The Last of the Virgin Sod

We broke today on the homestead
The last of the virgin sod,
And a haunting feeling oppressed me
That we marred a work of God.

A fragrance rose from the furrow
A fragrance both fresh and old;
It was fresh with the dew of morning
Yet aged with time untold.

The creak of leather and clevis,
The rip of the coulter blade,
And we wreck what God with the labor
Of a million years has made.

I thought, while laying the last land,
Of the tropical sun and rains,
Of the jungles, glaciers, and oceans,
Which had helped to make these plains.

Of monsters, horrid and fearful,
Which reigned in the land we plow,
And it seemed to me so presumptuous
Of man to claim it now.

So when, today, on the homestead,
We finished the virgin sod
Is it strange I almost regretted
To have marred that work of God?

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Submitted by D. McCormack

HUMUS HAS MAGNETIC PROPERTIES

R. J. Muckenhirn sent the editors a clipping from the June 1 (’62) issue of TIME magazine (p.42) telling about the use of a magnetometer to detect buried soils and other materials rich in organic matter. The device is used by archaeologists to locate buried human debris and consists of a "small (about 5 oz.) bottle