

## The Dialectte

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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## HEY YOU!

Calling all Montreat-minded girls! If you think the world and all of your school, and we know you do, here is your chance to prove it! One of our very best means of selling our school to prospective students is our annual, the SUN DIAL. We are going to need help this year in financing this book, which we believe will be worthy of all you can do for it. When you are home for Christmas, ask your friends and family if they wouldn't like to have their names on our sponsor's page—only \$2.00, or up to \$5.00. If they are feeling extra generous, they can buy a square in the ads section for \$6.00. And speaking of ads, let's see what kind of salesmen you are. Ads sell for \$6.00, \$10.00, \$17.50, \$35.00, and \$50.00. If you think you might be able to sell some ads, check with one of the staff members and get the prices and sizes in mind.

Also, a yearbook is a once-in-a-lifetime thing, just as each year is. What happens in one year never happens again, quite the same way. Another year some of the same people may not be here. You will want this year's annual to have everything in it that will remind you of your friends and all the good times you have had in Montreat. That calls for more pages, and pages call for more money. So how about it? Let's all get to work and make our 1953 SUN DIAL a real treasure!

## Realization . . .

For weeks my life had been like the mad rush of 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the busy city. I had each day dragged myself out of bed with the early dawn, and in a mood that showed my displeasure, I had proceeded with what I considered the positive DUTIES of the day.

I neglected to smile at many of my friends, and I forgot the cheery word that used to make them smile. I rushed by groups of happy girls because I had no time for mere conversation anymore. I was quiet around my roommate because I needed time to think. I sat in class staring out the window daydreaming of what the days would be like after I got through this trying experience of college.

At night I fell in bed, very tired, and dropped asleep almost instantly, only to wake a few minutes later (or so it seemed) to the tune of a rude alarm clock which was announcing the arrival of another such day.

This, I had concluded, was the extent to my predestined happiness, and the test of my life was the degree to which I was able to bear it without breaking. Thus I smiled when I had to, worked because that was the means of meeting the test, and grasped hungrily for a bit of much-needed sleep, which though fitful and full of bad dreams, was the escape from the rush.—A typical example of a large number of young people who can't see their way clear above the water line of everyday living.

The night was cold and still. The stars twinkled in the sky amidst the small white floating clouds.

The chattering crowd was going somewhere so I went along. I found myself in Gaither Chapel where the many candles made only a dull glow against the scene before me. As I sat quietly, feeling too tired to move, I noticed that there wasn't the faintest stir among my usually active companions. Each was lost in her own thoughts, her own remembrances of what she had been told about the story of this program.

I lost my thoughts and became absorbed in the story that was being retold in pageantry. I listened to Isaiah tell of a coming King, I listened to the angels sing, and watched the lowly Jewish maiden receive humbly his glorious tidings. I saw the shepherds around a camp fire as they watched their sheep on the hill just outside the little town of Bethlehem. Then, I saw the glory of the stable containing the lowly manger in which was laid the greatest Gift the world has ever known. I saw great and small people alike worship Him, and I, too, felt like going up

## IT LOOKS BETTER NOW

If any of you have had occasion to go up to the infirmary lately, we hope you've been well enough to notice and appreciate the face-lifting that has taken place! Probably the sick folks up there can appreciate it even more, since they spend a good deal of their time looking at the walls and ceilings. What we're talking about is the new paint job on the inside—no more dull white "hospital" walls, but pretty, cheerful blues and greens with white woodwork trims. The building is so pretty now that people are getting ideas about wanting to extend their visits there, and Miss Ward has already expressed concern over this. Incidentally, the Staff is very pleased that their room was painted also, and in green 'n white, too! The thanks for this much needed improvement go first to the College Senior Class of 1952 who left some money for repainting the infirmary, and then to those who gave private gifts to make up the cost. Thanks, to everyone of you from everyone of us!

Miss Ward said that the next projects that they have in mind are sanding the floors, fixing the tables in the kitchen, and getting curtains. Any help, financial or muscular, will be appreciated. Miss Ward also said that any teachers and students are welcome to come up and see how pretty everything looks now.

and bowing before this peaceful King.

For as I had listened my heart seemed to swell to its content, and I wanted to sing, and give, and work, and laugh, for now I saw the reason why I must. I saw there through simple modern people, the glory that the world has contained for nearly 2,000 years, the glory that each can have completely in his own heart.

And I realized the worth of that first Christmas night, for to the world it gave peace—in the hearts of men; it gave strength to the weak, and hope to the desperate; it gave love to the friendless and mercy to those not deserving.

Already to me it has been worth all its cost, I thought. And with this overcoming realization, I rose and turned to go.

J. P.

SHOES

SWEATERS

Ladies' Ready-To-Wear  
Slips by Miss Swank  
Bras by Perma-Lift

SUMMEY'S

Black Mountain, N. C.