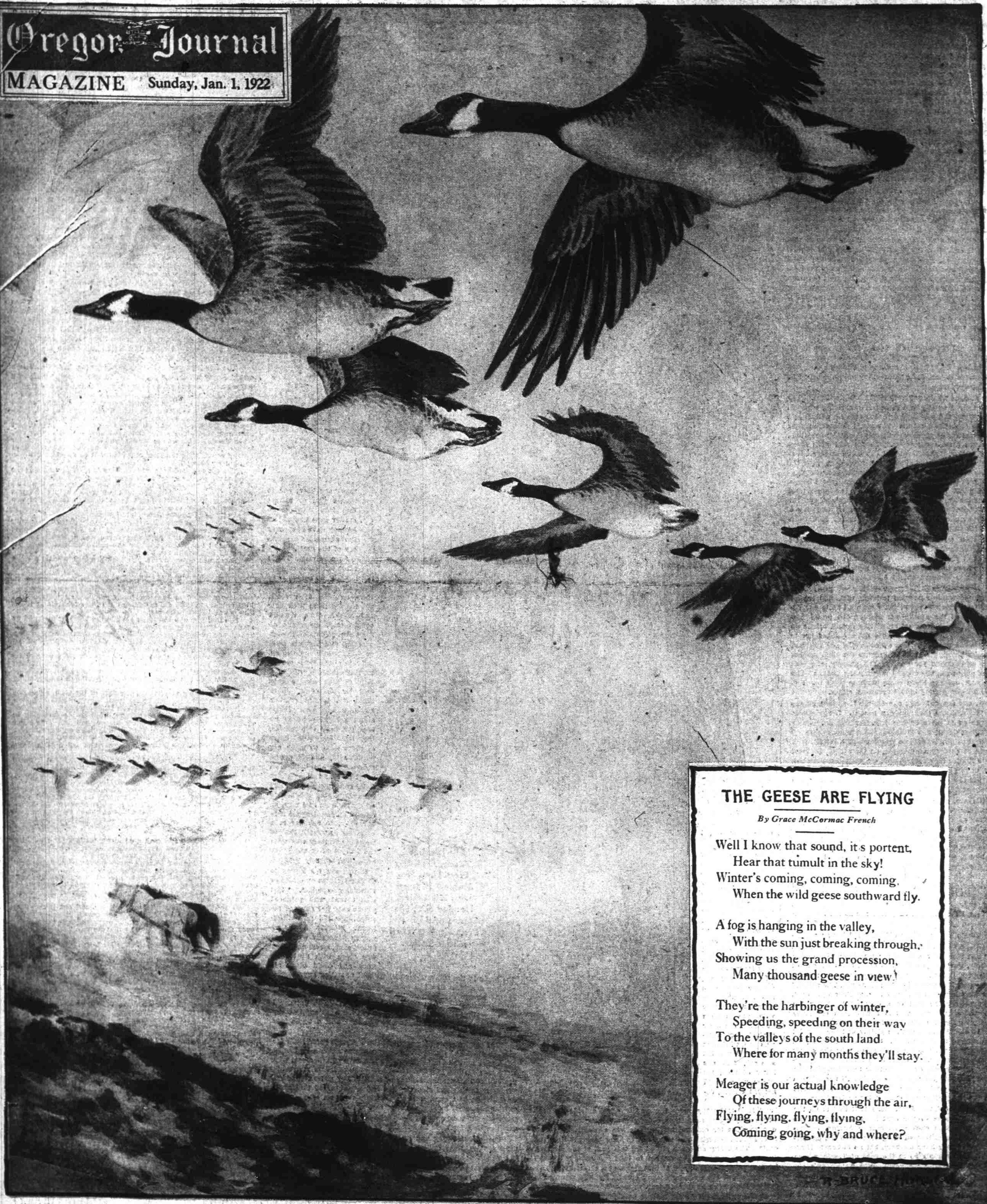


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THE GEESE ARE FLYING

By Grace McCormac French

Well I know that sound, it's portent,
Hear that tumult in the sky!
Winter's coming, coming, coming,
When the wild geese southward fly.

A fog is hanging in the valley,
With the sun just breaking through,
Showing us the grand procession,
Many thousand geese in view!

They're the harbinger of winter,
Speeding, speeding on their way
To the valleys of the south land,
Where for many months they'll stay.

Meager is our actual knowledge
Of these journeys through the air,
Flying, flying, flying, flying,
Coming, going, why and where?

— R. BRUCE HARRIS