

OCTOBER'S WEALTH

Joan Y. Ryan

October's wealth blows wild with fun,
 The leaves and waters flying on ;
 Asunder in the midst of warmth
 A breeze sweeps dank, yet cool, from some past day of rain.
 The wind that bends the bush and tree
 Is making fun, for leaves that lift their tops for rain
 Bend fuzzy backs to share the sun.

October's wealth is in the sky,
 In laden orchards, ripening fields of grain.

White curtains at my windows flutter back into my room
 To free my view that I may see
 October as I write.

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Uncertainty

Fred J. Bennett

A CAR slithered around the corner of the highway and onto the narrow dirt road that cut its tortured course through the woods. For a moment, the sharp bark of the engine was everywhere; then the car was gone.

The few rays of the sun cast pitiful shadows on the bare earth, making it appear more bare through the sparse brown tufts that boasted of a better past. The screech of the blue-jay echoed among the stark trees, stopping the digging of a grey squirrel, already puffed in its winter coat. Here and there the red leaves of the sumac, flashing garishly, seemed to make the wind more biting. The winter birds drew deeper into their nests among the tired green of the fir and the cedar. As the flat grey of evening engulfed the orang drop that was the sun, the quaver of the owl brought silence to the woods. The raccoon curled tighter in its den. The first snow began to fall.

The large flakes fell slowly, carressingly, upon the raw earth, filling the single set of ruts in the mud road. On the little pond, only the lodge of the beaver was free from ice. The owl's hoot was stilled. All the world seemed to slumber. The snow fell more rapidly now, and no sign of man's passing was visible.

In the lee of the cabin, however, could still be seen the irregular pattern of the winter treads, ending at the car itself, now mute under a squat lean-to. Summer furniture still lay about the small veranda, giving an air of desertion to the place. The square panes of the two