

Portrait of Grandmother

Barbara Boyd

God must have intended that she be a grandmother from the very beginning, or else Grandmother could not be so perfect. To begin with, she is gentle. Regardless of the circumstances, that particular trait is always evident. It is there when she scolds Grandpa for deciding to fill the woodbox after the kitchen floor has just been mopped. It was there the day she scolded me for hiding behind the kitchen range and eating all her brown sugar, and it is there yet when she catches me stealing a piece of her apple pie before supper. She always ends her scolding with this same observation: "That certainly is no way to behave!" But she scolds gently, and it seems that all the while she is smiling to herself. That smile is typical of her whole disposition. When she laughs, her brilliant blue eyes sparkle, the hundreds of crisscrossing laugh wrinkles become accentuated, and her naturally pink cheeks become almost crimson in contrast to her fluffy white hair. She laughs often in spite of the fact that her gnarled hands betray her many years of hard work.

Although she does not speak of it often, times were not always pleasant. My father and uncle can still remember when it was necessary that their entire wardrobe be based on Grandmother's ingenuity and antique sewing machine. The sewing machine is just like another member of the family even yet; to sell it would break all our hearts, so it rests contentedly in the corner of the dining room under a potted plant. She loves plants, "what-nots," and pictures of the family; consequently, the parlor has become almost cluttered with such mementos. However, each item has its own particular niche, and to move any one of them would be grave mistake. She detests having things out of place, and at one glance she can spot a misplaced article. It is probably for this reason that whenever she enters a room, she is able to find a hundred things that "simply must" be done, even though we are blind to the tasks. She seems never to rest.

One cannot think of Grandmother without remembering her magnificent cooking. The two are almost synonymous for anyone who has tasted her fried chicken, Swiss steaks, incomparable pies, or any of her specialties. Without fail she will get up before anyone else on Sunday morning, bake her pies, and start preparing her Sunday dinner. Somehow she is

able to squeeze in breakfast for her starving family and be ready for church before any of them. She will don her best hat and gently chide Grandfather for not having had the car washed for Sunday. Being in church early has always been one of the things on which she prides herself. It is then that she is able to sit erect in the pew and watch the other members as they enter. This she does with great solemnity, for she considers it one of her sacred duties to act as official greeter. She was elected treasurer of the Laides' Aid Society, and her services are performed faithfully and with a great deal of conscientiousness. We all know that it is one of her greatest wishes to be re-elected just so she would be able to decline the honor magnanimously. Things like this endear her to the hearts of all of us, who consider her to be the perfect grandmother.

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Fight for a Future

Laura Rose Holderman

In this present day world of guided missiles, miracle drugs, and the new wonder, television, people give little thought to why this nation strives to keep a sure footing in world progress. The average American takes these things for granted and accepts them as casually as one does the weather or the time of day. If one would stop and think how lucky he is to live in this country, he would find his blessings bountiful and endless. If in counting these blessings, he would stop and remember who made them possible, he would gain a better understanding of present day problems. I have heard many people comment in connection with the war in Korea, "No one, not even the men in combat, knows exactly what we are fighting for." To me, this is the understatement of the year. I am ashamed to hear an American make such a statement as this. It makes us seem frivolous and "flighty" in our thinking. A country as great as the United States would not take such a drastic step as entering a war if it did not know what its intentions were. Not long ago I watched five of my childhood friends go off to war, five boys that I played "Cowboys and Indians" with and bandaged when they were mortally wounded on the battlefield. They knew what they were fighting for. When they received their call, they left