

Robins
~~*Robins*~~
Robins
Robins
Robins

Li-Rite

PATENTS PENDING

Notes

No. 518½

LI-RITE LICENSE NO. 1

Clothes don't
make the man.

A verse written at Rattwe camp & song.

When I go to church on
Sunday morning

I dress up as stylish
as can be.

When I go to church on
Sunday morning. Every
body turns & looks at

me. See here comes a
friend of mine this
minute. I will tip my
hat & say good day!

When she sees the way
I'm dressed stylish coat
and fancy vest.

Then will find out what
she has to say.

Chas.

Handsome is as handsome
does so the wise man
say. feathers fine may
make fine birds but
folks are not that way
it's what is in your
heart that counts. deny
it if you can.

I'm not impressed with
how you dressed for
clothes don't make the
man

Lord give

That is very good advice
your giving. Are you sure
you practice what you
preach. That is very old
advice. I'm giving
it a lesson that one

all should teach. I'll remember
it if you will promise
never to be haughty,
proud, or a sinner. That
a bargain mister man
for it is the safest plan.
Now let's just repeat those
words again.

Dance Marlene (this is the group
 Dance Sandra of girls I took
 turpin Carol through 3 yrs.
 anderson La Marie Beehive work
 in Thomas way
 Edith.
 Mrs. Elona Young
 Mrs. Mary Turpin (helped when
 girls left)
 Jenny Lee, Broadhead Lake
 Peggy Wood
 Agnes Brown
 Jewel Hemmer
 Alice Harmon
 Glenda Bains
 Leola Robinson took trip with us
 Florence Young
 Elaine " took trip. my niece
 Anna Clough
 Melba Goodwin
 Emma Jackson
 Shirley Standard
 Isabelle Hawks
 Carmma Standard
 Marva Dance
 Mona
 Barbara

Sally Vanorden gave this in 5 school

= Likes calls to like =

1. If you walk as a friend,
 you will find a friend
 where ever you choose to fare,

If you go with mirth
 to a far strange land.
 you will find that mirth
 is there.

For the strangest part
 of this queer old world is
 that like will join
 with like, and who walks
 with love ^{far} with his fellow
 men an answering love
 will strike.

2. If ^{you} ~~you~~ walk in honor
 then honest men will
 meet you along the way;
 But if you be false

you will find men false,
wherever you chance to stray.
For good breeds good & bad
breeds bad; for we are met
by the traits we show.

Love will find a friend
at the stranger's door; when
hate will find a foe.

3 For each of us builds the
world he knows, (spoils;
which only him self can ^{spoils}

and an hour of hate or an
hour of shame can run
a life of toil.

and thro to the utmost
ends of the earth. your
duty may bid you fare,

If you walk with truth and
a friendly heart, you will
find friends waiting there.

--- Edgar a Guest

= Galantry =

1 When love has laughed
and passed me by,
when wonderment has set me
free,

I will not mourn for ^{youth}
and cry,
for days that used to be

2 When grim despair has
touched my hand; with
fingers that are cold & white,
I still will try to under-
stand that dawn - hence
follows night!

3 I think that I will wear
a dress of scarlet silk, and
that my head will be
so high, that none will
guess my heart is dead.

And oh; my laughter will
ring out,

Like silver bells ^{against} ~~against~~ the
snow;

And I will gather folks about
whose faces glow.

5

My soul with glances, beyond
the sky, the gleaming gold
of April weather, when youth
and love and life and I
were all together.

6

When ~~you~~ ~~and I~~ ~~with~~ has laughed and
passed away,

When winterment has set me free
my path will lead through
yesterday, toward all that
is to be.

-- The Souls Captain --

Art thou in truth? Then
~~what~~ of him.

Who brought thee with his
blood?

Who plowed in to devouring
seas, and snatched thee
from the flood?

2

Who bore for all our fallen
race what none but him
could bear.

The God who died that
man might live, and
endless glory share.

3

Man is as bubbles on the
waves, as leaves upon the
tree. Thou, Captain of thy soul
forsook! Who gave that place
to thee?

-over-

4 Free Will is thine--- Free agency,

So ~~good~~ Will to right or wrong; But thou must answer unto him, to whom our ^{soul} ~~soul~~ belong.

5 A

Bend to the dust, that head "unbowed"

Small part of life's great whole!

and see in him and him alone,

The captain of thy soul.

