

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

April 12, 1983

Dear Mrs. Wells:

I have so enjoyed looking through Sunrise and Sunset. It takes a special talent and a sensitive person to be a poet.

Thank you so much for sending the book. It was very thoughtful of you.

Sincerely,

MICHAEL K. DEEVER  
Assistant to the President  
Deputy Chief of Staff

Mrs. Kenneth D. Wells  
2809 Shell Point Village  
Ft. Myers, FL 33908

Mr. Michael Deaver -

*Wells*  
This is a book of poems Ken wrote. You might enjoy (and understand more fully than many would) the one titled "Nosemakers" on pg. 25 — also the "Communists" pg. 44 & 45.

Tell the boss (Ken's dear friend of 30 yrs) to keep doing what he's doing!

Anyway you can make use of these poems has Ken's approval. He recently was presented the Gold Medal of Merit by D.A.R. at ceremonies last wk.

As always we are Ron's year-round, hard-nose-advocates!

faithfully -

Ruth E. Wells

(Mrs. Kenneth D. Wells)

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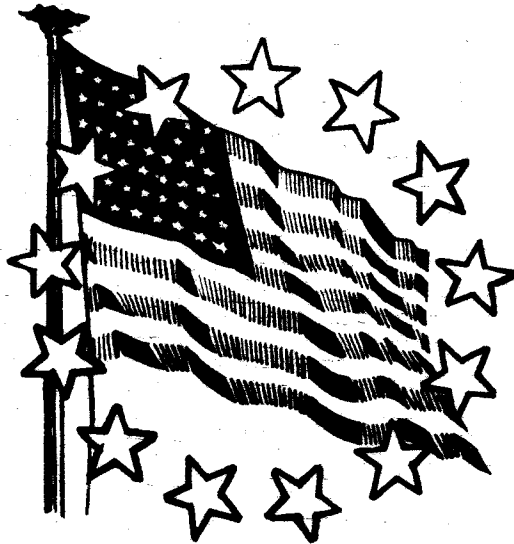
Mrs. Kenneth D. Wells  
2809 Shell Point Village  
Ft. Myers, FL 33908

# SUNRISE AND SUNSET

*Poems*

*by*

*Kenneth Dale Wells*



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A PREFACE

"HELLO FRIENDS!"

WAY BACK WHEN, --- AT AGE FOURTEEN YEARS, I HIKE TWO MILES ON CENTER STREET, PAST GLENDALE CEMETERY, ALONG EXCHANGE STREET TO WEST HIGH SCHOOL, - SPRING, FALL AND WINTER, IN AKRON, OHIO.

IN THE MORNING MY BACK WAS TOWARDS THE RISING, WARMING SUN. IN THE AFTERNOON MY BACK WAS TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN.

IT OCCURRED TO ME HOW MUCH BEAUTY I MISSED SEEING, - WITH MY BACK TURNED ON SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

A NEIGHBOR PHONED HOME TO MY FOLKS ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, ASKING IF I WAS ALL RIGHT. THEIR FAMILY NOTICED THAT ON SUNNY DAYS I WALKED BACKWARDS NEARLY A BLOCK AT A TIME, - AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN.

AS THE SAYING USED TO BE, - "I FESSED UP" TO MOTHER AND FATHER THAT I ENJOYED THE SKY AND CLOUD COLORS SO MUCH I DID NOT WANT TO MISS THEM, AND REALLY DIDN'T MIND THE RIDICULE SCHOOLMATES GAVE ME.

MY INCREDULOUS PARENTS ADMONISHED ME TO BE CAREFUL, OR I WOULD FALL AND HURT MYSELF.

MY MEMORY NOW, OVER A HALF CENTURY LATER, IS THAT MY FIRST RHYMING OF WORDS CAME AGAIN AND AGAIN, ABOUT GOLDEN SUN RAYS DRAWING WATER, BLUE GRAY CLOUD SHADOWS, AND STREAKING, FLASHING HEAT LIGHTNING, WHILE WALKING BACKWARD OVER CONCRETE AND SLATE SIDEWALKS, CURBS, AND DRIVEWAYS, ENJOYING NATURE'S WONDERS.

THROUGH THE YEARS IN FIVE DECADES OF STUDY, WORK, TRAVEL, FAMILY LIFE, - I RANGED OVER THE WESTERN, EUROPEAN, AND EASTERN WORLDS, ABSORBING THE HISTORIC CULTURES, REVIEWING RELIGIOUS ANTECEDENTS, IN THE MATRIX OF ECONOMIC AND GEOLOGIC CULTURAL EVIDENCES.

I HAVE BEEN AWARE OF THE INTENSITY OF MY LOVE FOR MUSICAL SOUNDS, CERTAIN POETRY, - PHILOSOPHICAL DISCOURSE, THE NATURAL SOUNDS OF WIND, WAVE, CRACKLING ICE, FALLING LEAVES, AND THE LIKE. - ANIMAL CRIES HAVE ALWAYS INTRIGUED ME, - SEEMING SO BASIC TO THE LANGUAGES OF MAN. - FEW OTHERS HAVE UNDERSTOOD THIS FREQUENT PREOCCUPATION OF MINE. FOR INSTANCE, OVER THE YEARS I HAVE WRITTEN EIGHTY POETIC LYRICS WITH SIMPLE MELODIC TUNES ATTACHED. THIRTY OR MORE REMAIN - NEVER SEEN OR TAKEN FROM MY STORAGE FILE BOTTOM DRAWER. I DISCARDED FIFTY OR MORE. PERHAPS SOME DAY I'LL LET THEM SEE THE LIGHT, - PERHAPS NOT. - I SHALL SEE.

SPEECHES, MONOGRAPHS, AND RESEARCH PAPERS I HAVE WRITTEN BY THE HUNDREDS ON ECONOMIC, LEGAL, AND POLITICAL THEMES, AND DELIVERED IN EVERY STATE OF THE NATION AND A HANDFUL OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

PRAYERS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, AND GIVEN A MULTITUDE OF TIMES AS CIRCUMSTANCES DICTATED. THE ONE PRAYER TO WHICH I GAVE MY FULLEST ATTENTION I USED TO OPEN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, AT THE SENATORS' INVITATION. TIME AND AGAIN, - AND BEING SILENT AS A MOUSE ABOUT IT, - MY INNER VOICE SAID TO MY INNER EAR, - YOU CAN WRITE HISTORICAL PLAYS.

