

The Dialectte

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Of the People, By the People, For the People

"Our system of student government is highly idealistic. To make it a successful functioning organization, we must look beyond the regulations and standards set by it and attempt to understand fully the ideals which underlie it."

—From The Handbook

The constitution of the Student Government Association reads that "the Cabinet of the SGA as the highest representation of the student body, shall have as its basic function the carrying out of the will of the students in every possible way." Its members are elected by you, not to special privileges, but to a higher responsibility—that of serving you.

"In a democratic form of government there must be a clearing house, a mediator, a co-ordinating body, to insure smoothness in the operation of student government. That is why our cabinet must function."

Cabinet, as your representative body, welcomes your suggestions. Let this student body strive to be "servants one to another."

LIVING ENDOWMENT CONTINUES—

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No. Pledging	Per Cent of Class Pledging
1938— 1
1942-43, 45-47— 0
1944— 1	2.94
1948— 5	35.71
1949— 2	16.66
1950— 4	17.39
1951— 3	13.04
1952— 4	33.33
1953— 1	11.11
1954— 1	7.69
1955— 5	29.41
1956— 4	15.38
1957—10	30.30
1959—19	73.08
Fac. & Staff—14	35.00
500	15.00

NOW IS THE TIME

How would you like to have a printed copy of the DIALETTE each month? Wouldn't you be more proud of your college if you had such a newspaper to show to your friends back home? We of the DIALETTE staff would like to print the paper each month, but we must have YOUR help if this dream is to become a reality.

To be quite truthful, the DIALETTE IS IN DIRE NEED OF YOUR FINANCIAL SUPPORT. You can help by buying a subscription; these subscriptions are being taken now. It may be possible to have two issues of the DIALETTE each month, but this depends entirely upon the success of our subscription drive.

Make OUR dream YOUR dream; help us to raise the standards of Montreat College just one more notch—buy a subscription TODAY!

Noel Morse

KNOCKING AT THE GATE



Welcome, freshmen! We consider it a privilege now to be knocking at your gate. And welcome back, upperclassmen! It's been a long, hot summer for some of us and it gives us a thrill to be saying hello to each of you again.

As I was thinking of a special message to the freshmen, I thought of the motto of Montreat College, "Esse quam videri—to be rather than to seem." This motto was little more than a puzzle to me as a freshman; however, in the past two years, I have learned that this phrase can have a deep and abiding meaning for each of us. Here at Montreat, students and faculty alike are continually striving to break down all barriers of pretense, to truly be ourselves as God has made us, and to become strong in Christ, for He is our Strength. May each of you find the depth of this motto in every area of your life.

This summer, I was a student on the campus of another college, and the first criticism I had was the lack of a friendly spirit such as we have at Montreat. One day, I realized that most of the other students wanted to be friendly but, as I had been doing, they were waiting for someone

else to speak first. To make Montreat the friendliest place on earth, let's all—freshmen and upperclassmen alike—have a "speak-first" contest. A smile and a word can go a long way toward making days brighter and students happier.

Wedding bells rang for several former Montreaters this summer. Among the brides were Kathy Stelle and Edwina Robbins in June, Gertrude McLain, Pat Priest and Eugenia Wooldridge in July, and Susan Huh on September 8. This reminds me of a daffynition of a honeymoon: the period between, "I do" and "you'd better!" (Compliments of T. Arena)

On August 19, three members of last year's sophomore class entered Memorial Mission Hospital's school of nursing. Already they seem to be enjoying their training very much. We hope it won't be long before Kay Jouret, Irene Blevins, and Dietta Coates will be able to take a jaunt out here from Asheville to see us. They'll really be missed on campus.

Glimpses from the first night of SCA retreat . . . Patsy Oxner sleeping with her beloved cat, Ten O'Clock (just wait 'til you meet him!) . . . Miss Anderson charging around trying to find a door that would fit the key she had . . . Martha Rose Miller frantically trying to figure out how five dollars would buy enough supper and breakfast to feed the hungry mob . . . Willie Bea Marshburn and Jean Broske trying to shrink an iron cot so that they could get it back in the room they took it out of . . . Patty English, Martha Robinson and Irene McKain raiding the ice-box at midnight . . . Seriously, it wasn't all play and no work, but when good friends get together, things like that just naturally happen!

From all reports, the faculty seems to have had a delightful summer. Miss Wilson took a hike and reports that Trixie, who naturally went along, had a mountain-top experience. Miss Maxwell spent her leisure moments behind the Inn desk checking through the Minutes of the General Assembly and making careful notations beside the names of all eligible-bachelor ministers. Seems that she wanted to be prepared to smile very sweetly when they arrived at the desk to request a room! And Miss McNeill had such a wild party in her apartment that she busted a big hole in the floor. (She contends that she was merely chasing a spider.) Ann Bullard and Miss Morris had a jolly time chasing men last week—that is, the workmen who were bringing things to the dorms needed a little feminine assistance, so they said.