

# 'Immortal' Message For Mars Hillians

Editor's Note: Thirty-three years ago Dr. Samuel Palmer Brooks, president of Baylor University, addressed the Senior Class of 1931. So meaningful and apropos were his words that they have come to be known as "The Immortal Message." As we at Mars Hill face our first senior college commencement, it does not seem illogical to reprint Dr. Brooks' message as though it were addressed to Mars Hillians.

This, my message to the Senior Class of 1931, I address also to the seniors of all years, those seniors of the past and those seniors yet to be. This I do because I love them all equally even as I love all mankind regardless of station or creed, race or religion.

I stand on the border of mortal life but I face eternal life. I look backward to the years of the past to see all pettiness, all triviality shrink into nothing and disappear. Adverse criticism has no meaning now. Only the worthwhile things, the constructive things, the things that have built for the good of mankind and the glory of God count now. There is beauty, there is joy, and there is laughter in life—as there ought to be. But remember, all of you, not to regard lightly nor to ridicule the sacred things, those worthwhile things. Hold them dear, cherish them, for they alone will sustain you in the end; and remember too that only through work and oftentimes through hardships may they be attained. But the compensation of blessing and sweetness at the last will glorify every hour of work and every heartache from hardship.

Looking back now as I do, I see things with a better perspective than ever before and in their truer proportions. More clearly do I recognize that God is love. More clearly do I understand the universal fatherhood of God. More clearly do I know the brotherhood of man.

Truths do not change. The truths of life which I learned as a student at Baylor have not varied, nor will they vary. I know now that life has been a summary of that which was taught me first as a student here. As my teachers have lived through me so I must live through you. You who are graduating today will go out into the world to discover that already you have touched much of what the future holds. You have learned the lessons which must fit you for the difficulties and the joys of the years to come. Then hold these college years close in your hearts and value them at their true worth.

Do not face the future with timidity nor with fear. Face it boldly, courageously, joyously. Have faith in what it holds. Sorrow as well as happiness must come with me. But know that only after sorrow's hand has bowed your head will life become truly real to you, for only then will you acquire the noble spirituality which intensifies the reality of life. My own faith as I approach eternity grows stronger day by day. The faith I have had in life is projected into this vast future toward which I travel now. I know that I go to an all-powerful God wherever He may be. I know that He is a personality who created man in His image. Beyond that I have no knowledge—no fear—only faith.

Because of what Baylor has meant to you in the past, because of what she will mean to you in the future, oh, my students, have a care for her. Build upon the foundations here the great school of which I have dreamed, so that she may touch and mold the lives of future generations and help to fit them for life here and hereafter. To you seniors of the past, of the present, of the future I entrust the care of Baylor University. To you I hand the torch.

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## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"FOR SOME STUDENTS, GETTING A COLLEGE DIPLOMA REPRESENTS A STRUGGLE RIGHT TO THE BITTER END!"

## Prof 'Mick' Reporting

Friends:

For several months, I have been making on-the-spot observations of other-planetary life. The most interesting study was that of the social habits on Mars.

Most of my information on Mars was given or arranged for me by a young girl I met on the second day after I arrived. She attracted my attention because she seemed so cheerful and care-free. "You see," she explained, "yesterday I turned 21, and last night my mother let me date off the estate."

The most interesting fact about Mars is that there are three sexes. By far the most common are the males and females. They are the equivalent of our male and female and serve the same respective purposes. The third sex is called "luv-ater," a term which is best translated "neuter," but denotes persons who, through age or otherwise, have lost the ability to appreciate the emotions and beauty of youth. Most persons of my informant's age put into this sex their parents, local lawmen, the administration of the schools, and various other persons. As you can see, the luv-ater is not too popular.

The purpose of this strange sex is not too apparent, but it seems that their chief duty (or perhaps, ability) is to control the social behavior of the males and females. Of particular importance is the requirement of the presence of a "luv-ater" whenever and wherever a male and female meet until they are both of age (at 35) or are married.

On the morning of my first appointment my informant seemed especially happy. Her fiancé had actually touched her hand. "It was just too good to be true," she said dreamily. "I'm surprised that our 'luv-ater' didn't send us both home for a week! We've only been engaged for 10 months now. At this rate, he might even kiss me before our wedding!"

