

POEMS

by

AGNES STOWELL PINKNEY

1865 - 1954

MARY AGNES STOWELL

Mary Agnes Stowell, eldest of five daughters of Calvin and Priscilla Stowell, was born at Hallock township, Blue Ridge, in Illinois, May 23, 1865.

Her ruling passion was music, she was highly gifted both in piano and vocal. At the age of twelve she became organist of the Congregational church at Lawn Ridge, Ill., and held that position until she moved to Fairmount, North Dakota in 1903.

She attended Eureka College Conservatory and studied piano under a very eminent teacher, W. Waugh Lauder, a friend and pupil of Franz Listz. While there she gloried in musical activity, choral productions, and all musical life of the school. After this, she was a piano teacher more or less steadily for many, many years.

Her marriage to Charles R. Pinkney in 1889 was the outward symbol of a mutual deep, whole-souled devotion. Soon after marriage Agnes Pinkney studied voice under Mme. Donnelly of Peoria, Illinois, and later taught vocal music and led choruses and choirs.

Two children, Priscilla and Paul Stowell, were born to them.

The Pinkneys lived at Lawn Ridge, Illinois, until 1903, engaging in farming, then moving to Fairmount, North Dakota, where they lived the rest of their lives.

At Fairmount, Mrs. Pinkney carried on untiring church work in music for many years, also belonged to the Womens' Literary Club.

She loved nature, beauty in all forms, her esthetic tastes were keen and manifested in music, writing poetry and composing music. Drama fascinated her and her ability in that line was great. As a member of the Literary Club, she contributed many poetic offerings for special occasions, and wrote many more for her own pleasure. Agnes Stowell Pinkney passed away August 13, 1954, at the age of 89, having been preceded by Mr. Pinkney six years earlier.

This volume of poems is published as a loving memorial to her unquenchable fire and enthusiasm for life.

Compiled and edited by her daughter,
Priscilla Pinkney Patterson



MARY AGNES STOWELL

MRS. PINKNEY ACCORDED LITERARY RECOGNITION

The Exposition Press, One Spruce Street, New York City advises that national literary recognition has been accorded to Mrs. Agnes Pinkney, whose poem "Love Voices" has been accepted for inclusion in the World's Fair Anthology of 1939, to be published by the Exposition Press, New York City.

The author, who competed in a \$100.00 poetry prize contest still open to all poets, withstood tremendous meritorious competition in order to become one of the comparatively select few chosen for representation in The World's Fair Anthology. The author has already achieved publication in the following: "Homespun", an anthology of poetry by the General Federation of Women's clubs. "Golden Jubilee", poems of the Statue of Liberty. Anita Brown's "North Dakota Clubwoman," and numerous poems in the local papers.

Mrs. Pinkney gained early recognition as a pianist and singer. A love for writing was suddenly developed trying to kill time, in a Chicago hospital, while convalescing. (Fairmount News—June 1939)

DELIVERANCE

In music alone can my soul find expression,
For friendship like thine seldom found among men,
With thy gracious hand thou hast opened my prison,
And brought me, rejoicing, to homeland again.

O, desolate years stretching vainly before me,
An exile from home in a strange distant land.
Death seemed my one friend as his spell he cast o'er me,
I longed for his presence, I groped for his hand.

And then came a light as from Heaven descended,
And strains as from seraph-touched harp strings sublime,
Your wish had been spoken, my exile was ended,
My soul cannot fathom such friendship as thine.

General Topics

LIBERTY

For fifty years your hand has held the Light,
Till mankind groping, striving,
came to see The glory of your spirit, and that we
Who hold all men as equal in our sight
Trusting in God to do the simple right,
Have kept inviolate our legacy,
So that all nations of the world shall be
As brothers... not by might
Of war and hate is born your heritage,
O, Liberty, in the long years to come
You shall not want for recompense, your wage
The brotherhood of country, race and home,
The Star of Peace upon each distant land,
The Light of Freedom held by every hand.

(From "Golden Jubilee" edition of poems on Liberty by The Post Press, Rockefeller Center—One of fifty best poems written on Liberty to commemorate the fifty years since the Statue of Liberty was brought to our shores.)

-oOo-

LIBERTY

Majestic mother of our well loved land,
Scanning with eagle eye the distant sea.
Tow'ring in regal beauty, torch in hand
Guarding your childrens' birthright—Liberty.

Your faithful vigil, kept for fifty years,
Has beacon proved—refreshing memory.
Lest we forget the anguish, pain and tears,
That gave us peace, and home and liberty.

Ages ago a little Pilgrim band,
Braving the perils of an unknown sea.
Sought refuge in this beauteous stranger land,

That they might worship God in liberty.

Our fathers bled and died that they might give,
Their children freedom from the sceptre's sway.
A priceless heritage while we shall live,
A sacred gift—blood bought, our liberty.

-oOo-

WHAT AILS MY HEART?

One morning bright and early in the merry month of May,
When happy birds were carolling mid apple blossoms gay,
A laughing, care-free girl and her artless swain
Were strolling 'neath the trees in the flower-strewn lane.

She asked "why are you silent, pensive, sad,
When everything in nature is so gay and glad?"
He answered "O, forgive me, I am sad 'tis true,
Because I have strange heart attacks when I'm with you"

Refrain:

What ails my heart when I'm with you?
It always skips a beat or two,
Then madly rushes to and fro,
As if uncertain where to go.
Then there's a shiver and a thrill,
And presto—it is standing still!
What ails my heart to act so queer,
I wonder—Could you tell me dear?

She coyly answered, "Sure, I know,
I could have told you long ago,
It's not angina pectoris,
But something far more dangerous.

A cherub small with gauzy wing,
Whose arrows thrill to hide their sting,
Has pierced it with his shining dart,
You love me—that's what ails your heart."

-oOo-

AFTER SUN GOES DOWN

Br'er Fox, he say to li'l Miss Coon,
"Let's take a stroll by de light ob de moon
And visit dat chicken coop
des as soon As de sun goes down."
Li'l Miss Coon, she say "alright,
Des you keep dat coop in sight,
And I'll be erlong
when the moon shines bright,
Atter sun goes down".

But on dere way dey meet Br'er Rabbit,

An' he say "My frens, dis am a bad habit,
An' it's my erpinion, as I oft have said
Dat you'll wake up some mornin'
An' find yerself daid, Atter sun comes up."

But li'l Miss Coon, she turn up her nose,
An' she say "Br'er Rabbit, does you suppose
Dat we am scared to kotch a chicken
Because a no-account rabbit's kickin'
Atter sun goes down?"

"Des hop erlong an chaw you' clover,
For we ain't got no time to bodder,
If we all get dat chicken cookin'
We gotter grab while no one's lookin'
Atter sun goes down".

So dey creep erlong and dey snatch a pullet,
But dey warn't countin' on de farmer's bullet,
And poor Br'er Fox and li'l Miss Coon
Were soon stretch out in de light ob de moon,
Atter sun went down.

Special Ocassions for Fairmount Folks

SUBSTITUTING FOR SANTA CLAUS

It happened on a Christmas eve,
'twas fifty years ago,
The little church of Monica
wore ermine robes of snow,
And thru her stained glass windows
there streamed a kindly light
Which seemed to say to one and all
"You're welcome here tonight."

And entering her friendly doors
a picture fair is seen,
For willing hands have draped her walls
all in Christmas green.
Bright holly berries, glowing red
among their shining leaves,
Fresh cedar boughs and mistletoe
everywhere one sees.
And crowning glory of it all,
the stately Christmas tree,
The little church is none too tall
to house her majesty.
Who like a gracious hostess stands
with friendly outstretched hands,
Breathing the hospitality
that Christmas cheer demands.

Her shining house makes glad each heart
with candles all alight,
Her boughs festooned with crystal bulbs
in every color bright.

There pop corn balls and oranges
and rosy apples grow,
And dainty little stockings,
the kind that children know.
Filled to the brim with every sweet
that childhood loves the best,
Plenty to'spare, that not a child
shall lack the Christmas feast.

And now at last the church is filled
with guests from far and near,
Many who seldom grace her pews
respond to Christmas cheer.
And all the seats to halfway back
are filled with boys and girls,
All dressed up in Sunday best
with furbelows and curls.

They laugh and chatter and admire,
the presents that they see,
Trying to figure which is yours,
and which belongs to me?
Wondering why their Santa Claus
is so very late this year,
Maybe he's stuck in a snow bank
and maybe he can't get here.

Then suddenly the organ's voice
peals a triumphant sound,
The children then with one accord
all turn to look around.
Eagerly expecting their Santa Claus to see,
They gasp "It's Eleanora Wiar,
she walking with 'O. D.'"

Say, why is she all dressed in white
and who comes with her there?
O, doesn't she look be-au-ti-ful,
with flowers in her hair."

Then one more knowing than the rest
Whispered with glances arch,
"Say, that's not Santa Claus' song,
It's just a wedding march."

And sure enough, the happy pair
with bridesmaids and best men
All stopped before the altar rail,
the pastor met them there,
And from the church's ritual
he reads the sacred rite
And thee, in turn, gave solemn pledge
of faithfulness thru life.

Then all the people flocked around

to wish them every joy,
Hoping the future years
would bring them bliss without alloy,
Till merry sleigh bells at the door
warned them the time had come
For them to leave the dear old church
and hasten to her home.

Where mother had prepared a feast
of viands rich and rare
And many friends and relatives
await the happy pair.

Now after fifty wedded years
you're greeted once again,
Not with the old friends of the past,
for few of them remain,
But other friends of later years
With greetings as sincere
Have come to wish you health and joy
Through each remaining year.

-oOo-

POEM BY MRS. PINKNEY
IN HONOR OF BRADY'S 40th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dear friends and neighbors
we are met—as you already know,
In mem'ry of another day,
some forty years ago.

When Hattie, with her locks of gold
and shining eyes of blue,
Took Bill for better or for worse
and promised to be true.

How well that contract has been kept,
is forty years of history.
Just "Give and Take" from day to day,
There really is no mystery.

Thru shadow and thru sunshine,
Thru Life's "Ups and Downs" together,
With ne'er a tho't of giving up,
In fair or stormy weather.

Life's been no "Bed of Roses",
and often rough the way,
But they tackled it with courage
and stronger grew each day.

In this age of autos,
airplanes and multi-modern things,
Where people spend their lives on wheels,
or soar aloft on wings,

Old fashioned homes and families
are mighty hard to find
They just don't seem to fit the needs
of the ultra-modern mind.

Where marriage for convenience,
amuses for awhile,
To be tossed aside as lightly
as a garment out of style.
But I'm not here to moralize
on things of Modern day,
Tho' the life-long history of our friends
proves theirs the happier way.

The little town where they were wed
was christened "Harmony"
Good omen for harmonious life,
I'm sure you'll all agree.
Fierce was the wind and deep the snow,
Real January weather.
But did they worry?
Ill say NO,—Not while they were together.

All snugly wrapped in furs so nice,
with chime of sleigh-bells jingling,
They gaily dodged old shoes and rice,
Their friends were fast commingling
At last a mile was put between them
and their noisy friends,

Bill slackening rein—to Dobbin says,
"Here's where our trouble ends".
But scarcely uttered were the words,
when Dobbin sure-but-slow,
Had dumped his precious cargo
in a downy drift of snow.

For the little sleigh was heavy
with useful gifts and rare,
To help them out with house-keeping,
in the home they were to share.

Then there was Pandemonium
in cold sub-zero weather,
Hattie and Bill and pots and pans,
all mixed with snow together.
A woeful sight 'twould seem, to be,
had it been you or I,
But Bill and Hattie tho't it
just as cheap to laugh as cry.
And so, I ween, thruout the years
their policy would be,
When life goes Topsy Turvy,
the funny side to see.
May life for you glide gently on,
In the same happy way, God bless you dears,

and grant that you may greet your GOLDEN DAY.

-oOo-

To the Fairmount Band
— Honoring Mrs. Lavaughn Revier

Listen my children and you shall hear
The story of one, to you most dear,
Your loved director, Lavaughn Revier,
Though better known by another name
I'm sure you'll love her still the same.

She came in the summer of '41
Daughter of "Land of the Midnight sun".
Where towering crags lift their peaks on high,
Where limpid fjords reflect the sky,
Where rushing torrents rage and roar
Thru echoing canyons evermore,
Where midnight leaps to greet the moon,
And none can know when day is born.

Land of the Vikings proud and brave,
Who scorned their lives, their homes to save,
Just as our loved ones near and far
Yield sacrifice to God of War.

But I digress from theme at hand
And now return to Fairmount Band,
Where your Miss Skatrude patiently
Changed discord into harmony,
And often we have trilled to hear
Her trumpet's tones so sweet and clear.

She left our town a year ago,
Her country called, she fain would go
To join her lover overseas,
We plan our lives, but "Fate -decrees."
And she was forced to change her plans
Consistent with her home's demands.

Now wounded he returns with pride
To native land and promised bride,
And wedding bells ring out the while
In "Saviour's church" of old Argyle.
A few short days and he must go
Again to meet the deadly foe,
But he shall pray with fervent heart
For his return—,no more to part,

And that your well-loved teacher, friend,
In happiness her life shall end.

-oOo-

(The following poem, mentioned in last week's issue of the News, was read as a surprise party, given June 8, by the DeVillo Home-makers Club, at the home of Edwin Moon, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Moon, the occasion being the Silver Anniversary of their wedding.) quoted from the Fairmount News

THE ROMANCE OF PETE AND MARIE

The school day romancing of Hobbledehoy,
So serious, so thrilling, to girl and to boy,
Seldom leads to the altar, so we have been told,
With years of discretion, young romance grows cold,

And the lilt of a laugh, or the flash of an eye,
That seemed so alluring in days gone by,
Is hardly enough for a permanent role,
Where the need is for character—beauty of soul.

Romances of "teen age" but seldom endure,
In process of time, they find their own cure.
And wonder how they could have been so enthralled,
When the tho't of it now, leaves them simply appalled.

But here's a romance that started in school,
That it's an exception, doesn't alter the rule,
Of course you will recognize "Pete and Marie".
He has been her Prince Charming from "A to Z".

On that tragic day of frolic and fun,
When the game they were playing was "Run sheep run",
'Tis long to remember, yet who can forget,
We shudder to think of it—even yet.

The children came rushing from school, that night,
Their eyes wide with sympathy, horror and fright,
Saying, "Pete is unconcious, They think he is dying,
And O, poor Marie,—just sobbing and crying,

If anything happens to Pete—Boo hoo,
We know that Marie will surely die too,
Not a word we can say will comfort give,
She's so broken-hearted, she don't want to live.

But Pete didn't die, as you will observe,
He had much to live for and plenty of nerve,
Which means "Half the battle", so doctors all tell,
It's the WILL to survive, that helps us get well.

One night—when the wedding was not far away,
While Pete called on Marie - in the usual way,
His mischievous pals planned to give him a scare,
(That "he had it coming", I'd willingly swear.)

A rope, 'cross the path, in the dark of the night,
Would certainly give him a jolt, all right,
Then hidden, they waited to witness the joke,
But 'twas dear papa Hoffman who tripped on the rope.
And say—was he mad—he turned on the heat,

And blamed the whole works on poor innocent Pete,
Who, vainly protesting, fled in affright,
And left "Sweet Marie" to argue his plight.
'Tis said that he rushed to a safe retreat,

And didn't "show up" for more than a week,
For how could he face her indignant papa,
Or what was still worse, the loud guffaw,
Of the wicked urchins who stretched the rope,

Which nearly cost him his fondest hope?
But whether 'tis false, or whether 'tis true,
In time it blew over, as most things do.

It is twenty five years
since their wedding bells rang,
Yet they've never lived far
from "the old school gang".

