

**KNOCKING  
AT  
THE GATE**



It was our pleasant and fortunate opportunity to have Dr. A. P. Hudgins, from Charleston, W. Va., as our guest for several days. Dr. Hudgins, a physician and a specialist in Courtship and Marriage Counseling, is in the process of visiting several colleges for counseling in this field. He was invited to come by Miss Hoyt's Sociology class; however, the entire student body has merited by his stay with us. Many students found his direct approach to their problems extremely helpful. But the thing which made us all happiest was that he beat Jimmy Bennett at a set of tennis. (In all fairness to our co-ed, we must admit that he beat Dr. Hudgins at a set, also.)



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(The editorial policies of this paper are not necessarily the views of the students at large. All unsigned editorials are written by the editor.)

On May 9, the Juniors will enter the lovely Gold Room of the Battery Park Hotel in Asheville to entertain the Seniors at the annual Junior-Senior Banquet. At last the "why's" of food-selling, apartment-cleaning, and other such menial tasks will be answered. These last few days before the big night are filled with anticipation by the Seniors, rushing and planning by the Juniors, and endless hours of practice by those who will be entertaining. Old Montreat tradition is that all final details will be as secret as talkative girls can be expected to keep them. And so until that night our questions cannot be answered???



As we entered the chapel on Thursday morning, April 16, it seemed to be homecoming day again. On the platform was the Rev. Calvin Theilman, the popular speaker for Spiritual Emphasis Week in 1958. Due to illness, this was his first opportunity to return to speak to us since that time. Once again our hearts were thrilled as we heard a message of hope. More than hope, he gave us the truth that Christ can overcome every fear which man possesses—a stirring message for our time.

Mr. Theilman's presence reminded many of us of another young man who spoke twice in our fall chapel services. This fascinating man, Dr. Callaghan, is a Methodist from Ireland. His challenge to us was this: "The symbol of Christianity is a cross, not a cushion." He called upon us to enter the fight for right and to bear the gospel of salvation to our generation.



It seemed strange to upperclassmen to be electing freshmen to major offices, but now that the choices have been made, we begin to realize the capability of the students who will be next year's leaders. Another strange and unusual thing was the fact that a Baptist boy was elected student body president and the following day another Baptist, this time a girl, was elected to the top position in the Student Christian Association. This proves once and for all that—the gentle spring showers so typical of Montreat have turned into a downpour! It also points out that students, even in a predominantly stiff-necked Presbyterian organization of great female population, have minds of their own! Even the upperclassmen, three "graduating" classes in a year, are admitting that the future of Montreat College is considerably brighter than we at first thought.

The Editor's Notes

*Now is the  
Accepted Time*

Outside the world was black and wet, devoid of human expression, made all the more mystical by the effect of the day's early hours.

The Dialectte office was ablaze with light. Three editors—Conner, Morse, and Townes—were expressing themselves freely and very humanly. The wettest thing to be found therein was the coffee stimulant, made all the more necessary by the dulling effect of the day's early hours. But deadlines must be met.

Type, stop, talk, coffee cups empty, type, stop, talk. Next year ought to be a good year . . . the officers-elect show possibilities . . . Gad! Junior-Senior will soon be over . . . I still think her best was Rhapsody in Blue . . . Say, what do you think of this—The wail of the siren pierced the air. It was a very ordinary sounding siren, but it demanded attention. It forced those who heard it into brooding silence—But did it? You know, I mentioned something about the threat of war the other day, and the kids just laughed . . . No one takes Civil Defense seriously . . . I read an article recently by a man who is considered an authority on the subject, and he stated that the U. S. and Russia would be exchanging bombs by June . . . They can laugh if they want to . . . Type, stop, talk, coffee cups empty, type, stop, talk.

The world is at present a lady in waiting. Berlin is waiting. China is waiting. India is waiting. Russia is waiting. America is waiting. But waiting for what? Like an audience gripped with suspense, they view the practiced steps of a tight rope walker who cannot afford to take on misstep without plunging to sure death.

The situation is tense to say the least; yet there are those who have become so used to living under such strained conditions that they tend to take them for granted. Our minds are so deadened by indifference, our fears have been so long suppressed, that we are utterly incapable of facing the danger of atomic warfare.

But this is not the time for dulled minds or hardened hearts. This is the time for action. This is the time for Christians to tell the waiting world in no uncertain terms the message proclaimed by the prophets of God: "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God and there is none else."

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