the crickets seem to invite me. It's not too cold; I'll throw my robe about me. The
moor smells good tonight with fresh wind blowing the air clean; the staccato note of
the crickets is almost cheerful tonight; they seem to be chattering among themselves
about some huge secret. The wind is chilly; here's a niche in the moor protected from
the breezes; the grass is soft and deep here. I can rest here while the wind blows over
me; I can listen to the crickets, and dream — of a mariner steering toward this spot,
standing at the helm of his ship with wind blowing through his whiskers and, what is
more important, against his sails — of gypsies traveling hurriedly across the moor
toward the city, stopping at night to camp
in this sheltered place, circling their wagons
about the campfire; dancing, singing, tell-
ing mystic tales; then leaving the embers
to die alone, all vanishing into the wagons
leaving the wind to whip around the horses
and dogs about the fire — of vanquished
kings and leaders who sought refuge here
with their ladies before fleeing the country
— of knights, and tournaments in this very
spot — of high romances in this windy
place, so cool and refreshing; oh, so cool, so
soft, so sleepy.

Still cool, and breezy, and melodious,
the night flows on; dark, enchanting, mys-
terious, and wonderful.

THE FEEL OF THE SOIL

NORMA JACKSON

When we arose, the sun had not yet
begun to send its warmth through the rich
brown earth of this southern Indiana farm.
However, we were to plant potatoes and
had a big day ahead. Soon the equipment
was ready, and off I ran beside the horses,
loving every particle of soft, red dust that
played between the toes of my bare, brown
feet. The road to the field was covered
with this powdery, fine dust. It was my
childhood obsession to make footprints,
handprints, and pictures in it. Across the
field we went, my grandfather and I.
Sometimes I ran; sometimes I rode.
Through the green pasture, across a clear,
small stream, through a lovely wood full
of wild roses and waking birds, then at last
we came to the newly plowed field.

Even the smell of freshly turned earth
made my nostrils tingle and my heart beat
a little faster. I was quite shocked to learn
that we were not to sow potato seeds but
were to place halves of potatoes face down
in the furrows. Thus, I spent my day
crawling on my knees beside the furrows.

Never have I had such an experience. The
feel of that cool, damp earth between my
fingers, sinking into it with my knees, the
good, clean smell of it simply awed my
young mind. Something akin to reverence
struck me as I helped there in my childish
way. Something of the power possessed by
the soil, the richness contained therein
quieted my usually wild spirit. All day I
stayed by Grandpa's side. Running for the
water jug, opening lunches, and keeping
the horses out of a neighboring field were
all a part of my job.

When our work for the day was finish-
ed, and I had watched this splendid soil
which was my heritage cover the potato, I
felt strangely light hearted. I knew that
from that soil my people made their living.
That wonderful, powerful earth had made
my existence possible. Something greater
than man was a part of this. Homeward
bound in the twilight, hand in hand with
Grandpa, dirt-covered, exhausted, but ex-
tremely happy, went I.