

POEMS
by
THE BRADSHAWs



Compiled and Printed
by
PAULINE BRADSHAW

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GERALD SCOTT BRADSHAW

G means he's generous, gentle
and gay.

E stands for eyes of brown.

R for the roses that bloom in his
cheeks,

A stands for absence of frown.

L he's so little but sometimes so
loud,

D he's our darling of whom
we're so proud.

S for the sweet little shy little
smile,

C he is cunning and cute.

O is how wide he can open his
eyes,

T for his toes in each boot.

T for the truth we will teach
him to tell.

B may his voice be as clear as a
bell.

R he'll be ready when duty may
call

A he'll be anxious to aid.

D tho the danger be mighty or
small

S he shall not be afraid.

H may his heart be both sturdy
and strong

A may his anger come slow.

W he'll wait til his turn comes
along

Then up to the top he will go.

K.O.B.B.

A GARDNER'S PRAYER

This is my humble prayer to God
That where of old the cattle trod.
There I may find beneath the sod
A pot of gold.

I ask not riches without toil.
But if I till the fertile soil
May I have vegetables to boil
When days grow cold.

Lord give me strength to wield
the hoe

And tend my garden row on row.
Then send the rain to make it
grow,

A worthy crop.

And when full beans and golden
corn

The stalks within my plot adorn,
Then canning starts at early
morn;

Nor will I stop

Until each can is sealed away
For use some chilly winter day
When frost has turned my
garden gray.

I'll do my best.

Then I am sure the prize to gain.
For if I work with might and
main

My labor shall not be in vain.

You'll do the rest.

K.O.B.B.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Happy Birthday, Polly,
From your sister in the hills.

I wish that I could be with you
today.

As I can't be there in person,
Nor yet send a dollar bill,

I will send this little message
just to say,

May your blessings number
many

And your sorrows never one.

May your life have woes not any

But have joy and peace and fun.

May your Birthdays all be happy
And a many more to be.

This, then, is the Birthday
message

From Pep, Dot and Dick and me.

K.O.B.B.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

Somewhere in England
On far distant shore,
Somewhere in England
The one I adore.

The dark be the evening
And bombs fill the air,
My love will protect him
While he's over there.

His lighthearted spirit
So carefree and gay,
God grant he may keep it
To bring home some day.

And 'midst all the darkness
And horror of war,
Lord let him remember
What he's fighting for.

Home and his loved ones
Afar from the fray,
A church in the Hollow
Where folks kneel to pray.

Somewhere in England
The boy that I love;
Dear Lord keep him trusting
In heaven above.

Gene

TAKE CARE

When everything is jolly
And we're having loads of fun;
Just doing things we like to do
Nor harming anyone;
When we just feel so full of pep
We must let loose somewhere,
It's time to guard our actions
close
For trouble's in the air.
It may be just some little thing
Which causes no concern;
And yet if some one finds it out
It may to trouble turn.

Beware of what the people say
Of this or that or t'other,
And then go back and take
advice
From one who knows, your
mother.

She may not say what you think
best,
But you will find 'tis true
That Mother knows the proper
thing,
For girls or boys to do.

K.O.B.B.

WHEN THE ROBINS COME BACK

When the robins come back to
the north again
And the trees are in full bloom,
Then the air is warm and the
day is bright
And no one is filled with gloom.
The violets bloom in the woods
so green,
Some bluebells grow there too.
And mayapples cling to the um-
brella-like leaves;
And everything looks so new.
The birds in the trees now sing
so gay
And the bees hum so busily.
The rabbits and squirrels and
'possums play
In the woods so cheerily.
So you see how kind old nature
is
To give us such beautiful springs.
And I know that we are so glad
of this;
For winter has gone again.

Dallas

EVENING SONG

Evening is nigh; stars fill the sky
Waters reflecting; the pale moon
inspecting.
The cry, "Whipp'o will" comes
from the hill;
Softly the birds settle down in
their nest,
Fireflies are dancing when all
are at rest.
A voice sweet and clear, sounds
very near,
Down by the roses the moonlight
discloses
A maiden so fair, a rose in her
hair,
Greeting a loved one whose arms
round her twine
There in the garden is peace
divine.
A sigh soft and low, "Now I
must go."
Last words are spoken; the hand
clasp is broken
A whispered farewell; again all
is still.
Once more the Whipp'o will calls
far away,
Then all is hushed till the break-
ing of day.

K.O.B.B.

Three Days Before Christmas

'Twas three days before
Christmas
And all thru the town
Not a preacher was stirring
I sat with a frown.
I pondered and worried
On what we should do
Our town had no parson
Cur church was quite new.
We could not have a Baptist
No that could not be
And a Lutheran was out
Of the question you see.

We wanted a Methodist
Hearty and strong
To tell of the time
When our Christ came along.
At last then we found one
Just two days to spare
For three days before Christmas
I sat in despair.
A quick inspiration
Came into my head
I phoned to a young man
With nothing to dread.
The great day is over
The vict'ry is won
A new year's ahead
And our church is begun.

K.O.B.B.

