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The ideal life is in our blood and never will be still. Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes contented with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds he is doing, where there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows he was made and meant to do. —Phillips Brooks.

How to Study

If anyone will look at the large number of books sold each year at the college book room, he must surely be convinced that study is one of the important parts of the work. College life is a busy life. How to get time for study seems to be one of the biggest problems confronting many students.

And yet, the knowledge of books is only one phase of an education; other things are essential and should have a place on the schedule. If no time is wasted, there will be enough for both study and campus activities. Many things can be crowded into a day. One day last year a student who did as much work as any on the campus was asked if he was too busy to help out in a little matter on hand.

What does the word study mean? The root meaning of the word implies a keen eagerness to learn, an open mind. And unless it retains that meaning, the word is worthless; for without a will to dig, a readiness to pay the price for knowledge, little will ever be gained.

Interest is fundamental to successful study. In fact, it is a bad policy to continue to be bored with that which is not interesting. Where there is lack of interest, interest must be cultivated. Surely anything that is so essential to a complete education as to be included in a certain college course can be made interesting.

This interest and eagerness of intellect require that the mind be kept keen, for which it will need rest. Concentrated study is tiresome to the brain. Relaxation and refreshment are just as necessary to it as to the body. Those who try to slave themselves to studying all the time will find that they accomplish very little.

If with a keen and active mind an individual can concentrate all his attention upon one thing even for half an hour at a time and if he can pick out the frame or skeleton upon which the details of a subject hang, then he is beginning to learn the art of study. Those who can and will concentrate for hours will soon find themselves masters of much useful knowledge. L. B. Hager.

Founders' Day

Founders' Day can either mean a lot to one or it can mean nothing at all. It is thought of by some merely as a holiday that has been given for no good reason that can be named. These are the ones who look upon it as a nice time to go home, and who attach no other significance to it. If they cannot go home, they either go to Asheville for the week-end or else loaf about the campus.

To that other great mass of students who take a live interest in the affairs of the school the day takes on an entirely different significance. To them it is something that represents the respect and gratitude that we pay to the memory of those noble men and women who made Mars Hill possible.

Founders' Day is representative of the spirit of the college. It is a day set aside in the busy whirl of college life to be used as a day in which to pay respect that is due the pioneers who went on in front of us. The day serves not only to honor their memory but to remind us that the work which they did was only the beginning. They were the founders. It remains for us to continue the work which they have so nobly begun.

To respect their memory is not enough; to invite their return to the spots they love is not enough; we must face the challenge of our inheritance. The challenge to push on, to build on, to add useful lives to the tower of deeds that we are building toward the glory of God. How we are going to meet that challenge is something that only we in our hearts know.

Forty, fifty, and sixty years ago there were no steam-heated Melrose and Brown dormitories, no large and adequately heated Spilman home for girls. The winters were just as cold then as they are now, and young men hated to get up just as they do now; but they did get up, not in a steam-heated room either, and they did go on, and they did graduate, and they have made records in life that are a credit to the institution. It took more grit and determination to go to college then than it does now, but the ultimate result is the same.

We must never forget that some day, sixty years from now, the boys and girls of a bigger and better Mars Hill will be gathering to celebrate Founders' Day, and will think of us much as we now think of those others that have gone on. What we do must be above the reproach of that generation, and we must leave behind us ideals and accomplishments that will make them proud to say that we are the founders. So the challenge is put to us. We must accept it in the same sense that it is presented and ever work for the upbuilding of M. H. C. W. C.

Why Physical Education?

A well-developed body is an essential of a well-developed mind. We come to college to train our minds. During this process our bodies should not be neglected.

There seems to be quite a tendency to cut gym. We are not hurting Coach Roberts when we do this; we hurt ourselves. It is not "smart" to try to beat yourself out of money, neither is it "cute" to cheat yourself out of health.

Health, wealth, and happiness should be yours. Attend to your physical welfare, cultivate knowledge for your wealth, and happiness is easily won.

