



Dial

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MONTREAT COLLEGE, MONTREAT, NORTH CAROLINA

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THANKSGIVING AT MONTREAT

By Jane Taylor.

"Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices."

On our pilgrimage through this eventful year, we will pause on November 24 to commemorate a day in 1621 when our Pilgrim Fathers also paused and gave thanks for their abundant harvest.

As they were happy in this new land of their choice, so will the students of Montreat.

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The Grading System

By Ann Sharpe.

Lately there has been a general question in the minds of the students concerning the whys and wherefores of the grading system. To throw some light on this mystery we have turned to Dr. Monroe. The Dean's words concerning this were, "We, the faculty, do not feel that a nine weeks' grade justifies the work it takes. The professors have to spend too much time deciding on grades. This is time taken away from teaching duties."

Dr. Monroe also expressed an idea that many others have today, that parents and students put too much emphasis on grades and not enough on learning.

There will be only a final grade at the end of the semester. After the first nine weeks the parents will be notified if the student is making a D or below in any subject. The student will also be notified, and a conference with her faculty advisor will be arranged. At this time she will be given further instructions on how to study and specific advice for help in that particular subject.

For the "fortunate" ones, the B average and the Dean's list will be back in full force. Dr. Monroe has hinted that there may even be something higher than the Dean's list, such as a list of students making all A's. Suggestions, anyone?

Annual Hike To Mt. Mitchell



Brave, hale and hardy Montreaters have done it again. The going was rough and painful, especially to the footsies, but the hikers to Mt. Mitchell were not easily discouraged.

They knew very well that the top was floating around on those clouds somewhere, and they plodded steadily and faithfully onward. Finally—whew—they did it—conquered Mt. Mitchell.

Upon leaving Montreat, each girl seemed to be aiming for a speed record, but as the miles slowly slipped behind the dutiful hikers, Pat seemed to drag behind Charley more and more, and vice versa.

While the girls were greedily grabbing a bite of lunch, snow began to fall. To Barbara Priest, who had never seen snow, this was a highlight of the trip. With her mouth open its full ten inches she gazed in starry-eyed amazement as the soft flakes fell and fell.

Next year, due to facts related to them by several hunters, the girls plan to take spears and rifles. The hunters told them

that they had killed three bears the day before, and two that day, and that they were chasing the third. From this point forward, our courageous hikers moved with caution. Evidently they did not want to scare the poor, harmless bears.

From the top of Mt. Mitchell the girls looked out and down on a breath-taking scene. Their breath may have been taken, but their senses were not dulled to the snow glistening on pine trees, the stiff wind rustling their branches, and the surrounding mountains enclosed by fleecy clouds.

Tearing themselves away from the view, the hikers, who really looked more like a gathering of Eskimos, had a full supper. This included cold chicken, cold potato salad, cold bread, cold tomatoes, and cold olives, with steaming hot coffee held in numb hands with icicles dangling from the fingertips in the seemingly forty-below-zero weather. Seriously though, that hot coffee served as a great stimulant for froz-

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