RESULT OF DISTURBED MIND

At evening when the sun is set
And stars begin to shine;
When day is gone without regret
And perfect peace is mine;
I love to spend the twilight hours,
A pal for company,
In cozy nooks among the flowers
To play and sing to me.
So soft and gentle on the breeze
The notes of tenderness
Float in and out among the trees
And every leaf caress;
I sit and dream of many things
Yet dwell in sweetest peace.
And in my heart the music rings
And joys shall never cease.
I'd like to write of many things
The glorious stars above;
The crystal clear of Virgin
springs;
Our Father's mighty Love;
Of home and friends of land and
sea
Of moonlight's gentle rays;
Of friendship true for you and
me
And all our happy days.

K.O.B.B.

GOOD-BYE FOREVER

Farewell dear friends. The tide
of fortune calls us
Back to our childhood home once
more.
The change we pondered well
'ere we decided
Though long and loud it knocked
upon our door.
We'll miss the dear old town
where we were happy,
The two short years we went to
Grant Park High.
We'll miss the friends who made
us feel as equals.
To all these things we now must
say Good-bye.
We've heard folks say it's sweet
to be remembered.
We hope that you will not forget
us soon.
For we'll remember each one of
you always
Though we live near the possum
and the coon.
Good-bye again. We may not
see you ever.
But write and let us know that
you are well.
And yet we may be back at home
tomorrow,
Our life is so uncertain who can
tell?

K.O.B.B.

DADDY

D he is daring, delightful, devine
A he is angelic, yes!??
D he's devoted, deplorably dear,
D he's a darling I guess.
Y he's as young as the youngest
of us
And always a pal good and
true.
The name I'll not tell you but
leave you a hint;
I'd say W.S.B. wouldn't you.

K.O.B.B.

SPRING TROUBLES

Spring is a maiden,
lovely, serene,
All dressed up in blossoms
mingled with green.
You and Tom Jones are
swapping some chaff
When suddenly you stop talking
and start in to laugh.

You see neighbor Jones
on one of his jants
With a new varnished chair
on the seat of his pants.
Then your laughter just fades
to a sickly grin
As you wonder what Martha
is doing within.

When you finally awake
to the heart-rending fact
That your favorite arm chair's
about to be sacked,
You rush down the street
to be out of the fray;
For fear wife forgets
and throws you away.

A glance at the sky
but why do you glower?
Your umbrella's home
and it's starting to shower.
You run for the movie
down in the next block
When someone's new base ball
gives you a sock.

You fall over jumping ropes,
wagons and skates
And threaten the youngsters
with all sorts of fates.
Well finally you get there
in five minutes flat
Then can't see the show
for a new Easter hat.

Gene

CHRISTMAS EVE NIGHT

Hurrah! for the ground is
white with snow.
The eaves with 'cicles hung.
The Christmas tree is all aglow;
The yuletide songs are sung.

Now off we must scurry all
to bed
While the moon is shining bright.
For up on the housetop over our
head,
Santa comes in the dark of night.

Then down through the chimney
he quickly comes
And stands on the hearth rug
clean,
As he fills the stockings a song
he hums.
They number in all, fourteen.

There's Mother and Daddy and
brothers two,
And sister-in-law and niece,
And sisters seven and Preston,
who
Is the brother-in-law and tease.

The mantle is crowded but Santa
finds space
To fill each sock up to the brim.
Then looking around him, a
smile on his face,
He climbs up the chimney with
vim.

He picks up the reins and out
over the snow
The reindeer are off in a run.
The sleighbells all jingle
wherever they go.
I'm sure that old Santa has fun.

K.O.B.B.

OUR CLASS

In a little old town by the
name of Grant Park
'Mid the houses, some shabby
some neat,
Stands a little old Church in a
green grassy lawn
By the side of a little old street.
To that little white church house
on each Sunday morn
Wend the footsteps of many a
lass;
With her Bible and Lesson book
under her arm
To the King's Daughter's Sunday
School Class.
We elect the class officers once
every year;
Have a meeting once every four
weeks;
And when any member has
something to say
We listen with care while she
speaks.
Each Sunday in summer when
lessons are through
For the morning church service
we sing
And when the sun's hidden by
dark gloomy clouds
We hope that some gladness we
bring.

K.O.B.B.

OUR JUNIOR YEAR

We're here in school again
To start our junior year.
We're all glad to be back;
Not one has shed a tear.
We like our Home Ec. class;
And also Literature.
Our typing, too, is grand
And French we need not fear.
We hope to get along
With our two teachers new.
(This verse was never finished
So this will have to do.)

Polly

M. C. H. S.

There are Liljedahl, Liberty,
Hungerford, Moss
And over all these Mr. Stout
tries to boss.
There's Northrup and Birket and
Immel and Hess.
I'll tell you just what, it's a heck
of a mess.
There are Miss Coontz and
Grimes, there are Scott,
Brown, and Fink,
All try to keep order now what
do you think.
I know them by name and I
know them by sight
But to know both at once would
take all day and night.
Now this is my problem (Per-
haps you can guess)
There are too many teachers in
M. C. H. S.

K.O.B.B.

COMPLAININGS

The long hand swiftly moves
ahead.
Teacher how can I find
Something to tell in English
class
It just won't come to mind.
Of course, now, I might read a
book
Or tell a fairy tale
But I can't do that sort of thing
I'm sure that I would fail.
Our English class is very nice
When Shakespeare's plays we
read
But I prefer some other class
When oral work we need.
Now don't expect too much of me
I'll try to do my best
And if you do not like my speech
Just call one of the rest.

