

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.

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 plentiful 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 creek 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 bed 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

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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 seriously 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.

—Lamar Robinson

I Am . . .

I am your Church. Please visit me on Sundays, day nights, and through the

I am composed of stone. My interior and exterior are beautiful, but this is only a facade. In reality I am made up of a group of people bound together by a common faith in Jesus Christ.

I present a plan or way of life. As an inspiration, I challenge men, women, and children to live on a higher plane. When they become a part of their ideals, morals, and change.

I help to train young people the way they should go. I strive to direct their footsteps and I try to offer them at all times the very finest and best that I can offer. I stand as a beacon beckon men from darkness from despair to hope.

Through my doors I have learned, unlearned, poor, and people from all classes. They come to me seeking and peace from the press of dens of life. They wait in reverence, and expectation at my doors. Many of them they have faithfully and sought, but others leave just as they came.

People find inside me the living Lord of mankind. They feel His presence in their souls. They find a place for their talents, their gifts, and their money. Working on my walls, they find a challenge brings out their best selves. I've ever my pulpit the word of God vealed and made clear. At night my choir loft reverent voices praises to God. Within their problems of everyday living they find the answer to their problems.

LUANNA KRAUS