



Entered at the Postoffice, Mars Hill, N. C., as Second Class Matter, February 20, 1926.

EDITORIAL STAFF

- Faculty Director.....Mr. McLeod
Editors-in-Chief.....J. P. Huskins, Mary E. Carter
Exchange.....C. C. Harrell
Poetry.....G. T. Greenway
Jokes.....Paul Brown
Religious Activities.....Pauline Sitton
Alumni.....Annie Jones
Athletics.....Theron King

MANAGERIAL STAFF

- Business Manager.....B. M. Canup
Advertising Manager.....Carl Mears
Circulation Manager.....Paul Grady

REPORTERS

- Euthalian Society.....Harry Parker
Philomathian Society.....J. E. Brown
Clio Society.....Sallie Warren
Nonpareil Society.....Zelma Bennett
Fine Arts.....Gage Morrow
Community.....Mary Hamby
Scribblers.....Bertie Leigh Holland
Junior Class.....Audrey Byrd
B. Y. P. U.....Nina DeBruhl

CUB REPORTERS

- Frank Kirby Myrtle Barnette
Robert Barnes Louise Beam
Louis Prince Hillary Caine

WHY THIS ISSUE?

It is very unusual for an issue of a student publication to appear after the close of school, and even with this one the required number has not been published this year, to our regret. This is an opportunity to make known the results of commencement and the closing of this session and, at the same time, to announce the officers and purposes of the various organizations for the year 1927-'28.

CROSSING THE BAR.

"Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, to full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crost the bar."

-TENNYSON.

THE POWER OF SILENT INFLUENCES.

The storm rages; the lightning flashes; the thunder rolls; the wind howls; and the waves dash high on the rocky cliffs. Oh think, though, how the storm erodes the soil; how the lightning splinters the lovely trees of the forest; how the thunder disintegrates the bowels of the earth; and how the waves wear away the cliffs. All these noisy forces are destructive. In turn, think of the gentle rain that causes the seeds to sprout and the warm sunshine that makes the tender plants grow. These silent forces are beneficent. Likewise the clamorous crowd gathers to unveil a monument, but the hero whom they adore won his fame in solitude in quietness, in hours of deep meditation, or through a long breathless struggle. Weakness tries to attract attention by racket; strength calmly accomplishes its purpose. So do the silent influences work in every phase of life; and their happy song shall ever be

"Like sighings of an illimitable forest,
Like ripples of an unfathomable sea."

-C. H. SULLIVAN.

WATER?

It seems that Mars Hill is really going to have a water system that will go away with all the worries and troubles of "water shortage," which is so often characteristic here.

Wednesday, June 15, market the letting of a contract by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen for the construction of a gravity water system. The water is to come from the head of Laurel, and the system will be adequate to fulfill the requirements of a population of 10,000.

A fine spirit of co-operation was manifested by the College and the Town in bringing up and handling the matter. If it is successful it will be a notable achievement and will bring almost immediate relief to the college town. The terrible water situation of the past has caused Mars Hill untold inconveniences and handicaps. It has been a drawback to the town and school. This achievement will bring Mars Hill past one more milestone.

-W. C. Parker.

"THE BATTLE OF THE BORDER"

"My days are swifter than a courier, they fly away. They are as swift ships, as the eagle." Thus said Job as he looked out upon the hundred and forty years ahead of him and back over the four-score years that had just passed.

Thus you and I as individuals and as exponents of our great nation must look upon life as we are hurried along with this humane yet motley crowd to fight what today may be called "The Battle of the Border."

This age into which we are hurled would startle the greatest of ancient scientists. We are amidst the excitement of the progress and application of physical science; science that has shrunk the earth to one-fourth its former size by its rapid communication, transportation, and mobilization of forces. Even the moles of the earth, the fish of the sea, and the birds of the air, no longer live in solitude as man's physical devices usher him through their domains.

Yes, we look at life with all its phenomena and tremble in awe as we are thrown by the hand of destiny into the very midst of its complexities and misunderstandings to refill the broken ranks in this great but common battle.

