

A STUDENT SPEAKS

In these days of toil, tribulation, and bug-catching, I have become more aware of the little fellow known to man as the cockroach. He has a grand time in dark solitude, but when light and life appear, he runs away to hide. How like the cockroach some of us are! Here at Montreat we find our dark solitude where we can hide from the world and from ourselves. In the quiet beauty of these mountains it is so easy to crawl into a nest and live only for and with ourselves. Montreat, rather than being used as a crutch or nest, should become a place and time of self-realization. It should prepare us to meet the light and life of the outside world. We don't want to be like the cockroach and run away when our quiet solitude is broken. The only way to prepare to meet the future is to meet the present. We must let light into our minds and life into our being while we are at Montreat, or we will always be like the cockroach, running from the world around us.

—A. H.

'Tattle Tale' or Honor?

On Sunday night, October 9, a very serious and impressive service was held in Gaither Chapel. It was on that night that each individual solemnly pledged before his fellow students and God to uphold the honor code.

For many it was a pledge made with deepest sincerity, for others it was the reading of meaningless words to keep peace. It is to these people that this article is directed, for it is these people that do not know the meaning of the honor code, and who keep it from working. The reason most frequently given for not following the honor code is that it is a "tattle tale" system. Is it? "Tattle tale" is a phrase in a child's vocabulary that means one who tells tales on others to cause trouble. The honor code, on the other hand, means HELPING others by telling them, and if the need requires other, of things that they are doing that might be detrimental to others and to themselves.

It must be realized that everyone is not blessed with a Christian home in which honor is taught throughout childhood. It is the responsibility of everyone to help and guide these persons on the right road. How will these persons know if they are not on the right road? Tell them. That is the purpose of the honor code, and it must be your responsibility if it is to succeed.

Joys of Long Week-End

5-4-3-2-1!! Hurray!! This was the cry heard from students proclaiming the news of long Week-end. This week-end had been awaited by anxious freshmen and tired sophomores for six long weeks. (Teachers, too!) For most students it was their first trip home since September 10. The first six weeks are always the longest and the hardest. As time drew nearer to October 20, nerves were on edge and tempers quickly flared over small things. Long week-end cured both. Some students caught up on much needed sleep, some partied the entire four days, while a few of the more ambitious souls prepared in advance for class assignments. Whatever the case, the famous week-end brought easiness and calmness to the students, and prepared them to settle down and study without thinking of home for awhile.

Say — did someone say that it was only two months, fifty-one days, 1224 hours until Christmas vacation?

Roamin' Around

Have you ever wondered what our cabinet members think about while they are in one of their treacherous, brain-washing meetings? Let me fill you in by sharing with you some bits of conversation recently picked up . . . "I had a cabinet meeting during Chapel period. I thought of you, and then I looked for you when I came out—but no luck! You're too fast for me, Sweetie! I was wondering what you are going to do this afternoon."

REPLY: "I would love to . . ." There is more, but I'll never repeat it.

Scuttlebutt has it that Reece Fowler and Dr. Snyder are going to change positions. Seems as though Reece would rather spend his time in the study of the more intellectual than practice his two hours a day on the organ. Dr. Snyder eagerly awaits the lunch hour so that he might leave his Biology Lab in order that he might be able to have a chance at the organ.

A new demerit system will soon be in effect. It has been set up especially for those professors who can't quite follow the procedure of a fire drill held in Gaither Hall . . . Miss McNeil!

" . . . and wel we weren esed atte beste". What does that mean? Just ask any sophomore, for they speak that language, not me.

A recent conversation overheard went as such:

"Hola, Mon Amigo. Como esta usted?"

"Tres Bien, merci, et vous?"

"Adios".

"Cherrio mon Cher". —Lois Lance

Welcome, Mom Carson

If you are wondering who the lovable new Director of Men's Residence and Infirmary is, it is Mrs. John M. Carson of Vonore, Tennessee. Mrs. Carson or "Mom" Carson, as she is affectionately known to all of us, came here this year after becoming acquainted with Montreat through a summer conference. She had learned of Montreat from a former graduate, Virginia Smith, who is now a missionary in Brazil.

In coming to Montreat "Mom" left her home, "Tukega Farm", which is near the site of old Fort Loudon.

"Mom" Carson was graduated from Maryville College and is a member of the Toqua Presbyterian Church, Vonore, where she has always been very active. She was the treasurer of the Knoxville Presbytery. She is a widow, the mother of two sons, grandmother of two children, and housemother to the fourteen men who live in College Hall. "Mom" expects the rooms in College Hall to be "ship-shape" for inspection. "Mom" Carson feels that being in Montreat is like having a "mountain-top experience" all the time. Montreat can feel most fortunate in having such a dear person on campus.

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Associate Editor To Be Appointed
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Typists: Margo Forgey, Dorothy Darr, Ann Jolley, Betty Ayres, Toni Baxter.

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