K.O.B.B.

MORN

Crimson and lavender, true blue
and gold.
Oh what a glorious sight to
behold.
Millions of dewdrops sparkle
close by
As slowly the sun mounts the
painted sky.
Close by my window the birds
sweetly sing,
"Get up, sleepy head, it's morn-
ing and Spring."
Out in the meadow a blanket of
dew
Glitters like diamonds 'neath
heavens of blue.
"Come out and join us," the trees
seem to say;
Oh! what a happy beginning of
Day.
The sky has turned blue; all the
painting is gone.
Don't ever sleep late or you'll
miss—the Dawn.

K.O.B.B.

TO NONNA

Bethel says she's writing you
Some letters right away.
So you may read them any time,
Perhaps one every day.
You go to California for
A pleasure trip I know.
I hope that every minute
Is of interest as you go.
I do not know if they are wise
To let you go so far;
For way out there in Hollywood
You might become a star.
Be careful please and hurry back
Before this comes about;
For Bethel wants you very much
You she can not live without.

K.O.B.B.

MY THANKS

For father dear who works so
hard
To feed and clothe and shelter,
For mother who has kept our
house
From going helter-skelter,

For brother who is married,
And his wife and little girl,
For sister Gene who's quiet
And detests the social whirl,

For tiny little Polly as she
Reads and plays and sings,
For Nell whose shiny big brown
eyes
So many "fellers" brings,

For Dallas and for Floris and
The dolls that they have got,
For Jackie who is seven and
The mischief of the lot,

For Billie girl so little
Who with all her gladness shares
And for my dearest husband
Who has shouldered all my cares

For home and its connections
And my friends both far and
near.
I have so many new things to
Be thankful for this year.

For those who've gone before me
And for those who are to come.
I thank the Lord I'm happy
And don't share the lot of some.

For Jesus who has taught us
How to love and live and pray.
My life is full of blessings
On this glad Thanksgiving day.

K.O.B.B.

THE OLD GANG

The old gang aint what it used to
be

When I was just a kid.
There were brother and Gene
and Polly and Nell,
And boy! The things we did.
There were Dallas and Floris
and little Jack

And Wilma, the baby so dear.
With Mother and Daddy and I
we had
A home full of laughter and
cheer.

I miss the old home and its jolly
times.

For some have married and gone.
The others are grown up and
sparkin' now

And will marry as time passes
on.

Now I have a loving husband
And the two sweetest kids in the
land.

But I'll never forget the happy
days

With the good old Bradshaw
Clan.

K.O.B.B.

SCHOOL

The second semester
Of school has begun
With laughter and happiness.

Oh my! What fun.
No working for board now
Or rushing all day.

I really believe that
I'll have time to play.
I'm up at five-thirty,
But what does that matter?

It gives me more time to
Read books and to chatter.
So hurrah for school days
And the joys they bring;
At least for a while
Until it becomes spring.

Polly

A LESSON AT SCHOOL

The school has begun
This long autumn day
And the pupils all knew
They had no time for play.
So they got out their books
And started to work.
No duties, they thought,
They ever should shirk.
They started to work
So quiet and good
When somebody giggled
As loud as he could.
It was Johnnie, a sophomore,
So this year you see
That he is as happy
As he could be.
The teacher then scolded
And looked very stern;
But Johnnie, his face
From a grin could not turn.
He tried and he tried
But I know you can guess
That poor little Johnnie
Had no success.
Now the teacher got mad
And to Johnnie she said,
"Why can't you be good!
You are very bad."
Then he laughed just a little
And she said not a word.
But moved him over
About three rows more.
Now he's in the corner
And I hope you all know
That laughing and playing
In this school, don't go.
So when you get tickled
Just think of the boy
Who sits in the corner
Regretting his joy.

Dallas

Let me talk. Oh me oh my,
I wish we go swimming and take
a dive. Bill

THE SOPHOMORE POET

We sat and looked wise as
Juniors will do
When the Sophomores have
something to say.
"I'm writing a poem," said one
busy Miss,
But I can't find a rhyme word
for day.
Play, clay, May, away,
Yet she can't find a rhyme word
for day.
It has to be something 'bout be-
ing at school
When the skies were all cloudy
and gray
Like we were all here looking
gloomy and sad,
But that, said the Miss, don't
rhyme day.
Gay, fray, May, array,
Yet she can't find a rhyme word
for day.
Then "Goodie, I've got it," she
suddenly cried
"Now listen you Juniors I pray
'Twas a terrible day, for the
skies were all gray
Now is gray not a rhyme word
for day?
Hay, lay, bay oh say,
Is gray not a rhyme word for
day?"

K.O.B.B.

WINTER

Winter is so very nice,
It's glistening white so cool;
And all the water turns to ice,
Which was once a rippling pool.
Winter skys are usually gray
But sometimes very bright.
The trees all like to swing and
sway
And sometimes seem to fight.

