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AS YOU WERE SAYING...

Sunshine Through the Mail

WHEN I WAS a little girl in Alabama, every February I used to help my mother gather daffodils and hyacinths which grew wild around our house. Mother would pack them in wet Spanish moss and mail them to her mother up north. I felt ashamed when I thought of Grandmother getting a package of wilted common flowers when she could easily buy hothouse flowers at a florist.

Last Summer I married and moved to Vermont, and early this year, as snow swirled around our home, I opened a package from Mother. Inside lay a breath of Spring: flowers exactly like Mother sent to her mother. As I inhaled their delicate fragrance, I realized then how happy they must have made Grandmother.—Mrs. A. B., Thetford, Vt.

TEACHER GOES TO BAT. Our boy barely passed the first grade and had to attend Summer school to make up his marks from second grade. In third grade he continued to get failing marks, and I was desperate. Then he had a change of teachers and shortly after I received a note: "Please show your son the correct way to bat a ball. It will help develop his self-confidence." It was so surprising and such a change from the kind of notes I had been getting!

I took her advice and ever since my son's grades have

improved. It might have been my coaching, but I think most of the credit should go to that wonderful teacher who took a sympathetic interest in every phase of my son's life.—Mrs. Birch G. McVay, Lake Charles, La.

NEVER TOO BUSY. One day as I was doing my weekly ironing, my four-year-old daughter began blowing air on my ankles through a plastic straw. After a while she asked me if it tickled, and I told her it did.

"Then why don't you laugh?" she asked, puzzled.

Hurrying with my work, I told her I was too busy.

Putting her hands on her hips, she looked at me very seriously and said, "You should never be too busy to laugh."

I had to agree with her, and I've thought since that the world would be a much better place if we were "never too busy to laugh."—Mrs. Tom Smith, Summitville, Ind.

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I was just thinking...



Patty Johnson

... I HAVE played 321 games of solitaire and read 27 paperback books. I have won not a single game of cards and almost all the books feature illicit relations on the Riviera or untidy folk who made a messy job of murder. I am on my vacation and there is thus only one logical reason for such idiocy. It is raining. Not only that, it has been raining for 10 days.

The rain has made all the parched populace delirious with joy. I have nothing at all against joy but the rain has turned me into a pitiful kind of shrew who nurtures an overpowering desire to pound her erstwhile sunburnt head against the nearest palm tree.

When it rains here, the newspapers, in cooperation with the Chamber of Commerce, call it "showers." It showered quite a lot last night. It showered so much that the cottage's tired old knees trembled and the waves vomited part of Brownsville, Tex., on my doorstep. I am not in Brownsville, however. I am 800 miles away.

The gulls sat around in their petticoats until the thunder

and lightning drove them past my window about 40 miles an hour. They have been blown to Capistrano to surprise the swallows.

Really, the first day of rain wasn't bad. It gave my peeling legs a nice rest.

"This is fun," I said. "A chance for one day of being cozy."

It's not fun to be cozy for more than a day at a time on vacation. I don't know how to tat.

Ennui set in heavily the next morning. The third day I scanned the horizon for Noah's Ark. The other days have swum in undulant procession. The roof has begun to leak and the windows aren't that watertight. About my closet there is a scent of aged fish and wet raincoats. That, I feel, is strange. We've caught no fish and I have no raincoat.

When I awoke today, I was coughing a little. The thunder rolls through me like a monsoon. And I have just completed the weather forecast.

"Scattered showers," it proclaims. "No change."

There'll be one. I'm going home.

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