

Physical Brings Great Happiness When Postponed

So you were awake at the crack of dawn this morning? There are two possible explanations - going home, or going to the infirmary for your physical. Three guesses as to which is correct. You're right; it's the day for your trek to the infirmary examination board.

As you lie there staring into space, you can't realize that only yesterday you raced madly around shouting, "I'm happy and well," as you vigorously pounded your good old healthy body! But that was before the little white invitations came. You had a feeling that there was danger lurking behind that innocent face, but you smiled and looked around cautiously, waiting for someone else to open hers. You were right.

Infirmary - tomorrow - 9:00 - physical - majors. All of a sudden your good old healthy body let you down. At that very moment you developed every symptom of consumption, leprosy, and a few more diseases not listed in the book.

You dragged your weary body from bed and tried to think of some pleasure the day would bring - try as you might, not one could you bring to mind. Perhaps breakfast would offer some escape; maybe you would fall in the lake, maybe you would be stricken with some contagious disease; but you couldn't help adding, "Maybe I won't."

Quite casually you ask one of the girls, "How are those physicals; simple, aren't they?"

"Simple?" she shrieks and then lets you have it. She hunches her shoulders and sticks her face - wicked grin and all - in front of yours. The line of thought seems to be that you may FEEL well but you aren't; you're half dead. Not for one moment do you doubt that fact.

By 8:30 you are desperate. After assuring yourself for the twentieth time that is is happening to you, you put the now-soiled, now-worn piece of paper down and trudge off up the hill. By some

quirk of fate the sun chooses this moment to go under a cloud. Even the elements are against you, you think bitterly.

You wish fervently that the infirmary were equipped with an elevator; maybe with a little help from you it could get stuck between floors. There are the steps, you start up and all too soon you reach the top.

There you are greeted by a cheery face - there ought to be a law against anyone's looking so cheerful, especially on death's threshold. There are several other victims ahead of you. Each one sits staring at the magazine, some held up side down, some sideways. Some are actually turning pages as if to convince themselves and others that they are calm and collected. You wedge yourself between a table and a wall, wipe your perspiring palms on your skirt, and wait.

A group of girls outside see you; they wave and laugh gayly. How dare they laugh when your life is in danger! You sit there as silent and motionless as "the great stone face."

A girl is released and a honey-and-sugar voice summons in another victim. When you find that it isn't you, you crawl out from under the table and resume your vigil. You become aware that the honey-and-sugar voice is again speaking, "We won't have time for one of you today. Who wants to come back tomorrow?"

Your good old healthy body gives a mighty heave and you're off! It's a fine world; and even if it is November, you are positive you can hear birds singing in the trees.

As you race off down the hill, you yell at the old friends and think, "Why there is nothing to it, nothing at all." You are glad you didn't let it get you down. Why, some of the girls actually worried!

They'll get you yet. But you'll have time to worry in tomorrow's sleepless dawn.

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Alumnae News . .

Wondering what's happened to some of the "old girls?" Well, here's news of some of them which may help you to get your records straight.

Quite a few ex-Montreaters have recently gotten married. On October 29, LIB MILLER, a graduate of last year and former Editor of the Staff of Student Publications, was married in Raphine, Virginia, to Mr. Wallace A. Strickler. GLADYS GOODMAN, a '48 graduate who since her graduation, has been doing D.R.E. work at the Third Presbyterian Church in Greenville, South Carolina, was married on October 16, to Mr. Thomas McCorkle. Two other Montreat girls who graduated that same year - MABLE LEE WELLS and JOAN RODRIGAN - were Goodie's attendants. Mable Lee is D.R.E. at the Presbyterian Church in Seneca, South Carolina; Joan is doing home mission work in the Bluefield Presbytery of West Virginia.

Charleston, South Carolina was the scene of the wedding of MARY PENNEY, who was married to Mr. Sam B. Lewis on October 1. Still another wedding, that of LULU MOSHORE to John C. Belmon of Long Island, took place on October 9.

The spirit of Montreat still seems to lure some of the "old girls" back. Recently Mrs. Edwin Marshal (MADELINE HONEY-
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MRS. ADAMS WILL

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this idea arose her many compositions.

In 1913, we were fortunate to secure Mr. and Mrs. Adams as permanent residents in Montreat, where they have taken an active interest in the music of our college. Here every Christmas they hold their "Doll's Music Festival." To this are invited the many close friends of the Adamses' who bring with them their favorite dolls. With each doll there is another one, a "Going-Away Doll," which is sent to some child who otherwise would do without. In all this Mrs. Adams is warmly guided and encouraged by her husband.

One of Mr. Adams' favorite quotations gives their secret of eternal charm: "Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence; as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals."

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