



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

Copyright Notice:

This material may be protected by copyright law (U.S. Code, Title 17). Researchers are liable for any infringement. For more information, visit www.mnhs.org/copyright.

SCRAP BOOK

P315
vol.11



P315
Vol. II

This book is dedicated to



GRATIA
ALTA
COUNTRYMAN.



by the
Minneapolis Public Library Poetry Class
under the direction of Mabel McDonald Oren

10039

A Tribute to

MISS GRATIA COUNTRYMAN.

Librarian Emeritus,
The Public Library,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

"HER TORCH OF LIGHT"

SHE HELD A LIGHTED TORCH FOR ALL TO SEE,
IN CITY, STATE AND NATION, TO EACH COAST:
SHE HELD IDEALS ALOFT, AS THEY SHOULD BE,
IDEAS TO SERVE HUMANITY THE MOST.
SHE BUILT A Lighthouse ON THE LONELY ROCKS
OF IGNORANCE, WHOSE BEACON SHEDS IT'S RAY
FAR OUT UPON THE SEA OF DOUBT, AND LOCKS
THE MIND AGAINST FALSE PREJUDICE EACH DAY.
SHE GAVE HER FRIENDLY AID TO THOSE WHO CAME,
WISE COUNSEL AND ADVICE SHE GAVE TO ALL.
AN INSPIRATION, IS HER TORCH OF FLAME
A SUMMONS TO MARCH ON, LIKE TRUMPET CALL,
UP MOUNTAIN PEAKS, UPON WHICH MAGIC LOOKS,
TO CLIMB THE STEEPS OF LEARNING, PAVED WITH BOOKS.

By
Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
2748, Harriet Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Published in:
Minneapolis Star, April 20th., 1937.

"Worthwhile Verse". July, 1939.

Accepted for
"Minnesota Educational Journal".

WORDS

Words can be lovely and precious things--
Drops of pure gold on a tarnished day,
Rainbow spray from a heart's swift springs;
Words can be lovely and precious things--
Paradise Birds with plumage gay
Winging our thoughts far up and away;
Words can be lovely and precious things--
Drops of pure gold on a tarnished day.

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by BLUE MOON, a verse magazine.)

LOSS

A tiny spot with grass all new and green,
Sweet flowers blooming in the summer air,
Secluded,--one might kneel and weep unseen--
Who knows what hopes and dreams lie buried there?

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by BLUE MOON, a verse magazine.)

* * * * *

THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME

There's nothing in a name, they say; that is,
A rose, if called a lime, would be the same;
If you should call me aught but Dearest, I
Should die--and yet there's nothing in a name.

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by BLUE MOON, a verse magazine.)

* * * * *

AN IDLE IDYL

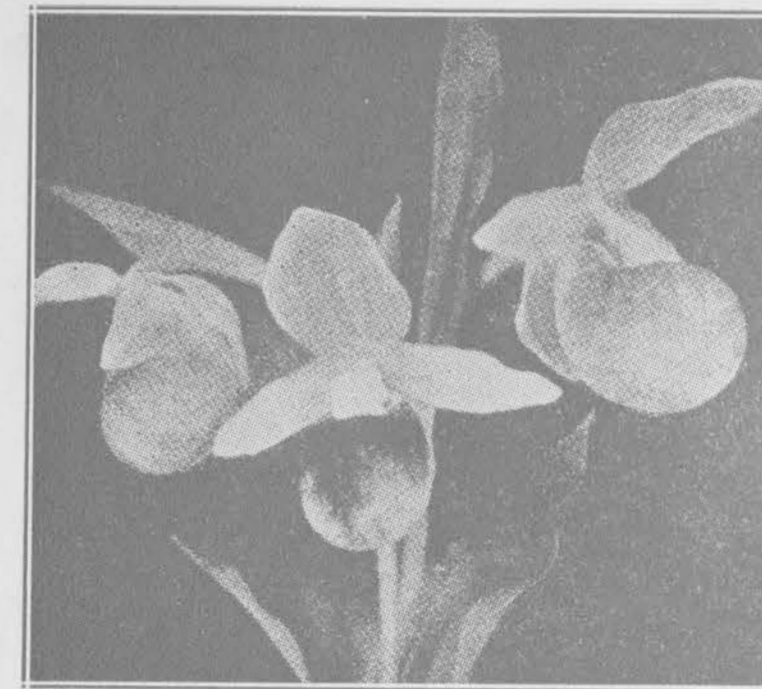
An idle moment breeds an idle thought;
An idle thought may urge an idle heart;
An idle heart, awakened, may bestir
An idle genius to no idle start.

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by L'ALOUETTE, a verse magazine.)

* * * * *

THE MOCCASIN



CONTENTMENT

The gleaming moon now clears our view;
Its rays caress the lonely yew;
They touch bright threads of downy snow,
Then find the cabins far below,
They guide the shepherd through the fold
As on Judean hills of old.

The lamps are lit; the family waits
Till father has secured the gates.
Content and happiness are theirs—
The world goes by with its affairs.
The shepherds' lives are open books—
No "skeletons" in hidden nooks.

—Nora Byrnes Hegi, Minneapolis

AMELIA EARHART

Lost, yet not lost, though all our wide-flung seeking
Has found no trace of wreckage or of you.
Ship ploughed, planes drove, since came that last faint
speaking
Across the troubled air; perhaps you knew
Then that our loving, frantic search must fail,
That any succor must arrive too late.
But we know well it brought no coward wail
From lips Life taught to smile at any fate.
Your gay, proud air, your tousled boyish head,
Your gallant heart, captured a whole world's heart.
Facing your last and longest flight ahead,
No fearfulness would mar a perfect start.
Not lost, brave flyer, in Pacific foam,
In hearts, in history, forever home.