AT OTHER QUIET TIMES, MY INNER VOICE HAS SAID TO MY OTHER INNER EAR, - YOU CAN WRITE POETRY.

ON MY SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, JUNE 23, 1981, I BEGAN WRITING. - THREE AUDIO-DRAMA, COSTUME, HISTORICAL PLAYS IN TWO AND THREE ACTS, FIVE SCENES EACH, HAVE BEEN WRITTEN. THEY ARE - "THE COUNCIL OF GENERALS," A SPIRITED STATEMENT OF COURAGE, PLANNING, AND RESOLVE OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND HIS FIFTEEN GENERALS, - ALL IN COSTUME ELEGANT, AT VALLEY FORGE. IT HAS BEEN PERFORMED TWICE, ON NOVEMBER 11, 1981, BY TWO CASTS AT SHELL POINT AUDITORIUM, FORT MYERS, TO PLAUDITS TO THE ACTORS AND PLAY BEYOND MY FURTHEST HOPES. IT APPEARS TO HAVE A FUTURE ACROSS OUR LAND.

MY SECOND PLAY IS "MEET MARTHA WASHINGTON," A THREE-ACT, SIX-SCENE PLAY. THEREIN, LOVELY, PATRIOTIC MARTHA INADVERTENTLY NEARLY DESTROYED GENERAL WASHINGTON'S BEST LAID BATTLE PLANS. ITS CAST OF FIFTEEN LADIES AND FOUR CONTIMENTAL ARMY OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WILL BE PLAYED BY THE SHELL POINT PLAYERS ON FEBRUARY 22, 1982, THE ANNI-VERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY. - A NOVEL ELEMENT IS THAT THE FINAL TWO PAGES OF THE SCRIPT ARE WITHHELD FROM THE CAST UNTIL THE FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL, - TO KEEP THE DENOUEMENT FROM PUBLIC KNOWLEDGE.

MY THIRD PLAY COMES FROM OTHER YEARS OF SEARCH FOR BITS OF KNOWLEDGE ABOUT GENERAL WASHINGTON'S SPY SYSTEM IN THE 1777-1780 PERIOD. - THIS TWO-ACT, FIVE-SCENE, COSTUME OF THE PERIOD PLAY, IS SET IN NEAR-BY WILMINGTON, DELAWARE. THE TITLE IS "SHUSH," - IT'S A THRILLER-DILLER SPY STORY, PROFESSIONAL, AMATEUR DRAMA, SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PLAYERS MAY DEEPLY ENJOY. IT WILL BE PERFORMED IN LATE APRIL 1982.

MY PLAYS USE A NEW FORM OF DRAMATIC ACTION, - PERMITTING MINIMAL MEMORIZATION OF SCRIPT LINES, - AND GAINING IMPACT THROUGH SIMPLE, IN-EXPENSIVE AUDIO-VOICE, SPECIAL LIGHTING TECHNIQUES. - THIS DOUBLES OR TREBLES THE NUMBER OF AMATEUR ACTORS WHO CAN CREDITABLY PERFORM. - WE SHALL SEE IF THE NATION LIKES THESE PLAYS AND THE AUDIO-DRAMA THEATRE APPROACH. THEY ARE COPYRIGHTED. - THE FIRST PERFORMANCES WERE MOST HEARTENING. TELEVISION COVERAGE AND INTEREST SURPRISED EVEN MY TALENTED

WIFE RUTH, WHO EXPERTLY PRODUCED THE FIRST PLAY. THANK GOODNESS HER ENERGY AND HEALTH WERE ADEQUATE.

MAYHAP, IT'S THE BREEZY AIRS OFF THE BROAD, SPARKLING CALOOSAHATCHEE RIVER, AND THE COCONUT PALM SCENES THAT GREET MY EYES; OR LOOKING AT THE BEAUTY FROM MY BEDROOM STUDY WINDOW; PLUS THE FACT I AM OFF TWO CANES AND WALKING AGAIN WITHOUT PAIN AFTER THE LORD'S INTERVENTION; - OR A COMBINATION OF THESE WITH THE FIFTY-TWO HAPPY YEARS OF LIFE WITH MY BRIDE RUTH; OR ABSENCE FROM A HOSPITAL FOR SEVERAL MONTHS; WHATSOEVER, - HOW-SO-EVER, THAT: -

I HAVE WRITTEN THESE TWOSCORE PLUS POEMS HEREIN AS INSPIRATION HAS STRUCK ME. - KNOWING THAT I AM NOT A POET; - AND UNAWARE OF THE TECHNICAL LITERARY CONDITIONS, SYSTEMS, AND STRUCTURE OF POETRY - HASN'T DETERRED ME, - THOUGH I SHALL INVESTIGATE THIS KNOWLEDGE SOME DAY SOON. - EACH POEM OR SITUATION IS A TRUE REFLECTION OF A FRIEND, OR ACQUAINTANCE OF CURRENT OR PAST TIMES.

THEY ARE MEANT TO RELATE A BROAD AWARENESS OF HUMAN JOYS, ACHIEVEMENTS, FOIBLES, MENDACITIES, AND UNRELATED BITS, EPISODES, VIGNETTES OF LIFE, - CALL THEM WHAT YOU WILL. -

SOME ARE ABOUT MOST FAMOUS PERSONAGES, SEVERAL ABOUT PERSONS I LOVE FOR THEIR KINDNESS.

I'VE ASKED MYSELF AS EACH POEM WAS FINISHED, "WHY DID YOU WRITE IT"? - MY ANSWER ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE THE SAME, "AT THE TIME I WROTE IT, - IT SEEMED THE THING TO DO."

MAY THE LORD AWAKEN YOU MORE MORNINGS THAN YOU CAN COUNT!

YOUR FRIEND

KENNETH D. WELLS



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" AT AGE TEN"

Poetry was an awful bore,  
Read by Mom in days of yore.  
To me, a jumble of mixed up words,  
That wasn't even good for silly birds.

It seemed so dumb, and full of crumbs,  
Written by gum, by bookish bums.  
I'd like to throw it far away,  
So I could run outside and play.

But Mother thought poetry very nice,  
And read to soothe her soul.  
To me she read it always twice,  
It really was her only vice.

"SQUEAKY JOINTS AND HAPPY HEARTS"

"Ready, One, Two, Three, Fo- ah!"

