



METROPOLITAN DAILY

Flowing, folding, neatly stacking, shouting death,
Flipping by in urgent sequence, headlines
Utter one shrill blatant cry, and vanish;
Dittoes follow, rapid in succession,
Spewed precisely from the lifeless lips
Of moving steel, compelling, sure, relentless,
Quick closeups, disappearances as quick.
The eye rebels at being taxed so sorely.

The muffled whirring of the press continues,
"Hurry, read; the words will show a moment,
No more; you must keep up or you will perish."

Not perish, surely! It was mere illusion.
Engines cannot speak and utter mandates.
Let them be silent! Nor endow an object,
Man's creation, threatening to undo him,
With words to give it graceless mastery, -
Or else the men of future times will curse you,
Provided they have still the heart to curse.

The above was written by Theowen, aged 14, she returned from a school field trip to see the running of the Los Angeles Times press, in 1941.