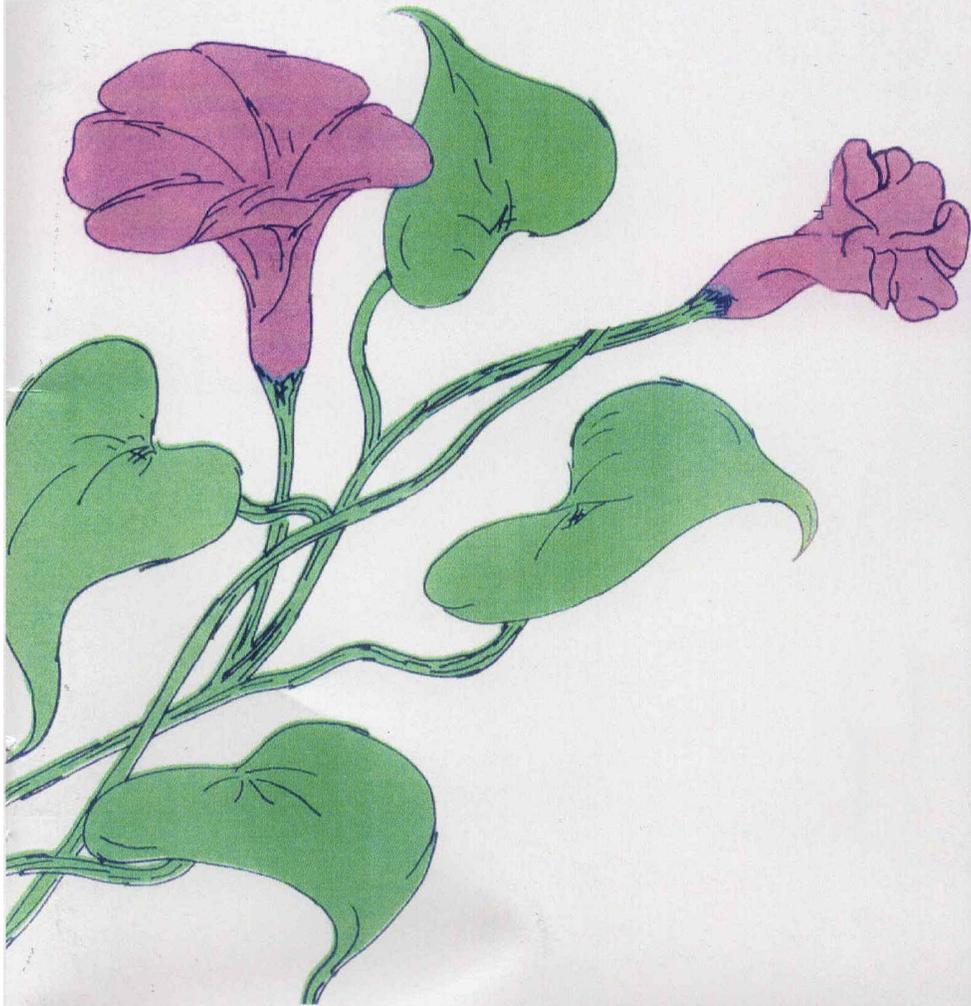


A LOOK AT LIFE

WILLIAM R. SMITH



A LOOK AT LIFE

W. R. SMITH

2010

WORKS BY W. R. SMITH

POETRY

- I CALL YOU LOVE
- SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE
- WORD IMAGES
- A LOOK AT LIFE
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- WORKSHOP PROCEDURES
- A WORKSHOP TOOLING LECTURE

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A FEW WORDS FROM THE AUTHOR

From a young age until about sixty, I had a strong urge to write poetry. The result was the publication of four books of rhymes, free verse and sonnets. I then became involved in other things and failed to publish the last batch of poems I had written.

Recently I was visited by a lady who became quite interested in the poetry and encouraged me to write more. I was convinced that at my age of eighty-eight, I could no longer write as I once did, but remembered that I had a file of poems that had never been published. On examination, there was almost enough for a book. I then decided to try my hand at writing the new ones needed to complete and publish the fifth book. I managed to do that.

Following the completion of that book, I decided to offer the poetry books on line at my Web site, < <http://www.wrsmithclocks.com>>. I also decided to write this book, the sixth one, *A LOOK AT' LIFE*. This broad title allows me to also offer several items of interest rather than pure poetry.

Since I have the production capabilities, I decided to include the country music sheets of the songs I wrote and the music on a CD. I hope you find them interesting.

SHE CAME MY WAY

One happy day, she came my way,
Both looks and charm to spare,
With azure eyes, that match the skies,
And locks of curly hair.

In my shy way, I bid her stay,
The smartest words I knew,
And day by day, in her calm way,
She's made my life anew.

From scarlet lips, her sanguine quips,
Are more than just profound,
They're pure, pure love, sent from above--
A truly majestic sound.

As each new day, moves on its way,
And we are forced to follow,
Throughout the span, I'll hold her hand,
And be her bright tomorrow.

How well I know, as on we go,
And watch life move away,
No love could be, much more than we,
Have known in our brief stay.

In our last sleep, I vow to keep,
My heart's last beat for her,
I'll hold her tight, in that lone night,
In lands where all must gather.

A SAD FELLOW

As the sun closed its blinds for the day,
He cowered in the corner of his room,
Trying desperately to find a way,
To lessen the presence of her departure

Only the silence of her voice,
Echoed from the walls of his room.
She, his only love and to whom
He had given the total of his heart,
Was now nothing but a memory.

But what a memory she was.
It was she who all these years,
Had dented the pillow beside him,
And helped him soar to the heavens
On the wings of pleasure.
She shared with him the joys of life,
And dried his tears of woe.
No better wife had ever been.

It was the beauty of her smile
That warmed the meaning of each day.
And she, like some subconscious thing,
Always helped guide his way
Through the many trials of life.

