

LIFE AT BLUE RIDGE
REMINISCENT OF HOMESOCIALITY THE ORDER OF THE
DAY AT BLUE
RIDGE

As our Meredith family gathers at Blue Ridge for the conference, they are delighted with the home life. This life is made most attractive by having a separate cottage for our own college group. We are among the few fortunate ones to have a cottage all to ourselves. And that is not all, for our cottage is one of the prettiest on the grounds. It is located rather high up against a mountain with the path leading to High Top separating it from N. C. C. W.'s cottage. We are as one family there with enough facilities for comfort and enjoyment. There are seven bed rooms with two beds each, a sleeping porch which will accommodate six or eight beds, a living room, and two bath rooms.

To give you an idea of what the home life really is, I shall attempt to picture to you a day there. Each morning is begun with a rush to breakfast, for we would not think of missing it, and we always waited until the ten minute bugle to crawl out of bed. After enjoying a good breakfast we returned to our cottage, but not to make beds. A delightful surprise when we reached there was to find that maids came around every morning to make the beds and clean the cottage. This enabled us to make ourselves a little more presentable before going to morning "wash-up" (worship) which was a very impressive devotional held each morning at 8:40. The remainder of the morning except for one hour was spent mostly in attending meetings, such as general conferences, open forums, and departmental meetings. This hour between these sessions was for quiet and rest. However, we usually spent the time reading our mail and writing letters.

When the bugle blew at 12:45 for dinner we were always ready to heed the call. Then, our afternoons were free, but we always found something that we were anxious to do. While some would sleep or read, others would hike to Black Mountain or some other neighboring points. Later on in the afternoons, after taking turns of getting in the tubs or enjoying a shower, we dressed for the evening. Supper, the sing, and the evening meeting brought us home again.

We returned from the evening lectures about nine o'clock. From then until ten-thirty, when the bugle blew for the lights to go out, we had an enjoyable social time together. We roasted wienies and toasted marshmallows over our log fire in the living room. You can imagine just what a delightful time we would have doing this, but let me tell you about the party we had one night. Each invited a friend from some other college to be her guest. This afforded an opportunity for all to get better acquainted with the delegates of the conference. All had a pleasant time playing games and participating in the refreshments.

Just before retiring each night we had a short devotional in our cottage. The questions which had been foremost in the assembly that day were discussed briefly.

The ten-thirty bugle gave us warning that it was almost bed time. The fine mountain breeze made sleeping very delightful. We slept under blankets

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MOUNTAIN CLIMBING
A SPORT AT BLUE RIDGEHIKE TO HIGH-TOP PRODUCTIVE
OF MUCH ENJOYMENT
FOR ALL

It's three o'clock in the morning and all is still at camp Meredith. Suddenly the delightful jingling of an alarm clock breaks the stillness. A tousled head is raised and a hand makes a mad grab for that clock. Bert what on earth? Oh, mercy time to go to High Top? Never have I been as sleepy. Are you going? Fun, well perhaps. Yes I believe I will go. Well let's wake the others. Growls, groans and grunts of approval, shall we say? At last half the girls are up and slipping into hiking togs, general remarks are made about the unearthly hour, how cold it is and how *hungry* we are. A subdued call from outside and the girls join their guides. Up, up the long trail they go. The cottage lies in peace once more. But the girls go onward ever onward. Puffing, blowing and gasping as the trail grows steeper, they are forced to stop at intervals for rest. A rain of the night before has made the trail unusually slick. The girls to keep from slipping, use long sticks, and even swing over a very rough place by branches of the trees. The guides prove to be towers of strength greatly aiding in the steep ascent. At last the top. What a glorious feeling comes to tired limbs. Wow, what a sharp, cutting wind. Build a fire quick before we freeze. The faithful guides, bless them, soon have a cheerful blaze.

Fear our first thought is of warmth and not the view. Feeling more comfortable we turn and stand in dumb amazement. The mists gradually begin to break and through the rifts we can see bits of mountains and far below us the world. Old Sol is trying his best to break through the clouds and at last rosy red he appears over yonder purple peak, surprisingly near. We turn again and look down. The mists have cleared away and what a vision appears. Mountains, everywhere mountains—some half veiled in clouds while here and there just a wisp floats near. Green valleys, roads and rivers that look like tiny bands of ribbon. Still majestic and exquisitely blue in the morning light the Blue Ridge lies before us! After a time our guide suggests that breakfast time is approaching and we turn to go down. With many lingering glances back we start down the narrow way. Slipping and

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BLUE RIDGE RELIGIOUS
LIFE ACTIVE, INSPIRINGATMOSPHERE OF RELIGIOUS DE-
VOTION PREVALENT IN BLUE
RIDGE COMMUNITY

The girls who have had the privilege of attending the conference at Blue Ridge wonder if there is any other spot in the world where the beauty of nature shows more clearly the handiwork of God, and reveals more distinctly the message of his spirit. It seems so easy in that peace of worship, surrounded by the quiet grandeur of the mountains, the blueness of the sky and lakes, and the coolness of the forests to feel His presence and to think of His glory.

