

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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Class History

September 6, 1949, thirty-nine awe-stricken freshmen entered the gates of Montreat College to begin a new career. For some, it was a day of anxiety, for others it was a day of excitement and anticipation, but for all, this day was the beginning of a new experience. Not even the heavy clouds and drizzling rain could dampen this feeling of independence and adventure, for we could now speak of ourselves as "College women". We immediately began getting settled and started "fixing up" our rooms in College Hall and Fellowship.

After the weeks of orientation, we felt a little more at home and with some confidence began using the terms "Board, Council, and Cabinet", hoping that on at least the second try we would get these elusive names correctly placed. We felt that we had mastered at least part of the handbook and we hoped that the part that had escaped us would not be needed.

Our first step forward in this freshman year was to elect a class sponsor and a class president. Miss Smith was chosen as our faculty advisor and Sarah Ann Sherman, a vivacious Alabamian, was elected to lead our class.

Our first chance to prove our worth was in giving the Thanksgiving Banquet. The dining room was resplendent in corn shocks, pumpkins, and pilgrim waitresses. We were quite proud of our contribution to this traditional day.

We then receded from the limelight, giving our time to those bewildering and absorbing duties of exams, until our Freshman Talent Show. This was held at Easter when we showed the world AND the upper classmen the various talents that their "little sisters" possessed.

We The Senior

Class Poem

We, the Seniors of '53,
Have a wonderful tale to tell to thee.
A tale of several pairs of feet
That have walked the paths of dear
Montreat.

As Freshmen the feet were light and gay
And danced and tripped along the way—
Hikes and parties, games and classes;
NOTHING daunted these fair lasses!

As the second year came into view,
And the paths to the feet were no longer
new,

The feet slowed down to a calmer gait—
Seriousness caused it. (also weight!)

As juniors the steps were slower yet,
Slowed by a life that each one set
To a schedule just bursting out the
seams—

Classes and trips, and clubs and teams.

The Senior year has at times seen a
stagger,
Perhaps a stumble—but always a swagger.
We're proud! Shall I tell you of what
we are proud?

Proclaim it in accents clear and loud?

We're proud of our school; as proud as
can be!

Here in this place we have learned to see
That God can work in the hearts of men
And guide our lives by His mighty hand.

We're proud of our teachers, who by
their lives

Have set an example to which each strives.
We're proud of the things we've learned
from them

That didn't come out of the textbooks
trim.

We're proud of the things that we have
learned,

The things accomplished, the praises
earned.

So ends this story of college days;
The feet now leave for far-flung ways.

Helen Duke

our sponsor, Mr. Green. This is a fitting title for each of us, for we are indeed heiresses of the gifts of Montreat—the gifts of strength, beauty, and truth. These qualities have been instilled in us by our school and now they are ours to use and further develop in the service of our Lord.

Class Historian,
Patricia Williams.

In the spring, we proudly watched our freshman class representative, Ruth Rozier, a pretty blond from South Carolina, march across Anderson Lawn in the May Court procession.

The next year we returned to Montreat as sophomores, feeling a little superior in our newly-elected positions to the incoming freshmen who did not know everything as WE did. We lived in Hower-ton Hall this year and revelled in the large rooms of the new building. This year, Helen Duke was our president and Miss Maxwell was chosen as our sponsor.

Our main responsibility for this year was the Christmas party. The morning of this event we spent hours in Hower-ton Rec Room tying "trees" on chairbacks for our Winter Wonderland. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer made his appearance, and, with the help of five other reindeer, Santa Claus was pulled into our forest on his sleigh.

This year, Nancy Armistead, a day student, represented the sophomore class in the May Court.

Our junior year, we returned to Montreat to settle in' to our work a little more seriously, for we suddenly realized that we had only one more year! Pat Williams was elected as our president and Miss Maxwell was re-elected sponsor.

Our important work for this year was giving the Junior-Senior Banquet. We set about making our plans for this, determining to give the VERY BEST Junior-Senior that had ever been given or ever would be given. We cut down trees from the mountains, borrowed grassrugs, captured a cloud from the sky, and imported fairies who danced in the candle light. Jolene Parks, who was transformed into a fairy queen, waved her sparkling wand and changed the forest into a place of magic. We felt that we really had reached our objective after this banquet.

Our May Court representative for this year was Mary Ann Smoak.

Our Senior year found us with a new feeling of responsibility, for now WE were the leaders of our school. As our president for this year, we chose Colleen Story. Once more the Thanksgiving Banquet was ours to sponsor. "George" and "Matilda", our department store mannequins, represented our Pilgrim ancestors.

Mary Ann Smoak as May Queen and Jolene Parks as senior representative graced the May Court.

Now the time is drawing near for graduation. But before this final ceremony, the Senior Class will present "The Heiress", a two-act drama, under the direction of