

Before the valley had a name,  
before the white man came,  
the natives wandered far and wide  
where prairie wildlife flourished.  
They wove their trails through streams and vales,  
in nature they were nourished.

JEFFERSON  
CENTENNIAL  
1831-2006

Our river's name was taken from  
a man of mystery  
who fished and trapped along its banks  
before he entered history.  
The county also bears his name  
and still contributes to his fame.

We love our prairie legacy  
and cherish ties that bind. ✓  
Our people are the caring kind  
and friendship is contagious.  
We take pride in our heritage,  
our pioneers courageous.

Our city honors early names,  
those first compatriots. ✓  
Still with us as we work and play--  
the Hobsons, Martins and Scotts.  
And don't forget those noble friends,  
Waubonsie and Half Day.

If old Joe Naper could return  
to see his namesake town,  
he'd be amazed at his own reknown  
and how this place has grown.  
He'd surely find it beautiful,  
and see how we've been dutiful.

The DuPage flows through time and change,  
past farms and industry.  
Its branches still embrace our home,  
our Riverwalk invites us  
to stroll through lovely vistas where  
there's music, art and flowered air.

Of all our unique residents ✓  
Les Shrader stands apart.  
He shared his fondness for Naperville,  
preserved its past in his art.  
He captured scenes for all to see  
in paintings for posterity.

He studied everything he could  
about the settlers' ways ✓  
of clearing land and hauling wood,  
their ox teams traveling for days  
with wagon loads of scarce supplies  
as homes and crops began to rise.

More trails were blazed, more people came  
and stayed to stake a claim.

A fort, a mill, a trading post  
and cabins deep in the woods--  
had neighbors willing to be host  
to those who needed help the most.

The life was hard on untamed land  
when Blackhawk went to war.  
Then fear and worry made a stand  
each night and early morn.  
Alone, forlorn, the small brave band  
fled miles and miles to Fort Dearborn.

The settlers' prayers, they were answered soon.  
The Indians withdrew.  
The pioneers worked their claims anew  
and friendship bonds grew stronger.  
The spirit of community  
was sewn, its roots grown longer.

The wilderness is cleared away,  
the wolves and swamps are gone.  
Now churches, schools, museums and parks  
provide for everyone's needs.  
Where patriarchs have left their marks,  
our city still succeeds.

Through seven quarter centuries  
our citizens have shared  
the triumphs and the tragedies.  
They've labored and prepared  
so future generations here  
will hold this spot forever dear.

#### Chorus

Oh Naperville we love you!  
You're such a blue sky place.  
In rain or snow above you,  
You are our special space.

(or) You're such a gracious place.

*wrap on choness*

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And neighbors willing to be host  
to those who needed help the most.

The life was hard on untamed land  
then Blackhawk went to war.  
And fear began to make a stand  
each night and early morn.  
No aid would come from Fort Dearborn  
The settlers were alone. Forlorn.

## STAR SALESMAN

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in local idiom and dialect,  
politically correct, at ease on stage  
with pagers, flow charts, wine lists, limousines.

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At last, unfolded in home's terminal,  
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these high-camp, one-act flops-- and maybe learn  
that henceforth he no longer heads the cast.  
Or worse-- that he has played his final part.

## THE POTTERS OF THE RED HILLS

Our hands are ancient:  
Older than the painter's-- that stick-figure  
who left his best dimension in a cave.  
Older than the lightning god's gift,  
older than the hands of the wood carver  
and the stone chipper who made man a hunter.

Man was born a gatherer. He was born thirsty.  
Mud leaks slower than woven leaves and grass.  
Our hands shaped damp dirt. Sun dried it.  
Unlasting as a meal. We found a better way,  
a special kind of earth.

It wasn't an accident. Don't believe tales  
about forgetful old women trying to heat  
water in clay clumps in newly-mastered embers  
and finding precious substance in cold ashes.

Too thick or thin, too wet, too coarse,  
exploded, fractured-- our work miscarried often  
but had no careless birth. And we taught others  
how to mold and hold the future.