Oren Whitney

-- my Self --

I have to live with my self, and so I want to be fit for my self to know, I want to be able as the days go by.

Always to be able to look my self straight in the eye.

I don't want to stand with the setting sun and hate myself for the things I have done.

2

But I want to go out with my head erect.

I want to deserve all men's respect.

and here in the struggle of same and self, I want to be able to like my self. = over =

³ I don't want to look at
myself and know.

That I am bluff and
bluster ^{empty} show.

⁴

I never can hide myself
from me;

I see what others may never
see;

I know what others may
never know;

I can never fool my self,
and so what ever happens,

I want to be

Self-respecting & conscience
free.

-why He Did It=-

He said that he would
do it, and he had the
nerve to try. a

and the heart to stay right by it

and all obstacles defy

Now we know that he
has done it.

and we know the reason
why.

was because he said
he'd do it. and

and he had the nerve
to try.

-- Judge not --

'How oft we judge our dearest
friends

For things they may say
or do,

* We add a burden to their
souls,
and make their hearts
feel heavy too.

2
The outside coat is all we
see,

We know so little of the cause
perhaps if we could see as
they. We'd let our words
lie in a pause.

3
For unkind words expressed
in haste

oft cause the speaker sad

regret;

The injured one, "Gai" may
forgive, but in his
heart he can't forget.

4

How often when we see a
friend departing from the
path of right,

We give him knocks
that push him down,

Instead of helping win
his fight.

5

If we would take him by
the hand.

And guide him from the ^{thick} snare

We'd keep him from the depths
of sin, from which he must
climb all alone.

= over =

It's oft we see in others
eyes;

We sometimes hate and
hold a grudge

We are ourselves not perfect
yet,

So God alone should be
the judge.

Oh friend could we but
look for good,
The faults and failings
never see

We'd leave the world
far better when,
We pass into eternity.

----- Florence P. Robinson.

Procrastination is

= Putting off until tomorrow -
what you should do today.

Putting off until tomorrow
what you ought to do
today.

Makes you eat the
bread of sorrow in a
humble, helpless way.

If you want to kill
some children, get the
axe and make a start.
If it hurts you like the
decisions for your teeth and
you to part.

Don't put off the operation
till your teeth begin to rot.

If you want to see some
baldy in the lot behind
the hill. Do not send
for Dave and Charley or
your country cousin Bill.

Hitch your horses to the wagon, get your seed and make a start.

Don't become a drone or dragon ^{with wish bone} ~~for~~ a ~~no~~ ~~bone~~ for a heart.

Let your life be ruled by reason do the things you ought to do.

At the time and in the season when the day is bright & blue.

Put it off until tomorrow what you ought to do today.

Is a source of sin & sorrow & a cancer of decay.

If you want to get up early.

grit your teeth and do it now. ~~Heaven~~

Just the snap that extra minute, doesn't help to milk the cow.

If you want to get salvation let me whisper this to you - believe procrastination is a thief and liar, too.

Never put off till tomorrow what you ought to do today, for you'll never buy or borrow any safer better way.

- = A bow Ben Adham - =

A bow Ben Adham, may
his tribe increase;
awoke one night from a
deep dream of peace.

and saw with in the
moon light in his room
making it rich and like
a belly in bloom.

an angel writing in a
book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made
Ben Adham bold.

"What writest thou?" The
Vision raised its head,
and with a look made
of all sweet accord answered

"The names of those who
love the lord." "And is mine
one?" "said a bow" "Nay not so"

replied the angel. A bow
spoke more low, but
cheerly still; and said,
"I pray thee then---" "write
me as one who loves his
fellows men"

The angel wrote & vanished
The next night it came
again with a great awakening
light.

And showed the names
whom love of God had
blessed,

and, Lo! Ben Adham's
name led all the rest.

- = "Unawares." = -

"They say the master is coming."

So I honor the town to day
and none may tell at
whose house or home the
master may choose to stay
and I thought while my
heart beat wildly.

"What if he came to mine?
How should I strive to
entertain and honor my
Great Divine?"

2
Then straight away I turned
to toiling

To make my house more
neat

I swept & polished and
garnished. And decked it
with blossoms sweet.

I was worried for fear the master
should come before my labor was done,
and I had ~~and~~ worked the
faster and watched the ^{sun} hurrying.
3

But right in the midst of my labors
a woman came to my door
she had come to tell me her sorrows
and comfort & aid to implore.

