

## A Two Dollar Stomach Ache

—Bob Peeler

Have you ever been riding in an airplane? If you haven't you have a big thrill, and maybe an upset stomach, coming. At the early age of sixteen, I ventured far enough out from the portals of good sense and got together enough "dough" to splurge and go for a ride way up in the "wild blue yonder." This is where all of your troubles, except those of whether you will ever get back down safely or not, are forgot. If you have never been up, then I guess you would like to know now it feels; so here it goes.

Roar-r-r-r! You're off with a bang, and when those front wheels leave the ground, you're figuratively and literally in heaven. What a thrill you think you are going to have! The first leg of the flight, the climbing, is really fun; and you can take it, or at least you like to tell yourself you can. Then the ride really begins to be fun; your old hometown and countryside look like one of those patch work quilts that grandma spent so much time putting together so that every piece fitted exactly in its place, and then, amid all of this pleasantness, the plane banks. Wow! What a change this is, for all of a sudden everything seems to be flying to the left and right and up and down at the same time. This isn't what you bargained for; but, brother, it's what you got; and there's not much you can do about it under the conditions you're in. But this time you're ready to quit, and it's a big relief to see the field rolling up below. Now comes the biggest thrill of the whole ride, the landing. The wheels meet the ground like a stunned bird, but then they roll, and you know you're safe again.

Well, you're through at last; but what did you really get out of your venture? Why, you got absolutely nothing, unless you call a free stomach ache and a couple dollars out of your "slim Jim" something. But you did learn one thing through the best teacher, experience; you learned to stay on the ground, where civilized people travel.

## Spring!

—Sue Hooper

When just the one word, Spring, is mentioned, you can see people's faces light up with joy. That short word means much to everyone. It means the trees beginning to get green, the jonquils, buttercups, and all the spring flowers blooming in full glory. In just a few words, spring means the awakening of nature.

After the long sleep of nature in the winter, the first signs of the awakening is certainly welcomed. The warm sun, the green grass, and the blooming flowers make everyone feel much more alive. They take a new outlook on life and realize that everything isn't so bad as it seems.

This brings to mind the old saying, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love." There is a lot of truth in this old saying. The young man feels love seeping into his veins in spring. The birds' songs, the warm breezes, and the trees and flowers are not overlooked. Even the most hardened man is affected by spring, and he feels a certain tenderness to the girl who has been eating her heart out for him. He may have vowed he would never have anything to do with her, but spring always gets her way.

Most people agree that spring is the most beautiful and pleasant season of the four seasons. They say that the awakening of all the dormant plants is wonderful. Their thoughts should be like the following:

"God must be very good indeed,  
Who made each pretty thing:  
I'm sure we ought to love him  
Much for bringing back the spring."

## It's Still Music

—Mary Eleanor Gray

The classical music lover may shudder at jazz, and the "hot-swing" type may run for the nearest exit when he hears a sonata. In either case the one type thinks the other strange. The classical lover thinks the jazz player a strange person when he takes the slow tempo of music and turns it into a "hot," jumpy flow of notes.

A jazz musician likes and needs the friendly throb of a drum, the ring of a piano, and the wail of a clarinet. Out of the South came hundreds of these little three or four piece bands to gather together and make some of the greatest name bands of today. It was the combination of these that made jazz commercially successful. Benny Goodman, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, and Tex Beneke are some of the more famous leaders of these jazz bands. These bands are the biggest play on juke-boxes and radio today.

But so much for the modern day jazz music. What about the classical musician who is thought of by his jazz playing colleagues as a stuffy person with an aged violin? The classical musicians such as Chopin and Beethoven were the original creators of music, and the jazz had to originate from a great many of these classical themes. But Beethoven and Chopin wrote a great many pieces that were considered "hot" music even in their time. They called these compositions cadenzas. The modern day composers have combined symphonies and jazz, and have created such pieces as "Rhapsody in Blue," written by George Gershwin. This piece and others like it will never die out as did a great number of the jazz pieces. In the years to come the distinction between jazz and classical will gradually disappear. The combination of the two will bring about the composition of many great pieces that will linger in the hearts of music lovers down through the ages.

## To Give Or Not To Give

—Jack Lancaster

The dead take with them to the grove in their cutched fingers only that which they have given up.—Rousseau.

People who live just to make money by dishonest methods are certain to pay a visit to the Arch Angel. They spend their entire life enlarging their bank accounts and sometimes worrying themselves sick over the loss of a few dollars. They know when they begin their money-making career that when they die they cannot take the money with them to the grave. They know it will do them no good in the world beyond. Men have been known to go completely crazy over a small financial loss.

Great men like Rockefeller, Ford, and Carnegie have done many worthwhile things with their money. They also made their money the honest way. They didn't try to cheat people out of their money just to get it for themselves.

