

By KENNETH NICHOLS

THE BETTER TO HEAR: In the basement of our City Hall there is a lunch counter operated by two blind men.

One of these men is Donald Ash but his wife, who has normal vision, is beginning to wonder if he can't "see" better than she can.

Mrs. Ash bases her wonderment on a recent trip they took to Marietta. In that town they stopped the car to ask directions of a man standing at the curb.

Nichols The "stranger" had scarcely said a dozen words than Ash piped up and pronounced the man's name. They had attended the Columbus State School for the Blind at the same time but hadn't exchanged a word in eight years.

So the two men talked for a few moments until Ash asked his wife, "Are you parked on some railroad tracks?" Mrs. Ash looked around. "Yes," she replied. "Can you imagine? The tracks are in the street."

"Then you'd better move," Ash told her. "there's a train coming."

Mrs. Ash couldn't see a train coming but she moved to a safe spot. And, in a matter of minutes, a freight came lumbering down the avenue.

While the Mrs. sat, speechless, Ash commented, "Tracks in the street. Craziest town I ever listened to."

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Thu, May 2, 2019