Jack

WHY CAN IT BE

Why can it be the Father gave
His one and only Son,
And sent Him down upon this
earth
A life of trials to run?
Why did he give His Wondrous
Babe
A lowly manger bed,
And though He came to rule the
world
No crown placed on His head?
Why can it be our Savior bore
The cross of Calvary,
And felt the nails within His
hands
Without one weary plea?
Why did he make no cry of pain,
No word in anger say;
But asked the Lord to bless the
men
Who mocked at Him that day?
Was it because the mighty love
Of He who dwells on High
Is great enough that He can bear
Our sins for you and I?
If this be so then we should
strive
To make His burden light.
And though the wrong may hold
more charm
Turn always to the right.

K.O.B.B.

SENIORS

Our last year of school
Has finally begun.
We're seniors this year you see.
So happy and jolly
And full of fun,
Just merry as we can be.
Of course we're supposed
To be dignified.
Our teachers all tell us so.
Now don't we act
Just like our elders?
We sit here so quietly you know!

Polly

DREAMING

They say the Philipinos are quite
nice in their romance,
The girls and boys oft exchange
a shy and loving glance.
Now I have seen a picture of the
moon on quiet Bay.
I've also seen a photo of the sun
at close of day.
The scene is quite romantic and I
feel that I could find
A quiet peaceful evening with
my cares all left behind.
A canoe made out of rushes and
the soft moonlight above
Sweet breezes blowing round
you what a place to fall in love
Now if I could find a fellow with
blue eyes and wavy hair
Who would sing me peaceful
love songs I'd be happy over
there.
But he must be fair complex-
ioned and he must have eyes
of blue.
For a dark skinned black eyed
native I am sure would
never do.

K.O.B.B.

FATHER

F is for the fun I've had with
Daddy.
A just means he's ageless,
always young.
T is for the tenderness he shows
me,
H is for the heartfelt songs he's
sung.
E means he's to everyone a
buddy,
R means he is righteous, rugged,
rare.
My memories of home are
linked with Daddy,
'Cause I know there'll always
be a welcome there.

K.O.B.B.

WHEN SANTA COMES

When Santa comes to our house
Our hearts with joy most bust.
We hope he has as much for all,
For all are good we trust.

On Christmas eve we hung our
socks

Above the fireplace.

And then we hustled off to bed
With happy smilin' face.

But Santa found our socks too
small

To hold the presents many.

I'm very much afraid that they
Have cost a pretty penny.

For Daddy there were socks and
gloves,

Some candy and a rule,

Some handkys and a pocket comb

A scarf for when it's cool.

And Mother got a bright red
purse,

Some stationery dandy,

Raindana, powder, lipstick,

And peanut brittle candy,

Babushka, white with roses red,

An after dinner ring,

A moonstone dish for powder.

'Twill be a handy thing.

Then Dotsy got a dollhouse

With furniture complete.

A tiny doll with silky hair,

A candy bar to eat,

A little glass, some clothes pins.

A sleepy suit and slate,

A whistle like policemen use

When keeping traffic straight,

A purse with book and mirror,

Some corduroys blue,

A gathered skirt of paisley,

A pretty sweater too,

A book of pretty paper dolls,

A dress of checked green,

With dainty lace for Sunday
wear,

She'll look just like a queen.

Now Dicky has a dandy farm

With animals and fence,

A house, and barn and chicken
house.

His wealth must be immense.

A pretty suit with checked shirt,

Some corduroys brown

A sweater just like sister's

And when he goes to town,

He'll wear a shirt so silky white

With pink pants buttoned on.

He has a glass to drink from

But the candy bar is gone.

A magic slate and helmet

And a soldier dressed in blue;

And when things get too quiet

He has a whistle too.

A nice blue flannel sleepy suit,

A pair of wine suspenders,

And sister has a green pair.

And this must be the enders.

K.O.B.B.

MC ARTHUR

Standing by the window

Looking at the sky

I saw 'merican Stars and Stripes

Waving there on high.

I thought of great McArthur,

He's like it in a way;

He stands for truth, brave cour-

age,

He proves that every day.

If all the young strong fellows

At work on farms, in school,

Would show their loyal spirit

In everything they do,

Would help by building models,

The air corps needs them sure,

Would go help Uncle Sammy

So good, so brave, so pure;

This war would soon be ended

I truly do declare.

Go 'cross and help McArthur

He needs you over there.

N.B.C.

**DOROTHY - JEANNE
BEAUCHAMP**

D for the dimple that's cleft in
her chin.

O for that odd little one-sided
grin.

R for the roses that bloom in her
cheeks.

O for how often she smiles every
week.

T for the twinkle in each little
eye.

H for the happiness brought you
and I.

Y for the yelling she does when
she's mad;
Though it's not often for she's
seldom bad.

J means she's jolly tho just a bit
shy.

E for her eyes that are blue as
the sky.

A for admirers wherever she
goes.

N for her wee little button of
nose.

N for the nails on her hands and
her feet.

E for the ears that are tiny and
sweet.

B for the beauty of things that
she'll do.

E means she's eager and earnest
and true.

A for her age; just 2 months and
a day.

U means she's usually pleasant
and gay.

C for the curl that is not in her
hair.

H means she's happy and free
from all care.

A for her arms that are perfect-
ly sound.

M for her mouth that is little
and round.

P is how proud both her parents
should be
That she is their daughter so
tiny and wee.

K.O.B.B.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

'Tis sunset; and the gentle calm
of twilight,

Brings peace and understanding
to the earth.

