## What's In A Name?\_\_\_\_A Story

BY CAROLYN FINCH

Maybe it happened a few weeks ago, a month, or even a year to a friend or someone that you knew WELL.

There was a boy who wanted to go to Washington, D. C., but never got a LAMM'S chance until 19 years of age. He was a large, brown-skinned boy by the name of BROWN, we will say.

He set out early one morning while the DEW was still on the ground.

He traveled for days and days, riding for a while and then walking a distance. He would take the HIGH ground as well as the BOTTOM.

He walked until he practically had STUNES on his feet.

TRIF TO WASHINGTON

His trip to WASHINGTON ended in a few weeks. People that have heard his story have told how much he wanted to come to Washington.

While on this trip he saw many of his schoolmates viewing the statues, monuments, important buildings, and enormous HOUSES just as he was doing: GLCVERS, BISSETTES, FINCHES, WILLIAMS, VICKS, and EDWARDS.

RETURN TRIP HOME

On his return trip home he noted many familiar names on numerous bill-boards: EATMON'S Motel, HORNER'S Restaurant, PERRY'S Hotel, and BOYKIN'S Jewelry. It was this fact that led to his becoming careless about where he walked and, conse-

quently, resulted in his being hit by a truck and killed.

The one wish of the boy was to go, see, study, and write some facts on his National Capital, but he never got the chance to do all the things he had started out to do.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.

CALLING RIPLEY

When a map of the United States was given to the juniors to be filled out, some of them couldn't even recognize their own state.

Enter Into
His Gate
With Thanksgiving

PSALM 100



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