The Gym is light, and bright and airy,

And all within are led by Harry.

He's quick, pleasant and never lingers,

For he's the number one, "ding a linger."

The mats are soft, the dumb-bells shine,

As all gets quiet, one minute to nine.

The whistle is blown, all places soon fill,

With yesterday's athletes just over the hill.

There's Ed, Chet, Don, Harry and Bill,

Whose breathing says the world's uphill.

And Clarence, George, Charlie, Gil and Pete,

Eager beavers who never miss a beat.

Plus Earl, Len, Mac and Jack,

Who shoot the breeze and always yak.

Waiting I think for their youth to come back,

or, wishing for a mid-morning snack.

While Parky, Reed, and Jim,

Need more fuel in their front burners.

So Harold, Hunter, Bob and Clyde,

Sure do from the doctors hide.

Cal and John with Gary and Purs,

Look like they soon will need a nurse.

The Count goes on, - one, two, three, fo - ah.

Can these men get off the fl-oah?

The Chief 'Ding-a-ling' says, - "Your muscles are sore,

Why do you ding-a-lings come back for more?

Your grunts, and groans, and creaking bones,

Hardly conceal your muffled moans.

Now down to your toes, now -- touch the ceiling.

You'll get in good shape, or go down a reeling.

There are exercises up, and down and bend,

Thank goodness for a week-end for muscles to mend.

Pacemakers stutter, and hearing aides overheat,

But the chief 'ding-a-ling', speeds up the beat.

Hold your weights up, - now ready begin.

Pacemakers stutter, and hearing aides overheat,

But the chief 'ding-a-ling', speeds up the beat.

Hold your weights up, - now ready begin.

Lift the wands higher, up under your chins.

So colonels, craftsmen, business men retired as such,

With teachers and preachers to life they do clutch.

They defy the grim reaper, in body and mind,

And truly enjoy the exercise grind.

Their saving and slaving took them to the top,

I think they are the pick of the American crop.

All are patriots who care, as love they bear,

And kind fellowship they share.

In the sweat and effort of the gym,

I always feel I hear a hymn.

Singing, - "Body and Soul are ever free,

And we feel dear God, - so near to thee!"

"SNOOKY"

CENTROPOMIS UNDECIMALIS

The lady was a fisher woman.

Pert and smart and gray.

Always with a pole in hand,

Weather as it may.

She doesn't bother with a boat,

To chase the fish around.

So fishes in her river moat,

Where snook and trout abound.

Pole and net are all she needs,

As to the bulkhead she proceeds.

The reel spins, the lure flies out,

While other stand around and shout.

"Watch Audrey smile and hook a snook,

Twenty-nine inches from tail to hook."

Husband Mac says "that's my mate,

Who puts good fish upon my plate."

S. HENRY GRINELL

He was my most effective oil field boss,

For appropriate thoughts and words he never was a never at a loss.  
Tackling complex jobs on deserts and mountains high,  
That had defeated many a lesser guy.

Guff from top brass, union stewards, and malcontents,  
Blowhards, malingerers and government inspectors sent.  
Was settled quietly, fair and fast,  
Jealous critics said this job would be his last.

I noted how he analyzed each grievance or policy fuss,  
He questioned, inquired, listened long if he must.  
When intentions, and motives were pure, but problems arose,  
Training and instruction put them back on their toes.



If problem people were picky, lazy, or not very smart,

They were moved to tasks simple, automatic from the start.

Bullies, loud mouths and sneaks with motives bad,

Were disciplined till they felt super sad.

Henry had a crippled leg, -- the oil fields are dangerous and rough,

In pain, he worked for years with a smile, keeping up a bluff.

A cheery attitude, attention to work, a belief in good deeds,

Provided his wife, family and 1000 oil workers all of their needs.

The boss loved America from east coast to west,

Patriotically urging all citizens to strive for the best.

When he passed on ahead, 1000 men's eyes could not see,

Drillers, gaugers, truck drivers, and roustabouts shedding tears like me.

She's mighty swell he does assert,  
    As buttons proudly snap from his shirt.  
But Happy Mac has more to say,  
    About his gal and her nice way.  
He says she's cute to have around,  
    Her ladylike qualities abound.  
He goes on and on showing love for her,  
    From Pittsburg and Atlanta days of yesteryear.  
Neighbor Mac shows her art work, so well done,  
    And boasts how she helps most anyone.  
So in his eyes you see his glance,  
    That tells of long and happy romance.  
I sort of wonder, knowing life,  
    When Mac's so proud she is his wife,  
If finny fishes, from the deep,  
    A happy marriage did not keep.

STARS OR DOLLAR SIGNS  
IN HUMAN EYES

Sometimes I fuss and scold myself,  
When no one knows my mood.  
And say, "Why didn't you chase the pelf,  
And grab more gold for yourself?"  
Why didn't your generations' rules obey,  
Gathering in Dollars like ripened hay.  
Good Cold Cash is sure handy stuff,  
Keeps you warm when the going's rough.  
I know I've truly earned a million,  
While others got a double squillion.  
My earnings have all been honest made,  
On jobs my bosses to me paid.

Now, dollars as passports, can take you far,  
Be sure you know just where you are.  
If your eyes show light like faraway stars,  
You'll hear sweet music from afar.  
If your eyes are aglitter with bright dollar signs,  
All worthy friends will you decline.  
Those stars in your eyes, will light your way,  
True friends will find you night and day.  
Alas, - dollar signs in your eyes will frighten away,  
All those souls, except those you pay.

A  
CORPORATE BUM  
OR  
FREE ENTERPRISE WORST FRIEND

He leans forward in his chair,  
    With all the grace of a grizzly bear.  
His flaccid face turns red as a beet,  
    As he decides which customers to cheat.  
Ah, more advertising right away.  
    While, I'll raise prices up to stay.  
So says biggie, the corporate boss,  
    Who has high profits and never a loss.  
Fill our packages an inch less high,  
    Add flashy artwork that punches the eye.  
Call our accountants, raise prices more than a little,  
    For families with kids I care not a tittle.  
Now get our competitor on my private line,  
    I'll tell him to boost prices, he'll like it fine.  
Without conscience, honor or good taste,  
    Biggie, should be read out of the human race.

PALMS AND PSALMS

or

Reality Island

There is a lovely retirement island where living is fun,  
With pleasant friends, private homes and courtesy to everyone.

