

THE DIALETTE

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CHRISTMAS, THE SEASON OF PEACE

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
 "There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
 "God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
 The Wrong shall fail
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men!"
 —"Christmas Bells."

Today, when the world is filled with strife, strikes, confusion, bitterness and hate, we pause to think of the birth of Christ. That holy day seems like a dream to us in this world of reality. But Christ came to give peace.

Is there peace on earth? As the Christmas season approaches many of us are concerned over shopping, buying presents, the coal strike. Production has been slowed down; will we get the things we want?

Stop and remember, this Christmas there will be many dying from hunger and cold, not only across the waters but here in our own America. Yes, there are things you will have to do without this Christmas. But think of the things you have to be thankful for. Be thankful to God you're not as unfortunate as these.

The purpose of the U. N. is to bring about "peace on earth." How near are we to peace this holiday? Only when peace comes to each individual can there be peace in this world. Christ must be born in each heart. Do not turn Christ from the heart's inn. Receive Him. This is the only way we may have a true Christmas.

WE WILL NOT FORGET!

Theocharis Rendis is a student in Civil Engineering in the Technical University in Athens, where he is Secretary of the Students Association and a member of the World Student Relief Committee in Greece. On Saturday morning, December 7, this young Greek spoke in Gaither Chapel to the student body of Montreat College in the interest of the World Student Service Fund. Even though the young man expressed himself well in the English language, the story which he told of what he had experienced, and of what many of his fellow students are experiencing today, was more tragic than any of us can even imagine. In the existing post-war conditions of hunger, disease, run-down health, shattered spirits, wreckage and devastation of living quarters and property everywhere, lack of books and supplies, lack of trained leaders, lack of money—thousands of students in Switzerland, Greece, Norway, Denmark, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, Holland, Italy, China, India, Japan, and other countries, are fighting against innumerable odds—for an education.

With plates and plates of food being wasted in our cafeteria each day, how could we know how it feels to be always hungry, to not have enough energy for any kind of physical exercise, to have to lie down to study because in that way it takes less energy than sitting? How could we know how it feels to be one among the 1700 of the students at the University of Athens who consider themselves so lucky to get inside the canteen to sit on the floor and relish a small ration of macaroni eaten with the fingers from a tin can? Or, worse still, we can't know what goes on in the minds of the 3000 students remaining on the waiting list with no place to get anything to eat? Would we, under such circumstances, give up?

As Mr. Rendis said, these young people will not give up, because they are fighting for a better world which they have not yet seen, but which they believe in. And we will help them with our money, of course. When the amounts are added up, Montreat College, along with the others, will have given her share.

But we can do so much more. We can be thankful for our unlimited opportunities for study and our everyday luxuries. We will not complain. We will thank God and use our blessings to the best of our abilities.

And then we will pray for them—for our fellow students. Let us not spend a day of this coming season of joy without asking God to help those who can't sing hymns of joy,—because they don't have a copy of the song, a place to sing, or the voice to raise—only a cold, dirty street and the prospect of slow death if help doesn't come. Let not a day go by without remembering them—without pausing in prayer for those who are fighting for the things that we have in abundance.

We will not forget! We will pray earnestly.

THE EPICUREAN

I'm as old as Christmas, yet modern, too,
 Each year I change—like a new hair-do.
 Sometimes I'm fat and very, very tall,
 And then again I'm very, very small.

I'm always striped and I'm always sweet,
 You can buy me for a penny on any street.
 I'll hang on the tree neath everyone's gaze,
 But I'll only last a very few days.

You want my philosophy, you say?
 "You'll be eaten tomorrow, so enjoy today."
 I use my emotions, and never my brain
 Who am I? Just a candy Christmas cane.

—Barbara Stephenson.

Merry Christmas