There, too, all the meetings and entertainments seemed to be planned to further this spirit of comradeship with God, and to reveal His spirit. The day is begun aright there, for after the reveille call, blown on the bugle through the paths of the mountains, one can wake up into the coolness and freshness of the morning with a feeling of God's near presence. Then too, in the early morning the members of the conference meet in a chapel service that is planned to bring to the students assembled there a message for the coming day.

The study classes are conducted through the day that give the message of the Scriptures as understood by the best Bible scholars of the world. We find there such men and women as are leaders in the religious life of the world today.

The spirit of worship is also felt in the songs sung in praise and thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow, when the thousands in the dining halls, raise their voices to Him in praise. A song service is again conducted at sunset when the students gather on the broad steps of Robert E. Lee Hall and watch the sun sink behind the distant hills, and sing their praise to God in the quietness of the evening hour.

In the auditorium again in the evening some great leader brings the message of God's love, and brings also greetings from His people in distant lands, to the delegates assembled in conference. There, the news from the Y. W. C. A. over the world is discussed and its far-reaching affects are considered.

Then finally, each group in its own cottage, before a roaring fire, gathers to offer prayers to God for His good-

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INTERESTING SPEAKERS
DISCUSS PROBLEMSLECTURES ONE OF CHIEF FEAT-
URES OF BLUE RIDGE
LIFE

Certainly, one of the most attractive things at Blue Ridge is the speakers who come from different walks and phases of life to give us inspiration and the light as they see it.

Dr. Purdy was probably the most outstanding speaker last summer at the conference. In his first lecture Dr. Purdy told of the nature of man's religion—reality is the thing which counts. Human personality and nature are two ways to God—inadequate ways, but Jesus is the truth about God and the way to God. The life of Jesus gives reality to God. God was the main spring of His life. God was at His hand in every crisis.

Jesus led men to God. God is a spirit and we must think of Him in terms of His love, His will, His thought for man—Jesus bound his disciples into a fellowship — "Togetherness" shouldn't surprise us if it helped find the Father. Peter probably denied his Lord, because the fellowship was broken. God poured out His wonderful power on the day of Pentecost to those who were in this wonderful fellowship and will do the same today.

Another of Dr. Purdy's lectures was on "Sin and Its Cure." Jesus defined sin by living the opposite life. Being lost is to be out of place—anything less than normal—it is the result of man's choice. It keeps us from living the abundant life. Jesus opened the way for a cure for our sins by the cross. The fact that God gave His son on the cross is the mightiest motive in human reconstruction. The mighty transforming love of Christ is the supreme cure for sin.

Another speaker was Mr. Alexander, who gave us lectures on the Inter-racial question. He said that negroes were vital human beings and we should treat them as such. Mr. Alexander says that we have the chance of using America as a laboratory to work out plans to soften the attitude of races and the race problem.

There were also speakers on the industrial work and our cooperation with that phase of life.

From this we see the scope of material given careful consideration at Blue Ridge and the broadmindedness and consecration of those speakers who gave us these wonderful truths.