Then darkness; and the stillness
of the evening,

Calls forth sweet tidings of the
Holy Birth.

Long years ago in Bethlehem,
Judea

A single star shone wondrous
clear and bright.

And far away the shepherds on
the hillside

Were frightened by the strange-
ness of the light.

A voice, so soft and gentle, bade
them follow.

They found the stable 'neath the
shining ray

And there within, so sweetly in
the manger,

A Baby sleeping on a bed of hay.
The years roll by, yet, still do we

remember

The Birthday of the Virgin's
Holy Child;

At Christmas time we feel a joy
in giving

Inspired by that sweet Baby,
meek and mild.

Then Hail the coming of the
Christmas Season,

The Hollidays, may they be full
of fun.

We wish you all a Merry, Merry
Christmas

And a Happy New Year when
the week is done.

K.O.B.B.

CHRISTMAS

The air is thick with falling snow
The earth is clothed in white
The reindeer on the housetops go
For this is Christmas night.
The stockings by the chimney
hang

The coals are glowing red.
The children lovely carols sang
Then scurried off to bed.
Then suddenly without a sound
The reindeer hither dash
And down the chimney with a
bound

Comes Santa like a flash.
With speedy hands he fills the
hose

His face is wreathed in smiles
Then swiftly up the chimney
goes.

He travels many miles.
So Christmas comes to all the
world

And so it goes away.
But is the Christian flag unfurled
On this, a Holy Day?
We all must strive to make it so
And carry added cheer
That Christ to other hearts may
go
Throughout the coming year.

K.O.B.B.

FANCIES

The birds are singing merrily,
The air is fresh and clear.
The grass is greening underfoot
Yet I, imprisoned here,
Must study for a history test
The deeds of ancient kings,
The causes of their petty wars
And numerous other things.
Somehow my mind won't con-
centrate

I wish that I were there;
That I might be forever free
To roam 'neath skies of blue.

The flowers are blooming, yet all
day

I sit in study halls,
Persuing dry historic facts
While all of nature calls.
I know these things will help me
out

In future years, but still
I cannot stop my thoughts when
they

Go soaring at their will.
I must get down to studies
If my tests I hope to pass
But oh! I'd so much rather be
Out roaming in the grass.

K.O.B.B.

COLUMBUS

From Italy's familiar shores
Into the misty blue
They sailed across uncharted seas
Columbus and his crew.
Straight for the unknown West
they steered
Their tiny fleet of three.
For days and weeks they jour-
neyed on
O'er that tumultuous sea.
They knew not what the future
held

"Let us turn back," they cried.
But all their pleadings were in
vain

Then one day, land they spied.
On unknown shores 'mid un-
known men
Columbus anchored fast.
He had no fear, he only thought,
"Tis India at last."

When no rich treasures there he
found

To verify his plan
He turned about and sailed for
home

A disappointed man.

K.O.B.B.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

The room was in darkness, the
fire burning low
And shadows were huge on the
wall.

A poor mother sat by the logs
gentle glow,
And wept for her darlings so
small.

"Oh what can I give them Dear
Father," she pled
As she lifted her eyes to the sky,
"The money is gone and there's
not any bread"

Then she gently continued to cry.

"Oh where is their father, 'tis
long since he went
To be gone just three weeks I
was told;
But months have rolled by and
the money is spent
And his children are hungry and
cold."

Her eyes softly closed and her
head, dropping low,
Came to rest on the arm of her
chair;

She slept in exhaustion, the
flames placed a glow
On her face, which was wrinkled
with care.

A man at the window one mo-
ment was seen,
His eyes were alight with desire.
He entered and paused but a
second to lean
O'er the shadowy form by the
fire.

Then silent, but swiftly he bent
to his task;

In the corner erecting a tree
With bundles beneath, then he
put on a mask,
'Twas Santa Claus plainly to see.
He then pulled a table away
from the wall

And placed on it candy and fruit;
He put a new blanket on each
little bed,
And last, donned a Santa Claus
suit.

He pulled from his pocket a
small silver bell
And rang it, his eyes on the beds.
And from them, aroused by the
tones gentle swell,

Came instantly three curly heads.

"Oh Mother it's Santa Claus,"
one of them cried,
The mask he let fall from his
face.

"No 'tisn't it's Daddy," she ran to
his side,

The other two joined in the race.

He turned to the mother embrac-
ing them all,

She lifted her hands to the sky.

"Tomorrow's Christ's birthday,
He answered my call.

Give thanks to the Father on
High."

K.O.B.B.

MY HUSBAND

The sunshine is so pretty
Its rays are everywhere
The spring is nearing swiftly
So fragrant sweet the air.

I am a lonely senior
When I'm attending school
But joy, what a husband
At home I mind his rule.

I love him oh so dearly
I know he loves me too.
He always makes me happy
But never makes me blue.

So all you girls with sweethearts
Who think 'bout love you know,
I'll advise you, don't you marry,
Unless yours, too, is Joe.

N.B.C.

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

When my childhood days have
vanished
And my mind is quite mature;
When I've learned to bear grave
sorrows
And sad losses to endure;

When I've worked and given
mother
Things enough for luxury,
And the children are all happy,
Here is what I long to be:

First, I fain would have a family;
With a partner fond and true,
Who is kind to all around him,
Always happy, never blue.

