

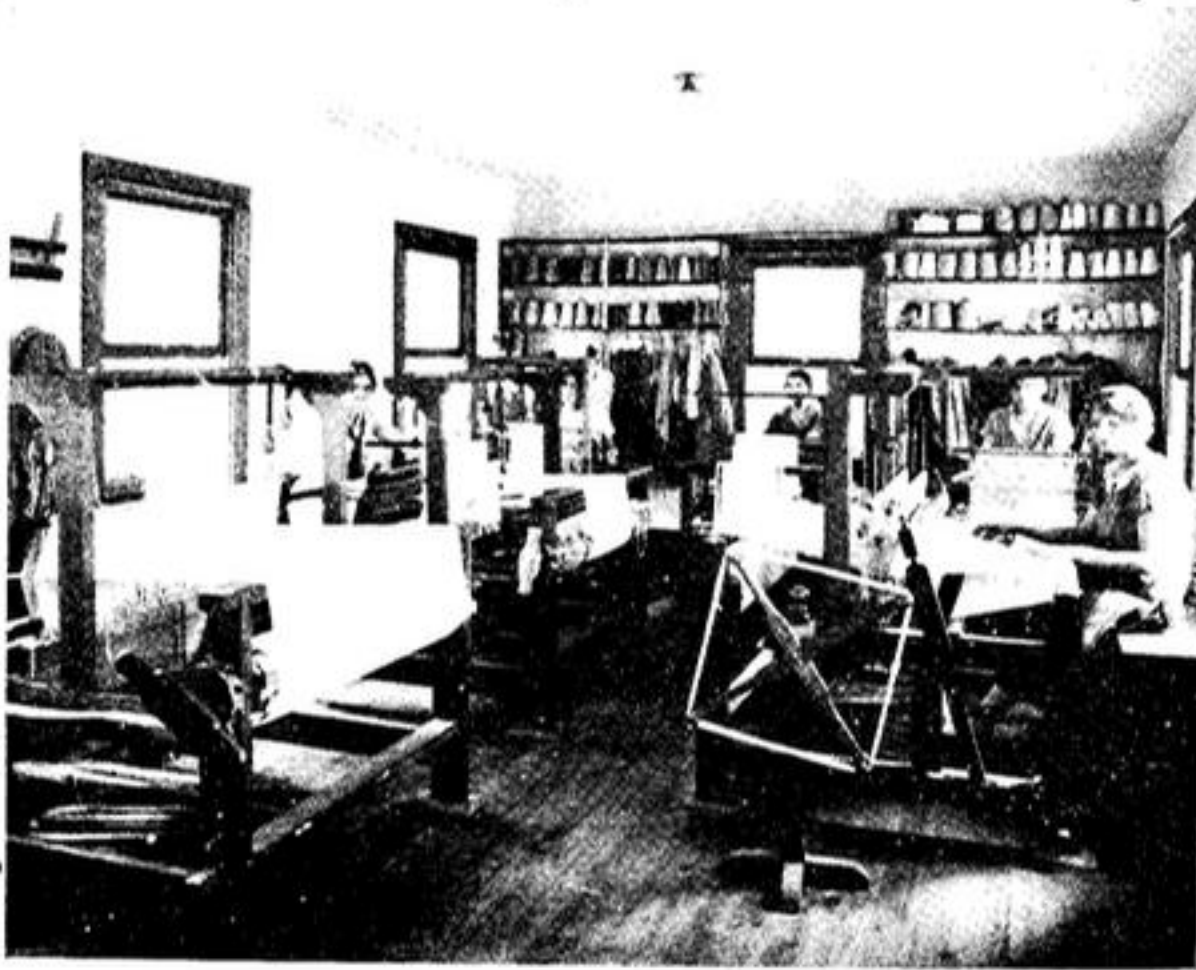
THE SPINNING WHEEL

By Helen H. Dingman

It was such a happy Christmas party. The Loghouse that night—always beautiful with its display of mountain weavings, gay hooked rugs, and bits of pottery—was the scene of much gaiety. The looms over in the Loom Room next door were silent, and the

in its early infancy and was housed in a little cabin way off the main highway. Now it was occupying two buildings on Highway No. 20, at Beaver Lake, four miles out of Asheville. The Loom Room was a wing of Miss Douglas' attractive new house; and the Loghouse, once the home of the great-grandmother of two of the weaving girls and recently moved from its original site on Paint Fork, was the display and salesroom of the attractive handicraft of the mountains.

Here was really a dream come true. Clementine Douglas, the owner and director of "The Spinning Wheel," had spent three summers with me years ago in the Kentucky Mountains, and there her great love for the mountain people and her desire to develop among them the old industries of weaving and rug-making were first kindled.



Our Loom Room.

weavers of "The Spinning Wheel" were having their holiday celebration. Supper was cooked over the great fireplace, gifts were distributed from the tree by "Santa Claus," and the Christmas carols learned and practiced to the click of the looms on the busy preceding days were sung by the happy group as they sat around the fire.

Indeed I was a privileged guest to share in the intimate joy of that family group. I had arrived just that afternoon eager to see the new home of "The Spinning Wheel," for I had visited it two years before when it was just



Carding, Spinning and Vegetable Dyeing.