Our hands made man a storer, trader, preserver--  
foundations of peace. My fingers fashioned  
beads strung on willow to mark a woman mine.  
My palms made the first wheel,  
then a pair with center holes for a stick.  
A rolling plaything, a lost exclamation point  
in time defined by stone.

You now blessed with supplies and knowing hands,  
oh, don't forget the source: The searched-for clay  
seasoned with digger's sweat, sometimes a dance,  
praise-words and promise-words exchanged  
for earth's gift and placed inside her wound.  
Today's sterile blocks, measured, packaged,  
paid for with common currency are not the same.  
Creation breathes within the raw dough of eternity  
waiting to be baked like bread.

You now entrusted with the modern treasure,  
willing to your touch, remember the beginnings.  
Remember all the hands that formed before.  
Each time you design another miracle  
and yield it to the fire.



## GIFT HORSE

It's not as if you roll melty brown eyes  
at me and nuzzle my arm, not as if I've had  
years of pleasure from you. You even bit me.

On a family visit I happened to comment  
on your regal bearing. And Uncle Jess said,  
"Take him, he's yours, saddle and all."  
Uncle Jess, the family autocrat, insisted.  
Good breeding (mine) dictated that I not  
look you in the mouth. Caught flatfooted  
in the adage, all I could do was say thanks,  
and wonder how I got so lucky.

Once you were here, each day revealed  
worse things than wayward teeth.  
You're an equine misanthrope  
with the disposition of a gum boil. The once  
I tried to ride, you waited until we reached  
the Pendletons' pasture in full view  
of their porch party. You scraped my thigh  
on a fence then pitched me  
in the county's only patch of poison sumac.

You've been a daily blight on my calendar  
since April. Now here I am, watching  
the vet frown as he cleans his thermometer.

Sun plays the sheen of your flank. You look  
like a fallen bronze monument. The doctor  
says your future is unsure.  
There's not a single reason I should care.

I kneel to rub your blaze, expecting even now  
a recalcitrant snort. As the long needle pierces  
your rump, I feel no equalizing of scores.

Your eye on mine, you cozy my hand. Suddenly  
I hear myself saying,  
"Doc, is there anything else you can do?"

## SOLAR VOYAGER

Come space quester, you never learned  
Earth's answers, never assayed the runes  
of your native place out on the cusp of blue.  
Be rid of recycled air and weighted shoes,  
though you'll still need a heat shield by day,  
a star chart by night. Come out on this curve  
blown bare and beige. Let sandshine burn old scales  
from your eyes, lend you light enough to cross  
the fourth dimension's dim foyer.

Desert. Deserted. Time's outback. Sun's hour glass:  
Read the coded map left by the night walkers.  
Study the sidewinder's graven intaglio  
like memos from a spiral galaxy. Leave footprints  
on granulated layers of always  
where ocotillos comet their color across noon.  
Find a flowering century plant rising like Venus,  
riding a vertebra of the planet's arched chine,  
lifting a chalice to catch smelted gold.

Climb the apogee sculpted of itself, milled spines  
from ancient seas. Grain by grain each dune  
abandons the goal to touch the reign of fire,  
content to bask in candescence.

Follow Hogarth's curve to the perigee valley  
clinging to possibility's rim. Wade the ocean of light  
till the trespassed moon steals its corals, its mauves,  
before blossoming cosmos withdraw fuchsia rays,  
and the skink surrenders its hoarded warmth  
to the pygmy owl. Let the weightless part of you lead  
through orbiting obsidian, keeping tethered  
to rhythms your blood remembers.

Stand silent while the life star docks at last  
at heaven's vaults to unload its bright tonnage  
at sapphire's faceted edge. And if you want it  
enough, want it all, you can swap your old lore  
for truth's seminal sands  
on the lambent rim of the possible.

## THE CLUMSY CONSUMER REPORT

I'm a gentle soul, relaxed and mild;  
I've even been called meek.  
But here's the thing that drives me wild  
And makes me wanta shriek.

Each time I crave some tasty snackage--  
That's when my trials begin.  
Getting the goodies outa the package  
Thoroughly does me in.

My finger's cut as I open a can,  
A plastic bag claims a tooth.  
The crimped-closed edge of a frozen pan  
Learns I can be uncouth.

