My Ponies

By
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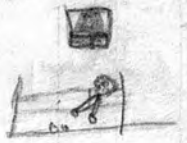
Oct. 2, 1934



Rainy Days

Rainy days are lots of fun,
For mummy lets me bake and cook,
Some candy or some little buns,
And read stories from a book.

About george Washington,
And Lincoln brave and true,
And all the other presidents,
Who did the best they knew.

But best of all when night is near,
And I am in my bed,
Mummy sings a little song,
That rings around my head.

It's such a quiet little song,
So very still and sweet,
That when I close my eyes to think,
I go right off to sleep.

Oct. 11, 1934.

A Weasel

I saw a little weasel,
With his tail all aflame,
A walking through the garden,
On a night of misty gloom.

His fur was oh so glossy,
And his eyes were very bright,
But I don't think he saw me,
On that dark and misty night.

He climbed upon a rose bush,
And nibbled off a rose,
Then he heard a little sound,
And came down on his toes.

He scampered through the garden,
Oh very fast he ran,
But even now I see him,
With his coat of glossy tan.

Oct. 23, 1934

Autumn Time

Autumn leaves are whirling,
Down the windy street,
Dancing very lighty,
On their tiny feet.

Whirring is the wind's sound,
Made by little leaves,
It sounds like a musician,
Playing many keys.

The wind keeps a-howling,
And the sky is gray,
The little leaves are saying,
"Come and with us play".

Here comes the North Wind,
Hurrying from the sky,
Now the trees are whispering,
"Shall we live or die."

The Lord will keep the pretty trees,
Although they do not know,
He will keep them the winter long,
Through the frosty snow.

Oct. 23 1937

Oct. 23, 1934

Autumn Days

When autumn comes around this way,
The leaves turn colored and the heavens gray.

Jack Frost comes out from his hiding place,
And nips my little red hands and face.

He whistles around every window and door,
And creeks every board in our rickety floor.

And when fat men go out for fun,
Their hats blow off and they have to run.

Nov. 12, 1934

Trees

In spring, the trees are gay
With green, and brownish trunks,
The cherries bloom,
The apples too,
The sweet smelling cedar,
And the white pine.

The summer has it's lovely trees,
Such as the acacia pink,
The locust,
And the willow, wilting
All the mortals think.

Then the autumn comes around,
The trees lose all their greenish leaves,
The maple, birch,
And hickory all lose their lovely dress of green.

The winter is the next to come,
And all the trees laden heavily
With ice and snowy caps,
Bow down their once leafy branches,
Thankful for their rest.

In two seasons of the year you see,
God keeps the trees in finery
The other two they drop their dress,
Of lacey greenish leaves,
Then in their snow clad garments,
They bow their heads with thankful rest.

Dec. 7, 1934 The Bathroom Ball

Miss Toothpaste and Sir Toothbrush tall,
Last evening had a lovelly ball.

They danced from seven to eight I've heard,
The music was by my Dicky bird.

Miss Toothpaste in her pink ball dress,
Sir Toothbrush in his bright green vest.

She tripped and he with arms out spread,
Just took her lightly off to bed.

And so that ended their nice ball,
Miss Toothpaste and Sir Toothbrush tall.

Dec. 17, 1934 Christmas Time

Tinsel, wreaths, Christmas trees,
Bells and stockings toys and stars,
People bustling people hustling,
Walking, sliding, and in cars.

Little stickers, pretty paper,
Children round the table caper,
Christmas puddings candy, too,
No more asking what to do.

Wrapping presents, having fun,
Santa Claus is soon to come.

Snow is on the frosty ground,
Hear the tinkling sleigh bell sound.

Down the chimney here he comes,
Bringing cakes and sugar plums,
Toys and other things he brings,
What a jolly tune he sings.

Jan 22, 1935

Moon Beams

Moon beams on the water play,
Soft and sweet,
Smooth and pale.
Rippling in the dainty torch,
Of the moon's soft silver beams
Is the cool refreshing stream.

