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Founders Day

This issue appears on the day of the third annual celebration of Founders Day. On the first Founders Day tribute was paid to the founders of our college. They were the subject of the extensive program. The second Founders Day honored the teachers both of the past and of the present. This year the Founders Day program will be devoted to the students as a group and individually. Through the student's publication we wish to thank those in charge of the program for honoring us with this day set aside from the regular school work. We appreciate this interest shown in us and wish to acknowledge our appreciation.

This is also the first time that every one of the alumni that could be reached has invited back to the program and to view the scenes, many of which have changed, of their college life. The speakers for the occasion are former students of Mars Hill who have gone on to success. We are proud to count them among our number.

There seems to be three ways that students look at Founders Day: first, as a holiday and nothing more; second, as a day to dread for those on the program; and third, as a day of real worth. We should all remember that we would not have our college if it were not for that inspired group of men in whose honor this day is set aside and after whom it is named. Though we honor other groups, there would be no Founders Day if it were not for the founders of our college.

The Value of Study Courses

The value that the study courses which are being inaugurated next week can do a person cannot be estimated. Every Christian wants to obtain a better and more comprehensive view of the Savior's life. There is no better way than to sign up for one of these study courses. They will aid one in obtaining a better glimpse into the workings of the religious organizations; they will help one better to understand the work of the Kingdom.

A most competent faculty has been secured for these study courses, and we know that they will put forth every effort to make the courses just as successful as they can possibly be made. There is no doubt that we have here at Mars Hill men and women who are just as fitted to teach Bible and Christian relationships as any other group of men in any college in this state or in any other. We should all jump at the chance to avail ourselves of this opportunity which has been presented to us. It affords us a chance to come in personal contact with the minds of our teachers, and to understand things that were before not so clear.

Any one who has ever taken these courses can vouch for the good and for the instruction that the pupils get from them. It is time to sign up; let's all pull together and make the enrollment in these courses the largest that we have ever had.

New Era in Societies

The unity of motivation, a joint desire for bigger and better accomplishments in the four literary societies, is the campus spirit which every Mars Hill society member has. Each member is loyal to his or her own society, as every citizen is loyal to his or her own state, yet loyal above that to the nation. Loyalty to the big things comes through loyalty to small things.

In the joint anniversary of the Phi's and Eu's on October 12, there is a challenge to individual ability, but this new enlargement brings us together in a spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood. It is a new era that has come to us. We are working for bigger and better literary societies, and to make them larger and more efficient work-shops for the best. This will be a new time when we can come together in cordial competition.

The reunion of the societies that is to be in the afternoon of October 12 will bring many old members back to the Hill to be once again with their beloved societies. This will bring all literary society members together in social recreation where generosity will govern. This will be the first reunion in the history of the societies. It will be good to see so many old friends on the campus again. Everybody will have a happy time if all work together to make them welcome.

We recommend the following as a code for the Mars Hill literary societies:

Mars Hill literary society members will strive to be—
Appreciative of beauty, humor and people.

Reverent always toward the spiritual.
Sincere and honest in word and deed.

Happy in all worthy service.
Industrious in character building.
Lovers of careful and exact scholarship.

Loyal to all to whom loyalty is due.

Greetings From Meredith College

The Mars Hill girls now in school at Meredith College were called together September 14 for the purpose of organizing a club and electing the officers for the year 1928-29.

The following officers were elected: president, Euzelia Smart; secretary, Sarah Osborne; chairman of the program committee, Mary Hamby; and chairman of social committee, Mary Harris.

The president took charge, and some plans for the year were discussed. The Alma Mater was sung with a great deal of spirit. Fifteen snappy rahs were given for M. H. C.

There was a meeting of the club September 24. The president read an invitation to a picnic on October 6 from the Mars Hill Club at State College. The members were happy to have a chance to be with their old friends again and gladly accepted the invitation.

The twenty Mars Hill girls at Meredith are constantly thinking and talking of their Mars Hill friends and "them good old days."

The club sends its best wishes for the year to both old and new students at Mars Hill College.

—Meredith Reporter.

Why Swear?

It is mean—a boy of high moral standing would as soon steal a sheep as swear.

It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed.

It is ungentlemanly—Webster says a gentleman is a genteel man, well-bred and refined.

It is indecent and foolish and abusive of your own mind.

