



Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hills, N. C., as second class Matter, February 20, 1926.

Member North Carolina College Press Association

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TEAM

Miss Kelly, it seems good to see you on the campus again.

DO

The team was defeated, but it was not whipped.

Rah team! Rah team! fight, fight, fight! We're with you this afternoon.

YOUR

Study-course teachers, we hope you have enjoyed your stay; come back again sometime.

BEST

Plan to attend the state-wide B. S. U. meeting at Raleigh, it will be worth while.

THIS

MORE WORK TO BE DONE

It is not yet time for the different organizations on the campus to sit down and to be satisfied with the work that has been accomplished. There is always a lull after every storm; and a period of inaction follows great activity, but the action should be kept up as long as:

Only 95 of the 487 students have connected themselves with the College Church.

There are 180 unenlisted in B. Y. B. U.

Seventy-five are not on the roll in any of the Sunday School Classes.

Every union in B. Y. P. U. and every class in Sunday School are not one-hundred per-cent in service.

The Y. W. A. membership does not include each one of the almost two hundred young women.

The Baptist Student is not in every room.

There are others who should be at work in one of the literary societies.

AFTERNOON

PRESIDENT MOORE CELEBRATED HIS 57TH BIRTHDAY QUIETLY

On Sept. 8, 1927, Mr. R. L. Moore, for 30 years President of Mars Hill College, celebrated his 57th birthday. But let no one think that because the years of time are rolling on our beloved President is getting old, for he is not. He lives in too intimate touch with vigorous young men and women—five hundred of them—to have a thought to give to the passing years.

Dr. Walter N. Johnson says that power is silent. If this be true of men as it is of machines, and we think it is, then Mr. Moore is a man of unusual power, for he lives and works so silently one would hardly suspect his presence in the midst of the great activity of the college.

He has left the impress of his own life on the lives of hundreds of men and women who, since their college days here, have gone out into the four corners of the earth to do their bit in all walks of life.

MARS HILL SHARES IN THE CENTENNIAL FUND

The last session of the N. C. Baptist State Convention authorized the launching, by its General Board, of a Centennial Campaign to secure one million five hundred thousand dollars by 1930 with which to pay all present indebtedness on our North Carolina Baptist schools.

The campaign was launched by the General Board on September 15th at a banquet held at Meredith College. Six hundred, sixty five men and women were present. This money is to be divided among our seven schools; Mars Hill College is to receive \$85,000. Every Baptist in North Carolina ought to have part in this great enterprise. These seven schools are the power of the denomination. The rank and file of Baptists do not properly appraise the value of Christian education. To be an asset to the kingdom of God, education must be Christian. Roger Babson says, "The call of Christian education is today of even greater importance than was ever the call of the army or the navy. The safety of our nation, including all groups, depends on Christian education. The need of the hour is for more education based on the plain teaching of Jesus."

We hope the Centennial Campaign will be more than a success, more than a mere debt-paying experiment. May it not only break the fetters of debt but also lead to the proper estimate of their worth and to an ample endowment of every one of them.

LOST! THE SPIRIT

Something is wrong with our athletic spirit. There is a general unrest among the students, and there is very little cooperation coming from some members of the faculty.

The athletic spirit is given no chance. Let even the tiniest spark be kindled before a deluge falls to extinguish it, and a new spirit will dawn upon the campus. Athletics, is the one unifying force in which all have a common interest. It is perfectly human to be enthusiastic about a hard-earned victory over a traditional rival; likewise it is natural to be downcast when the rival is victor, but the proper spirit is one which comes back fighting. The athletes furnish more free advertising and work harder for the school than does any other group on the campus. They deserve better support.

When a man makes a team and feels no power from his college to drive him on, a poor day it is.

When the feeling, "that I must play to stay on the team", rather than a feeling, "that I must do or die for my college and my student body," permeates a player, a poor state of affairs it is.

When the wise house-mothers determine that it would kill their poor little feminine charges to stand in the rain to watch the team play; yet it does no damage for them to put on their slickers and parade the campus, a poor piece of logic has been applied.

When a pep-meeting has been called and thirty-one out of four hundred respond, when a game that means as much as any on the schedule, against a traditional rival, is played twenty miles away, and about one hundred attend, the college spirit is indeed low.

When Mars Hill goes on winning games and hanging up records, is it possible that the above statements are true? It is. The teams win because they are well coached and well equipped and because they work and work hard. They win and do Mars Hill credit by clean sportsmanship; but how much harder they could play! how much more the added extra ounce would mean! were the compelling power of the five-hundred-strong college backing them to the limit!

When the student body and faculty fail to support a team, the same principle has been violated as the one when a man deserts a team. When a man deserts a team, he is forever marked—the code of an athlete—and he is usually rode off the campus on a rail. It is about time for that rail to be used and—not in connection with any man on our team either.

THE CITY UNION IS NOT DRIFTING

"H" Union is still in the race for efficiency, and not only is she racing for efficiency as records show it, but also toward a higher standard in the programs rendered which will inspire someone to a deed neglected or a favor unperformed, nor is she as a ship without a rudder because there is a duty to be done; that is the goal. It is a debt owed to the ones who are to follow the present members.

All are looking to Miss Mary Pool and her co-workers to see that the service banner bearing a big "H" floats above the throng.