I said I am sorry for you.

But I can't help you to day
I am looking for a great & noble guest
and the pleader turned away
4

But soon there came another,
a cripple pale & gray,
and said "Oh let me stop & rest awhile"
In your home I pray.

I have traveled far since morning,
I am weary, & faint, and weak, - over

my heart is sore with longing,
and "comfort and aid I seek."

5

I said "I am grieved & sorry"
"But I can't help you to day,
I am looking for a great & noble guest"
and the cripple went away
"day wore slowly onward
and my work was almost done
and a prayer was ever in my
heart. That the master to night come."

6

and I thought I would spring
to meet him.
and treat him with utmost care,
when a little child stood by me
with a face so pale & fair,
fair, yet with marks of tears drops
his clothes were tattered & old
a finger was bruised and bleeding
and the little bare feet were cold.

I said, "I am sorry for you,"
you are surely in need of care
But I can not give it to you
now. You must hasten other where"
And at these words a shadow
passed over the blue veined brow
some one will feed and cloth
you dear. But I am busy now.

At length the day was finished
my work was ~~at~~er and done.
my house was polished & garnished
and I watched in the dusk ^{alone}
watched but no foot step sounded
No one stopped at my gate
no one entered my cottage door
I could only pray & wait.
Cont. on Second page

Slogans.

Even a mule can't
kick while he's
pulling.

^{Conference June 16-19 (1949)}
no matter how great the
task we are ask to do.
the power behind the task
is just that much greater.

Swarm night ^{Tues.} May 31, (1949)
a tribute rec. from Mrs. Cammie
when she presented my 5 year ^{Pine} Bee
to. Mold a tender soul.

God help me fashion Lovelina
and song. From this the row
new day I hold, that I may
point some day to shining youth
and say.

These are the lives I helped to
mold.

God make me a teacher in the
true sense. Keep my heart
free from doubt + fear. make
me so brave and strong -- that --
watching they might grow
in strength with me.

9. I waited till night was deepened
And the master had not come
He has entered some other door
I cried; And gladdened some other home
My labor has been for nothing
And I bowed my head and wept.
My heart was crushed with longing
yet in spite of it all I slept.

10
Then the master stood before me
With face so kind and fair;
Three times I have call at your door
and craved your pity and care.
Three times you have sent me
onward, unhelped and uncomforted.
Your chance to serve has fled.

11
"Oh Lord Dear Lord" forgive me
How could I know it was thee?"

my soul was crushed and bowed
in the depth of humility.
He said "Thy sin is pardoned,
but the blessing is lost to
thee--- For the failing to
comfort the least of these,
you have ^{failed} comforted me.
When the Lord has a job.

Now when the Lord has a
job for me I never try to
shirk. I'll drop what I have
on hand and do the good
Lord's work. And my affairs
can run along or wait till
I get thorough. No body else
can do the job that God has
marked out for you.

-- The Better Thing --

It's better to lose with a
conscience clean.

Than to win by a trick
unfair.

It's better to fail and to
know you've ~~been~~ ^{squar}, whatever
the prize ~~is~~.

Than to claim the joy
of a far off goal.
and the cheers of the ~~standers~~
by. and to know down deep
in your inmost soul.

A cheat you must live
and die.

2

who wins by trick may
take the prize.

and at first may think it
sweet. But many a day in the
future lies when he will wish he

had met defeat. For the man
who lost shall be glad at heart,
and waggle with his head up high
while his ~~opponent~~ ^{opponent} knows ~~the~~ ^{high}
must play the part of a cheat
and a living lie.

3

The prize seems fair when the
fight is on,

But save it is truly won
you will hate the thing
when the crowds are gone.
For it stands a false deed
done.

and it's better you never
should reach your goal,
Than ever success to buy,
at the price of knowing
down ^{deep} in your soul. That
your glory is all a lie
Edgar A. Guest.

The Farmer Feeds Us All

The king may rule o'er land and sea,
The lord may live right royally,
The soldier ride in pomp and pride,
The sailor roam o'er ocean wide;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed us all.

The writer thinks, the poet sings,
The craftsman fashions wondrous things,
The doctor heals, the lawyer pleads,
The miner follows precious leads;
But this or that, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed us all.

