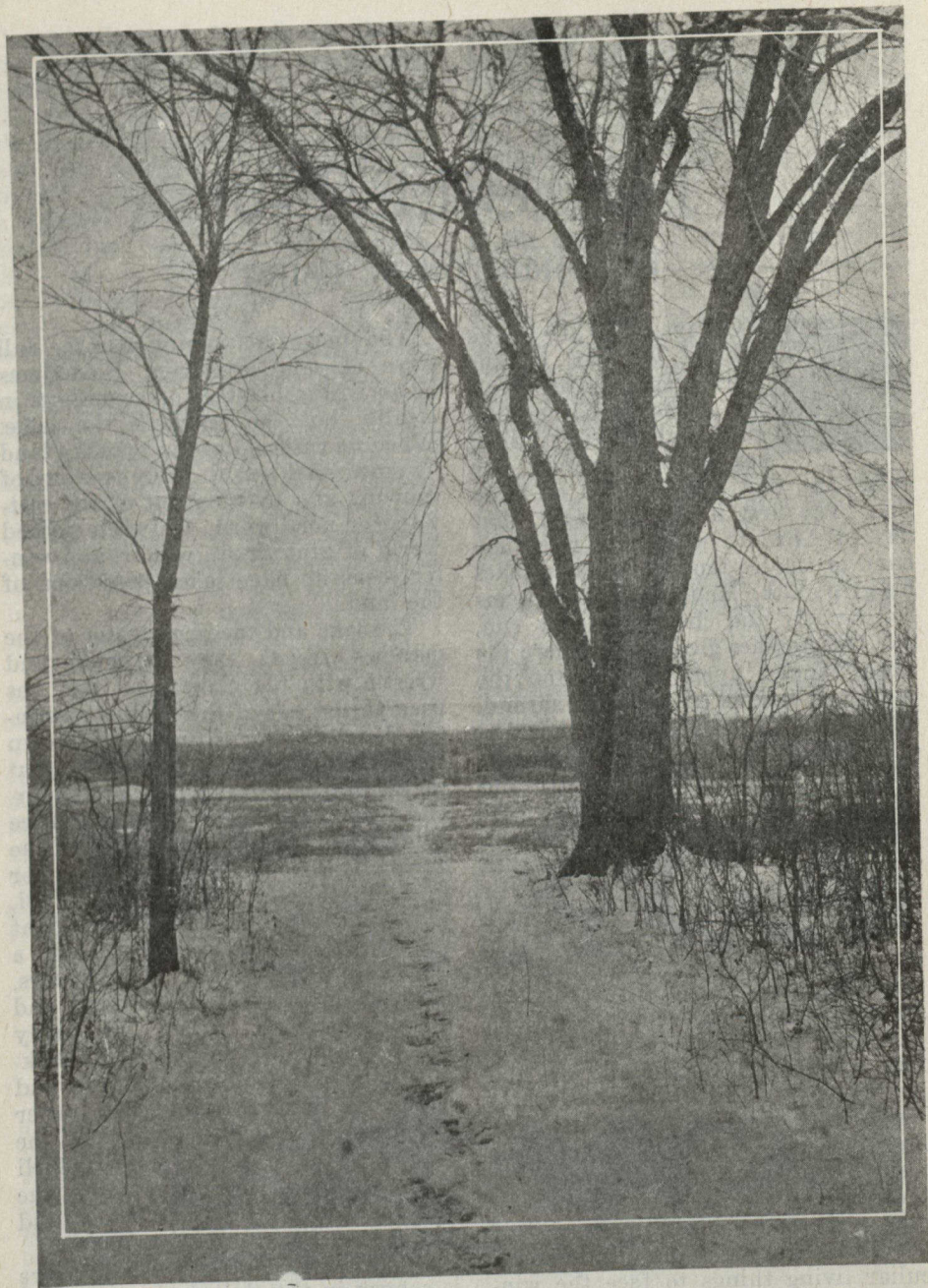




The first snow has come to the elm-clump

even seems to stand still, the world to become a void of hollow ringing stillness so dead that the coyote's keen yell travels on and on, and the soft hooting of the horned owl in the dis-

tant oaks booms out of the hush and fills earth and air strangely. Through the long night the cold hand of the North clutches tighter and tighter. The ice-rim at my landing—black ice,