We drive on, remarking — finding it remarkable — that New Ulm, Minnesota, the Grant Woods edge of the wild-west, celebrates what they call a Sioux Indian Massacre occurring less than my father's "hundred-years-ago." Sleeping that night in New Ulm community park, we found it unremarkable that the first Sputnik, seen through elm branches of New Ulm was no brighter than a star.

The Ground Knows Its Place


— Robert M. Chute
Naples, Maine

CHILDREN'S PLAY

The great grandfather of the bridegroom Prince had been a deacon in my father's church. They had the same huge nose. This coincidence rendered his heroics comically absurd.

My daughter was the Purple Fairy -- tall for her years, graceful as liquid, a gossamer girl. Thank heaven, for the sake of Freud et al., she was a being from the other world.

The King once let the air out of my tires, soaped our windows every Halloween: quailing before his subjects' ironic "Sire ..."'s, his own court jester, derided by the Queen.