

DEAN HOLMES PAINTS A WORD PICTURE OF A CHRISTMAS SPENT IN MONTREAT

On December fifteenth when the last bus load of girls pulled out of Montreat, I made the mistake of feeling that I was free to go about the business of addressing my Christmas cards and finishing up my Christmas shopping. Of course, there was a nagging consciousness in the back of my mind concerning the matter of selecting upholstery for all the broken-down furniture in Assembly Inn and Fellowship lobbies. Then too, Dr. McGregor had mentioned that I was to work out the details of a Christmas morning breakfast, with tree following, for (1) our seven students who were remaining at Montreat, (2) the permanent guests at the Inn, (3) and the servants who remained on duty. Also, we were to invite to it members of the staff who lived in Montreat and their families.

The girls who were left and I had fun visiting and eating after donning pajamas each night that first week. Then I dived into shopping for the Christmas tree. Mrs. White, one of our permanent guests at the Inn, helped wrap at night, and we made strides, but we were caught up on tying knots and making rosettes after a solid week of it.

About in the middle I had to postpone this activity and ride nearly two hundred miles somewhere in the furniture area to select materials for our upholstering project. Mr. Mike Wyly, who needs no introduction to a Montreat audience, drove me. An Ex-G. I. driver of a motor supply train which operated between Persia and Russia, he has acquired that delightful, nonchalant, G. I. technique in driving. Business finished at about five P. M., we headed back into the mountains through an opaque fog. Night was falling. I haven't had as wild a ride since the one from Tunis to Bizerte during an a'r raid.

When we arrived back at the Inn, the tree had been erected and decorated by Carson, and the lobby was a bower of greens and blinking lights. The guests already had placed quite a mound of gifts under the tree, and seven Montreat girls were kneeling before it, smelling, squeezing, and shaking the packages, engaged in a delightful guessing game. By Christmas morning guests, girls and employees were "in a state." Even Mrs. Quillen got up for breakfast for the first time in twenty-seven years, making our family party complete. A bride and groom who were honeymooning in the Inn preferred joining in the fun to breakfasting in their room.

After a verse of "Joy to the World" and an old-fashioned country sausage breakfast we gathered around a roaring fire in the lobby where Mr. Mooney dispensed the gifts that "Ole Santy" had left the night before. We THINK everyone there was pleased with their gifts but we KNOW Minnie Kate was.

Christmas at Montreat d'd not end on December twenty-fifth. The cottage owners had dinners and parties for the students all through vacation. They weren't just girl parties either. We realized on Christmas Eve night, when the Christmas carolers gathered at the Inn, that we would not suffer from a man shortage. One of the highlights of the holidays was a beautiful luncheon that Mrs. White gave for us at Sunnyside Inn. If you have never heard about the food there, ask one of the girls who went to that luncheon to tell you.

Now that it's over, there still lingers around each of us a glowing memory of love, kindness, and generosity. Isn't it a blessing that we have this season of good will once every year? And wouldn't our world be a nicer place if we could keep this spirit alive instead of burying it every new year? Maybe that's why everyone feels a little bit gloomy right now - we've just had a funeral - or is it exams? - or could it be the combination of both? See if you can't cheer up your next door neighbor - maybe she has the doldrums.

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COMPLIMENTS OF
MONTREAT STORE

Hidden Talents, Unknown Interests Are Revealed By Display Of Hobbies

By Pat Williams

I never knew there were such wide and varied interests and talents among the faculty and students at Montreat. The recent hobby display has proved that, and more - that students take time out from their studies and play to create or collect something worthwhile and something that will give them pleasure and interest.

Miss Hoyt and Miss Yarnell presented collections of lovely jewelry. They both listed growing African violets as their hobbies also. Scrap-books, photograph albums, and knitting were much on display, as well as collections of poetry by Mary English Porter, Frances Brown, and Margery Washburn.

Flossie Young has a collection of beautiful pink and white shells from Florida. Her coins from various parts of the world brought back memories of the war days when the returned family hero

brought back foreign money for the kids and the older members of the family had to stand in line for a pound of butter.

Margaret Lyon's display of bracelets and bread crumb ear rings which she made herself was unique, as were her two Korean dolls, and collection of articles made of horsehair.

Miss Miles contributed lovely handkerchiefs of various colors and designs from all over the world - Scotland, Sweden, Italy, France, Hawaii, Japan, and many representing various states and cities of our country.

Painting was well represented by Becky Ray's still life portrait of a cat and Glenda Sellman's handpainted ties.

Miss Miles' collection of pitchers was one of the loveliest displays presented. This included little pitchers of Lustreware, Wedgewood, Cuban pottery, and numerous others, simply as well as intricately shaped. They ranged from two small snail shell pitchers to a comparatively large modern pitcher with the handle fashioned on the rim.

These were, by no means, all the hobbies on display, but this will give you a postview of what I saw when I walked into the Home Economics Hobbyland this week. I discovered that the hobbies on display are not the only ones which the girls have. Many collections at home were too large or valuable to transport.

All of the hobbies presented were a lovely and interesting sight that served to inspire us non-participants to create something of equal value and beauty.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Cont'd from Page 4)

MUST DAWN, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull, is a story of events that take place in Western Pennsylvania in Westmoreland county.

Miss Kennedy greatly complimented **THIS I REMEMBER** by Mrs. Roosevelt. She pronounces that the book has charm and dignity, and is packed full of information. In it Mrs. Roosevelt skillfully answers questions asked by critics.

MR. JONES, MEET THE MASTER, seems to hold first place in student and faculty reading list. Miss Grier, Miss Hoyt, Betty Martin, Betty Gibbs, Jerry Ford, and Miss Kennedy are especially enthusiastic over this collection of Peter Marshall's sermons and prayers. The collection, published by Mrs. Marshall, has a most interesting introduction telling a few incidents in the home life of Peter Marshall.

This list by no means includes all our enthusiastic readers. Maybe others will be heard from later.

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