The Cascades

Unique among places of interest on the Mars Hill College campus, though little is actually known about it by the present generation at the college, is the Cascades, which exists as a highly interesting place to one who knows of its past. Appearing today to the passer-by or casual observer as a small water-shoot, which pours into an undersized pond, and, joined by another small creek, makes its way out of sight through a rocky creek bed, the Cascades in no way indicates its eventful past.

March

on

dier trou of my U e

ex s se ust

prog

wł

age

cko

ee-

) [ill,

C

er.

Do

leir

vi

ue

om

skj

and

U

re.

e

re : ' ŀ

of

eu

es

e, n

th r u u u u u u u

( 11

ld

Q

taught

At this place once stood a grist mill, a stone from which can be found today in the college quadrangle in front of the music building supporting the flag pole which rises through it.

In the search for a more plenteous supply of water for the mill in operation at the Cascades many years ago, Gabriel's Creek, which now flows under High School Road and beside the athletic fields of the college was dammed up. Soon this creeek diminished in size, and it was discovered that the water supply was insufficient. An undertaking, recognized today as an engineering feat, was proposed — that of an aqueduct to divert the water from Banjo Branch, another small nearby stream, into the original stream above the undershot mill wheel, thus supplementing the water already in use from Gabriel's Creek. This project was begun, completed, and used: and today there still remains the flat and gently sloping hed of the aqueduct as it runs from the old Carter home east of the athletic field to the north hillside overlooking the Cascades.

The water which backed up from the dam created a lake covering the area now drained, graded. and used as the lower athletic field of the college. In 1934 the present-day baseball field was graded, but only recently, in 1953, was the lower part of the work completed.

Tradition held for many years that before the days of the Cascade's lake and the grist mill this lower part of what is now the athletic field was used by the Indians as a camping ground. This legend was

HILLTOP-PAGE EIGHT

## TOM FRYER

## 

substantiated when, as excavation was begun, great quantities of Indian arrowheads were found littering parts of the area.

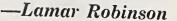
In the earlier days of the college the Cascades became a favorite trysting place of young lovers who would group there on Sunday afternoons and chip their names into the rock beside the stream, engaging in, one would suppose, those pleasures enjoyed by only the young who are in love.

Mars Hill Baptist Church also made use of the Cascades as the place where its baptisms were held before the days of sanctuary pools, but the stream became contaminated and this practice had to be discontinued.

In 1954 a \$70,000 plant was constructed at the Cascades for the purpose of sewage disposal from the college, and this installation seriouslv marred the beauty of the place although the surrounding area has since been landscaped and beautified. Remaining in spite of this, however, as a favorite spot for outings by groups from the church and college, the Cascades seems to be reliving today at least a part of its eventful past.

Moon Magic

Illumined orb Floating in the infinite ring Of timeless space, Casting enchanted shadows Upon an earth drenched with tears, Raining from the hand of Venus Nectar upon young lovers, Magic beams of Entrancing grandeur Transform The sensual world Into blissful reverie of joy And gladness of being.



I Am .)in

For the month of Mi XXX

Art Department is show

I am your Church. Pe

to visit me on Sundays, day nights, and through the Belle had we dress in the

I am composed of stohll summer. ment. My interior and the little w beautiful, but this is only d on a back cal appearance. In reality budlike mate up of a group of people that the big bound together by a comt Possum 1 and faith in Jesus Christ. 1g Zora Be

I present a plan or stay from that which to live. As an inspoks that challenge men, women, ander wagon t to live on a higher planist flirtin'. When they become a paimed as thou their ideals, morals, and ly was day change. er chores w

I help to train young liv 10m, her way they should go. I strivelave to do th and direct their footsteps'as no easy I try to offer them at all ounted. Ma very finest and best that laylight till offer. I stand as a beaconing wasn't beckon men from darknessouidn't gro ky soil. from despair to hope.

ora Belle w Through my doors ing up the learned, unlearned, poor, e door, her people from all classes of fresh water They come to me seeking Zora Bell and peace from the presser tele the dens of life. They wait inhe was you reverence, and expectation that dress, I my doors. Many of them Il Brooks g they have faithfully and sought, but others leave jushe days pass

came. nore and n

People find inside n for the mo the living Lord of mankin that her di feel His presence. real and ows in it. in their souls. They find ess if Pa do blace for their talents, timbra Belle. " tion, and money. Working megg mon my walls, they find a challe dollars mon brings out their best selved. brings out their best selven I've ever my pulpit the word of  $G^0$  ve me the vealed and made clear. Ft night Zor choir loft reverent voided her Pa praises to God. Within tting on th they find the answer to the pe and his problems of everyday living nt gave :h. "Pa," sl

eterminatio \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* for a new LUANNA KRAU going and pretty new \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

is trumpet