

Some day I hope someone will compile a book of Canadian inscriptions suitable for all our buildings. There is a beautiful poem entitled "The Song of the Wheat" by Knox Munson, which would look well inscribed on a grain elevator at the head of the Lakes, or in the corridor of some public building in Regina. Wheat has made Saskatchewan the richest province in the Dominion according to the 1944 revenue, and the Saskatchewan people would do well to honor it in enduring stone. Here are the words of Mr. Munson's song:

"Blow fitful winds, blow through my limber strands
O life, waving in undulating rows,
And exercising me with your magic hands.
Come gentle rain, I am the one who grows
The gold of strength, come play your tunes on me—
Whirling your songs of dampness to my feet;
I have the mouth to feed, and energy
Flows deep within the pellets of my wheat.
Blow wind, come playful rain, I cannot wait
Too long—I have important work to do.
Come nourish me or I will be too late,
For starving tongues depend on me and you."

I was glad to see that the Saskatchewan Co-operative Producers, when tendering a complimentary dinner to the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, paid tribute to one of our poets by using a verse on the menu card; under the picture of a grain elevator were these words by Edna Jaques:

"What precious treasure does this temple hold?
Great bins of wheat stored up like miser's gold,
Bread for a hungry world, the fruit of toil,
The blessed alchemy of sun and soil,
A golden heritage of wealth and power
Holding the skyline like a shining tower."