As a nation, we force the problem of war and suffering humanity. We have just emerged from the maelstrom of 1914 with our garments yet dripping from the slush of responsibility incurred by it. And we face today as we faced through the ages that battle for peace, vital and personal as it was when God cried out and said for the first time, "Cain, Cain, where is thy brother?" And as one writer has said, "If nature did not mercifully remove the dead debris of war as she consumes from year to year the dead leaves of autumn, no circle in "Dante's Inferno" would be comparable in horror to his blood-stained earth."

As a moneyed nation, we are branded as the world's Shylock. And we face an almost unbroken front of nations prompted by a common creed of envy and hate as the surge forward, working, cheating, cursing, lying, to finger the purse strings of the world's capital. And we feel like lifting our souls and saying, "Oh God! must we live to see the day when our democracy shall be captured, shackled and bound by capitalism? Must we live to see our human products standardized by materialism?"

Turning to the social side of life we face pointedly the race problem. Like Greece, America has become the melting pot and dumping ground for the scum of the Orient. And from this fusing of human alloy comes the loss of our racial pride and integrity and the breeding of flagrant germ seed of

LOVE'S MELODY

Ye happy little songsters, ye,
Ye choristers of night so wee-
Methinks you sing my melody:
She loves me! She loves me!

O little moonbeams in the skies,
Be little love-beams from my eyes,
Beam softly where she sleeping lies
She loves me! She loves me!

O little breezes of the air,
Caress her cheeks and fluff her hair,
And be for me a kiss of prayer-
She loves me! She loves me!

O mocking bird in yonder bush,
Whose love-song trembles through the bush,
You sing the wistful lover's wish-
She loves me! She loves me!

Oh, all the day is harmony,
And all the night is melody,
And life and love are ecstasy-
She loves me! She loves me!

O angels, of the heavenly stream,
Who love that everlasting theme,
Watch o'er her sleep, and let her dream
She loves me! She loves me!

-D. L. S.

enemy, hatred and jealousies with an odious denial of a common brotherhood.

Then our home life; where is our home life? The homes that have bred our so called "Flaming Youth?" In many instances our modern home life and maternal care sink into insignificance when compared with some of our camps and kindergartens. It seems that everything is so machine-made that the soul of it is gone. Even the garments of the tiny babe no longer bear the sweet sentiment of the mother's fingerprints. And from these standardized, mechanical-like human relationships the adolescent youth is left to its own guidance with no provision whatsoever on the sex problem; just left to sow and, ah, the harvest of that reaping. Little wonder then at the glaring disregard of ethics and the casting aside of standards by our modern youth whose morals, like their fathers, are not apace with their intellects.

But there is another common Battle of the Border, our Educational Battle. As seekers of light we must face the saying that he who enters college leaves religious faith behind. And in the going subject ourselves to being ostracized from the society of our friends who claim that higher education is a "free religion and a bar to spirituality." We cry out for truth but are afraid to seek it, especially if it would break down tradition or convention.

Then for those who are bent on the quest for truth comes the crisis of adjustment to new situations, and many are falling by the wayside in complete bewilderment, their faith shaken or lost, while with tear-stained eyes they look up and say, "What shall I do?"

Finally, there rises above the din of the battle line shouts from the struggle of Christianity. A great Southern Theologian has said that Christianity is at the cross-roads. Is he right? We do know that the blazing tongues of modernists and fundamentalists wrangle in mid-air, and the pre and post millennialists wrestle for pre-eminence while over 58 million nominally protestant in America remain outside the churches, many of them wondering if Christianity lives to support creeds or creeds to support Christianity. Is it surprising then that many of our intellectual youth look on God as a tert book to be criticized, mastered, and cast aside?

And from this rationalism we feel the rank breath of atheist and agnostics as they swoop down upon us like vultures scouring for carrion.