Home sweet home with little
children;
Daughters small with eyes of
blue,
With their jolly fair-haired
brothers,
And a baby's happy coo.

I would be the kind of mother
Who's a Pal both day and night;
I would make of home a comfort
Quiet evenings a delight.

I would make of home a haven
So my boys would never stray;
I would have Our Christ a mem-
ber
Of my household every day.

If these things I could accomplish
I would have a feeling, how,
I had partly filled my mission
When it's Twenty Years From
Now.

K.O.B.B.

AMBITION?

While walking down the street
one day
In my routine of work
I saw a young man laboring
Who duty doesn't shirk.
He had been beating vigorously
His sister's parlor rug.
But then he gently waved the
broom
Not to disturb a bug.
He didn't see me when I passed
His mind was so intent
Upon the task which he per-
formed
'Til he was nearly spent.

K.O.B.B.

AUTUMN

The flowers bloom along the
road,
Some yellow and some blue.
There are golden rod, and wild
sunflowers,
And small blue gentians too.
The grapes also are purpling
On roadside vines so low.
And all the birds begin to wing
South to the sun's warm glow.
The butterflies all flutter past
Or light on grasses tall.
They're looking for some food to
store
Before the snow does fall.
Now all the children great and
small,
To school their steps are turning;
Where teachers wait to welcome
them
And help them with their
learning.
Then let us give a cheer for fall,
And all the gifts of nature.
For when the winter snows set
in,
They'll be beyond our capture.

Polly

BEAUTY

Just what is beauty after all
But trouble in disguise?
Though waters glitter smooth
and clear
Beneath, the current lies.

Quite handsome is the busy bee
That buzzes round the rose;
But he's a dangerous enemy
As everybody knows.

A girl whose features clear and
true
Show every trace of charm,
Has much to dread, for pretty
looks
Might lead her into harm.

Much safer is the plainer girl
Who still may pleasant be,
And though her face does not
attract
We greater merits see.

Be mindful of the deep blue eyes
Or tresses soft and fair;
Look farther for the better
things;

Find out if truth is there.
Seek first for faith and honesty.
And habits right or wrong,
Find out if he is worth your
while

Then you may sing your song.
'Tis nice to have a handsome
beau,

But we must not forget;
That handsome is as handsome
does,

And we will find him yet.
Don't let great beauty turn your
head

Looks only go skin deep,
And lest you seek the greater
charms
You may have cause to weep.

K.O.B.B.

OCTOBER WEATHER

The burning bush is dying out
And turning sombre brown
The leaves make colored carpets
in

All corners of the town.
Above the sky is sapphire blue
The clouds are white as snow.
The air is filled with tiny seeds
October's here we know.
The nuts drop softly everywhere
Like sounds of fairy feet
Who come to paint in Autumn
hues

The trees along the street.
The milk weeds silk in cosy pods
No longer will remain
But sails upon the gentle breeze
And ne'er returns again.
The air is fragrant with the
smoke

Of campfires warm and bright
Around which young folks like
to sit

Just after it is night.
At intervals the screech owl's
call

Sounds from a distant wood.
Wild tales of ghosts and
Halloween

Make little children good.
The corn is shocked in even rows
Bright pumpkins lay between
They'll Jack'o'lanterns make no
doubt

The night of Halloween.
The wild haws by the country
lanes

Have turned a crimson hue.
The waters of the bubbling
brooks

Reflect the sky of blue.
The Autumn days are going by
The Summer days are done.
And we are looking forward now
To winter's jolly fun.

K.O.B.B.

SPRING

(a letter)

Hello Gang, what's cookin'?
How's your future lookin';
Better, worse, or just the same
old thing?

Here the birds are singin',
Butterflies are wingin',
Yes I really think t'will soon be
spring.

Little lambs a blattin',
Wrens and sparrows matin',
Frogs a croakin' ceaseless night
and day;

Pears and peaches bloomin',
Creeks once more a boomin',
Matters not if skies are blue or
gray.

Pasture fields are greenin'
Birds their feathers preenin',
Rain drops sprinkle lightly here
and there;

Thunder came and lightenin',
Now the skies are brightenin',
Ah the sun shines out and all is
fair.

Heaven may be brighter
Burdens may be lighter;
But until my earthly days are
o'er,

I feel mighty lucky
Cause I'm in Kentucky
Where my loved ones lived in
days of yore.

K.O.B.B.

SPRING

A balmy breeze that whispers
low
A little drop of rain
A tiny ray of warming sun
That's shining not in vain
A fringe of lace upon the trees
A feathered host to sing
By all these tiny little signs
We know at last 'tis spring.

K.O.B.B.

BIRDS

One clear and frosty October day
The birds arose and flew away.
Some flew east and some flew
west,

For all of them knew where he
liked best.

It was getting cold and they
knew they must go

For the south was warmer and
had no snow.

They liked the sun and the gen-
tle breeze

Better than staying here to
freeze.

So they flew away to stay till
spring.

Then to come back again to sing.
But don't you suppose that the
Southern Land

Thinks, just like us, that our
birds are grand?

They like for them to sing so gay
It makes the children like to
play.

So I think that we should, just
for fun,

Share the birds with everyone.