And we who have met
in their honor today,
Wish them health, peace and happiness,
all of the way.

-oOo-

TO GRANDMA BALLARD
(On her Ninety-fourth Birthday)

Ages ago the Psalmist's pen
Gave warning that three score and ten
Was just about the proper year
For us to quit this mundane sphere.

So grand mamas of long ago
Donned "cap and specs" that all might know
They'd reached the parting of the way,
Where people are no longer gay.

When chimney corner is the goal,
To knit, and ponder on the soul,
To reminisce on year long past,
On days too beautiful to last.
But this dear one of whom I write
Saw things in quite a different light,
She argued that three score and ten
Is just a good beginning—then

Told Old Father Time
that he Could "chase himself"
behind a tree, Or "Jump into the lake",—by gum,
And sink his scythe and hour glass bum.

That all this clatter is pure "BUNK"
To people blessed with health and spunk.

That she refused to quit the soil
To "Shuffle off this mortal coil".

A

nother score and four have passed
Since Grandma left "Old Time" aghast.
And from the way she trips about,
'Tis plain he'll long be put to rout.

Throughout our country far and wide,
We view our pioneers with pride,
And pray that health and friendship's cheer
May brighten each declining year.

TO A COMING STRANGER

Little man or maiden fair,
which e'er you chance to be,
Why do you come from regions rare—
from land of mystery?

Has "ole br'er stork" been snooping'round
and giving you advice,
Because a trusting
child he found?

It is'nt very nice
To fool a little baby so
and bring you down to earth,
Unless you really long to go
and he can make it worth

The risk-to leave that radiant land
where you have dwelt above,
To find a mother's gentle hand,
a father's tender love.

And hosts of friends to welcome you
and give you good advice.
And set you up in business too,
with bank and pennies nice
And such a tiny bank—at best,

It hardly seems worth while,
Yet—put at compound interest,
twill make a good sized pile Of dollars,
by the time that you become "of age",

"Great things from small beginnings grow,"
We're taught by old time Sage.
But we digress from guilty bird—
accused of double-dealing,
And we confess—from things
since heard—we've had a change of feeling.

And ask his pardon for the words
we have so rashly spoken,
He's proved himself a Seer of birds,

who never stoops to joking.

On slender leg he stands so still,
lost in deep meditation,
His problem is—How can he fill
the ranks of future nation

And keep us from race suicide,
that bane of gentle living,
By scattering children far and wide,
new brain and brawn thus giving.

So—Welcome little stranger dear,
to Earthland's tears and joys.
But ere you come, please gain the ear
of other girls and boys.

Tell them that they are needed bad,
in homes down here below.
Where long haired cats and poodles sad,
are getting too much show.

Tell them to come ere slant eyed bands
shall swarm within our borders,
Ere foreign hordes from distant lands
shall give us marching orders.

Smile not, dear child, at our alarms,
but heed the words we say,
We'll welcome you with open arms,
We'll bless your natal day.

(Honoring the coming Grice baby)

-oOo-

HELP US TO UNDERSTAND

To Philip Stegner

Dear Philip—Since you're safe at home
In Heaven's promised land,
O tell us of your journey,
That we, too, may understand

Why the parting was so sudden,
There was scarcely time to think,
Before your hurrying footsteps
Led you to the very brink
Of "The Valley of the Shadow"
So cold and deep and wide Did you find
"The Tender Shepherd"
Waiting for you—just inside?

And as your trembling fingers
Stretched to meet his strong warm hand,
Did he say "Fear not beloved,

For you soon will understand.

"Why I summoned you so early
From your home and loved ones dear,
And left them broken-hearted,
And the hearthstone bleak and drear.

"I've prepared a place in Heaven
You alone can fill—My Son.
And when they understand it
They will say: 'Thy will be done.'

"And oft to them in quiet hour
Your spirit shall appear,
And tho' they cannot see you
They will feel your presence near".
And did this radiant being
Comfort you and light the way
As no earthly sun could light it
E'en on summer's brightest day?

And when he'd loosed his little boat
Moored by the river dark
Did he gently take you by the hand
And did bid you to embark?

And as his boat sped swiftly
Thru the turbid swelling tide,
Did you catch a glimpse of loved ones
Waiting on the other side?

And as your eager footsteps
Lightly touched the shining sand
Did they gladly spring to welcome you
And clasp your outstretched hand?

Did you meet the baby brother
Whom your eyes had never seen,
Now grown to splendid manhood
In that atmosphere serene?

And did you walk together
Up the shining gold-paved road
While he pointed out the splendors
Of your Paradise abode?

Till your joyous heart seemed bursting
With the wonder of it all,
And you longed to shout the tidings
To earth's children great and small?

Since early childhood you had thrilled
To hear the old, old story
Of pearly gates and jasper walls,
Of Jesus' love and glory.

But since you now are numbered

With the lambs of Heaven's fold,
Your answer, I am sure, would be
"The half was never told".

-oOo-

Poems for Women's Literary Clubs

INSPIRATION

Not long ago, after a weary day
I sat me down to think what I might say,
That would be of real value to that band,
Well known as "Womens' Clubs," thruout the land.

I sat with pencil poised O'er paper white,
Eager to catch the words I fain would write.
But, tho' I wasted full an hour of time,
The words refused to come—no sense, no rhyme,

I think I must have fallen in a doze,
For at my side a stately figure rose.
Fairer than any I had seen before,
Her hand—so lily white, a lily bore.

And on her brow, above her eyes of blue,
There sat a laurel wreath, a gleam with dew.
That sparkled like a royal diadem.
With every crystal drop a blazing gem,

For it was early morning's fairest hour,
When golden rays of sun-shine gild each flower,
And happy birds in throbbing rapture raise,
Their matin song of gladness and of praise.

It seemed a fitting place for vision rare,
The rosy morning and this garden fair,
Where thousand blossoms poured their incense sweet,
And crystal fountain tinkled at our feet.

She seemed imbued almost with heavenly grace,
Goodness and wisdom shone from her fair face,
I tho't she looked on me with pitying glance
Which gave me courage humbly to advance.

And bow, in homage, at her sandalled feet.
Her hand upon my head bro't peace complete.
And when she spoke, her voice rare music made,
Vibrant and sweet, it seemed to all pervade.

"What is it sister, you would have me do?
I am the Muse, I'm here to aid you, too.
If you do truly my assistance seek,
Have courage, never fear, but only speak".

And then my heavy heart grew light as air,
To think I might confess to one so fair.
And ev'ry doubt fled quickly then away,
I said—"Dear Muse, O, give me words to say.

Words that shall amply fill a long felt need,
Words that shall lead us right, in tho't and deed,
I've labored now for many hours, I know,
To write some verses for my club, but lo—

As quickly as I think I've nailed a tho't,
It flies away, before the verse is wrought.
I never knew it happen thus before,
It leaves me all discouraged, baffled,—sore.

When words come rushing swift to meet the pen,
O, It is keenest pleasure writing, then.
But now there's something lacking in my mind,
No words, no inspiration can I find".

I tho't the Muse looked sad and vexed, in one,
She said—"In this, your club, what have you DONE?
To have true inspiration one must learn,
For worthy DEEDS, not words alone, to yearn.

I hid my burning face and answered low,
"I wonder now, dear Muse, how you could know?
You seem to have the wisdom of a seer,
For all your words imply, is truth, I fear.

We meet, alternate weeks, mostly for fun,
But no deeds, worth recording, have we done.
Tis true—we have a program for each day,
Unless—perchance, some member stays away,

And then the work that for this one was planned,
Is simply dropped, ignored, forgotten,—banned.
The lack does not us worry in the least,
We have more time to plan for social feast.

A pot-luck supper is the usual thing.
Each uses her own taste in what to bring.
We laugh and chat and do our fancy work.
But worthy deeds and study we all shirk.

Just then my largest young spring chanticleer,
Beneath my window sent his challenge clear,
My sleepy eyes wide opened with a start,
But not in time to see the Muse depart.

(Oct. 20, 1926)

SCRAPS

I have among my treasures,
a book I hold most dear,
Tho' judged by standard measures,
it would not pass-I fear,

No gilt or rich embossing
its simple covers claim,
You ask "Why so engrossing-
this book without a name?"

Its pages are a history,
bringing me smiles or tears;
Odd bits of fact or mystery,
treasured throughout the years,

Rare gems of verse or story
that touched responsive heart,
Snapshots in all their glory,
in which I played a part.

And as I turn from page to page,
each one to mem'ry dear,
Come visions of a mystic age,
and bygone days seem near.

Once more I'm with the merry band
I knew in days of yore.
Though some are in the "Better Land"
and known to earth no more.

Again we dance with bare brown feet
the wooded paths along
in Carefree and happy, blithe and fleet,
the summer day - a song.

Another page brings wintertime,
with fire-log's cherry glow,
Or-skimming to the sleigh-bells
chime, across the moon-lit snow.

And so this time-worn volume
seems to link me with the past,
And thrills me with the old-time dreams,
too beautiful to last.

Then do not gaze with scornful eye,
upon my humble "scraps",
But follow suit, and by and by
you'll feel the same-perhaps.

(From "Homespun", Anthology of poetry
by General Federation of Women's clubs)

O, desolate years stretching vainly before me,
An exile from home in a strange distant land.

Death seemed my one friend as his spell he cast o'er me,
I longed for his presence, I groped for his hand.

And then came a light as from Heaven descended,
And strains as from seraph-touched harp strings sublime,
Your wish had been spoken, my exile was ended,
My soul cannot fathom such friendship as thine.

-oOo-

PROVOKING

O, why do you laugh at the things I have said,
Pretending you think I am joking?
I love every hair of your little blonde head,
Though, believe me, you're plenty provoking.

Chorus:—

When I say "I love you truly dear"
You answer "Really now".
When I beg you to give me just one little kiss,
You tell me "You don't know how."
O, you're so provoking that sometimes I fear
You will make me forget I am civilized dear.
Then who can you blame if I get tough and bold,
Drag you off by the hair,
Like the cave men of old?

-oOo-

A FARMER'S WIFE ON POLITICS

Nestled in the southeast corner of the North Dakota state is a little city,
"Tis said hat she is Fair—there's no mount, at any rate—so our simple city
Must seem a trifle over-drawn, the word implying
That her citizens who named the town, have done some lying.

But small deceptions—such as this—may be forgiven,
When we realize their point of view and how they've striven
To build a city worthy to be called their home,
From which their sons and daughters will net wish to roam.

Her streets were laid long years ago mid grasses waving,
When alleys seemed superfluous and likewise paving,
Her lectric lights and waterworks had not arrived,
Yet strange to tell—her citizens both lived and thrived.

E'en tho' the festive "skeeter" came each year for summer feast,
And made them all step lively as he dined on man and beast,
Then like the minstrelsy of old, to pay his way,
He gave free concerts everywhere both night and day.

There weren't any autos then nor airoplanes,
To dump the people in the ditch, or smash their brains,
But they were as blithe and happy then as now, I trow,
With their good slick team and wagon—tho' "I'll say"—'twas slow.

And I'll warrant there are pioneers who heave a sigh
for the good old days
when taxes were one-tenth as high,
And the fear of losing farm and home, ne'er crossed their mind,
For even with some failures then, the Fates were kind.

Until the demon—speed, began to hold his sway,
And hypnotized the people till they've thrown away
Their very birth-right voting for this juggernaut
That tears along their blood-bought roads and stops for naught,

And other superfluities—too numerous to mention
Have multiplied the tax list and demanded his attention,
Till the poor bewildered farmer knows not where to go,
His life is one long nightmare now of dread and woe,

But tears and lamentations will not help the case,
'Tis time to look the matter squarely in the face,
Instead of doing "something else" on lection day,
Come to the little old town hall and have your say.

And find out all that's going on—you'll be surprised
At some things that are put over, if you'll use your eyes.
Let public work be handed to the lowest bid,
If graft and greed apply for it, clamp down the lid.

Vote for the man that has been proven tried and true.
Who—if he makes a promise—means to put it through.
Remember—it is up to you, 'tis your own vote
That's going to help you keep your home or "get your goat."

Why pay a man to tell you how to plan your work?
His office rent, stenographer and high-priced clerk?
We don't deny he writes a most convincing letter,
His guess may be as good as yours, not one whit better.
Long years of rich experience have been your school,
And your sons are safe in following their fathers' rule.
And all "their new ideas" you may read yourself
In that excellent farm paper you've laid on the shelf.

So let us make a list of things we well may spare,
And teach our weak-kneed brother how to do and dare.
Cut out this never-ending line of "high-brow stuff",
Of double wage—for half done work—we've had enough.

A slower pace—you'll all agree—can do no harm,
At least there's no alternative, to save the farm,
And having steered ourselves into this sandy drift,
Apply the brakes—then use reverse—June 25th.

And last of all, good friends—I'm sure you'll all remember
There's something else that's due to happen—next November,
'Tis hard to guess its influence for weal or woe,
Be wary then to whom you let your ballot go.

(June 6, 1924)

TO A MOUSE

Little trembling bright-eyed creature "
Tis the hour",—and thou must meet me.
Stony hearted—stern of feature,
I, with exultation, greet thee.

Luckless Fate has made him victim
Of my careful daily scheming,
Ne'er to rest—until I'd tricked him,
As he nibbled—never dreaming.

That the cake, so white and fluffy
Which his tiny teeth had tempted,
(Making me all riled and huffy,
Was from his small meal exempted.

Yes, I vowed that I would catch him,
As a trap I deftly baited,
But I found it hard to match him,
For his appetite was sated.

Then there came—for me—a glad day,
When for cake his soul was yearning—
That he chanced to wend his sad way,
To that fatal spot returning.

Now his life is in my power.
Pussy pleads with frantic mewling,
Shall I grant him his brief hour,
Or yield pussy his undoing?

-oOo-

SILENT ADORATION

'Tis said that when the nightingale
his loving mate has found,
His voice is hushed, no more the wood
resounds with soulful sound.

His little heart seems bursting
with a rapture so supreme, T
hat nothing in the world of song
seems ample for his theme.

And so it is with me,
since I have found the one I love,
I gaze upon the mystic earth
and on the stars above,

But when I fain would put in words,
the praise of that dear one,
My lips refuse to utter,
and—like the bird—I'm dumb.

(From "Songs of the Free", Crown Publications, New York)

POETRY

An image-mirrored in the soul,
that all unbidden springs,
And as we ponder on the tho't,
words come on golden wings,

That softly flutter to and fro,
within our easy grasp,
If we ignore their melody,
their spell will quickly pass.

And never more shall these same words
sing in the heart again.
O, when they beckon, heed the call,
and speed the ready pen.

(Published in "Songs of the Free",
Crown Publications, New York)

-oOo-

TO SPRING

Welcome, welcome gentle Spring,
Happy birds on tireless wing,
Tell us Winter's reign is o'er
We shall feel his chill no more,
For gentle Spring is here.

Fairy blossoms nestle low
In the fast dissolving snow,
And the Vi'let sweet and shy
Lifts her blue eyes to the sky,
To greet thee—gentle Spring.

Buds are swelling on the trees
And the little drowsy bees
Waking from their winter's dream,
Revel in the Sun's bright gleam

For they too love thee—Spring.
Then rejoice, O heart of mine,
Drink the air,—like rich old wine,
And my soul, ascend above
To your Maker whose great love
Sends us, his children,—Spring.

-oOo-

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP

Experience—as we've been told,
is teacher tried and true,
As we trudge up the hill of life
we get a better view,

Since you may not know this motto,
I'll pass it on to you,
If you get a kick,
just smile and keep your chin up.

Should you chance to meet
some little snakelets
crawling in the grass,
A darting to their little tongues
and hissing as you pass,

And you find that they
are just some friends
you tho't you had — alas,
"Twill get their goat",
To see you smile
and keep your chin up.

