accidents of time and space vanish away, all

is a large house with some eleven rooms, all having hardwood floors. This new house was built about a mile farther up the road than the old gray house was; however, it was nearer town.

For the past nine years I have been able to call this place "home." It was there that I made my headquarters for the attack upon San Luis Obispo junior high school and San Luis Obispo (Continued on page 6)

Campus Is Stunned By Sudden Loss

Young Californian Was Debater, Singer; Had High Grades

Frances Milton Butler, 18, a freshman at Mars Hill college, died suddenly at 11:30 o'clock Wednesday night of last week, following a heart attack.

Young Mr. Butler, from San Luis Obispo, Calif., was a tenor in the college glee club and a member of the Euthalian literary society.

Milton Butler's interests were manifold. He was taking a course in music, and he showed great interest in the college glee club. In a contest held at the college he was selected from a group of approximately fifty contestants to represent the college in inter-collegiate debating. He took an active part in the Euthalian literary society, of which he was a member. He was a brilliant student in all of his classes.

His sudden death came as a surprise to everyone. The night of his death he went to his room in Brown dormitory, where he studied for a Spanish examination with a group of other students. At the time of his death there were with him several students other than his two roommates, Walter Massey and Dean Willis, who had been studying with him. Following several hours of study, Milton looked at his watch and remarked that it was eleven o'clock. Those were the last words that he spoke. Immediately after he had fallen, the doctor was summoned, but when he arrived Butler was beyond his aid. He died within five minutes after the attack.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Butler, and a half-brother, Joe Butler.

The body was sent to California after a short funeral service in the college chapel Thursday morning at 11:30 o'clock. The Rev. Hoyt Blackwell, president of the college, and the Rev. W. L. Lynch officiated.

separation, all bereavement, are abolished in the exceeding glory of thine audience chamber. Keep us all safe today in thy spiritual city, both those that see thee face to face, and we whose vision is yet dimmed by the flesh; give us all work to do, battles to fight, difficulties to overcome, and the joy of victory.

We seem to give him back to thee, dear God, who gavest him to us. Yet as thou didst not lose him in giving, so we have not lost him by his return. Not as the world giveth, giveth thou, O lover of souls! What thou givest thou takest not away; for what is thine is ours always, if we are thine. And life is eternal; and love is immortal; and death is only a horizon; and a horizon is nothing save the limit of our sight.

Lift us up, therefore, strong Son of God, that we may see further; cleanse our eyes, that we may see more clearly; draw us closer to thyself that we may know ourselves nearer to our beloved who are with thee. And while thou dost prepare a place for us, prepare us for that happy place, that where they are, and thou art, we too may be, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Our Father, as we feel so keenly the loss of our fellow student and friend, may his loved ones whose sense of loss is keener than our own, be comforted together with us by Thy comforting presence. We humbly pray in the name of Christ our Lord. Amen.