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30 ACRE ESTATE...
BEAUTIFUL LAKE

TWO NEW HOMES

1½ MILES NORTH OF HIGHLANDS ON
U.S. 64

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W.L. SCHRÖEDER
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SHELTERING ARMS CON'T

er. The rain drops splashed on the leafy roof and bounced away in a steady patter, soothing as a mother's lullaby. Sitting leaning back on the trunk of the tree, I gazed out at the fascinating display nature was putting on as she gave drink to the thirsting earth.

Static electricity crackled in the air, accompanied by low rumbling thunder as the rain clouds clashed together in their age-old battle. A twilight darkness settled down over the field as the steady downpour continued. In the haze the rain became misty looking like floating spiderwebs tangled with dew.

Daisies and yellow field flowers nodded their water-logged heads, drooping over almost to the ground in graceful dancing rhythm; little birds in nearby trees twittered quietly with their tiny heads securely tucked beneath their dripping wings; sudden snatching breezes stung through the trees flinging the raindrops out in sparkling spray as the storm continued.

Beneath those sheltering arms nature had provided for me, even in the swirl of the storm, it was peaceful and calm in a way. Contentedly I watched and dreamily remembered other summers and other rains in days forever caught up in the web of eternity. These stray moments of chance stillness and thought bring a sense of completeness and an opportunity to evaluate the present from a review of the past ---needed moments in the hustle of the space age twentieth century.

Gradually my leafy home absorbed moisture to its capacity and the overflow began seeping through and sprinkling down over me. The cool spray tickled my skin and filled my hair with sparkling gem-like patterns. When it began dripping down steadily and drenching me through, it became less pleasant to be a spectator to nature wonders. Stealing out from beneath the tree that had given me refuge for a while, I waded my dripping way home. I still remember that sheltered evening as one of the small, pleasant moments of life that refresh one when recalled in the everyday routine of life.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Christy Cabane' and Miss Maud Fisher of Philadelphia, Penn. are guests of Mrs. Robert Rosemond in Cashiers, N.C.

KING'S INN AND DINING ROOM

MEALS SERVED DAILY

RECOMMENDED BY
DUNCAN HINES

THE HAMPTON HORSE

HIGHLANDS, N.C.

UNIQUE GIFTS
SPORTSWEAR

MATCHED SKIRTS, SWEATERS, BLOUSES
HANDBAGS

ORIGINAL DESIGNS - CHILDREN'S DRESSES

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ogden for a few weeks are Mrs. Ogden's mother, Mrs. A. L. Kinzie of Fort Myers, Fla., and Miss Judy Thompson of Vero Beach, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mueller of Chicago, Illinois arrived last Saturday to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Coal at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Sargent have a new daughter, Elizabeth Alexandra, born on June 22nd. Hugh is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Sargent who are spending the summer here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Boling of Charlotte, N. C. are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dean this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Keating and two children, Richard and John, of Orlando, Florida have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. R. Francis for the past week.

Mrs. B. R. Bloodworth and daughter Beth and three friends of Athens, Ga. arrived Monday to spend a few days with Mrs. Bloodworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Arnold at their home here.