It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks his head out.

It is contemptible—forgetting the respect of all intelligent and good people.

It is useless—never was anything so absolutely unnecessary and of so little avail.

—Mother Stapleton.

To the Melrose-Brown Saxophone Artist . . .

Personally I like music. I have always liked it—up until the past week. During that time I have suffered a complete revulsion of feeling. Now whenever I hear the shriek of a cornet or the wail of a saxophone, I shudder in agony and close my ears tight against the sound that penetrates even through cotton and causes in my heart and the hearts of my comrades a feeling of rage that makes one wish to take an axe and with one fell stroke remove the head of the fiend who is so torturing what might be an inoffensive instrument.

Maybe the person who commits such a crime feels that he is doing the world a favor by playing such soulful melodies as "By, By, Blackbird," but unfortunately not a soul that we have been able to discover agrees with him.

Perhaps I might be tempted to let the culprit live if he would select some time when everybody was out of hearing to begin his torture. But no, he will wait (I believe on purpose) until all have gone to their rooms to study; and after allowing them a few moments' respite in which they fondly hope that he has had a stroke of paralysis, he disillusions them by a few preliminary toots and then opens up.

The sad, sad part of it is that the particular instrument he has selected is the sax. Why the sax? Why not some innocent, civilized instrument like the lowly Jew's (pronounced juice) harp? There is a boy on our floor who plays a French harp, and he has received no threats of violence. But this heathen gets the loudest instrument he can find. Even a piano can be played alone with some degree of harmony, but never a saxophone. It should be played only when accompanied by some other instrument.

Also, the owner of the thing (I refrain from further calling names) insists on playing such classics as "Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again."

Inasmuch as I am not alone in the matter, we held what is known in business circles as a conference (only we did not go to sleep) to determine what should be done.

Various suggestions were made, mostly of a violent order. I shudder to think of the awful fate of the offender should one of these suggestions be adopted. Everything from tar and feathers to more drastic forms of punishment were suggested.

If the perpetrator of the outrage on reading this modest warning take heed and practice in hours not supposedly devoted to study, he may be permitted to escape. Otherwise—

—William Capel.

International Relationship Club Organized

Under the supervision of Mr. Grubbs, a member of the faculty, a number of students met Tuesday night for the purpose of discussing the organization of an International Relationship Club. After a brief but animated discussion those present un-animously and enthusiastically voted for the organization. The following officers were elected: president, James Bailey; vice-president, Basil Castelow; and secretary, Ellen Royal Jones. The members, though few in number, are large in their interest toward the club work for this year and hope to make this year a very successful one.

POLITICS

I'm not a politician. Never was, and hope I never will be. But, if all the politicians who are roaming around loose on Mars Hill campus were captured and caged and brought up in the right way, we would have enough to stock Congress and have enough left over to replenish the House of Representatives whenever that august body loses a member because he went broke or else quit kissing babies.

Speaking of kissing, by the way, we understand that this is to be a baby kissing campaign as far as one candidate is concerned. We have heard argued both pro and con, however, the advantages of kissing as compared to its disadvantages.

Men, and boys, who think they are men, are discussing politics on every corner. Whenever you hear a man say "prohibition," he's usually referring to the Governor, and when a man says "It's a lie" in an indignant tone of voice, it's a safe bet that he's defending the same gentlemen.

Any of us who room in either Melrose or Brown, and who have to get up on cold mornings when there is no heat, would do well to get two ardent politicians and sic them together. The heat created from the friction of language should be sufficient to warm the room in a short time. The only drawback is that during the process one cannot sleep; for there seems to be only one thing the two can agree on, and that is that the innocent bystander shall be a constant referee to the contest. He shall at all times be prepared to deliver a decision and is often placed in an embarrassing predicament.

However that may be, I am about fed up on politics; and I think nearly everybody else is. I make a motion, and it is humbly seconded, that there be a room provided in some isolated spot where each political representative will be forced to go in order to air his opinions. In no other way can peace and quiet be brought to a campus from whence it has been driven by the assaults of Smith on the one hand and Hoover on the other.

William Capel.

