

POET'S CORNER

A SAILOR'S GOOD-BYE
Lost in Action

He had come to say "Good bye,"
In those awful, awful days;
And towards the wide, wide ocean
Wildly he turned his gaze.

I knew the meaning of "Good-bye"
When other times before:
I saw the wild winds in the sky
Which frightened me the more.

Desperately I held my tears in
check,
And tried a bravado's part;
But the empty days of longing
Fell upon my aching heart.

"My Son, My son" - My Darling,
Twilight was closing the day;
They took my arms from about
him
And then they took him away.

This seemed years and years ago,
But my heart it yearns, as of
old;
Time has softened my sorrow
There is yet an ache-bitter and
cold.

It is the fate of a Mother,
She has no power to choose;
She rears and attends her children
But in the end - to loose.

ON BEING A BROKER

A Broker grows old, not only by
His years in any town;
But mostly and because
His customers, keep him down.

The older he becomes each year,
The more he seems to worry;
He hears the clock of life
Ticking in a hurry.

The test seems to be between,
His minutes that are free;
And the meaning of the word
Responsibility.

If he would only take the time,
To rest a little longer;
His body, heart and mind
Would be lots more stronger.

Usually the higher are his aims
That his ambition sets;
And staying young and healthy
Is something he forgets.
He strays on down the lane,
A chasing after money;
And when the age old Mantle falls
Boy - that won't be very funny.
C.J.H.

YOU HAVE THE KEY TO MY HEART

To Mary Ellen

You have gone and left me Dear,
Tears from my eyelids start;
But I'm so sad and lonely
Because you have the key to my
heart.

You promised ever to love me,
And that we should never part;
There is no joy for me Darling,
You have the key to my heart.

I went out side at twilight,
But my roses were not so gay;
All my days have turned to night
Since you have gone away.

You promised to walk up the
aisle with me,
And swore that you would be true;
Those loving words you said,
Meant nothing then to you.

Good-bye my Dear and may this
be,
Where love and friendship part,
For there is no joy, nor
ecstasy
For you have the key to my
heart.

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

For Veige

My house is now a wreck,
Or I know it is about;
All my Grand Children played in
And I'm played out.

They shout and shriek and yell,
And set the cat to running;
Gosh-It's difficult to tell
Whether I'm going, or a coming.

No my early Morning snooze,
It is a futile try;
They all get up at six
Or know the reason why.

Sure I like to have them,
And I love them very much;
But after a day or two, I'd
Give them to the Dutch.

I love my Grand Children
But I'm going try and figure;
How to calm my nerves
Till they grow a little bigger.

And when they get thru College,
And Daddy's Money is spent;
One will be the Governor, and
One the President.

OPEN NEGOTIATIONS

STRASBOURG, France (AP) -
The council of Europe's political
committee approved a resolution
Thursday urging the West to
open negotiations with the Soviet
Union on "the whole German
problem." The resolution will be
submitted to the assembly of the
Council of Europe at the fall ses-
sion starting Sept. 19.

