

struggling with words that someone may some day stumble across. But is has been interesting to read the words of others who have tried to get in touch with others, with themselves. I will miss those words.

I won't miss seeing that the manuscripts come in, that they are typed and delivered to the printer--usually late--and mailed. That's boring. A time-consuming job at best.

I would add once more my old plea: send in articles, poems, satire, short stories, helpful hints, anything. Keep the editor busy. Force the new editor to edit, not to print whatever is sent. Force the editor to discriminate, to choose. The new editor will enjoy that, I'm sure.

## Old Family Pictures

### I

Great-great Grandmother Gislason  
Looks out fiercely  
From under her Icelandic bonney  
Like an owl who has just discovered  
She is a mathematical prodigy.

This is not a woman  
To be monkeyed with!

### II

Great-great Grandfather Gislason  
Points toward the earth  
With his whole body;  
His long white beard  
Like a sad Old Testament prophet's  
who no longer believes in God  
Seems made of lead  
Not hair--

The farmer's shoulders  
The great heavy nose  
Droop--

He has accepted the unfairness of the universe  
With good humor.

He lives with  
Great-great Grandmother Gislason.

WILLIAM HOLM