--Florence G. Keenan

(Published in THE FARMER'S WIFE, November 1937.)

BALLAD OF THE TADPOLE

By Nina Pride Hoag

A little tadpole in the brook
Was weeping all alone;
"I want to be a frog," he said,
And moaned a weary moan.

An old frog, sitting there beside
A wide-spread lily bed,
Croaked, "Wait a while, you will be one."
"Right now!" the tadpole said.

"I want to be a frog," he cried,
"I want to be a frog!"
He would not with the tadpoles play
But wept beside the bog.

One day when moping by himself,
A tadpole said to him,
"I'm going to be a frog myself
But you can't even swim!"

He was so mad he flopped around
And tried to say "Ker chog!"
And all at once his tail flew off
And then he was a frog.

This has not been published; we just put it in for fun.

EVENING

Out in my garden, where the flowers
grow,
I have a secret place at eventide.
From there I watch the sunset's fiery
glow,
Out in my garden, where the flowers
grow.

I dream alone, when tender night winds
blow,
And in the mystic drapes of dusk I hide.
Out in my garden, where the flowers
grow,
I have a secret place at eventide.

BOLETTE ENES NELSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

in American Friend
September - 1937

SHARING

If we would do a kindly deed,
And help a friendless soul in need,
A word of courage, praise, and cheer
Would lift a heart, would stop a tear.
A tender voice, a loving smile
Would help make living more worthwhile
For him who needs a helping hand,
And for us, if we but understand.

Let you and me begin today,
And see what we can do or say
To comfort him for whom few care,
And show him that we like to share.
And selfless in our hearts relent
Then life would be a blest event.

BOLETTE ENES NELSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

in American Friend
October - 1937

AUTUMN

Once more I'd like to walk that narrow
path
Through valleys, woods and up those
golden hills
Where birds are gathered for a final
chat
And singing out their last departing
trills.

I want to find that little brook once
more
With laughter, joy and chuckle in its
tone
So like a human hastening down to
shore
And stubs its toes on every slippery
stone.

But work is to be done and day by day
The time gets shorter and the air more
chilled
And soon the snow will hide that little
way—
The little brook will soon with ice be
stilled.

BOLETTE ENES NELSON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

in American Friend
September - 1937

OURSELVES

By

Bolette Enes Nelson

We share our happiness
A sunny day,
With everyone we see
Who comes our way.

With those we love the most
We share our tears,
Our many wants and hurts,
Our lonely fears.

But silently a heart
Once broken, bears
The things which hurt the most
And never shares.

(Published in THE FARMER,
St. Paul, 2/25/39
Reprinted in BETHEL HERALD,
7/10/1939)

LAND-FEVER

(With apologies to John Masefield)

I must go back to my home again, to the quiet hills and
the trees,
And all I ask is the warm sun and a stir of gentle breeze,
And the bird's song and the bee's hum and the wild flowers
growing,
And the cool plash in the low vale of a small stream flowing.

I must go back to my home again, for the call of the
rolling land,
Is a soft call but a deep call so I may understand,
And all I ask is a grassy hill with little lambs playing,
And some white clouds and a tall tree with a bird's
nest swaying.

I must go back to my home again, to the feel of the warm
brown earth,
To the bird's way and the bee's way where each morn is the
soul's rebirth;
And all I ask is a friendly smile from a simple country neighbor,
And a quiet rest and a long sleep after the day's sweet labor.

-Adeline Swanson

Published in Blue Moon

EPISODES IN ETERNITY

"Let there be light."
The abysmal Vale with firefly stars
Glowed in scattered whirling spangles,
Till the Black Cold stirred
Like a serpent from eternal sleep,
Uncoiled for eons in glittering Galaxies,
Waned, froze, and slept again.

"Let there be life."
Smooth, senseless, homogeneous Death
Felt the first pin-pricks of pain,
Moved for relief, knew hunger, and sex;
Then, furious at denial,
Tore life itself to shreds,
And drenched the stars with agony,
Till lethal age slew rebel life,
And all was peace again.

"Let there be love."
Beauty and music, and the warm red flame
Of lips tender with passionate words
And kisses,
Home, and the Arts; kindness and joy;
At jealousy the cycle turned
Toward envy, rivalry, and trade for gain
With strife to win advantage;
Then Science; then War.
When that was finished, ancient Hate
Grinned, forgot the episode,
And reigned supreme again.

--W. C. A. Wallar

(Published in POETRY CARAVAN.)

SILENT CARILLONS

What years, O bells, in your slim tower's height
Voiceless you hark Earth's mightiest waterfall!
The city's pulsing music hear, and all
The star-chimes ringing through the cone of night!
Your two-score tongues full-conscious of a night
To clang your carols skyward---patient, dumb.
Have you foreseen that jubilant day to come
When congressed throngs shall hear your peals aright?
When through packed streets and noise of trade you fling
Your harps of song in worshipful accord
In call to prayer, "Laudation to the Lord!"
Humbling the proud, all traffic silencing---
Those dead decades, hushed in your muffled tower,
Avenged forever in that golden hour?

I know a silent soul wherein the chimes
Of tuneful poesy have muted hung;
Nor once their carillons in freedom rung.
Ill-vironed, damped in unpropitious times,
They wait the campanile of fairer climes.
Then, with the harmony of stars and seas,
Of thundering cataracts and whispering trees,
Their loosened tongues shall match celestial rhymes!
Full-voiced mad arias shall sweep the skies!
Then shall this singer from his naked lyre
The glow and shimmer of the spirit's fire
Clang out in gay Castalian rhapsodies,
These blinding years, this mercenary age
Avenged forever in a poet's rage.

