

We Stayed Here

"Say, what did you do long week-end?"

"Oh, I stayed here; and let me tell you — we had the best time!"

"You mean you had a GOOD time HERE?"

"Oh, yes. Let me tell you about it. After the last taxi-load of girls drove away, and a queer sort of quietness had descended upon the campus, we settled down for a nice restful (??) week-end.

"Friday night most of us rode to Black Mountain in the bus to see LARCENY and then returned to haunt the halls of the dorms until bedtime.

"Saturday was a lazy day for some and a day of study for the more studious ones. But then, everybody turned out for the big picnic supper at the Rec Hall where Miss DuBose led us in games and where we had more food! There was just oodles of it and we ate and ate and ate. Then, strange to say, we were still able to skate; and what a good time everyone had — even those who were just learning — just ask Betty Marshall.

"After we skated, the day still wasn't complete. Guess what we did — we went to the late show — I mean the 10:00 - 12:00, too. We saw JULIA MISBEHAVES, and laugh — I thought I would die! It was so cute.

"Sunday morning found nearly everyone in bed until a late hour. A few managed to get up for Sunday School; and nearly everyone was at church.

"The McGregors invited us all down to their house Sunday afternoon, and there we had a very enjoyable visit.

"Sunday night we had a combined worship service and hymn sing in the Inn Lobby, Alyene Draper told a story and then we sang hymns.

"After the sing we all filed into College Hall and there we gathered in the lobby to pop corn.

"Monday morning we woke up with a groan realizing that this was the last day of a very enjoyable week-end. Oh, of course, we were glad to see you all again, but it had been so much fun."

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If You Are Not A Music Lover

You knew the whole thing was a mistake from the very beginning — a concert on a school night; but your roommate, belonging to that inexplicable group known as "music lovers," insisted on your going, murmuring in a rapturous tone something about the absorption of classical music aiding in the cultivation of the soul. After a short period of persuasion, during which time she successively threatened to hide your last clean pair of pajamas, not to help you with your Business Math anymore, and finally, in desperation, to smash your few precious remaining drops of TABU to smithereens on the bathroom floor, you reluctantly agree to submit to an hour's torture.

Your roommate having graciously offered to lend you her best bath salts upon this amazing concession, you emerge from a leisurely bath smelling like moonlight in heaven. The crucial question is, of course, what shall you wear. You favor a short dress — she, an evening dress. Hose and heels are punishment enough, but a billowy skirt flapping around your ankles, lying in wait to trip you upon the slightest provocation — huh uh — your musical soul will simply have to subsist on the meager diet offered by boogie and hot jazz over the radio. No short dress — no concert; you win. Certainly there will be some other suffering creature attending the affair who has the gumption not to fool with a long skirt.

At last you are ready. Your roommate in her evening regalia makes a grand entrance and swishes up to the very front row in order not to miss anything. But what distressing sight permeates your dulled consciousness as you proceed up the aisle? Everyone else is wearing evening clothes. You get the once-over from the musical faculty, and after an eternity of stalking along behind your companion, who, to your unsteady gaze, has assumed all the grace and charm of an ogre, you thankfully lower yourself into the end seat of the front row and devoutly wish you were somewhere, anywhere else. You glance furtively at the program you find clutched

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When the pilgrim fathers decided to thank God for the harvest, they didn't know what they were starting. From a simple (though perhaps plentiful) harvest feast Thanksgiving has grown to be an institution requiring the services of many people.

Of course the most important contributor is the groceryman who provides for the family dinner. Turkey, plump, brown and (we hope) juicy, stands at the place of honor before the head of the house, stuffed with delicious oyster dressing and surrounded by sweet potatoes topped with melting marshmallows, brightly colored vegetables, and crisp green salad. Brown rolls split easily and melt the golden butter popped into them. Mince or pumpkin pie finishes off the meal — and usually the family.

An increasingly important person in the celebration is the greeting card manufacturer who cheers the nation with pictures of overstuffed families in overstuffed chairs, and turkeys who send greetings from the chopping block.

No Thanksgiving day is complete any more without a football game, at which fur-glad sports fans scramble for fifty-yard-line seats, and to which stay-at-homes may listen on the air. This involves the players, coach, broadcasters, and chrysanthemum salesmen in the celebration.

At Montreat the soccer game that fills the afternoon involves everyone — players, cheerleaders, and numerous spectators. The shivering spectators cheer their favorite team on to victory — or defeat — and then rush back to the welcoming warmth of the dorm to dress for the banquet in the evening. There it appears that an entirely different group from the jeans-clad gang of the afternoon has appeared, for brightly

STEAK'S ON!

We are glad to welcome to Montreat a new member of the personnel, Mr. Lee H. Tiller, our new chef. Our greeting is also extended to his wife, the former Miss Julia C. Ashley, and their eight year old daughter, Lea Ashley Tiller.

Mr. Tiller came to Montreat from Miami, Fla., where he was employed at Huylers'. He spent nine years in Hollywood and the Grand Canyon. While in Hollywood he had the honor of preparing many banquets for famous movie stars.

Mr. Tiller has never attended a cooking school; his knowledge came through experience. For twenty-two years he worked under German, French, Italian and American Chefs, and has been an authorized chef himself for eight years. He was in the Navy for two years, being in charge of the galley at the Night Fighters' Training Base in Florida.

He and his wife met in Miami and have been married for ten years. Before marriage, Mrs. Tiller was a teacher of music in public schools. She is a native of Black Mountain and her mother was a well-known school-teacher there.

Mr. Tiller's specialties in dishes are seafoods and steaks. He enjoys deep sea-fishing, and his favorite sports are baseball and football. While in Hollywood, he saw part of the shooting of "Ben Hur." He has been in all forty-eight states, Mexico, and Canada.

We are glad to have the Tillers with us and hope they will enjoy being in Montreat. Most certainly we are looking forward to all the good food that will be coming from the kitchen and we welcome the entire family to Montreat!

colored formals give the Inn the appearance of a summer garden.

A varied program for a great day. But in the midst of the festivity we must remember to stand as they did on that first Thanksgiving day, and say "Thank You" to God for His goodness to us.

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