The all different apartments gleam, and the grass is cut.  
And not one resident need feel in a rut.

Inflationary prices are unavoidably high, for an apartment to buy,  
And maintenance fees make some sigh.

There are 900 souls in this island rest, perhaps a few more or less,  
All with good intellects, and some with money blessed.

Visitors and relatives are welcome as can be,  
Because hospitality and children mean much to me and thee.

Neighbors co-operate with each other,  
And seldom even slightly anger one another.

The freedom to do, or not to do, is nice,  
In this sunland, so far from winter's ice.

The staff is considerate, and reliable too,  
In maintenance, the dining room, and the groundsmen in blue.

Seems all folks love garden vegetables and flowers,  
A double score of tiny gardens are all floral bowers.

For folks who like boats, there is a perfect place,  
With sails and yachts all lined up to race.

Golfers have great fun, and librarians wait,  
As folks do their thing without leaving the gate.

The fishing off bulkheads is happy and sure,  
How joyous to live in surroundings so pure.

The health club is a happy lively place,  
Where wrinkles seem to erase from everyone's face.

Swim pools are clear, temperate and fun,  
Used for hours by most everyone.

In the crystal dining room, excellent food is regular fare,  
For these good cooks the trumpets should blare.

Some cook at home, to please themselves,  
Where souffles and cookies appear on the shelves.

Each resident unlocks the door as home,  
Living comfortably with things of their very own.

Folks go on tours in Europe, Asia, or such, -  
Knowing their home is always safe and untouched.

They are patriotic citizens, from all over our land,  
They love their families, and march to a heavenly band.

The throb of the Heavens is felt close and near,  
Missionaries and preachers always get a cheer.

Able administrators are pleasant and shrewd,  
For with duty and service they are imbued.

The security team is clear-eyed and bright,  
They'll help you do anything except fly a kite.

Sparkling people run interesting activities,  
With choice offerings of exciting festivities.

A tram train without tickets or pay,  
Chugs around, for folks, who like it that way.

The pavilion for the ill is a wonderful place,  
Full of kindness, dignity and grace.

Angelic resident Volunteers help disabled folk,  
So that stress and pain are strongly yoked.

Every building is decorated and designed so fine,  
It eases the questions that cross any mind.

On charming porches, patios and balconies high,  
Folks enjoy sea air, sunshine and views, that please the eye.

Medics and nurses are all about,  
Professionably able, and come at a shout.

The vast auditorium, as church meetings begin,  
Brings God's love to the altar events therein.

All who know Shell Point Village bless the inspired few,  
Preachers of the gospel who started here anew.

This is America's hostel of decent moral life,  
The Savior Jesus beacon in a land of strife.



"DETOUR AHEAD! AVOID RESTROOMS!"

We think your waitresses are pretty and nice,  
We've come to eat much more than twice.  
Your prices are right - and the service is fine.  
So we wheel in, coming down the line.

There is one thing of great distress,  
Your restrooms are an unholy mess.  
They are dirty, smelly and full of crumb.  
Why not use soapsuds, wash away the scum!

Apply clean paint, and we'll call you a saint,  
Or a longtime businessman you surely ain't!  
We like you a lot, and wish you well,  
And hope you ring the profit bell.

ALL OF A SUDDEN: "OH, DEAR GOD:

The handsome young couple, became rich and strong,  
They challenged the world to do them wrong.

Loving children soon came to grow and play,  
They were passed to baby-sitters - for attention for pay.

Self-sufficiency they boasted is the only way,  
We don't need God or anyone, - they were heard to say,

Strenuous outdoor life in affluent society high,  
Social drinking, gambling, sex on the sly.

All events of life were for pseudo pleasure bent,  
He chased young gals like a hound on a scent.

She preened, spent money, on herself all the while,  
As if pay checks and dividends unrolled by the mile.

They puffed on pot, tried a mite of cocaine,  
College graduates stupidly letting minds become inflamed.

One sorry morning her two Docs exclaimed: "Milady, you're through!  
No hospital, x-rays, or pills, - nothing will do.

"Your mind is playing tricks, you have every distress.  
You need friends and family love and caress."

Their playmates in guile, turned away without smiles,  
Experimenting with new partners, using oldest of wiles.

Drinking buddies soon vanished to distant lands,  
With highballs and six packs in shaky hands.

Hubby's voice turned quiet, when he learned her bad news,  
Saying, "Old girl, my ulcers hurt bad, my body's ill-used.

"Why didn't we listen, to heavenly Commandments, my dear?  
Our bodies are spiritual temples, the word of wisdom was clear."

Now embittered, complaining, calling all this bad luck,  
Through sleepless hours, self-reproach in their souls was stuck.

Turning finally to each other, with tears like salty rain,  
Saying, - "Oh, Dear God, please relieve our pain.

"We knew there were two ways to live,  
A disobedient, shame-filled life with nothing to give.

"Or following joyous heavenly excitement each day,  
Living the born again way.

"Oh, Dear God, we truly repent.  
Our bodies and souls, if you will have us, are heavenly bent."

Isn't it wonderful. when all is awry,  
"Oh, Dear God" lifts souls, high in healy sky.

FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS

He wore his Methodist collar backwards,  
On him it looked so well,  
When preaching the four Gospels,  
Or relating jolly stories he liked to tell.

Born in a quaint old English shire,  
He came to America with his soul on fire,  
Studying, writing, preaching to all who would listen,  
The eyes of his soul with patriotism glistened.

Soon his worth was praised by all around,  
Sermons, columns, and books made glorious sounds,  
Winston Churchill said, - "We should take him back to Britain,"  
President Eisenhower replied, - "To that we will never listen."

The United States Senate is our most prestigious place,  
The official chaplain declaims with brilliance and grace,  
Opening each session by prayer serious and serene,  
Leaving a spiritual harvest for the world to glean.

In over twenty-five years his prayers were never a bore,  
Every word, and phrase were different, 1000 times or more.  
His quiet words thundered across the nation,  
Bringing all citizens moral exhilaration.

To be his buddy made life exciting,  
His wit and poems were so delighting.  
In scores of years of our nation's patriot leaders,  
He has "hero" status as a freedom pleader.

Believing in beauty, love and God,  
Never fearful of sleep under worldly sod.  
Fearing only to be disloyal, to the best we know,  
The Spires of his Spirit helped everyone to grow.