Unaware of any wrong he had done,
And weary from the thoughts of her departure,
He wondered if sleep would calm his mind.

About this time the alarm
Awakened him for work
And interrupted his dream.
There beside him lay his lovely wife.

A WALK ON THE BEACH

Thinking that a walk on the beach
Would be interesting for a young man,
I donned my trunks and went for a stroll.
Immediately, I saw two young angels
I thought had come down for a suntan.
I noted that they didn't have wings,
But decided they could leave them
In Heaven if they wished.
They surely must be of that ilk.
On the other hand,
Would angels wear "T-back" bottoms
And see-through tops?

Giving them the benefit of the doubt,
And using one of my unused hellos
I greeted them.
It was the first time in my life
That I saw a "hello" cause frowns.
However, I did notice them
Looking me over very carefully.
I thought they might be checking me
As possible husband material
But that was not likely,
I was a skinny fellow with
No pumped-up beach muscles.
They wouldn't be doing that
While wearing wedding rings.
Since they were not as friendly
As I had hoped to be,
I decided they weren't really angels,
And moved on down the beach.

LITTLE MARY BROWN

On a little country farm,
Many miles from town,
Lived a little crippled girl,
By the name of Mary Brown

Because of her infirmities,
She couldn't join with others' play,
And had to shape the things she did
To what was best for her each day.

Mary Brown was such a gentle girl,
Trusting animals came to her house,
A mole, a chipmunk, a squirrel,
A rabbit, a rat, and a mouse.

Each day she sat by her flower bed,
As her animals came to play,
She taught them many games,
In her gentle gifted way.

Her talents were her singing,
And raising her favorite flowers.
As Mary sang, her friends joined in,
In songs that lasted for hours.

No matter how hard the animals tried,
They couldn't make the needed sound,
But their trials in animalese,
Warmed the heart of Mary Brown.

And Mary was a happy girl,
Her playmates made it so,
And as they gathered to play,
They all began to know.

Their love had grown for each other,
In a most unusual way,
That a girl and her animal friends,
Would meet and greet each day.

But that's the way it was meant to be,
In the life of Mary Brown,
She had the love of her animal friends,
A love that is seldom found.

And following their songs each day,
Mary led them all in prayer,
And she thanked her Heavenly Father,
For the time He allowed her there.

For crippled as she was,
She questioned her length of stay,
And savored every moment,
Ere she be taken away,

And so each day they gathered,
To play, to sing, and to pray,
It was their gift to Mary,
To pass her time away.

But one sad time when her animals came,
Mary Brown could not be found,
Her Maker had called her home,
And she was no longer around.

They watched as Mary was buried,
And flowers set by her stone,
And all the animals cried,
The first such tears ever known.

Though gone, they continued to visit her,
Just as they did when she was home,
And they did the things she had taught them,
Though they had to do them alone.

They sang the songs as before,
And although she couldn't share,
The flowers and all bowed their heads,
As the rabbit led them in prayer.

It's sure that Mary heard them,
In her distant home on high,
And probably joined their singing,
As in all of the days gone by.

Even God took special note,
And sent an Angel down,
To lead them in the song and prayer,
For their beloved Mary Brown.

THE INK-LESS PEN

In a little known corner of heaven,
There's a scribe with an ink-less pen,
Recording our good and bad,
And all of our days of sin.

His ink-less pen is magic,
It writes forever with no ink,
And the all-knowing scribe that holds it,
Hears every thought we think.

When we see a starving dog,
And fail to offer him aid,
A note will be made with the ink-less pen,
For the lack of attention we've paid.

When we come upon a broken heart,
And offer no helpful care,
We'll get a note with the ink-less pen,
We'll wish was never there.

When we know of a family in need,
And we turn the other way,
The ink-less pen will quickly write,
Our worst note of the day.

We must do our best to mend the needs,
As we move along our way,
And have the ink-less pen,
Write things of good for us each day.

Then when we go for our final rest,
All the pen has written will be good,
And we'll quickly be accepted,
To sit by God's throne, as we should.

THE HUNT

I have searched for you from the
rising sun to the dark corners of night,
testing every face against your image,
so indelibly etched into the wall of
my memory-no match, no luck.

Your every feature is
so indelible in my memory,
I could sculpture you in marble.
But your curls would not be fluffy,
your lips would not offer the sweet
elixir of love that yours always have.
Beside me in bed, you would
be cold and unresponsive.
Your arms would circle the
nothingness of love.
I must find the real you.

I remember how you sat
with crossed legs, curls framing
a most attractive face,
with peace dimpling your cheeks.
Each time I hear an angel sing,
I am filled with excitement,
thinking I have found you.
But they have wings and although perfect,
God failed to add yours.

When I sit at our favorite spot,
under the maple tree, beside the creek,
the tree in sadness turns its leaves
upside down and has a drawn face.
Your favorite frog has a sad croak.

Your favorite fish appear
to have lost their best friend.
The bird-songs are from
distinctly unhappy birds
and lack the purity of tone
they always have when
singing for you.

I have searched for you
in smoke-filled dance halls,
in the quiet of churches
and places of the homeless.
Now and then, I think I
have found you,
only to realize that there is a
different person in the body.
Each time my heart cries louder.

My greatest puzzle is why you left?
Did we not have great fun
with our picnics among the flowers,
sharing our love for each other
and our views of life?

Did not we agree that
what was to be, was already,
that our love had been filtered
through the trials of life
and was as pure as the water
from a mountain spring?
Did not the birds sing their
special love songs for us?

The clouds are very angry
and voice their discord
with much unhappy noise
and turbulent strokes of light.
The fluffy white we watched
while lying on the grass,
is now wearing its dark clothes of mourning,
most likely because you are not with me.
Because of my despair,
I am equally dressed.

