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Words

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beautiful red apples. In this period of the year his likes of the old continent are also in this black inverted broom stage of their cycle but no one has to support such a burden as *Pommier* does. Their fruit was taken away by their proprietors or by some early teen-age youngsters who consider that a nation's air space belongs to everybody and therefore everything in that air space belongs to them if they dare to come to get it. In this rich America *Pommier* has to go on carrying his burden and as he grows more and more weary he loses his apples one by one . . .

Some of the apples fall down on the road in that dangerous curve where no driver can look at the scenery. When I pass by I have to overcome two contradictory drives: both of them are typically European. One, which had been molded back in the hungry war times, is to pick up an apple. The other, and I daresay the most powerful drive is to kick it off as I used to do when I played the left wing in our soccer team. You see, the apples are round, and round is the European soccer ball. The Americans have oval balls; they don't kick off the apples in the curve of the road near the Administration Building of the Western Michigan College; there should be at least a pear-tree for them.

At this place I interrupted my writing and went out to see *Pommier* because a terrible suspicion came to my mind. And I was right. When I picked up some of his apples lying in the mud, I noticed that all of them are of about the same size. You know that Americans like standard things, don't you? *Pommier* is unmistakably American. He is not a *pommier* but a standard American apple-tree.

Words . .

. . . James Keats

I wish words lay undiscovered
And languages never spoken,
Then fallacious thoughts would lie unheard
And mans good will remain unbroken.
But if he had no words for speech,
In what language would his cerebrum teach?