

THE OLD WINDMILL

There it stands--
The lonely windmill,
All bent and twisted,
All else is gone.

The old peach trees
Desolate and deserted
Stand with their gaunt arms
Reaching for the sky.
The family who picked
The peaches
Gone, all gone, all gone.

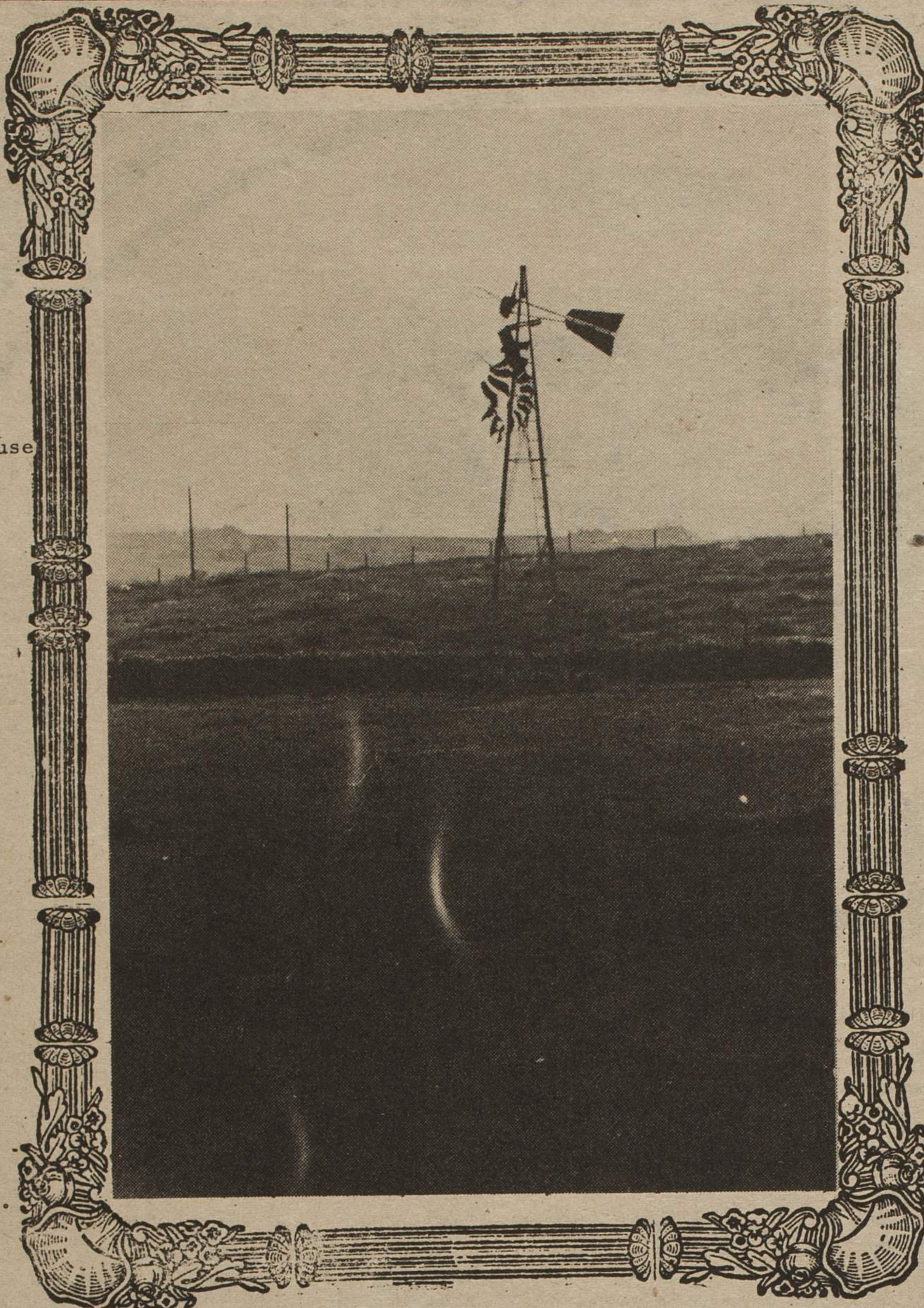
The fine three-storied brick house
With its red velvet sofa
And bric-a-brac of other days
Home for two generations
Of the same Swedish family
Center of social life
In the neighborhood
But now--all gone, all gone.

The huge, dilapidated barn
Battered by winds and storms
Finally sagged down--
First the shed, then the barn
Filled with hay.

With a crackling noise
The tongues of lightning
Licked at the roof
Consumed the hay and harness
Buggy and horses
Fastened to the stanchions.
Gone, all gone, all gone.

