

Vengeance
An old story, but a good one: A man who had been bitten by a dog found that his wounds didn't heal and consulted a doctor. The physician alarmed by the appearance of the wound, had the dog caught and examined. The dog had rabies. As it was too late to give the man a serum, the doctor told

him he would have to die of hydrophobia. The poor man sat down at a desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him. "Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make your will now." "I'm not making my will," replied the man. "I'm writing out a list of people I'm going to bite."

Besides Church Services Easter Meant Sugar-on-Snow and Pussy Willow Animals

By Alice E. Morgan

It's like this. The Boss says he wants me to write an Easter feature, and I ask him why. "Because the public expects one," he says and I ask him does the public get everything it expects? "No," he says, "but it should at least get a Easter story. We had one for nearly every other day, including the ground hog, and should therefore not skip Easter."

Easter. Flowers, clothes, church services and the Easter Parade. Oh, yes, songs, too, about Easter bonnets and things like that there. Hamm. There's been too much said about women's hats, already. Ditto most of those other topics, and being no verbal artist, I hesitate to try to say anything about flowers. About all that's left is the Easter season as I remember it—way back when.

It boiled down to three big events. Making little animals at school, Easter services and the "sugar on snow" parties some of the farmers used to let us have during Easter vacation.

Quite a Process
The little animals were really quite a process. Usually the teacher would dismiss class early Thursday and we'd all head for a nearby swamp and gather great bunches of pussy willows. The next day all the little folks would pull the pussies off the stems,

while the older ones carefully traced outlines of rabbits, ducks and baby chicks. Then, with the aid of paste, a bit of red ink and shoe polish, soft little rabbits with pink noses and fluffy ducks and chicks with peady black eyes began to cover every desk top and adorn our walls. I can still remember how soft those pussies would feel when one was slowly drawn across the tip of a nose or lobe of an ear!

The Easter services were wonderful. Somehow the organ seemed to be impressed with the importance of the service, and there was a special authority to its voicing as it pealed out the traditional Easter music. A commonplace soprano soared to heights unknown to it before, and a rolling base proclaimed the risen Lord until I felt the little shivers go up and down my back, and the hairs prickle on the back of my neck.

A New Brilliance
There was always a hush about the church that was special, too. It was an old church, with heavy beams across it at the tops of the windows. On Easter Sunday, when the sun shone, it seemed to put a new brilliance in those beautiful old windows that somehow managed to be reflected from the blacked, hand-been beams. There was something about the Easter sermon that short legs, not

It's Done With Mirrors



Martha Mitchell isn't skiing in the sky above Cypress Gardens, Fla. It's simply that the cloudy sky above is reflected in the clear water over which she glides. Martha, herself, is very real, though a little like a dream.

quite reaching the floor, could endure without getting the "twid-gets". It may have been the flowers, or it may have been the traditional Communion tables, the sparkling silver and snowy linen. Or, it may just have been Easter.

"Sugar on snow!" The smell of spring everywhere! The smell of mingling with the hot, sweet smell of boiling sap. Overhead the trees were beginning to show signs of life, and the birds flitted from limb to limb, making the squirrels snap their tails and scold. The smoke from the big open fire seemed to follow us everywhere, and no matter what spot we selected to stand, it found us and brought stinging tears to our eyes. But, finally the sirup was "ready".

Became Real Experts
A long above cleared the winter-soiled top of a big patch of snow, the farmer dipped the big iron ladle into the kettle of boiling sap and then—a big golden sheet of it poured out over the snow. It called for a mad rush for long sticks, and some pretty clever manipulation to get a stick centered in some of that "jack wax" and rolled into a ball before someone else could get it!

We became experts, real young experts, too, at chewing it and getting it off without having it turn into a solid chunk, or burning our tongues. Makes me wish I had a few decades sliced off my

Have You Met . . .

The family from Fairbairn, N. J. They're Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Starn and daughters, Janet and Diane who are residing at 1252 South Bates. Mr. Starn is auditor with the Shell Oil Company.

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