

DEAR ELISABETH---

Finally I got around with the long list of letters I should write and it is your turn now.

I imagine that you are very interested how I like America and you have all cause to be so.

As I first came to New York City, I was almost deafened by the noise there. I think the city has many interesting buildings, but anyway I could never live there for a long time for it would drive me crazy.

The landscape is beautiful. After all the views I had of our damaged country, it is a pleasure to see ripening fields and fruit and all the well-kept farms. The town I afterwards stayed in has large brick buildings and many villas.

The haste, we spoke of in Germany, goes through America. People want to get through with their work to go to the show or to any entertainment.

In school you have all the little clubs and organizations that bind students to one another and to the teachers. All customs and doing are free too, and you make friends easily. We have now before Xmas all the little preparations too, angels; mortals; and I am looking forward to a somewhat different Christmas now.

I have not seen much of the country, but I think that America, from the experience you gather in one place, is willing to help with its riches and many products which would waste here, that it is willing to help the world to establish peace, and that it is not the country we imagine, when we speak of "Amis."

It helped me, the people of my religion help me, and from all the friends I know, I cannot name one, which does not help you and all other in education, health, and daily needs.

I hope you will not condemn me now, because I changed my mind so quickly but if possible come sometime and see yourself the rich, beautiful, wide America.

Love,
Heidi.

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Hats Off To Lib

The entire student body joins with the freshman class in expressing sincerest appreciation and gratitude for Elizabeth Clodfelter's work on the freshmen skit, "One Mad Afternoon." She, with the unselfish help of her committee, composed of Terry Kane, Virginia Blackburn, Ellinore Krieger, and Ann Fenton, completely wrote the entirely original skit; and Lib patiently attended each rehearsal, giving her undivided attention to its direction.

Lib, while in high school in Lexington, North Carolina, wrote short stories, was a reporter for the school paper, and was its representative to "girls' state."

Yes, everyone — freshmen, upperclassmen, and faculty members — will long remember Saturday, December 2, as the night of the freshmen skit; and Lib Clodfelter for her hard work done on it.

GOOD READING

Frances Sosbee

Recently, while reading Pearl S. Buck's "The Child Who Never Grew Up," I realized that within her story lay comfort for many mothers whose children were abnormal.

The story of her child, who was born in China and whose development stopped at the age of six years, made me think of the many handicaps little children are suffering all over the world.

The little girl could not talk until she was three years old; but her mother was not particularly worried, since her friends said the case was not too unusual. The mother finally realized the danger her child was in, when an American pediatrician pointed out to her the signs of deformity.

After rushing the retarded child to American doctors, she was crushed when the reports were, "Somewhere along the way, growth stopped." Would her child forever have that blank lost appearance? Even then the child's attention was held for only a few minutes, and then she would begin the fleet running for no purpose at all.

When the neighbor's children were told to break their friendship with the cute little playmate who seemed to be struggling against some unseen handicap, the mother knew she must be placed in an institution that would protect her against all adversities threatening her future.

Now, when the child's mother visits her in the institution, she is grateful that there is a place where children like her own daughter can live their child-like life in happiness.

DR. CORA REEVES

Margaret Boseman

Curiosity, and I think pleasure, filled the eyes of the little lady as I entered the room to discuss the life of herself, Dr. Cora Reeves, one of the best-loved and most highly respected members of our Montreat faculty. In response to a previous request, when I arrived she had on one of her Chinese gowns and looked as kind, gentle, and lady-like as we picture actual Chinese ladies of royalty.

My first questions to her were questions concerning the dress she wore. This dress, with a black background and designs of orange gold fish, was given her at a farewell party by her students in the biology department of Ginling College before she left China in 1941 to return to the United States. She told of two other lovely dresses, one of green brocaded velvet given her by Dr. Y. F. Woo, the president of Ginling College in China; another, of heavy brocade and black satin, was given her earlier by a girl student and personal friend.

Dr. Cora Reeves was born in California. She was graduated from California Normal School. Later she received her B. A. and Ph. D. degrees at Michigan.

I believe she would say her life work has been in China; at least 35 years of her life were spent there. She returned to the United States in 1941 and is now teaching at Montreat in the biology department.

Our Dr. Reeves is a genuine person and has a bubbling sense of humor. She loves sleighing, climbs mountains, and is as sprightly and energetic as a child. She often winks and says to young students, "Don't you wish you were as young as I?"

Those who have studied under her especially adore her; and, although she demands thorough work and expects college students to uphold college scholastic standards, there is never a complaint or criticism heard of her.

Every student at Montreat has one ardent desire — to live as long and as well as our beloved Dr. Cora Reeves.

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