

Don't Be Surprised If Your Questions Bring Action Instead Of Answers

Charlotte Burgess

It is accepted as a well-known fact that you learn by asking questions—I beg to differ with the proposition. At any rate, most of the questions asked around here are DEstructive rather than INstructive.

At this point I would like to pause to dedicate this article to all those whose lives are made miserable by "foolish questions."

How often have you said to the chief bell ringer, as she stood with her hand on the rope and her eye on her watch (the latter not to be taken literally, of course), "Are you fixing to ring the bell—it's not quite time you know." Instead of a cheery, "You know it, sister!", someday you are going to be surprised with, "No, I'm not going to ring the bell. Whatever made you think that? I just love to run out here, rain or shine, and pull this little rope—it develops such nice muscles in my arms! Besides it's the only way to get any exercise around here. And as for its being early, I just set my watch with the radio; but it must have been before they checked their time with yours!"

So you had better be careful how you ask it; because, if you are the millionth person that does so, the cheery voice might disappear.

Or like "big chief mail-getter and wagon-driver" how would you like to be asked five hundred times a day, "You are going to bring me a letter today, aren't you? If you don't I 'gonna be mad at'cha. Now don't 'cha' come back without one." Instead of a mild, "O.K." could you blame her for saying, "Certainly I'll bring you one—if there is anyone silly enough to write you. Of course now that I know you will be 'mad' at me if I don't bring one, I'll be glad to leave a day or so early and run down to Texas (or Florida, or Georgia) and get you one, since you take such a deep interest in my business."

Those will be the last words before you are hit in the face with the mail bag.

Hearing this interchange, I was tempted to ask, "Does it really make you angry?" But, when I saw that she was frothing at the mouth, I knew that it was not the time for another "foolish question."

Then there is nothing like coming indoors as red as a baked lobster, and with your skin beginning to pucker up in a most peculiar manner and having someone say, "Did you take a sunbath?"

As you carefully mop the perspiration from your brow, hold your temper, and say no more than, "Most attractive, don't you think? I did it on purpose. I wanted to match my eyes—bloodshot, you know!"

Yes, someday the tables are going to turn and when you get up to the dining room door and find your passage blocked by a stout rope, and see the shining expanse of steam table before you—bare, did you are going to receive a quite different reply to your "Why did you close early? I'm not late for breakfast."

As you feel strong fingers clutching your neck you will hear, "Oh, dear, why did you bother to get up? I was just fixing to bring your tray to you, so you could have a nice, cozy breakfast in bed; but since you were considerate enough to get up, drink this coffee. I hope you like it with sugar and strychnine for that is the way I fixed it!"

And again while you stand ironing with great piles of wet clothes still stacked around you, you are always asked, "May I use your iron?" Have you ever tried replying, "Certainly, and when you finish these clothes I have some more upstairs"—that should do the trick.

Those are just a few of the brilliant questions asked OF you, or BY you every day. Let's use our heads in the future and the next time we see some poor soul straggling in out of the rain refrain from saying, "Are you wet?" But surprise her by saying, "My, how wonderful you look today, I've never seen you look better."

Here's hoping that you survive.

Picture Of Progress

Suppose all of a sudden a big fat genie oozed out of a bottle and, taking you in his hand, flew with you to Montreat—you'd be seasick, wouldn't you? But besides your upset feeling, what would you have? You'd have a new experience waiting for you, because Montreat has changed since you've seen it last. Yes, Spring was here when you were—and the girls and the pink dogwood, but look around you. Over there—that's the new building just finished (it overlooks Susan), standing where the Alba once was. This summer it will house conference workers, but next fall and winter will see it overflowing with noisy energetic girls and resounding with shouts of, "Anyone going to the gym?"

Two more buildings will be finished shortly. North Carolina house is first on the agenda, and plans for a new building for the Historical Foundation are underway. These will fulfill long-felt needs and are indicative of the growing spirit of Montreat. Perhaps we should mention in passing another addition to our landscape. There's a lily pond this side of the gates making several frogs happy!

Like Topsy, Montreat's "just growed." It's hard to say who's responsible for this growth. You might give credit wholly to our administrative officers, to whose roll have been added two names, those of Miss Holmes and Mr. Hollis, Deans of Women and Faculty, respectively. They have added immeasurably to our joy in the present and plans for the future. They are wonderful people. But notwithstanding the work and foresight the officers have shown this past year, we must look for something more to account for our

Choir Attends Festival

On Saturday, April 15, the Montreat College Choir, composed of thirty voices and under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Woodhouse, attended the College Choral Festival which was held at Mars Hill College. The 225 voices singing in the Festival represented Appalachian State College, Asheville-Biltmore College, Brevard College, Mars Hill College, Montreat College, St. Genevieve of the Pines, and Western Carolina State Teachers College. They were directed by Dr. Jan Philip Schinhan, director of Music at the University of North Carolina.

The Festival, the first to be held in this district, was sponsored by the North Carolina Federation of Music Clubs.

The concert, given by the choirs at 2:30 p. m., offered a program of large variation.

Montreat was especially represented by Mirta Borges who sang Handel's "O Had I Jubal's Lyre."

As a finale the Montreat Choir joined with all the others in singing eight selections consisting of hymns, spirituals, folk songs, and semi-classics.

"just growing." I believe it's the girls and the pride and interest they feel in the school that makes the difference. And, since you're one of the girls, that should make you feel pretty grand, for whatever success has been Montreat's, you have contributed your share of work and achievement.

Yes, Montreat is a place of great expectations!

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