

# EDITORIALS

## Note From the Editor

By Mark Bolick  
Editor-In-Chief

If perchance, you take the time and energy to sit stationary for five minutes and actually read this article I've whipped up here; there are just a few things I'd like for you to think about. Truth to tell, there are a few problems with Montreat life. Now these problems are not insurmountable by any means, but to solve a problem one must first know it exists. I was reading a quote the other day that went something like this: "Gossip is the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves practically nothing unsaid." (The quote was by Walter Winchell by the way.)

I sat at my table in the corner of the snack bar (the one I usually inhabit on homework evenings) and thought about this. I also thought about the students here at Montreat, and how we react to things. I began to realize that a lot of people here could stand to think about this quote (myself included).

I caroused through the cluttered index file of my mind and thought of several instances in the last week which drew back to this quote. Things like, "I heard a rumor that there was a new publication being put out," whispered in secretive, hushed tones to a friend of mine. It was stated almost like it was a top

secret, dreadful fact that should never see the light of day. And yet, everyone has heard about it. My friend responded, "Yea, the Off-Campus students are putting out a publication to deal with their concerns and problems since they differ somewhat from the On-Campus students." "What was the horrendous secret, I wondered?"

I began to think about all the various things that had off-handedly flowed through my ears over the past year and a half. "Hey, y'know what he did at Pizza Hut? Did you hear about the R,D? Y'know what she and this guy did?" I almost laughed out loud at the sheer stupidity of

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## Return To Lake Susan



By Kim Holt  
Staff Writer

IT HAS BEEN A QUIET WEEK ON LAKE SUSAN. Autumn has been set to motion in our little hollow of the world and all the leaf-watchers have arrived with cameras and awe. They drive at a snail's pace along our roads, searching for a better view of the reds, oranges, yellows, and greens that cover the hills around us.

It is then, driving behind them late for some-

thing, that I secretly wish them to arrive back at their homes only to discover that the film in their cameras was black and white.

Many of us here in Montreat take for granted our surroundings, even in the serene beauty of this season. Why? I think it's because we have stopped looking up at the leaves hanging brilliantly

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## Annoyance

by: John Mills

They come from the four corners of the world, with one thing in mind. Completely vulnerable to peer pressure, prone to flock in groups, and tending to dress exactly alike, they are an upperclassman's nightmare. Constantly needing encouragement and obsessed with fitting in, they attempt to tell us exactly what we want to hear.

Any kindness on our part will immediately be misconstrued as affection, damning us to "puppy love" for at least four years. It is completely impossible to befriend this group, for they are unwilling to engage in intelligent conversation.

They have infiltrated

every aspect of college life, and even join clubs to provoke the wrath of those of us who take clubs seriously. Fortunately, most leave organized clubs once they realize commitment is not only wanted but required. They break curfews just for the sake of rebellion, skip classes on a whim, turn papers in late and consider themselves mature.

They dye their hair blond, giggle without reason, and call you at unreasonable hours for help in a class you're failing and they're mastering.

They claim to be independent, but call home daily. Separation from their clique causes ex-

treme apprehension. I saw one stand outside the cafeteria the other day for forty-five minutes in the rain, waiting for a friend so she wouldn't look like an idiot sitting alone or with strangers.

This weekend was the first weekend they were allowed to leave campus. I wasn't here, but my friends told me that a feeling of peace and tranquility invaded the campus. The most amazing fact about this group is the amazing metamorphosis that takes place after the first summer of college. Experts believe that (other than kindergarten) the first summer of the college is the most

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