Such, my friends, is a glimpse of the battle into which you and I as individuals are thrust. Yes, we are here, rich, poor, virtuous, vile, cultured, refined, weak, strong, irrespective of rank or color, we are here in this great battle and to attempt to turn back or flee from the issue would be as futile as an attempt to calm the waves of the raging sea, or to force the chambered nautilus back into its outgrown shell. Since the moment you and I came into this world, the shouts of this common fray have sounded into our ears until today we stand quaking under its mighty sway like a reed beneath a whirlwind.

What shall we do then in this crisis of life, this human life, with all its complexity of personal relationships? I believe that there is but one thing we can do if we would find peace, lasting peace, and that is, in the words of Dean Tillet, to "Strike for the paths that Lead to God." And as we journey, like old Christian, keep our eye on the Cross and pray eternal homage to Him who says, "Follow Me."

And with an eternal watchword of Faith, and an heroic Christianity, I would beg you to pass on with an undying passion in the search for truth; truth, which as found will illuminate your pathway and lift you above the habitation of your own selfish bounds and set you free in the sunlight of wisdom, knowledge and a richer understanding of life.

We look up and say we have not faith sufficient to sustain us in this battle. We look at but tiny phases of life here and there along the pathway and call it a shrouded mystery, too deep, too intangible for man. But, life is of too deep a significance to be demonstrated as an axiom in geometry. Whenever it ceases to have such depth it will have lost its charm and the great hand that moves beyond the curtain of mystery will have need for us.

Yes, we must push forward with faith, a heroic faith in the consciousness that the eternal principle of truth and right will prevail. In the words of Dr. W. L. Poteat, we must "Battle in religion for a progressive expansion of the spiritual horizon, and its increasing lure and control of the human spirit."

Our faith must be so great that it will bring us light where there is darkness, and link us up with the eternal beauties that lie on that boundless plane of immortality.

Let us venture on then, and launch out into this great Battle of the Border, and as we seek truth, may we not crowd our intellects into narrow channels of our own choosing, or be stumbling blocks to the dissemination of knowledge, but rather press on through the motley ranks of life, despite the glimmers, and the murky shadows that lie along the way that we may touch the hem of His garment or light our own feeble lamps at the Master's light to guide us into untravelled ways.

For, 'tis then we shall walk in true splendor,
Souls aglow in the path with the few;
And our spirits shall gleam like the sunbeams,
As they feast on the morn's honeyed dew.

R. PAUL CAUDILL.

(The above oration won first place at the L. D. Edwards Oratorical Contest at Commencement).

TRIO RENDERS PIANO RECITAL

On Friday evening, May 20th, at 8:00 o'clock a piano recital was rendered by Misses Gage Morrow, Sallie Warren, and Mozelle Wall, of the Junior College senior class of 1927.

The well given and greatly enjoyed program was as follows:

- Fantasia in D minor.....Mozart
Sallie Warren
Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2.....Beethoven
Allegro
Mozelle Wall
Andante
Gage Morrow
On Wings of Song.....
Mendelssohn - Liszt
Scotch Poem.....MacDowell
Sallie Warren
Nocturne.....Grieg
Valse Caprice.....Cyril Scott
Gage Morrow
Murmuring Zephyrs.....
Jensen - Niemann
Scherzino.....Moszkowski
Mozelle Wall
Nocturne from "A Midsummer Night's Dream".....Mendelssohn-Sutro
Gage Morrow, Sallie Warren
The Butterfly.....Lavallee
Sallie Warren
Colombine Menuet.....Delahaye
First Mazurka in G minor.....
Saint - Saens
Mozelle Wall
Song Without Words.....Saint-Saens
Gallirhoe, Air de Ballet.....Chaminade
Gage Morrow
Spanish Dances, Op. 12.....Moszkowski
No 4
No 5, Bolero
Misses Morrow, Wall, Warren, Biggers
The performers showed to the required degree that the art had been accomplished. Their grace, technique, and ease in playing revealed much time spent in practice and many valuable lessons received from the instructors, Miss Martha Biggers and Mrs. J. R. Owen. All lovers of music present spent a delightful evening.