

A Montreater Reminisces

Miss Elizabeth Maxwell

Montreat fifteen years ago? From a child's-eye point of view, it was a fascinating place—not like cities or towns or the country, where other people had to live.

Back in the mid-thirties, Montreat was laced with lovely dirt roads everywhere except for Assembly Drive, which even then was paved and worn smooth enough to make an excellent skating lane from the dam to the gate. You'd be surprised at how difficult it is to skate back a mile uphill on slick asphalt! Nevertheless, this was the best place in Montreat for skating. The bridge at the lake was considered unsafe after the addition to the population of a small boy with an intense delight in pushing people under the unguarded bars, and the roof of the Inn was somewhat rough. (Possibly the leaks in some of the rooms today could be traced back to those days.)

Fewer buildings cluttered the landscape when I first came to Montreat to live. College Hall, Fellowship, and Gaither did not exist; the Alba and the old Auditorium occupied the spaces now taken over by Howerton and Anderson. The Alba—you should have known the Alba! A huge, white frame structure it was, that creaked and groaned protestingly in the winter winds and appeared to be fit material for a match factory. On the other hand, the Auditorium was quite similar to the present one—impervious to wind, water, or fire—supposedly. Gaither Hall was built in the next year or so; I remember most about it what fun it was to balance along the edge of the foundation ditches and grumble about how two perfectly good tennis courts were being ruined by putting the building in that particular place.

For the cultural advancement of the children in the community, there was a practice school connected with the college. Held at first in the two rooms of the Boys' Club building—grades 1-4 downstairs, 5-7 upstairs—the school was moved to the Lakeside Book Store and finally to the Auditorium, to rooms vacated when high school and college classes were transferred to the new Gaither. I remember nothing about the student teachers, except for the one who taught me piano. My music lessons ceased at the end of three months.

But I do remember the bell, situated in the same spot as its successor, but enclosed in a frame tower. My memory of it is especially vivid because of an unfortunate Halloween episode when the bell was rung in the middle of the night, causing the occupants of the Alba to file out for an unexpected fire drill. The episode was unfortunate, indeed; the culprits were discovered through the non-coopera-

NEW SEMESTER BRINGS

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Her plans for the future are uncertain, but she hopes to do publicity work in Atlanta, Georgia.

A resident of Montreat for thirty-five years, Mr. J. P. Williams has become Director of Development for the Mountain Retreat Association. His job here is to increase the enrollment of both the High School and the College, and to aid the finances of these and the Association.

Mr. Edward Pearce, of our Business department, has accepted a position as physical therapy instructor in the Swananoa Branch of the Moore General Hospital and will no longer be with us. He and his family will move to Asheville in the near future.

We extend a hearty welcome to all the newcomers and feel that your presence with us will make this semester one of the best we've had. At the same time we feel a loss in having so many faithful Montreaters leave us.

tion of an easily recognized dog. As I remember, the dean took a dim view of the whole affair.

There was plenty of entertainment in Montreat for a child, at least if she possessed an adored older brother. If present-day college hikers should happen, while climbing Little Piney behind the Inn, to find a tremendous flat-topped boulder with a good view of the valley, they will see still an unfinished log shelter begun there a good many years ago by the Maxwell carpenters. And there might even be a few scattered rabbit traps remaining in the woods around the upper end of Lookout Road. (We never caught any bunnies, but a luckless 'possum was once our captive for several days.) Exploring was one of our chief joys, and it is surprising what used to turn up. For instance, the remains of a battered car lie (or lay) in a ravine half-way up Lookout Mountain. And then there was snow—one year practically none, and the next it seems to me it must have stayed on the ground most of the winter. I remember getting a running start at the spot where the pavement now ends on Lookout Road and sledding as far as the Williams house below the bridge. Yes, that was quite a life!

But in spite of it all, Montreat has changed very little in these fifteen years. There's a certain unchangeable attraction about the place—a combination of mountains and sky and tradition and people and "spirit"—that made it the place my brother and his friends chose for their final reunion before going to war, the place that draws people back year after year, and the place that young people throughout the South know as the Happy Valley.

Dr. Kennedy Writes Prize-Winning Poem

The following poem won the first prize in a recent "Poems on Peace" contest sponsored by the creative writing group of the Black Mountain Arts Club. All poems were submitted to a critic who judges poems in the National League of American Pen Women and for National Poetry Day.

We are indeed proud of our own Dr. Fronde Kennedy.

PEACE

In God's own time He will give peace;
The battle flags will then be furled;
From fear of war will come release.
And this I feel though men seem whirled
By flying shuttle of circumstance
As if they were through chaos hurled.
For I am sure that God, not chance,
Selects the web, the way, the woof
And has a pattern to advance.
The tapestry of time gives proof
A guiding hand controlled each strand;
God from His world stands not aloof.
And I believe that God has planned
To knit the hearts of all mankind
Into one seamless tapestry grand.
The finished web He will firmly bind.
The weaving finished, wars will cease;
For man will share with God his mind.
In God's own time He will give peace.

DORM DOINGS

Mary Ruth surely is lonesome without Elinor, and aren't we all! (Especially the Staff) Hurry and get well and come back, Elinor!

It's wonderful having Olivia back in circulation, isn't it? We hope you'll soon regain all your strength and feel better than ever!

And that goes for you, too, Pat. We're glad you finally got rid of those chicken-pox!

Carolyn and Margaret have left us and we are all very sorry they did, but we wish them the very best in whatever they do—whether it be secretarial work or marriage.

Girls, did you know "Tress is no longer "Touch me Not", but can actually be handled? She can even be carried out of room 218 if you promise not to drop her.

Boy, you kids up on 3rd floor are gaining fast these days. Could it be because the Staff candy stays in the hall? Watch it, now!!

Speaking of third floor, it looks as if the Sophs have it sewed up again. And to their gain, the seconds have sustained a LOSS — "John" has joined us!!

I believe we have our share of nightly thrills, shrills, chills, drills, etc. The recent fire caused quite an amount of

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