

THE DIALETTTE

The DIALETTTE 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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LET THERE BE LIGHT . . .

Everyone who has visited Montreat knows that it is beautiful beyond description. Yet, if you have not been here during the school year, you have missed one of its loveliest charms—its "Garland of Girls."

Whenever I look at the long line of students stretching into the great stone dining-room, winding up and down the mountain sides, or crossing the bridge, that phrase comes to me, "Garland of Girls." Tennyson originated it, calling Maud "Queen rose of the rose-bud garland of girls." Louisa M. Alcott borrowed it to entitle a book of short stories.

But it was Louisa Alcott's deeper book, her book of insight and vision, "Little Women," that put her name among America's immortals. To her, each bud in a garland was the beginning of a Little Woman—or, perhaps a GREAT WOMAN. She herself was once part of a garland, as were Florence Nightingale, Jane Addams and many others. Just when the VISION came that made them great, none can say, definitely.

My own idea is that GOD meets each spirit before it is born and entrusts to it a gift. Perhaps it is the gift of understanding and human sympathy, such as Jane Addams possessed. Perhaps He said: "Never let the light of this gift die away. It may flicker in your contacts with others whose lights are different or have gone out. Never be discouraged by a lack of understanding, nor by ridicule. This light is YOU—be true to it."

The little new spirit does not remember this meeting; but OFTEN an inspiration, an aspiration, comes to it, a VISION of the possibility of doing or being something transcendently good, of enormous benefit to mankind. Isn't this, perhaps, a memory of GOD'S voice?

History paints, here and there, a man who, through his VISION and his consecration to it, has even saved his country.

Two hundred young people — given time — might save the world! "Where there is no vision, the people perish"—but "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Believe in your gift. Have courage to be your finest self. "And GOD said, 'Let there be Light.'"

Miriam Moore Whitehead

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DREAMS DO COME TRUE . . .

Last year about this time we dedicated an edition of the DIALETTTE to "A Growing Montreat—A Greater Montreat." We had dreams then, though their fulfillment seemed distant. We had dreams and faith and love for Montreat. We had more than that, we had a tangible evidence of growth—the newly-purchased Fine Arts Building.

This year we have those same dreams, and though some of them are still just dreams, we can foresee the fulfillment of some. We're almost ready to open the New Conference Building, and we have a Field Representative now on the road. We believe, along with others who are interested in Montreat, that we are truly going forward.

It would be hard to point to this or that or the other as a reason for Montreat's progress in this year. It would be difficult, but we feel that if we must attribute it to anyone person or agency, it should be to that one who gives himself completely to Montreat, because he believes in its possibilities; that one who has given vision, faith, time, energy to make Montreat grow, our president, Dr. J. Rupert McGregor.



Mrs. Miriam Whitehead, poet and club-woman, is a winter guest at Assembly Inn. We have her to thank for our inspiring guest editorial.

—B—

One of our former Montreaters who is now Secretary to the Dean at an exclusive Southern college writes: "I still like my work, but find myself wishing often that all people in such an institution could have more of the Christian philosophy. I suppose it's just that I've been used to it, and I can't quite get used to the idea that most people think differently.—has it ALL when it comes to endowment, buildings, degrees, etc., but it still lacks something that poor little struggling Presbyterian Montreat has. And, I believe, it's a pretty important something."

—B—

It is rumored that our telephone operator has put in a special request for more Montreat College Choir radio performances. During the whole fifteen minutes of the broadcast, she received only one buzz. Just goes to show that not only the school, but the entire community, is "backing up" its song birds.

—B—

Not many have time to even notice the signs of spring—they're much too busy keeping up with bus schedules, baggage tickets,

diets, etc., in preparation for the long week end, which begins the 10th of March.

—B—

Flossie Buckner has been doing her practice teaching in Home Economics at the Swannanoa High School this past week. The other seniors who are prospective teachers will begin theirs around April 1.

—B—

Senior Play practice has begun, and with the strains of "The Children of the King" wafting through the halls, we suddenly realize that we're nearing the last lap of this 1949-50 school year.

—B—

Have you seen the notice about catalogues? Dean Hollis urges that everyone turn in their 48-49 catalogues to the office. Many requests are pouring in, the present supply is practically nil, and the new ones aren't due to come from the printers for six weeks.

Seen Here And There ON THE CAMPUS

Miss Mary Ward boasted last week that the first robin of the year had visited her feeding station below the infirmary window. Since then there has been a hard frost. What will poor robin do now?

A construction company visited the campus last week with a big bulldozer and a hungry steam-shovel. It was fascinating to watch these great machines swallow up carloads of earth and deposit them in hollows here and there, leaving a smooth parking space around the new Conference Building. —Cont'd on Page 5