Wartha Teague, and Larry Recet will present

Crack In The Sidewalk

What's your name?" of his Mald," came the reply. pushel it's yours?"

on his " mmy. You're new here, at from tyou ?"

her "" said Ronald, nodding ember, ! ad shyly. to remain

^{kas} a cool day in the early Jimmy had been playing nade sure he swings at the city playand they when the strange boy had easily no ered up. nself.

anta' swing Ronald?"

rlier, said Ronald with a new ten his forming into his eyes

cause of don't sit down, stand up ad dison said Jimmy. "You'll go arrange higher. Wait a minute and Carlos st you started so you won't ^{woked}." etermine K."

thought rtunatel survived

was

ants to

OWN

y soon both boys were ng vigorously and sounds of attacker. · ." rang out over the as the swings went highto the swings went high-weeks wings slowed down afe to early while and Jimmy, full of exgrily grilling, jumped out of the grily and jumped out of the he felt had shouted, "Hey Ronald, won, by Kay cowboy. I'll be the Lone and you be Tonto."

its you a g, uhg," replied Ronald, ^{hg,} happily. to Carlos

vered, by boys became fast friends f the early children can, free from straints and lack of imaginatayed to The in those older than east safe The time came when Jimsail of his mother calling him "I gotta' go now, Ronsure am glad you moved Cause there's nobody else my 3556 here. All the other in school. I'm going to next year." 388

teh, me too."

h, play some more this af-Jimmy said. can't."

^{can't} ya?"

Id to ther said I'd have to go there with her this afternoon. hat about tomorrow morntears in

tears that the oh no - tomorrow's a nice this and I have to go to Sun-

day School."

"What't that?" asked Ronald. "I thought you said you didn't go to school until next year."

'Oh this isn't really school. It's a place where lots of kids go on Sunday. We sing and make things, and learn about Jesus. Say - why don't you go with me tomorrow?" suggested Jimmy

"O. K.," said Ronald enthusiastically.

"I live in the house at the end of this street. There's a big crack in the sidewalk right out in front. Come early tomorrow morning and Mother'll take us to Sunday School.'

"I'll be there. Bye."

"Bye," answered Jimmy over his shoulder as he started down the street.

The next morning the Stewarts were eating breakfast when the doorbell rang. Mrs. Stewart went

LYDIA SPIVEY

to the front door. "What do you want little boy?" Jimmy heard his mother ask.

Jimmy jumped down from his chair at the breakfast table and ran to the door, "Say Mom, this is Ronnie, my new friend. He's going to Sunday School with me. Come on in Ronnie."

"Son, this isn't one of your friends?" said Mrs. Stewart incredulously.

Yes, he is Mother. He's new here. We played together at the playground yesterday.

"Well, I guess you'll just have to stop going to that playground. Now run along little hoy." Ronald half-turned to go, but stopped hopefully when Jimmy said, "But he's going to Sunday School with me."

"No he is not - He can't go," Jimmy's mother said emphatically. "But why not, Mom?" said Jimmy with a whine in his voice. "Because I said so" "But why not?" came Jimmy's

Spanish Spy

Robbie S io £ly an ails

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ea F. T

There was a young and daring girl,

A Spanish spy was she;

She dressed herself just like a man,

And rode a ship to sea.

An English black-flag ship it was,

Its men were tough as nails;

Her name she changed from Carol to Carl,

Her job was setting sails.

- One night she sneaked beneath the deck,
- And soaked the powder well; She hoped that soon a Spanish
- ship

Would blow the bucs to Hell.

A few hours hence a ship did come,

The spanish flag it flew;

The pirates set themselves to fight

With powder wet as dew.

They touched some powder with a torch,

The guns refused to sound;

The balls which left the Spanish ship

Were true or close around.

The ship and Carol were sinking fast.

But not a tear she shed;

The lovely blue she loved so much

Would make for her a bed.

BILL SHEPHERD

question again.

"I told you once, because I ---Her voice was cut off from Ronald's ears as the door was slammed shut. Ronald turned, and looking very much like a piece of chocolate candy ready to melt, walked slowly away from the house.

HILLTOP-PAGE ELEVEN

d It was sur

Dry Bones"; Manney's Lonnie Kliver, of the Graduate uke University

Becoming the Democratic Nomi-