Keep your chin up,
'Tis a motto you should heed
Keep your chin up,
it will help in time of need
It will strengthen your morale,
it will help you to succeed
If you can only smile
and keep your chin up.

-oOo-

TO A VIOLET

Sing not to me the praises
of the stately rose so bright.
Nor ask that I should gaze in awe,
upon the lily white.

I would not care to linger long
beside the poppy red,
Altho' she beckons gaily
and nods her lovely head.

The Lily of the Valley
and the modest Snow-drop too,
And little tinkling Blue Bells, ringing
sweet chimes for you,

Each has a fascination
that no one can resist,
But I am seeking for a flower
the sun has never kissed.

I must wander in the corridors
of cool and leafy dell,
If I would find the tiny flower
my heart doth love so well,

Or peer beneath the mossy bank
of brooklet babbling by.
If I would see my blue-eyed one,
My violet-sweet and shy.

-oOo-

THE CHRISTMAS STAR

Cradled in lowly manger deep
'neath Bethlehem's star gleam bright,
The infant Jesus lay asleep,
that first glad Christmas night.

And gentle meek-eyed cattle
softly lowed a lullaby,
While throngs of angels robed in white,
winged downward from on high.

And their great, glad song arose
to the gates of heaven ringing,
"O weary earth rejoice,
O hear the message we are bringing.

For the Virgin's Baby Boy,
brings salvation, peace and joy,
To a world lost in darkness and despair."

The wise men saw its gleaming light
and hastened from afar,
They knew this sign so wondrous bright
must be the guiding star.

And Judea's humble shepherds,
sorely trembled with afright,
Until a sweet-voiced angel
spoke to them that Christmas night.

Saying
"Fear not for we bring glad tidings of great joy,
Salvation, full and free,
comes with Mary's Gentle Boy.
Glory in the highest glory,
peace on earth, good will to men,
All praise to our infant Saviour King".

Resplendent star of promised peace,
O, speed your healing ray,
A saddened war-sick weary world
needs comforting today.

For Satan's hosts from regions dark,
unleashed for his employ,

Like snarling, lean and hungry wolves,
seek only to destroy.

Your quickening rays, O star of Life,
herald of Jesus' birth,
Seem vanquished now, by rays of death
and bombs that rock the earth,

Our boys—(It seems but yesterday,
they thrilled to Christmas story)
Now—scarcely grown to man's estate,
are plunged in battle gory.

Grappling with fiends of earth and air,
and deep in mother Ocean
Our valiant "Sons of Liberty"
are proving their devotion.

Resolved—"No murderous Nazi bands
shall penetrate our borders;
No slant-eyed hordes from Orient lands
shall give us marching orders."

O, pitying Saviour, thou who knowest
the anguish of the cross,
Protect our dear ones from the foe
nor let them suffer loss;

O, guide them safely home again
victorious from the fray,
To yearning arms of those they love,
to face a happier day.

When fiendish tyrants ne'er again
shall lash the trembling slave,
When Freedom's banner, For All Men,
triumphantly shall wave,

O, radiant star of hope and cheer,
your ancient pledge fulfill,
Ere Christmas comes another year,
O grant us peace, good will.

– Christmas 1942 –

-oOo-

A BIRTHDAY GREETING

So many of our dearest joys
Are found in Memories,
With happy hearts we pause to sing
Remembered melodies.

As years go by, we live again
The days we used to know,

And find the joys I wish for you,
As birthdays come and go.

-oOo-

Two Unnamed Squibs By Agnes Pinkney

In this topsy-turvy world
Where all seems "upside down",
It doesn't help a little bit
To fret and fume and frown.

But a merry whistle—so we are told,
Will scare "Blue Devils" away
And make the sun come shining through,
No matter how dark the day.

The sweetest word in all the world
To every lover dear,
I feel it tingling on my lips
Whenever you are near.
A word I long to whisper
But shall I ever dare?
For I am but a plain blunt man,
And you—you are so fair?

-oOo-

THE OLD TIMER AS A PROPHET

When we came to North Dakota—
about twenty years ago,
Something always "struck me funny"
'twas the brag and blow
Of those old early settlers
who first proved up the place,

I always felt inclined to smile
and hide my face,
For I would not, for the world,
have had them think I doubted
A single word of all they said,
tho' oft I could have shouted
At the many wild assertions
they were wont to make,

So that all we new arrivals
might due notice take
That we had missed some things in life
we might have had before
If, like them, we'd struck Dakota
in those palmy days of yore.

When 'twas forty below zero,
to be calmly told
That once we were acclimated,

we'd never feel the cold,
That in this ozone-laden air,
so crystal clear and -dry,
You couldn't raise the "goose-flesh"
or a shiver, if you'd try.

Well-after twenty years of it,
I'm not acclimed—as yet,
And when it's down to forty,
I stay at home, you bet.
There's something 'bout the blizzard too,
I don't enjoy a bit.
Tho' with these same old timers
it surely made a hit,
As it hurled it's icy arrows
jocundly from the sky,
And gaily seized their gasping breath
as it went dancing by.
Then there were won-drous fairy tales
about the fertile soil,
If you had a chunk of real estate
you'd scorn the tho't of "oil",

That a farmers' life was one long dream,
he didn't work at all,
Except in time of seeding
and threshing, in the fall,
And after that a few short weeks
of plowing up the ground,
So the crop could go in early
when next the spring came 'round.

They gave the balance of the year
to gun, or hook and line,
(The auto fad had not arrived to occupy their time.)
They turned old. Dobbin out to grass
when his short task was done
And man and beast were happy then,
and had no end of fun.

And we "suckers" from the Sucker State
swallowed both bait and line.
This was the land of which we'd dreamed,
It suited us "just fine".

For we had come here from the east,
where farming is "no joke",
Three sixty five each year you worked,
or else you went "dead-broke"

And our experience has proved
that this is much the same,
You've got to hustle all the time
if you would win the game.

Then there seems to be a notion
among these timers old,

There's something 'bout this pesky place
that "kinda gets a hold Of a feller,"
when he thinks he wants to get away,
And they all look wise and chuckle—
"yell be back some day".

And you straighten up your shoulders
and you show disgust,
And you register a vow
that you will "shake the dust"
Of this little berg from off your feet
and ne'er return,
Just to show this same old timer
how his words you spurn.

And you go to "Californy"
and the sights you see,
And you plunge in the old ocean
and you splash with glee,
And you feel like some young frisky colt
that's broke its halter,

And you shout—"This is the life for me,
I would not alter
A single thing
about this great big wondrous west,
'Tis God's own country, sure enough,
the very best."

And you scramble up the rugged slopes
of Mt. Rainier,
And you peer down deep crevasses
and you gasp with fear,
As you think of what would happen
should you chance to slip.

It would be a frigid ending
of your summer's trip.
And the tho't of it lends wing-ed feet
as down you fly,
To the verdant flower-strewn valleys
where bright waters lie,

Reflecting snowy peaks
within their crystal heart,
Or, finding smallest outlet,
they leap and dart,
Down to the lower levels,
ever gathering speed
Till they join the mighty ocean
or help to feed
The multitude of cataracts
one sees on ev'ry hand,
In this valley they call
"Paradise-Nature's own Wonder-land."

And should you tire of myriad flowers

you soon can go
Still higher up the slope
where lies eternal snow.
Then when the day is over,
with weary feet,
You hurry down the mountain
to your own retreat,
Among the snowy tents
that are spread on ev'ry hand,
And hustle up the dinner
that your appetites demand.

Now, if any one should chance to have
a "dainty streak",
Just let him hit the mountains
and stay about a week,
He will not have to worry then
about the bill of fare,
Or query about quail on toast,
or meat—well done or rare.

He'll be ready for just ANYTHING
that he can masticate,
Saw-dust would taste like angels' food
served on a golden plate.
When hunger is at last appeased
and you're filled up to the brim,
Old Morpheus smiles and beskons,
and you're ready to "turn in".

And you sleep with the abandon
of a two year old,
Till something makes you start straight up—
your blood run cold;
What is this terrifying sound
that rends the peaceful air,
That sends the shivers down your spine,
raises your hair?
It is the fearful avalanche—
destruction bound,
No matter when you hear it
you tremble at the sound,
For well you know
that in its path is certain doom,
And he who falls before it
will find his tomb.

The summer days are passing
by as all things do,
And golden fields from far away
seem calling you,
And you wonder how the old friends are,
a way back home,
And if it really is worth while
to longer roam?
Your head's so full of scenery
you're in a daze,

It's hard to get things straightened out,
it's like a maze.

And some fine day, soon after,
without great fuss,
Or talking much about it,
you bring the bus.
Known to the world as "Lizzie" or "Henry Ford".
You throw in your belongings and climb aboard.

And you hit the broad old highway,
step on the gas.
Each car that looms before you—
you quickly pass,

The more miles that are left behind,
the more you hurry,
The cops will likely stop you but—
"You should worry".
There's only one tho't in your mind,
You're going back,
And nothing is quite big enough
to block the track.
Then, after days of travel
you reach at last,

The old familiar country you knew—
years past.
Where fairy flax is rippling
like lakes of blue,
And golden fields seem nodding
to welcome you,

As they stretch before your vision
for miles away,
And promise food and plenty
for Winter's day,
And you wonder as you gaze
upon its sturdy worth,
If you ever saw a fairer scene
on God's green earth.

And you feel a strange sensation
that makes you choke,
And you lose the inclination
to laugh and joke
And just as like as not
you'll find your eyes are wet,
Tho you're mighty sure the cause of it
is not regret.

Then you meet that same old timer
and he winks his eye,
And he says "What did I tell ye?"
and you can't deny,
That he had some ground for thinking
that he knew it,

when He told you as you parted—
YE'LL BE BACK AGAIN".

(Written after a trip to the Pacific Coast in 1921)

-oOo-

HOLIDAY ADVICE

Mistletoe—mysterious, white, hanging over head,
Holly berries—gleaming bright, blushing rosy red.
Trust the modest holly—it will not deceive you,
But beware the mistletoe, and to what it leads you!

GREETINGS

O hang the turkey's wish-bone over the door today,
With a loving wish for your absent boy so many miles away,
do not pine for a drumstick, or a slice of his bosom fair,
But 'twould help this feeling-homesick,
to know that you wished me there!

TO THE HOME FOLKS

The snow shines bright—the snow gleams white,
this lovely Christmas morning,
And the holly berries glowing red,
each glossy bough adorning.
And I'd give— O, what would I not give -
Could I be there today?

-----oOo-----

SIR ROBIN

I know a cheery fellow
who comes in early spring.
His breast is red and yellow,
and brown, his airy wing.
His song—so wild and joyous,
wakes up each sleeping flower,
He never seems one bit afraid
of Winter cold and dour.

But quirks his little saucy tail
and seems, almost, to say,
"You've made us shiver long enough,
old Winter, go away,
And give Miss Spring a chance
to show the things that she can do,
And please don't come around again,
She can't mix up with you.

If she expects to have success
with all her summer schemes,
You're such a blundering old fool,
you'd spoil her dearest dreams.

The little tender flow'rets
she calls up from the ground,

Would faint away in sheer affright,
if you came blustering 'round.

And apple blossoms waving
so gaily on the trees,
Would droop and pine and die of grief,
to feel your icy breeze."

And so this little dandy,
in his new spring suit so gay,
Makes the poor old man so shame-faced,
that he's glad to slink away

Then Robin and his little wife,
fix up their bungalow,
Well made of twigs substantial—
they do not build for show,
And when they're snugly settled,
he lends a helping hand,
To his good neighbor—Mistress Spring,
and purifies the land,

By hunting naughty bugs and worms,
to feed his hungry young,
And all the while he's working,
his joyous song is sung.
And so this cheery fellow,
with jollity and jest,
Has won my heart from other birds—
I love Sir Robin best.
(From North Dakota Club Woman)

-oOo-

UNDERSTANDING

*(To the ladies of the Womens' Literary Club
in appreciation of their kind letter of sympathy at the passing
of her mother)*

O, what is so sweet as sympathy,
to a heart bowed down by grief,
When we shrink, in vain from the parting pain
and there is no relief
And we only see as we look ahead,
a vista of lonely years,
Because the dear one whom we loved
is dead and heeds not our scalding tears.

The beautiful image she seemed to be,
of one who in childhoods day,

Made every pain and trouble flee,
when she kissed our tears away.
And somehow we know that her spirit bright
will ever linger near,

Tho' from her still form it has taken flight
and left us sad and drear.
O, then it is that a look, a tear,
a touch to our groping hand,
Tells us of sympathy sincere,
from those who understand.
Tells us they too have been heart-sore,
and known the depths of grief.

And their kind calm eyes say something more.
"O, friend—You shall find relief."
For soon—or later, to each heart—'
Tis ordered so to be—
There comes the hour when we must part—
Our deep Gethsemane.

So we take up the broken threads,
and do each task as it comes to hand,
And our hearts beat warm as we think anew,
of the ones who understand.

Nursery Jingles

-oOo-

ODE TO A LITTLE TOAD

Did you ever see a little toad?
Hopping on the dusty road?
And do you know his funny little way?
If not, then listen to my lay.

For he is such a funny little fellow,
All mottled brown and yellow.
This funny little, funny little toad.
Hopping on the dusty road.

And sometimes in the garden's shade,
Of his little hind legs he makes a spade.
And he digs and he digs,
In the cool moist earth,

Till a funny little hole he's made.
And then his little eyes so bright
Peep out as his body sinks from sight.

This funny little toad
With his funny little spade,
Digging in the garden's shade.

And oft times in the meadow green

This funny little toad I've seen,
When watching for a little buzzing fly,

Who on his journey passed him by.
Then quick the little fly he'd snap,
Then crouch down for a nap,
This funny little funny little toadie
I have seen
Crouching in the meadow green.

-oOo-

JOHNNY'S EASTER GIFT

A story in three parts
(Part One)

Mother Grunter

Tw'as the night before Easter,
and down in the barn,
Lay old mother Grunter,
all cosy and warm.

The first rain of spring
pattered down over head,
But what did she care
"I should worry," she said.

As she looked fondly down
at the bright yellow nest
Where twelve little grunters
were doing their best

To get the square meal
she was eager to give,
O, it takes lots of milk
to make twelve piggies live,

And grow plump and fat
as a big butter ball.
They have to grow wide
and they have to grow tall,

And O, I am sure it
would take a whole pail
To make that cute curl
in each little tail.

And three or four more
just to make their coats shine
When they go for a frolic
soon after they dine.

For these little grunters
wore red velvet coats,

"Some class" to the tailor
who made them, you'll note.

The fit was as perfect
as perfect could be,
And never a seam
or a wrinkle you'd see,

And old mother pig
never worried a bit
About clothes ever getting
too little to fit.

For each little coat—
just like rubber you know—
Seems to stretch just as fast
as each piggie does grow.
So even if he should weigh
five hundred pounds,
The coat would just fit,
and go easily round.

And Daddy came in
on that bright Easter morn,
Calling "Johnnie, just guess
what I found in the barn?"

And Johnnie sprang up
from his warm little bed
And scampered down stairs—
"O please tell me" he said.

But Daddy said "no,
you must first try to guess,
While you wash face and hands
and hurry to dress.

And if you guess right,
before breakfast is done,
I've a nice Easter gift
for my own little son."

But tho' mother's breakfast
is fit for a king,
So excited is Johnnie
he can't taste a thing.

"O, Daddy," he says,
"It's a little white sheep,
Or the eggs under Bidy
have started to peep.

"Or Bunny has hatched Easter rabbits for me,
And their soft little fur is as soft as can be."
O, I guess it's a colt—or a kitten—or calf
But Dad shook his head with a wise merry laugh.
And said "guess again my dear little man,

If you try hard enough I'm sure that you can.