Like the dainty dewy drops,
That on long and slender grass,
In the morning gently sparkle,
Is the moon's soft silver sash.

Now here on the water playing,
Now there in the evening breeze,
Here they're weaving silver streamers,
Lighting up the dull gray trees.

Here they dance and there they sparkle,
They are glimmering in the night,
With the first small ray of morning
They will no more meet our sight.

Worms

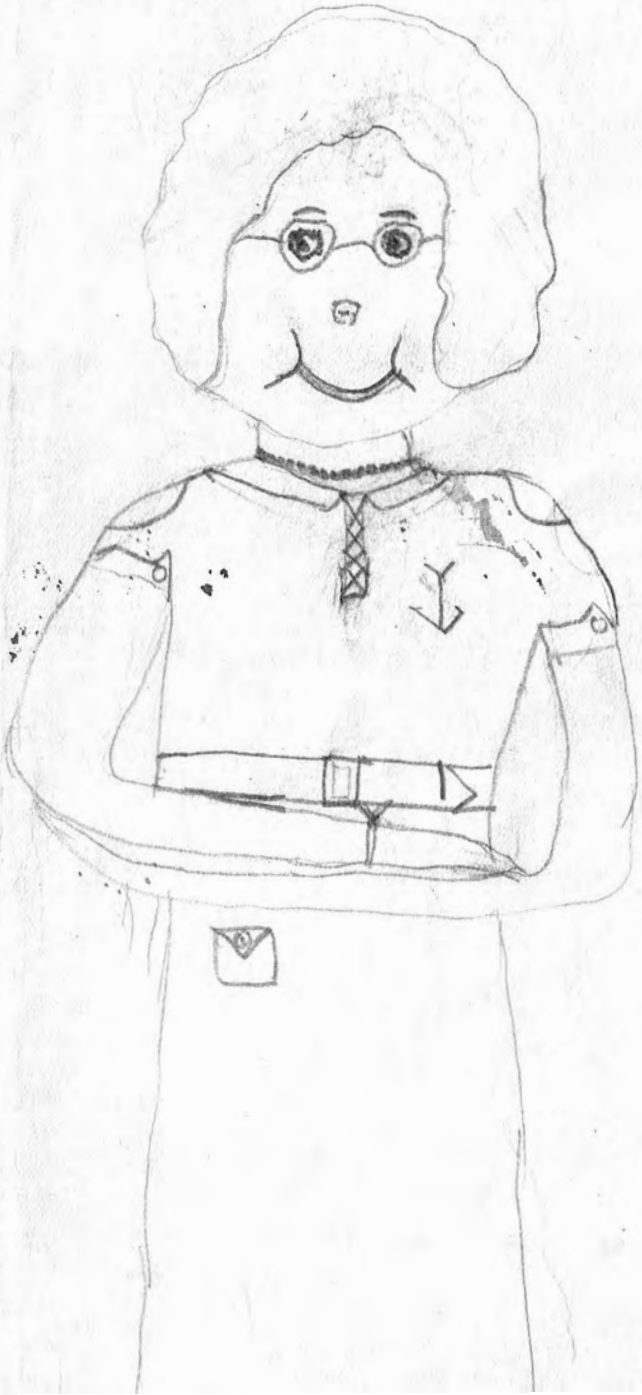
March 6, 1935

Sister says that worms are snakes,
That squirm, and wiggle, and bite;
She hates to have them down her neck,
Or in her bed at night.

So just to tease her one nice day,
I put some in her room,
And when old nursey went to sweep,
They got caught in her broom.

The broom was parked on the kitchen floor,
And out they wiggled and squirmed,
And into the frying pan they crawled,
To sizzle and to burn.

For dinner we had fried beef steak,
And onions crisp and brown,
My sister took one on her fork,
And quickly threw it down.

That cured my taste for onions,
And cured my fun with worms,
And now I'll stop my writing,
Because my conscend burns.

The Author