I have searched for you,
through the returning of the tides,
the twirl of images in the
backroads of my world,
the wayward winds,
the exchange of the stars,
the tails of comets,
and all corners of the moon.
The tears I shed will likely
raise the level of the ocean.

With you, life was at last complete.
We communicated beyond
the need of words,
a single touch being equal
to pages of text.
A gentle smile the equal of volumes.
You were my angel, the score
keeper of life's games,
the manager of my heart,
and all things good.
My love for you was as deep and
boundless as the greatest of oceans.

Wherever you are, dear heart,
and however you got there,
I'm sure that if with an intact memory,
it is filled with the same endearing
thoughts of our life, love and times together
that keep me alive and hopeful.
It would not be possible that
I be so enamored of our past,
and you have no equal feelings.

I remember your graceful approach to life,
and how it set you apart from the average,
your happy smiles that lifted the darkness
from the corners of the world around you,
the endearing sound of your happy voice,
that soothed those within earshot.

To me, you were the most
graceful being ever created.
Your voice was smooth and angelic,
your demeanor was quiet, honest and sincere.
At the risk of your well-being,
you gave everyone the benefit of the doubt.

Though I know not where you are,
or how and why you are gone there,
you still measure the beats of my heart,
overflow the crinkles of my memory,
and stand tall as a symbol of what
I would hope to become as a person.

I will continue my search for you
as long as there is breath in my body,
a will to live and the trumpet has not called.

INTROSPECTION

When the evening sun,
Gathers its shadows into the coming night,
I ponder on the things I've done,
And wonder if they were wrong or right.

Should I have given more,
To the cripple on the street?
Should I have a kinder turn,
For the people that I meet?

Am I as real as I should be,
Or have I feet of clay,
That make me take improper steps
Along life's twisted way?

Was the peace I brought to those around,
As good as it should have been,
Or have I in some misguided way,
Failed at that again?

Have I in some unthinking way,
Failed to turn the other cheek,
And rob me of the trait,
That I so often seek?

If I'm to be what I would be,
A kinder, gentler soul,
Then I must raise my sights,
To a much, much higher goal.

Each day I'll look for those in need,
And give them what I can.
Each day I'll search for broken hearts,
And offer a helping hand.

I'll try to change the tears of pain
To ample tears of joy,
And day by day, I'll turn away,
The things that most annoy.

I would that by the end of day,
I, in faith, can proudly say,
I've helped to bear the load,
Of a weary soul along the way.

If I, by this, a simple plan,
Can somehow help my fellow man,
Then joy can come to all of us,
Trodding our way along life's span.

HAPPINESS

We each have trials and tribulations,
That rob us of our joy,
As we move along life's twisted way,
With the methods we employ.

But can it be that by some chance,
Our griefs are too inflated,
So much beyond their need to be,
That they should be abated?

We have life, liberty and a very good
Chance at happiness.
That's more than said by many,
In our world of great unrest.

There are many mouths that have no food,
There are many legs that cannot walk,
There are many eyes that cannot see,
There are many throats that cannot talk.

So each time we weigh our bad,
Place the good in the other pan,
And the chance is very great,
The good will hold the winning hand.

Think of the things that you can do,
That can't be done by many,
And then the woes you thought you had,
May be the nothingness in plenty.

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

As you sit on the lake shore
watching the wind nurse ripples on the water,
you are in deep thought as how best to
try to win the man you have
singled from the busy crowd.

At first, you consider flirting,
but decided that men instantly recognize
a flirt as a person attempting to gain
attention in a less than attractive manner.

Then you consider being a tease.

More than a flirt, you recognize a tease
to be a person with a false facade,
likely ending up with a need for you
to put up or shut up. Not something
for you to look forward to.

Realizing that you are more the
girl-next-door type, rather than a raving beauty,
you can't expect beauty to do the trick.

Having examined the possibilities,
you finally hit upon a solution--
be your bare bones self in every sense of the word.

There can be no more beautiful woman,
in the eyes of a man than one that is always
exactly what he sees and hears--a genuine thing,
then, never having found the first flaw,
he has no reason to look for one.

You have found the truth. It is always
better to be "all wool and a yard wide,"
than of lesser cloth and improper width.
You will likely get your man.

LIFE'S MISSING LINK

Without a wife, we move through life,
Ignoring the Maker's intent.
That day by day, along the way,
As paired, our lives be spent.

No greater joy can ever be,
Than having a mate at our side,
No greater love can ere be lost,
Than that which is denied.

If we live a single life,
There's none to share our years,
And if we're dealt a losing hand,
No one will wipe our tears.

No greater can a peace be known,
During the cold of a winter's night
Than the warmth of another being,
With arms that hold us tight.

So avoid a long and troubled way,
As the life ahead you plan,
Choose well the mate, for your estate,
And forever be her man.

Place her on your highest throne,
And treat her with a love that's true,
And thank all of the powers that be,
For having smiled on you.

A VOTE FOR DUKAKIS

There once was a grandmother,
With a grandson of five.
She had oodles of spare candy bars,
And he knew nothing of bribes.

His family was of Republican bent,
But granny wanted votes the other way.
So she used her candy to alter his mind,
And vote according to her say.

With the candy bar she changed his mind,
In the games they often played,
And he voted for Dukakis,
His mind a candy bar swayed.

With candy she loaded his stocking,
With candy unneeded by far,
On Christmas morn he said of the candy,
"Wow, a Dukakis candy bar!"

As the grandson grew wise with passing years,
And learned the rules by which we abide,
He was prone to suspect,
That each of grandma's gift was a Dukakis bribe.

FOR RITA

When along life's twisted way,
The gnarled hands of fate,
Deal us a terrible problem,
With answers we must await.

It's then we use our waking moments,
In the hopes a solution can be found,
Examining each and every facet,
And every clue around.

Some people call this worry,
But they err in that belief,
It's the nature of one with a problem,
To search for an answer's relief.