What was it we shut in the barn yesterday—
In a stall filled with straw, over close by the hay."
"O old mother Grunter" screamed Johnnie with glee,
"And a dear little piggie my present shall be."
And Daddy laughed "Bravo, Bravo my son,
I'm sure you have earned the very best one".

Now if you're good children, one week from today,
I'll tell you what happened, nor longer delay.
It shall be a true story—for little and big,
Of the ups and downs of Johnnie's RED PIG.

Johnny's Pet Pig (Part Two)

Johnny had a little pig, it's coat was jersey red
"O, isn't it the sweetest thing?", the eager children said.
"See how it curls its little tail and how it grunts with joy.
I do believe it tries to talk just like a girl or boy."

If we were only piggies too, we'd know just what it said.
But we are not, so we must find out what it wants—Instead.
When it is hungry, Johnny says it squeals to split your ears,
And stands right up on its hind legs and cries,
but doesn't shed any tears.

When Johnny brings it feed, why then it jumps right down again,
And chonks and chonks and sups its swill - we know it's happy then.
But when it's had all that it wants of things it likes to eat,
It lies right down and grunts again, close up to Johnny's feet.

And Johnny learned to understand, by this queer way it acts,
That piggy says "O, Johnny, get a stick and scratch my back.
For scratching backs is just the thing that gives a pig most joy,
He'd rather have it than a kite, or ball or any toy."

One day when Johnny had forgot to feed his pig- why then
It jumped right up on its hind legs and climbed out of the pen.
And found the corn-crib, where, I guess, it surely took its fill,
Then off it trotted to the pond way down below the hill.

And jumped right in the deepest mud that ever it could find,
It came right over all its back, but yet it didn't mind.
When Johnny came home from the school upon that sad, sad day,
He cried, "O, ma, what shall I do? my piggy's run away.

I've hunted over all the farm but it won't come at all.
And Johnny sat down on the porch—and O, how he did bawl.
And mother said, "don't blame the pig because it went away,
How would you feel if I'd forget to give you food some day?"
And Johnny said "O, Mother, if he'll just come back again
I never, never will forget to feed him at the pen.
Right in the early morning, the first thing that I do,
Then I don't think he'll want to run away again, do you?"

And mother said: "No, Johnny dear, if you are good and kind,
Most any little animal will love to stay, you'll find."
And daddy came up from the field and said with dancing eyes,
"O, Johnny - run down to the pond, you'll have a great surprise".

And now I wonder who can guess what that surprise will be?
For Johnny was as glad a boy as you would wish to see.
You'll have a week in which to try, so put on "thinking caps"
And tell us what you think it was, you will guess right, perhaps.

The Surprise (Part Three)

When Johnny heard what daddy said, he did not answer "why",
Or whine around and ask "What for"— his small feet seemed to fly
Right down below the hill - as fast as fast could be,
The sun was shining in his eyes so he could hardly see.

But peering from the water were eyes and ears and snout,
That they belonged to piggy, young Johnny had no doubt.
Then Johnny cried "O, piggy dear, I thought that you were lost".
But piggy only grunted, and then he came across

And gave himself an awful shake, and what do you suppose?
He spattered mud and water all over Johnny's clothes.
But Johnny was so happy, he didn't seem to mind,
He thought of what his mother said, "Always be good and kind".

When Johnny had a chance to even look at piggy's back,
It wasn't jersey-red at all, the pond had turned it black.
But daddy laughed—"O, goodness me, I surely wouldn't cry,
About a little thing like that, just watch me make it fly."

Then daddy took the hose and turned a stream from tail to head,
And pretty soon the pig was just a bright clean shiny red.
At first it squealed, as if it hurt to have a shower bath,
Then pretty soon it grunted and lay down in the path.

Then it picked up a little stick and whirled and whirled around,
And looked just like it's laughin', then sat down on the ground.
And daddy said "The weather must be goin' to play us tricks,
'Cause that is what it always does when piggies play with sticks.

But after this the piggy never seemed to like its pen,
Tho' Johnny fed and watered him he'd climb right out again,
And go into the garden and dig the beans and peas,
And once it over-turned a hive of daddy's choicest bees.

And daddy heard an awful squeal and opened the barn door,
And piggy dashed in like a shot and rolled upon the floor,
Then it got up and screamed and squealed and ran right to its pen,
And Johnny says he doesn't think it will get out again.

-oOo-

AFTER SUN GOES DOWN

Br'er Fox, he say to li'l Miss Coon,
"Let's take a stroll by de light ob de moon
And visit dat chicken coop des as soon
As de sun goes down."

Li'l Miss Coon, she say "alright,
Des you keep dat coop in sight,
And I'll be erlong when the moon shines bright,
Atter sun goes down".

But on dere way dey meet Br'er Rabbit,
An' he say "My frens, dis am a bad habit,
An' it's my erpinion, as I oft have said
Dat you'll wake up some mornin'
An' find yerself daid, Atter sun comes up."

But li'l Miss Coon, she turn up her nose,
An' she say "Br'er Rabbit, does you suppose
Dat we am scared to kotch a chicken
Because a no-account rabbit's kickin'
Atter sun goes down?"

"Des hop erlong an chaw you' clover,
For we ain't got no time to bodder,
If we all get dat chicken cookin'
We gotter grab while no one's lookin'
Atter sun goes down".

So dey creep erlong and dey snatch a pullet,
But dey warn't countin' on de farmer's bullet,
And poor Br'er Fox and li'l Miss Coon
Were soon stretch out in de light ob de moon,
Atter sun went down.

Special Ocassions for Fairmount Folks

-oOo-

SUBSTITUTING FOR SANTA CLAUS

It happened on a Christmas eve, 'twas fifty years ago,
The little church of Monica wore ermine robes of snow,
And thru her stained glass windows there streamed a kindly light
Which seemed to say to one and all "You're welcome here tonight."

And entering her friendly doors a picture fair is seen,
For willing hands have draped her walls all in Christmas green.
Bright holly berries, glowing red among their shining leaves,
Fresh cedar boughs and mistletoe everywhere one sees.

And crowning glory of it all, the stately Christmas tree,
The little church is none too tall to house her majesty.
Who like a gracious hostess stands with friendly outstretched hands,
Breathing the hospitality that Christmas cheer demands.

Her shining house makes glad each heart with candles all alight,
Her boughs festooned with crystal bulbs in every color bright.
There pop corn balls and oranges and rosy apples grow,
And dainty little stockings, the kind that children know.

Filled to the brim with every sweet that childhood loves the best,
Plenty to spare, that not a child shall lack the Christmas feast.
And now at last the church is filled with guests from far and near,
Many who seldom grace her pews respond to Christmas cheer.

And all the seats to halfway back are filled with boys and girls,
All dressed up in Sunday best with furbelows and curls.
They laugh and chatter and admire, the presents that they see,
Trying to figure which is your, and which belongs to me?

Wondering why their Santa Claus is so very late this year,
Maybe he's stuck in a snow bank and maybe he can't get here.
Then suddenly the organ's voice peals a triumphant sound,
The children then with one accord all turn to look around.

Eagerly expecting their Santa Claus to see,
They gasp "It's Eleanora Wiar, she walking with 'O. D.'"
Say, why is she all dressed in white and who comes with her there?
O, doesn't she look be-au-ti-ful, with flowers in her hair."

Then one more knowing than the rest
Whispered with glances arch,
"Say, that's not Santa Claus' song,
It's just a wedding march."

And sure enough, the happy pair with bridesmaids and best men
All stopped before the altar rail, the pastor met them there,
And from the church's ritual he read the sacred rite And thou, in turn,
gave solemn pledge of faithfulness thru life.

Then all the people flocked around to wish them every joy,
Hoping the future years would bring them bliss without alloy,
Till merry sleigh bells at the door warned them the time had come
For them to leave the dear old church and hasten to her home.

Where mother had prepared a feast of viands rich and rare
And many friends and relatives await the happy pair.
Now after fifty wedded years you're greeted once again,
Not with the old friends of the past, for few of them remain,

But other friends of later years
With greetings as sincere
Have come to wish you health and joy
Through each remaining year.

-oOo-

POEM BY MRS. PINKNEY
IN HONOR OF BRADY'S 40th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Dear friends and neighbors we are met—as you already know,
In mem'ry of another day, some forty years ago.
When Hattie, with her locks of gold and shining eyes of blue,
Took Bill for better or for worse and promised to be true.

How well that contract has been kept,
is forty years of history. Just "Give and Take" from day to day,
There really is no mystery.
Thru shadow and thru sunshine, Thru Life's "Ups and Downs" together,
With ne'er a tho't of giving up, In fair or stormy weather.
Life's been no "Bed of Roses", and often rough the way,
But they tackled it with courage and stronger grew each day.

In this age of autos, airplanes and multi-modern things,
Where people spend their lives on wheels, or soar aloft on wings,
Old fashioned homes and families are mighty hard to find
They just don't seem to fit the needs of the ultra-modern mind.
Where marriage for convenience, amuses for a while,
To be tossed aside as lightly as a garment out of style.

But I'm not here to moralize on things of Modern day,
Tho' the life-long history of our friends proves theirs the happier way.
The little town where they were wed was christened "Harmony"
Good omen for harmonious life, I'm sure you'll all agree.
Fierce was the wind and deep the snow, Real January weather.
But did they worry? Ill say NO,—Not while they were together.

All snugly wrapped in furs so nice, with chime of sleigh-bells jingling,
They gaily dodged old shoes and rice, Their friends were fast commingling

At last a mile was put between them and their noisy friends,
Bill slackening rein—to Dobbin says, "Here's where our trouble ends."
But scarcely uttered were the words, when Dobbin sure-but-slow,
Had dumped his precious cargo in a downy drift of snow.
For the little sleigh was heavy with useful gifts and rare,
To help them out with house-keeping, in the home they were to share.

Then there was Pandemonium in cold sub-zero weather,
Hattie and Bill and pots and pans, all mixed with snow together.
A woeful sight 'twould seem, to be, had it been you or I,
But Bill and Hattie tho't it just as cheap to laugh as cry.
And so, I ween, thruout the years their policy would be,
When life goes Topsy Turvy, the funny side to see.

May life for you glide gently on, In the same happy way,
God bless you dears, and grant that you may greet your GOLDEN DAY.

-oOo-

To the Fairmount Band — Honoring Mrs. Lavaughn Revier

Listen my children and you shall hear
The story of one, to you most dear,
Your loved director, Lavaughn Revier,
Though better known by another name
I'm sure you'll love her still the same.

She came in the summer of '41
Daughter of "Land of the Midnight sun".
Where towering crags lift their peaks on high,
Where limpid fjords reflect the sky,
Where rushing torrents rage and roar
Thru echoing canyons evermore,
Where midnight leaps to greet the moon,
And none can know when day is born.

Land of the Vikings proud and brave,
Who scorned their lives, their homes to save,
Just as our loved ones near and far
Yield sacrifice to God of War.
But I digress from theme at hand
And now return to Fairmount Band,
Where your Miss Skatrude patiently
Changed discord into harmony,
And often we have trilled to hear
Her trumpet's tones so sweet and clear.

She left our town a year ago,
Her country called, she fain would go
To join her lover overseas,
We plan our lives, but "Fate decrees."
And she was forced to change her plans
Consistent with her home's demands.

Now wounded he returns with pride
To native land and promised bride,
And wedding bells ring out the while
In "Saviour's church" of old Argyle.
A few short days and he must go
Again to meet the deadly foe,
But he shall pray with fervent heart
For his return—,no more to part,
And that your well-loved teacher, friend,
In happiness her life shall end.

-oOo-

(The following poem, mentioned in last weeks issue of the News, was read as a surprise party, given June 8, by the DeVillo Home-makers Club, at the home of Edwin Moon, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Pete Moon, the occasion being the Silver Anniversary of their wedding.) (quoted from the Fairmount News)

THE ROMANCE OF PETE AND MARIE

The school day romancing of Hobbledehoy,
So serious, so thrilling, to girl and to boy,
Seldom leads to the altar, so we have been told,
With years of discretion, young romance grows cold,

And the lilt of a laugh, or the flash of an eye,
That seemed so alluring in days gone by,
Is hardly enough for a permanent role,

Where the need is for character—beauty of soul.

Romances of "teen age" but seldom endure,
In process of time, they find their own cure.
And wonder how they could have been so enthralled,
When the tho't of it now, leaves them simply appalled.
But here's a romance that started in school,
That it's an exception, doesn't alter the rule,
Of course you will recognize "Pete and Marie".
He has been her Prince Charming from "A to Z".

On that tragic day of frolic and fun,
When the game they were playing was "Run sheep run",
'Tis long to remember, yet who can forget,
We shudder to think of it—even yet.

The children came rushing from school, that night,
Their eyes wide with sympathy, horror and fright,
Saying, "Pete is unconcious, They think he is dying,
And O, poor Marie,—just sobbing and crying,

If anything happens to Pete—Boo hoo,
We know that Marie will surely die too,
Not a word we can say will comfort give,
She's so broken-hearted, she don't want to live.

But Pete didn't die, as you will observe,
He had much to live for and plenty of nerve,
Which means "Half the battle", so doctors all tell,
It's the WILL to survive, that helps us get well.

One night—when the wedding was not far away,
While Pete called on Marie - in the usual way,
His mischievous pals planned to give him a scare,
(That "he had it coming", I'd willingly swear.)

A rope, 'cross the path, in the dark of the night,
Would certainly give him a jolt, all right,
Then hidden, they waited to witness the joke,
But 'twas dear papa Hoffman who tripped on the rope.

And say—was he mad—he turned on the heat,
And blamed the whole works on poor innocent Pete,
Who, vainly protesting, fled in affright,
And left "Sweet Marie" to argue his plight.

'Tis said that he rushed to a safe retreat,
And didn't "show up" for more than a week,
For how could he face her indignant papa,
Or what was still worse, the loud guffaw,

Of the wicked urchins who stretched the rope,
Which nearly cost him his fondest hope?
But whether 'tis false, or whether 'tis true,
In time it blew over, as most things do.

It is twenty five years since their wedding bells rang,

Yet they've never lived far from "the old school gang".
And we who have met in their honor today,
Wish them health, peace and happiness, all of the way.

-oOo-

TO GRANDMA BALLARD
(On her Ninety-fourth Birthday)

Ages ago the Psalmist's pen
Gave warning that three score and ten
Was just about the proper year
For us to quit this mundane sphere.

So grand mamas of long ago
Donned "cap and specs" that all might know
They'd reached the parting of the way,
Where people are no longer gay.

When chimney corner is the goal,
To knit, and ponder on the soul,
To reminisce on year long past,
On days too beautiful to last.

But this dear one of whom I write
Saw things in quite a different light,
She argued that three score and ten
Is just a good beginning—then

Told Old Father Time that he
Could "chase himself"
behind a tree, Or "Jump into the lake",- by gum,
And sink his scythe and hour glass bum.

That all this clatter is pure "BUNK"
To people blessed with health and spunk.
That she refused to quit the soil
To "Shuffle off this mortal coil".

Another score and four have passed
Since Grandma left "Old Time" aghast.
And from the way she trips about, '
Tis plain he'll long be put to rout.

Throughout our country far and wide,
We view our pioneers with pride,
And pray that health and friendship's cheer
May brighten each declining year.

-oOo-

TO A COMING STRANGER

Little man or maiden fair, which e'er you chance to be,
Why do you come from regions rare— from land of mystery?
Has "ole br'er stork" been snooping 'round and giving you advice,

Because a trusting child he found? It isn't very nice
To fool a little baby so and bring you down to earth,
Unless you really long to go and he can make it worth
The risk-to leave that radiant land where you have dwelt above,
To find a mother's gentle hand, a father's tender love.