Said he: -

"Set our feet in lofty places,  
Gird our lives that they may be,  
Armoured with all Christ like graces,  
In the fight to set men free.  
Grant us wisdom, grant us courage,  
That we fail not man or thee."

To me: -

I have received no gift worth more  
than these six lines he sent to me.  
May I share them in the spirit he wrote  
them.- - every great issue of life is spiritual.

## THE SIN OF UNUSED GOODNESS

An attractive old man was getting feeble,  
For every penny, dime, or dollar he was tempted to wheedle,  
At said, at seventy-five and one, I'll add to my pile,  
I'll call up some insiders, making dough is my style.

The oldster's eyes brightened without any aid,  
As in his safety deposit box gold pieces were displayed.  
Suddenly his old operation incision pained hard,  
Said he, could the grim reaper be leaving his calling card?

Rushing to his doctor brought no relief to his pain,  
Before I get worse, I'll count up my worldly gains.  
Back to the safety deposit box he went,  
The bank clerk said, you owe a year's rent.

He paid thirty dollars, looked at the waiting line,  
Gasped, feeling, those oldsters look dead on a vine.  
They pay box rent, - I wonder if they ever repent.  
Well, that's a new idea truly heaven sent.

He fooled around in the bank vault a while.  
Seeing "good old folks" finger gold pieces, stock and bonds by the mile.  
A flash brighter than lightning made his eyes nearly cross,  
Surely he had learned to acquire with seldom a loss.

How to use life's savings, speculative and inflation gains,

Truly is important as life's days and health wanes.

There is only one chair in the vault reception room,

The attractive old man sat down thinking maybe death looms.

He smiled, yawned and stretched as he sat,

Thinking, thank goodness my brains have not gone flat.

I've oodles of cash, mortgages I can not possibly spend.

I'll save what I may need, what remains I'll lend.

To that gas station attendant who is such a nice lad,

I'll put him in business, on a one percent loan, it will never go bad.

That old lady, so elegant, thrifty and poor in apartment seven one four,

I'll anonymously send a round trip ticket to her to visit friends of yore.

Funny thing I hadn't noticed the unpainted white church before,

I'll have my attorney anonymously send paint galore,

For the deacons, elders and teen age boys to paint,

And I'll drive by feeling like a saint, which I ain't.

Somewhere I read the roof on the George Washinton Shrine leaks,

Expert roofers better check the gutters and peaks.

I'll fix it, thank you God, for straightening me out,

Halleluiah! I'm no longer a selfish unthinking lout.

Let's see, how many times do I stomp and fuss,  
When mail appeals, pleading, begging letters I cuss.  
Never again will I wait to be asked to do good  
I'm looking for good works to do, as I should,

For years I have squirreled away all I could,  
From deals and corner cutting some not so good.  
Good investments I've made in tax exempt utilities,  
Just what good are these with approaching senility.

Yes indeed, I'm going to have fun I'm sure,  
Using my substance to help the young and pure,  
Oh Lord I'm thankful for the strong tummy pain,  
It's made Gospel wisdom cover me like Spring rain.

Now I've got to find a way to sell  
My friends and three thousand deposit box holders here tell,  
That the boxes are chuck full of unused goodness in their name,  
I feel just great, remembering that living and giving are spelled  
almost the same.



## "The Noose Makers"

The Senior "Noosemaker" shows up for work,  
At Channel Umpteen, with his professional big smirk.  
He hollers to his secretary, "Heh, Doll, come here,  
Who do I interview, and bring me a beer".

She answers it's one of the President's best men,  
On whom the public has learned to depend.  
"Oh, secretary dear, my efficient little cat,  
That White House Conservative I'll throw to the mat.

Now what co-hosts have I, on whom to rely.  
Sir, two favorite lefties, they are cheaper to buy.  
Mr. Noosemaker I got friends Yuck and Muck  
Whose brains long ago went far out amok.

Very well, it's time to make our notes,  
To swing this election with some dopey votes.  
Perhaps I better lead off with my best  
Innuendos, half truths, and aspersions without rest.

I'll sneer, politely of course, and look down my nose,  
Announcing his serious words will increase the world woes  
Questions I'll ask and answer myself  
It's now time for my henchmen to earn their green pelf.

I'll signal my shadows to keep asking why oh why,  
And insinuate his truths are every bit lies.  
The President's good man will get no time to reply,  
As Yuck and Muck and I in falsetto will cry.

What an interesting message your conservatives do bear,  
Too bad, not one of your answers, was good on the air.  
The "On Air" signal and red lights are ready to glow  
Fellow 'noosemen' to the mikes we must go.

Meet our distinguished guest, whatever his name  
He's too honest to understand our rotten game.  
We'll drop the "noose" right over his head,  
He will never know that we three are in with the Reds.

## "The Affinity of Science and Religion"

Evolution or Creation is the Main Question on Earth,  
Intoned the moderator with no sign of mirth.  
This debate on television is before multi millions.  
It's not the old argument between science and religion.

Ladies and gentlemen I introduce two scientists famous and bright,  
To determine whether scientific evolution or scientific creation  
Now, be gentlemen; here are rules for the night. is right.  
In your statements, rebuttals and summaries please do not fight.

A coin is flipped, - Professor Evolution won to speak first,  
From the starting line he began with an oratorical burst.  
He side swiped the moderate with a snide, petty remark.  
Then turned verbal acid on his opponent's place in the ark.

Professor Evolution preened himself over degrees and books written,  
Obviously competent with a halo that glistened.  
Suddenly he slipped on rhetorical ice, - now with face red,  
He wished he had stayed home in bed.

For proudly he announced from the wondrous west coast I've come.  
At that moment his mind seemed to go numb.  
Declaiming I'm here to instruct you folks in Tennessee hills  
While there he stood among Virginia's rocks and rills.

Evolution's case was now built in confident tones,  
Quoting himself from his classroom tomes.  
Taken from test tube examination of gorilla bones,  
And microscopic count of recent moon stones.

He assumed, presumed and resumed, saying all is so simple.  
The earth began from a ball of hydrogen, with a dimple.  
One cell grew two, then more in a second, - and so thru eons,  
Until earth was covered with monkeys and peons.

The audience was polite and respected his rights,  
Applauding as fair minded Americans might.  
The moderator now introduced the proponent of scientific Creation,  
Citing him as an eminent scientist of the nation.

