

I don't think the rest of the threshing is much out of the ordinary and we got the crop off and it was a good one and I did my share of the work.

I still haven't got used to the northern lights, though, and I still want to run when they start to put on a show and sometimes I see that blood again. And I still feel when I walk from the barn to the house after dark and the northern lights are going I still feel that there is something kind of ghostly breathing right down my neck and I want to run but so far I haven't done it. I sure hope I can keep it up.

THE SPEECH OF YOUR COUNTRY

John V. Hicks

The speech of your country is like music,
 resisting translation, sufficient of itself
 in phrase and cadence, flowing eloquently towards
 the perfect understanding. You walk beside me
 a stranger, yet at the touch of hand and hand
 words rest upon the tongue, needless
 of being spoken. It is like light
 kindled at morning, like song's unburdening
 from the first outlined tree.

They will ask why

I come silent from my journey, why I bring
 no message, no least token; and I shall say,
 the speech of her country is like music
 not to be translated, sense of its own sound,
 entire with meaning. Set adrift in the heart,
 it finds the ear in its own fashion. I
 have heard it, and I understand.