

Founders' Day 1947

Ninety-two years ago, on the eve of a bloody and useless War Between the States, a man by the name of Edward Carter gave up four acres of Western North Carolina mountain farming land and became the original founder of Mars Hill College. Today, October 11, we, the students, faculty, and friends of M.H.C., pause to commemorate Mr. Carter's benevolence and the founding of one of the foremost junior colleges in the nation.

Like other Founders' Day celebrations of by-gone years, there will be challenging speeches, alumni meetings, and the traditional homecoming football game. Prominent guests from North Carolina and throughout the Southland will visit and revisit the campus where sons and daughters of many gained their first tastes of college life. We will gather in the old auditorium to hear the oration and sing the Ole Alma Mater. Some will sing; others will remain silent. Many will cry and, unfortunately, some few will laugh. But, regardless of our behavior as human beings or otherwise, we will all assemble for the identical purpose—paying tribute to the loyalty, generosity, and wisdom of real men and women who were, and are, responsible for Mars-Hill College.

Unlike other Founders' Day occasions, this one will find us witnessing the cornerstone laying of Coyte Bridges dining hall and the dedication of Huffman Dormitory. We will be a part of two-great ceremonies that signify the "blood, sweat, and tears" — and dreams of noteworthy founders of Mars Hill College.

Founders' Day, 1947, as perhaps no other similar date before, serves as an inevitable challenge to all the students, faculty, and friends of Mars Hill College to contribute their utmost to the institution itself and, more important, to the upholding of its high standards and Christian principles. We do not have to be challenged to become founders. Every teacher, student, and interested friend ever associated with Mars Hill College is a founder. You do not have to sign the original college charter or donate a million dollars to be a founder. You are a founder whether you profess to be one or not. What type of founder, good, bad, or indifferent, depends upon you as an individual. Is it necessary to say that we owe it to Mr. Carter, M.H.C., and, yes, to ourselves, not only to carry on the high standards and traditions, but to contribute our utmost to the progress of an institution that gives so much and expects so little in return?

Let us put more into the cornerstone laying and dedication this afternoon than a few solemn and lofty words and dignified gestures. Let us get our minds off the football game long enough to reason with ourselves and realize that fulfillment of Founders' Day obligations (all of which benefit us) include the other 364 days, every year of our lives.

Spiritual Refreshment Revival

When a person is physically thirsty only a refreshing drink of water will suffice. Frosty carbonated beverages, cold milk, etc., may offer temporary relief, but, temporary alleviation isn't enough to completely satisfy thirst. There is no substitution for water.

When a person is spiritually thirsty, then it's time for a revival. Regular church, Sunday School, and B.T.U. services have their places, but the spiritual awakening that should come with the revival is the infinite blessing that nourishes a quenching soul.

Tomorrow morning at 11:00 o'clock we will have our initial opportunity and privilege of receiving Christian refreshments in the first of a series of week-long, special services which constitute the annual fall revival of Mars Hill's First Baptist Church. Dr. Glenn Blackburn, of Lumberton, N. C., is the revival speaker.

All of us, whether we realize it or not, are thirsty for a drink from the Fountain of God. We are thirsty because obviously, none of us is perfect. We hope there are not any stubborn mules or similar animals who need to be led to the water trough. Dr. Blackburn is not coming here for that purpose. He comes to Mars Hill from his own free will and out of the goodness of his heart. Whether or not we take advantage of this opportunity is left up to our individual free will and judgment—for better or for worse.

The Hilltop

Plain Living and High Thinking

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Dyer's Dubious Doings

By Dyer

Greetings and salutations from the smudge column. Listen, ladies and gentlemen, please do not jump down my throat just because your name appears in this column. The truth is all that appears in this column (ha-ha) so if it's going to hurt you in print—leave it alone.

Roses to the young lady in Stroup Dorm who gave this reporter a swell pie last week. Honestly, I could never thank this gal enough. The way to a fella's heart is definitely through his stomach. The young men of **Landers Fraternity House** are still asking who the wonderful female was—but that's my secret!!

Now shall we get down to this gruesome business of "dirt." **Bill McIver**, just what did happen between you and **Evelyn Stapleton**? Apparently **Lee Rhodes** is the center of attraction as well as center of the team!

So **Ann Holbrook** has too much studying to do to date **Earl Miller**. Well, Earl—never say die. Speaking of this woman called "Pug" — she's a cute li'l number and has made this reporter's eyes pop out on several occasions. The woman has some mighty fine points that other campus gals might copy—such as this matter of studying. What are you going to be doing in the future, **Pug**?

Phil Weeks just moans a little sigh of remorse when approached on the subject of B. H. Hot stuff!!

Mary Fulk is certainly doing nicely with a certain long, tall lad of the campus. **Bill**, how did things go on **Faculty Hill** last week end?