Dallas

OUR FRESHMAN TEACHERS

There are eight of us girls
Who are just starting in
To learn some Algebra
With Mr. Naden.
We have Civics with Ruby
And English with Pasel.
Then again with Naden
We strive and we wrestle
To learn about Science,
And logic and things;
And then after that's through
We start playing games,
With O'Donnell as teacher.
We have lots of fun
As everything's new
And the term's just begun.

Polly

THE WAYS OF LIFE

He stood on the walk by the
highway
A man grayheaded and old;
Nobody noticed his weary look
Though the wind was rising and
cold.
Some girls came along from the
schoolhouse.
"He's crazy," they whispering,
said.
They ran, and he started to chase
them,
While laughing in glee they fled.
"Please don't tease him," one
schoolgirl requested,
"You know that you would not
enjoy
The plight of some one of your
loved ones
Whom children might wish to
annoy.
This man may be somebody's
father.
His children may seek him today
And because he is sadly afflicted,
He has wandered, unheeding,
away.
So now come away and stop
teasing
And tho' he much farther may
roam,
We pray that our Father in
Heaven
May guide him again safely
Home.

K.O.B.B.

THE WIND AT PLAY

'Saw the wind at play one day.
He blew the leaves around.
He first would blow them off the
tree;
They covered all the ground.

Polly

WHY FALL IN LOVE

My mother watches me so close
Each falsehood she knows well;
But I am only seventeen
Why fall in love pray tell?

Her lover came when very young
Not seventeen, I hear,
And that is why they're watch-
ing me.
I'll fall in love they fear.

I've played with naughty cousins
And got hurt when they would
shove.
If falls prove so disastrous,
Then why fall in love?

I've climbed tall trees and never
had
A tumble from above;
So why give up my record now
For little things like love?

I want to get a steady job,
And oft write rhymes sincere;
If I should give my time to love
'Twould finish my career.

I've fallen from the hayloft
Or when swinging in a swing,
And always I was sorry
I had tried the foolish thing.

I've fallen in the water
When cold winds went whistling
by

And spent a dreary afternoon
In doors where I could dry.

Perhaps I flirt a little bit
When fellows wander near
But when they say I'll fall in
love

I never have a fear.

Someday I mean to settle down
And darn the sock and glove.
But I shall take my time for that
For why fall in love?

K.O.B.B.

FYDO

His eyes are brown but partly
green;
His fingernails are seldom clean;
His hair is black slicked down
with grease;
His flashing dimples never cease.
When out on lovely rides we go
Our eyes do at each other glow
Once in a while we steal a smack
For this we both have quite a
knack.
I know he has another girl
Her hair is straight and will not
curl
Sometimes it seems he likes her
better
But I don't think that he will get
her.
For when his lips on mine are
pressed
I really think he loves me best.
My heart goes jumping all
around
And does it ever pound.

Kit and Bets

WE, THE SOPHOMORES

There are two of us gone
But, nevertheless,
We're the largest class in school.
We always obey
What the teacher says:
And never break the rule.
But if you should ask them—Oh
mercy!
I guess that you'd better not.
For they might disclose some
secrets
That we'd rather have forgot.
So maybe we ought to do better,
And study our lessons well;
So there'll be no secrets buried
That they'd rather not have to
tell.

Polly

FAREWELL

Dear Grant Park High and class-
mates all,
How well do we remember
What happiness came in the fall,
Beginning in September.
We started out a new career
And hoped that we might finish
We'd like to get our final year
But now our hopes diminish.
Familiar haunts we bid goodbye,
We know that we must go.
But for three perfect years gone
by.
Our gratitude we show.
We must attend a different
school
And never here return;
But we will ever keep thy rule
And for thy friendship yearn.
K.O.B.B.

SEPTEMBER

September's here and Labor Day
And oh! such loads of fun
We see old friends of yesterday
For school has just begun.
The grapes hang ripening on the
vine
The Autumn flowers bloom;
Old classmates loving arms en-
twine
Within the study room.
Our lessons still are scarce begun
And can't be hard as yet
So, soon as written work is done
Our studies we forget.
We go for hikes along the lanes
In search of reddening leaves
One who gets caught in Autumn
rains
A proper bath receives.
And so September's here at last
Mid signs of cheer and joy.
It is the best time of the year
For every girl and boy.

K.O.B.B.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS
(a letter)

Dear Folks:

The day is dark and dreary
And we're all tired, I fear,
Of Christmas sweets and goodies.
I wish you had been here
To help us eat our chicken,
Potatoes, peas and such,
And pies and swell fruit salad.
I'm 'fraid I ate too much.

I got a lot of presents:
A dresser set from dad
And mom, of course, together
And I'll say, "It's not bad!"
I got three books from Russell,
A pyrex plate from Gene,
Also a spade-shaped candy dish
Cute as you've ever seen.
From Nell and Joe together
Some stationary white,
From Dal another candy dish,
Fan-shaped and clear and bright.
From Floris next, I got a comb
From Jack dish number three,
From Frank and Alma Heldt I got
A "Ponds" set. So you see

My lips are red with lipstick.
Some powder, too, was there.
Also some cream to give my face
It's daily beauty care.

My Sunday school instructor
Gave me a Testament
With words of Christ in red
throughout.