And hosts of friends to welcome you and give you good advice.
And set you up in business too, with bank and pennies nice
And such a tiny bank—at best, It hardly seems worth while,
Yet—put at compound interest, it will make a good sized pile
Of dollars, by the time that you become "of age",
"Great things from small beginnings grow,"
We're taught by old time Sage.

But we digress from guilty bird—accused of double-dealing,
And we confess—from things since heard—
we've had a change of feeling.
And ask his pardon for the words we have so rashly spoken,
He's proved himself a Seer of birds, who never stoops to joking.
On slender leg he stands so still, lost in deep meditation,
His problem is—How can he fill the ranks of future nation
And keep us from race suicide, that bane of gentle living,
By scattering children far and wide, new brain and brawn thus giving.

So—Welcome little stranger dear, to Earthland's tears and joys.
But ere you come, please gain the ear of other girls and boys.
Tell them that they are needed bad, in homes down here below. Where long haired
cats and poodles sad, are getting too much show.
Tell them to come ere slant eyed bands shall swarm within our borders,

Ere foreign hordes from distant lands shall give us marching orders.
Smile not, dear child, at our alarms, but heed the words we say,
We'll welcome you with open arms, We'll bless your natal day.

(Honoring the coming Grice baby)

-oOo-

HELP US TO UNDERSTAND

To Philip Stegner

Dear Philip—Since you're safe at home
In Heaven's promised land,
O tell us of your journey,
That we, too, may understand

Why the parting was so sudden,
There was scarcely time to think,
Before your hurrying footsteps
Led you to the very brink

Of "The Valley of the Shadow"
So cold and deep and wide
Did you find "The Tender Shepherd"
Waiting for you—just inside?

And as your trembling fingers
Stretched to meet his strong warm hand,
Did he say "Fear not beloved,
For you soon will understand.

"Why I summoned you so early
From your home and loved ones dear,
And left them broken-hearted,
And the hearthstone bleak and drear.

"I've prepared a place in Heaven
You alone can fill—My Son.
And when they understand it
They will say: 'Thy will be done.'

"And oft to them in quiet hour
Your spirit shall appear,
And tho' they cannot see you
They will feel your presence near".

And did this radiant being
Comfort you and light the way
As no earthly sun could light it
E'en on summer's brightest day?

And when he'd loosed his little boat
Moored by the river dark
Did he gently take you by the hand
And did bid you to embark?

And as his boat sped swiftly
Thru the turbid swelling tide,
Did you catch a glimpse of loved ones
Waiting on the other side?

And as your eager footsteps
Lightly touched the shining sand
Did they gladly spring to welcome you
And clasp your outstretched hand?

Did you meet the baby brother
Whom your eyes had never seen,
Now grown to splendid manhood
In that atmosphere serene?

And did you walk together
Up the shining gold-paved road
While he pointed out the splendors
Of your Paradise abode?

Till your joyous heart seemed bursting
With the wonder of it all,
And your longed to shout the tidings
To earth's children great and small?

Since early childhood you had thrilled
To hear the old, old story

Of pearly gates and jasper walls,
Of Jesus' love and glory.

But since you now are numbered
With the af lambs of Heaven's fold,
Your answer, I am sure, would be
"The half was never told".

-oOo-

MRS. PINKNEY ACCORDED LITERARY RECOGNITION

The Exposition Press, One Spruce Street, New York City advises that national literary recognition has Ibeen accorded to Mrs. Agnes Pinkney,, whose poem "Love Voices" has been accepted for inclusion in the World's Fair Anthology of 1939, to be published by the Exposition Press, New York City. The author, who competed in a \$100.00 poetry prize contest still open to all poets, had to withstand tremendous meritorious competition in order to become one of the comparatively select few chosen for representation in The World's Fair Anthology.

The author has already achieved publication in the following: "Homespun", an anthology of poetry by the General Federation of Women's clubs. "Golden Jubilee", poems of the Statue of Liberty. Anita Brown's "North Dakota Clubwoman," and numerous poems in the local papers.

Mrs. Pinkney gained early recognition as a pianist and singer. A love for writing was suddenly developed trying to kill time, in a Chicago hospital, while convalescing.
(Fairmount News—June 1939)

Poems for Women's Literary Clubs

INSPIRATION

Not long ago, after a weary day
I sat me down to think what I might say,
That would be of real value to that band,
Well known as "Womens' Clubs", thruout the land.

I sat with pencil poised O'er paper white,
Eager to catch the words I fain would write.
But, tho' I wasted full an hour of time,
The words refused to come—no sense, no rhyme,

I think I must have fallen in a doze,
For at my side a stately figure rose.
Fairer than any I had seen before, Her hand—
so lily white, a lily bore.

And on her brow, above her eyes of blue,
There sat a laurel wreath, a gleam with dew.
That sparkled like a royal diadem.
With every crystal drop a blazing gem,

For it was early morning's fairest hour,
When golden rays of sun-shine gild each flower,
And happy birds in throbbing rapture raise,
Their matin song of gladness and of praise.

It seemed a fitting place for vision rare,
The rosy morning and this garden fair,
Where thousand blossoms poured their incense sweet,
And crystal fountain tinkled at our feet.

She seemed imbued almost with heavenly grace,
Goodness and wisdom shone from her fair face,
I tho't she looked on me with pitying glance
Which gave me courage humbly to advance.
And bow, in homage, at her sandalled feet.
Her hand upon my head bro't peace complete.
And when she spoke, her voice rare music made,
Vibrant and sweet, it seemed to all pervade.

"What is it sister, you would have me do?
I am the Muse, I'm here to aid you, too.
If you do truly my assistance seek,
Have courage, never fear, but only speak".

And then my heavy heart grew light as air,
To think I might confess to one so fair.
And ev'ry doubt fled quickly then away, I said—
"Dear Muse, O, give me words to say.

Words that shall amply fill a long felt need,
Words that shall lead us right, in tho't and deed,
I've labored now for many hours, I know,
To write some verses for my club, but lo—

As quickly as I think I've nailed a tho't,
It flies away, before the verse is wrought.
I never knew it happen thus before,
It leaves me all discouraged, baffled,—sore.

When words come rushing swift to meet the pen,
O, It is keenest pleasure writing, then.
But now there's something lacking in my mind,
No words, no inspiration can I find".

I tho't the Muse looked sad and vexed, in one,
She said—"In this, your club, what have you DONE?
To have true inspiration one must learn,
For worthy DEEDS, not words alone, to yearn.

I hid my burning face and answered low,
"I wonder now, dear Muse, how you could know?
You seem to have the wisdom of a seer,
For all your words imply, is truth, I fear.

We meet, alternate weeks, mostly for fun,
But no deeds, worth recording, have we done. 'Tis true—
we have a program for each day, Unless—
perchance, some member stays away,

And then the work that for this one was planned,
Is simply dropped, ignored, forgotten,—banned.
The lack does not us worry in the least,

We have more time to plan for social feast.

A pot-luck supper is the usual thing.
Each uses her own taste in what to bring.
We laugh and chat and do our fancy work.
But worthy deeds and study we all shirk.

Just then my largest young spring chanticleer,
Beneath my window sent his challenge clear,
My sleepy eyes wide opened with a start,
But not in time to see the Muse depart.
(Oct. 20, 1926)

-oOo-

It said "tomorrow — stroke of three
We'd like to have your company,
And, as you may perchance surmise,
It's just a little club surprise.

"And will you please 'dash off a poem'?
For we've just heard that Harriet's going
To spend the winter in the west With children dear,"
thrice welcome guest.

Ye Gods, is anyone so wise
That he can snatch from out the skies
At moment's notice, —inspiration,
To fitly voice appreciation?

For one who has, throughout the years Been friend,
in all our joys and tears?
Always, with ready willing hands,
Fulfilling church and club demands.

Seeking no words of thanks or praise
For work well done in countless ways?
For worth so rare, you'll all agree
My words are but poor eulogy.

But let us not be too much grieving
Because our circle she is leaving.
For spring's already on the way,
And she'll come smiling home some day.

With happy memories of the west,
Replete with health and vim and zest.
May God protect, as months flit by,
'Tis "Au Revoir," but not "Good-bye."

September 27, 1938

-oOo-

YE SPEECH OF YE SECOND FIDDLER

On September 19th at our first social meeting
Our hostess remarked (as her guests she was greeting)
To Madam the president "next time we meet
We'll expect our new leader to give us a treat , .
In a nice little speech, just to show she has pleasure."
In the honor her club has bestowed without measure.
Then turning to me with a smile and a coo
She said "and of course we'll expect one from you."
And when I protested that my humble station
Would scarcely require me to give an oration.
She looked at me sternly and said "At that time
Not only you must, but we'll take it in rhyme."

And since, for club rules I've had always respect,
I cannot quite figure a way to reject
The order our hostess has put upon me,
Tho' why I should do it, I really don't see.
So for favors received I am properly grateful.
I would not refuse — since you feel 'twould be hateful.
But I'm sure all the honors to Madame belong.
A vice-president does not rate with the throng.
(Mrs. Ballard was hostess)

-oOo-

HAIL OUR GLORIOUS GOLDEN JUBILEE

Sisters of our Federation, let us joyous be,
Sing a song in honor of our Golden Jubilee.
Sing it all in unison, clear and sweet and strong,
Let the earth re-echo as we march, march along.
Long the years of waiting, for this glorious day;
Banish then all sadness, Let us all be gay.
Join our Federation, women,
You will welcome be, Share with us the glory of our Jubilee.
Chorus—
Hail, our Glorious Golden Jubilee.
Hail our blessed "Land of Liberty."
Ever may your banners be unfurled,
"Peace," your slogan, in a war sick world.
Sisters, there is much for us to do,
If to Home and Country we'd be true,
Raise our glad triumphant song for "Land of Liberty,"
And our Glorious Golden Jubilee.
Fifty years ago there came, to women brave — but few.
Visions of a noble work — with urge to dare and do.
Experience—their teacher stern, taught them to seek the light,
Nothing can deter us now, if we but use our might.
Pitfalls—deep and many, threaten our loved land,
Enemies—in friendly guise, lurk on ev'ry hand.
We tremble as we see the danger, to the ones we love,
Let us "be as wise as serpents," tho' we laud the peaceful dove.

NORTH DAKOTA

(Club Song)

Tune— "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"

Tho* we're but an infant state, nor considered wise nor great,
By the "Grown up" states of our big USA
Give us time and we will show We've had room enough to grow,
They will have to "yield the palm" to us, some day.

Chorus—

Cheer, cheer, cheer for North Dakota,
And our Federation grand;
With our leader—Mrs. Jones, we will laugh at stumbling-stones.
And we'll head the list of Clubs throughout the land.
Our broad acres stretch afar, "Garden of the world" they are,
Yielding bread enough for all the famished earth.
And beneath our rich black soil, coal and minerals and oil.
Only wait for labor's hand to prove their worth.
We have scenery sublime, Grand as that of any clime,
Level plains and tow'ring buttes of rainbow hue;
Where the red man used to roam, there we find the modern home,
Where the hardy settler "made his dreams come true.

-oOo-

SINCE LAST WE MET

(Club Meeting at Hawley's)

When we met down here at Hawley's on the twenty-first of May
We thought that we were kids again, and we were blithe and gay.
Those who were not "bobbed" wore pig-tails and old-time pinafore,
And when we saw each other, we laughed and laughed some more.
For what was just the proper dress — in that old-fashioned day,
Seemed to strike us mighty funny—on the twenty-first of May.
And Smarty Cox was teacher—as we played "deestrick" school, It's a cinch her
eddycation don't include the "Golden Rule."
For the way she nagged and heckled us, would make a preacher swear,

As she leaned back smug and sassy, with her wise superior air.
If she's hired to teach our chool again, I vow I'll run away,
For I didn't like her action, on the twenty-first of May.
Since last we met at Hawley's on the twenty-first of May,
The golden days of summer have both come and passed away.
The tender green that then was seen upon each fertile field,
Has come to glad fruition in the harvest's bounteous yield,
And the hungry and discouraged now behold a brighter day,
For the good things Nature brought them since the twenty-first of May

When last we met at Hawley's on the twenty-first of May,
We all felt a note of sadness underneath our fun and play,
For some of our loved members were stretched on beds of pain
And we shuddererd as we wondered if we all should meet again,
But the One who gave the harvest has our petition heard,
And our number irs unbroken as we meet September third.

-oOo-

PERSONALITY JINGLES

(Hallowe'en affair with witches)

Mrs. Robertson

Her husband is the bogey man
His occupation's gainless,
The sign you read above his door
Declares that it is painless.
But when he pries your jaws apart
His shining tools applying,
You holler fit to raise the dead
And think you are a-dying.

Mrs. Gouge

There is a big bird, so I have heard tell,
With very long legs and beak as well.
Perhaps if his friendship you'd acquire.
He'd bring, in a basket, Your heart's desire.

Mrs. Bolton

Weep no longer, barren tree, The mother of thirteen you'll be.
Thirteen little girls and boys. Shall complete your household joys!
A baker's dozen, if you please, To make up for lost time and ease.

Mrs. Deans

O' tall and very pale is she
With wavy locks so snowy.
She decorates her house with rocks,
She thinks they look so showy.
But when a sucker comes along
To buy — with cash so handy.
She cries "Get lumber boards — my son
And finish your verandy."

Mrs. Mergens

There is a dame in our town, She is so very busy.
She never comes to club "no more,"
Her work would make you dizzy.
But when her hubby crooks his thumb
And says "Let's have vacation,"
She lets her work go to the dogs
And rushes to the station.

Mrs. Greenman

This is your message from over the sea.
Adopt a French orprhan if happy you'd be.
Leave, little white poodles for Mrs. J. Astor
There's no doubt about it,
Your joys will come faster.

Mrs. Wetherbee

A dignifiefd matron, with mien severe,
When we say something silly,
she makes us feel queer.
And yet — notwithstanding h
er aspect so grand,
When we want something done,
We'll find her on hand

Her Own (Agnes Pinkney)
Bubble, Bubble, cauldron bubble,
I'm the wicked old witch who is stirring up trouble.
But should you discover my name perforce,
I beg you will smile and consider the source.

Mrs. Wiar
There was a young lady, now just think of that,
Whose sole aim in life was to make herself fat.
She supped cream and olive oil early and late,
But never an ounce could she add to her weight.

Addle Blake
The thing that always strikes you pat
Is a cup of tea and a pussy cat.
With feet perched high on an ottoman,
You tat and crochet as fast as you can.
Now why not chuck the cat, my dear,
And give some orphan home and cheer?

Mrs. Dahlquist
Your goal in life's not hard to fix,
The whole darned thing's an Elgin Six.
A moterin' from sun to sun,
Whenever does your work get done?
Now this jolly motor matron,
That's what the gossips say,
Is a-goin' for to leave us,
I heerd it yesterday.
Ain't Fairmount good enough for her?
That city opportune?
Why she couldn't find a better place,
If she motored to the moon.
With 'lectric lights and water works,
She sure will be a daisy,
I don't see what's got in her "bean,"
She must be goin' crazy.
But since the notion's in her head
And she is bound to leave us,
We'll keep a good stiff upper lip,
Nor let it too much grieve us.
For people have a habit, that's
What old timers say,
Of a-comin' back to Fairmount
If they ever go away!

-oOo-

BANDANAS

They challenged me to write a song—
a brand new shining "HIT"
And if I didn't want "the gong,"
but wanted to be "IT."
A lunny lyric I must make,
to pass Tin Pan Alley,

About most any queer old Jake,
or Jack, or Jill or Sally.
The "Last Roundup" has had its day,
we surfeit on "Bananas:"
"The music still goes 'round,"
they say, but what about "Bandanas?"