AT THE MISSION

Two miles up the Gabriel Creek road is found the Mission Sunday School. Mr. Luther Roberts as superintendent is accomplishing great things. At three o'clock on Sunday afternoon the mission has its session of Sunday School, and after that an old-time singing class. Among the other efficient officers, the names of Fred Anderson and Frank Clark might be mentioned. Both are teaching in the adult classes.

PHILOMATHIANS CELEBRATE 37TH ANNIVERSARY

Continued from Page 1

dividual Citizen in the America of Today," by Charles A. Maddy, Durham County; Declamation—"The Homes of the People," Harry Isenburg, South Carolina; Piano Solo, Crawford Poplin; Oratoin—"On the Borderland of Progress," Edward T. Harrell, Halifax County; Declamation—"The New South," S. Gale Morse, Buncombe County; Vocal solo—"In the Garden of My Heart," Albert Kiser, Mecklenburg County; Debate—Resolved, That the United States should cancel the debts of her former allies incurred during her participation in the world War—Affirmative, Raymond Long, Gaston County and E. L. Bradley, Buncombe County; negative, Edwin Haynes, Haywood County and E. F. Baker, Wake County. The last number on the program, after the debate had been conducted on the Oxford union plan, was a reading given by W. W. Worley, Buncombe County. Wm. Dockery was chief marshal of the occasion with Misses Louise Griffin and Emma Hartsell and Mr. Lloyd Cairnes assisting.

The spirit of co-operation of the rival societies was greatly appreciated and proves the good will they bear to all contestants. They helped make the Philomathian program a success. The Philomathians will not forget thier generous spirit.

After the concluding number, all the society officers and anniversary representatives, together with former Philomathians and Clios found their way to the Phi-Clio Hall for a few minutes of warm reception. Six Clio girls, appearing in pretty aprons upon which was written "Phi" and "Clio," served dainty refreshments. Many little expressive speeches were uttered by old lovers of the society. The feeling of joy bubbled up in every heart at the thought of Mars Hill and especially of the societies they love.

Two society anniversaries have been reached this year, the Euthalian Anniversary preceding the Philomathian by one week. Upon consideration of the treatment given anniversary programs at Mars Hill, one is doubtless struck with the thought that competition is a good thing. The history, even, of the two boys societies would be impossible were it not for the spirit of friendly rivalry between them.

In the year 1890 the existence of the two famed societies became known. Following a rude mountaineer sport one night, the table in the hall in which the boys met was torn into pieces. No further calamities befell the room that eventful night. But peace was not to be had without a division of the house. This division became the Euthalian and Philomathian societies which have continued with their glorious history on to the present. Professors White and Huffman, first college graduate teachers of Mars Hill, were responsible for leading the two societies. Prof. White clung to the Euthalian and was probably responsible for naming it thus. Prof. Huffman, fellow workman of Prof. White, led the Philomathian Society which was called "The Kid Society" in its early years. Rivalry was keen in those days, brothers sometimes being arrayed against each other, and room mates unwilling to take up again their abode together because one was a Philomathian and one a Euthalian. Out of the spirit of those days has grown a more lovely, cultured spirit, which has for its end a nearer-to-perfection of all that is fine and true in the hearts of men and women.

On and on the Philomathian Literary Society has struggled for 37 years, filling its world with deeds of glory made bright by the love of its fellows. From fifteen in number to over a hundred; from even

Continued on Page 4

In The Quiet of the Even

In the quiet of the even, when day is old,
In the sunset hour when the sun is still,
And the "King of Day" illumines throne with gold
As he sets in his place behind farthest hill—

In the quiet of the even, when wandering sheep,
Safe home in the fold, see the night appear,
And lie down in content for the night's sleep—
Why, knowing that the day anon, should they fear?

In the quiet of the even, when weary rest,
When the toil is over and strife has ceased,
And the day fades away in the west,
And the long dark night soft from the east—

Oh, the beauty, and the splend and the glory
Of a sunset and a twilight as this!
And the vision that it brings and the story
Shall the sweet divine impression go amiss?

In life's sunset, O Lord, when is falling,
May Thy holy peace enfold the even,
As unto my rest I hear my herd calling—

For in the Morning Thou wake me, Prince of Heaven,
D. L. S.

Local Leadership

The question confronting minds of men today from walk of life is the question of leadership. Who shall direct destinies of men in the struggle of competition? Will leadership spring from native ability sleeping, or must we continue depend for leadership on the outside world, while our native talents isolated and hidden among rugged hills, flickers under pressure alone, wanes in the candle glow of inactivity?

Traversing the path of history find that leaders have arisen out visible opportunity from lowest station to the highest of honor this nation affords. Like Abraham Lincoln, who passed a crisis as another opportunity the race for leadership, Andrew Jackson, of log cabin fame, others who had their beginning in this immediate section have graced the halls of fame as recognized leaders in their chosen field of endeavor.

With the very insistent and urgent call for efficient leadership, come to Mars Hill College this year the response of approximately eighty native sons and daughters of Madison County, seeking to be trained leaders in the fields they have chosen as a future challenge to their latent abilities. A bond of friendship is growing, a union of interest is evident. We are united as one body with colors and one aim.

Yes, there has come a reawakening and these fond parents, stirred by a longing for the voices of children to be heard and heeded, many, are bending their efforts to the last degree that the same that which marked the stone of a Latin grave be engraved on marble stones of those whom we cherished most. Hic situs est indigetum erat. "Here he lies was a native hero." They seek more. They ask no less than that their sons and daughters lead victory over the untrodden opportunities in the race of life.