If there happens to be a solution,
And one finds it, all is well.
But if the problem has no answer,
One must never on it dwell.

To search for what is answer-less,
Can be a destructive thing,
And a waste of life on useless worry,
That never a solution brings.

Instead it creates a second problem,
That no amount of search can solve,
It lessens our allotted time,
And kills the joys that would evolve.

If not addressed in a reasonable time,
It can cause a terrible state,
That turns our happiness upside down,
And perilously alters our fate,

So correct what can be corrected,
Give but fleeting thought to the rest,
Find joy in the life you have been given,
It will be much too short at best.

Remember that grief is contagious,
And lessens the pleasures we share,
It oozes a noxious substance,
With which there is no compare.

Give thanks that you have a steady mate,
Whose love you were meant to share,
And who is doing his best to be helpful,
With the burdens you now bear.

Think of a daughter who needs a mother,
With two firm feet on the ground,
And not be burdened with troubling thoughts,
Of those that now abound.

Approach each day with thanks and joy,
Use the gift of reason from above,
That you again be the person, whole,
That those who know you love.

MANY

There's many a life that's lost its way,
There's many a wasted year,
There's many a pain that still remains,
There's many a face that's wet with tears

There's many a plan that's terribly wrong,
There's many a trial at life begun,
There's many a dat, that's lost its way,
There's many a good that's been undone

There's many a family in need of food
There's many a child that's lacking love,
There's many a soul without a goal,
There many a need of help from above.

There's many a stone that has been thrown,
There's many a love that's lost,
There's many a vow, that's unkept now,
There's many a sin that's cost.

There's many a man that needs a mate,
There's many a lass that needs a man,
There's many a heart, that needs a start,
There's many a need of a loving hand.

There's many a cry in the dark of night,
There's many a plea unheard,
There's many a sigh, and tearful eye,
There's many a cruel word.

There's many a bird that sees the need,
There's many a leaf that's sad,
There's many a song, about what's wrong,
There's many a thing gone bad.

There's many a road that leads to hell,
There's many a word to heed,
There's many a way, for prayers to say,
There's many a soul in need.

There's many a mother who's lost a child,
There's many a heart that's torn,
There's many a grief, beyond belief,
There's many a frown that's worn.

There's many a good, God-loving man,
There's many a one who's had to learn,
There's many a twist, to fate's own wrist,
There's many a thing of great concern.

If we indeed, could solve the needs,
Of those we find in dire straits,
We'd bring relief, and lasting peace,
And lessen their troublesome weights.

So try as often as you can,
To help your fellow man,
And learn the pleasure, of the measure,
For those who give as they can.

VISITING NATURE

In the shade of an ancient oak,
I sat beside a lazing stream
and listened to it gurgle
the songs of nature.

A sailboat leaf drifted by
with no hands on deck,
and across the stream,
a frog watched me
with very suspicious eyes.
I wondered if he was married.
Do frogs marry, or are they
happy with one-night stands?
I guess I know too little about the
morality of frogs.

The sunlight through
the moving oak leaves,
made shadows on the water,
that danced to the stream's
songs of nature--
or so it seemed to me.

With a few bits of bread,
I made friends with many fish.
Were they really my friends,
or did they just get in line
for my free meal?
Probably, I'll never know.

A Monarch butterfly landed
on a bush beside me.
I was pleased that he flew
all the way from Mexico,
just to visit me.

I watched a hummingbird
approach a flower's bloom,
stand still in mid-air,
while taking its nectar
and then back away,
to sit on a limb-I
nature's only bird
that can fly backwards!
Amazing!

Endless flowers,
across the meadow
made a beautiful carpet
of variegated colors.
Both honey and bumble bees
found them very exciting.

I watched a mother bird,
nudge an offspring
from the nest
and begin teaching it to fly.

A mole dug by,
making a new passage way.
Poor little fellow, no eyes
and nothing to see if he had them,
always underground in the dark,
but my cat seems to know a way
to find them and bring them to
the house as gifts.

As the sun closed its eyes for the day,
I took home in memory,
the happy gifts of nature's lore,
to live with me forevermore.

HOG KILLIN' TIME

There are probably very few left from the days,
when families raised their own pork,
it being the only meat for them
during the coming year.

When the cold days of winter would last,
the cast iron wash pot was filled with water,
a barrel was leaned against a platform
at about a forty degree angle.

The water was boiled and placed in the barrel.
The hog was killed and placed in the boiling water.
The intent was not to cook him,
rather it was to loosen his hair.

After moving him around by his legs,
to be sure all hair was treated,
he was then pulled onto the platform,
the heat from the water having loosened his hair.

Using butcher knives, all of the hair
was easily scraped away.
While he was being butchered,
the old lard was made into lye soap.

The stands were scalded and readied for new lard.
The fat pieces were cooked in the wash pot.
They yielded fat and cracklings,
the liquid fat was poured into the lard stands.

As it cooled, it turned into lard,
to cook with during the coming year.
The cracklings were added to corn bread.
to make a wonderful crackling bread.

The hams, shoulders, belly and other parts,
were rubbed with salt to remove the moisture.
They were then placed in a salt trough,
covered with salt and left to complete the curing.

Muslin bags were sewn like long socks.
Sausage was ground and stuffed into them.
These bags were hung in ceiling of the smoke house
to be smoked for weeks by a slow hickory fire.

Meat from the head and feet was high in gelatin
and was carefully cooked to form loaves of head cheese,
a very delicious and long-awaited thing
and always a highlight of hog killing time.

After the hams had cured in the salt trough,
They and the sausage were hung in the smoke house.
A hickory fire was kept going for weeks
To finish curing the meat.

During the coming year,
the lard was used for cooking,
the ham, shoulder and sow belly
were the daily meats,
and the source of red eye gravy.

