

CHAPEL CHATS . . .

Breaking the routine of morning classes and providing forty-five minutes of relaxation (unless, of course, one happens to be one of those ambitious students who snatch this time to cram a bit more "book larnin'" into their already overcrowded little noggins) is chapel, carefully planned to inform and inspire, as is apparent from the variety of programs presented within the last three weeks.

Dr. McGregor and Dr. Grier Davis presided over a special midday chapel on January 26, the Monday during exams. An interested student body crowded Gaither Chapel, quite a few seemingly upset over having chapel only two hours before the afternoon examination. However, they were soon deflected from this reasonable and worthy emotion by interest in the program.

Dr. Davis was introduced by Dr. McGregor as a new member of the College Board of Trustees. His mission was to report to the students and faculty the relationship of the Board, the President of the College, the Faculty, and the Student Body. This he did admirably. At the close of his talk, Dr. Davis, as a member of the Board, formally introduced Dr. J. Rupert McGregor as the president of Montreat College.

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Sunday School Entertains With Valentine Party

The Adults of the Sunday School gave the High School girls a Valentine Party in the lobby of Assembly Inn Saturday night, February 7, at 8:00 p. m. The back part of the lobby was curtained off with sheets which were decorated with Valentines. The girls came dressed as grandmothers and it was really amusing to see the future grandmothers! After many exciting games, a solo by Bobby Thompson, Fantastic Love Letters by Cupid (Elise Scott), a fake pillow fight, and a tongue twister, ice cream, cookies, and a beverage were enjoyed by everyone. The party ended with "Goodnight Ladies" and the "grandmothers" retired to their rooms. Wasn't it fun!

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"Book Previews And Reviews"

**No Trumpet Before Him
Previewed By Jane Cook**

Paul Phillips was a minister— young, attractive, practicing the faith he preached. His wife was gracious and beautiful. His fault? He acted like a Christian, and with such a reputation the odds were against him from his very arrival as minister of the wealthy congregation of Warrentown's First Church.

No Trumpet Before Him, by Nelia Gardner White, is destined to reach the hearts of many. Why? This answer lies in the fact that here is the kind of faith so needed in the fast, strained living of today. Many will find in its gripping story a Christianity strangely comparable to today's church with its sanctioning of distinctions of race and caste. To others it will portray a tender but bitter and impossible love story. Still others will find in it an indictment of the hypocrisy with which we Americans too often blind ourselves.

Even Paul, though holy, was also human. He was condemned from the first, but with determination did what he knew he must do.

Nelia Gardner White, the daughter of a Methodist minister, knows well the problems of a minister's life and much of human nature. This truly magnificent novel won for her an \$8000.00 fiction award from The Westminster Press.

McCrae Cavert says of **No Trumpet Before Him**. "The story never ceases to grip your attention. It gives the lift of spirit which people today desperately need."

EDITOR'S NOTE: We feel sure you will enjoy this book. Watch for it. The publication date is March 15, 1948.

What's In A Name

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ment in many ways at Montreat, and through the years the **Sun Dial** has faithfully recorded memories that never fade.

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**On Re-Reading The Poems
Of Sidney Lanier**

By Dr. Kennedy

Great creative writings are never old, and in such a category belong the writings and the poetic philosophy of Sidney Lanier. Lovers of this great poet have been gratified in recent years by the belated recognition accorded him. Two years ago the Johns Hopkins Press published **The Centennial Edition** of his complete works, in ten volumes with adequate editorship. During the present season Charles Scribner's Sons have published a volume of his best poems with an introductory essay and editorial notes by Stark Young. These two publications were reviewed in the **Saturday Review of Literature** of January 10, 1948, by Robert Spiller.

Spiller's essay, which formed the leading article of the issue in which it appeared, was entitled "Sidney Lanier, Ancestor of Anti-Realism". It is indeed a brilliant analysis of Lanier, and might well serve as a stimulus to a reader unfamiliar with Lanier's poetry.

To this possessor of the 1884 edition of Lanier's Poems it was a spur to read again in this beloved volume. And now, when asked to review for the **Dialette** some books I have recently read with pleasure, Lanier's **Poems** is my first choice. Every lover of poetry or music should know "The Marshes of Glynn", "The Symphony", "The Song of the Chattahoochee", the unfinished **Jacquerie**.—but the list would go on and on. Read Lanier for yourself; you will love him.

Alumnae News

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She visited Montreat two weeks ago.

Edith Watson, former High School student, was a recent visitor at Montreat.

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**Former Missionary
Dies At Montreat**

Montreat was filled with sorrow last week over the loss of one of its beloved citizens, Mrs. O. E. Yates.

Mrs. Yates died early on the morning of February 5th after a long illness. Funeral services were held in Gaither Chapel February 6th at three o'clock. The burial was in Pine Grove Cemetery in Swannanoa.

Mrs. Yates is survived by the husband Mr. O. E. Yates and three daughters: Catherine, who is now Mrs. E. H. Cartrell; Virginia, now Mrs. C. J. Miller; and Betty, now Mrs. C. B. White, all of whom attended school in Montreat, and one grandson, Richard Cartrell.

Mr. and Mrs. Yates were for thirty years missionaries in China. They, with Dr. Henry Wood, opened Hwai An station. The Yates returned to the United States in 1941 and have since that time made their home in Montreat.

George Washington Party
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front; add some frills to my shirt; pull my hair back, powder it, and put my favorite big ribbon in the back. The more frills you put on the more you will look like you're going to a George Washington party."

"Sounds like fun to me, George, but what can I do with my roommate? She just isn't the type to dress like George Washington."

"You mean she has one of those 'coco-cola bottle' shapes. She could dress as Martha. You know, pull her waist in real tight; and make a hoop for her

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