The canopy that covers the ham  
Might yield to a bayonet.  
Designers closely studied the clam  
But they aren't happy yet.

To greater, rarer heights they aspire--  
Impregnable wraps for cheese,  
And seals for nuts and cakes that require  
Three engineering degrees.

The chips wear armor like chain mail;  
I rip the flap with a thud.  
The dip contains my fingernail--  
And look-- is that ketchup or blood?

Inventors should get deserved acclaim.  
Would all of these masters stand  
And bow to the clapping due their fame?  
And then-- would they give me a hand?



(The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservation, just opened to settlement, was called C & A Country or the C & A. Cloud Chief was the county seat of "H" county, Oklahoma.)

#### 1892 DIARY, SETTLING SOUTH OF CLOUD CHIEF

I read it every winter: How the family stowed it all in a Studebaker wagon: plow, seed, books, kettles, Haviland china, piano, rocker and handmade quilts. Horse team weaned on grass, a suckling colt, sixteen head of cattle, milk cow tied to the end gate. They joined nine other creaking hooded mobile homes trailing rooster tails of dust. On good days they churned up fifteen miles moving west to C & A Country.

Cowboys hired on to drive the herds across Red River. Wagons went by barge at Byer's Crossing, pulled by horses and cables from the other side.

Camp nights, men watched for rustlers, Indians, anything that moved in prairie dark beyond the cookfires, the smell of jackrabbit steak and kaffircorn br

Once home. I thought the heights would dissipate

But sand that dared each foot to hesitate  
and turn again toward sprays of perfumed potion,  
imprinted wavering sales with practiced skill,  
conspired with seams and souvenirs until  
my house was full of missives from the ocean.

### III

Beyond the touch of tidal certainty,  
the highlands held me close another year.  
They grappled with the rival in my mind  
with cedar lances, granite fists, a spree  
of berries, mushrooms, icy springs, mule deer:  
like offerings for a queen, delights designed  
to levitate my senses, leave me blind  
to other views, a wool-dyed mountaineer.  
It might have worked if not for what I dreamed.  
One dawn I watched exploring sun-shafts veer  
from finial to spire and quickly flee  
as I did. Without warning, all unschemed,  
I slipped from long-familiar ties that seemed

## BODY LANGUAGE

You're still asleep, an arm's reach away.  
Winter light seeps under the shades,  
analyzing yesterday's cold verbs. I inhale  
this a.m. differently, altering chemistry,  
alternating electrical currents, changing  
the magnetic field of the sheets.  
The new day's dynamics meddle  
with my circuitry, with the semantics  
that overnighted in our pores.

I concave against your back, a compress  
of blood, bone, forgiveness: sending  
and intercepting red, blue, orange--  
shop talk in cells, semaphores blossoming,  
nodding like neon begonias, skin through skin.

Language is a body of inventions, diverse  
around the globe, tensed with misunderstanding.  
This is conversation, pure and simple,  
the same for both bodies.

You turn, exclamatory-- ankle, belly,  
mouth underlining the fluent exchange,  
spelling out all of yesterday's missing words.



## COMMUTER TRAIN REGULARS

Let all the passengers know  
in the dark of their heads  
that the 6:15 will pile jackknifed and jagged  
in a ditch tomorrow. Leave Gabriel feathers  
on their doorstoops so they're sure.  
Some will ride it anyway,  
ratcheted to their private reels, racked  
on indelible rails in sweat-fitted hides.

Knowing now, knowing nothing else,  
they rattle their loose change, dash  
chattering from center to corner,  
make deep fingernail tracks  
on the sides of their thoughts.  
One reads a certain book,  
one cleans the attic, fondling trophies.  
One prowls sleep with pills.

They do what they can with their morning faces,  
staring at the huge WHY that palls  
their reflections. Slowly, though not enough  
to be late, they go out and board the 6:15.

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He duly notes the comic undertones  
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Provider of expected locomotion,  
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to make the entrance and escort the client  
to lunch, silk lining iridescent wit,  
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from pockets filled with practiced protocol  
and uptown jokes, a little charge card magic.  
Instead of hotdogs, he eats haute cuisine.

