A SHIP AT SEA

Walking along a road on a windy day last September, and coming to a high ridge, I stopped to look around the horizon. There was a black spot, way out on the lake. Of course, a ship. The strong wind made the lake waves rise invisible. Sometimes the smoke rising from the ship was black, against white, made by the rolling waves. When the ship came closer, it grew larger, more colorful. At times when the waves rolled high it just seemed to dive right to the lake, making cold spells run up and down your spine.

Even though standing on a ridge, it made you feel as if you were on the ship. The ship, heavily loaded with ore, barely waded thru the large waves, making it look rather tough, especially if you imagined yourself on it.

As the ship sailed past, it left a funny thought of how people have to risk their lives to make this world better to live in.

- Eddie Jarvi - '37