

## The Dialectte

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(To whom we are greatly indebted)

Betty Kegebien, Carolyn May, Beverly Mabe and Norma Prator.

## IN ESTIMATION

"Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed by my fellow men."  
—A. Lincoln

Now that elections are over and the elected are installed, let us turn from the ballot and the oath and think for a moment upon these words quoted above from the many memorable things Mr. Lincoln has had to say.

Consider, if you will, the man who spoke them and the time in which they were spoken. Abraham Lincoln was a man of principles and high ideals. Even in an era when it was hard to be nonpartisan, he overcame narrowness and prejudice. He put aside his own personal grievances. He rose above the pettiness of party politicians. He attained his ambition to be "truly esteemed."

We would do well to heed the example of men like Lincoln. Such men do not let self rule ambition, but rather ambition rules self. Ambition is not synonymous with selfishness. We in ourselves determine how we use ambition. It can be a fine and holy thing indeed; but, used only to further ego, it is futile—"full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

We should free ourselves of selfish motives—as friends, as sportsmen, as students, as officers. We should not be bound to our own particular interests, our own particular cliques, our own particular smallnesses. Life is too full to be limited by such confined outlooks. Christ has charged us to live for Him. If we continue to put personal interest, the clique, and self above everything else; then we are assured of one thing only—failure, failure in the athletic program, failure in student government, failure in the academic life, failure in the spiritual life—miserable failure in all our endeavors. Our campus is a close organization. We each have our place in its machinery. We must

## So Shuffles Spring

Hail to thee, Blithe Spring,  
Early, thou never wert.

Such has been the way of nature's most tender season this year. The aspiring KPB poets have had to wait a little longer for inspiration. A delayed spring fever has resulted in the absence of "sparkles" from the anatomy of the female gender—hand and eyes.

April 16th arose and by noon spring had arrived (on a late bus), bringing her blooming baggage. Now this season of the year has many possessions of which we are quite aware. By such things I am naturally referring to her resplendent garb of renaissance sewn together in beauty, freshness and newness. This is always our first thought of spring, but there are other accessories that she brings with her—items quite typical of Montreat in April.

At the Assembly Inn it brings Tiller's salad plate special aided and abetted by iced tea or pink lemonade. The smell of smoke is in the air, hair and everywhere, as ambitious Montreaters go primitive for friendly cookouts.

Now shall we switch to the balcony of Howerton Hall? Notice how it has become alive with masses of red humanity. No, you won't hear the Cherokee war whoop but only an occasional yelp as a bee takes revenge on the encroachment of his domain.

The line forms to the rear in Central Park. Those swings have an appeal all their own, and many of the college youth capitalize on the exhilarating pleasures of flying through the air with the greatest of ease.

Speaking of pleasure, all the biology classes are breathlessly awaiting the first field trip of the spring under the auspices of Dr. Karl Snyder, famed botanist of this locale.

If professors enter our picture of spring, then so must studies and studies can carry the connotation of deadline—deadlines for term papers, reports, case studies, recitals, and all sorts of invaluable data deemed necessary for the education and culturization of undergraduate students.

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work together to insure smooth and effective operation.

This year will soon be past, but September usually comes again. Next year lies before us, a virgin of untouched opportunity. It will be a good year if we so desire. It will be a good year if we can remember to "Let no man set his own advantage as his objective, but rather the good of his neighbor." (I Cor. 10)

—JT

Noel Morse

## Knocking at the Gate



A word of praise is certainly due each of the young ladies and gentlemen who gave junior and senior recitals. Every performance showed excellent musicianship; Montreat will be proud of you wherever you go. We must not forget the tireless teachers who have worked so diligently to prepare these students. As Mrs. Dunford has expressed it, theirs is a labor of "blood, sweat and tears". We all greatly appreciate the work of each person who has helped to make these recitals so successful and enjoyable.

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It seems that we have had "election madness" around the campus for quite some time now. (Although we need one, it's a good thing we don't have to elect a male—uh, dog—catcher, because there's hardly anybody left to be nominated.) Congratulations to Mary Sullivan, SGA president; Martha Rose Miller, SCA president; Barbara Priest, AMA president; Jean Mash, Sun Dial editor; Joy Townes, Dialectte editor; Mary Mangrum, social chairman; and to all those who have been chosen as their assistants (Slaves). A reminder to all the students—these girls cannot do their jobs correctly without your full support.

—★—★—

A few gems from the one-day chorus tour on April 13—Vernon Elliott spent his time looking for white picket fences with gray fuzzy tails, (Mary, your budding romance (?) seems to have you in the old seventh heaven). Carolyn Oats put salt in her tea at dinner, A. C. Owenby developed a case of giggles worse than any girl ever could have, and Pansie Cameron discovered that her big orange hat served as an excellent sun visor.

—★—★—

As May Day draws closer, we are eagerly awaiting the festivities of the day. The beautiful and thrilling procession of the May Queen and her court will not soon be forgotten. Cupid and Psyche and all their little friends from the fascinating world of mythology will be performing. A few of the Seniors have been frantically charging around attempting to learn their parts for the play. Since we all like fattening food, the delicious feast prepared by Mr. Tiller and his staff will be a highlight of the day. We'd like to thank all the students and teachers who have been working hard to make May Day, 1958, a big success.

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