Carolina as I See It

Chapel Hill, N. C., Oct. 11.—Chapel Hill is reached by a road that passes by every man's front door. In fact, the road from Durham to Chapel Hill is extremely crooked for this section of the state. That it was desired to pass by everybody's door is the only reason I can give for its being so. On first reaching the university, one is impressed by the beauty and immensity of the campus. The campus consists of over one hundred acres, all of which was at one time a dense forest; and, even yet, there are many squirrels and birds that make it their home. But this should not convey the idea that the campus is a forest because it is well lined with walks and is beautifully lighted at night.

The University has something over forty large buildings and a student body numbering between two and three thousand. A new and more spacious library is being erected on the campus; and it will be, when completed, one of the largest and most beautiful in the southeast.

Kenan Memorial Stadium is the pride of the University and the dream-come-true of all football players. It is situated south of the campus in a natural bowl. So nearly perfect is the bowl that little of its natural beauty was marred in the construction of the stadium. The playing surface of the stadium is covered with a tough sod of grass which contrasts only too sharply with the usual gravel gridiron. Kenan Stadium is reserved wholly for football. Emerson Field, on the other hand, provides ample room for baseball and track.

Freshmen, especially, are impressed with the unexpected atmosphere of friendliness on the part of the upper classmen. The fact that there is absolutely no hazing affords a sharp contrast with State, Wake Forest, and Duke. Freshmen wear no caps and are recognized to be as much a part of the University as the upper classmen. The only recognizable distinction between the members of the different classes is that the juniors and seniors have optional class attendance while the sophomores and

freshmen are allowed ten cuts. It is usually admitted, however, that the wise junior and senior attends all classes.

A sure conversational lead anywhere on the campus is Al Smith of the "whispering campaign." It is actually asserted by some of the freshmen that the Pope of Rome has horns and eats Protestants for breakfast.

One fact that should not be overlooked is that Carolina welcomes coloreds. There are approximately a hundred girls in the University. And they all admit that their stay here is very pleasant.

If one desires a broadening of mind and character, a harmonious development of all his faculties, and an ability "to walk with kings no lose the common touch," he can find no better place to acquire them than at this University.

—J. P. Huskins.

ORIGIN OF THE "SOUPLINE"

Prompted by the thought that perhaps some who are on our campus do not know how the "soupline" came to be a reality, the following historical facts are collected and published for their entertainment and amusement.

It is generally known that during the World War the soldiers were fed almost constantly on soup. The soldiers lined up and marched by the hash-house at each meal to receive their individual portion. This practice became so common that the soldiers called it the "soupline." They see that we are not the only people in the history of civilization who can point with pride at our most cherished traditions and say that we have been blessed with a "soupline." But for fear I shall lead too far astray, will call back to memory scenes most familiar.

In the early days of Mars Hill College, the present B. S. U. building was used for a dining hall. The boys and girls went for their Sunday afternoon walk and, upon returning, lingered around the front of this gray building until supper was pronounced. As this group of lads and lassies came strolling in and lined up to wait for their favorite dish, a certain individual, noting the resemblance, called it the "soupline." History shows that this individual was very patriotic and could think of no better way to honor our heroic deeds than to name after them this mass of humanity which is living, thriving, and growing, every Sunday.

We notice from these facts that the soupline has an historical background. Several attempts have been made during the past few years to change the name, but patriotism has prevailed over pretensions, and the old name, SOUPLINE, still exists as grand and glorious as ever. While writing the last few lines, my own patriotism swells up so overwhelmingly with me that this couplet bursts forth spontaneously, and with apologies to its author I quote: "It's the soupline again, soupline again, the soupline again for me; I'm goin' with my Sae on the soupline again if I never get a degree."

—J. Frank Huskins.

Little Sins

A boy of his way to school this morning found his desk mate's knifepocket by the roadway, instantly recognizing it, as the two had sat there one evening before planning their future. The boy looked it over for a moment then slipped it into his pocket.

He glanced about and hurried on to school, the little knife safe in his pocket and a little sin deep in his heart. This boy grew to be a noble and died in jail, after living a miserable life. His last words were, "The boys to beware of little sins." King Solomon, the wisest of men, warns us against little sins. He calls them "little foxes." When we go to state prisons and see men and women with wicked faces, we ought to remember they were once boys and girls with futures as bright as ours, and that it was the little sins in their young days that led to the criminal act. Perhaps you have the same temptation that placed them behind the bars, and, if you do not overcome this temptation, it will overcome you.

—Mother Stapleton.