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Essay and Poem by
Wesley Newbern,
Poet-Essayist,
320 Crane boulevard,
Los Angeles, Californi

PEACE

There could be ever-present, serene, and tranquil PEACE. Life permeates all things in subtle rhythm in its creative process. Without order in this process form, life as we know it would be utterly impossible. If man then is a prototype of this macrocosm, why is it that in man's limited mind there is so much frustration, confusion, and war? Is not man free to think as he chooses? From whence comes all man's prejudice, hate, fear, and war—does not man brew it himself? If we would be happy, free, and peaceful, we must begin by being peaceful toward those immediately around us. If we can be peaceful in our immediate contacts, we can be peaceful to the whole of man.

Peace is from within and cannot be imposed from the outside by armaments and the threat of violence. Peace is very simple: just be peaceful. It's cheap, too—saves money. Frightened warmongers all over the world could save billions in wasted energy and effort today by reshuffling their minds and just learning how to be peaceful. Peace is—or should be—the paramount issue of all humans. Of what value are all our worship and prayers if we do not know how to be peaceful?

First let us learn how to be peaceful and then bring our offering to the altar. When we cast out of our mind-heart the delicate balance of love and reason, we become frightened and visualize our own viciousness in another and want to to and make war with others instead of conquering our *own* greed and violence within. The attributes of peace, Honesty, Justice, Tolerance, Appreciation, Kindliness and Unity are perfect within themselves and need no violence in their defence. Peace brings understanding, harmony, order, and sets mind-heart free. Peace is really wonderful. Let us never allow ourselves to be deceived or conditioned by the war-mongers. Why would one sally forth in exhibitions of rapine, plunder, and war?—it's wiser to question ourselves. Hide not behind the alibis of gods or devils; we and we alone are responsible for our conduct, our environment, and our wars. If man wants plague, famine, and premature death, let him take it and like it. But if we want peace, happiness, success, and all wonderful and beautiful things in PEACE let us learn how to be Peaceful. In Peace we live in deep UNITY with ALL LIFE and it is really thrilling.

UNITY

Long I wandered to and fro
Up and down in search to know;
I questioned life for the reason why
Complete unity seemed to pass me by.

Could it be that in life's outer norm
No two things exactly conform
To likeness of pattern or design,
Though in one common source entwine?

I sat in the garden one day
To catch a glimpse of life's display,
And here I discovered the mystery
Of life's oneness in creative unity.

Why then, oh man, delay to plan,
With resources at your command,
To turn the tide of warring strife
To Peace, the true design of life?

Poets' Corner

LEGEND OF THE HASSAYAMPA

by BEN ARID

There's a spot in Arizona
That I fear the Prophet Jonah,
  Dr. Cook or Münchhausen
    Would welcome with delight.
It's a long and winding river,
Dark enough to make one shiver,
  And the ones who drink its waters
    Never seem again quite right.

It's an old time-worn tradition
That the Lord of all Creation
  Busy with more fertile places,
    To the devil gave the State
And that pickle-faced old lobster
Proved he was no youthful dobster,
  By limning on the scenery
    Evidences of his hate.

While angels viewed with consternation
His hellish work, no explanation
  By him was given
    Of his underlying plan.
But in his rage, all things to muss,
He horned the toad, thorned the cactus
  And fanged the belly-crawling serpent
    To bruise the heel of man

And when the eyes of that old Scamp
  First viewed the Hassayamp
    Flowing majestically and free,
  A fiendish thought entered his brain.
He poured a potion, so folks say,
In it so potent, that today
  Whoever drinks its waters
  Never speaks the truth again.

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From "ANDY'S EPIGRAMS"
by Alexander Rosenbaum:

Some people who always look for the fly in the ointment would be twice as happy if they found two flies.

THE LIMIT

Today I heard of the stingiest man—
Told me by his old crony—
  He gathers up stray doughnut holes
And outs 'em in macaroni.

* * *

Some are saddest when they sing—
Others are maddest when they listen.

ENVY AND THANKS

By Louis Bernard Cohen

I envy the Sun its golden strength,
I envy the Moon its radiance silver,
I envy the Brook its gurgling laughter,
I envy the Hills their solitude quiet,
I envy the River its swift moving power,
I envy the Ocean its broad green expanse.
Yes, all this do I envy,
Yet thanks to Life I give
That my own strength still I have,
And my own life still I live.

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PRIDE

by William Byron Charles.

As proud as Lucifer he stalks a lonely way
Twirling a cane on a path long fallow, solitaire;
Spurning to right or left a man who bids him stay;
As the cane whirls dervish-like, the people gape and stare.
The cane induces thought—companionate and dear!
He need not injure conscience mingling with the mob—
Canes do not argue, yet are ever kind to hear—
He drops no whit of pride in answering a sob.
To him the cheerful laugh is the roll of a hated drum.
Why does he tread on earth without a single aim,
Where conversation overheard would leave him numb?
The cane he fondles dare not point to earth by name!
His eyes revert to the ground. Was it this humble earth
At parturition that conferred the pride of birth?

* * *

I'M THANKFUL

by Jane Hare

If I should try to think
Of all the things I'm thankful for,
I would be thinking when I die;
For I am thankful that I think.

If I could think and count
The things of beauty that I see—
The lacy sea, the gem-filled sky,
The homely things that most men miss:

Could I record the words
Of kindness spoken through the day
That I have heard from others' lips
Which swept dismay and grief aside—

As I recount the deeds
That have been done, when day is past,
Which, in my dreams, live on and on;
I'm thankful for them—everyone.

For if I try to think
Of all the things I'm thankful for,
I will be thinking when I die;
Because, I'm thankful that I think.