CHILDHOOD

I've always thought of my
childhood as an exciting time,
but now I wonder why I thought so.
At night, our light came from
lamps and lanterns-dim at best.
Telephones were a rarity
and few homes had them.
In the small towns there
were no movie houses.
All mail arrived by train.
The main travel between
towns was by railway coach.
No fresh meat was available,
except maybe fish, fried downtown on
Saturday by an African American.
There was only one radio in town.
Farm wagons and buggies
were everywhere.
Salt cured pork was the main
source of meat all year.
The most exciting events
during the year were hay rides
by kind farmers. and oyster suppers
done by the churches.
On farms, we worked from
sun up to sun down and most of our
sandwiches at lunch had ants in them.
We walked to a grammar school.
It was heated with a pot belly stove.
The most scientific thing in town
was the railway telegraph office.
They had man-made batteries
and telegraph instruments
that sent dots and dashes.

As an exception to the rule,
I had transportation.
With my bicycle I covered the area.
By watching the blacksmith,
I learned about making
wagon wheels, shoeing horses,
milling cornmeal and replacing
worn plough points.
I learned about cotton gins by
poking around in the one next door.
I learned about sawmills by
visiting the one across the street.
For dinner, I learned to shoot
bullfrogs in the local ponds.
At night, I often hunted opossums
with a carbide head lamp.
Most homes were un-insulated.
I stood in front of the coal fireplace,
and burned up on one side
while freezing on the other,
There, I churned many a pound of butter
and popped corn in screen wire baskets.
I could use all types of farm implements,
harness any farm animal. To graduate
from high school, I was forced to study
agriculture four hours each day.
All useless training for one who
knew he would never be a farmer.
As I look back on the life I lived
in those days, it makes me wonder.
Why in my childhood did I think
all of these things to be so exciting?
And except for their questionable
historical value, in what way
have they contributed to my later life?

THE WELL DIGGER

Before Roosevelt' s Rural Electrification Association, only the larger towns in America had electricity. Thus, there were few sources of drinking water, except for springs, cisterns, small drilled wells and hand dug wells.

The cisterns were huge, in-ground, masonry bottles, in which rain water was captured.

The drilled wells used a small, glazed clay pipe liner and had a metal bucket about four inches diameter and maybe three feet long. A rod at the top opened a valve in the bottom to release water.

The main source of water came from dug wells. Very few people have seen these being dug.

A windlass was erected over the chosen spot where it was believed that water would be found.

The windlass consisted of a wooden frame with a log of about eight inches diameter at the top. It had a wooden crank at each end and was wound with strong rope that had a large bucket at its free end.

The well digger had a shovel with a very short handle.

With it, he began to dig a circular hole of three to four feet in diameter, placing the dirt into the bucket.

Day after day he stood in the bucket
as they lowered him to the bottom of
the hole where he continued to dig.
Each bucket full of dirt was pulled

to the surface by the windlass and discarded.
The underground streams varied in
depth in different regions of the country.
In our area, the average was about sixty feet.
When he finally struck a good stream,
he dug a bit deeper and then began to
wall the well with brick.

As the bricks were sent down to him in
the bucket, he placed them against the dirt
wall of the hole he had dug--but no mortar.
Gradually, he worked the brick wall
to the top of the well.

The windlass was removed and a wooden
structure built to prevent animals or
children from falling into the well.

Eventually, muck would accumulate
at the bottom of a well and the brickwork
would need to be repaired.

This was done in the same manner as
when the well was originally dug.

There is an old saying about being as
cold as a well digger's rear end in January.
It was indeed a dangerous job and America
of the past owes the well digger a
well-deserved debt of gratitude.

HYPNOSIS FACTS

Since the title of this book allows more than poetry, I would like to dispel some of the myths regarding hypnosis. In the early 50's, I happened to read a book, *The Search For Bridey Murphy*, based on the use of hypnosis. I found this to be a fascinating subject and it resulted in my intense five-year study of the subject. I attended a number of medical seminars and was taught by the best medical men in the field. I studied virtually everything printed on the subject in the English language at that time. As a result, I ended up demonstrating for MDs, dentists and writing on the subject. Based on this background, I would like to dispel some of the misconceptions regarding it.

Hypnosis is a point on a continuum of suggestibility and is the result of the talent of the subject and the skill of the hypnotist. Think of this talent as you would some other talent--say music. The end results are similar to the following possible matches-- little talent, medium talent, great talent--poor teacher, medium teacher, excellent teacher. Choose your match.

About 5% of the people do not have enough talent to be hypnotized, about 15% have enough talent to reach a light but use less trance state, about 30% can reach a medium trance state and about 50% can reach a deep trance state--somnambulism. A somnambulistic subject can modify all five of their senses and this is where hypnosis becomes important. They can hear what is not there or not hear what is there, they can see what is not there or not see what is there, they can taste what is not there or not taste what is there, they can smell what is not there and not smell what is there or they can feel what is not there or not feel what is here. In hypnosis, this last item is the most important one. A somnambulistic subject (about 50% of the population) can completely turn off all pain, allowing major surgery without anesthesia

Before the advent of anesthesia, a Dr. Elsdale, in India, was using only hypnosis while removing scrotums of elephantiasis victims brought to him in wheelbarrows, as well as other major surgeries, with better results than in the finest of European hospitals of the time.

There are many misconceptions regarding hypnosis. Some think their mind is too strong to be hypnotized. The fact is it requires a good mind. One cannot hypnotize an idiot, an imbecile, or a moron. For those willing for me to `try' to hypnotize them but convinced it could not be done, I did it without their knowledge. Now, let's touch on the phenomena possible in the somnambulistic state. It is quite easy to have a person carry on a conversation with a non-existent person sitting in a blank chair. It is possible for a person to have two arms and not be upset about it. It is possible for a person to taste a flavor suggested by the hypnotist or not taste an existing flavor. It is normal for the hypnotist to have the subject hear only him and no one else in the room. It is possible for him to turn off pain in whatever pattern he asks for, completely ignoring the innervation of the body~for instance, turn off the feeling in every other tooth, inside a square, along a line, etc. It is possible to introduce amnesia for a trance event and later have the person raise his arm to signify something happened that he does not remember.