Despite the talent and the presentation,  
the bottom line is (how he hates that line!)  
the customers aren't clapping for the number.  
However bourbon-coated and benign  
they make it sound, their script says NO, a word  
of lead and ice that lodges in soft spots  
beneath his belt, attacking gourmet spoils.  
And when the scene plays out, the wound-up mime  
propels the props to yesterday's airport  
where soon the custom-made attire, almost  
adept enough to fill the role alone,  
goes slack, inanimate back on the plane.

His seatmate gripes about approaching winter.  
He wonders how he'll pay for warmer clothes  
before the iceman cometh, credit gone.

At last, unfolded in home's terminal,  
he counts out cash enough to catch a cab,  
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## DRIVING THE MIDNIGHT LOOP

The end of Sunday city is as vacant as I am.  
Blisters of light sting bare streets and sidewalks.  
Michigan Avenue voltage shivers through me.

My wires cross and short out. The Chevy's worn tires  
make a heatless sizzle. The engine tenors its monotone  
to the sibilance of sudden lakefront rain. I turn off

radio arias of alienation and hum my usual obbligate--  
no flattened fifths, just aniline-dyed sharps. Same tune  
as last year when you left me in the dark.

Night is a long leech. I feel it fattening on me.  
Millions of rounds of electric ammo fire at it,  
bounce off. Brilliant white shrapnel pelts me.

I try to stuff some in my jacket but it goes black.  
And I'm riddled with shallow concavities  
bleeding faint shades of light I've been hoarding.

Way back I passed something I need, maybe  
on the verge of the Magnificent Mile or in the gorge  
between highrises. Nothing I ever bought was it,

pricey or cheap. In reflections, sometimes I think  
you're still out there on an angle of shine,  
on the bright bias of the possible.

Light drifts away. Warmth escapes me. Maybe  
I'll recharge in the a.m. like a lizard on a log.  
Somewhere are people I forgot, people I promised,

people I owe. They roll up in winter potholes  
and old shadows with broken names. The moon comes out,  
sheds a pale legend all over the roof-scraped sky;

it rides the leech's back, irisless eyeball sporting  
a cold wet halo. The road ahead's closed for repairs.  
No right turn. I shake my head at two leftover tourists

who hope my roaming headlights are a cab's. I scoop up  
each shard of loose illumination, rub it in my wounds.  
And the leech is still hungry.

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THE BOTTOM LINE AT THE SESTINA STAR STUDIO

Today we're talent scouting for six words,  
Each one elite enough to pose six times  
Spot-lit in unremitting bas-relief.  
(Well, three get buried in the last scene's core.)  
What verve they need, what icy windshield nerve!  
Why, Dun & Bradstreet ought to list such worth.

See, once we hire 'em, we pay market worth--  
Less agency percent, of course. Some words  
Hit big then burn out way too fast; the nerve  
Of one renown pronoun is frizzed at times.  
All adjectives get raveled to the core.  
Sometimes we have to splint 'em for relief.

At Central Casting, understand, relief  
And benefits depend on proven worth.  
We look for natural pith, a solid core  
Of muscled guts when we audition words.  
It takes incisive grit and New York Times  
Know-how to rabbit punch or tweak a nerve.

Forget soft female endings lacking nerve.  
We want raw drama. Comedy relief.  
So even if you're rockin' with the times,  
You're still obliged to make a sentence worth  
The cost of space, and TOP all other words.  
Such heights expose cliches of hollow core.

Yeah, it's a jungle, baby. Sugar-core  
Recitals full of candy corn pall nerve--  
Ends cyber-wired for gritty mach four words.  
If you can't make the cut, go on relief.  
We've got to get our modern Webster's worth,  
No one can shine with shades of former times.

Who's next? No imitations, please. Prime time's  
Decided shock is in, the hardest core  
Of all, the unclothed truth has gained in worth  
As much as fiction when some well-paid nerve  
Grabs center stage. And bored fans want relief  
With extra violence voicing over words.

But hey, you has-been words, at certain times  
You're pure relief for overloaded core  
And ruckled nerve. At last-- you may have worth.

