

## THE DIALETTE

The DIALETTE is the official newspaper of Montreat College, and is published monthly by the Staff of Student Publications. Its purpose is to give the student body a fair and unprejudiced view of campus life.

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## Transition . . . Permanence

Introductions to most books are dry and uninteresting—inhuman, you might say. Yet sometimes a foreword holds a thought that is truth to many. Things held so dear should be repeated. For that reason I should like to quote the foreword to our annual for last year—the 1947 *Sun Dial*:

"You have heard of me many times. When the first student registered at Montreat, I was present. When the first diploma was presented to the first graduate, I was here.

"The day you passed through the Montreat Gate, I was waiting for you. I was in the dormitory, in the mail line, in the classroom. I was in the heart of the sophomore who lent you that lovely hankie when you were homesick, of the 'Mail Girl' who handed you that long-awaited letter, of the teacher who helped you unravel that knotty problem.

I was, and I am. I will not die. You will find me in many places, for I live in many parts of the earth. My home is in the hearts of those who have passed this way before you and in **your** heart.

"I am the Spirit of Montreat."

Some older people are known to lament the coming of new eras or the immoral character of the present generation. Some curse changes of any kind. They are forever referring to the "good ole days". Even we—in our teens and twenties—like to look back to our high school fun or to our first year of college.

We do not question the "good ole days"—whether they belong to the older generation or to us college girls. There are some things, however, that remain permanent despite our clamor about the change. Horne has suggested that everything cannot change, for by our speaking of change, we acknowledge its antithesis in permanence.

The geratest things in the world—even those we know at the present moment—do not die. Their permanence is bigger than men or any one man. Do not count your college years as silly transitory days, but know that the loveliest part of them will live forever in the spirit felt at Montreat.

"I was, and I am. I will not die. . . I am the Spirit of Montreat."

—D. J. SANDEFER

## GIVE ONE DAY

Picture, in your mind's eye (and we hope it will never have to be more realistic than your mind's eye), your little brother, that blue-eyed sister, your new nephew or niece hungry—more than hungry—starving, face pinched, body racked with illness caused by an insufficient amount or the wrong kind of food—like than salvaged from garbage cans. It sounds repulsive to our American minds, but it's happening all over what we dare call our world. These children are little sisters, freckle-faced brothers; they are loved, but still they die.

In 1947 when the International Children's Emergency Fund was established, it was estimated that about 40,000,000 children would need supplementary feeding this year and that \$400,000,000 would give them about 700 calories a day.

The sums available have fallen so far short of the needs that it is a question now of whether to give relief to fewer children or to spread the food **very** thinly among a greater number. Those helped are now getting one-half pint of milk a day, whole milk for small children, skimmed milk for older children and nursing mothers.

A world-wide campaign is being launched under the auspices of the United Nations for private donations to help meet the relief needs of children, adolescents, and expectant and nursing mothers. It is to be known as the United Nations Appeal for Children.

February 29 has been chosen as the key-day for the money-raising campaign. Each person is asked to "Give One Day"—the equivalent of one day's income. The central collection agency is American Overseas Aid, 39 Broadway, New York City.

No matter how small or how large our gift might be, it will help some one to live! Is it not worth it?

## February, Month Of Love

Looking at a calendar the other day, we discovered that there are only three dates in February set aside as special occasions beside the Sundays—Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, and Valentine's Day. Holidays don't have to have anything in common, but these happen to. If you will stop to think a little, you will realize that all three have to do with love. Three men—St. Valentine,

Lincoln, and Washington—are remembered because each showed a supreme love for his fellowmen. We can conclude then, that love helps build greatness. That can be applied here at school. A lot of us have picked up the habit of being "catty". That is one habit easily formed, and hard to get rid of. And yet, it doesn't show much love for fellow students. Here at Montreat with everyone away from home, and all of us living together, we have a grand opportunity to show our "sisterly" love. Let's have twenty-nine days this month instead of three to show love. We can do it if we try!

## ED SAYS—

Saturday is the day before Sunday—a fact so well established that it sounds rather silly even to mention it. But do you use those Saturdays? You know, Sunday can't be a day of real worship if we jump hurriedly into it. Preparation makes for a more perfect Sabbath Day. How may we prepare? By time alone with God in prayer, by study, and by getting plenty of sleep on Saturday night are a few answers. You can think of many more.

We want to extend to Mildred Wilkinson wishes for a quick exit from the infirmary. You've heard, no doubt, that she has a broken foot. I bet she'd appreciate notes and visits as would all the shut-ins (except the mumps)!

Watch for two new features this month—Chapel Chats and Book Previews and Reviews.

Our chapel programs each morning furnish reprieve from class, a time to gain information, to know the faculty better, and to worship—that is, if we aren't busy studying or writing.

Just about four more weeks, according to Br'er Groundhog, and spring will be here to stay.

We haven't been around much the past two weeks, so I guess that's about all for now!

Theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die!—Tennyson

No man but a blockhead ever wrote for money.—Johnson

Some cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.—Shakespeare.