Disassociation is one of the more important phenomena of the trance state. With it, a person can be mentally moved from where they are to some other location. Thus, they cannot feel any pain when not at the location where it is being created and no anesthesia is ever required and there is no need to ask for pain deadening. Here is one example of many such dental situations.

For unknown reasons, dentists find it difficult to numb my wife's jaws for dental work. Thus, I go with her, put her into a trance and send her home to sit in my easy chair. By this disassociation, she is free of all pain in her un-numbed mouth

during any dental procedure. In dentistry, one can remove the gag response that is preventing the insertion of x-ray film, turn off capillary bleeding of the gums and remove postoperative pain.

Here is another dental example. The dentist with whom I had attended many medical seminars on hypnosis died and his daughter was running his office with a young dentist just out of school. She knew my background and capabilities in the subject. One day while visiting them, she came to me and said, "Mary, over there, is very uptight about her pending dental work. Why don't you go over and hypnotize her and ease her concern?" I agreed and did so in the waiting room. She was a somnambulistic subject and thus capable of every hypnotic phenomena in the book.

When in the dental chair, I put her in a deep trance and disassociated her by sending her home to have a nap. This gave automatic anesthesia. She frowned and I asked why? She said, "The kids are running through the bedroom." I locked the doors for her.

The Doctor pulled a molar and broke off several roots-- somewhat of a dental disaster. Aware that extracting them would take time and could be painful, he broke out in a sweat. Noticing it, I said, "Don't worry about Mary, Doctor she is feeling no pain." I then said, "Are you Mary?" She raised her head and said, "This is more rest than I have had in months!" She then laid her head back down on the headrest.

A subject will not do anything that is against their will. I once cut a couple of inches off a nurse's dress (mentally), and she popped out of the trance, not wishing to show more of her legs.

One can give a hypnotic subject a post hypnotic suggestion to lessen the urge to smoke, to help with their diet, to lessen anxiety, to mitigate great grief, to stop or lessen pain, or to have a stronger desire to do something they wish to do but find difficult to do on their own.

And how will the subject feel following a deep hypnotic trance? Any hypnotist worth his salt will have prepared the subject to remember the trance state as a very pleasant, relaxed condition and come out of it very rested, as though they have had a nice nap.

These are facts from years of study and use of medical hypnosis and I hope they will help the reader better understand a few of the untruths regarding the subject.

THE SPARROW

A lazy morning in springtime,
a sparrow came to say hello,
he did so with a song,
of bird notes oh so mellow.

He was such a nice little bird,
we wished that he would stay,
and offered him food and water,
each morning of every day.

This seemed to make him happy,
and as he sat and sang away,
he grew to be less frightened,
in a very un-bird-like way.

Each year he came to sing for us,
while sitting on his favorite limb,
each year he became more friendly,
as we spent our days with him.

He finally began to eat the food,
offered him from our hands,
and rewarded us with his best of songs,
the finest songs in the land.

One sad year he failed to come,
we could only believe he had died,
he was such a dedicated bird,
and singing for us was his pride.

So now we have an empty yard,
and empty hearts in pain,
we loved our little sparrow,
and we know he felt the same.

IF GRANTED THE POWER

Were I but granted the power,
To do and undo things,
Within the very first hour,
You'd see the change it brings.

I'd hold the hand of lepers,
And bid their ills depart,
I'd join the abandoned's helpers,
And ease each broken heart.

I'd have Eve ignore the apple,
And avoid our world of sin,
The snake would Adam grapple,
And cleanse the gal.den again.

I'd fill the world with flowers,
With blooms of every kind,
Sweet smells would fill the hours,
And stimulate the mind.

I'd shatter hell with one fimi blow,
And fry the devil in his repose,
I'd destroy all paths that lead below,
And declare the place foreclosed.

All the makers of war, my brother,
I'd put in a cage with guns,
And bid them to shoot each other,
So never is a new war begun.

I'd calm the angry storms,
To protect the ships at sea,
And those who live on land,
Wherever they may be.

In the world there'd be no hunger,
All liars would tell the truth,
Everyone would feel much younger,
And enjoy a blush of youth.

As our bodies seek life's end,
There'd be no traces of pain,
And all of the grief that's ever been,
Would forever be gone again.

Under a bushel would be no candle,
There would always be ample light,
And no one would be asked to handle,
Things beyond their might.

Despite what I may wish to do,
And the candor of my desires,
The only thing I would pursue,
Are those that I could sire.

But plain to see, what's left for me,
Are tasks of a mundane bit,
And a hope our Maker changes,
The things as He sees fit.

THE LOVE OF LIFE

When your love of life is fading,
And the joys you've known are few,
When the things that held your interest,
Have all abandoned you,

It's a sign your world is changing,
In a very disastrous way,
And it's time that you take note,
Of the way you think each day.

We believe that life is uncertain,
But each is allowed a different stay,
If we make waste of this, our gift,
Some part will be taken away.

So make the most of what you have,
Enjoy every minute of life,
Find new interests in things forgotten,
And avoid all thoughts of strife.

By use of these, but simple means,
You'll love all things anew.
And the days you would have been shorted,
Will all be returned to you.

And your life can then be full again,
With joys and love galore,
And things you thought were forever gone,
Will be your gifts once more.

SONGS FROM THE HEART

I do not sing, play musical instruments, or do anything musical. But I have always had a sizable curiosity about such things and had written several books of poetry. One evening, while chatting with a songwriter on ham radio, I asked how he wrote country songs. He said he wrote some words and then picked some notes that seem to fit them. To a mechanical engineer, this seemed to be a straightforward and logical approach. I would try my hand. I wrote some verses and at the piano I pecked around on the keys. Finally, I found a note that seemed to sound good with the first word. On this key, I wrote #1. By the end of the first line, I had an assortment of keys, each having a penciled number written on it.