Only the creaking wheel
of the Windmill
Complaining in the wind
Stands alone,
On this forsaken homestead--
Alone, all alone, all, all alone.

Dorothy M. Springer



Watching People

I play a game in classing the people who pass by. There's a certain fraternity of highly sensitive people apparent in the way they walk, their movements, their attitude in addressing the world. But the window of knowledge is the eyes. I discern the temperament by the timid alertness, the unshielded hope shining thru. Their eyes are aware.

But what use are these easily hurt, these small ones with tender nerves? The small ones are never the beautiful people, rarely large or strong, seldom adroit or loud, unachieved and non-descript.

We have this ideal of self-reliance, the shy smiles and searching eyes bother us. The sensitive impose high standards on friends and roar with the spite of their small souls when stepped on. They are too quiet even for others of their number, seeking a sure adroitness never found in themselves.

Perhaps our conscience is reflected in their eyes. We are bothered in their inability to hurt others. We become angry with the lack of defense to our insults, it spurs us to fresh taunts.

Yet the sensitive understand our weaknesses, our tender egos are never stepped on. We are thankful they are around, happy to be helpful when we need them. It's their honor to give us aid. We soon forget though, it is such a small thing.

Pinto
(Written in the laundromat, watching people.)

CAKE

As the snow falls to
melt in a gray layer
The wastes of the faithless rulers
choke the toiling masses.
Yet the tossed crumbs so sweet
lull us in silent solitude.

IS. it

A TALE OF POWER

BY DAVID HANN

George Pierson Morehouse was a Kansas State Senator who unsuccessfully defended the Kaw Nation from being exiled to the Oklahoma territories in 1873. The Kansa chose Morehouse to be their official historian and reportedly gave to him several historical records and artifacts. Some of these may be seen at the Kansas State Historical Society Museum in Topeka. The following is an address he gave to the Society on October 15th, 1929.



Nearly everyone who has driven past the intersection at Sixth and Massachusetts has noticed a large red rock which sits in the northwest corner of that crossroads. During the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Lawrence (October, 1929) one of the interesting ceremonies was the dedication, in Robinson Park, of that large red granite boulder or monolith which so permanently marks the place.

This venerable Rock of Ages was recently taken from the Kaw River bank at the mouth of Shunganunga Creek west of Topeka. Geologists say it was transported from the far North with that vast deposit of boulders and gravel which mark the moraines in this part of Kansas 40,000 to 100,000 years ago.

Our Lawrence friends were not aware that this great rock has an interesting history in Indian religion and mythology; that it was one of the leading

lesser gods or objects of worship of the Kaw or Kansa nation; and it marked a sacred spot and shrine where that tribe regularly offered sacrificial prayers and offerings.

This ancient prayer rock of the Indians is an impressive block of red granite, about eleven feet high and some twenty feet in circumference. Its weight is probably twenty-five tons and it is a very fine specimen of its kind. On one side a bronze memorial tablet has been inset, containing the names of the first two companies of pioneers who came and founded Lawrence, in 1854.

Over fifty years ago the Kansa tribe possessed and still used a prayer-song chart of much interest and which referred to this old red rock. The tribe had this chart at the time they were removed from their reservation near Council Grove, Kansas, to the Indian territory; and no one knows how long before that time it was used; or when compiled.

It was probably owned by the tribe contemporaneous with the possession of the sacred sea shell, which was brought from "the great water eastward" (the Atlantic Ocean) and was kept with other sacred objects. It was probably 200 years old at that time, and it had been handed down the line of the war captains of the tribe.

Probably certain groups of the song-prayers have been added in more modern times, such as those to the big rock near Topeka. However, this rock was known and worshipped by the Kansa Indians since they first occupied the Kaw Valley, which was about 150 years ago; and even before Topeka was known as a place name.

Along the Kansas River there were several spirit villages of the Kansa, where the souls of the dead warriors and all good dreamers went at death. This big rock was left at the mouth of the Shunganunga Creek by the glacial drift and marked one. Its vicinity was sacred ground and this rock was an altar. When this monument was recently taken to Lawrence, according to Kansa belief it destroyed this spirit village and the spirits fled away.

These spirit villages were usually established by the tribe's migrations. When the Kansa left the Kaw Valley for their Council Grove reservation in 1847, their spirit villages still remained along the Kansas valley; but when the tribe was moved from Council Grove to Oklahoma in 1873, their spirit villages were considered to be along the Neosho, where they still remain. The spirit villages were always located at or near old former villages of the tribe, and not their modern burial places.

Report given by George Pierson Morehouse in October, 1929.

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