Professor Creation who owned a bucketful of academic citations,  
Now launched on his opponent with fiery peroration.  
Quotes of geologic, chemical data were in his stream of thought,  
Showing evolutionary views all came to naught.

The facts for scientific creation, present and past,  
Poured into audience ears who sat back aghast.  
They checked these ideas against all they knew,  
Knowing now that scientific creation was truly true.

Many rose to declare that science clearly proves,  
That all of the world's bibles have long brought this good news.

Then quiet descended and contemplation began,  
Then, a booming voice from a vital young man,  
Sir, I've a question, and I just can't keep mum,  
"Professor Evolution, Where did the hydrogen bubble come from?"

"The Soothsayers"

"Economists"

An economist like me, with feet of clay,  
Is happy with truth and some hard earned pay.

I get a chuckle, deep and full,  
Watching most economists serve up the bull.

They huff and puff, and involved sentences use,  
To keep their bewildered clients from having the blues.

Some sit and squirm with rumbling insides,  
As they take their clients along for a ride.

Their bald spots get scratched, and half glasses tilt,  
As posturing they do, when market prices wilt.

Biggity cloudy words roll from their typewriters and pens,  
Illuminating thought, like a chicken reading Zen.

They ask snuffy questions, like where do you stand,  
On Keynes and Von Mises and cherubic band.

We demand respect and big pay they say, -  
To lead clients on our willy nilly way. -

Our faces are rosy, angelic we pray,  
Are we not the second order of angels today?

Stop, - respectful stand, salute us all,  
In our cherubic band, as statistics we maul.

Confused we are, we winged celestial beings,  
So we pontificate, and spout on market leanings.

Listen to our slide rule's clatter, -  
With instant wisdom on any matter.

Wait, wait, hear our voices in chorus sing,  
We'll forecast for you on any old thing.

From ovulation cadence to engine ping,  
If you'll pay us dough, just give us a ring.

## "Good Old Friends"

My puppy dog loves me, this I know,  
His waggy tail tells me so.

My neighbors are kind and like me a lot,  
They sit, chat and laugh on our porch when it is hot.

My family calls, but doesn't say too much,  
But never hangs up, until saying, - Love, we'll keep in touch.

My Dad and Mom have gone on ahead,  
And send love from afar in prayers I hear said.

My buddies and lassies in organizations of ours  
When trouble's around, - they think to send flowers.

My sisters and brothers in the true church,  
Never once have left me in the lurch.

My, of friends I've a wonderful lot, as reliable as rain.  
my appreciation of them I'll never let wane.

My family loved ones are young and old, and here and there,  
Are shiny fine the world must declare.

My list saves the best for last,  
Whose friendship will never pass.

My mate, you see, is my dearest friend,  
Today, tomorrow, for time and without end.

## Liberty Mountain in October

The Boeing slowed, banked and turned,  
Lynchburg, Virginia lay below I learned.  
Shenandoah's forests came into sight,  
A little over the wing, off to the right.

I caught a glimpse of brilliant color below,  
Helter-skelter for God never plants in a row.  
Trees gently swayed, under fluffy clouds looking down,  
Showing orange, shining yellow, green, then brown.

I grabbed my bag, hurried to the door,  
Impatiently waiting for engines to cease strident roar.  
My host was pleasant as to his car we went,  
While I waved hello, to welcoming oaks gracefully bent.

We departed the airport, my heart flipped a flop,  
As friendly golden maples saluted with their tops.  
Dogwoods and red berries, stopped my pulse for a time,  
For me to say, - hi fellos, you look mighty fine.

Then down a ravine, we plunged, in clear fall light.  
And Beech, poplar and holly cried out, we too are bright.  
My heart plopped with each lovely hue,  
All the rainbow was there except azure blue.

At that moment we went over a rise,  
And Cardinal Red, so lovely, dilated my eyes.  
I am sure my travels to continents four,  
Never showed me such startling scenes before.

One tree at a turn of the road made me gasp,  
Nine colors, perhaps ten, were like none we had passed.  
I said to my host, - oh these colors are thrilling,  
I'll keep on looking, - if to drive on you're willing.

He turned to me politely, saying, with a smile,  
You must come home to Virginia, every once in a while,  
Too bad today was a little cloudy and gray,  
I wish you could see it on a perfectly clear day.

### MIDNIGHT SURPRISE

In a world that's mad, and silly and sad,  
Would you like to see something to make you glad?  
So said a pretty neighbor, two doors away.  
We asked, "Is there an admission charge to pay"?

She said, "No money could pay for the beauty you'll see."  
"What could this be, to mean so much to Ruth and me?"  
She glowed and said, "Stay up till midnight chimes,  
Then stroll the path in the garden, near the limes."

When twelve o'clock chimed, out the door we went,  
Looking for beauty, our lives to augment.  
We walked for a minute, then halted stock still,  
A delicate aroma gave our hearts a new thrill.

A night-blooming white cereus dilated our eyes,  
Saying to atheists, - stop, tell us none of your lies.  
An agave, hexagonus marginate to you and to me, ah, -  
There are two thousand varieties in its floral pedigree.

Its family has three tribes far flung,  
Peres has citrus spines by which it is hung.  
Opun has barbed bristles so bright.  
Cere, white blossoms explode open at night.

There are subtribes so vast my brain goes lame.  
I'm not my best in botanical names.  
Night-blooming cereus, relative of Christmas and Star,  
Same the world over, wherever you are.

In pale moonlight we gasped at the pristine flower,  
And we said, "This was surely grown in heavenly bower."  
We stared, oohed and aahed at the absolute white.  
Leave it to the Heavenly Father to do things just right.

If ever you're depressed or question God's power,  
Examine the stamen, tube, pistils of a flower.



RUTH

"First, Last and Always"

As I look ahead and back from age 73  
Considering all things that have happened to me,  
A torrential flood of memories wash by,  
Taking no longer than a blink of my eye.

I'm so happy, and busy in a wonderful place,  
With friends and co-horts too old to race.  
Here my sweetie and I so often say,  
Hasn't this been a triumphant day.

We often glance at one another in our special way,  
As our souls light up even on a rainy day.  
My eyes see something now, the same as of yore,  
My gal's smile or a wink thru years galore.

My pretty gal is seventeen with the numbers reversed.  
And number one, for in my soul she's first.  
Since the day I laid my eyes on Ruth  
All other gals have lost their youth.