## ON ENTERING A STATISTICAL BIAS

Despised by some, the music doesn't stop  
despite the numbered days. Fast rhythms move  
the blood the same as fifty years ago.  
My time of life is not a view I'd swap  
for Zeitgeist attitudes that only prove  
insouciance is wasted on the slow  
to learn, the inexperienced, the young.  
I'd rather sing what no one else has sung,  
and make a lavish home for what I feel.  
It takes decades of practice to stay green.  
The pack mentality holds no appeal--  
prevailing mores, outre styles, the scene.  
Like secret hues in white, the color wheel  
keeps spinning all the shades of seventeen.  
But I don't have to follow rhyming schemes  
unless they tend to fit into my dreams.



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ANNIVERSARY, DRIVING THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA

Laying aside the laptop you insisted I bring,  
I home back to your face, gaze at your image,  
your hands on the wheel.  
The blue of your eyes matches the Pacific;  
the blues behind mine  
are color-coded like flow charts.  
Watching you scan the visuals scrolling  
from the road, I long to know  
what things you save and what you delete.

Mountain graphs interface with sun. Make us  
a copy. Smile me warm, smile us synchrony.  
My data banks have space for more  
than cryptics and fractions. So do yours.  
There's no need for speed. Please  
don't make this a hard drive. Savor scenes,  
scents, celebrations of the continental rim.  
Beauty should never be a lonely route.

Be keyed with whole realities, natural  
and animate: waves straining on tiptoe  
to rake the tops of seastacks,  
yearling elk bugling in the fir forest,  
aspens learning green.  
Input the deeper green flecks in my eyes,  
the russet of my hair.

Memory me again with April verbs,  
unstress my shade with lavender,  
the sound and taste of fuchsia. Program us  
for being and to be. Gentle your touch  
and your time. Process all your softest wares  
and words through me.

WINTER INHERENT

Splitting September's dark without a moon  
the high two-octave cry of a single loon  
a blue peak on my spinal graph  
summer's final epitaph  
Night wraps me colder  
Suddenly I'm older

--Glenna Holloway

TRUCK ROUTE, 5 NORTH

The road unwinds me with unreeling black,  
pulling coils out of my head  
like a magician's endless silk scarves.  
Wet tires make a heatless sizzle,  
the Diesel tenors its empty highway tone,  
the asphalt suffers occasional blisters  
of light. Night is a long leech I can feel  
fattening on me.

Far back I missed something I need,  
maybe beside Willapa Bay  
or wrapped in Hoh Rain Forest moss  
or deep in Klikitat Gorge.  
Nothing I thought I was buying was ever it.

There's not enough of me to make a whole.  
I'm riddled with concavities  
like a silversmith's wax molds  
for amulets wings hands paws a soul--  
an emptiness nothing but lost colors  
like fire red, orange or yellow could fill.

I'm losing substance, becoming a husk,  
stringy as hemlock. Drying papery, pale,  
I'm bait for any breeze. My warmth escapes  
in gusts of hunger. I see myself stretched out  
with lizards on a sun-soaked rock.

The Athabaskan moon sheds old legends,  
riding the leech's back, chilling my blood.  
Somewhere south are people I forgot,  
people I promised, people I owe. They wait  
silently in old map wrinkles and folds.

Driving long after midnight there is no sound  
or moving light but my own. No true reality  
beyond my cab, confining my fragments.  
Outside they would dissolve in black sludge  
under 18 wheels. Fifty miles, two hundred,  
there's no distinction. Destination ceases  
to exist. I'm part engine, part road,  
roaring to eternity or maybe already there.

Fully loaded, 75 mph-- same speed as shapes  
of night traveling the periphery on either side.  
Along with occasional escaped scraps  
of unfinished thoughts churning beneath layers  
of dark I can't or shouldn't penetrate.  
I pack my inside pot holes  
with loose reflections and hitchhiking ghosts  
and never ever stop and close my eyes.



April Ossmann, Director  
ALICE JAMES BOOKS  
University of Maine at Farmington  
238 Main St.  
Farmington ME 04938

Dear Ms. Ossmann:

My first submission to you and the first time out for this ms. My poetry has been widely published but this would be my first book, a collection on world wildlife. The text is poetry, both formal and free verse. While adhering to high literary standards, the poems are also entertaining, probing and accurate. I want to illustrate the book with some of my best kodachromes, some of which have been published, several have won art awards.

