

The Decision

—Grace Hendricks

Lisa Johnson was a beautiful young lady with raven black hair, black eyes and fair skin. Lisa was an only daughter; therefore, she was used to having everything that she wanted. Nothing would suit her until her parents let her attend a very exclusive college in New York state.

She got her wish; also, she fulfilled it. But now she was right back in her little home town of Middleton. Middleton, a little one-horse town of about one thousand people, seemed very repulsive to Lisa after spending four years in New York. Her father, who was president of the Middleton bank, wanted her to teach school a few years, then, marry and rear a family. Lisa wanted none of these, particularly the teaching.

"Penny for your thoughts," came a voice from behind her.

"Oh, you startled me, Mother," Lisa replied. "I was just thinking about what I might do this fall."

"Well, darling, your father wants you to teach school. In fact, he has already secured a position for you here in Middleton."

"Mother, how can you expect me to stay here in Middleton after spending four years in New York? Honestly, this is the most boring town that I've ever seen. If you even go to the movies with a boy, the people start asking when you're going to marry him."

"Lisa, this town was good enough for you when you were a child. I know that it is boring now, but you can at least teach here one year. After all, your father went to the trouble and expense to send you to college, so you owe it to him."

"Mother, I know I do. But I want to do something great. I don't want to die a teacher. Anyway let's drop the subject, because it will be brought up as soon as Dad comes home."

"Of course, dear," replied her Mother resignedly. "I think that I'll go in the house to sew. Don't stay in the sun too much longer. You've been taking this sun bath for over an hour."

Lisa closed her eyes and before she knew it she was almost asleep. Suddenly someone touched her.

"Oh," she screamed. "Bert, why in the world do you have to scare a person to death? Honestly, you would make a good candidate for 'Inner Sanctum'."

"Sorry, sis, big brother didn't mean to scare you," he replied mockingly. "Why in the heck do you want to take sun baths? If you don't watch out, you'll be as black as 'Big George'."

"Don't be so absurd. Don't you know that a deeply tanned skin is very glamorous—and don't you know it looks especially nice with white dresses, bathing suits, and evening gowns?"

"You know that I was only teasing. You'll be beautiful in white—particularly—ahem—in those white bathing suits."

"Enough of that! Say—why are you home so early? You haven't been fired, have you?"

"No, I don't have to work today. Mr. Hollis is having an interview with a rich client, so he told us to take the afternoon off. I wish more of those rich guys would come along. Maybe I'd get a raise in salary. The insurance business certainly does not make you exactly wealthy. How does Mr. Hollis expect a guy to get married on my salary? Maybe I'd better ask him for a raise. After all, he'll want his daughter to live in comfort."

"Oh, Bert," exclaimed Lisa in surprise. "Are you going to marry Ruth? How wonderful! When are you going to get married? Have you told Mom and Dad yet?"

Bert looked around at Lisa and grinned. "My! but you do ask a lot of questions. Ruth will be the one to decide the date. She said tell you that she wants you to be one of the bridesmaids."

"A wedding is the only exciting thing that happens around here."

"If you will allow me to finish, please, I was going to tell Dad, but he was interviewing the prospective

teller to take Ben's place. Dad said tell Mom that he was going to bring the young man home for supper tonight. Don't look so worried, Lisa. He's a bachelor."

"Oh, you!" Lisa stormed off across the yard to tell her mother to plan for one more for supper.

Lisa spent the rest of the afternoon in her room resting. Her thoughts were concerned mostly with the coming fall. In a way she wanted to leave Middleton—and in a way she did not. Go to New York—go to New York—kept running through her head. But what could she do after she got there? Maybe her uncle could give her a position with his law firm as a stenographer. Shen she could have the chance to work her way up in the world.

"Lisa, Lisa, you better dress for dinner. You have about thirty minutes," called her Mother.

"Thanks; I'll be ready," replied Lisa.

Lisa dressed quickly and then went downstairs to help her Mother with all the last-minute details.

Finally she heard her father's step on the porch. Then he walked into the living-room with a handsome man. Lisa observed him from the dining room, where she was arranging a bowl of flowers.

"Mother! Bert! Lisa! Come here. I want you to meet Mr. Murray, the new teller at the bank."

All during the meal Lisa watched the handsome Ken Murray, while he, her father, and Bert talked about business.

Just before Ken left that evening, he said, "Miss Johnson, how about going to the movies with me tomorrow night?"

"Thank you, Mr. Murray; I'd be delighted," she replied.

After he had left, Lisa went over to her father and put her arms around his neck. "Dad," she said, "you know, I think I'll take that teaching position after all."

The Happy Ending

—Jean Horton

Just off the old dirt road a few paces and behind the big cluster of pines stood the small three-room cottage of John Whitcomb, known by all the people of Sythe as "Uncle John". Uncle John was the friend of all the residents of the small town. Especially was he the friend of a pretty three-year-old girl, Eva.