Refrain—

O, bandanas are blue and bandanas are red,
A scarf for your neck or a hat for your head.
A skirt or a waist, according to taste,
It just fills the bill — the bandana.

The dear old mammies of the land,
once held exclusive right
And then the merry cowboy band
wore them from morn till night.
Now dainty ladies have the flair,
their methods are disarming.
A kerchief here — a kerchief there,
the whole effect is cha'ming.
The ample square of mammie's day,
is fashion's late sensation.
In fabrics rare and colors gay,
'tis worn by half the Nation.

Refrain-

O, bandanas are blue and bandanas are red,
A scarf for your neck or a hat for your head.
A skirt or a waist, according to taste,
I jus' gotta getta bandana

-oOo-

THE OAK AND THE VINE

In the days of chivalry, O many years agone,
Ladies fainted gracefully, when any thing went wrong,
Men were then called "sturdy oaks," because they seemed so strong
And "clinging vines" were the ladies.

Refrain—

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, the vine no longer clings,
She's tasted freedom and has tried her wings,
And unless the "Sturdy oak" stands pat on sev'ral things,
He's surely due for a tumble.

Why should mothers raise their sons to splendid "man's estate."
But to see them marched away to meet a soldier's fate,
So that greedy bankers, international, may make,
Millions to add to their hoardings?

Refrain—

'Tis time, 'tis time for us, at last, to know,
*Twas Washington who warned us long ago,

That 'tangling alliances can bring us naught but woe,
Then, why not mind our own business?

Let us take the money that we spend in useless strife,
For our starving people, give warmth and cheer and life,
Let us have disarmament, instead of bomb and knife,
And "Peace for us" be our motto.

Refrain—

Let foreign nations battle, if they must,
But we will pledge and keep our sacred trust,
Then shall oaks and vines, together, rise from out the dust,
When Peace shall gain full dominion.

Tune — "Marching Through Georgia"

-oOo-

Political and Patriotic
TO A "GOLD STAR MOTHER"

Dear mother of a "Gold Star" boy—who faced the deadly strife,
With shoulders squared, and flashing eye, scorning his precious life,
A martyr to the common good—and to his country's call,
Who bravely thru the conflict stood—then gave to her his all.
O, can we think a tinsel star sown to a banner bright
Will ever heal your bleeding scar, or put your grief to flight,
O, mother dear, lift eyes of faith to that bright dome afar
And see in Heaven's firmament—your darling's Golden Star.

HURRAH FOR FINLAND

Who's afraid of the BIG BLACK BEAR?
Not Finland—Little Finland
In her long white nightie she will shoo him to his lair,
Brave Finland—Little Finland He's going back to Russia—to hibernate.
When he wakes up in the Spring time it will be too late.
He will "get his everlasting, " if he tries to crash the gate.
Of Finland—Little Finland. Who is this modern David—unafraid—alone?
It's Finland—Little Finland. Who slays the dread Goliath with a sling and stone?
Brave Finland—Little Finland
She fights for Home and Liberty and Children dear,
To shield them from a Tyrant's scourge and jeer.
Jehovah's host seems near her and she laughs at Fear.
Brave Finland—Little Finland

-oOo-

WE AINT A GONNA FIGHT THEIR BATTLES ANY MORE

We Yankees call it "Super gall", "Good business" says Great Britain
And tackles Sammy for "a haul" whenever war's a spittin',
But when the pay-day comes around, we realize our blunder,
John Bull just thumbs his nose at us, and say "Aw, go to thunder"

Chorus:—

But we aint a gonna fight their battles any more,
You bet we ain't a gonna fight their battles any more,
Their notions of Democracy have made us plenty sore,
We've learned our lesson, Johnny, We're not fightin' any more.

Now just suppose that Mexico or South America
Should pick a fight with Uncle Sam and Uncle Sam would say,
"Hey, Johnny, Turn about's fair play, Come France, I need your muscle."
Does anyone suppose these gents for Uncle Sam would hustle?

Chorus:—

O, we aint a gonna fight their battles any more,
We aint a gonna fight their battles any more,
The answers plain as daylight, "We should have known before",
We have learned our lesson Johnny, we're not fightin' any more.

They'd greet us with a "horse ha ha" and say "Why all the hurry,
You're big enough to fight alone, No Sam, it's not our worry."
So get your fightin' merchandise and pay for it, by gum,
We will not trust you for a dime, or even smaller sum.

Chorus:—

And we ain't a gonna fight your battles any more,
You bet we ain't a gonna fight your battles any more,
We're fed up on the promises you made to us before,
So get this little earful:—We're not fightin' any more.

Our boys have plenty here to do
To keep our country level,
And search out evil foreigners
Who seem leagued with the devil!

-----oOo-----

To Our Sister Lands
GREETINGS

America the Beautiful,
Long famed in song and story,
Sends greetings to her sister lands,
Now forced by tyrants gory
To leave, as we, your peaceful homes,
Late scenes of love and laughter,
To either fight for Liberty
Or live, enslaved hereafter

By wolves, well clothed in sheepskin white
While posed for our inspection,
Who'd ever dream these lambs could bite,
Or that we'd need protection?
Till suddenly, with claws outspread
And bloody dripping jaws,
They leave their gory victim dead,
Despite their peaceful laws.

In Holy Writ these words stand out,

'Tis by your fruits you're known,
Then Europe, Asia, wherefore doubt
Whose interests are your own?
The grapes from communistic soil
Are grown on thorn trees vicious,
That pierce the weary hands of toil
But yield no fruit delicious.

Nor was the fig e'er grown
On prickly thistle stem.
Its tiny winged fruit far flown,
Brings curse to sons of men.

But hungry hearts—sore sons of earth
When all seems lost and drear
Find in America new birth
Of life and hope and cheer.

Just as our sturdy pioneers
To 'scape the hateful thrall
Of bondage, tyranny and tears
Swerved not, but risked their all.
That they might reach the promised land
The home land of the free,
An undivided Christian band
For God and Liberty.

A boundless sea before them surged
Its perils all unknown,
But Freedom's voice relentless urged
"Fear not, but claim your own."

Then shall our lands, blood-bought and free
E'er yield to tyrant's sway?
Dear sisters all—across the sea Join us in answer—"Nay."

-oOo-

A PROTEST

Daughters of North Dakota, O, unite!
A monster rules our fair land, let us fight,
If we hope to win the day
There can be no other way,
We have got to "Do it now" with our might

We have had a sample of his rotten sway,
Then let's "Get busy"—today.
If we let him keep control,
He will put us in "the hole",
And we never more can have a word to say.

We know what to expect from his rule,
Tho' he is a deep dyed villain, he's no fool,
If our child we'd educate,
We would better not be late,

If we hope to save a penny for our school.

Where are your sixteen dollars, farmers free,
That you gave your foxy leader with such glee?
And your elevators fine
And your packing houses—"Nein!"
You will have to get your microscopes to see.

And a hundred other promises he made,
When he pocketed your dollars in his raid
Upon your banks so true,
Sure! he was "good to you",
When he put old North Dakota in the shade.
Say farmers! can't you see that you are stung,
By the very sleekest rascal yet unhung?
You have everything at stake,
His tax your homes will take,

If you give him habitation us among.
Then let us rout this nest of demons red,
They are "wolves in sheep's clothing" true, tis said.
Let us hit them tooth and nail,
Cloven foot and spiked tail,
Directly and squarely on the head!

KAISER BILL

Kaiser Bill sat on a hill
Eating world war pie,
He stuck in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a brave man am I."

He crunched the plum between his teeth,
With his usual Kaiserish air,
But he found that the plum
That he pulled with his thumb
Was only a prickly pear.

He swore and he choked and he coughed and he poked,
But he couldn't budge it a hair,
The Russian plum devoured by the Hun
Will eventually be his despair.

-oOo-

Slogans for Contests

WHERE SHALL I WALK?

Where shall I walk
'Mid fern-strewn lanes
Or lovely flowers full blown,
On exquisite mosaic of cunningly fitted stone?
Or shall it be on marble
Of polished colors rare,

Which—e'er my choice, like granite,
I know 'twill wear and wear.

And for this regal splendor
A price that all can pay,
I wonder what the ancient Quakers
all in sombre gray,
Led by the valiant William Penn
If they were here today, would say
If they could see the lovely
Rugs that bear their names today?

BARBASOL

There was a time when husband friend
Had shaving troubles without end,
Small dogs and children fled, afraid
Whene'er he plied the stubborn blade.

The very thought a shudder brought,
He found no cure, though oft he sought,
He vowed he'd let his whiskers grow
Rather than always suffer so.

One day when he was in despair,
There came an angel unaware,
Who sensing his unhappy plight
Resolved at once to set things right.

He said, "There is no need to suffer,
You poor unhappy whiskered duffer,
Just drop your shaving troubles all,
Salvation lies in Barbamol."

And ever since that blessed date
For shaving time he scarce can wait,
He loves the gentle soothing feeling
The velvet touch, the perfect healing.

No wonder men both great and small Cry—
"Yield the palm to Barbamol."

-oOo-

THE ARMSTRONG WAY

When I was just a tiny girl, the fun I liked the best,
Was to spend a week with grand-mamma, where I was welcome guest.
I loved her cheery kitchen, so homey and so snug,
The kettle in the fire-place, the cat upon the rug.

The rows of shining pans, where I viewed my face at will,
The bird cage in the window — the flowers on the sill.
I marveled at her spotless floor, scrubbed white with sand each day.
"Just clean enough to eat off," her neighbors used to say.

I tried my hand at scrubbing once—when grandma was away,
But tho't my poor arms would drop off, my back ached all next day.
But grandma's tidy soul simply loathed the sight of dirt,
So the scrubbing brush each day was plied, no matter how it hurt.

Now when I view my Armstrong rugs,
kept spic and span and cheery,
Without one speck of soap or sand— nor aching back or weary,
I'm glad I've banished scrubbing day — for now I never do it.
I clean my floors the Armstrong way — there's really nothing to it.

-oOo-

Poems of Personal Family Ties

LULLABY LAND

To my own "bit mannie"

Lambkins gone to rest, birdies in the tree,
Little sleepy sweetheart, climb upon my knee,
Hush your prattle now, Shut your eyes so blue,
And the little Sand man soon will come for you. He will take you, he will take you,
To his home in Lullaby Land.
Lullaby lo, lullaby, Lullaby lo, lullaby.

Manfully you've trudged, long has been the day,
Plucking flowers for mother, in the meadow gay,
Crickets chirping now, tell of slumber time,
Now I see the sandman in his chariot fine.
He is coming, he is coming, to take you to Lullaby Land,
Lullaby lo, lullaby, Lullaby lo, lullaby.

See his castle bright in the moon-light fair,
Guarded by the fairies of the summer air.
Happy children all, soon must haste away,
They'll come back to mother, at the peep of day.
They are waiting, they are waiting,
For my darling—in Lullaby Land,
Lullaby lo, lullaby, Lullaby lo, lullaby.

Drowsy lids have now closed o'er eyes so bright,
He will slumber sweetly, till the morning light.
Then with prancing steeds, in a chariot gay,
He'll come back to Earth Land, for another day.
He will journey, he will journey,
Safely home, from Lullaby Land.
Lullaby lo, lullaby, Lullaby lo, lullaby.

(To her son, Paul Pinkney)

TO SAM AND CLARA

What is this I hear you say,
Fifty years since your wedding day?
No, you must be joking, dreaming,
Fifty year's since you came beaming,
Looking O! so proud and grand,

Leading Clara by the hand?
Gentle Clara, sweet and true,
We all fell in love with you,
Even while we felt resentment
At our Uncle's vast contentment;

You'll not wonder when you know,
Sam for years had played the beau
To his half a dozen nieces,
Always jolly, going places,
And with merry song and chaff,
We would while the hours away
Of each ne'er forgotten day.
And we grew to think no other
Could possess Dad's younger brother.

Now he was past thirty five,
Goodness, Gracious, Sakes alive,"
How could he be mark for Cupid?
The idea—to us, seemed STUPID.
(Funny how our notions change,
As our birthdays upward range.)
Other changes too, we note,
As we muse on scenes remote.
Where is now the merry band?
Some are in the Better Land,
Others scattered far and wide,
On the plains, by ocean's side.
Locks no longer jet or gold,
Can it be we're growing old?
Shall we no more charming be,
After half a century?

In the days when Sam was wed,
Thirty five was old—they said,
And when forty rolled around
Grandmamma a cap had found,
And no joke or repartee
Could disturb her dignity.
But cheer up, of late we find
Age is but a state of mind.
Years may come and years may go,
No one but yourself need know.
Then tell Father Time that he
May chase himself behind a tree.
Or—since he's been proved a fake,
Let him jump into the lake,
And go blithely on your way
Till your Diamond wedding day.

TO THE WIRT KURD'S

When in this age of wild romance and consequent divorce,
Of lightly spoken marriage vows that lack the old-time force,
We find "two hearts that beat as one" tho' wed for fifty years,
It's time to fling our caps aloft and give three rousing cheers
For Gerty and Wirt.

-oOo-

TWO LITTLE MAIDS

Two little maids I used to know were peeved at mamma, one day,
They talked it o'er as youngsters do—and thought they'd run away.
'Twould serve their mother right—they thought, for being so unkind
As not to let them have their way, why should they always mind?

And say "Yes ma'am" and "If you please", and always be polite?
It's lots of bother for a kid and doesn't seem quite right
When other children that you know don't even tell their folks,
But go just where they want to go—They think that we are "jokes"

For "hanging to an apron string" and doing as we're told,
And their advice was: "Cut it out" and speak up brisk and bold,
And then if daddy takes a stick and warms your little jacket,
Just sneak your clothes and run away—There'll be an awful racket,

And all the neighbors will turn out to find the missing one,
Your parents will be sorry then and you'll have lots of fun
And be a hero when you're found, just like you'd been at war,
With everybody crying, you hardly know what for.

And so these foolish little maids discussed the matter o'er,
And never even stopped to think about the open door
That led into the kitchen where ma was making pies,
And they didn't see her merry smile or the twinkle in her eyes.

But way up to the attic these youngsters softly sped,
Where all the junk was gathered from trunks to trundle bed.
And where all children love to go when comes a rainy day,
And mother never seems to mind, 'cause they're never in the way.

And they dress up and play "Lady", in all the cast-off clothes,
And walk around and "put on airs" just like a lady does.
But on this summer afternoon that I shall talk about,
It was a trunk they wanted—made out of cow hide stout.

And tho' its size was rather small, it certainly had weight,
As these two maids discovered ere they reached the farm yard gate.
For these greedy little youngsters had filled it to the brim
With clothes—and every eatable that seemed to strike their whim.

For they were leaving mother just like that little pig
We read of in the story book, "Because 'twas grown so big,"
And as the wood where they should go was full three miles away,
They knew they would be hungry before the close of day.

And they needed every minute to build their house of boughs,
And make it strong enough to keep out all the dogs and cows,
And maybe—wolves, O! "goodness me", we never thought before
That wolves sometimes come in, even if you have a door,
(unfinished—1924)

-oOo-

MILKIN' TIME

To my sister, Annie

Often at the close of a summer day,
When evening shadows are falling,
I seem to hear again from the far away,
Annie, the cattle calling.

Ref:—

Co Bossy, co bos, Co bos, Co bos,
Co Bossy, co bos, Co bos, Co bos,
Co bos, Co bos,
It's milkin' time, Come home!

PRISCILLA

I know a blue-eyed lassie, out on the western coast,
(If she e'er sees this eulogy, she'll count it foolish boast.)
For modesty—that virtue, so rarely found today,
She has in measure full,—Priscilla.

Ref.