My poetry has appeared in THE PUSHCART PRIZE, 2001, WESTERN HUMANITIES REVIEW; GEORGIA REVIEW; LOUISIANA LITERATURE; THE FORMALIST; MICHIGAN QUARTERLY REVIEW; NOTRE DAME REVIEW; CHICAGO TRIBUNE; THE HOLLINS CRITIC; THE CAPE ROCK; WISCONSIN REVIEW; THE NEW RENAISSANCE; McCALL'S; ORBIS (England); GOOD HOUSEKEEPING; CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR; AMERICA; GRAY'S SPORTING JOURNAL, many others, as well as 26 anthologies.

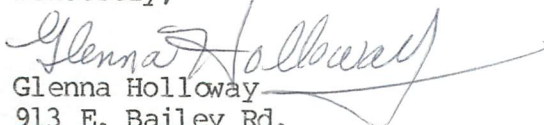
I'm an amateur naturalist and also write human interest and travel features for The Chicago Tribune.

My research indicates there would be a healthy market for this book. I've talked with rangers and personnel in National Parks and Forests and large zoos such as Brookfield and Lincoln Park (Chicago), and San Diego. They believe it would sell well in such places. It would also make a handsome coffee table book. There are many books on wildlife, some cute and fuzzy, some filled with scientific data, but I've found nothing featuring poetry as the sole text for an adult audience.

The poems are composed of insight, imagination, portraiture and zoology/botany. Several are based on native legends based on fact. Scientific classifications are used as subtitles throughout. There are 57 pages of poems. I'm also enclosing acknowledgments and index.

Thank you for considering my work for ALICE JAMES BOOKS.

Sincerely,

  
Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville IL 60565  
630/983-5499

July 5, 2002

## NEVER FAR FROM WATER

### Acknowledgments:

"Moonwatch, Floodwatch," LOUISIANA LITERATURE; "Summer Siege," THE CAPE ROCK; "Pacific Prologue," CHAMINADE; "December Dinner, Manhattan Island," winner, SHORELINES; "The Winter Brute," AMERICAS REVIEW; "Villanelle in Viridescent Grays," THE FORMALIST; "A Place of Gentle Repair," GEORGIA REVIEW; "Sandscape, Soundscape," VOICES INTERNATIONAL; "Winging It," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; "Brine Bitch off the Bahamas" won the Milton Dorfman Award, Rome Community Art Center, NY. "Seascope," won the Abbie Copps Award, GARFIELD LAKE REVIEW; "Repertoire," MIDWEST REVIEW; "On The Edge," NOTRE DAME REVIEW; "Making Day Break Softer," winner, RAMBUNCTIOUS REVIEW; "Inside Passage, Glacier Bay," KENNESAW; "The Ignis Fatuus," POET LORE; "The Interlopers," THE DIAMOND ANTHOLOGY, PSA; "Narrative in White," winner, GRANDMOTHER EARTH; "Catwalk," THE SILVER WEB; "Snowlight," BLUE UNICORN; "Unmailed Letters From a Young Man Making History," DANA ONLINE; "A Chant Royal for the Swamp Fox," THE LYRIC; "Leaving Home," SOUTH COAST POETRY JOURNAL; "Backbay Brackish," NORTHEAST CORRIDOR; "Watching Charles Vickery Paint the Christian Radich," "Sapphics for a Santorini Sojourn" and "Chicago, First Lady of the Lake," winners, ARIEL; "Wishes, <sup>TEN</sup>Twenty Years Apart," SENSATIONS MAGAZINE; "Watercolor Weekends," BUFFALO SPREE; "Yellowknife Outpost, Alaska," SPARROW; "Summer Siege," THE CAPE ROCK.

Before the valley had a name,  
before the white man came,  
the natives wandered far and wide  
where prairie wildlife flourished.  
They wove their trails through streams and vales,  
in nature they were nourished.