The events of that first day,  
I'll recall for you if I may.  
It was August 25, 1925, at 3:40 o'clock  
That my nerves were steady as the proverbial rock.

My job in the store was to wait on the trade,  
Selling canned goods, vegetables and eggs fresh laid.  
The store was quite nice, clean, modern and new,  
Called "Acme", one of a chain that rapidly grew.

As a senior in high school, I saw lots of girls,  
And sure looked them over, from their toes to their curls.  
Most were dainty and pretty, no doubt about that.  
And several most friendly, but on me, their smiles fell flat.

I worked after school, Saturdays and summers, too,  
In store after store, a clerk, number two.  
Lots of young ladies I met from all over town.  
None stirred my heart to a single new sound.

Then all of a sudden this young lady came into sight.  
Uncertain feet took me towards her, my eyes alight.  
I stammered some words that weren't very bright  
While she smiled and noticed my plight.

One box of cereal, Shredded Wheat, if you please  
One can of pineapple, one quart of milk, I do believe.  
You see Mother visits Grandma, - I'm Daddy's cook  
My knees were knocking as I stood there and shook.

I filled her order, and hurried right back,  
To look into blue eyes, till I heard my head crack.  
She departed the front door, so elegant and pretty,  
So I scurried out the back door, in a heck of a hurry.

I tore off my apron, dropped it aside, and,  
Peeked around the corner, knowing she couldn't hide.  
My questions to all were, - who is she and where did she go?  
No one knew at all, for every answer was no.

So I waited and waited and wasted each day,  
Dreaming away not earning my pay.  
All of a sudden she appeared at the door,  
A senior clerk passed me by with a roar.

We arrived at her counter at the very same time,  
I smiled at him icily, and said this lady is mine.  
I'll wait on her as quick as can be,  
And tromped on his instep sending pain to his knee.

It really took a lot of doing,  
That doesn't need reviewing.  
To convince her we could win,  
If she would only wear my fraternity pin.

After that our thoughts did meld,  
As God our hearts did truly weld.  
So on we went most happily engaged,  
Till both of us were fully of age.

As college and jobs and plans proceeded,  
True love blossomed to fill all needed.  
Marriage and sons Ken and Dick soon appeared,  
As we tried our best to see them well reared.

They pleased us in infancy, as siblings and teens,  
While struggle was our lot for bisquits and beans.  
We tried to live God's way at work and at play.  
My girl and I ever wanted it that way.

My errors were too many I'm sure,  
These my sons and wife did kindly endure.  
Middle aged years passed in rapid descent,  
While sons married, achieved and far distant they went.

Four other fine youngsters in our home appeared with need.  
They grew and prospered, our friends all agreed.  
As all six moved on to give life a whirl,  
I was enthralled with my lovely girl.

In business and public life, we were bruised everywhere  
So much flack at times, with battle it compared  
Thru pain and strain we worked on away,  
From the Lord at our side we would never stray.

We saved and worked and loved our friends,  
All we hurt we tried to make amends.  
I preached the freedom gospel far and wide  
With my shrewd wife, Ruth, by my side.

We saw three wars close up thru our years,  
Each one brought on hard running tears.  
And to four continents we strayed  
To know the price for freedom that's paid.

Now at this time in the seventies I am summing things up.  
Estimating how much remains in life's cup.  
Most folks we know have get up and go,  
But believe their final day on the calendar shows.

Though health wounds, simple and complex, we bear,  
We challenge the world each day to give us a dare.  
My mind asks why life has been so great,  
As hopefully we would move toward the heavenly gate.

Of one thing I'm sure, the huge joy that is mine,  
Comes from my gal, trustworthy, loyal and fine.  
We are each other's best friend as you know,  
As courtesy and politeness stop all woe.

Considerate she is in things large and small,  
That drive other wives husbands right up the wall.  
Her voice is so gentle and kind,  
Ingrates and critics are left far behind.

Her sons she loves with and intensity that blinds.  
She gives loyalty so deep, knowing no other kind.  
Her manner is gracious, her friends abound.  
She hates no one alive, of criticism she utters not a sound.

I've never known her to tell any fibs,  
Except in droll stories to tickle the ribs.  
For 52 years she's been my pride and joy.  
We're a team, you can see, since girl and boy.

One thing she did, that wasn't good in my book,  
When we first met she said she could cook.  
As she cooked for her Dad, he daily lost weight,  
Her claim to cooking was mere boy friend bait.

She couldn't boil water, or open a can,  
Yet this lovely little lady could fool any man.  
Now her cooking is superb and in it all folks delight,  
She's served it to the great and humble, ever just right.

We are sealed in fact for time and eternity,  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

## NIHILISM

(THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY)

Metaphysics: - A doctrine that nothing exists or is honorable.

Ethics : - Rejection of all distinctions in moral values.  
: - Extreme radicalism  
: - Russian doctrine 19th Century advocating terrorism

### I

On campus across our land  
Nihilism is a pathetic thing.

Moving outward in a concentric ring,

It's sticky, scratchy, hangs on strings,

It has no shape, yet flutters on icky wings.

Its doctrine is that nothing is to be.

Even if its in the nth degree.

II

Rejection of moral value is its decree,

Pontifical dope heads all do agree.

III

Its advocates minds are dull not sharp,  
Or from this humbug they would soon depart.  
We reject our parents in their first smarty remark,  
While snorting cocaine and six packs in a public park.

IV

They contribute nothing to their family table.  
Happy spongers on others, tho strong and able.  
It seems their only desire is rubbing navels,  
And shouting obscentities from a rooftop gable.

V

Were they workers instead of drones,  
They would speak with God, when they are alone,  
But vapidly they become the devil's clones,  
Soon to be his wretched gnomes.

---

Heh you! The Lord loves you. "Straighten up and fly right."

## DANGEROUS ISLAND

(GOOD OLD NEW YORK)

We've many island off our coast,  
Of most of these I like to boast.  
There's Long Island, Sanibel, Fisher and Whidby too.  
To mention just a limited few.

They are clean, so nice with birds and trees,  
All swept so softly by gentle breeze.  
One island we have that's sort of bum,  
Sticks out like an awful sore thumb.

The one I mean is old Manhattan,  
If you sail by, your hatchs batten.  
It's surrounded by two rivers so dirty brown,  
Whose roiling sewage waters come from up-town.