The merchant, he may buy and sell,
The teacher do his duty well;
And men may toil through busy days
Or men may stroll through pleasant ways.
From king to beggar, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must feed us all.

The farmer's trade is one of worth—
He's partner with the sky and earth.
He's partner with the sun and rain,
And no man loses for his gain.
And men may rise and men may fall,
But the farmer, he must feed us all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,
Who finds us milk and fruit and meat;
May his pockets be heavy, his heart be light,
His cattle and corn and all go right.
God bless the seed his hands let fall,
For the farmer, he must feed us all.

—Copy contributed by R. E. SNYDER.

The Idaho Farmer

Written by Shirley Young.

Golden Memories

Pop & Mom
~~Pop & Mom~~ were married
on a cold Nov. day,

In the year 1927, on the
9th I think they say.

Pop was acting very foolish
gave their mothers quite a scare.

They made their vows in
Logan, at the temple there.

Now they lived quite happily
for just about a year.

They worked hard, for little
things, they considered dear.

Then in the year of 28,
a bouncing baby came,
a darling little girl it
was; and Shirley was her
name.

III Now the next few years they lived, just about the same, and life was growing rosey when a bad depression came.

Times were hard conditions bad, as they could plainly see. But we know our race must grow, so along came Narmade.

IV

At last; the future looked more bright rosey days ahead. But dear pop ^{& more} worked just as hard his family must be fed. Four long years went slowly by, and we had caught our breath. as ^{once} ~~once~~ again the storm blew, to leave little Florence with

V They made their home in Osgood, and were as happy as could be, and there they lived, and farmed with their children three.

"Hurray; here comes that bird again; to fill our hearts with joy, for in 1936 he brought our little Kenny Boy."

VI

Days they came, & days they went, and how the family grew. But ~~they~~ grew a little restless, they wanted something new.

While pop was looking for a place, they didn't have to rent, little Dick made his appearance, another blessed event.

VII At last were safely settled
~~in~~ in a home of peace & rest.
a home that we can call
our own. ^{In Thomas} ~~way out~~ in the West.
But we believed in ^{Family} love
~~ones~~, as you ^{I have} ~~do~~ ^{sign} plainly
so we added to our
collection a doll named
Sealdine.

VIII We're just the great big
family, as happy as can be
may we live and love
together, ^{through out all Eternity} ~~forever~~ happily.
May our lives be moulded
to be true and strong and
loyal, and forever keep
the heritage our parents
planted in the soil.

Author (Shirley Young)

Poem by Shirley

('Mountains')

It was the fourth of July all
happy and gay, we all started
off to have a big day.

We went to the mountains
all covered with flowers,
I sat there and dreamed for
hours & hours.

The pine trees were beautiful
all covered with cones, and
the breezes had the most
wonderful tones.

I started to stroll up the mountain
side and all of a sudden I began
to slide, I lost my footing & went
for a spill and rolled half way
down that rocky hill.

And if it hadn't of been for an
old dead tree, I don't know
what might have happened
to me.

Prayer for the New year
Edgar A. Suest
Cont. by Marie Anderson

Grant me the strength for
day to day.

To bear what burden comes
my way.

Grant me through out this bright
new year, more to endure & less
to fear. Help me to live that
I may be, from spite and
petty malice free.

Let me not bitterly complain
when cherished hopes of mine
prove vain, or spoil with
deeds of hate & rage.

Some fair tomorrow's spotless
page; Lord as the days shall
come & go. In courage let me
stronger grow.

prayer of new year eve.

Let me with patience stand &
wait, a friend to all who
find my gate.

Keep me from ~~envy~~ ^{envy} & from
scurf; as shines the sun
with every morn, on great &
low, so let me give, my love
to all who round me live.

Lord as the New Year dawns
to day. Help me to put my
faults away, let me be big
in little things. Grant me
the joy that friendship brings.
Keep me from selfishness and
spite. Let me be wise in
what is right.

A happy New year! Grant
that I may bring no tear
to any eye.

When this New year in time
shall end. Let it be said
I've played the friend;
Haved lived and loved and
labored here. ^{it}
And made of ~~this~~ a happy
Year.

Swarm night Tuesday May 31, 1949
A tribute given by Mrs. Unit C. H. H. H.
who is my 5th Bee Keeper pen.
I take this class (or a creed for
teachers?)

Dear God I see their faces turned
toward me. I see the eager light
in each bright eye.

