

When time hangs heavy on your hands try taking your coffee grounds to the garbage can one grain at a time.

History quiz: Who was elected president of the U. S. but has never served a day in the office?

"I am not thrilled with my laxative." This is just one of the gems which TV commercials have added to our culture.

The greatest beauty ever fashioned is denied us by neon lights, plastic eateries, bill boards and stream beer cans.

Ice is water dressed for winter weather.

There is not such to choose between being a cold duck and a hot dog.

It was the custom when I was a boy to wear knickers until one was tall enough for long pants. My problem was that it seemed that I would never get tall enough. One by one all the boys in my class did get tall enough - except me. Underneath it all I rather dreaded converting to long pants; because I knew that my classmates would raze me just as they had each other. But, I was getting razed because I was not wearing long pants. So, one Saturday night, I summoned all of my courage, went up town and bought a pair. I put them on to wear home. Everything was fine until I left the clothing store. When I reached the side walk I was confronted by hundreds - maybe thousands - of Saturday night shoppers. Each of them was staring at me so I ducked into an alley and found my way home in the darkness. I sneaked up to my room and changed into my knickers. By the time I got up enough nerve to wear the long pants again they were too small for me.

If it were not for God who would I thank for the many, many blessings which have been bestowed upon my family and me.

The First Ward School. I have a picture of it hanging over my desk. It brings back many memories, most of them happy. Even the unhappy memories fond ones. Like the day my favorite teacher admonished me for a prank I had played on a class mate. It broke my heart. I loved everything about First Ward except the dungeon in the basement. That is where they put bad kids. None of us ever saw it but we knew it was there.

If you happen to meet a one-legged blackbird take the time to talk to it. Find out, if you can, what it thinks of me. I saved its life but I am not sure that it approved of my method. I found it dangling from a fence, its leg hopelessly entangled in the wire. Taking a pair of kitchen scissors, I made a quick, clean cut as far down its entangled leg as I could. Without as much as a backward glance, it flew away.

Arthur H. Crankips