Priscilla, Priscilla, so winsome, blithe and fair,
There's gladness in your ringing laugh—
There's sun-shine in your hair,
But-best of all, there's goodness, in your pure heart of gold,
My darling girl—my own Priscilla,
E'en as a rosy youngster, you prattled at my knee,
Of things too deep for baby lips, of life's great mystery,
Of loving deeds you longed to do, to cheer life's thorny way,
For pilgrims lone—My wee Priscilla.
Your dolly days are over now, to womanhood you've grown,
And lonely seems the home nest, since far away you've flown,
But we fight the stubborn heart-ache,, and dash away the tear,
For our loss means "others' gain", Priscilla.

MEMORIES OF MOTHER

(A birthday greeting to my dear mother on her 87th birthday)

O, it was many years ago,
About four score and seven,
A little child was sent below,
A messenger from heaven.

She came to Merry England's shores
One lovely April morning;
Dewdrops were sparkling on the flowers
Like jewels, all adorning.

She tripped along the quiet stretch,
This little bright-eyed fairy,
And paused at humble cottage neat,—

O Mary, lucky Mary!

That she should choose to there remain
To share your joys and cares,
You little thought you'd entertain An angel unawares.
On England's shore eight years or more
She spent in happy childhood,
Beloved of all, both great and small,
This floweret of the wild-wood.

Then to the far-off states they sailed
Across the briny water,
Though hard their lot, they never quailed,
Brave Mary and her daughter.

But lived the hardy plodding life
Of the early pioneer,
Stout-hearted e'en with dangers rife,
They scorned the thought of fear.

Another child to Mary came,
"A likely lad" and bonnie,
Whose reading won him gold and fame,
Our blithesome Uncle Johnnie

To womanhood the maiden grew,
Priscilla, sweet and fair.
And many lovers came to woo,
Charmed by her winsome air.

"Too many lovers puzzle maids"
Of less discerning minds,
But she was something of a sage,
Whose instinct real worth finds.

And when our future "Daddy dear"
Plead for her heart and hand,
She gave them o'er without a fear,
To this Prince of the wild west land.

And gladly shared his humble cot
Out on the wind-swept prairies,
Her's surely was no easy lot,
She had no help from fairies.

And all the helpful modern ways,
We use without a thought
Were never heard of in those days,
Each task was hard hand wrought.

And then, as if they somehow feared
She'd have some time to spare,
Five daughters trooped in to be reared,
Demanding home and care.

First on the scene was "Maizie Dean"
A little tricksie monkey,

Whose antic wiles would bring the smiles
E'en to a sad-faced donkey.

Hair-raising schemes to her sweet dreams
Oft-times our mother said,
"Another day has passed away,
I'm thankful she's not dead."
Then "Lodie Todie" came along,
Her daddy's pride and joy;
There's just one thing more bliss could bring,
O! had she been a boy!

She was a darling Ittle maid,
"As good as pie" all day.
She never did a naughty thing
"When Maizie was away".

But often times this naughty elf,
With mischief all a-bubble,
By laying plans to shield herself,
Brought that dear baby trouble.

A little maid with sharp blue eye,
Was daughter number three,
But why they called her "Pindy Pie,"
I never yet could see.

Stump-speaking seemed to be her line,
She'd mount upon a chair,
And preach to us "from morn till dine",
And shout and "saw the air".

Till "Uncle Bill", a preacher too,
Tho' to the world grown sour,
Would yell "Now preach!" and mock her too,
Then pass with glances dour.

But number four he loved full well,
Our little "Jellen May",
His scornful face with pride would swell,
"There's intellect", he'd say.

As railing at the other four,
He deemed less highly favored,
Our youthful hearts, by taunts made sore,
Held thoughts of vengeance savored.

Except the baby, Number five,
Whose mystic eyes of blue
Her golden ringlets sought to hide,
She sweetly lisped "a-goo".

And toddled on her baby way,
Well poised and in no hurry.
Her air defined, would mean today,
"Sir William, I should worry".

Poor Uncle Bill has gone to rest (?).
The world wags just as well,
As when he ruled it at his best,
We trust he's not in h---.

Yet who could image angels bright,
The choirs of Heaven to fill,
With shining harps and robes of light,
And face of Uncle Bill?

But as we feared poor Uncle Bill,
We loved our Uncle John.
And I am sure his rare good will
Was much imposed upon.

His visits and his readings too,
Filled us with wild delight,
And when he thought that he was through,
We madly screamed "Not quite!"

They say, the English have no wit.
Such nonsense makes me sore.
We youngsters laughed our sides to split,
And begged and plead for more.

He simply had to dance the jig,
There was no other way,
First to McGinnis sorry pig,
Then to the blythe O'Hea.

Till he was forced to jump and run,
Affecting weary sighs,
But giving many winks of fun,
From merry Irish eyes.

Then at those winks ten sturdy arms
Would rush to grab his leg.
'Till he would groan in mock alarm,
And for our mercy beg.

And grandmamma and mother dear
Would hold their shaking sides,
And father, if he happened near,
Would laugh until he cried.

Ma called up Imps when we were bad,
And stamped in noisy revel,
But if 'twere true, O, thought most sad,
Then she would be a devil!

And who could think of cloven feet
And all the needless bother
Of barbed tail, should it take rest
On our dear loving mother.
Or wicked horns all gleaming bright,
Her placid brow adorning,
'Twould make her children scream with fright,

When they awoke each morning.

As I recall her shining curls
On shoulders gently resting,
I'm sure she meant to tease her girls,
For she was fond of jesting.

Those happy days to childhood dear,
On earth do not abide,
And mem'ry fond oft brings the tear
We vainly seek to hide.

Though jetty locks are now snow white,
And footsteps often falter,
Her placid brow and heart so light,
Old Time has failed to alter.

Her merry heart and cheery ways
Have helped her through deep waters,
And words seem vain to give the praise
Due her from loving daughters.

To scatter loved ones wide and far,
Seems part of life's strange scheme,
But miles to memory are no bar,
And we may plan and dream

Of future days in Golden west
When we again may meet,
Old Father Time will do his best
To make his passing fleet.

And since the clock to midnight turns,
And I have 'said my say',
I'll wish you many glad returns
Of this, your natal day.

—With love, from Imp Number One

A CHILDHOOD THANKSGIVING

When but a small-sized youngster
I yet can well remember
A great event that came to pass
One day in late November,
When we all went down to grandad's
In the good old-fashioned way,
To celebrate with yearly feast
Each new Thanksgiving day.

For grandad Ebenezer,
That soul of rare good cheer,
Or "Uncle Eb" as he was known
By people far and near,
Had made his children promise
As each went his chosen way,
That they would always come back home
To spend Thanksgiving day.

So from our earliest childhood
We were taught to look ahead
To those happy times at grandad's,
Down at the old homestead.
Where all the aunts and uncles
And cousins great and small
Used to gather for reunion
On Thanksgiving day each fall
And our grandmother, "Aunt Laura"
(Her neighbors gave the name),
Was a cook that they would call today
"A wizard at the game."
And her turkey and her pumpkin pies
And doughnuts crisp and brown,
And all the other goodies
For which she won renown

Were there in lavish measure,
On groaning table spread,
In true New England fashion. Some provider,—"Uncle Eb."
And O! the healthy appetites
That to that table led,
We scarcely could contain ourselves
Until the "grace" was said.

And then with laugh and merriment
Each toothsome dish was tried,
And grandma's reputation
Seemed more than justified.
Then when each little "tummy"
Held enough to last a week.
We ran to get our hats and coats,
And filed down to the creek

Deep in the wooded pasture,
Where waters rushed and leaped,
And furry bright-eyed squirrels
Scampered off or coyly peeped
From the branches of the oak trees
Towering high above our heads,
Or made the acorns rustle down
To fall on mossy beds.

And Ebbie and his faithful "Shep"
Oft found a 'possum tree,
For he had a wealth of woodlan-d lore,
He knew it "A to Z".
Then if the snow were on the ground
We mounted on the sled,
And made the woods re-echo
As down the hills we sped.

Till tired out and rosy,
We reached our grandsire's door,
And Ebbie brought the "hicker nuts",
So we could feast some more.

And a pan of rosy apples,
Or the yellow Roman stem,
I have tasted fruits fit for the gods,
But none compared with them.

Then he showed us his own masterpiece,
A wondrous "dancing nigger",
Who promptly fell down on his nose,
If we but touched the trigger.
Then seated at the organ,
He sang the mournful lay
Of bright-eyed laughing "Little Nell
Of Narraganset Bay.'

And when he thought our youthful hearts
Sufficiently were torn,
He'd switch off to a livelier tune,
"John Stiles a 'popping corn."
For Ebbie, our young uncle,
Had afflictions hard to bear,
But he forgot them for awhile
When the youngsters all were there.

But I have spun my story
For too many years ahead.
So let's go back to that bright morn
When Line and Will were wed.
I remember that we youngsters
Were stationed in the hall,
We didn't like the "goings on"
That we had seen—at all!

For "little" pitchers have big ears,"
My mother used to say,
And we heard'a lot of things
That puzzled us that day.
Why should some horrid bogey-man
Steal our poor aunt away?
And take her off to some strange land
Where she must always stay.
For we never heard of anyone
Who had escaped as yet
From that castle full of goblins,
They called it Ne-pon-set.
And so our poor dear auntie
Was to our childish eyes
A victim on the altar,
Tho' willing sacrifice.

And when imagination
Had to a frenzy led,
Our mother came to look for us,
And in a whisper said
"Now act like little ladies
And sit up straight and still
And you shall see what you shall see
A brand new Uncle Will."

And presently our youthful aunt
Came floating down the stair,
Was it true or did I dream it,
That she had bobbed her hair?
If true, then 'tis the queerest joke
That ever you have read,
A country lass — to set the style
Some fifty years ahead.

But then we were not thinking
Of our young aunt at all,
Our eyes were on the stranger
So straight and slim and tall.
With such a fine and manly tread
And merry, kind blue eyes.
"Why can that be a bogey-man"
We thought in great surprise.

And when reluctant kiddies
Were dragged to wish them joy,
We found our bogey-man had turned
Into a nice, kind boy.
He never did a horrid thing,
But took each by the hand,
And called us little nieces,
And hoped we'd understand

That we had not lost our auntie,
But gained an uncle true,
And when he had explained it all
We saw his point of view.
And 'ere the day was over
He had so won our favor,
That our "really truly uncles"
Seemed not one bit finer, braver.

But those happy days are over,
They cannot here abide,
And many who were dear to us
Are lying side by side
In the little Blue Ridge churchyard
So many miles away.
Tho' they dwell with us in memory
On each Thanksgiving day.

And I'm sure that all his nieces
Will join with me to say
He has proved a model uncle
From that morning till today.
And fifty years of proving,
I'm sure is "quite a spell,"
I only hope the rest of us
Can do one-half as well.

And the many kindly messages
That you behold today

Show you we have not forgotten,
Tho many miles away;
And to wish you health and happiness
Throughout the coming years,
With bumper crops of gladness
And famine crops of tears.

Songs

O'ER BLUE WATERS

Barcarolle

O'er blue waters so still, lightly our bark is gliding.
Soft beams from distant hill, show where the young moon is hiding.
Myriad gems from above, bright in our boat's wake are gleaming
Tell me, girl that I love, can this be life or just dreaming?
O, if 'tis dreaming then let us dream on,
Rock little boat, to the murmurous song,
Wafted by night winds from pines on the shore,
Laden with incense from health giving store.

In this Eden afloat, where dwell two hearts so loving,
"Isle of Gladness"—our boat; mid water lilies roving.
Sweet voiced birds of the night answer their mate's low calling.
Rarest hour of delight, when the deep twilight is falling,
Like a soft mantle, mysterious and gray,
Temp'ring the harshness and glare of the day.
Cast by the hand of the mothering Night,
O'er weary children, to soothe and delight.

Come dear, sit by my side, no need have we for rowing.
Love's our pilot and guide, what matters it where we're going?
Far from the turmoil and strife of the great city we're drifting.
Thousand beauties are rife, slowly the white sail is lifting.
As the waves ripple, touched by the breeze,
Moonlight resplendent now shines on the seas,
And her bright path seems to beckon us on,
To worlds Elysian, to mortals unknown.

-oOo-

LOVE VOICES

Sweet bird carroling wild and free,
as you rock and sway in the summer breeze,
What is this song you are singing to me,
from the top branches of maple trees?
O maid, were your heart attuned to hear
You'd know I am singing of love, my dear.

Refrain—

Love voices, love voices, every where are singing,
Bird song, flower song, star in ether swinging,
When the heart's in tune with earth's mystic music rare,
We shall hear love voices singing — Singing everywhere.

From brooklet rippling thru the glade,
From rustling leaves in the forest shade
From murmuring tide as it ebbs and flows
'Round rocky caverns and sun lit coves,
The whisp'ring wind of summer night
Or rosy dawns first rays of light.

Published in World's Fair Anthology of 1939 Exposition Press, New York City

-oOo-

I'M HONIN' FOR MY HOME IN ILLINOIS

Just a little birthday greeting
From one I used to know,
Who, in my childhood pleasures played a part,
But it woke the old sweet mem'ries of the long ago
And made the foolish teardrops start, —And

Refrain—

I'M HONIN' FOR MY HOME IN ILLINOIS,
Tho far I am roamin,' I will thrill with joy,
To mem'ries of childhood,
The prairies, the wildwood,
Where we wand'red, just a barefoot girl and boy.
Yes, I'M HONIN' FOR MY HOME IN ILLINOIS,
For the dear golden days without alloy,
Where bright stars seem nearer,
Where bird songs seem clearer,
And old friends seem dearer, in Illinois!

-oOo-

MY HEART'S BEATING TIME TO A LOVE SONG
O, Long are the years, since in sorrow we parted.
To us life seemed wrong, and we both were sad hearted.
When I think of our meeting, my heart sings a song.
Which my lips keep repeating, thruout the day long.

Chorus—•

MY HEART'S BEATING TIME TO A LOVE SONG,
Sweet and tender and yearning.
Long days of waiting are ending.
To your dear arms I'm returning.
MY HEART'S BEATING TIME TO A LOVE SONG,
The theme of my song is— "I Love You,"
MY HEART'S BEATING TIME TO A LOVE SONG.
Because it's inspired, dear, by YOU.

-oOo-

MEMORY BELLS

Today I wandered back to the old homestead,
To childhood haunts I've longed to see,
But all the dear ones I had known were far away or dead,
No one was there to welcome me.

As I lay on the grass 'neath the old oak's shade,
Just as I used to do when tired of play,
I thought the rustling leaves sweet music made,
Like chiming bells from far away.

Refrain—

Mem're Bells, so softly pealing,
O'er my dreamy senses stealing,
Bringing back the days of long ago.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Childhood, playmates, O, no other
Friends like those our youth once cherished so.
Mem'ry Bells, must time bereave me,
Of my loved ones? Shall it grieve me
Till my lonely heart is filled with pain?
No, I hear their laughter ringing,
Once again we're dancing — singing,
Mem'ry Bells, You've brought them home again.

-oOo-

I MISS YOU SO

I miss you O, I miss you, the long days come and go.
At morn I long for night again, it seems to soothe my woe.
Then I forget that you are gone, and life with gladness teems.
As we wander hand in hand again, in the mystery of dreams.

Chorus—

I miss you, O, I miss you so,
How could I ever let You go.
How could I speak the unkind word,
How could I yield to doubts absurd?
Come back, Dear Heart, to me again.
No more I'll doubt or cause you pain.
Only return, and you shall know,
I love you, and I MISS YOU SO.

I miss you O, I miss you, "Your song and your laugh so free,
In Mem'ry echo thru empty rooms, that were Home, to you and me.
I did not know, when you were here, that I could miss you so.
That life would seem so lone and drear, but now—O, now I know.