Each morning when the sun was only an hour high, one could see the two walking down the big lane toward the Old Park. Uncle John, with his cane in one hand, walked slowly a few steps behind Eva, who skipped merrily along, happy to be alive. Often they talked of God's wonders in nature of which they were continually in the midst. Through the constant companionship of these two, their small world was made perfect.

No one knew anything about John Whitcomb except that he had moved quietly into the town and had become known to all the three hundred citizens of Sythe.

The townsfolk had always said that Eva's parents had been killed in an automobile accident when she was only two years old. But they knew nothing more of her life before she came to be a citizen of their town. Since that she had lived with her favorite aunt, who was her mother's younger sister, Helen. Aunt Helen was very kind to her, but there were her own two children who were unkind and hateful to Eva. For this reason she had sought happiness else-

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Poets' Corner



FISHIN' WO'M

—Bill Palmer

Wee wittle fishin' wo'm
I is diggin' fo' you.
I is goin' fishin',
An' you is goin' too.
You'll hol' da hook,
An' I'll hol' da pole,
An' us'll catch some fishes
If'n you t'um on outa at hole.
I's gonna dig 'til I git'che,
So you bettuh git in 'is tup,
'Fore me mommy sees me
An' t'ums an' wocks me up.
Dere! I's got'che, wittle wo'm.
'Top twyin' to e'cape.
'Tum on outa' at hole
'Fore I go an' make you bweak.
Don'cha wanna go a fishin'
Down 'ere to da wittle cwick
W'ere da birdies fwy an' ting
An' da fishes is so 'fick?
You know, wittle wo'my,
You is actin' mit'y mean.
Why is yo uso squ'my?
Don'cha wanna be seen?
Oh! I bwoke you, wittle wo'my,
An' I's turby sorry, too,
'Cause now 'dere'll be fwee of us
In'tead of just me an' you.

OUR CLASS OF '48

—Ronald Smith

Not too many years ago,
Although it seems quite long, I know,
Lexington High School's class of '48
Started to school on this opening date.
How strange everything seemed to us
As we were unloading from the bus.
Then while we were admiring every-
thing
A very loud bell began to ring.
The bell started our first school day,
That we have remembered all the way
Through the many years long
Since being at school, we have gone.
Our first few lessons weren't very hard,
And then came our report card.
From then on through the years,
We listened to hear with both our ears.
Now as the parting of these days
are near,
All of our memories we hold very dear.
We seem to dread leaving this life
so gay
That holds our past pleasures along
the way.
Now we look in the future gray
That waits for us along the way,
With tasks that we must meet and try,
And do our best until we die.

LIFE

—Martha Cox

Our days are numbered in our life,
And we know not when
God will call an end
To all earthly strife.
So let us live day by day—
That we will not be ashamed to face
Our God, and in eternity take our place
When from this earth we're called
away.
And may it be an honor to
Have God put on our head a crown;
And walk the streets in a new gown;

WHAT SCHOOL IS TO ME

—Alex Beck

School's a place to go to work and
play—
The place we spend each childhood
day,
With books to read and bells that ring,
With things to say and songs to sing.
Where you've friends to meet each
early morn—
And you feel you're glad you were
born;
With teachers that say no or maybe
yes,
And, of course, you know that the
teacher knows best.
Where you study English, and then
you spell—
And you hear "Get that math or
you're going to fail."
With a quiz, a test, and a big exam,
And you've studied and worried be-
cause you had to cram.
You're a freshman, a sophomore, a
junior, and then,
You become a senior and you see
the end.
Your school days are over, and you're
rather sad;
Then you'll look back and say, "School
wasn't so bad."

I SAY 'TIS SPRING

—Alex Beck

When the days begin to lengthen,
And the sun shines down so warm—
When the ice and snow is melted
And passed is winter's storm;
When the March wind is roughly
blowing,
And kites are in the sky—
And birds down in the Southland
Are saying their goodbye,
When fish begin to jump and play,
And the butterfly again is seen—
When bees are busily making honey,
And the air is fresh and clean,
When the grass and trees are sprout-
ing,
And the bobwhite's call doth ring—
When the farmers' fields are planted,
I say, "'Tis spring, 'tis spring!"

LIMERICKS

—Lewis Tesh

There was once a pretty girl named
Kate
Who gave her boy friend the gate;
With another boy friend
Her affair she did end;
Now, alas, no date, poor Kate.
A boy and a girl were once ridin';
From prying eyes they were hidin';
With one hand trying to steer,
The other holding her near,
Now, six-foot under, they're abidin'.

And prove to God that we've been true.
But while we wait, may this be
Our prayer that God will take our
hand,
And guide and make us understand
The sin in life we see.