I see ^{anticipation} ~~anticipation~~ written there.
Eager hope....

God give me strength to try,
to fill that need. To leave no
vacant space.

Help me to fill those eager
minutes with thoughts. I would
not disappoint them if I failed
to teach them all the lovely things
I ought.

God help me fashion loveliness
and song, from this the raw
new clay I hold.

That I might point some day
to shining youth & say

a creed for teachers (continued)

These are the lives I helped
to mold.

God make me a teacher in the
truest sense. Keep my heart free from
doubt and fear.

Make me so brave & strong--
That watching they might grow
in strength with me.

In memory of Florence's
(Beehive Symbols)

There are ever so many ^{Symbols}
Each one with a meaning so rare
That beehive girls are choosing
to characterize with loving care

There are many lovely flowers
whose beauty & grace do light
There are birds & trees & rivers
and stars that twinkle bright

For my Symbol I've chosen the ^{Daisy}
A flower with petals white
The center is like golden honey
all sparkling & pure & bright

The Daisy means love and gladness
a symbol I'll keep all my life
It will help me find real pleasure
In this world so full of strife.

So beehive girls choose a Symbol
With meaning of loveliness true
It will bring a message of beauty
to gladden your whole life through

Jesus our Brother

The poem Jerry sang was
Jesus our brother kind & good
was humbly born in a stable And
and the friendly beasts around him
stood, Jesus our brother kind & good.

2

"I" said the donkey Shaggy & Brown
"I" his ^{carried} mother up hill & down
"I" carried his mother to Bethlehem ^{town}.

"I" said the donkey shaggy & Brown

3 "I" said the cow

"I" said the cow all white & red. "I"
gave him my manger for his bed.
I gave him my hay to pillow
his head. "I" said the cow all white
& red.

4. I said the sheep with curly horn.
I gave him my wool for his blanket
warm. He wore my coat on a ^{warm} morn.
"I" said the sheep with curly horn.

5 I said the dove from the rafters ^{high}.
We cooed him to sleep that he
should not cry. We cooed him
to sleep my mate & I. "I" said
the dove from the rafters high.

6

Thus every beast by some
good spell, in the stable
dark was glad to tell of the
gifts he gave Emanuel.
the gifts he gave Emanuel.

(This was given at Aunt Josephine's
funeral by Lloyd Fransen)

The Old House of Clay
When I am through with
this old house & mine.

When no more guide lights
through the windows shine
Just box it up and lay it
away. With the other clay
houses of yesterday.

and with it my friends
Just try if you can, to bury
the wrong since first I
began, to live in this house
Bury me deep & forget.

I want to be square and out
of your debt

When I meet the grand
architecture supreme face to
face, I want to be clean,
of course I know it to

late to mend a bad builded
house when you come to the end.

But to you who are building
just look over mine and
make alterations, while there
is still time.

Just study this house no
tears should be shed. It's
like my clay house when
the tenant has fled.

I've lived in this house
many days all alone, ^{just} and
~~the~~ waiting and oh how I long
to go home.

Don't misunderstand me, this
old world divine, with love,
birds and flowers & glorious
sunshine; It's a wonderful plan
and a wonderful plan and
a wonderful wonderful gift
to man.

Yet some how we feel when
= over =

The cycle is complete. There are
dear ones ~~across~~ we are anxious to
meet.

So we open the books and
check up the past, & no more
forced balances this is the last.

Each item is checked each
page must be clean, it's the
passport we carry our brother
supreme.

So when I am through with
this old house of clay, just
box it up & lay it away.
The builder has promised

when this house is spent
to have one all finished with
timber I sent, while I lived
there in this one, of course
it will be exactly as I here
have builded you see.

It's the kind of material we
each send across & if we
build poorly, of course it's

our loss.

You ask what material is
best to select. I was told you
long since by the great
Artiste.

A new commandment I
give unto you.

That you love one another
as I have loved you.

So the finest material to
send up ~~above~~ is clear
straight grained timber of
brotherly love.

Tell incident of boy that lost
in creek mouth.

Taken for Mutual Leader.

CONTESTS

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes on through life,
I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the code,
With my faith and my honor held high;
And if I should lose, let me stand by the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

And Lord, may my shouts be ungrudging and clear,
A tribute that comes from the heart,
And let me not cherish a snarl or a sneer
Or play any sniveling part;
Let me say, "There they ride, on whom laurel's bestowed
Since they played the game better than I."
Let me stand with a smile by the side of the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can,
By proving my worth in the fray,
But teach me to lose like a regular man,
And not like a craven, I pray;
Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode
To victory splendid and high;
Yes, teach me to stand by the side of the road,
And cheer as the winners go by.

