POET'S CORNER

CLEANING DAY

Get busy now, and clean it up,
And throw those old books out!
They've lain around for years on end
Been moved and pushed about;
They're just no good to anyone
So old and out of date;
There's not a one that would be missed
The whole works - wipe the slate!

So, from the tables, nooks and shelves,
I gather big and small,
And get two boxes for discards,
For one won't hold them all.
Then squatting down upon the floor,
I sort the good from bad:
Here's this old "Birthday Souvenir"
From Mother to my Dad!
And here's my brother's Algebra,
From Nineteen-Hundred-Eight!
And "Wee Folk Ballads," Dödd & Mead,
Too old to show the date!
All these little "Golden Books"
With jackets frayed and torn
Mementos, prizes, Birthday gifts,
Saved since our first was born!
Here's "Lindberg's Picture Story,"
"Granny's Wonderful Chair,"
"Alice in Wonderland," "Laddie,"
And "Pokey, the Run-away Bear,"
"Swiss Family Robinson," "Wild-life,"
Gramp's Bible, without a back,
"Condensed Books," school books, "Favorite Songs,"
And hapless "Quacker Jack,"
"Bible Stories," "Twice Told Tales,"
"Best Poems," "Les Miserables,"
"Lame Prince," "Black Beauty," "Ivanhoe,"
"Moby Dick," and "Plays by Shaw"

Old books - old friends - old memories
I might need these some day!
I dust them off and put them back
On clean shelves, anyway!

Eleanor Harvey

A MOTHER'S LOVE UNTO HER CHILD

When a child from a family has been taken away
There's many kind deeds . . . and Wonderful things people say,
They say time heals everything, and I'm sure it does . . . yet
A mother's heart ever aches for the child she loves.

No matter how old that child may be . . .
They're still a child . . . in a mother's memorie . . .
It's something no mother really knows until she's there . . .
And to all mothers . . . young or old . . . I offer a prayer.

Only God understands the yearning and bitter ache in her heart
And knows, too, what heals . . . what tears apart,
Maybe someday . . . time will ease her pain . . .
And she'll journey far . . . to join her child again.

This is a thought . . . nobody should scoff . . .
Others pick up their lives where they left off . . .
And a loved one is replaced by another . . . but somehow . . .
Nobody can fill the place of a lost child . . . to its mother.

Mrs. Russell E. Jones,
2535 Bly St.

GOOD ADVICE

Should someone seek you out and say
I feel so lonely and sad today.
Then why not reach out your hand
Saying, Friend I've found life grand.
What you seek for you will find
Just leave all your troubles behind.
If you look for good each day
You're sure to find it on your way.

Your neighbor irked you with her talk?
To cure this why not take a walk.
Out where the air is fresh and pure.
Now as you ponder are you sure
That she's to blame, and she alone.
Did you speak in the proper tone.
For wrath is often turned away
By just the few kind words you say.

You may be amazed at the result
If you start acting like an adult.
Then I'm sure you'll have peace of mind
With those troubles all left behind.

Jennie Charles,
1749 Menlo Way

DOUGH HANDLER

PORT ARTHUR, Tex. (UPI)—Cecil D. Myer, no millionaire himself, has let between $10 million and $15 million slip through his fingers in 32 years. Myers retired recently as a maritime paymaster. Explaining the slipping millions, Myer pointed out tanker crews are paid in cash, except for the master and chief engineer.