

SEQUOYAH RIDGE

HOME FOR SALE

3 BEDROOMS - 3 BATHS

Panel Electric Heat Plus Large Fireplace

Completely Furnished Including
Linens and Kitchen Utensils

Large Lot - Beautiful View

On Paved Road--

Drive Out U.S. 64 Towards Franklin-

Turn on Webbmont Road--

Look for Sign on Property

\$21,500 - TERMS

Contact Your Realtor or Owner

R. E. PATEMAN

Phone 4278 ---- Highlands, N. C. or

WH 1-2000 ---- Pompano Beach, Fla.

("BUT WHAT DO YOU DO...CON'T FROM PA. 1)

you don't paint, what DO you do with your time down there?"

I could tell them what I do in the winter, but they wouldn't believe it: I saw and split wood and lug in endless armfuls of logs to pile on the fireplace fire and stoke the old wood stove in the kitchen; instead of a bathing suit, I live in two pairs of wool slacks and three sweaters--at once--. I shovel snow and bring in buckets of spring water to fill up the bath tub "in case"--and then call the plumber to thaw out the frozen pipes. And if I don't paint during the winter, it is because my fingers are too cold to hold a brush and the oil paint is too stiff to squeeze out of the tubes.

Summers, of course, it is a little harder to explain why I don't paint. I WANT to! Why else did I, after a long day in an office, spend my evenings struggling to paint "Suzy," our famous model at the League?

Let me tell you about Suzy. Suzy had a beautiful face and really pink and white skin, but when I knew her, she was getting on towards sixty, extremely fat, and a beloved, but very odd character. She had been a model for Howard Chandler Christy and other well-known painters of that period, and shw was very scornful of the struggling beginners at the school.

The first time I met Suzy, my first experience in a life class, I had come into the room during a rest period and had been told to take a place near the model stand and just sketch. I found a seat about three feet from the stand and when the rest period was over, in came Suzy, dressed in absolutely nothing but a big floppy straw hat with one red rose sticking up straight from the brim. I was aghast, flustered, and wished I could crawl into a hole, but none of the young men and women around me seemed in the least concerned, so I started to draw. At the next rest period, Suzy turned to me and said, "Dearie, do you really like me in this hat--I don't think it suits me." She was like that. Months later, she was posing for us one evening, in the nude as usual, and suddenly she asked, "Does anybody know how to make cabbage

soup? My husband wants some." By that time I was as fond of Suzy as all the rest of the class, so I made her a present of my cherished "Joy of Cooking" and I hope she learned how to make cabbage soup. But I've often thought that people who raise their eyebrows at the "goings on" in art school life classes should visit a class some time and get rid of their misapprehensions.

And I wish more of my northern relatives and friends would visit Highlands and see what goes on in the summer so they'd stop asking me "Why DON'T you paint! There isn't anything else to do down there in the summer."

In the first place, they don't understand about a garden. It's wonderful to take a kettle of boiling water out to the garden, fill it with shucked corn and eat that corn, sweet as sugar, for dinner; and to have your own big beefsteak tomatoes ripening faster than you can eat them, and tender young peas and beans that melt in your mouth; but my New York City friends don't know they grow in gardens, they just buy them at the A&P. They don't know how many days and weeks of digging, planting, hoeing, weeding, dusting and spraying it takes to get these good vegetables on the table. And as they never see the grass outside of Central Park, that do they know about all the mowing, weeding, trimming, clipping, and raking it takes to have a real live lawn of your own?

And, of course, now that they have begun to realize that Highlands is not on the ocean but in the mountains, they picture me loafing on Main Street in a fancy hillbilly costume with nothing to do but gossip with my cronies. They never dream of CIVIC PROJECTS! How can I make them understand that there are weekly Bake Sales to be baked for, endless meetings to plan, House & Garden Tours, Library Teas, Benefit Bridges, Hospital Bazaars, Church Suppers, Art Shows -- ah, there it is...this is the time to PAINT A PICTURE! But is there time to paint between making cookies, spraying for potato bugs, making posters, baking a chocolate cake, (that I don't do, but let me exaggerate a little)...anyhow, I'll stop griping right now and PAINT. But I wish my family and friends up north would come and visit me. Like the visitors to a Life Class, they'd get rid of a few misapprehensions.

Frustrated Grandma Moses, 23rd

MISS WILCOX TO APPEAR ON TV

Miss Colin Wilcox, who carried one of the lead roles on the "Dr. Kildare" series which appeared on NBC TV this spring, will appear on the re-run of that program tonight, (8:30 p.m.). She will also appear the following Thursday evening on the re-run of "The Untouchables" on which she was seen this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cleckley and children Laura and Jack of Augusta, Ga. are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Edwards, Sr.