

Then April Came

Charles G. D. Roberts

ISSN 0003-4827

No known copyright restrictions.

Recommended Citation

Roberts, Charles G. "Then April Came." *The Annals of Iowa* 33 (1956), 267-267.

Available at: <http://ir.uiowa.edu/annals-of-iowa/vol33/iss4/3>

Hosted by [Iowa Research Online](#)

name was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Across the years there had been many similar contributions published in various magazines and in the press, but they were of little consequence compared to recognition in the venerable *Atlantic* which had always been for her the Bible of current American literature.

Tom left Harvard College in 1948 to marry Adelaide Reps of Hollywood, California and go to work at the cement plant. Jack took his Master's degree in business administration after graduating from Harvard College in 1950, married Margaret Hansen of Bettendorf, Iowa, and after a year with the United States Steel Corporation in Pittsburgh, returned to Mason City as a salesman for Northwestern States Portland Cement.

Both sons are now officers and directors of the company and active in the life of the home town. There are two grandchildren, Elizabeth Hanford, Tom's daughter, and Charles Hanford, Jack's son.

The fifth generation of the MacNider family is now growing up in Mason City, where the first Tom MacNider had to settle down when the loss of his bridge building contract with the old Iowa Central railroad stranded him there in the early 1870's.

Then April Came

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

With winds, and sleet, and air that bites like steel,
 The bleak hill rounds under the low sky.
 Naked of flock and fold the fallows lie,
 Thin-streaked with meager snow. The gusts reveal
 By fits the dim, gray snakes of fence that steal
 Through the white dusk. The hill-foot poplars sigh,
 While storm and last of winter trample by;
 And wide fields stretch far, and blind lights reel,
 Yet, in the lonely ridges, as wrenched with pain,
 Harsh, solitary hillocks, bound and dumb.
 Grave globes, close-lipped beneath the sod and rain,
 Lurks hid the germ, the ecstasy, the sum
 Of life that waits on summer, 'till more rains
 Whisper in April and the crocus come.

Copyright of Annals of Iowa is the property of State of Iowa, by & through the State Historical Society of Iowa and its content may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites or posted to a listserv without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email articles for individual use.