

## Fond Farewells

Farewell to you, Jolene Parks. You have done a grand job as editor of the deceased "Staff of Student Publications." It's a brain-racking, time-consuming, and usually thankless office, so we want to take this opportunity to commend you, Neal Harris, Ellinor Krieger, Betty Blount, and the remainder of the Staff for the Dialecttes and for the lovely 1953 SUN DIAL.

Good-bye to each Senior. Seniors are a wonderful "invention"; it's difficult to imagine a college campus without them, and it is especially difficult to imagine our campus without you. Honestly, we'll miss you.

To the business students and all the other students (like Dottie Todd) who will not return to Montreat and to us in September: we want you to know how sorry we are that you won't be among us next year. Actually, you belong here!

Our thoughts, but especially our prayers, will be with you. Here are three things to keep in your hearts and minds the rest of your lives:

"And ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (I Cor. 6:19,20)

The abundant life consists in sharing the Lord Jesus Christ with others. God does not call us to "selfish salvation." The things that you have heard, "commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others, also." (II Tim. 2:2)

When God chose Joshua to take Moses' place as spiritual, as well as military, leader of His people, He gave him these wonderful promises. Because God has chosen YOU, these same promises belong to you also.

"Be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law; . . . that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

"Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the LORD thy GOD is with thee whithersoever thou goest." (Joshua 1: 7, 9)

Come back to see us!

With the fondest of wishes,  
THE DIALETTE STAFF

Look Who Is In Among  
THE DAVIDSON  
BEAUTIES!  
*Jo Ella Dunaway*

### PROPHECY . . . Continued From Page 3

As she walked away, I mused, "She didn't mention the part of the day she spends with that 'camera bug' of a husband of hers. Well, Mary Ann always could get twice as much into a day as anybody else."

The wind blows gently, and as the breeze caresses the water's surface, the changing ripples bring Faye Britt in'o view. Now here's a real change of scenery! Faye is dressed in dark blue—why yes, it's an air force uniform. She has just stepped into the cockpit of the plane and I hear her say, "Here, dear, is your coffee." Her pilot husband, whom she met while in basic at San Antonio, takes the cup, and smiling, points to the plane window. Faye looks out and down through the fluffy clouds views a little community nestled in the mountains. A flood of memories overtake her. "Humm," she muses, "And to think I spent four years there studying to be a teacher!" The plane then disappears into one of the white clouds, which is itself reflected in the water of the lake.

But the plane radio has not vanished, for it seems I can hear over it a familiar voice. Frances Davis. She is at the airport working in second spot to Faye. She schedules flights, and does many other things that give her a chance to use that mathematical mind of hers. Happily she goes about her work, wearing the air force blue too, but wearing also the glasses that kept her down out of the clouds. As a plane comes down the runway, she rushes out to meet the flier that is now her "special person", and arm in arm they walk chatting about the skating party they plan for that night.

A cloud moves over the moon and makes the shadows darker. But after a moment I detect in the reflection, and perceive an interesting story behind it. Frances Curry sits in a circle of very attentive youngsters to whom she is obviously relating an interesting story. She finishes, rises, and turns to me. "I guess there's just nothing like teaching these first graders," she says. "Of course Ira thinks I should give it up and just be a housewife, but as much as I've loved these little people during the past ten years and enjoyed teaching them, I just can't. Besides, he's away all day at work, and this quiet house gets awfully lonesome." She pauses, her eyes rove around the circle of admirers, and then she smiles lovingly at one little blonde boy. "Meet my son," she says simply.

As her image faded in'o the obscurity of the lake again, I thought, "Gosh, Frances, it's wonderful that all your dreams came true! A happy home, kids, successful teaching. But it couldn't have happened to a nicer person."

I watch intently as the shadows change again. Two handsomely dressed women come into view this time. I almost rise from my seat when I recognize them to be Pat Williams and my old roommate, Martha Getsinger. They evidently have just met, for after a gleeful "Montreat hug", they seem to be jabbering a mile a minute, in fact both at once.

"Pat, tell me all", says Martha. "Well now, Martha, there's not really much to tell . . ." was the modest reply. "Ten years of teaching Shakespeare and English Literature . . . Right now I'm at the University of South Carolina . . . It's convenient that I can teach at the same place as my husband . . . We do like teaching there, it's where we met six years ago . . . Oh, thank you, I'm glad you like my new book. It was just published two months ago, you know. Tell me about you. How have you been?"

"Me?" (Martha mischievously laughs). "That old preacher husband of mine ought to be here to do that. You just ought to meet him, Pat! He was just PRE-DESTINED to meet me while I was in Hopewell working for Mr. Hill. My life has been of the most simple and enjoyable type. So happily complicated! Preacher's wife, part-time D.R.E., Bible teacher—and Pat, you won't know anything about life until you've met my 'four main concerns'. Yes, we thought that was a nice number too—two boys, two girls. You must come to see us soon! . . . Yes? . . . Well, now! . . . Did you know . . . Really? . . ."

The two rush madly on exchanging outstanding information about the content of the past ten years. Their pleasant faces show their happiness at meeting again. As they continue to talk, people seem to come between them and me, hiding them from view. Oh, a fish splashing in the water takes from view this whole scene.

The ripples almost resemble mountains. Maybe they are—or at least Kentucky hills. And whose image should appear among them but that of Helen Duke. She says she's been working in the same area for all this long time, though not always in the same church. "My young people's work is so challenging, and since I do recreational work on the side, it seems like an endless job. Oh, but I love it! I go to Montreat for the D.R.E. conferences every summer, and always see dozens of old friends and alumnae. Why, guess who I saw there about two weeks ago. Kate Zuver. She and Mickie were on vacation and just drove by for old time's sake. Kate says life is rather uncomplicated now. Kathy is away at college, and Byron is a senior in high school."

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