

A Montreater Confesses - Or, So You Think You're Having Troubles!

By C. Burgess

If I were a gambling woman I would bet that no girl in the world could make as many mistakes as a girl that entered college here many, many years ago - three to be exact.

To simplify matters, let's call that girl Little Jane.

It was on one of those rare Montreat days - bright and cloudless - when she, as carefree as a bird, lark or what-have-you, entered the gate. There were no thoughts in her poor little innocent skull of the trouble that lay ahead of her; in fact, there were no thoughts of any kind - they were to come later. This girl never dreamed that there could be so many ways to make mistakes.

Poor Jane moved into her own little domain that afternoon and was in the process of unpacking when she decided that she wanted to hang a picture - just a small one about a foot high and two feet long. She searched among her belongings for some substantial little nails that she had brought along for the purpose. You can guess the rest. When the house-mother walked in, there was Little Jane standing in the middle of the bed with her shoe in her hand and a wicked gleam in her eye. She was swinging the shoe heel with deadly accuracy and as result the air was thick with white plaster and sparks. In a moment there were even more sparks, but NOT from the nail! Little Jane learned that very afternoon that pictures are not meant to be hung, but are to be packed in a box, and placed oh, so gently, under the bed.

I guess that by now you have learned what Montreat weather can do to your hair. Well, Jane learned too, so she decided that the simplest remedy would be to keep it rolled up until after breakfast.

All was well until she got as far as the steam-table, but then she was spied. Quickly a black hood was slipped over her head and she was hustled out. Oh, how embarrassing, and when she finally convinced the authorities that she was sane, she had missed breakfast - and dinner.

By Christmas Little Jane learned that we don't hang a clothes

line from the light globe or "shinney" in and out of windows.

I hope you can profit from some of her mistakes and not become the battle-scarred old warship that she has become.

DIAL - LOG

By Charlotte Roth

To you, new girls, we dedicate this line we pen upon return from 'way across the lake - 'tis fate each year to have - when will we learn - reception large, receiving line. Big Sis precedes the new girl, see, in gown of hue most gay and fine. They shake the hands of faculty both old and new who nod and smile. Then on they go to get some punch, and on their plate some cake they pile. They stand and talk, and too, they munch. A little time they pass this way, then home they go, to bath and bed. How could one then expect a Kay or Joan or Madge who has been led, half-scared to death, all down the row of faces bright, but endless too - the Cabinets' hard work - how could she know? Behind the punch, what do they do? They scurry back and forth with plates, and round the place with food they roam. They are the Cabinet, who waits with glee to make you feel at home.

We love you when the punch gives out, and when requests for more cake come. We try to serve and not to pout. We even sing and sometimes hum. Behind the smiling face of each awaits the spectre, Work, Work, Work. We gladly say, "We're glad to meet-cha", and hope your spirits will give a perk. But we don't want to make you feel that we begrudge our work for you. It's just that several hours later the zeal is gone, and corns are not a few.

But now 'tis o'er, and 'til next fall, small things like books concern us more; and when these pleasures fail or pall, we bring to mind good times of yore.

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