Knowing how the keyboard was arranged, by counting from middle C, I was able to determine the note for each of the numbered keys. This was done for each word of the song. A friend then sing *Tears on My Pillow*, and *When Life's Leaves Have Turned To Gold*, as I recorded them.

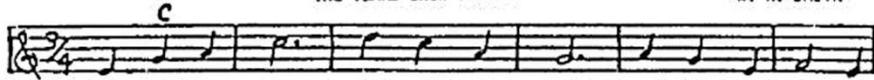
By listening to the recording over the phone, a friend wrote the music sheets for them. By then I had become quite interested and set about learning how to draw the music sheets and put the musical notes into place for the remaining six songs. All of the songs were performed by local artists.

These were recorded in my living room on an Ampex 601. For years, the only source for them was an audio cassette. Fearful that the machine would destroy the tape, I took it to a recording studio and had the music put on a CD. It is from this CD that I have duplicated all other CDs.

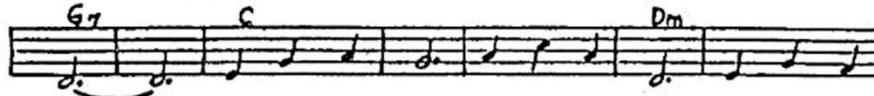
W. R. Smith 2010

THAT'S WHY
THE TEARS SHOW THROUGH

WORDS & MUSIC
W. R. SMITH



I've tried in vain to hide the pain that comes from lov-ing



you, But deep in---side the hurt I hide still makes the



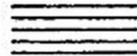
tears show through. I'd rath---er want some---one I don't



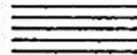
have and hide my tears from you, than to have some



one I don't want, and let the tears show through.

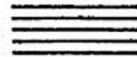


(2) Sometimes I cry and wonder why
My life must be so blue
I love you still and always will
That's why the tears show through



Chorus Here

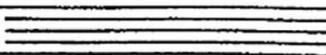
(3) Your love for me could set me free
To live my life for you
Why can't you see you're hurting me
That's why the tears show through



Repeat Chorus



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GIVE ME MORE THAN HALF A HEART

C Em F C F

Take me to your land of love, let each kiss tear

C Em F G

me a-----part. Fill my long--ing emp---ti-ness. Give me

F G7 C Chorus F C

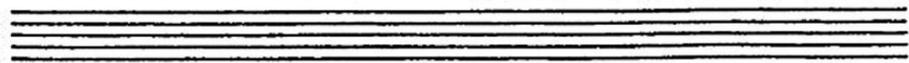
more than half a heart. Please give me more than half a

F Em Dm C F

heart. Can half a heart be true, How can I live with

C Am F G7 C

half a heart, when I'm liv---ing for all of you.



(2) Give these lips a taste of love
Teach them how to play their part
While we dream take all of me
Give me more than half a heart

Chorus Here

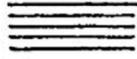
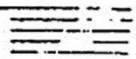
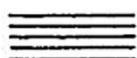
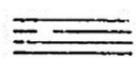
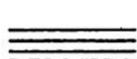
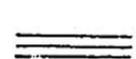
(3) Teach this heart to beat for you
Ache and cry when we're apart
Let me live my life for you
Give me more than half a heart..

Repeat Chorus

MY WORLD IS SLOWING DOWN

I have counted my treasures and I know, I've owned the bright-est
 star in heav-en's crown, But my cheat-ing heart is ach---ing as you
 go, And the turn---ing of my world is slow---ing down, Now you're
 gone and my world is slow---ing down, 'Cause you're the one that
 turned my world a---round, And I know what cheat-ing cost when I
 think of what I've lost, 'Cause the turn-ing of my world is slow-ing down.

CHORUS

	(2)	Now I'm bound by the chains of misery, With links of broken vows that tie me down, And I'm longing for your love to set me free, 'Cause the turning of my world is slowing down.	
	(3)	I'm alone in a desert land of love, I have a thirst for you I'll never drown, 'Cause the sun of hurt is shining from above, And the turning of my world is slowing down.	
	(4)	Everywhere there's a touch you've left behind, Reminding me that you are not around, And the silence of your voice is all I'll find, While the turning of my world is slowing down.	

I'LL NEVER LEARN FORGETTING YOU

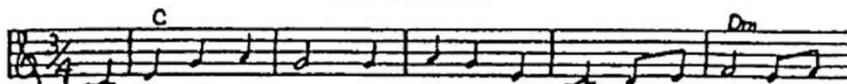
To day I saw you go a-----way, And take my
 world with you. And now I cry be-----cause I
 know, I'LL NEV---ER LEARN FOR--GETT--ING YOU.
CHORUS
 I'LL NEV--ER LEARN FOR--GETT--ING YOU, By find-----ing
 some one new, So now I pay the long hard
 way, I'LL NEV---ER LEARN FOR-- GETT--ING YOU,

This heart that lives for you alone
 Will beat for no one new.
 Another love would be in vain;
 I'll never learn forgetting you.

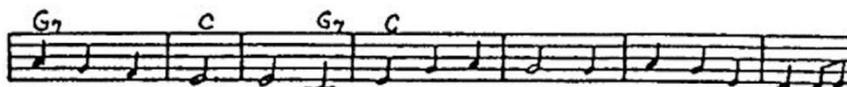
CHORUS (Repeat)

So now I go my lonely way.
 My search for love is through.
 But memories remind me still
 I'll never learn forgetting you.

