

Westford Recollections Poets Of Tomorrow

By Mrs. Charles S. Kennedy
POETS OF TOMORROW
edited by

Albert F. Trask

A few weeks ago the Eagle featured an article concerning the Trask Theatre and with it the possibility of reviving a theatre group in Westford. I wondered at the time who was this man Trask who had devoted so much to the culture of Westford in former years. Consequently, I was delighted to come upon a book which shed some light on this personage. POETS OF TOMORROW, an anthology of juvenile verse was edited by Mr. Albert F. Trask, Principal of Frost School, Westford, Mass. in 1931. In his introduction to the book he states that its object was to bring out the dormant creative

instinct of grammar school children ages 5-14 years.

"Creative effort takes living beauty and sets it apart from the bizarre. It makes the student conscious of the fact that life is swarming with beauty, adventure and wonder for everybody. When the child finds himself a creative artist, he unconsciously becomes a critic of himself and other writers. Through the sharpening of these faculties the student better appreciates in the expression of others every overtone in the music of the rhythm, every nuance of the picture, every atom elevated thought which poetry seeks to inspire. The writing of original verse creates a reverence for words - to use them with the careful skill of a craftsman over his tools." With this kind of encouragement many students contributed to POETS OF TOMORROW. How many of the following do you recognize?

REFLECTIONS

Ivan "Tinker" Whitney
Crossroads Service Station
Grade 7

As I was sitting beside a brook
Watching the waters flow,
It trickled beside a little nook,
Just as the wind would blow

Upon its golden surface
White flakes were floating by,
And I seemed to see a lovely face,
Reflected from the sky

How lazy little boys may be,
When they watch me all day!"

NATURE IN THE SPRINGTIME

by Kenneth Wilson
Grade 8

Once again the spring is here,
Frost and snow will disappear,
The sun and rain new life will bring
And all nature will rise and sing

The red breast robin will do his best,
And will sing and sing while he builds his nest,
The bull frogs too, will add their voice
To cheer and help us to rejoice.

Pussy willows, with coats of grey
Are the first to greet us on a springtime day
And it won't be long till the violets bloom
In sunny corners, - we'll find them soon!

SPRING
by Rita Edwards
Mrs. Miller,
Principal of Frost School
Grade 8

Spring is here, O' Spring is here,
Fluttering around are the robins dear,
Little brooks are beginning to flow.
All the ice and snow must go.
The sky has now a nice bright hue
And the grass is green and wet with dew

THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

by Alan Crocker
Grade 1

Little Boy Blue
Come blow your horn
Spring is here
Winter is gone

A SPRING SONG

Vincent Downing
Grade 6

When the sun rises in the east
When it sets low in the west
When the birds are singing sweetly -
That's the time that I love best

SCRIBNER HILL

John Dubinsky
Grade 3

Scribner Hill is very steep
With a lot of rocks beneath
And if you go to the very top
You might be able to see New York!

BOBBY'S LITTLE

BROWN HEN
Barbara H. Hildreth
Mrs. George Parkhurst
Grade 7

Bobby had a little hen
Her feathers silky brown,
And every day within her pen
She on her nest sat down.

She cackled and she cackled,
Which was her way to say
She's laid an egg, and so had tackled
Her duty for the day!

HOME
Rita Edwards
Mrs. Miller,
Principal of Frost School
Grade 8

Home is the nicest place to go
When you're awfully tired and
your feet move slow,
And mother's there with
something nice to eat,
After a hard day's work, it's a
lovely treat
To walk up the path to home and
mother,
And have a friendly squabble
with little brother

BACK TO THE FARM

William Prescott
Ben Prescott's son
Grade 8

I'm leaving this fast moving
city
And I'm going back to the farm
Where Pa's always humming &
ditty
When he's putting his hay in the
barn

Ma's busy in with the baking
While Johnny's down in the
field,
Where the yellow sweet hay, he
is raking
When the potatoes ought to be
peeled

While in this city, the autos
Are rushing everywhere,
And in the florists shops,
flowers
Are perfuming the urban air

Outside the air is vile-smelling,
Fresh air can not be found
And I hate the roar of the
subway
Rushing down under ground.

So back again on the railroad
train,
I've found real peace once
more,
The flowers - the birds - the
cows again,
'Tis a wealth of Heavenly lore!