



CALLAHAN COUNTY STAR SPOTLIGHT WRITERS SHOWCASE

(All submitters retain ownership)

Submissions sought

to:
Star
P.O. Box 29
Eastland, TX
76448

email: thebairdspotlight@att.net

S.A.S.E. for returns

--WANTED--

20 lines,
double spaced or less
Poetry
Fiction or Non

Each entry with brief biography notes. All must be family oriented; no smut, slander or liable material.

WANTED: Poetry and/or short stories for this page each week. Mail to: Star P.O. Box 29 Eastland, TX 76448 or e-mail to thebairdspotlight@att.net

Poetry Corner

An Old Fashioned Christmas

I want an old-fashioned Christmas

Like the ones I used to know.

An old-fashioned Christmas

Where the ground is white with snow.

Where sleigh bells ring and children sing

Carols soft and low.

Give me an old-fashioned Christmas

Like the ones I used to know.

Bring back the old-fashioned Christmas

With its joys of yester-year;

With stockings from the fireplace hung

And hearts filled with Christmas cheer;

Where yule logs burn and young hearts yearn

For things that seem so dear.

I want an old-fashioned Christmas

With its joys of yester-year.

I miss the old-fashioned Christmas

That I knew so long ago.

With wintry scenes and fir trees green

And pretty lights aglow.

Where stars shine bright through the night,

And the Christmas spirit flows.

I'll take an old-fashioned Christmas

Like the ones that I loved so.

Where is that old-fashioned Christmas

Where joy and love abound;

Where people care and want to share,

And spread good cheer around;

Where peace may reign throughout the world

And freedom bells may toll.

Give me an old-fashioned Christmas

Like the ones in days of old.

By: *Eddie Bilby Hayes*
Eastland, Texas

Rhymes to use

Paralysis

Abyss

Metamorphosis

Orifice

Metropolis

Dismiss

Hiss

Christmas Bells

Oh hear the Christmas bells ringing
Sending a message throughout the land.
Telling of the birth of our Lord and Savior
In a Little Town called Bethlehem.
The angels watching over Him
While the little Baby sleeps.
In this world of heartache and sorrow
There may at last be hope, joy and peace.
The beautiful stars up in heaven
Send down their holy light.
To bless our Little Jesus
While He sleeps throughout the night.
So lets keep Christ in Christmas
That all the world can hear.
The beautiful Christmas bells
Not only now, but throughout the year.

By *Bob Harbin*
Eastland, Texas



Literary Calendar

December 18, 1946: Eddie Rickenbacker flew over Broadway in New York City and dropped the ashes of writer Damon Runyon.

December 19, 1732: "Poor Richard's Almanac" began publication in Philadelphia, under the editorship of Benjamin Franklin.

December 20, 1871: Mark Twain wrote in the Chicago Tribune, relating himself to George Washington, saying that Washington could not lie, but that he could lie, but he wouldn't.

December 21, 1936: William Butler Yeats told why he excluded Wilfred Owen from The Oxford Book of Modern Verse saying Owen was unworthy of the poets' corner of a country newspaper.

December 25, 1923: At the age of fifty-seven, H. G. Wells plays with his new toy soldiers on Christmas morning.

Words To Use

Cesious: Here is an adjective for the mysterious color of blue-gray.

Dapifer: This is a name of the person who bears meat to the table, even bear meat.

Enjambement: This is a word for where you run the sense or sentence from one line to another.

Faces: Symbolizing authority, this is the bundle of rods or sticks with an ax in the middle, that was carried before ancient Roman magistrates. Look on the back of the "Mercury" dime.



Pictured is the Christmas tree at the Eastland/Callahan County Newspaper office in Eastland.
Photo by *Patrick Ready*



The pen is mightier than the sword.

American Life In Poetry

BY TED KOOSER, U.S. POET LAUREATE, 2004-2006

Father and child doing a little math homework together; it's an everyday occurrence, but here, Russell Libby, a poet who writes from Three Sisters Farm in central Maine, presents it in a way that makes it feel deep and magical.

Applied Geometry

Applied geometry, measuring the height of a pine from like triangles, Rosa's shadow stretches seven paces in low-slanting light of late Christmas afternoon.

One hundred thirty nine steps up the hill until the sun is finally caught at the top of the tree, let's see, twenty to one, one hundred feet plus a few to adjust for climbing uphill, and her hands barely reach mine

as we encircle the trunk, almost eleven feet around. Back to the lumber tables. That one tree might make three thousand feet of boards if our hearts could stand the sound of its fall.