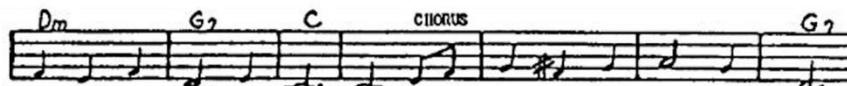
LIFE'S YESTERDAY



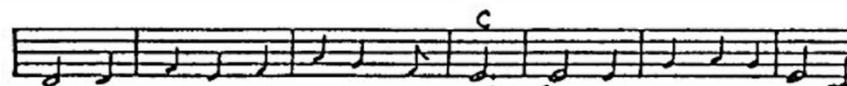
I gam--bled your love in a game played for keeps Where you lose if you



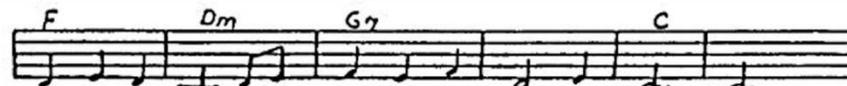
cheat while you play I thought I'd be smart and win with two hearts but



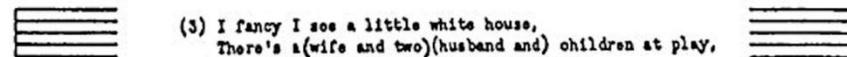
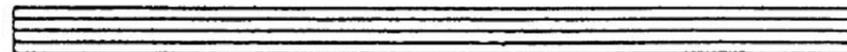
lost all life's yes--ter day. Oh the scenes from life's yes--ter day,



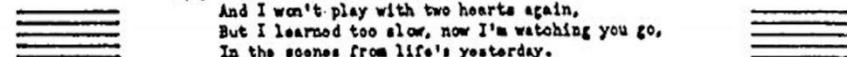
Were paint-ed each step of the way, and fate won't e-rase or



let me re--place, all the scenes from life's yes--ter day.

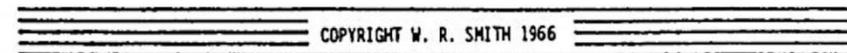


(3) I fancy I see a little white house,
There's a (wife and two) (husband and) children at play,
As memory looks through her golden books,
At the scenes from life's yesterday.



(4) Oh, fool that I am, I gambled and lost,
And I won't play with two hearts again,
But I learned too slow, now I'm watching you go,
In the scenes from life's yesterday.

(5) CHORUS Repeat.



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GIRL FROM THE WRONG SIDE OF LOVE

When ^(his) my heart said please let's hur-ry home, I ^(he) some---how cut
^(his) my trip a day, but a friend asked ^(him) me to have a
 drink, at his mo---tel not far a-----way. Just a
 girl from the wrong side of love, with a smile like the star light a--
 ---bove, but the heart with--in ^(him) me died when I ^(he) saw her step in--
 --side just a girl from the wrong side of love.....

(2) Well we (they) talked about the good old times,
 And we (they) spiced our (their) laughter with wine,
 Then he said the boy was soon to send,
 A companion to pass the time.

CHORUS

(3) No one knows the sorrow that she brought,
 As she slipped quietly through the door,
 And she said with soft familiar voice,
 I'm the girl you've been waiting for.

(4) But my (his) eyes in pain refused to look,
 At the sight that destroyed my (his) life,
 'Cause the girl that stood there in the door,
 Was my (his) loveable, darling, wife.

Tears On My Pillow

Adante 4/4

C Cdim C F

when feed-ing day is hold-ing hands with
 night And God Toves up The Heav-ens can
 Light How my heart will cry for you As a
 Divin.
 break-ing heart will do There'll be Tears on my
 pill...ow To ... night

2nd Verse: These Arms that only live To hold you tight
 find nothing but a pillow on my right
 Of the love that used To be
 Is there nothing left for me
 There'll be Tears on my pillow tonight.

3rd Verse: As people shadows dim your jealous sight
 Let Jugs of your heart decide what's right
 And you'll learn that God above
 Made you just for me to have
 There'll be Tears on my pillow tonight.

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When Life's leaves Have Turned To Gold

// Verse: I will keep you by my side down life's long mile
 Hand in hand we'll never think of growing old
 And I'll dry away your Tears with a smile
 When the Autumn years have turned life's leaves to gold.

// Verse: When The moon has lit her candles just for me
 I will Tell for you a story yet untold
 And we'll walk again The lanes of memory
 When the Autumn years have turned life's leaves to gold.

// Verse: When The Tides of life have cast us on The shore
 And The sounding Trumpet calls us To The Fold
 We will be Together then forever more
 When the Autumn years have turned life's leaves to gold.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

He was born in 1921 in the little town of Atoka, TN. At the age of 14, the author decided to become a watchmaker and hitchhiked to Memphis each Saturday during his high school years to visit watchmakers there and learn from them. On graduation from high school he worked in a ten man shop repairing watches for Sears.

He volunteered for the Air Corps at age 20 and served in the Pacific area. General MacArthur awarded him a Legion of Merit for his aircraft instrument work.

Following a degree in mechanical engineering, he worked for 35 years at all three Oak Ridge, TN atomic energy plants.

Retired for the past 24 years, he has designed and built clocks and written books so others could build them. To date, he has published 14 books and five, 2-hour clockmaking and modelmaking workshop DVDs. He is a Fellow in the British Horological Institute, a Fellow in the National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, is a Certified Master Watchmaker, a Certified Master Clockmaker, and a Master Electronic Watchmaker.

Mr. Smith is a ham radio operator, W4PAL. He has owned two airplanes, a number of motorcycles, spent years repairing CB equipment, has written eight country songs, holds five gold medals for handmade clocks in international competition and has taught others both watchmaking and clockmaking. See his Web site at < www.wrsmithclocks.com >. He has designed and built a number of "one of a kind" telegraph speed keys, one of which is likely the world's smallest. He has also designed and built the world's smallest straight telegraph key.

He and his wife live in Powell, TN, a small town on the N. City limit of Knoxville, TN. At the time of completion of this sixth book of poetry, he is in his 88th year.