Rockefeller has established many institutions and has given large sums of money to universities, hospitals, and libraries.

Carnegie gave large sums of money which was used to help humanity. There are many libraries named after Andrew Carnegie, because he gave the biggest part of the money which went to help build the library. The most important institute named after him is the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Ford is probably the most popular of today's humanitarian benefactors. He has refused to give money to local chapters of the welfare department, but he has said that he would give any man who was unemployed and was willing to work a good paying job.

Men like these are a blessing to humanity. Because of their good fortune to be able to have such an enormous amount of money, they are willing to help others who are not quite so fortunate as they.

## POETS' CORNER



### SPRING

—Margaret Finch

This very day Spring said, "Hello"  
In such a way to make me know  
That God, before my very eyes,  
Shows me beauty that never dies.

The daffodils that now I see  
Are smiling, it seems, just for me;  
And on that limb a robin sings  
A song that to my heart takes wings.

The yellow buds upon the tree  
Conceal green leaves which soon I'll see;

And the soft breezes of the air  
Like to play mischief with my hair.

The sky so beautiful above  
Reveals the greatness of His Love,  
For every year He does impart  
Spring miracles into my heart.

### THE ONE I LOVE

—Colleen Story

I think that I shall never see  
A boy that quite appeals to me—  
As a ninth grader so tall and slim,  
Who's always dressed so neat, and trim.

He's sweet, as sweet as one can be,  
But he loves not me, as one can see.  
He flirts with girls the live-long day,  
I regular wolf, if I must say.  
I love him much, I must confess,  
But I'll always wait for him, I guess.

### I'LL ALWAYS BE TRUE

—Dorothy Potts

I've missed you since you've been away,  
I pray for you both night and day;  
I've longed to see you and been very blue;

When tear drops are falling,  
My heart is recalling  
The memories we've shared;  
That help you to know I've always cared.

All the things that might have been,  
Were only meant for you, my dear,  
I'll stay at home from now till then;  
Till you return and are quite near.

The days will be long and very blue,  
But if it's for you, I'll always be true.

### I DON'T PRETEND TO BE A POET

—"Grampy"

I don't pretend to be a poet;  
I have no talent which I showeth—  
I know not how to rhyme my words,  
Like trees and bees and herds and birds,  
But someday when I shall grow old,  
I think that I will be so bold  
As to write a poem for the one I adore  
and tell her I love her more and more.

### MY THOUGHTS

—Marie Koonts

As I sit thinking in my room,  
My thoughts aren't of the "weather,"  
I think of all the wonderful times  
That we once spent together.

I see us as we were this summer,  
So kind, so cheerful to one another;  
I see us as we are today—  
Far, far away from each other.

And yet I know that in the end  
That everything will turn out right,  
But until then I'll just pretend  
That you had never been in sight!

## Laughable Limericks

—Hubert Olive

One fine day I met a young clerk  
Who seemed to be a terrible jerk.  
He spent most of his time  
Sucking on a lime,  
And the rest keeping away from his work.

—Hubert Olive

There once was a man who refused  
to ride,  
So upon his rear end he decided to slide.  
The ground it was rough  
And his hide was not tough;  
So after a try he was contented to ride.

—Nancy Jean Conrad

There was once a small lightning bug  
Which stopped on the jail house rug.  
The fire from his tail  
Caught fire to the jail  
And he's no longer a bug in a rug!

—Barbara Lawrence

There was a young lady named Jan,  
She had a hard time getting a man;  
She tried to make them look,  
But she spent evenings reading  
a book,  
Oh, why did Jan have such a pan?

—Barbara Lawrence

There was a boy named Harry,  
Who fell in love with a girl named Mary,  
Each night they would go for a ride,  
Until finally she became his bride,  
And now they have a son named Larry.

—Margaret Darr

There once was a young girl named Joy,  
Who met a young boy named Coy,  
And this was great bliss;  
What happened was this:  
A marriage of Joy and Coy.

—Mary Sue Thomason

I knew a little boy named Jack,  
Who always sat on the railroad track.  
Along came a train  
And hit him in the brain,  
And they picked him up in a sack.

—Mary Sue Thomason

There was once a girl named Jo,  
Who had a sweet little beau,  
They got in a fight,  
And he began to bite,  
And now there is no mo', Jo.

—Jeanne Wooten

There was a young man named Bill,  
Who sat on a window sill.  
There were five stories to the ground  
For he counted them as he went down,  
And that was the last of poor Bill.

—Jeanne Wooten

There was a girl named Fan,  
And in a race she ran.  
She slipped on a stone  
And broke her hip bone,  
And run she no longer can.

—Maxine Kepley

There once was a house on the hill,  
Inhabited by an old man named Bill.  
He chewed model tobacco,  
Ate a ten-cent cracker,  
And now he lives under a hill.