

Noel Morse

KNOCKING AT THE GATE



Is Spiritual Emphasis Week wrongly named? We say that Christ is the center of Montreat life. If this is true, the emphasis is always spiritual and there is no need for a definite week called by this name. Perhaps this was the message Dr. Truesdale intended to convey when, in the first of this year's service, he asked, "When Christ makes His entrance into Montreat, do you merely pass Him by?" This haunting question is indeed a thought-provoking one.

Dr. Truesdale further inspired us when he related the story of the old, bea'en tugboat that suddenly acted like new one day. One bystander offered this solution: 'Old Bust-Me-Up has a new captain now'. Does the new Captain make a difference in your life? Our speaker, truly a man of God, showed us again that Christ is not only our Captain, but "Christ, your big brother, will be there whenever and wherever you need Him". We were also reminded that we have a reservation in Heaven paid for by a Friend, and no one can take it away.

Did Heaven break through to you in a strategic place during the 1958 Spiritual Emphasis Week? Heaven can break through to you every moment if you will continually emphasize the spiritual.

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The trite expression, "Little pitchers have big ears", certainly has rung true this month; these big ears have heard an abundance of typical Montreat statements. All of us have felt that we had more to do than we ever could get around to, and Carolyn May wrapped up this feeling when she came charging into her room late one night exclaiming, "I've got to hurry to bed so I'll be there in time to get up!" Dr. Holt came up with an original daffynition when he told his class that rock'n'roll was nothing but rhythmic confusion. One of the students, showing great intelligence and deep thought, upon hearing that Dr. Bell's son-in-law had visited the campus, asked, "Is Dr. Bell's son-in-law married?" And finally, Martha Robinson took Romans 12:1 a little too seriously. In trying to present herself as a living sacrifice, she sat in the offering plate one morning in chapel! (She may have been looking for a strong usher.)

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While Lois Keys was making her abode in the infirmary for several days, she and Miss Ward took a test in the Reader's Digest and discovered that they were just too righteous. They came to the conclusion that it was time for them to "loosen up" a bit, so their plan is to take the little brown jug out behind the Music Building every night. Speaking of the Music Building, Mrs. Dunford was up there one day lamenting the fact that on the previous Sunday morning she had had to sit on the front row in church—she called it the Amen Corner. She said that as a young girl, she used to sit on the front row of her church's choir loft, which was in the balcony, and lean over the rail. One day, she accidentally pushed a hymnbook over the edge, and it landed squarely on the bald head of a member of the congregation. He was so stunned that they had to interrupt the service to take him out. Mrs. Dunford stoutly asserts that this is her one claim to fame, and that she has been walking the "straight and narrow" ever since that time.

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Thanksgiving week-end brought with it the excitement of seeing familiar faces of college alumni once again. It was thrilling to hear of their experiences in this big, old world and also to learn of the successful and challenging lives of some who were not able to come back to their Alma Mater at this time.

It was good to see Mary Frances "Frizzie" Edwards and to know that her missionary efforts in the high school at Wendell, N. C., have been so successful as to net four prospective Montreat students whom she brought with her. A 1958 graduate made the week-end memorable by becoming engaged to one of our present co-eds. Congratulations to Mary Lou Kiser and Tom Arena! Ann Sharpe finally got here after waiting in the Asheville bus station from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. (Courage is included in the education of every Montreater.) Sylvia Haley was back with her same warmth and radiance but without that familiar old green Plymouth which she traded in on a new one. It gave us a special pride to hear three of our alumni introduce themselves as members of our college faculty. With great joy, we welcomed back one of our dearest friends, "Aunt" Una Mae Mangrum, former secretary to Dr. McGregor, and now a public school Bible teacher. All of these friends presented us with another challenge to carry on the Montreat tradition in the best way possible.

USE OR ABUSE?

By Betty Hampton

It is a trait of humanity to take unfair advantage of the privileges granted to us. Many times we do this unconsciously, but, more often than not, we do it deliberately.

The student lounge in the gym has become a subject of great controversy with the students of Montreat College. Nine out of ten students have expressed their desire to keep the lounge open to the student body. And yet, nine out of ten students seem to think nothing of breaking the few rules which allow the lounge to remain open.

Paper—from ice cream, candy, etc.—frequently decorate the floor. Glass from broken pop bottles adds a certain glitter to the place. These "decorations" are typical of places frequented by high school students, but we are no longer in high school. We, as college students, are supposed to be able to carry out our duties properly and with the capability with which they have been accredited to us.

Wherein does the fault lie? Is it in the individual himself, or in the set-up under which the student lounge operates?

The Sophomore Class has taken as a project the beautification of the lounge. Does it merit their efforts when we treat it in so unjust a manner? Have the hall courts lived up to the responsibility they accepted when they agreed to take over the upkeep of the lounge?

The purpose of the student lounge is to provide the students of Montreat College, in addition to their academic work, a well balanced and enjoyable atmosphere. Each member of the student body is expected to accept his responsibility and "carry through". No soccer team could be successful if the players did not co-operate and work together. This teamwork is also vital if our student lounge is to be a credit to our school.

No matter what we do, we represent Montreat College. An unkempt student lounge reflects upon the name of the college as well as upon you.

Use it; don't abuse it.

HOLIDAY GREETING— From Page 1

What is this thing called the Christmas spirit? It is all these and more. As carolers sing laughingly, "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly"; exuberantly, "Angels We Have Heard on High"; expectantly, "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel"; and serenely, "Silent Night"; even so is the spirit of Christmas expressed. It is the "babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger"—the promised Messiah, the hoped-for Saviour, the reigning King. It is the angels' message: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

Joyeux Noel! The Christmas Sisters