

Lee

Ann Fleming

ALTHOUGH the streamlined super markets of today are fast replacing the old-fashioned general store, there is still one of the latter at Claire, Indiana. The original owner of the grocery was a tall, lanky old gentleman with a twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face for everyone. The store and its genial proprietor were a never ending source of enjoyment to the school children, who would stop every day after school to make their daily purchases of soda pop, gum, and candy. Each day the kindly man would greet them and then wait patiently while they made their selection. The children would file back into the school bus with shouts of, "Goodbye, Lee," and go laughingly on their way home.

One day in January the familiar yellow school bus pulled up in front of the store. An unusual air of quietness prevailed as the children filed across the street from the old general store and into the home of the manager. No adult needed to remind the boys to pull off their caps as one by one they filed past the casket holding their friend. Many stopped to look at his face, and others rubbed dirty hands across tear-stained cheeks as they whispered once again, "Goodbye, Lee."

As a spectator, I was greatly impressed with the sincere homage paid by these small children to my grandfather. For the first time I began to realize that true glory and greatness can come from a humble life of kindly service.

A Moral Triumph

Beverly Trudgen

THE horse show world was the most exciting and most revealing single factor in my life. I became a part of this separate universe when I was very young and impressionable, and of all my experience concerning new feelings, new reactions, and new atmospheres the spirit of competition stood out in my mind. I did not like it from the beginning for I adopted the popular practice of being obnoxiously elated upon winning and sad and critical of the judging upon losing, attitudes for which I was often lectured by my parents and my trainer. It truly did not matter to me whether I won or lost because I did not wholly understand these reactions. But they seemed to be