-oOo-

STREAMLINE HEARTS

You're almost like a stranger dear, since you have been away.
I almost fear to speak the words my heart would have me say.
You're just as dear and wonderful and more divinely fair,
But somehow—you've acquired a sort of modern—streamline air.

Chorus—

But there is nothing modern about the way I love you,
Nothing streamline has changed my heart,
It is steady and old fashioned as the stars that shine above you.
'Twill be true until in Death we part.

O, why should we be caring tho' the giddy world shall sing,
Of its streamline boats and autos, airopplanes, 'n everything?
Even Cupid has a quiver filled with streamline darts,
But he never never wastes them shooting streamline hearts.

True love's a bit old fashioned but it always means success.
It is the only kind that ever bro't true happiness.
Let's enjoy streamline perfection—all this modern age imparts.
But for Happiness' protection, stick to good old fashioned hearts.

-oOo-

REMINISCENCE (To A Wood-Bird)

Bird of the wildwood, your glad throbbing notes sweetly ringing,
Mem'ries of childhood and days of my youth to me bringing,
Dear bygone days, filled with happiness, laughter and singing,
Your magic song brings them back to me.

Those happy days are gone for aye, no more returning,
But as I list to your joyous lay, my heart is yearning,
For comrades gay, for the hearth-stone where home fires were
burning, And old time scenes that were dear to me.
Bird wild and free, as I listen, the quick tears have started
Warble to me, tho' your glad song doth make me sad hearted.
Once more I see the loved faces of dear ones departed,
Smiling again from the dreamy past.

In a lone church yard, far far away, their forms are lying,
But in that fair land "where all is day," where is no dying,
Home Land for aye, no more sorrow nor sickness nor sighing,
There—ne'er to part, we shall meet at last.

ROBINS IN THE SPRING

Today I saw two robins—happy as could be,
Building their little home in the old apple tree,
And it bro't the old sweet longing that makes my heart ache so,
When I think of one glad spring time—long ago.

Chorus—

ROBINS IN THE SPRING bring memories of you,
And the happiness we knew, sweetheart,
When, as happy robins do, we had planned our cottage, too,
Then cruel Fate drove us apart,
O, my heart beats lone and sad, now when Nature should be glad,
And I wonder if you're lonely too,
Do ROBINS IN THE SPRING to you fond mem'ries bring,
And will our old sweet dreams come true?

-oOo-

"JUST LIKE THAT"

Since I parted with my pinafores and childish curls,

I've had a pet aversion and fear of girls.
My mother and my grandmother, and half a dozen aunts.
Were the only "dames" I'd stand for, since I wore long pants.
In the rank and file of females, I took no stock,
Before I'd meet a girl, I'd walk around the block.
It's funny how a little thing can make a fellow change,
And shatter life-long notions, and his estimate of "Dames."

Chorus—

It was "JUST LIKE THAT," when I met you dear,
The birds were singing gaily in their woodland bowers.
'Twas a glad May morning and the skies were clear,
You were seated on a bank with an apron full of flowers.

I had bro't my hook and line and a favorite book.
The stream, with speckled trout, spelled "Paradise" for me,
I heard your sweet voice singing, and turned to look,
Then sprang, before you saw me, and hid behind a tree.
The love song you were singing, cast a magic spell,
Like Siren voice of old, it drew my coward feet
That I could not resist, I knew full well,
My throbbing heart assured me there was no retreat.
Your eyes were just the color of your violets blue,
A golden curl escaped beneath your broad-brimmed hat.
Our glances met, 'twas then I knew I loved just you.
That my heart was in your keeping— "JUST LIKE THAT."

-oOo-

MY OWN LITTLE ACRE OF HEAVEN

On an acre plot in a sun-kissed valley,
There's a vine-clad cot, where my sweet wife, Sally,
With magic touch turns the cot to palace,
With a king and a queen and a Princess Alice.

Oh, don't think you have to be an angel,
To file on an acre of Heaven,
Just a cottage snug and neat, loving wife and baby sweet,
'Tis Heaven's blessing freely given.

And I'm "ev'ry inch a king," as my cares afar I fling
When the siren sounds the hour of seven,
And my pulses thrill and bound as I near that hallowed ground,
My own little acre of heaven.

*Published in "Outstanding Song poems and Lyricists"
The Exposition Press, New York, N. Y.*

-oOo-

IF I HAD A SWEETHEART LIKE YOU

We met in the ball room one night,
With me it was "love at first sight,"
If I only knew you felt "that way" too,

I would be "simply wild" with delight.

If I Had a Sweetheart Like You,
I'd show the world what I could do.
You are my heart's desire; you make me aspire,
To conquer, to dare, and to do.

If I Had a Sweetheart Like You,
We could make all our life dreams come true;
From our plane we would land on a beautiful strand,
Where a cottage is waiting for two.

*Published in "Outstanding Song poems and Lyricists"
The Exposition Press, New York, N. Y.*

-oOo-

JENNY

Jenny was not a maiden fair, as you'll at first suppose,
With eyes of blue and ringlets rare and hosts of sighing beaux.
But a little brown mare with a regal air and proudly arching neck,
Who trembled with joy when she heard my voice,
And came at my nod and beck.

Refrain—

Galloping, galloping o'er the hills,
With a laugh and a song and a neigh,
O, never has life held sweeter thrills,
Than were ours with each golden day,
For what combination can quite compare,
With a bare-foot girl and her little brown mare.

She'd nuzzle my cheek with her soft pink nose,
And whinny soft and low.
Which meant— "Please give me my sugar lump,
If there's no where else to go."
O, many the years since we gaily rode,
Thru the hills of our homeland fair,
But never have years bro't a truer friend,
Than Jenny, my little brown mare.

-oOo-

MY LADYE BACHELOR

(A Prophecy)

There is a club in our town,
'Tis lauded to the skies,
By every girl past sweet sixteen,
O. they are wondrous wise,
They meet sedately once a week.
They never have a beau,
They plot against the horrid man,
And vow that he must go.

Chorus—

So Johnny run along, run along,
And don't come back any more,
For we are jolly bachelor girls
And not old maids as of yore.

Now girls, I know you love advice,
So list to what I say,
Just think of fifty years from now,
Ere you send John away.
For fifty years from now, I ween,
O, what a woeful pity,
These poor old lonesome Bachelor girls
Will sing a different ditty.
And, it will be:

Chorus—

So Johnny come to me, come to me,
And don't go 'way any more,
For we're no longer Bachelor girls,
But just old maids, as of yore.

They vainly stretch their pleading arms,
They tell what joy 'twill be,
But no great object in the scheme
Can wily Johnny see.
He gravely shakes his grizzled head,
For years have made him wiser,
And says of every Bachelor girl in general,
I despise 'er.

-oOo-

THAT BIG BLUE-BOTTLE FLY With apologies to "The Lost Chord"

Seated one day in a lawn chair, 'neath blossoming apple trees,
Relaxed, and all set for a day-dream, I was weary, but much at ease
I know not what I was dreaming, or if I was snoring then,
But I woke to sounds discordant, like the whirring of old "Big Ben.*"

Chorus

'Twas a BIG BLUE-BOTTLE FLY '
Twas a BIG BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.
He parked on my indignant nose,
He crashed into my eye.
Then he buzzed, buzzed, buzzed, and he zoomed, zoomed. zoomed
And he winked as he passed me by.
O, I longed for a swatter, to swat, swat, swat,
THAT BIG BLUE-BOTTLE FLY. (Yi-Yi)
How I longed for a swatter to swat, swat, swat,
THAT BIG BLUE-BOTTLE FLY. . ;
It flooded the crimson twilight, like the drone of an air-o-plane,
Then trembled away into silence, but presto — it came again.
My nerves were a jangled discord, I was peeved enough to cry.

O, 'Twould wreck my hope of Heav'n, if it held ONE Bottle-fly.

-oOo-

COCKY DOODLE DOO

(Tune — Yankee Doodle)

Wendell Willkie went to town With flags and bugles blowing.
But he could not disguise the clown That G. O. P. is showing.
He took F. R. across his knee. He spanked him long and soundly.
And ALMOST made us think that HE Could run U. S. profoundly.

Chorus—

Cocky Doodle Doodle Doo,
Cocky Doodle Dandy.
Don't Crow till you strike something new.
We're "fed" on "proppy gandy."

-oOo-

A SQUARE DEAL

O, why are you angry, dearies,
Because I stole a kiss?
You had more than you knew what to do with,
How could it be amiss?
But if I offended then, truly,
'Tis me you must not blame,
It is all the fault of a frolicsome elf,
Dan Cupid is his name.
He was perched on a blossom of the big apple tree,
And he flitted to my shoulder and whispered to me,
"All those kisses are mine, sir.
Take your fill,
If you don't be quick about it,
Somebody else will.
You are sure a stupid fellow to be SO afraid,
Of that merry little fairy of a blue-eyed maid."

I turned then to you in amazement,
Too startled to reply,
And there, looking wise and so honest,
He peeped from your bright blue eye.
He motioned with dimpled finger,
To your pouting lips so red,
And I leave it to you, could any man doubt,
The words that he had said?

BUT—if the naughty elfin told me what was not true,
Then there is only one thing
An honest man can do.
I'll return at once,
What he said was free,
And for the one I took, dear,
I'll give you two or three,
But O, if you'll forgive me and be my little wife,

I'll just worship you and be your willing slave for life.

-oOo-

FARMERS' WIFE BLUES

O, This is the age of blues—Of myriad forms and hues.
Wherever we go— 'Tis the same old show,
"There's nothing new in life."
But I will declare today, With no fear that you'll gainsay,
That the bluest blues of all the blues— Are the blues of the farmers' wife.

Refrain—

O, I have so much to do—
I can never — no never get through.
The very tho't of it gives me the blues—
The old-fashioned farmer's wife blues.

There's the wild alarm at four—that makes us hit the floor,
While sleep weights our eyes—and breath comes in sighs,
As we start up in affright. With threshers and children to feed, and poultry—
And garden to weed— Each minute is full from morn till noon,
Just the same as from noon till night.

Refrain—

O, Give me some time of my own— 'Tis for a "few minutes" I moan
To gather my wits— that are frazzled to bits, The Bug-house seems to loom—
If I could just sail away - in an airplane today-
I'd take a new color and never come back—
Till I'd journeyed 'round the moon.

-oOo-

THE "BANNER" CLASS

The good old North Dakota "U"
Has turned out many a class, sir.
But we — the bunch of '21,
Do all the rest surpass, sir.

Refrain—

Yield the palm, my little dears.
"Freshies, Sophs" — and Juniors.
Clap your hands and give three cheers,
For the "banner" class" of Seniors.

We've delved in wisdom four long years,
And swallowed many a book Sir,
And weighty questions bring no fears,
You'd know it by our look. Sir.

Of all the people at the "U,"
The most important we—Sir,
Our heads are crammed with knowledge true,
Our step spells dignitee—Sir.

There's precious little learning now.
Left us to overhaul—Sir.
There's just one question—Tell us how,
One head contains it all—Sir?
(To tune— "Yankee Doodle")

-oOo-

SWEETHEART MAGIC

There is a little bird that sings,
That sings as it upwards wings,
And the song it sings as it upwards wings,
I-, ever "Sweetheart, sweetheart."
And there's a little flower that blows,
That blows as it upward grows,
And the thought that glows in the deep red rose
Is ever "Sweetheart, sweetheart."

There is a little starlet bright,
That gleams in the summer night,
And the starlet bright and the summer night
Both whisper "Sweetheart, sweetheart."

And everything in nature rare,
The bird and the flow'ret fair,
And the starlet bright and the summer night,
To lovers whisper "Sweetheart, sweetheart."

Refrain—
"Sweetheart, sweetheart,"
Mystic word to lovers true,
"Sweetheart, sweetheart"
Ages old, yet ever new,
Word that weaves a charm
'Round each star and flower and bird,
There is magic, magic,
In this age-old word!

-oOo-

MAY DAYS

*(This is Agnes Pinkney's last poem, written
for the Women's Literary Club for meeting in May, 1954)*

O, what is so gay as a day in May!
To Winter we've bidden farewell.
And the radiant sheen of tender green,
Carpets the hill and dell.

The brook released from its thrall of ice,
Babbles its merry song,
O'er pebbles gay it's roundelay
Repeating all day long.

And catkins gay on willows gray
Seem to bend with fond caresses,
As they bid the brook to stop and look
At their dainty new spring dresses.
But the brook heeds not these ladies fair,
As he rushes on his way. The river wide—his joy and pride,
Would frown at his delay.

The orchard trees that in yester breeze
Lifted their branches bare,
Are a heavenly sight all pink and white,
Perfuming the soft spring air.

The honey bee from tree to tree
Drones his contented song.
'Tis work-a-day, no times for play,
Tho' the day be hot and long.

But under foot, far as eye can look
Is a flower we do not love.
Its regal gold seems much too bold,
As it vies with the stars above.

So with knife and hoe and savage blow
We rout this golden sinner,
And he redeems, with luscious greens,
His sins at our May Day dinner!

-oOo-

CHARLES R. PINKNEY

Though this volume is of Agnes Pinkney's writing, her husband wrote two poems which are included also. His writing was mainly prose, articles for papers and magazines.

About the author:

Charles R. Pinkney called himself "a plain, blunt man," He stood for the highest ideals of life; honesty, integrity and purity of character. He held himself rigidly to the Golden Rule, but always looked with charity on the weaknesses of others. He recognized the dignity of honest toil and was always ready to lend a helping hand to the weak and needy.

He loved the simple life, God's good earth and the starry heavens above. He hated sham and hypocrisy and craved no eulogy for himself.

Mr. Pinkney was a lover of great music, literature and art. Henry Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" and "Ascent of Man" were masterpieces of advanced thought to whose philosophy he subscribed wholeheartedly

Always an avid reader of Shakespeare, he used to memorize that great philosopher's works by the page. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" embodied the guiding principle of his life, a work which he nearly knew by heart, so long and eagerly had he studied its sublime depths. To him, the Bible was the greatest classic of them all.

On January 28, 1948, he entered the higher place and the "places he has known shall know him no more" but the influence of a good life can never die.

Two poems written by Charles R. Pinkney

INSCRIPTION

*on the fly-leaf of a volume of Byron's poems
given to Agnes Pinkney before their marriage:*

A song the poet hath not sung,
A hue the limner hath not traced,
Their beauty 'scapes the motley throng,
Some lowly life their sweetness graced.

ENDEAVOR

O thou that midst the everlasting wreck
Of old opinions, stands
To mock man's wisdom, Truth; from off thy deck
Cast anchor towards our land!

Our seas of life are plied by man's frail bark,
Their haven, self. From thence
No day-star guides. We follow in the dark
Of earth-born love. From whence

There is a path that leads we know not whither,
But trust it leads to good.
And those who follow must in truth endeavor
To thrid the bosky wood

That hides in foliage of creed and ritual
Some manna for the head,
Yet leaves the heart still bleeding for its fellows,
But **words** for daily bread.

Where rosaries and prayers are love immortal,
My steps must not profane;
But where some humble deed unseen by mortal
There will I raise my fane.

And trust its mute appeal and nameless longing
To triumph at that shrine
Where human hearts are yearning for that dawning
In realms that are divine.

For naming here the name that marks the faithful,
His face I shall not see;
But striving still to hold his children guiltless
Shall my endeavor be.

'Tis not the one from sin like hers untroubled
Alone, shall cast the stone,
For only love unbounded and redoubled
Canst hope to 'scape Thine own.

So shall my frailty 'gainst their worst defection,
An equal off-set be,
Making my earthly best, like imperfection,
Till I attain to Thee.

Thus panoplied by Thy eternal armor,
Stands he whose feet have trod
Life's rocky paths, and thereby have grown firmer
To lead him up to God.

Written in his youth for a Christian Endeavor Meeting.