The wind lets up its mighty blow,
Then drives again,
Forming puffs of snow
With each puff of wind.
Clouds of blowing white
Swirl this way and that—
Straight, straight up,
Then all around.
Light flakes, almost dry,
Come to rest upon the ground—
Settling upon the earth
Only to be swept up again
By the brisk, biting,
Driving, ever driving wind.
The land is bare,
And then is white.
This great snow flurry
Is the wind's delight.
—Martha Wise.

What I Like About A Small Town
Shirley Jo Waltz

One of my childhood desires was to own a pony. When I would express this desire, my father would patiently set me on his knee and proceed to explain to me just why I could not have a pony. "First," he would say, "a pony costs a lot of money; second, a pony eats a lot of food; third, the city is no place for a pony." So I would sigh and reconcile myself with glorious dreams of a pony and the country. I seriously believe that my desire to live in the country grew from this dream. I have always loved to go visit on a farm. The simple life of the country folk for some strange reason just appeals to me. I think this strange because I was born and bred in Indianapolis. Many of my friends have chided me by saying that the country is much too lonesome for a city girl. Perhaps they are right. The country might be too lonesome, but a small town sounds ideal. There one is more or less in the country, and yet one has neighbors within call.

I love to drive through small towns when on trips. There seems to be something of interest in every small town. It
may be the ancient cracker-barrel sitting outside the general store, or the little red schoolhouse still in use. I like the way the streets in most small towns wind around and glide uphill and downhill, instead of being laid out in strict block form as most of our city streets are. And the little cottages and bungalows seem to be tossed here and there in a lazy style or manner. They are seldom filed side by side with scarcely a foot of ground between, as so many of our homes in the larger towns are placed. There is something very attractive about their quaint little flower gardens, the picket fences, and the garden gates. And of course there must be a swing under every apple tree, which is always occupied by a pigtailed, shoeless little girl or a tow-headed boy with two teeth missing in front. The quiet and peaceful atmosphere of the little white church on the edge of the village is much more appealing to me than the one on the street corner with the fire engines screaming by and the shrill sound of the traffic whistle. Even the graveyard of a small town is different. There a person is placed to rest beside his friends and relatives in the shadows of that little white church. One who was born in a small town can go through the graveyard and recognize and know each name either personally or through the tales told and retold in the village. But in the city when one dies, he is placed in a plot among absolute strangers. Who knows? He may be dug up and transplanted if the city decides to put up a building on that site.

When I decide to settle down for life, I intend for it to be in a small town. I want to live in a little white cottage with a quaint garden on a rambling, winding village street. I want my children to live within hand reach of nature, and their childhood days to be filled with swings, slides, apple trees, the candy canes from the corner store, and the tradition of the Christmas tree in the village square. They shall learn many lessons about life which can be taught by a small town. A favorite expression of my mother is: “You may take the boy out of the country, but you can’t take the country out of the boy.” Although I am city-bred, my parents were both country-born. Perhaps their love of the country and a small town came down to me. Regardless of how it came to be, my liking is sincere, and I do not believe it will be changed by time.