More Than History
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Pinched off at their distant sources
By a combination of forces that make realistic men,
They came, in the middle of a hundred years,
To find a solid earth, unaccustomed to tradition.¹
From these there issued many—one among them,
Tall, enthusiastic, looked northward.
The other, too, was origined distantly and came
When guns of civil fury were at their height.
Not many miles apart inevitably they met.
Though small was the foundation,
There was nature's endowment, within and about.
No need speaking now of forgotten low valleys:
Deposits of time and an ineffable tide
Have raised them at last to the shape of the hills.
The nights gave designs and the days fulfillment:
The prairie sod and the wood of the grove,
The native pride and the surrounding wit
Yielded to the implacable will.
And all together, it adds to something
More than history.

¹ These lines are intended as a tribute to the writer's parents and grandparents, who settled in Minnesota in the early 1860's. Some songs and proverbs sung or recited by Mr. Recktenwald's Dutch mother appeared in the issue of this magazine for March, 1949. Ed.