Many of the social rules on Mars were beyond my comprehension; however, I did not feel too bad when I learned that young people who lived on Mars all their lives did not understand them or their reason.

When I go back to Mars I do

plan to take a wife so I can enjoy myself.

—Prof. Z. Q. Micklemack

## In ??? Of Mountains

Yes, my years, dear friend, the greater part

Among these mountains have been spent.

But still a sadder song I sing than you,

For it's toward pain my twig of thought is bent.

Doubt my love of mountains not e'en so,

For though in melancholy mood, I've sought their grandeur, hunted haunts of shade

To listen to their music wrought so rude.

I have known the mountains—sights and sounds

That if you lived your life twofold,

Its destined span of years, you n'er could touch

That spirit known by few through ages old.

Yes, I've lived these mountains—in the sun.

I've felt their looming shadows fall

At turn of day to fade the Violet's blue

And blend my soul with Nature's all and all.

Night has found me camping by the shore

Of mountain lakes so bright, a slave

I would become to heaven's orbs aglow

To count the constellations in the wave.

Ah, dear bird, my years so few—yet aged—

Among these mountains have been spent.

Yet, still a sadder song I sing than you,

For it's toward pain my twig of thought is bent.

Mountains! Mountains! why enslave me so?

In ever hollow, steep and vale

You hold some mem'ry of my wretched days

To plague my every breath with a living hell!

—Jerry Young

## No Sad Farewell

A sad farewell editorial is especially hard to write when one isn't sad. It never fails to catch me when someone comes up and says, "Three more weeks and you'll be leaving. Are you sad?"

GRAVY, NO!!

Graduation is a happy time. Yes, we're leaving a place we have loved for two or three years, but we are getting to go out into a new world. Sure it's been here for millions of years, but it is new to us. We have the time; now all we lack is experience and knowledge.

Don't ask me if graduation is a sad time about as sad as being born.

—Sally Lee Osborne

## Working Together Will Benefit School

Mars Hill College is nearing the end of an outstanding year in many areas. Goals have been set and goals have been reached. The 1963-64 Student Government Association's work has been completed; yet, the challenge of fronting the recently installed Association is of tremendous size. As we close the school year let us heed this challenge set before us by the student body.

I have told you many times that your cooperation in forming a strong student government is essential; however, this cannot be overemphasized. Perhaps the greatest need confronting us is to work together. Only through the cooperation of every segment of our student body can our future goals be attained. The glow of hope for Mars Hill is only as bright as each individual strives to make it. With this in mind, may we be conscious of our responsibilities to the school as a whole as well as to ourselves.

To those who will be graduating this year I extend a wish for a successful and beneficial future. For each of my fellow students I wish relaxing as well as an enlightened struggle. May we return next year with a renewed determination to make our school an even greater institution for higher learning.

—Gary Brookshire, President, Student Government Association

## Students Responsible

During the five semesters I have spent at MHC, my fellow students have faced me with two direct questions. First, why did you choose this college? Secondly, what do you think of it now?

A number of reasons could be given for choosing Mars Hill, but the most important was the Christian image in the eyes of those who had studied, as well as lived, on the campus. I believed that spiritual maturity was more important than intellectual maturity. I realize, however, that each of us will ever be completely mature in this field.

A Christian college is in my opinion one that not only teaches a man how to make a living but how to be happy while he makes it.

So to those who would ask, "What do you think of it now that you have spent five semesters here?" I would say, "I have not been disappointed in the college."

Progress has been made in the past two years in spite of what some critical students may say. Mars Hill is still a Christian College, although some have tried to destroy this standard. The reason for progress at Mars Hill is that the members, administration and many students have been involved physically, intellectually and spiritually.

The warmth of MHC is proclaimed wherever I go. I credit the warmth of our campus with spiritual concern that is shared here. As Mars Hill becomes a four-year college, there is a danger that some of its happy atmosphere will cease to be.

MHC will continue to mature spiritually as we as the components of this college ourselves become involved in the task of our brother's keeper. I invite you to fulfill your responsibility for the continuation of the traditionally fine image of MHC.

—Ellis G. Fuller, President