I AM JUST A BIT LONESOME, THAT'S ALL

Do I seem oft discouraged or lonely to you
As I turn from the road and the crowd?
Do you feel I'm unhappy or think that I'm blue,
That I'm selfish, self-centered or proud?
Oh, you wrong me, my friend, if you think this is true,
Though the mood I know not what to call;
I but seek a quiet place where there's no mortal face:
I am just a bit lonesome, that's all.

Do you think that I am tired of the crowd and the noise,
That I fear that I shrink from the strife?
Do you think that I don't like your pleasures and joys
That I'm living a miserable life?
'Tis not this—You are wrong, and you don't understand,
For my soul is not narrow and small.
O my friend, you should know that God fashioned me so,
And I'm just a bit lonesome, that's all.

Yes, I'm just a bit lonesome, that's all, my good friend:
But I'll tell you a secret divine:
Ah, I travel with God on a long lonely road,
And His spirit gives solace to mine;
And I'm listening and waiting His call,
So, my friend, you may say when I steal away
That I'm just a bit lonesome, that's all. —D. L. S.

RAY'S RAVINGS

The highly-touted evolutionist popped his bill on the wrong potato when he said that man sprang from the lower orders of creation. Anybody and anything that has eyes and no sense at all could tell his questioner that somewhere back in the annals of time his fellow creatures had a beginning along with himself.

The men who wrote in ages past have recorded the events of centuries from Adam to Hoover in the hope of gaining recognition from their superiors. Records of other years and scenes of other days are memories of the present. The doors of this institution have opened and closed on the outrushing tides of her sons and daughters in all walks of life; and once again, as of old, Mars Hill stations herself on the athletic field and the tennis courts of 1928, urging the rank and file of incoming humanity into higher fields of service.

Now, tennis is a cultured game to be played by cultured people. It also requires action with quick thinking, and action demands intelligence. Since no one is lacking any of these endowments, all are expected to take part in the struggle with racket and ball. Some have already responded; others will do so at once. The fact that one takes part does not mean that he must actually play the game. He may take part by backing the participants to the limit. Let each student select his man and root for him until the heavens are black with dancing scarecrows.

As has been said before, all contestants cannot win. If you fail to get your letter here, don't be discouraged in the least. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." A man is never beaten until he quits. There will be letters given in all branches of class athletics. Perhaps you may be able to get your letter from another source, such as the cross-country hike which will be staged a little later in the season. Only one letter, however, will be given to each person in any sport.

In any game of whatever nature the players will be subject to many hard knocks and abuses from every direction. Those who seek the shade tree in order to follow the line of least resistance will back down on the job and quit. Heaven pity the man that quits. We wish that the word "quit" were discarded from every dictionary in the land. May every man get the idea fixed firmly in his mind: "The other fellow has as much to put up with as I do, and if he can stand it, I can."

Though the road may be as long and as dreary
As the serpentine curves of the Nile,
Yet the fellow who keeps on digging
Will get there after a while.

Discourses on the Lack of Love

Has Dan Cupid exhausted his supply of arrows? Has he decided that the campus of Mars Hill is to be an unprofitable ground for his labors? Neither of these reasons will do? Well, what then is wrong? Something surely is.

The soup-line on Sundays is almost three feet long, including the chaperon. The less popular girls stay on the porch, and the more frightened boys line up along the curbing, well across the street. Where are the couples? No "city notes" are seen. The new students are either gloriously green or amazingly well-versed in the art of passing these missives! No couples have broken any rules by "snatching" a moment of blissful conversation on the campus. 'Tis an amazing fact also that there are no yearning looks passing from brown eyes to blue, bespeaking a wish for these said moments.

It has been said "'tis love that makes the world go round." If this means Mars Hill's special kind of love, then this world isn't going 'round very fast.

FOUNDERS DAY PROGRAM IS ANNOUNCED

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gram on the afternoon of October 12th.

This program marks the beginning of a new era between the Philomathian and Euthalian literary societies. The joint anniversary program which is to be held this time is ushering in new ties of friendships more serene and which we hope shall blossom into forgetfulness of all the unfriendly rivalry of the past into a glorious future of accomplishments together. From all appearances a grand and glorious spirit will be permeating the atmosphere as all assemble together in the old Auditorium to open the program by singing "Come Thou Almighty King."

