

## 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 a fair and unprejudiced view of campus life.

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## Autumn Is For Understanding

There's a deep scuffling of leaves underfoot. Apples are in, somehow symbolic of the whole summer's yield, and the pressure is relaxed. One can now mend walls and tidy up the fields and garden and snug the place for winter.

The pace changes. It's not exactly a time for leisure, but there is occasion now to look at the far hills and to think longer thoughts, thoughts not bounded by a corn-stalk's height or a pasture's breadth. The big rhythms seep into the soul, the rhythms of the seasons and the years rather than the rhythm of the long days and short, hot nights.

One can look at a white oak now and see the beauty of a stout tree in late October. One can watch an early flight of teal and

marvel at the instinct that compasses a duck north or south. One can watch a squirrel at his hoarding and hear the sweet whisperings of the chickadees in the orchard. One can feel the world about him, and see it, and somewhat understand.

Autumn is for understanding, for the longer thoughts and the deeper comprehensions. How well it is that each year should bring such a time to rest the muscles, yes, but even more important, to relax the mind and give it time and room to span the valleys of belief. How a man's mind can reach beyond himself. October is fallen leaves, but it is also a wider horizon more clearly seen.

—The New York Times

## This Is Montreat

We are beginning a year of school at Montreat. For some of us it is an old story; but for many of the girls, it is something entirely new and somewhat bewildering, so let me introduce you to Montreat.

Montreat is a Christian School, under the guardianship of the Presbyterian Church. Our teachers are Christians, interested in our spiritual learning as well as our mental education. We hope that every girl who comes here without Christ in her heart may find Him here and that those who know Him may draw closer to Him under these Christian influences.

Montreat is beautiful. Soon the fall colors will give the valley a festive air. Fall will be followed by winter, when the trees and flowers will sleep and the snow will make an all-enveloping white

blanket. Then, with the coming of spring, the earth again bursts into all its glowing beauty.

Montreat is friendly. Do people always speak to you, making you feel that they're personally glad to see you and to know that you're here? Even more important is the question: do you pass the same feeling on to the people you meet? We like to think that there is something here—something inexplainable—something that makes a friendly undercurrent of communication between the students—a feeling of oneness.

Montreat is not just a school. It is a personality of which everyone of us is a very influential part. Are we all going to work together to make it a pleasing, orderly, beautiful, and a satisfying personality?

## ED SAYS . . .

Do take the time to admire all the beautiful autumn scenes that are seen now, in every direction. Not only are they a pleasure, but they are a source of real inspiration.

For the convenience of all concerned, the Student Bank is to remain stationary (as someone has said, "Who ever heard of a bank moving around, anyway?") It is now in the Business Office in Gaither (Mon.: 11:15-12:10 a. m.; Tues.-Sat.: 3-4 p. m.; Tues.-Fri.: 6:45 - 7:15 p. m.)

As the Rev. Holland, our chapel speaker last Wednesday said, this year is one of opportunity for each of us. Shall we waste our opportunity and be sorry for the rest of our lives, or shall we begin now to make the best of it?

A hearty welcome is extended to the new Staff members and our new faculty advisors.

After 7:30 on week nights we have what we call Study Hall, and let's make it just that by trying to do all visiting, other than that which is absolutely necessary, at other times. A time for everything, you know.

If you have friends at any school that would like to exchange school papers with us, give them the name of our Exchange Editor, Ruth Lucas, and ask them to send her a paper. We'll be glad to send them one of ours in return.

Everyone seems to be cooperating for the success of the dining room plan for Sunday dinner and Wednesday supper. It's fun to put on our company manners occasionally, isn't it?

The editors wish to thank all of those who are not on the Staff but who contributed to this issue of the Dialette.

S. P. S.  
invites you to  
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## The Dialette Goes To A Study Hall

by Charlotte Burgess

The time has come when you must face this cruel, cold world, alone. Alone with quite a few other freshmen. As much as I hate to do it, this is the time for me to approach you with this delicate and strictly confidential question. My children, do you know how to study? If a scene that faintly resembles this one takes place in your room between 7:30 and 11:30 p. m., then you definitely don't.

The bell rings for study hall to begin. You scurry to your room like rabbits, just so-o- ambitious. You are going to get such a lot of good, hard studying done tonight. Off comes the first layer of your clothes, you grab a dozen or so books, and with a mighty heave you land in the middle of your bed, half covered with volumes upon volumes of books. You reach eagerly for the smallest of these books—it will probably be shorthand. Such queer little characters meet your eyes. The teacher insists that they are words, but you personally think that she is mistaken. You can't figure out so you try to write them, but they just don't look like those in the book. Finding this occupation rather dull, you put Mr. Gregg aside in favor of biology, which is right up your alley. The assignment is to trace the grasshopper's nervous system, but as far as you are concerned, he has neither that nor the esophagus that you're supposed to identify.

A half-hour goes by. You look out of your window and down on the other wing you see your very best girl friend sitting on her bed. You start making wild motions toward your mouth, which in Montreat means food and nothing else. You see her dive under her bed and watch her legs wave wildly in the air for a moment or two, then up she comes bearing a slightly crumpled, very dusty box of crackers, and a jar of peanut butter that has seen its best days. You groan, clutch at your middle and beckon for her to come on over. She gives you a wicked grin and proceeds to stuff herself. Being positively too hungry by now to study, you decide to take a bath but find that your dear roommate is in the tub. You pound upon the door, and yell in

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