

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