

THE DIALETTE

Vol. 12, No. 2

MONTREAT COLLEGE, MONTREAT, N. C.

October, 1946

DR. AND MRS. ANDERSON CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY NOV. 11

Staff Members Named At Chapel Program; Invitations Follow

On Thursday morning, October 17, Millie Bailey, Editor-in-Chief of the *Dialette* and *Sun Dial*, presided over the chapel program during which the new members of the Staff of Student Publications were announced and installed.

Since the Editor-in-Chief and Literary Editor were the only two of the four executives, elected last April, to come back this year, the following were appointed: Martha Hughes, Business Manager, Elizabeth Flack, *Dialette* Advertising Manager, and Helen Anne Reid, *Sun Dial* Advertising Manager. In order to cut down the amount of work for each person, the two Advertising Managers were appointed instead of the usual one. Several other minor changes in the positions and number of members were made.

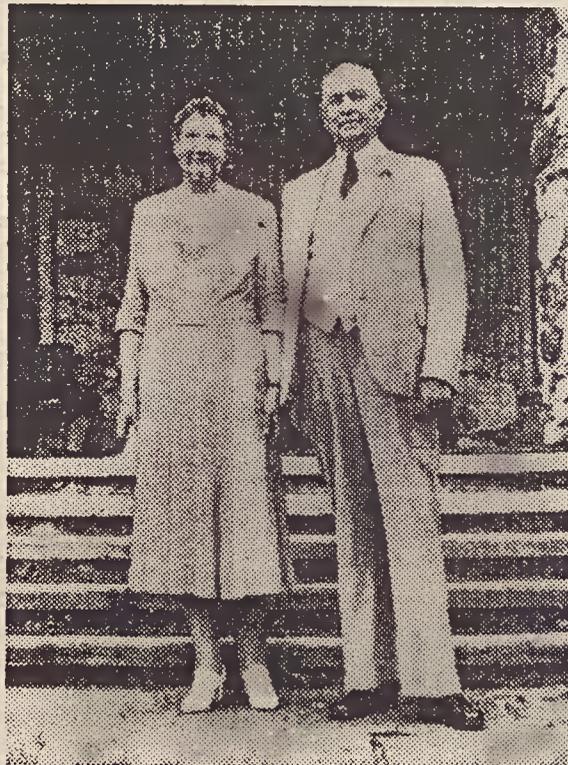
Miss Collette is again working as Advisor with two new advisors, Miss Wade and Dr. White, replacing Mrs. Armstrong and Miss McElroy.

As the masthead of the October issue of the *Dialette* shows, since the election of class representatives took place October 21, the S. P. S. is now complete, with the exception of the fact that there is no Art Editor at present. This additional member may be added later if the need arises.

Initiation

Monday night, October 21, the new staff members were initiated by all the old members at a party around the fireplace on Winsborough Porch. After the initiation ceremony, planned by a committee of which Frankie Hall was chairman, refreshments were served. Instructions on how to carry out the initiation in their dress the make-up the following day were given before the new girls went home from their first staff meeting.

Rifle Instructor (to new class): Now, men, remember your rifle is your best friend. Treat it as tenderly as you would your wife. Wipe it off with an oily rag every morning.



DR. AND MRS. R. C. ANDERSON

"OPERATIONS BREAKFAST"

By Virginia Butler

That loud noise you hear is not some terrible accident, but the sound of dawn gently (?) breaking over dew-drenched hills. How romantic! You cautiously open one eye, see your roommate still reposing peacefully, so you turn over for just one more minute's sleep. It's so warm under these blankets, so cozy—umm-z-z-z-z.

Forty-five minutes later you awake with a start as someone yells you have only fifteen minutes before breakfast doors are closed. Bravely freezing in silence you leap (all right, so you crawl!) from your bed and stand on one foot in the middle of your not so-clean room, vainly searching for your clothes you forgot to put out the night before. After a stroke of genius you dash for your closet and pull out the first things your groping fingers grasp. A toothbrush in one hand, a comb in your curly (?) locks, your other hand pulling on your skirt, you rush around while your roommate calls encouragement from the safety of a secluded corner. Ten minutes!

You are now clothed in some semblance of naturalness, and you run a cold wash cloth over your face to get the last bit of sleep from your eyes. (So we are gluttons for punishment!) A kind friend pushes your lipstick into your hand while you shove your p. j.'s under the pillow, pull up the counterpane, and shove yesterday's clothes unceremoniously into the closet where the prying eyes of your house mother won't (you hope!) find them. Your color-clashing kerchief is tied over your head, and you flip off the lights during your mad dash from the room. Five minutes! One shoe-lace still untied, you finally reach the cafeteria, tripping only once on the way. You slide in the doorway under the wires, grab your tray and push it pantingly along the counter. Eggs and grits (which you haven't seen in months!) are piled on your plate. Coffee is added next, and you sink thankfully into a chair as you vow you'll never oversleep again—at least, not until tomorrow, anyway!

PRESIDENT AND WIFE STILL CHERISH COLLEGE AS "PET"

The President of Montreat College and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Anderson, will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on November 11. This will mark a half century of visions and seeing their visions come to life.

Dr. Anderson was born near Martinsville, Virginia, eighty-two years ago. Since then he has become one of the South's most outstanding churchmen and a highly recognized educator.

He received his education from Hampden-Sidney College and Union Theological Seminary and did graduate study at the Free Church College and the University of Edinburgh in Scotland. He became an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church. From Davidson College, where he is a trustee, he received his Doctor of Divinity degree.

Mrs. Anderson was born in Mocksville, North Carolina. She attended the Charlotte Female Institute, which is now Queens College. Mrs. Anderson has a very great interest in her church and the school. They were married in 1896, in the First Presbyterian Church, at Charlotte.

Dr. Anderson is very fond of chess, Chinese Checkers, croquet, and horses. While Mrs. Anderson likes music, especially voice and piano, she is an excellent artist, and has created some beautiful pieces of art. Her favorite painting is the one she did of her grandmother. She said, "But the thing which is really our 'pet' is Montreat College."

Dr. Anderson, with Mrs. Anderson, has dreamed Montreat College. The high ideals which they embodied in Montreat College are also embodied in the heart of each alumnae.

Wanted - Alumnae News

The November edition of the *Dialette* will be dedicated to the alumnae of Montreat College. If you have any news, please see that it is given to either Elizabeth Miller or Millie Bailey right away.