

EDITORIAL

APATHY IN MONTREAT

It seems to us as members of the Dialette staff that the most outstanding attitude among Montreat students is that of apathy. You are quick to complain but very slow to take corrective action.

Perhaps the most common complaint is that of the poor preparation of the food in the cafeteria. Everyone realizes that the food seems to have a constant layer of grease but how many students have personally presented their grievances to the food committee? This committee will only work if enough student interest is shown. When no complaints are presented, then the committee has every right to assume that the food meets the approval of a majority of the students, thus no committee action should be taken.

Some students have been led to believe that reduction in the amount of milk we get is the fault of the cafeteria management. This is a false assumption. The amount of milk each student can get is stated in a contract signed in the Business Office of Montreat. So if you complain do not do it entirely to the manager of the cafeteria for he is only doing his job in this respect.

Still there are those who do not stop their complaining with just the food. Many people have been over

heard talking about the social life. The social life at Montreat is the best it has ever been and next year promises to be even better.

Where else can you hear such top bands and performers as Maurice Williams, The Chiffons, The Atlanta Tams, Josh White, etc. and for the low prices we pay to see them? When a band cancels and engagement, which has happened, it is not the social director's fault.

Then there is always the complaint about the church and chapel attendance. We agree that religion should not be forced on a person, but we have it easy compared to the students who went here in the past. A few years ago chapel was required everyday, except on Saturdays, and church was required twice on Sundays. That was something to complain about.

Finally, we have to include the complaint about the drinking rule. You complain about it and fill out a poll concerning it. Yet, when a meeting is held so you can voice your opinion do you show up? The answer to that question is no!

Only when you, the student body, begin to do something about your complaints will you get any action. So do not sit back and let just a few do the work for you—get up and do it yourself.

SUMMER SUNDIAL

The staff members of the 1967 Sundial have plans for making this annual the best ever. This year a more detailed book will be put out. More colored pictures will be added, along with more snapshots of life in the dorms.

The staff has come across several barriers, which have delayed the processing date of the annual. This will mean that it will not be delivered to students until the summer. Since we have no control over these barriers, we have decided to go all out and make the annual "worth coming out in the summer." May Day, graduation, the graduation dance, and the spring sports will be

included this year for the first time. The supplement, which many still have not received from last year, has been done away with.

The delivery date should be the beginning of July.

We wanted the yearbook to come out before school was out, but there is NO possible way under the present conditions. There will be some who will complain but we hope the majority of the students will understand.

Each copy will be mailed to the individual student, and we hope that you will thoroughly enjoy your copy of the 1967 Sundial.

THE ANNUAL STAFF

CHANGING NAME OF NEWSPAPER

The first thing that a reader of a newspaper does before he begins to immerse himself into the sea of words, is to respond to the title which will either turn him on or off. This is the issue, Does the title of our newspaper the DIALETTE turn you, the STUDENTS! on or off?

Think about this! How does just the title The Dialette alone affect not only you as Montreat-Anderson students but also other students in other colleges who receive our newspaper? Do we need a better title under which to display the voice of Montreat-Anderson College? In the coming weeks we will be faced with this issue. Discuss it with other students and let us know your opinions.

Mike Clark has been appointed editor of the Dialette due to the resignation of Al Weisiger. Mike, who is from Brevard, North Carolina, has had considerable experience in the newspaper field.

While in high school, he was sports editor of the school paper, received the award for the most outstanding journalist. He has written for the Brevard College paper and his hometown newspaper, Transylvania Times.

Here at Montreat Mike has been active in sports and other school activities.

His main goal concerning the paper is to see that it continues to improve, and he wants to make the paper one which the students can be proud of.

DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

by Philip Ramsey

What is happening up there? Are they still debating how long women can stay out as though the fate of the world rested on the outcome? Are the chapel services filled with the same old words from the same old speeches: Morality, integrity, decency, honor? I can hardly believe it sometimes.

Last year that's all we had to talk about in the dining hall—whether the college would extend visiting hours another, hour or even eliminate some social activities, because according to some officials, we were being immoral and promiscuous. We would argue it out during the day and then hear one of the deans at night—about how we needed "control" and "thoughtfulness" as well as "passion" and how it may take another few years before we have all three of them, and so we must have "patience"—fourth virtue and always an important one to those in power.

I do not know whether I'm ready to face that business again: Executive and administrative officials, noisy about worry with organisms in young people, but discreetly silent when we are sent off to kill or be killed, full of reminders of how moral we must be, and responsible to others, not push ourselves, but without a word of concern about the immorality of the slums next door, or the dishonest intrigue we've practiced in the Caribbean and elsewhere.

They go so easily from our sexual habits to the broadest conclusions about our honor and our generation's character, but they don't welcome a look at their honor. A person's views on politics are private, they tell you; but our views on sex not only aren't private but are fair game for anybody who wishes to call us every name in the book. If I wear a beard and the girl I love stays all night and sleeps with me I'm a beatnik and in a state of moral decline. If I shave and go to a house of prostitution or, buy stocks on the South African stock exchange that net me a big profit, or sign up for the CIA when I graduate from college, my behavior is unquestioned and my integrity assumed.

My bitterness is no doubt evident; because it is all-consuming. I'm tired of hearing my morality questioned by older people whose hypocrisy is at best, self-deceiving.

I'm against exploitation of any kind—racial, social, economic or sexual. Segregation and the double standard in sex smack of the same abuse of people. Neither one bothers "good, decent people" more than the idea that college students are having sex or demonstrating, or de-

manding a revision of courses, or a voice in who teaches them.

"We're immature and demanding, they say. "We'll grow up," they reassure themselves. What they mean by "grow up" is to give up, to sell out, to acquiesce and morally die.

Many people who gets to know me soon become aware of my unforgetting disenchantment with much of college life, both its disregard for my privacy and its stodgy refusal to keep pace with what college is, let alone what it ought to be.

One of my charges is that in our college, located between Berkeley and Cambridge, the deans have joined company with the Psychologists of the day to enforce an antique social code by offering us two particularly galling contributions of their own: The ability to obtain information from troubled students, then offer it shamelessly to administrative officials, and then the surprisingly contagious talent of labeling "sick" or "immature" what is new, different or a challenge to the status quo.

NO TIME FOR COWARDS

A cloud of dust spread over the land, and underneath this cloud a furious battle raged. Men shouted and waved their mighty shields in the air. Amidst this battle, a prince's banner, battered and torn, wavered and fell to the ground. Along the battle's edged cringed a cowardly man who wished that he had the prince's sword of finer steel, rather than his own blunt sword. He flung the weapon from his hand and quietly crept away from the battle. The king's son, wounded and weaponless came upon this broken sword buried in the dust, picked it up and with renewed strength slew his enemy, thus saving a great cause that day.

The opportunity was there for this Prince, and he used it. He took what elements were available and fought with every bit of fortitude that he had. Who is this strong and stalwart prince? A quick glimpse into a mirror will show you this prince. He is an ordinary person, who using the right opportunity, will fight for his place in life.

Opportunity walks the cities and countrysides. It passes the palace of kings and lingers at the smallest of abodes. Sooner or later it knocks at one of these gates. It pauses only for an instant . . . waiting for an

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THE DIALETTE

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