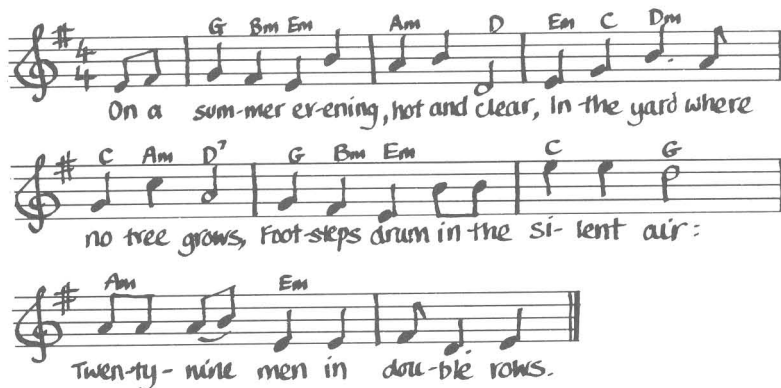


New Westminster Pen



On a summer evening, hot and clear,
In the yard where
No tree grows,
Footsteps drum in the silent air:
Twenty-nine men
In double rows.

There's Johnny Clark, and Frankie Quinn,
Donald Moore,
Who loved to fight,
And Wendel Stubbs with his crooked grin,
He laughs all day,
But he weeps at night.

Once a girl with yellow hair,
Years ago, when
Tom was young,
Smiled at him at a county fair;
Now he talks to her
All day long.

Manfred Hopkins, Russell Ward,
One-eyed Potter,
Diamond Jim,
Every day in that old brick yard
They work and watch
Till their eyes grow dim.

But, outside in the world of men,
Beyond the fence, where
Life runs on,
The names of the men in the B.C. Pen
Fade like the ripples
From a sinking stone.

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