Our river's name was taken from  
a man of mystery  
who fished and trapped along its banks  
before he entered history.  
The county also bears his name  
and still contributes to his fame.

We love our prairie legacy  
and cherish ties that bind.  
Our people are the caring kind  
and friendship is contagious.  
We take pride in our heritage,  
our pioneers courageous.

Our city honors early names,  
those first compatriots.  
Still with us as we work and play--  
the Hobsons, Martins and Scotts.  
And don't forget those noble friends,  
Waubonsie and Half Day.

If old Joe Naper could return  
to see his namesake town,  
he'd be amazed at his own reknown  
and how this place has grown.  
He'd surely find it beautiful,  
and see how we've been dutiful.

The DuPage flows through time and change,  
past farms and industry.  
Its branches still embrace our home,  
our Riverwalk invites us  
to stroll through lovely vistas where  
there's music, art and flowered air.

Of all our unique residents  
Les Shrader stands apart.  
He shared his fondness for Naperville,  
preserved its past in his art.  
He captured scenes for all to see  
in paintings for posterity.

~~He studied everything he could~~  
~~s' ways~~

He studied everything he could  
about the settlers' ways  
of clearing land and hauling wood,  
their ox teams traveling for days  
with wagon loads of scarce supplies  
as homes and crops began to rise.

preserving  
Naperville  
accomplishments  
understanding  
enterprises

for then & future

made possible much old & new  
made way for everything we do  
both then & now & future too,  
past the deep river, back old & new



oh N we love you

you're such a precious place  
with rain or snow above you  
you're still our precious place

base embrace face grace  
trace

blue do who time there too few

weh  
were proud to join the <sup>settlers few</sup> people who

those precious few

were thankful for those early few  
the founding few

settlers who  
founders

~~laid~~  
made possible the old and new  
opened up the roads both old & new  
laid

made way for everything we do

established

they lit the way for old and new  
paved

for now & future things we do too  
for then & now & future too.

their family spirit sees to it that  
will guide us true  
men

we're all indebted to them  
pioneering forever new.

we're all theirs to  
them



# Naperville Woman's Club

Treasurer's Report  
May 1 thru May 31, 2006

## HARRIS BANK CHECKING ACCT.

BEGINNING BALANCE	5/1/2006	<b>\$7,457.39</b>
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## RECEIPTS

Interest		2.09
Eleanor Lyons Memorial Fund		
Rent	Brown Baggers	100.00
	Words of Faith	600.00
	7th Day-May	800.00
	Nap. Presbyterian	300.00
Dues		845.00
Miscellaneous		
Art Fair '06		640.00
Annual Meeting		50.00
<b>TOTAL RECEIPTS</b>	<b>\$</b>	<b>3,337.09</b>

	FUNDS AVAILABLE	<b>\$10,794.48</b>
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## DISBURSEMENTS

Utilities	Electric	71.81	
	Gas	52.84	
	Phone	54.95	179.60
Other Building Expenses			
Exterior Maintenance			38.00
Interior Maintenance			248.26
Property Tax			5,309.39
Building Expenses Total		5775.25	
Copying & Printing			151.23
Federation: Convention			279.00
Miscellaneous			6.30
Postage			39.00

TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS	<b>\$</b>	<b>6,250.78</b>
CHECKING BALANCE		<b>\$4,543.70</b>

MID AMERICA MARKET FUND	Building	<b>\$</b>	<b>9,777.90</b>
	Art Fair '06		<b>23,533.14</b>

CERTIFICATE AT REGENCY 1		<b>\$</b>	<b>5,984.18</b>
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CERTIFICATE AT REGENCY 2		<b>\$</b>	<b>7,160.62</b>
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TOTAL SAVINGS ACCOUNT		<b>\$</b>	<b>46,455.84</b>
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TOTAL ALL ACCOUNTS	5/31//2006	<b>\$50,999.54</b>
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Bernice Bagliere, Treasurer

ADVANCES-'06	Annual Meeting '06	\$250.00	Fashion Show '06	\$500.00
ART FAIR '06	-Expenses	\$1,123.10	- Income	\$25,850.50