The covers can be bent.
Besides all this I got some socks
From Aunt Ruby and then
Another pair from Grandma.
My own were getting thin.

And so you see my Christmas
Was filled with joy and cheer.
And now I want to wish you
A Happy, Glad New Year.

I hope you'll write me often
And be as gay and jolly
As on this day I'm sure you are.
Your loving sister, Polly.

Polly

OLD MAN WINTER

The lad who came so gaily
To shake the trees in fall
And scatter nuts upon the
ground
Then spread leaves over all,
Grew older as the days flew by.
He soon was grim and tall.
The youth who wove a blanket
white
With flakes of shining snow
To keep the roots of flowers
warm
Till once again they grow,
Has frozen all the lakes and
ponds
So folks may skating go.
But as I see him once again
Upon a still March day,
Forgotten are the lad and youth.
I see an old man gray;
Who's using all his artistry
Before he goes away.
He's breathed upon each cedar
tree
Till heads are lowly bow'd.
The oak and locust still and bare
Each wear an icy shroud.
The ground is lightly flecked
with snow
The sky o'ercast with cloud.
Tomorrow by the calendar
We see at last 'tis spring.
But old man winter on his way
Has had his last big fling.
For well he knows his hour is
past
When bells at midnight ring.

K.O.B.B.

NOVEMBER DAYS

Across the sky in pointed flocks
The geese sail out of sight
The trees have shed their
Autumn frocks
Their limbs are bare and white.

Jack Frost has made his early
round
To every flower bed
The plants are wilted to the
ground
And every bloom is dead.

The farmers all are husking corn
The stalks their treasure yield
At six o'clock each frosty morn
They journey to the field.

The grass is slowly turning
brown
Thanksgiving is in sight.
The snow will soon be drifting
down
To change the brown to white.

The turkeys all are fat and prime
The pumpkins stored away,
And all are waiting for their
time
A feast, Thanksgiving Day.

The stars shine brightly in the
sky
And all is still below
The moon is coldly sailing by
No lovers strolling go.

At evening when the sun goes
down
We feel the north wind's blast.
And by these many signs we
know
November's here at last.

K.O.B.B.

AMERICANS

They marched away so proud
and brave
To fight for this land so dear.
The job is started but there's
plenty to do
Before our freedom is here.
So fight with might and with all
you've got
For freedom you love so true.
The stars and stripes still wave
on high.
The victory's up to you.
Now some of them won't come
back we know,
But others we will cheer;
Who come marching home from
war at last
To say there is nothing to fear.
Some are wounded and some are
dead,
But others are starting now
To push the Japs and Germans
back.
They're Americans—They know
how!

Dallas

HOUSEHUNTING

When the landlord has rented
the house you live in,
And you have no place to go;
Then you lie awake and wonder
If you'll be set out in the snow.
You travel all over the country
And through the streets of town
And dream about where you'll
abide
When the moon again shines
down.
Then at last, "Hooray! I've
found it.
Now, dad, what do you think?"
And dad says, "It's O.K. by me,
son."
Tonight I'll sleep in a kink.

Polly

THE LOVE BUG

I first say golly and then say gee
But the love bug still won't bite
on me.

I try to look the best I can
But the way I look don't interest
man.

I comb my hair and put on paint
And think I look 'most like a
saint;
And son-of-a-gun I just cain't see
Why the love bug still won't bite
on me.

I guess I'm's good as any one
But settin' home I don't think's
fun.
When the other kids are on a
spree
The love bug still won't bite on
me.

Come on kid and tell the way
You always hook the fellow gay.
And then before you could say
Yipee
The love bug would come and
bite on me.

TO MY MOTHER

When things go wrong the
whole day long
You sympathize. You know
Just what to do and how to act
To make me forget my woe.
Sometimes I'm very naughty.
This makes you cross and so sad
That I am sorry as can be
And try hard not to be bad.

I never ask for anything
That you don't give me, as soon
As you realize my heart's desire;
(Providing it's not the moon).

So that is why I want to give
This greeting so sincere
With many a Happy Birthday
wish

To you, my mother dear.

Polly

FRESHMEN

There are Irma and Shirley and
Jennie Mae
And Eloise, Thelma and I,
And last but not least come
Geraldine
And Eva in Grant Park High.

The boys are twelve in number;
Ralph, Roy, Arthur and James,
And Robert and Alvin and
Wilmer,
Who sometimes are good in
games.

Neg.

There are also Donald and—(Oh
yes)—Dale,
And Elmer and Walter and Wes.
And that is all of the freshman
class
In Grant Park High I guess.

And we hope we will all be
together
When our sophomore year begins
And continue together these four
short years
As the truest and best of friends.

Polly

GIVE US PEACE

Thanks to God we readily give
That today we still may live
While our men fight faithfully
Soon to bring us liberty,
War on water, war on shore
Give us peace. We want no war.
Up above the skies are blue
And the grass is wet with dew.
Many homes now incomplete
Many orphan children sweet;
Many deaths and many ill,
Oh why not peace on earth good
will?

Once the Christ Child from
above
Brought this earth his lasting
love.
Let us stop war and be kind
So the sun once more will shine.
Let's repent and so be saved.
Let a new true road be paved,
Built direct to Heaven's door.
Give us peace. We don't want
war.

N.B.C.