—Anon.

path. Evergreen

by Geraldine
Young

I wish I were nine

There is so very
much to learn
when one is only
ten.

About the way the
planets turn
of trees and mines
and men

I'd like to
know what makes
me grow

what makes the
sun to shine
altho I sometimes
worry so I
wish I still
were only nine.

Gene Feldman at Gladis R.S.
out going officer party 750th anniversary

The unlucky age. 13.

Being 13 is a nuisance by
suck.

Mother still washes my ears
and neck. Tells me my shoes
are not properly shined.

Scolds when my shirt tail
is showing behind.

Dad says 13 is time for
some brains. says I am too
old to be playing with brains
when he was my age. he
would like me to know.

He was a miser & earning
real dough.

Movies now cost me a quarter
a time. Kids a year younger
get in for a dime.

Hair cuts like pompadour cost

75.

Boys of 13 are too little to
drive too big for this & too
little for that.

Dad says my head is too big
for my hat

Mom says such fingernail
she's never seen -

Josh but it's tonight when
a guy is 13.

by Geraldine young.

fly little birdie

fly little birdie, away
from the breeze,

away to the mountain,
and over the trees,

fly little birdie, fly
fly fly. fly little birdie,
fly

fly through the air
to a better spot,
don't stop flying
or you might get
shot, fly little birdie,
fly fly fly. fly little
birdie fly.

now rest little birdie

on a limb,
cause the lights
are growing awfully
dim,
the sun's went down
and the moon's com-
ing up. so rest
little birdie rest,
rest little birdie,
rest.

Taken from book
by Ellen Whittier Wilder
poems of passion

"The Beyond.

It seemeth such a little way
to me:

Across to that strange country
the Beyond-

And yet not strange, for
it has grown to be

The home of those of whom
I am so fond.

They make it seem familiar
and most dear, as journeying
friends bring distant regions
near.

2,
So close it lies - that when
my sight is clear

I think I almost see the
glaming strand
and then I feel that those

who've gone from here
are sometimes near enough
to touch my hand;

And often think that but
for our veiled eyes.

We should find heaven ever
about us lies.

3.
I cannot make it seem a day
to dread, when from this dear
earth,

I shall journey out, to that
still dearer country 'the dead,
and join the lost ones,
So long dreamed about.

I love this ~~Earth~~, yet shall
I love to go and meet the
friends that wait for me I
know.

4
I never stand above a bier
and see. (over)

The seal of death set on some
well-loved face
But that I think one more
to welcome me, when I
shall cross the intervening
space, between the land
and that one over there?
One more to make the strange
Beyond seem fair.

5,

And so for me there's no sting
of death, And so the grave
has lost its Victory —

It is but crossing with
abated breath and white set
face — a little strip of sea

To find the loved ones
Waiting on the shore
More beautiful, more precious
Than before.

The Mystery of the Stolen Fish.

① One day we went a fishing
pop, Richard, Florence ^{Harry} Sherry & me.

It was the most thrilling sight
I ever saw. The things that we did see.
But we went right to fishing
and soon caught — 63 —.

② So we wrapped them up in
nice cool grass, with wet
gunny sack all around, and
placed them by a nice cool
stream so they'd be safe & ^{sound}.

③ Now we were getting hungry
pop, Richard, Florence ^{Harry} Sherry & me.

So we spread our lunch, close
by our fish, to protect them
Don't you see.

④ But alas a mother wusel
with long one's to feed, happened
to smell our treasure right
there beside a weed. (over)

and so she did sneak
^{up} under that gunny sack
that day.

and while we sat a
dinner, she ~~took~~ ^{packed} our
nice & fresh fish
~~packed them~~ all away.

W.C.G.

Love at Home - con. Sister Wixom
I read within a poets book
a word that started the page
Stone walls do not a prison make
nor iron Bars a cage. ^(more)
yes it is true, and something
you'll find where'er we roam
That marble floors & gilded walls
can never make a home
But every house where love
abides, & friendship is a ^{guest}
Is surely home. And Home ^{sweet}
home, Is where the heart can
rest.

