

The Dialectte

The DIALETTE is the official newspaper of Montreat College, and is published monthly by the Dialectte Staff. Its purpose is to give the student a fair and unprejudiced view of campus life.

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HISTORY (Cont'd from Page 1)

omore class, of course!). We'll always remember "Duncie" (Frances Bridges) as our Santa Claus.

This year was marked by the "Vanishing Red Skin". We adopted the Sister Class System or Blue and Gold for our intermural sports program. It also marked the Vanishing Kappa Pi W. B. (If curious ask Miss Wilson).

Virginia Blackburn was our lovely contribution to the May Court.

Our Junior year took on a new meaning for most of us. The half-way mark — now we realized we had just one more year in Montreat. We settled into our work a little more seriously. Our president for that year was June King and our sponsor Miss McNeill.

We took time off from all our hard study and serious concentration to put on the Arthur Godfrey Show, a gala event for both the student body and the junior class.

The big event of this year for us was the Junior-Senior Banquet. We set out making our plans for this; of course this was going to be the "biggest" and the "bestest" banquet ever to occur in Montreat! Our banquet turned out to be a most colorful event. Red and white to be exact! Our theme, "Dinner at Charlie's", displayed our talents at turning back the calendar and we had a most delightful evening, true to the 19th century spirit and amid candle light, bustled skirts, parasols, barbershop quartets, and a tinkling piano.

Our May Court representative that year

Last Will & Testament

CLASS OF 1954

We, the Senior Class of 1954, being of a reasonably wholesome mind and sound body, wish to make our last will and testament. Despite the fact that we have endured play practices, chorus rehearsals, choir tours, practice teaching, meetings of every description, afternoon recreation, and classes (when there was not anything more urgent to do), we have maintained our equilibrium and we do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament:

To our faculty, we leave our love and appreciation for their counseling, guidance, and instruction during these years at Montreat.

To Dr. McGregor, we leave hopes that Montreat College will be bigger and better next year and in the years to come.

To our gracious Dean, Miss Wilson, we leave best wishes for putting up with seniors as well as under-classmen.

To our beloved sponsor, Miss McNeill, we leave devoted memories of the time, talent, and work she spent with us.

To the Seniors of '55, we leave our unexcelled ability to have a program ready in three days without having a single rehearsal.

To the Sophomores, we leave exciting memories of working on the Junior-Senior Banquet.

To the Freshmen, we leave precious useful weeks that can be made into three years of fun, work, and play at Montreat.

No inheritance tax has to be paid for the following bequests:

I, Heide Funke, bequeath to Mary Greene my "trigger finger and flashes"; to always-ever-dignified Leta Miller my supersonic speed; to Quince Bault my paints and brushes; and to dear B. B. Bell my love for horses, in hopes that she will "fall off."

was Mary Jane Gillespie.

Our Senior year found us with a new sense of responsibility. WE were now the leaders of our campus activities. Our president for this year was Virginia Blackburn and our sponsor Miss McNeill.

Many events highlighted this wonderful year. The Thanksgiving Banquet was our responsibility and privilege. We tackled this with the same fever as we have other activities in the past years. It too was a success as we celebrated in the conventional way.

Ellinore Krieger was our gracious queen of the May, and Ann Broom our representative in her court.

Many of us will long remember practice teaching, chorus tours, senior recitals, and many other such activities of our Senior year. But dearest to our memories will be the "Spirit of Montreat" and all the many things Montreat means to us.

I, Mary-Ruth Marshall, leave my battered and bruised music books to Ivey Dee Chaffin along with my feelings for Bach and Bartok. To some unsuspecting and innocent soul, I leave my typewriter, copy paper, and publicity files, along with my undying sympathy.

We, Blackburn and Gillespie, would like to leave our dignity, seriousness, quietness, straight faces, inability to laugh, and other likeable qualities to Mary Lou Gray and Peggy Kyle in hopes that they will tone down their zest for living.

I, Josephine Sawyer, leave my determination to finish college in twenty years to Jo Ella Dunaway.

I, Coretta Henson, bequeath my great athletic ability to the sport lovers in the Junior Class, and the name "Tish" to anyone who can recite the lives of ancient painters. To Ann Meeke, I leave my secret formula for gaining weight which never has proved worthwhile.

I, Betty Mebane, leave my motherly way with the girls to Louise Bennett in hopes that she will help them look "a hundred per from head to feet"; to Helen Daniels my ability to cook, sew, and keep house for her and Allan; and Ruth Wooten, my patience while waiting for those all-important letters.

I, June King, bequeath to Evelyn Morris my seat on the little couch in Miss Wilson's office, Saturday chapel periods, and the social calendar.

I, Lola Lowery, bequeath my years of experience as a waitress on the guest side to Anna Belle Garland in hopes that she will not waste too many hours with folk like "Mr. Rabbitt".

I, Alice Collins, leave my love for the Home Ec. Lab to Lou Orders; Room 202 to anyone who enjoys telephone rings; and to Norma O'Brien my ability to lose weight.

I, Ellinore Krieger, leave my extraordinary musical ability to Frances Mouzon. To Leta Miller, I leave the joys of "cooperating" with the faculty.

I, D. J. Warren, leave my dress-making and sweater knitting to all the girls who get bored with brain work and who wish to do handiwork.

I, Ann Broom, leave my love for Fellowship Hall to all the girls who live there, and my kitchen pantry to "Fatty and Tubby". To Hilda (Pud) Plecker I leave "Miss A", period!

I, Betty Lown, leave to Margaret Leech my ability to get involved in things which you wish later you had not (such as cantatas in Black Mountain, and senior recitals).

We, the Seniors, declare this to be our last will and testament this 13th day of May, nineteen hundred and fifty-four, anno domini.

Testator, Coretta Henson