

# The Fisherman

ELIZABETH BRAN

The calmness of the lake was shattered by the put-put of an outboard as it rounded the bit of land at the edge of the bay and came in toward the boathouse.

The stocky figure at the end of the boat waved as he cut the motor and brought the boat in. He lifted the catch on high and then started about the business of gathering box, tackle, and the rest of the gear together. Having assembled all this, he lifted himself laboriously to his feet to start the long slow trudge uphill to the house. A heavy iron brace tugged and pulled at his leg as he began to climb. He was a gray-haired veteran of nearly seventy years, and the iron had unsuccessfully tried to retard his march through life for something like sixty years of that slow but diligent progress. He had been school-teacher and postmaster in the little town

which was his home, and his driving spirit had touched many lives whose braces were weighing minds and wills instead of withered legs. No one who knew him could feel without shame the feeble handicaps of life, for he had surmounted them all. His huge head and shoulders lifted above those iron-clad limbs proved, without a doubt, the mastery of "will to do."

He was kind, generous, and almost gay. We who knew him best always felt as if we should hail his approach with waving banners.

This summer "he slipped his anchor and sailed away" into the great unknown. I am sure that when he reached that far-away shore, he waved and called once more. "Ahoy on shore! A good day—a fine catch!"

# A Five Minute Decision

BETTY RIPPY

"Frozen section in Surgery 12." Those are familiar words to anyone in the laboratory at one of the local hospitals. Behind those five words lie one of the many services offered to the patients while there. They very seldom if ever hear of it; yet on this may depend the extent of their surgery or their very lives.

What does it mean? It means that while operating, the surgeon's keen eye has noticed something unusual. It may

mean that during his preoperative examination, he has discovered an enlarged lymph node or a suspicious area. He immediately asks for a frozen section.

Perhaps that simple little mole on the neck will not look so innocent when cut into. Perhaps that node under the arm is a metastasis. Where did it come from, and what story does it tell? Is that little ulcer on a patient's lip just a cold sore, or is it dreaded skin cancer? Is that mass in the