

THE LAMB

Jennie X was a classmate who lived in the country. Every morning some member of her family had to drive her into town and home again after school, a long five miles. The little country district schools didn't have any upper grades.

I liked Jenny and occasionally asked her to stay in town over night with me. One day she said her mother had asked me to come to the farm on Friday and "spend Sunday" with them.

Friday, after school, we found Jennie's father and mother waiting in front of Uncle Will Benedict's store, where they had been shopping. Mr. and Mrs. X sat on the front seat of the lumber wagon, and Jennie and I sat on a temporary seat behind them. This seat was a board hooked over the two sides of the wagon box. It was utterly unyielding, as hard as rocks, and it had no back. I was exhausted by time the heavy farm horses had walked the five miles to our destination.

Jennie was keen on showing me all the interesting things about farm life. We visited the chickens; the setting hens who warned us with a disturbed cackle not to approach too near; the geese. We narrowly missed a sharp nip from the old gander in spite of the fact that he was tied to a post by a cord attached to his leg. We finally ended at the pig pen. Looking at the big fat sow and many half grown piglets I was reminded of a story my mother told after I, as a very little girl, had visited my grandfather's farm.

"Pingy," she said, "Why do you spend so much time on the fence around the pigpen?"

"Because," I answered, "they're so Nassen!"