Sahyindak - 30 lines - type lines count 1/2 page

bundle space June 15  
\$10 3 copies

July 13

Term. 40 lines - 2 copies + cover sheet w/ID  
\$15 per poem SASE

Gay Queen 3-5 10 pgs max \$15  
cover sheet SS - all consid for pub. June 15

June 30 New Renaissance \$16.50 - 3-6 1 pg. poems  
2-4 Two pg. poems or 1 long.  
New Renaissance  
26 Heath Rd. # 11  
Arlington MA 02474-3695

Nov. 30  
get online  
entry form

New Orleans Rev. look info OK

New ~~Issues~~ Press - Nov. 30 / ORB15

Pedestal Mag - submit - June ~~29~~ 29 - July 13  
no form available

New Centurion

Palsia - Oct 15

LIFE LOVE LOSS LORE: IT'S ALL HISTORY TO CLIO

Acknowledgment of publication:

"Winging It," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; "Vitus Jonassen Bering," IAMBS AND TROCHEES; "Unmailed Letters of a Young Man Making History," ANTHOLOGY MAGAZINE and DANA ONLINE; "Pausing at the Old Cowcamp We Used To Cuss," and "A Chant Royal for the Swamp Fox," THE LYRIC; "The Winter Brute," AMERICAN REVIEW; "The Namings," "Journal of a Journey," "American Chronicle" and "Looking For Bimini," SENSATIONS MAGAZINE; "The Potter of the Red Hills," and "A Moon for Osceola," THE INDIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY ANTHOLOGY; "Another Atlantic Crossin

What do we mean by "BLESS"  
Is it give me things I want?  
Keep me safe? Keep me happy?

What do we mean by "forgive"?  
Forget it, it's OK? I won't hold  
it against you? I've wiped your  
slate clean?

How much  
When will we get enough of  
real blood, real <sup>wounds</sup> mutilation, real  
dismembered bodies in piles & pieces  
on streets & sidewalks, in rubble,  
in mass graves, <sup>in secret</sup> holes in the ground  
—before we say no to plays & stories,  
music, art, movies & TV depicting  
it and offering up as entertainment  
which we watch with <sup>god</sup> pleasure?



Essay: (B)

FIRST PRIZE  
GLENN HOLLOWAY

#### A DAY OF CHANGE AT THE ART INSTITUTE

Edward Hopper's work was never a favorite of mine. He painted dismal taverns with barflies and hookers, ghetto sidewalk characters, and depressing interiors and exteriors inhabited by equally depressed people. His colors were drab and musty. Not my cup of tea. Had the exhibit not also featured Winslow Homer, I'd have stayed at home.

But my eyes were slowly opened. Each time I passed his framed offerings my peripheral vision picked up something of interest. I began to stop and study, finding things to praise, subjects and styles I never knew he produced. His range amazed me. He was painting portraits of America-- small towns, old homesteads, rural scenes, big city views and tempos. My hat came off to him. Few artists are so versatile, few stylists so ambidextrous.

Before the day was over, I spent more than an hour with Edward Hopper. Later, I asked others if he surprised them too. Some said he did, another said she already knew he was more than a painter of dreary lifestyles. Another said she ignored him entirely.

(cont.)

Clearly, the lesson here is not to make presumptuous assumptions about artists until you have paid them more than casual attention. Of course, we're all free to like or dislike certain approaches to art and the products of any given palette. But I had formed an unfair negative opinion based on very little, certainly not the bulk of Hopper's output.

So my essay ends with compliments to a man I now admire. It takes discipline, a thoughtful, sharp, understanding eye and plenty of talent to paint such a broad spectrum of life in its natural surroundings. A certain way of seeing is a major part of an artist's work. While I always gave him credit for capturing his barstool populace accurately and competently, I failed to properly appreciate his place in the pantheon of greatness because that particular subject doesn't appeal to me. I had never seen the wide array of other work.

Now I know I was guilty of petty judgement. No, I still wouldn't want to hang the aforementioned subjects in my home, or see them repeatedly, but I realize they have a place in a collection of fine work. Everything can't be beautiful. Recognizing that and painting it honestly is commendable. Hopper enjoys a reputation which I'm ready to admit he clearly deserves.