

THE DIALETTE

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WELCOME!

Little sisters! It's wonderful to have all of you new members in our big family. I know we will have a happy time together.

"Four things a man must learn to do
 If he would make his record true;
 To think without confusion clearly;
 To love his fellow-men sincerely;
 To act from honest motives purely,
 To trust in God and heaven securely."

These lines written by Henry Van Dyke years ago have the same meaning for us today. If we are to make the most of our opportunities here at Montreat and give to Montreat the best that we have, we must endeavor to make these four things our daily practice. We're here to learn—yes! But "readin', ritin', and rithmetic" are not all that we can learn here. It is essential that each of us try to do the thing which is right.

We want to help you; we want you to help us, so let's all work together to make this the happiest and most successful year for each of us.

MEMORIES

"How dear to our hearts will the memory be of the days we have spent in thy care." To the "old girls" these first two lines of the Alma Mater inclose a volume of memories—The first time we entered the gate; the efforts of fixing up a bare room, and trying to crowd everything in one closet; the first hike up Lookout; Y. P. C. vespers; the "big times" spending Saturday nights out; the wonder of the trees turning to brilliant hues; the Thanksgiving Soccer game; the first snowfall; the last minute rush to be off for the Christmas holidays; the longing at home to be back with "every one" again; Freshman talent wrok; the thrill of the first green spring; elections all through March; installations in April; more hikes; then, the big decision of what room to reserve for next year, and who to room with; May day after exams; and the last mad rush—all this is but a condensed version of the memories for the "old girls," and a glorious preview for the "new girls," who have already one chapter of the memories well started. And we wish for each of you the fullest "memory book" of your life by the end of the year.

Certainly you must know by now how glad we "Big Sisters" are that you "Little Ones" are with us this year. We welcome you to every page of our memories.

—Mary Jo Jackson
 Junior College

Did you know: A farmer hired a chauffeur to drive his mule and when the mule would not go, he crawled under him to see why he did not! Now he's unconscious.

An old Indian came to town and for the first time saw a man riding a bicycle. "Huh," he said. "White man heap lazy. Sit down to walk."

Miss McClure: What is a subordinate conjunction?

Dorcus C.: A conjunction joining words of un-equal rank.

Miss McClure: Give me an example.

Dorcus: Me and you.

Miss Collette: "What is an anecdote?"

Eliz. C.: "A woman Billy goat."

I MET GOD IN THE MORNING

Do you ever wake up in the morning feeling that you just can't get through the day, doing everything you have to do? Yes, I guess all of us have waked up feeling like that because we are very human and sometimes things do seem bigger than we are. We need someone else to help us through the day, someone even more wonderful than a good earthly friend. We need God! But you see, God's presence just doesn't come to a person. We have to seek Him. We have to want to find God to need Him! And we always do need Him. We all want to find Him. We need to start the day with God. Here in Montreat every morning we have a chance to get together with others seeking Him. If we will truly seek Him there in the cool quiet morning, we will surely find Him and He will be with us through the rest of the day. We all need God desperately. Let's find Him by seeking Him in the morning at Morning Watch. This poem expresses the thought of the girls who participate in this daily worship:

I met God in the morning
 When my day was at its best,
 And His presence came like sunshine,
 Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered,
 All day long He stayed with me,
 And we sailed in perfect calmness
 O'er a very troubled sea.

Other days were blown and battered,
 Other days were sore distressed,
 But the winds that seemed to drive them
 Brought to us a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings,
 With a keen remorse of mind,
 When I too had loosed the moorings,
 With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret,
 Learned from many a troubled way,
 You must seek Him in the morning
 If you want Him through the day!
 —Ralph S. Cushman.
 —Jo Anne Heizer.

MONTREAT SPIRIT

"Hello there! Could I help you with your bags?"

From the first day you came to Montreat we hope you've found the warm welcome that we want to give to all the new girls. But though some of us may not know how to welcome you with words, we do welcome you with our heart. You see, although we are what is known as the "privileged Senior class," we're still Montreat girls. We don't promise you that we know the most about Montreat, because the time you spend here is not so important as your seeing, knowing, and being a part of the spirit of Montreat. A first term freshman can have that

spirit as truly as any senior. And from the Senior class, we'd like to say "Welcome" to that grand spirit you Freshmen and all you new girls brought along.

Montreat's welcome does not end after the first few weeks, and you will see as you round out your first year, that Montreat's welcome is perpetual. Believe it or not, the seasons even welcome you, and as one changes to another, so Montreat's welcome extends through one year and on into the next year and the next, and through all your life.

Ask any "old girl" . . . It's the feeling that Montreat has its arms
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A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise falsehood and meanness, and to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is

your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors — these are little guideposts on the foot-path of peace.

—Henry Van Dyke.