

Many years later, with the help of newspaper files, ships' registries, Admiralty Court findings, *The Congressional Record*, and Cook family memories, Archibald MacMechan — so I like to think — was there too.

RIVER WILLOW SONG

By WILLIS EBERMAN

For you is the song spent, and the dream awakened.
O love, I am not alone in your heart.
Beautiful are the willows. I will send my song
 into them;
I will float my poems upon the river wind:
Away, away, pale wings.

Like burnished copper glows the shining sand.
I will lie and watch the river willows blowing,
And think of my beloved.