---W. C. A. Wallar

Published in Alentown, Lowell, Mass.

January 1937

TO EDWIN MARKHAM

(Upon reading of his being judged mentally incompetent at the age of 84)

Markham, they tell us now your lamp has dimmed--
That lamp whose brilliance poured upon the world,
And all the earth's obscurest shadows limned
With glowing light, its farthest corners thirled;
That lamp which guided souls to their retreat,
And sent its searching ray now here, now there,
To light the way for many stumbling feet
And kindle flames in hearts chilled by despair;
That lamp which constantly, since long ago,
Has given human need each living spark
Until the oil is gone, the wick burned low,
And now the lamp itself is growing dark;
But fear not,--calmly, through life's lowered shades,
Watch heaven's stars grow bright as daylight fades.

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by Margarette Ball Dickson for Yearbook
of League of Minnesota Poets.)

- THE DOOR WITHOUT A KEY -

I left my door ajar
That Love might enter in,
I guess he found the road too far
And sought another inn.

And so I locked my door
And threw away the key,
Lest Love should pass once more
And get a glimpse of me.

One day there was a knock
And Love was calling me;
Alas, he could not break the lock
I could not find the key.

Olga Hilsen

Published in Moccasin Annual

THE CUP

By Nina Pride Hoag

Drink of the cup that Life holds out to you,
Without a wry distortion of the face;
Drink it, yes, smile at the bitter brew;
You will be given all that you need of grace.

Take the cup, and do not dread to drink,
For dreading only makes it hard to bear;
You have earned the potion your lips must quaff,
Drink it without asking why or where.

Look not for answers. Take your whole soul's share,
Leave no dregs within the drink you quaff;
Take it without asking when or how,
Drink the potion, look at Life and laugh!

(published in the Year Book, League of Minnesota Poets, 1936.)

DECISION

By Nina Pride Hoag

The longer I live, the more I see
That what I accomplish depends on me.

Published in the Spring number of the Country Bard, 1937

They Might Have Been

We are the galaxy of gifted souls
Who were denied the mortal's right of birth,
For they who would have been our fathers, died,
And, giving all, impoverished the earth.
We are the scientists who might have been,
Now powerless a waiting world to aid;
Chemists and surgeons who will never be:
This is the ghastly price the world has paid!

We are the poets whose impassioned song
The hearts of humankind will never thrill;
Artists whose dreams no canvass will adorn
Because mankind resorts to slaughter still;
Inspired musicians who strange silence keep,
Burdened with mute unwritten melody;
Actors whose charm no public will acclaim,
Phantoms, engulfed in Time's obscurity.

Wan creatures, we, of this forgotten realm,
Made so by war's remorseless law of hate;
We helpless who so gladly would have lived,
Through countless ages must bemoan our fate.
Through dim, forbidden portals we would peer
Into Life's garden, gay with youth a-bloom;
For us can be no sweet adventuring
Beyond the eerie sepulchers of doom.

O, foolish world, mourn well your dreadful loss
Of precious lives, and lives that should have been;
Discard, we pray, your stupid reasoning
And spare all youth from this gigantic sin!
Imploring voices echo round the earth
In earnest unison, our plea for peace:
Hear, then, the thunder of our stifled cries,
That this grim tragedy of war may cease!

LUCILE CHANDLER

Minneapolis, Minn.

Published in The American Friend
October 28, 1937

RETROSPECTION

By Nina Pride Hoag

When evening comes I lay my work aside;
And hours of the day my thoughts review;
I try to separate the false from true,
But find the gulf so very, very wide
Between the good accomplished and denied;
When day began I saw the way clear through;
I walked the path and thought I surely knew;
But now I view the day unsatisfied.

Once more I try to make my day fulfill
Its promise of the dawn. Each step I take
Shall bring me nearer to my heart's desire;
I lift my eyes to sunlight on the hill;
Its glory bids the soul in me awake,
And lights my way with Life's eternal fire.

(Harrison's Anthology)

ATTITUDE

By Nina Pride Hoag

The world is full of sighing,
Of weeping and of crying,
But we will laugh and sing and not grow old.

The world is full of laughter,
It's happiness we're after,
It rests upon the attitude we hold.

Don't waste your time repining,
In worry and in whining,
But rise and face the future brave and gay.

There's nothing like disaster,
You are, yourself, the master,
Let nothing stand between you and the Way.

Life is too grand for sorrow,
There's always a tomorrow,
Where we can wander with untrammelled feet.

Where wild birds are a-singing,
Their happy notes are ringing,
And flowers bloom among the grasses sweet.

(Published in the New Age, Washington, D.C.)

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

How Susan is dancing,
Her black eyes aglow!
She's gay and entrancing,
How Susan is dancing!
Who's Susan? You're slow!
She's a Daisy--you know!
How Susan is dancing,
Her black eyes aglow!

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by *EXPRESSION*, a
verse magazine.)

GIVE ME A NIGHT OF SNOW

Ah! Give to me a night of snow,
A night of crusted chimney pots,
A hundred million diamond lights,
A ghosted sentinel of trees.

Give me a road, a winding road,
That, climbing up a distant hill,
Soars straight 'toward home'--
I surely know, all other beauties
Less than these.

Give me the sound of Christmas bells,
A flash of hemlock by the road,
The sound of laughter and of mirth,
The white and green of mistletoe.