American Life in Poetry is made possible by The Poetry Foundation (www.poetryfoundation.org), publisher of Poetry magazine. It is also supported by the Department of English at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Poem copyright (c) 2007 by Russell Libby, whose most recent book is "Balance: A Late Pastoral." Blackberry Press, 2007. Reprinted from "HeartLodge," Vol. III, Summer 2007, by permission of Russell Libby. Introduction copyright (c) 2008 by The Poetry Foundation. The introduction's author, Ted Kooser, served as United States Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress from 2004-2006. We do not accept unsolicited manuscripts.

An Interview With The Children's Laureate of Britain Michael Rosen

By *Bruce Black*
Poetry Media Service

Few of his legions of fans were surprised when Michael Rosen was appointed the fifth Children's Laureate of Britain--the first poet to win the honor. Adored for his tongue twisters, puns, rhymes, riddles, and nonsense verse, Rosen also subtly explores the emotional nuances of childhood, including its more serious subjects.

Bruce Black: It's the first time a poet has been selected as children's laureate. Why is this important?

Michael Rosen: I'm not sure that it's terribly important, but it does feel like an affirmation for poetry in general. The laureateship is becoming a post that is trying to represent different sectors of the children's book world. I thought it would get round to poetry one day, and I was a little surprised, but of course delighted, that it got there so soon.

BB: How does your post enable you to influence the attitudes of adults and children toward poetry?

MR: I'm not sure that it helps much more than before. That's to say, I spend a lot of time and energy expressing my point of view about the reading of poetry by children and have always done so. A really good thing coming up, though, is that Booktrust [the charity that administers the laureateship] is devoting a Web page to what I'm calling "How to make a poetry-friendly classroom." It's an extension of what I've been banging on about for some time. This time it will be a proper professional job, with the possibility of teachers exchanging views between each other.

BB: What's been your greatest pleasure so far as children's laureate?

MR: It's accelerated my thinking around using the Internet for the dissemination of ideas about children's books and the performance of poetry.

BB: How did you discover your own voice as a poet?

MR: Through reading D.H. Lawrence and Carl Sandburg in particular, but also the early pages of James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. These were the voices that I was interested in at first. I then became fascinated by Gerard Manley Hopkins. However, there were the voices in my life from my parents, my brother, and the people at my schools in northwest London. These all contributed to how I wrote--and still do, of course.

BB: Did schooling impede or enhance your understanding of poetry... and your voice?

MR: In primary school I enjoyed what was called "choral speaking"--a kind of choir that got together in order to recite poems. I didn't like the poetry we did in lesson time. It always seemed so mournful and sad. At secondary school, something fizzed when a teacher in my second year introduced us to dramatic monologues--Browning, mostly. I thought that was brilliant. The next time I remember something good going on was when I did GCE [General Certificate of Education, a secondary-level

academic qualification], as it was called then. For that, my father and I read A Pageant of Modern Verse, and it has poems in [it] by Lawrence, Housman, Hopkins, and others.

BB: Once you found your voice, how did you know it was suitable for children?

MR: I think that came about because the moment my first book was published, I was invited into schools, libraries, and children's book groups to read my poems. I quickly found out which ones interested them and which ones didn't. This was crucial.

BB: So when did you first realize you might write for children?

MR: When Pam Royds at Andre Deutsch said that a group of poems I had written could be published as a children's book. I had thought that they were "adult" but that children might like them. To tell the truth, I hadn't really thought it through. I lived in a house where "adult" poetry was repackaged in anthologies and radio broadcasts and given to children--poems by Dylan Thomas, James Stephens, Robert Graves, and the like. So perhaps I thought I was doing that--being an "adult" poet whose poems might be taken up by anthologists putting books together for schools.

BB: Is writing poetry for children different than writing for adults?

MR: I think adults who like poetry have tremendous staying power. They will read and reread poems because they enjoy the effort of untangling them. I think there is a tiny minority of children like that, but in general, poems for children have to sound interesting on a first reading.

BB: Do you have any suggestions for adults who want to help children learn to love poetry?

MR: Just read poems out loud to children. If you know any by heart, then say them at odd times, like when you're walking down the street or doing the washing up. Leave poetry books lying around the house. Take children to see poets reading their poems.

BB: Would you like to offer any words of encouragement for children who want to become poets?

MR: Read and read and read poetry. Keep a notebook for putting down ideas, thoughts, and "snippings." A snipping is where you see or hear something that you find interesting or odd. You snip it and put it in your notebook. One day, these will turn up in your poems, or you'll change one or some so that they can be in your poems.

Bruce Black is a writer and editor of children's books. His stories for children have appeared in Cricket and Cobblestone magazines. This article originally appeared on www.poetryfoundation.org. Distributed by the Poetry Foundation at www.poetryfoundation.org.