

REMINISCING

We're second semester freshmen now, seasoned college students, but it was not without trials that we achieved this status. Some of our first college experiences almost defy retelling. Do you remember the time one of our number forgot what day it was and sat calmly in her room during her first period English class? Remember growing panicky when the sophomores told you that you were supposed to sign out for fire-drills?

Then there was the time you contaminated the wrong side of your petre dish with your fingers in biology lab, and made Dr. Snyder think you were the cleanest person in the world because your bacteria didn't grow. Don't forget the time the washing machine tore a hole in your only fitted sheet, the time the lights went out and you wrote your first research paper by candlelight, the time you dropped your hymnbook in chapel with the loudest possible noise, the time you slipped and fell with a glass of water on the bus on chorus tour (leaving you with that what-to-do, what-to-do feeling), and, of course, the times you spent taking delightful, health-restoring afternoon naps in the infirmary.

Remember the joy you felt when you caught on to the joke Miss Maxwell was telling in French? (What does it matter if it was the third time she had told it?)

One situation which seems to be rather common lately is that of expecting company for the weekend, and then having the expected arrival become snow-bound somewhere. Could it be true that one of our friends has been vainly trying to get to Montreat from Kentucky for six weeks? But I digress . . . Back to those trying experiences of the inexperienced college student.

Remember playing the "slot machines" (alias the coke and cracker machines) in Howerton Rec. Hall, calling your parents every weekend, losing some of your roommate's clothes, and taking your handbook test with fear and trembling?

However, the best example of freshman naiveness didn't occur this fall, it took place last summer when one of our fellow students, desirous of obtaining certain information, saw a little man in a short-sleeve shirt, and thinking him to be one of the caretakers, asked him eagerly, "Do you have anything to do with the college?"

"Well, yes," he replied slowly, "I'm the executive dean."

THE STUDENTS SPEAK

Dear Editor:

It has come to the attention of many of the students about the lack of enthusiasm and participation on the part of the majority of the student body. I feel this is killing our school spirit. Admitted that Montreat is a small school and activities are limited; but how can we ever improve this if no one shows an interest in those few which we now have? The social committee, I understand, would be most happy to plan more often and more elaborately if only there were interested students backing their efforts.

What do you say, fellow students? Wouldn't you like more activities, e.g., movies, skits, parties, treasure hunts, and exchange week ends?

Dear Editor:

Why does Montreat not join the thous-

ands of other institutes of higher learning in allowing chapel cuts? It seems to me it's a bit imposing to insist upon attendance to sometimes boring chapels six days a week. I feel that leaving the chapel open for private meditation three days a week would be a marvelous substitute for those "talks" we so often have.

Sometimes it's much easier to "Be still and know that I am God" than "You must come and be preached at!"

—Tired

Dear Editor:

What happened to the Music Hour we enjoyed so much last semester. Personally, I would like to see it continued this semester and I'm sure there are others who feel as I do.

—Music Lover

Dear Editor:

All the "beefs" I have cannot be printed in this four-page newspaper. Why don't you print a magazine?

—The Gripe

Montreat Host To Fellowship

Recently the Senior High Fellowship of the Montreat Presbyterian Church entertained the neighboring youth fellowship groups from the Black Mountain and Friendship Presbyterian Churches. After meeting together, refreshments were served in Howerton Recreation Hall.

A short devotional, led by Mary Gale Haynes, preceded the movie, "All That I Have". The group then adjourned to the lobby for an informal hymn sing led by Ann Harbor. Accompanist for the occasion was Mary Gale Haynes.

It was decided to continue the informal sings every night after vespers. A different student will lead it each week. This is a project conducted by the Spiritual Life group of the Student Christian Association.

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