--Ada Clarke Carmichael

(Published in MINNESOTA JOURNAL OF
EDUCATION, December 1937.)

* * *

WINTERTIME

Let's glorify the wintertime
And let the summer go---
The life that's ours in summer
Still breathes beneath the snow.

--Ada Clarke Carmichael

(Accepted by BLUE MOON, a
magazine of verse.)

* * *

IF POETRY BE

If poetry be the 'Sun of Day',
And if it be the 'Moon of Night',
It must be then the 'Soul of Man',
Though it be out of sight.

--Ada Clarke Carmichael

(Read over WTCN by representative
of League of Minnesota Poets,
Thanksgiving Day, 1937.)

* * *

LOOKING WITHIN

(With apologies to Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

Laugh, laugh, laugh,
While your sad heart breaks, Oh! clown.
I wish that your lips might utter
Your thoughts to the careless town.

Oh! well that you gambol and leap
For the gaze of a crowd; to please;
Oh! well for a clown to be
Just a clown; then to starve and freeze.

And the weary days drag on,
To their endings year after year;
But oh! for the touch of a changing fate,
For the smile of a friend that is near.

Laugh, laugh, laugh,
In the walls of a tent, oh! fool!
But a thousand laughs in a sawdust ring
Are gone, like a cast off tool.

--Ada Clarke Carmichiel

(Accepted for publication by Margarette
Ball Dickson.)

THREE TAPERS

Three tapers grace my Temple's altar-rail,
Their constant flame illuminates my way:
I call them Wisdom. When I heed their light
They guide my feet, my hands, and all I say.

Too often I desert the holy hush--
Ignore the peace my Temple has to share,
But when through pain and error I return,
I thrill to find my tapers burning there!

Lucile Chandler

Published in American Friend, June 9, 1938.

PROPHETIC VOICE

My heart is quickened, its pulses beat
In endless rhythms against my breast
Athrob with a vague, untiring urge
Till there is no peace, and I long for rest.
I am forced to see through a mist of tears
The futile fires and the wasted pain—
The sorrow of wandering refugees
And the march of Conquerors gone
insane.

Sometimes, when bereft of power to feel
Or to think, in the madness of warring
days,

Rebellion flows like an icy thread
Through my fevered veins, and the
world's a maze . . .

Then through Chaos I catch a persistent
voice

Whose chiding command rebukes my
fear:

"Re-light your flickering lamp of faith
And the shades of doubt will disappear!

"Though hate seems rampant throughout
the world,
And helpless victims lie maimed and
torn,

The ancient order is passing out
And a brighter age will at last be born!"
When I rouse myself from despairing
moods

Recalling the progress of man's crusade,
I stand through a turbulent, shifting
scene,

My face to the future . . . undismayed!

LUCILE CHANDLER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE AMERICAN FRIEND

June 8, 1937

MADONNA LILIES

Along a gravel path, they stand at
night—

Madonna lilies, pale beneath the moon,
Their fragile beauty bathed in silver
light.

They nod their heads as though in per-
fect tune

With whispered melodies the evening
brings,

And lullabies that drowsy insects croon.

A pearly drop to each white petal
clings;

Their haunting fragrance lifts a filmy
veil,

And quick within my heart a memory
springs . . .

A memory of lilies sweet and pale,
That must have bloomed a century
ago . . .

Now like a half-forgotten fairy tale,

They stand as in a dream—a regal
row—

Madonna lilies, chaste and white as
snow.

LUCILE CHANDLER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

THE AMERICAN FRIEND

Sept. 29, 1938

TIME

Oh, waste not time, for time is life,
And life is gold--
A precious thing and shining--
Composed of seconds, minutes, hours,
Then speeding years
That hasten life's declining.

Then squander not the hours of light
In idleness,
For they are flying, flying!
The aimless act, the fickle word,
Vague wandering,
All speed the spark's quick dying.

Conserve, then, time! Be not content
To idly dream
With no sincere endeavor.
O Youth, beware, for time once lost,
Despite vain tears,
Is gone, and gone forever!

Lucile Chandler

(Accepted by The American Friend)

HOLLYHOCKS

The hollyhocks in our back yard
Are blazing with color that rockets high.
Their ambition, it seems, is to reach the sky.
The hollyhocks in our back yard,
Like Jack on his beanstalk, struggle hard
To reach the top. I wonder why?

--Daisy Cruver

(Published in THE WINNEBAGO TIMES,
Thursday, July 22, 1937.)

* * *

SOLVED

The alphabet has been devised
To put the New Deal through.
Why don't they use I.V.X.L.
To figure taxes, too.
Then by the time they have arrived
At what they think we owe,
A measure cancelling them all
May pass as triple O.

--Daisy Cruver

(Published in THE WINNEBAGO TIMES,
Thursday, July 22, 1937.)

* * *

THE TURTLE MOUNTAINS

Kate Thomson Curial.

The road is one long ribbon winding through the hills
That rise in purple rows as far as eye can see,
And far above the line of trees a grey cloud spills
The rain, and through the mist a rainbow gleams, and we
Look down across the fertile land the farmer tills
And fold the beauty scene by scene within a frame,
Between the folded valleys golden fields aflame.

Published in Prairie Wings 1938
under the pen name of Kay Rich.

FRIENDLY LIGHTS

Kate Thomson Curial

The loveliest things we see at night
When roads wind long through country lanes,
Are open doors and windows bright,
With fresh green fields and soft spring rains
And friendly voices calling, seems
The old farmhouse is just the same,
The same old folks, the same old dreams,
The same small boy that dreams of fame.