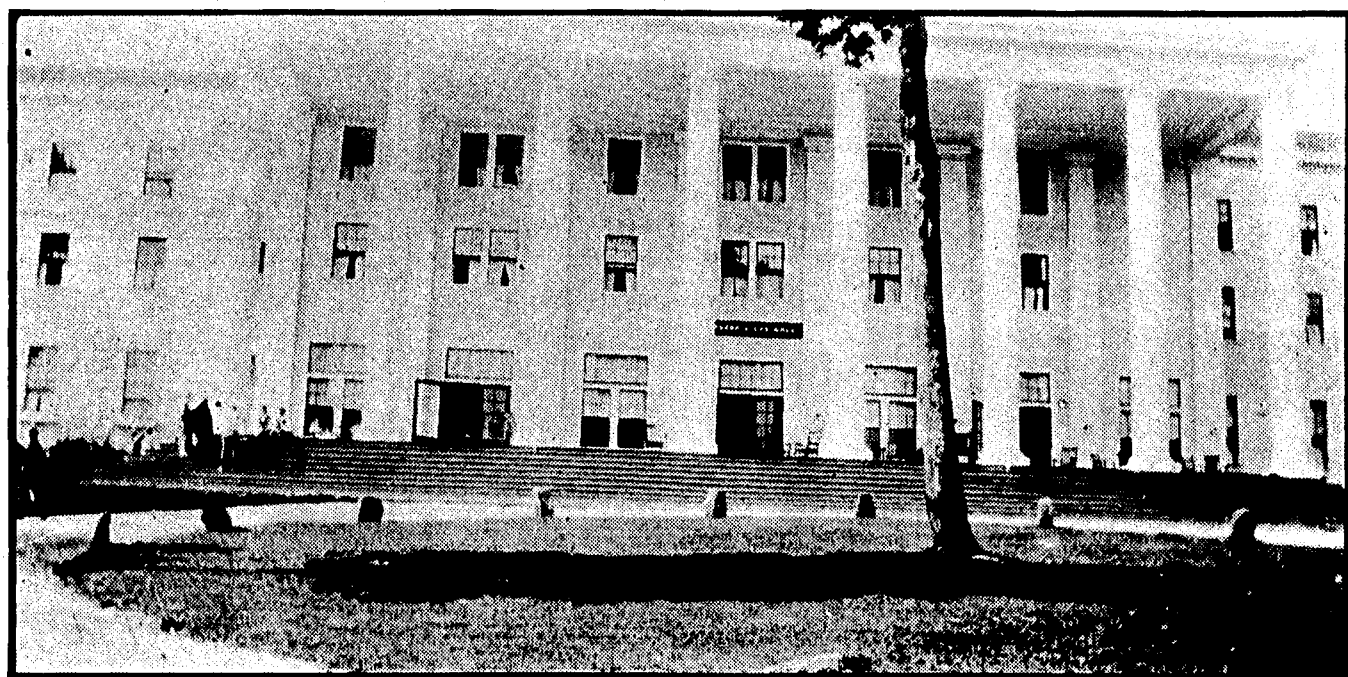
ACTIVE SOCIAL LIFE
FEATURES AT BLUE RIDGESPORTS, PARTIES, SINGS, AND
GAMES CHARACTERIZE THIS
PHASE OF LIFE

Of the many highly different and interesting phases of life seen at Blue Ridge, the social life is one of the most intensely desirable. There's no sport one can name which is not included in the outdoor program, and as the program "on the campus" so to speak, numerous representatives from every Southern college for girls speaks for themselves.

While there is a good deal of social history made during the twenty-minute intervals between classes and "war-shops" and in the happy little post-office in the morning, the social hour proper begins in the afternoon directly after lunch. Every girl has a choice of recreation at her own discretion, and the young woman who is incapable of selecting a thoroughly enjoyable method from the varied opportunities offered for amusement might as well go off and die quietly. She is the type who is just naturally miserable, born so, and unable to get away from her birthright. In some instances groups from various colleges will unite in our large hiking expedition into Black Mountain, Montreat, Ridgecrest, or Mount Mitchell, according to the degree of ambition possessed by the particular group. On their way, perhaps, they'll be passed by an excited bunch of cow girls, often headed toward some spot of interest, but even more frequently, just determined to learn for themselves the approximate truth involved in many legends about mountain ponies. One nice thing about these horses is that they never run away with these gala Blue Ridge delegates—(that may be where their horse sense comes into the discussion.) In case a girl is too lazy to hike, and too timid to mount a fiery steed, she is likely to try her hand at adventures near the hotel itself. The exhilarating swimming pool just at the foot of the hill, makes you think you're an accidental piece of lemon in a friendly Cyclops' glass of ice tea, but the invigorating atmosphere which envelops you after such a plunge, makes it all more than worth while. The tennis and basketball courts offer great chances for the intermingling of girls, which are always taken advantage of, since there is a loving cup as reward for the school which has the grit and good fortune to have among its representatives, a team which can play and will, against all its other numerous competitors. If all these diversions do not appeal, then the missing girls may always be found kodaking somewhere among the million and one beautiful spots provided just for Eastman's and Brownies, or, that failing, there's no question about waiting for them to return from a delightful sight-seeing tour or shopping expedition at Asheville.

By the time that bobbed hair is shaken dry, or hiking togs have been replaced by light clothes, or a suitable spot for the cup to occupy has been chosen, all according to respective inclinations, it is six o'clock and time for dinner. In the mammoth dining hall, every one meets every one else, every one sings to every one else, and every one just naturally enjoys being with every one else. The peppy songs and conversations of this room are the

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ROBERT E. LEE HALL AT BLUE RIDGE

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