

POET'S CORNER

THE PREACHER'S KIDS

Karis, Mark, Mary, Connie and Lee. Are preacher's kids Quite typically. Karis has eyes With an impish glint, That tell one she Is on mischief bent. Mark with his why, His stubborn streak. His ways are Anything but meek. Mary, her manner Shy, demure, quiet. Ladylike she is When she's not a riot. Lee, serious, reserved A quiet type indeed. Very like his father In thought and deed. Connie, there's a lass, A young lady is she. School, boys and fun, A wonderful age to be.

Dorothea Elmore

CARY LEE

Brown haired, blue eyed Cary Lee, Is quite a boy as you can see. His daddy's joy, his mama's pet, He's the nicest baby there is yet.

Grandma's darling, grandpa's pride, Auntie's sweetie, they'll have it cried. All over town, there is no better. I must say, there is none better.

His slightest smile, his smallest frown, Brings jolting relatives all around. He's quite the household's favorite pearl, But wait till mama gets a girl.

Dorothea Elmore

KATHLEEN ROSE

A leprechaun, is Kathleen Rose, A gay little sprite is she. A twinkly elf, through big blue eyes, Looks impishly up at me.

Her little nose, so very pink, Turns up with a roguish tilt. Her laughter, bubbling out with glee, Has a truly pixie tilt.

This little brownie, soft and sweet, Will soon be one year old. A queen of hearts, she is indeed, And worth her weight in gold.

Dorothea Elmore

VIRGINIA

Virginia is the liveliest girl, Her days are a dynamic whirl. Cavorting around, Over the ground, Her skirts in a continuous twirl.

Virginia is the winsome lass, All by herself in a class. Ladylike and demure, A charmer for sure, A four leafed clover in the grass.

Virginia is a mischievous tot, An elfin sense of humor she's got. She's full of fun, Teasing everyone, A shy little thing she is not.

Virginia is a lovable child, Her manner unique, self styled. Her ideas her own, By herself alone, On her angels have smiled.

Dorothea Elmore

TO A FIRST GRADER

Little girl, come back, your kitten's lonesome on the lawn, And blackbirds congregate to warn that summer's almost gone.

Here's corn silk for your dolly's hair, and cloth scraps for her dress, Here's cookie dough to cut in shapes your friends'll never guess.

Little girl, come back, the wind is in the poplar trees, And every bright chrysanthemum responds to every breeze.

All outdoors and all indoors breathe of you, "remember when," Little girl, come back and be a 5-year-old again.

Ruth Welch

Ships Burn In Collision

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—Two ocean freighters burst into flames Thursday after colliding north of here in heavy fog.

The stricken vessels, the Hoegh Cape of Norway and the Waitemata of New Zealand, churned into San Francisco Bay under their own power but still aflame Thursday night.

Both vessels were permitted to dock as Coast Guard and San Francisco fire fighting units helped bring the fires under control.

No injuries were reported among the freighters' 101 crew men.

The Hoegh Cape, a 495-foot, 9,191-ton vessel, suffered a gash 80 feet long and 20 feet wide in her starboard bow.

The Waitemata, a 441-foot 7,364-ton vessel, had a 15-foot long, 4-foot wide hole in its bow.