Published in the Blue Moon in July 1938
under the penname of Kay Rich.

SUNSET

One day
I watched the sun
Creep down and kiss the lake;
She blushed, and then I thought I heard
Her sigh.

The pines
Stood tall and still,
As though they dared not breathe.....
How could they know I kept a tryst
With peace?

Lucile Chandler

(Accepted by Blue Moon)

MAYAN TEMPLE

Mayan Temple
Crude and tall,
Broken stairway
Up a wall;
Curious alter,
Mossy, old,
Curious carvings,
Cruel, cold.

Pictures on a
Carven cast
Hold my fancy
Of a past;
Feathered serpent,
Evil, bold,
Ruled in glory
And in gold.

Serpents rule in gold today
In a Temple made of clay.

--Ada Clarke Carmichael

(Accepted for Minnesota Section of
HARRISON INTERNATIONAL ANTHOLOGY.)

ALONE WITH GOD

By

Bolette Enes Nelson

When those we love
Can give no more caress
And gone everything
We did possess,
We seek release from pain
On paths we trod,
But find it only
When alone with God.

(Published in the BETHEL
HERALD, 7/24/39)

AN OLD MAN DREAMS

I

Through prisoning bones I watch the Spring come in:
The icicles are gone; the gutters run.
They're plowing yonder. Crows call up the gulch.
Buzzards spread faithless wings above dead trees,
And saucy squirrels bark at the belling hounds.
Two boys with guns bestride the old rail fence ---
My rifle, quick! I'll hunt with them today.

No. I can't go. There's something in the way,
--- too late, too late.

II

My heart is like a feather when I see
Lou Dancingburgh and Margaret Weatherall
Fly down the hill where I am raking hay.
Just hear them squeal! And roll on the windrows there!
Out for a lark --- bringing my dinner too.
Open the pickles, Peg, and pass the cream.
Not going back? No! Stay and ride the rake.

Ah! Never again! There's something in the way,
--- too late, too late.

III

Come on, Leonore. Bring baby. I know where
The shade is deep around the band of the creek.
No August heat to swelter. And the boys
Can fish for minnows with a crooked pin.
Grass dry to sprawl on while the baby sleeps,
And we'll talk trip out West --- the plains and hills!
We'll pull up stakes --- take all the children too ---

A wisp of smoke! There's something in the way,
--- too late, too late.

IV

That new friend from the North would play the role
Of Nymph Egeria to my Roman King!
Bids me rebuild my tumbled temple of life:
Sails to the wind! Reconquer the stormy years!
"Unlock," she pleads, "your hidden vaults of power ---
Those gifts of genius, poetry and song
That once inspired young manhood's worthiest soul!"

Vain! Vain the dream! There's something in the way,
--- too late, too late!

in Poetry Caravan

W. C. A. Wallar
3040 Dupont Ave. S.
Minneapolis, Minn.

```

*****
**                                     **
**                               WHITE HEATHER                               **
**                                     **
*****
*                                     *
*                                     *
*                                     *
* Heatherclad hills in the Highlands of Scotland, *
* How I would love to be with you once more;      *
* Purple haze over your moors at the summit,      *
* Heather bloom up past the cataract's roar.      *
*                                     *
*                                     *
* Up past the pine trees, so near to the sky line, *
* Where all the streamlets are starting their way, *
* Singing and dancing o'er rocks and wee pebbles, *
* Down through deep gorges where waterfalls play. *
*                                     *
*                                     *
* Thick covered banks that are dark, steep and rugged, *
* Lead to the summit where White Heather hides,    *
* Lovely rare flower that so few ever gathered,    *
** Famed bloom of Scotland, for weddings and brides. **
***                                               ***
**** * ****
***** ***
***** *****
*****
*****

```

By

Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
2748 Harriet Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Published in

The Moccasin Annual,
1937.

THE LAMP
By W.C.A. Waller

Life waits
Still unlighted
The kindling flame.
Some say the match is Love.
I wonder if, perchance, 'tis
Only Death.

Accepted for Poetry Caravan

WALKING ROUND THE LAKE

The race not to the swift;---did someone say?
Ospreys for fish? Fast horses? Hounds and hares?
That cowboy Time, who ropes us unawares?
It's swiftness always wins on life's highway!

But hold! I met a runner yesterday--
A runner! A bent old woman with a cane;
Not on the hard cement, not in her lane,
But hobbling on the grass, footsore, astray.

She watched her step and prayed with downcast eyes,
As if against pursuit. Then, with a look
Of victory, she raised her head, and took
New strength from purple lake and dawn-flushed skies.

We talked of Time and Death---of their swift pace.
"Mere carrion birds!", she scoffed. "Carnivorous fools
Who leave the soul and only steal its tools!
Poor sports! They never win the spirit race!"

Published in *Visions* -W. C. A. WALLER
JULY, 1937

"SUNRISE ON PIKE'S PEAK"

(Sonnet)

By

Florence English Hadden.

A thrill that will not ever fade away
Or dimmer get, as years may come and go.
The sunrise on Pike's Peak at break of day:
A memory of grandeur I still know.
The world, at once, all seemed to be on fire,
And flames were bursting from each crimson cloud
The universe was one great magic choir,
The stars in space, with color, sang aloud.

There was no sight of this dear earth we love,
While clouds rolled on like waves upon the sea;
I stood between this world and that above,
And thoughts of God and worship came to me.
Sublime the sunrise on that mountain peak;
"Eternity", the message, could it speak.

