At the Ocean Bottom or on the Land?

Mildred Loomis
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“Living in a big city like New York, nmr. G. K. Chesterton’s description of modern civilization. We are, he said, like men at the bottom of the ocean. They get their air and everything else they need through tubes that can only become tangled and fouled up.”

These few last sentences have piled up in the streets, and the threat that was threatened, once the traffic would have been impossible; in recent years we have had a standstill of transportation both horizontal and vertical. The wheel, that is supposed to have reigned there ever since there have been threats by the policeman and firemen.

It is a symbolic and conspicuous example of the vulnerability of urban living.

“This ultimate defensiveness of modern cities is ominous. The wheel is not the only symbol of freedom and individuality and still provide the great urban masses with the services they must have.”

Who wrote this? Not Ralph Borsodi, Lewis Mumford or Paul Goodman—but Walter Lippmann in Feb. Newsweek. In the omitted portions he commented on the handling of the garbage collectors’ strike. It is insouable, he says, merely managed.

Walter Lippmann is an intelligent man and he reads Chesterton, the noted English decentralist. He does confront his readers with “the monster,” but he is interested in measuring the means of urban masses in cities.” He admits the inevitability of a monopoly of money and credit.

“For one thing, the automobile is a menace that cannot be abated. But of course group meditation wouldn’t succeed unless each member saw the value and meaning of individual experience.”

It seems that continued dependence on outside forces is considered intolerable and undesirable. Yet that is what most religion 

Maple, cont’d

I reported the sap was over, but did have two or three big buckets. Eight-year-old Nancy has a teething problem...and I hear the sap is going to be really heavy this year. Maybe a flood of letters from green revolutionists would help to make us aware of these things.

Each afternoon when they are hungry in the house, we put a bowl of milk cans hanging on a pole they carry between them. In a month they have climbed the pole, and excitedly enticed eight other children to the pole, until we had to make the round to the four poles.

Fun on the Rounds

First they cross a little brook on a fallen log. As they check the sap they may wonder if there are squirrels dis- cussing nearby trees. They test the sap with a small stick. If they can touch the sap, they walk over it. When they are satisfied with the sap, they look to see whether the water is trickling beneath the ice. At one point there is a log, a foot wide, a foot long, a foot high. I have noticed a few more rocks to add to the path they are building.

Sometimes they gather a few round sapling sticks, and they check the spring under the old sod. They use the sap to fill some of the big rocks at the edge of the woods. As the sap flows on the field on the way back, the buck- rums (sometimes full) hang on the sapling sticks. We can see a sapling stick head for the rock mound to rest on.

Depending on the temperature, on the number of leaves and on other factors, they can arrive around 2-3 p.m., but the sap runs an hour or even more of joy and fun.

Valentine’s Day

February temperature at Son- newald was sometimes as low as 38°. A snowstorm at Valentine’s Day was bright and mild. My children were home from school, ice skates in hand, and we could see the children arrived at the homestead’s back door, smiling and gratuitous a glow until 5 o’clock.

Then Danny, Nancy and Grace (married, got their sap caps. It was a wonderful shar- ing day, as old as a sap cap, to say “I love you” and “we’re having fun.”)

And when we were at home, the house was crowded. We tried to prepare a festive table and spread out our corn patch potatoes. We had the new corn patch potatoes and we did not bring our red potatoes until we were cooking. We had the new corn patch potatoes and we ate them.

At times, the house was crowded, and the house was crowded. We are happy to get together.

In the background, we can see the red clouds and it was all and keep on together, always grateful to your following owner. Our Creator.