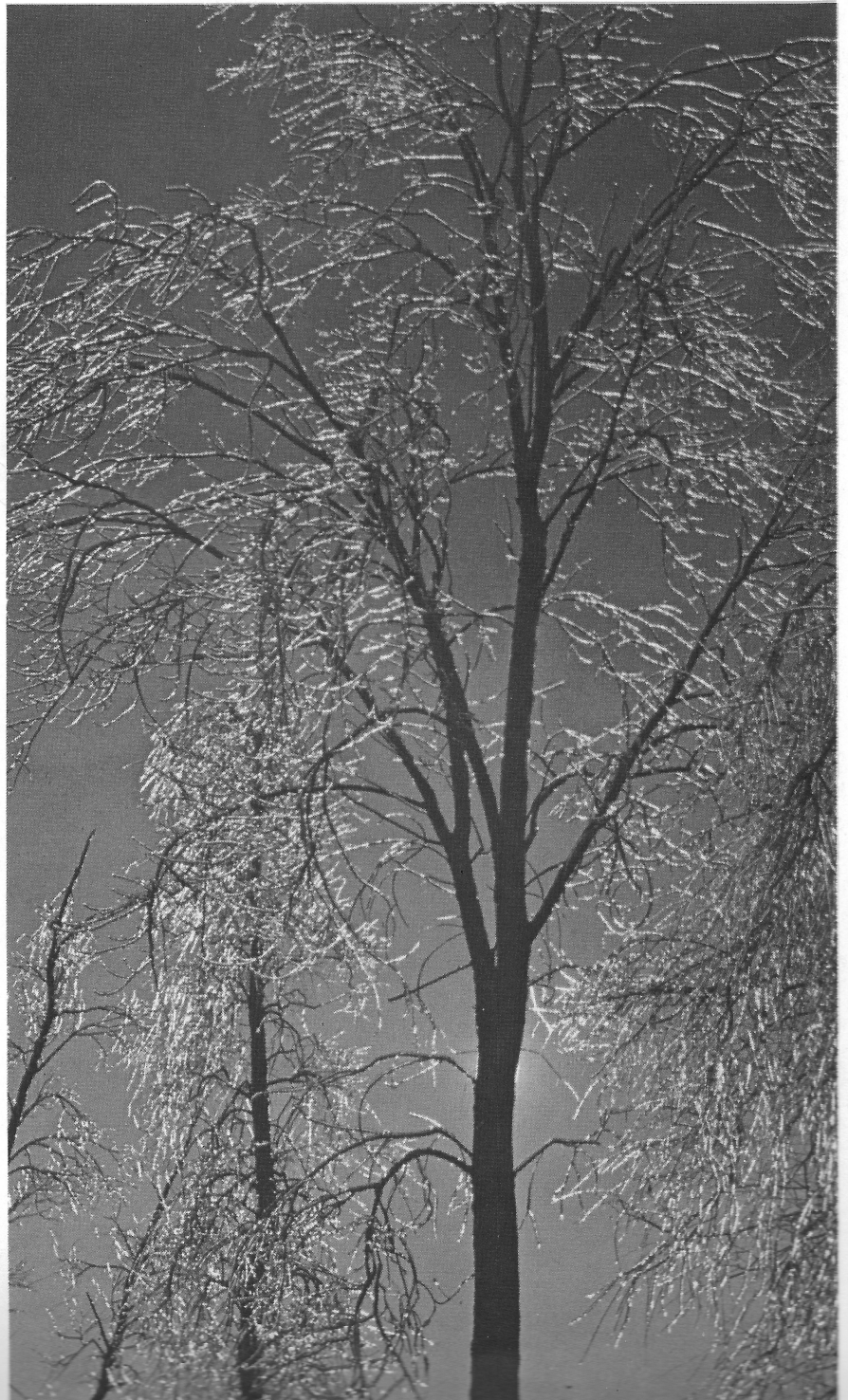




*Where the current is swift the streams won't freeze  
The deer will yard in the sheltering trees  
In this valley all winter long,  
The days are short but the sun is strong —  
With the temperature thirty on a windless day —  
You'd swear you were somewhere in the middle of May —  
To say Nature is kind is half the truth  
To say Nature is cruel is half true too —  
Nature is Nature and some will die —  
The strong ones will see the hot warm days.*

Ice Forms — Jay Conrader



*T*here will be rotary plows on the city street —  
Doors and windows locked in sleet —  
You can bet your boots the storms will be whoppers  
And they'll all be followed by belly floppers.  
Sleds and toboggans, skates and skis —  
Bundled-up small fry with snowpatched knees —  
The highest hill, the longest thrill —  
    the young ones never get their fill  
We old ones watch them with a chill  
    and figure out the heating bill.



James L. Shaffer



Ray Specht





*The land lies sleeping in the  
snow*

*The farms now warm and tight and  
snug —*

*Feather ticks and ticking clocks —*

*A fresh cut tree and Christmas  
socks —*

*Rich fruit cake and fat rum balls —*

*A piney smell all through the  
halls —*

*Mama's in the kitchen  
and the big cats too —*

*The kids and the kittens go  
chasing a shoe —*

*In the brush piles, the rabbits  
hunched up and spare —*

*Watching for weasels and  
waiting for Spring.*