By:

Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
2748, Harriet Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Published by:

"Eros Anthology", June 1939,

(Lucia Trent, Editor. Harrison, Publisher.

"Worthwhile Verse", June, 1939.

SUMMER IS LEAVING

By Nina Pride Hoag

Keen is the scent of the fruit as it ripens,
Hangs sweet and lush on the tree;
Autumn is with us, summer is leaving,
Walk in the meadow with me.

See the fine cobwebs, fragile and silken,
Stretched between thistle and weed;
Neat little pockets for all the seed children,
Mother Earth's cradle for seed.

All the seed babies will sleep in their cradles
Tucked in now safely and tight;
Hear the brown grasses sing to the willow,
Summer is leaving---Good Night.

(Published in the Minnesota Journal of Education
2642 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota,
October, 1938.)

MY LEGACY

I muse among my books. Leaves fall apart
Where many a margin script and underscore
Revive the pulses of my younger heart
With thrill of truths once true, but true no more.

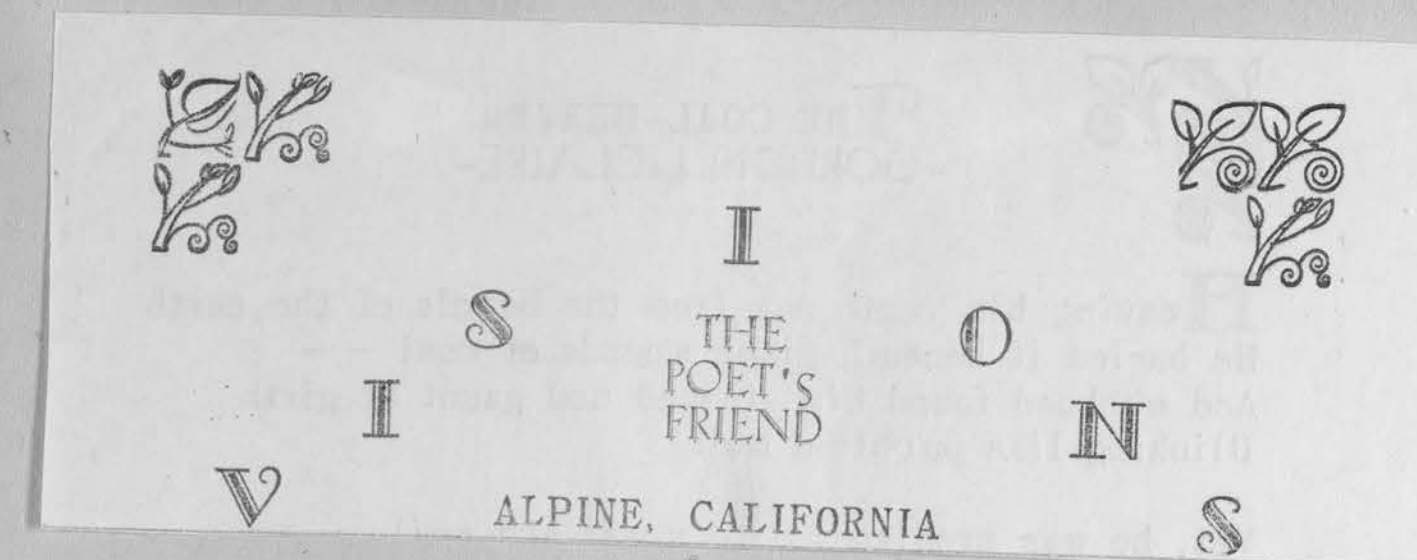
For life was then a marching with the dawn,
Sun over shoulder gilding every page,
Lighting the living hills I wandered on,
My guide some modern bard or ancient sage.

And still the underline and margin gloss
Run from my pencil hourly as I read.
And still the grains of gold in tons of dross
Supply with present truth my daily need.

And life, a footsore trudging toward the west,
Bedims my scribbled lore at day's decline.
I leave my wonder-texts to be the jest
Of sons who build on truths as false as mine.

---W. C. A. Wallar

Published in Driftwood, ~~Mar~~ Pelican, Vt.
February 1937



FORGOTTEN DAYS

Why should one keep in mind the bitter days,
Or dwell on past events that brought regret . . .
For who would miss the glowing sunset rays,
A gayly colored bougainvillea set
Along a ridge in idly trailing maze,
Or lofty mountain peak with rivulet,
A chance to help another with his load,
To grapple problems in a valiant mode.

-MARY MOORE

3111 Irving avenue South Minneapolis, Minnesota

RECOGNITION

The horizon in the west
Is crimson red.
It means
The day is over.
The books are closed.
This day
Will never return.

Did I do the right thing
Today?
Were my thoughts
Clean and pure
Today?
Is my conscience at rest?

Perhaps
Tomorrow will be too late
To undo the wrong
I did today.
Or to do
What I did not do
Today.
Tomorrow
May not come.

I will draw my pattern
Today,
And weave it in colors
Beautiful and strong.
Rain, storm
Or the burning sun
Shall not disturb
The beauty
Of my pattern.
I will keep it fresh
Eternally
And the day
Shall have no end.

--Bolette Enes Nelson

(Accepted by THE AMERICAN FRIEND.)

*
* BURNING AUTUMN LEAVES. *
*

*
* The spicy smell of burning Autumn leaves, *
* Will always weave a magic spell for me; *
* I float upon the cloud of smoke that weaves *
* A pattern in the sky, -- and there I see *
* A tapestry of dreams of brightest hue, *
* All mixed like colors on the forest floor *
* Of hills and valleys, under skies of blue, *
* When frost has painted pictures by the score. *
* A prayer, like incense, rises with the smoke. *
* I ask that memories will always last. *
* The power of drifting backward I invoke, *
* And may the present merge into the past. *
* I rake the leaves that soon will disappear. *
* I light a match, -- then, -- only ashes here. *
*

By
Mrs. Florence English Hadden.
2748 Harriet Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Published in
The Moccasin Magazine,
January 1938.