No dirt—just a wonderful couple—**Jimmy N.** and **Mollie**.

I believe that **Mason Staton** must have been a colonel in the army by the way he has been throwing his authority around in the mess hall. Have you noticed it too?

Old ten-day **Eddie** they call him. Congratulations, **Eddie Mc!** Hope all your ten days are like the first ten at school this year!

Girls, especially you vulture types here on the campus, why haven't you cashed in on **Charlie Sheets**? He's a C-I and good for at least two years!

Now girls—one S. P. is your business, but when you make a list of them as **Peggy Knick** has done, then it's to the public's interest to know. Her list includes **Bill Frank**, **Bob Miller**, and **Bob McClure**. "Gracious goodness, what is this younger generation coming to?" Above statement was quoted, but I refuse to print the source. (I want my diploma.)

The game with the **Indians** from **Pembroke** was a gala affair, and, in true **American style**, the **Indians** bit the dust in the face of the advancing white man.

Craig Lowe is certainly adapting himself to his recent nickname. In fact, several persons are wondering just what is the relationship between **Craig** and a certain person unnamed. Question? Needless to say, he's still a good roommate, and insisted that he wouldn't make my bed any more if I didn't include his name in the column this week.

Well, I have tried, but realize that I have utterly failed in my endeavors to write a column this week, so will close with the most stereotyped phrase in **Madison County** during the recent conflict: "Bye, bye, buy bonds, and good luck, son. I only wish that I could go too." Ha!

'You Said a Mouthful!'

By You

"I think that the C-I students feel toward Mars Hill as if they have made a new home and friends. The friendly smiles we have received since we came here have meant quite a lot. The house mothers have really shown their feeling for us girls and we really do appreciate it," **Helen Pate**, C-I student, says.

"It's a crying shame the way that they let these dogs starve to death around here," protests **Jim Postelle**, C-II student and **Veterans' Club** officer.

"Why don't we buy little **Lane Roberts** a yellow sweater and blue pants for the next football game? He surely proved last week-end that he's make a grand mascot for the cheerleaders!" —**Observation of many who attended the Mars Hill - Pembroke game.**

"In spite of what some people think, Mars Hill students are more trustworthy than they are given credit for," ejaculated **Carolyn Dixon**, long-standing C-II scholar.

"I think the students (men) who wish to play tennis on the court by the gym should co-operate with those who try to fix the court by helping to mark it and by not playing on any court without

wearing tennis shoes," reasons **Walter Morphis**, C-II racketeer.

"The spirit of friendliness here is wonderful; the teachers are wonderful; everything is wonderful except the food," announces **Floyd Gill**, C-I.

"Mars Hill College with the modern science building and equipment is strictly the place for future 'LTs,' reveals **Marion Homan**, C-I paramedical fiend.

"The baseball world series between the New York Yankees and Brooklyn Dodgers was especially interesting to me this year," confessed **Owen "Moe" Sutton**, VIII, C-II student and baseball player. "Both teams played some tense and bang-up ball."

Josephine Sanford, C-I: "Bible is a favorite class of mine because of what it means to me. The instructor (Mr. Harris) makes Bible characters live. Everything is thoroughly explained, and I have seen no dullness in this class. I am looking forward to a great year of Bible study."

"Sunday, October 12, we will join with other Baptists all over the Southland in signing the Tither's Pledge." —**Rev. John Link.**

MHC's Antique -- The Music Building

By Catherine Phillips

Even if we aren't collectors of antiques, old things hold for all of us a sort of romance. Have you ever looked at an aged building and wondered what it might say if it were suddenly gifted with the art of speech? Many times we've traveled far and paid dearly for a guide in order that we might thrill to the historic tales of some old structure.

But did you know that we have such a building right here on Mars Hill College campus? You'll not need a guide if you wish to explore. And it's all for free! Just amble over to the Music building and get acquainted. Here are the facts:

It is the oldest building on campus, having been erected in 1891 and 1892 during the administration of Mr. T. M. Huffman, who was the dynamic president of Mars Hill College from 1890 to 1893. It is notable, too, in that it was the first building to be erected here after the Civil War. At that time there was only one old brick building on the campus—the original building which stood on the circle at the place now marked by a stone.

When work began on the new building, money was exceedingly scarce. Thus it was constructed almost entirely through the efforts of local citizens who contributed

their labor and materials. The walls are of handmade brick somewhat irregular in size. One observes that the bricks taken on a different color about the middle of the first floor. According to **John W. Anderson**, the brick up to this line were made from clay from across the Mars Hill road near the home of **Robert Tillery**. Those from the first story upward were made from home-made clay from Mr. William Davis' home. **Dr. Oscar Sams** recalls having labored with his father and other members of the community in molding the brick. Mr. Fred Sams, local high school faculty member, remembers

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