The following program for the day is announced:

10:00 A. M.
Hymn—"Come Thou Almighty King."

Invocation—Rev. E. B. Jenkins, pastor First Baptist Church, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Scripture Reading—Rev. P. C. Stringfield, Mars Hill, N. C.

Prayer—Dr. O. E. Sams, President Bluefield College, Bluefield, W. Va.

Duet—"Love Divine"—Miss Patton, J. K. Blackburn.

10:30 A. M.
Address—"The Student's Contribution to the Greatness of a School," Rev. J. B. Eller, Pastor First Baptist Church, Statesville, N. C.

Quartet with Baritone Obligato—"List! The Cherubic Host."

11:15 A. M.
Address—"The Education of the Soul," Rev. J. Marcus Kester, Pastor First Baptist Church, Wilmington, N. C.

Hymn—"Lead on, O King of the Ages."

1:30 P. M.

Joint Anniversary Program By Euthalian and Philomathian Literary Societies.

College Song—"Alma Mater"

Declamation—"The American Ideal," Clarence H. Patrick, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Oration—"Reward of Success," William B. Logan, Buncombe County, N. C.

Oration—"Christian Education and a Vocational Choice," Nathaniel Brooks, Pitt County.

Declamation—"The Path of Duty," S. Gale Morse, Buncombe County.

Special Music. Debate—Query, "Resolved, That the United States should grant independence to the Philippine Islands their immediate independence." Affirmative, J. M. Castellow, Berie County; James H. Meares, Columbus County.

President, Eu., Bartlette Henson, Gaston County; Secretary, Phil., S. Leonard, Tennessee.

Special Music. 5:30 P. M.

Complimentary Dinner. Tables provided for all returning students, grouped by societies.

Dr. Zeno Wall, President of Alumni Association, Shelby, N. C., presiding.

7:00 P. M. Reunion of Clio and Nonpareil Literary Societies in their halls.

8:15 P. M. Reunion of the Euthalian and Philomathian Literary Societies in their halls.

Marshals Rex Brown, Ph., Chief, Mars Hill County.

Madeline May, Non., Buncombe County.

W. F. McLester, Eu., Richland County.

Mildred Meares, Clio, South Carolina.

John Kirk, Phi., Montgomery County.

Alice Beckwith, Non., Montgomery County.

This anniversary, because it is a joint program of the two men's societies, promises to be one of the attractions that will be offered Mars Hill this year. All the old and Eu's will be invited back to the training arena of their youth where they passed many happy and glorious hours together. When this successful day rolls around our campus will be filled with lawyers, doctors, teachers, dentists, judges, bankers, clergymen, farmers, and representatives from all walks of life.

From the facts shown above it is easily seen that we shall have many great men from all over the nation. This day promises to be a living memory to all Mars Hill as we prepare to attend this program and meet these men of the past who have helped to make Mars Hill what it is today. —J. F. Haskins.

Orchestra Begins Work for Current Year

The orchestra of Mars Hill is making splendid progress under the direction and leadership of Miss J. Stock. The orchestra is now composed of Mrs. W. Wilkins, soloist; Ruth Davis, Helen T. Earnest Moore and Franklin T. ins, first violins; Vernie Martin, Mr. McConnell, second violins; Brown, J. G. Womble, W. L. Freeman and Tom Dysard, clarinet; Rom Sparks, Henry Bridges, and B. McDevitt, cornets; Helen B. flute; James Terry, drums; and Rowland, accompanist.

The organization practices Thursday night. The orchestra the hymns and the procession at the chapel exercises. Every member is working hard on the music of Founders' Day.

The band is getting into form with the hope of being able to play the first football game of the season. Miss Blackstock and J. G. Womble are supervising and instructing the band. This organization will be from.

Cadet: "Look up, brown eyes!" She: "No, if I do you'll kiss me!" Cadet: "Honest, I won't." She: "Then what's the use of being up?" —Exchange.