*

THE GODS MUST COME AGAIN

By Nina Pride Hoag

In troubled dreams we hear the sound of guns;
And waken, unrefreshed, as on the air
The radio shrills out a trumpet blare
Which calls on us to sacrifice our sons!
Our hearts grow cold. Our thought's swift current runs,
A silent river, dark with waves of care;
And searches for the ones we know are there
Beyond the shadows in the light of suns.

We need the help of wiser ones than we,
Who, in the early morning of the race,
Had learned the way of freedom for all men.
We need a wisdom such as used to be,
When prophets talked with angels face to face!
Oh, dare we trust the gods will come again?

(Accepted by Tudor House, publishers for
THE FAIR'S MART OF VERSE.)

CRUEL WORLD

Hidden are the velvet paws
That around you curled;
One small robin cold and dead
In a great big world.

Seven little ruby drops
Spattered on the sod;
No one seems to care at all
But myself---and God.

--Ada C. Carmichiel

(Accepted by BLUE MOON, a magazine
of verse.)

TO BILL

He rides the range with the boys again--
Through star-flowered mesa and dawn-lighted plain;
He has dropped, like a cloak, the greedy years
That robbed him of strength and left him fears;
At last he is free from bewildering pain.

On a fleet-footed pinto of finest strain
With studded bridle and golden rein,
With the song of the wind and sage in his ears--
He rides the range.

Roping a stallion that snorts his disdain,
Rounding up steers where the days never wane--
These are his deeds now mild cowboy cheers;
No need for regret, no need for tears,
At last he is back with the boys again--
He rides the range.

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Published in REFLECTIONS, a Magazine of
Verse, June, 1939)

Sonnet.

"SPRINGTIME IN ENGLAND".

By

Florence English Hadden.

The Spring, in England, is a fairy dream,
And magic hovers in the balmy air.
Brown thrushes sing by each still, shadowed stream;
And primrose bloom is golden everywhere.

The daffodils are nodding on the downs;
And wee, young lambs are frisking in the sun;
Great flocks of sheep are grazing far from towns,
Where shepherds guard each straggling little one.

The ivy leaves are glossy on the walls
Of castles that are ruined, grim and old;
I hear a voice from out the past that calls,
And ghostly myths of yester years are told.

I walk through hawthorn lanes of fragrant flowers,
And clasp the memory of mystic hours.

*

Published in:
"Crown Anthology" 1938.
"Caravan of Verse Anthology" 1938
"Silver Shears" 1939.

By: Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
2748, Harriet Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.



League of Minnesota Poets.

"THE SONG OF THE TEAKETTLE"

Villanelle

By

Florence English Hadden.

The kettle sings upon the fire
A little song of long ago.
I listen, and I never tire.

No orchestra do I require
With music that I love and know;
The kettle sings upon the fire.

Nor do I need a harp or lyre
With singing that is soft and low;
I listen, and I never tire.

I think I hear the old church choir,
I hear the wheezy organ blow;
The kettle sings upon the fire.

Just now there is but one desire,
To let the streams of memory flow;
I listen, and I never tire.

To lofty dreams do I aspire,
Around me evening shadows grow;
The kettle sings upon the fire;
I listen, and I never tire.

Published in: By: Mrs. Florence English Hadden,
"Worthwhile Verse" 2748, Harriet Ave.,
May, 1939. Minneapolis, Minn.

Third prize in
L.O.M.P.
Villanelle Contest, Feb. 19, 1938.

LET GO

By Nina Pride Hoag

Let go of everything but God
And His abounding grace;
Let go of all the pain and strife
And hunger for the things of life
That keep you from His grace.
And when you find you have let go,
You'll see there's nothing lost;
For all good things belong to Him,
You'll find them when you look within;
The others are but dross.

(Published in UNITY, Kansas City Missouri)
November, 1936

THE WANDERING JEW

The Wandering Jew is a mystery--
How far does he go and just what does he see?
In his coat of green, with his cap of red,
All fringed and bright, upon his head--
Oh, a merry and gay old chap is he!

It seems that his journeys are all quite free--
From the Irish Isle to the China Sea
Everyone welcomes (I've heard it said)
The Wandering Jew.

It's all very queer--but how grand it must be
To go forth on your travels so lightheartedly!
If I should discard my dull clothes and, instead,
Wear a gay coat of green and a bright cap of red,
Do you think that I might accompany
The Wandering Jew?

---Marjorie W. Brachlow

(Accepted by EXPRESSION, a magazine of verse.)

MOMENTS

I never crave the worthless idle gold
That gloating misers hoard, but day by day
I covet leisure time, and strive to grasp
What some in utter folly throw away.

"What does it matter", says a flippant youth,
"If I should waste some moments now and then"?
O foolish one, those odds and ends of time
Were turned to gold by all the greatest men!

Lucile Chandler

Published in American Friend

EBEN-EZER

ODE WRITTEN FOR THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE INCORPORATION OF THE FIRST BAPTIST
CHURCH OF HURON, SOUTH DAKOTA.

I

What means this gathered throng,
The pæan, and the song
Of exultation?
What explanation
Canst thou make to me my heart
For pulsing as thou art?
Ah, cause enough. To-night
The recording angel hath great things to write.

