





This is a portion of the landscape which could be seen from the top of the grandstand across the broad highway. Somehow, it made me feel better when he climbed the long stair to sit alone and look out over the hills. It was so beautiful and such a relief from turning in all directions only to come face to face with barracker and more barracker. Near the barn, a white horse would often stroll out, nosing about in the grass. And over there a man would work on a tractor, oblivious to all those imprisoned, watching him with eyes that glistened....