

Around The Rim

And So Will This . . .

It never entered my mind that the society editor on our college paper would become a long-time friend. As a wide-eyed, green freshman I marveled at how she thrived on the kidding by Fred Hardman, Sam Whitlow, Dick Wall and others, and I sized Margaretta Sanders up as a woman blessed with a keen sense of humor.

LATER I LEARNED she was engaged to John A. Coffey, who had become a teacher in my hometown. The following year they were married, and thus a friendship of a few short months stretched over years. It was accentuated because she and Zelma Chadd Berry became the dearest friends of one of my sisters, Jeannette. When the three of them were together, which was quite often, they squeezed every drop of joy it was possible to get from life.

MARGARETTA had an infectious, spontaneous laugh that was the crowning glory to her pixie humor. There's no telling how many skits, playlets, pantomimes and parodies she wrote for clubs, churches, P-TAs and other groups. Oh, some of them were serious, allegorical and touching, but then a lot of them were feathery taps on the funny bone, delightful rapier thrusts at pomposity, or plain laughs

at the outlandish and the ridiculous.

SHE WAS, however, almost as easily moved to tears as to laughter. Sorrows of others became her own, yet she seemed to keep them in perspective. Once she wept over the death of my sister, then sat bolt upright with a twinkle in her eye, deciding that Jeannette was probably having the time of her new life.

She was mindful of others, and the thing that worried her most during her last illness was that she had no way to thank everyone.

THERE WERE, perhaps those who had greater technical skills as a teacher, but none was her equal in creating good feeling. She made learning a pleasant adventure. Along with their reading, writing and arithmetic, the youngsters got a fresh class lesson in love, and that may be more important than the three R's.

MARGARETTA was an incurable optimist. Sometimes it was hard to see how she could always keep looking on the bright side of everything and everybody. But she had a feeling that everything would turn out all right, and now that she has closed her eyes in her final earthly sleep, why should we doubt for a minute that this will, too? —JOE PICKLE