II

For two-score years ago
(May children's children know)
A church was born.
And even in the morn
Of her life history
With sweet consistency
She held aloft the lighted torch of Truth.
Nor has she ever left the first-love of her youth
Through all her forty years
Of toil and tears.

III

Full forty years (the Lord be praised!)
She hath her clarion voice upraised
Against the evils of her time.
With faith sublime
Through four decades her hands have wrought;
Four generations she has sought;
Her Bridegroom's glory she has sought
For four decades.
And brave comrades,
Aye, comrades dear,
Through many a weary, dreary year,
(As some can tell)
Sustained each other with that cheer
Which marks the sturdy pioneer,
Which Western soils and early times have known
so well.
Ah, they who laid the foundations here,
On which we may with surety build,
Theirs was the vision of a seer!
May all their hopes for First Church be fulfilled!

IV

This house, which is to us a shrine
Of things divine,
As likewise too the other
Wherein the church which is our common mother
Offered her sacrifice of praise
In earlier days,—
Both homes, by God's design,
Were builded by the fine
Self-sacrifice of many a noble soul.
God, let their memory shine,
And keep the church of their wise building,
spirit-whole!

V

How blest that flock,
How doubly well defended,
Whose under-shepherds, like the Shepherd-Chief,
Have wayward sheep and little lambs befriended.
Aye, have their strength, and very lives, expended
In service and relief.
Thank God, such men
Have all the shepherds of the First Church been:
Each one a rock
Of moral strength and God-like constancy.
Hireling nor thief
Have never yet brought us to grief.
But brave, true prophets of the true belief
Have writ, in sweat and tears and blood, our
church's history.

VI

To him who, under God, leads now,
Our loyalty again we vow.
We follow on where you have trod.
Your zeal has set our souls aflame.
And ever at the throne of God
Our prayers are jeweled with your name.

VII

For forty years God's Israel of old
Journeyed from Egypt to the Promised Land.
And manifold
The mercies of Jehovah's gracious hand.
Feeding,
Leading,
By fiery cloud preceeding,
He thus His own controlled,
Forgave their murmurings bold,
Forgave their calf of gold,
Repeated each command,
Till their reluctant feet did on the Canaan border
stand.

VIII

So we, the pilgrims heaven-bound,
We murmur and we sigh
While "marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high".
But Israel's God is faithful found;
This church can testify
Jehovah-jireh: "God provides", "the Lord is
our supply".

And let us here erect a mound,
Our Eben-ezer, "God hath led";
This ground indeed is holy ground:
Oh, let us softly tread.

IX

For 'tis from out th'eternal Father's hand
 These little years were dropped as grains of sand.
 We own the wisdom of His searchless ways
 Who could, e'en thru wild War's distempered days
 To His Name's praise
 Lead His own people on.
 When the scorching blaze
 Of War's fierce conflagration
 Leapt e'en o'er ocean bays
 To kindle in our nation
 A fire of indignation
 Against the curst outrages of the Huns,
 Then rose our brave church mother,
 As many and many another,
 And gave her score of sons,
 Her strongest, noblest ones,
 The youth of which she boasts,
 To join the growing hosts
 Departing from America's loved coasts.
 And God, the ancient God of battle, still led on.
 To-night, from our full ranks
 Let us give thanks
 To Him who guided, guarded, kept, in days ago.
 And oh, Rejoice, thou Bride of Christ, the Prince
 of Peace,
 That from the throes of War thou hast release.

X

From throes of carnal warfare,—
 But beware!
 O Church of Jesus, thou must dare
 To spare
 Thy very best
 For the swift conquest
 Of the motley heathen world.
 Unfurled
 Must be the banner of the Cross.
 To Christless souls what loss,
 Aye, and to us
 How dangerous
 Should we withhold
 Or gift of life or gift of gold,
 Or think ourselves to spare
 The burden of the intercessor's prayer?

This poem is not a
 product of class work
 as the author has been a
 member but a few weeks
 and it is, likewise, obvious
 that the writing on it
 antedated our class
 organization by many
 years. We wanted the
 author to be recognized
 so we asked her to choose

XI

Ah, First Church, the remembering God
 Hath seen thy prayers and alms.
 As healing balms
 They are, for sin-sick souls who still in dark-
 ness plod.
 And cheer, oh, cheer!
 For steady and clear
 In the Orient far
 There gleams a star
 Which had her rising here.*

*Miss Mary Cressey, who for the past thirteen years
 has been a missionary in Ningpo, China, spent her girlhood
 in Huron, and was baptized into this church fellowship
 January 24, 1892.

XII

Thank God for every light,
 Star-like and fine,
 Which may strongly shine
 In heathendom's dense night.
 But all may not to a distance roam;
 Let us thank Him too
 For the faithful, true,
 Who are shining for Him at home.
 Yes, let us thank God for His commonplace folk,
 Who are patiently bearing the stay-at-home yoke.

XIII

Beloved Church, thine is a goodly story.
 Truly thy children rise to call thee blest.
 And lo! the Cross, which is thine only glory,
 Shall win in Love's conquest.
 Yes, He who died
 To gain thee as His Bride,
 Shall win His holy Cause,
 And heal thee, O my Church, of all thy flaws.
 And so, with Christ thy heavenly Lover,
 Truth thy creed,—
 Angels and mortal spirits bid thee speed.
 —Emma Belle Yourdon.

something from her own
 work.

A HISTORY PRESENTED AT THE
Fortieth Anniversary
 - OF THE -
First Baptist Church
 Huron, South Dakota
 May 19, 1921



