

Now When I Was Young - By Evelyn Poole

Quite frequently we school students are told by our teachers, parents, grandparents, and older friends how much better times were when they were young and how well-behaved they were.

In our minds we can see Grandpa, a little skinny from the nine mile walk to school, quietly entering an old-fashioned school house, jammed and packed with other tired students who perhaps didn't have to walk so far. We can hear his cheery well-mannered voice saying "Good morning, teacher," before he made his usual curt bow to the girls. Oh! Never! Never, would he think of pulling one of those flaxen pig-tails that hung temptingly in front of him. The slate on which he wrote was immaculate-not defaced with comical pictures of the teacher. After many hours of arduous toil over math problems, all of which he worked correctly, and after the spelling match, in which he became champion speller, the recess bell rang, and Grandpa went submissively to draw a bucket of fresh water from the rickety old well. He was very careful never to let a drop of water mar the attractiveness of the little girls' dresses as he passed the dipper for them to drink first. He also was very discreet so as not to make the little girl blush at the mention of the name of the wicked boy who had winked at her during the spelling match. Yes, as tales grow taller, we can even ima-

gine a faint halo shining around the head of Grandpa-until.....

One fateful day one of Grandpa's old school mates came to our house for a visit. Apparently the conversation was going pretty smoothly until our appearance was announced. After meeting the nice old gentleman, we were instructed to sit quietly in the corner---a command usually very disagreeable; however this time we were very happy to carry out orders. We were engrossed in seeing what made Grandpa's friend's beard grow so long. Our thoughts were so glued on the wonder of the beard that we almost forgot to listen to the

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