The Hudson and East Rivers reach confluence there,  
Full of rubbish and stuff without compare.  
One must be cautious on leaving the U.S.A.  
Going to Manhattan to spend your pay.

You may be met by a slicker band,  
Who will make you wish, - for home and main land.  
Many have consciences weak and loose,  
Who love to pluck a well fattened goose.

You see Manhattan has considerable acreage,  
That's led to many a fortune's breakage.  
Brokers toil there to sell their shares,  
Filling you up with 'bull', and 'bears'.

Of shares and bonds, options and wares that can be snares,  
Of their bluffs and puffs you better take care.  
So be cautious, when you leave the U.S.A.,  
For on Manhattan Island is where the rough guys play.



IN THIS BAFFLING HOUR

Let us actively teach in every school, now, -

The Spiritual base of the United States of America.

What is it? - A fundamental belief in God.

The Sermon the Mount, and Apostles Creed.

This will solve the nation's need.

Let us actively declare in every school, now, -

Responsible personal conduct is required, -

What is it? - Living in liberty under law.

Self discipline, honor, a good day's work,

Stop yelling in the streets, and do not shirk.

Let us actively demand, on every hand, now, -

That every citizen, black and white, chicano too.

Whether poor or rich, begin to pay.

American freedom's price each day.

Let us pay it in love of God, Country and family life, now, -

Listen to patriot's drums and hear the fifes.

Get a job and work to keep it too,

Treat your boss, as he should treat you.

Let us obey the laws, and arrive on time, -

Wher-e're you live in any clime.

Pay your bills and kick the booze

Or, you'll have more than life to lose.

Stare the dope heads down with a frown,

Let them know a Lord's man is around.

Tell all to behold, an American bold,

Who pays for freedom citizenship as of old.

WITHOUT THEE

Our science now whets the world's swords,  
Offers the devil all humans as wards.  
Our sharpened intellects do not redeem us,  
Giving us only a philosophy of weakness.  
Our mastery of computers doesn't make us wise,  
They leave a bleakness in our eyes.  
Our dials we twirl, and jet engines whirl,  
And missiles a million, we are ready to hurl.  
Our ability to slaughter continues to rise,  
Right here and now as civilization dies.  
Our seven continents hold heaven's claims,  
Must all now go up in flames?  
Our questions answer is do not stray,  
Just live God's way, every day.

or

There will be hell to pay!  
Without thee, we cannot be.

THE RULE BOOK FOR COMMUNIST SUBVERSIVES IN AMERICA

(As I have seen them followed for thirty years)

Be kind to American haters, be polite to all of our spies,  
Crush anti-communists' reputations, smother them with lies.

Spout off that God is phony, and furthermore is dead,  
Whisper this to smart alec kids, who seldom use their heads.

Urge lefty congressmen to vote tax money to our fronts,  
Instruct rogue bureaucrats, to organize terrorist stunts.

Order our smoothies in federal agencies to budget homo-lesbian plays as pop  
Cultivate liberal foundations to make grants for porno as smart. art,

Set up dope parties with a publicity flare,  
Restore convicted communist buddies to professional collegiate chairs.

Holler! bellow! The F.B.I. are brutal ghouls,  
For not hiring our gang of lesbians and homos as agents for their school.

Call all patriots corny, dim witted silly fools,  
Threaten them speechless with frightening ruses from our rules.

Blackmail, all you cannot successfully scare,  
Fake, lie, cheat, strip patriotic Americans bare.

Exclaim to the press we are for peace, the U.S.A. is cruel,  
Don't dare let them catch you over a victim, whose blood's in a dark pool.

Hip, hip, hoorah! For liberal communist teachers,  
Especially news people and confused vapid preachers.

Pay homage to priests and seminary students who go our way,  
Set them up as speakers anywhere, their expense money you can pay.

Keep close touch with your spy boss, whether professional or volunteer,  
Between us we will silently strangle America, while decent folks we smear.

Plant bombs, steal secrets, plan killings, be sure they are done nice.  
Or the KGB inspector will classify you as meat to go by the slice.

If patriot leaders in the U.S.A., are gruff or play rough,  
Your hit list can be handled by our special trained toughs.

Use calumny, disparagement, claims of wrong doing,  
On any patriot getting a wide public viewing.

Sneak your deputies into the Red, White & Blue groups in your region,  
Like V.F.W., Freedoms Foundation, S.A.R. and the Legion.

They are a nettlesome, troublesome lot, who don't buckle at the knees,  
Hurt their income. cast doubt within, for those patriots work like bees.

These are only some of our subversive agents' rules,  
If you get caught, be stubborn, act like a mule.

Recall rule one in our book is to look reliable and pure,  
Keep from looking or acting like a wild Marxist for sure.

One more word on strategic plans for continents seven,  
World communist dominion is our steadfast goal, while patriots seek

Lenin, Stalin, Kruschev knew the U.S. would be the hardest to subvert,  
Because Christians and freedom lovers are now somewhat alert.

President Ronald Reagan and his patriots don't plan to lose,  
It's time now to acknowledge this bad news.

If, the U.S.A. knuckled under to us by blackmail, war or seizure,  
We will mop up what's left of the world, at our leisure.

Don't forget comrades, men and women agents, young and old,  
That slavery's chains are ready, and heavy, and Siberia cold.

Carefully, firmly, quickly now, turn down the screws,  
Americans are awakening to freedoms good news.

## The Scoundrel

The economic conference speakers were carefully selected,  
All spoke with conviction, cool and collected.  
The keynote speaker investigated inflations causes,  
I gave him A minus in spite of hesitant pauses.

Speaker two with slides, and statistics in packs,  
Illuminated foreign exchange operations to Japan and back.  
He answered questions directly with all his might.  
To every mind he brought intellectual delight.

Lecturer three was a talented gent,  
Whose knowledge of commodity futures pays his rent.  
He was interesting, accurate with no problems at all,  
Except as one drunk careened in from the hall.

One handsome speaker of sincere civic concern,  
Discussed education, urging all adults to please learn.  
He vacillated so much, while cliches he scattered,  
In his ill prepared speech, nothing truly mattered.

Fortunately the lunch break came at this hour,  
The high priced conferees enjoyed Chinese, sweet and sour.  
All looked forward to the afternoon super session,  
Touting a top national leader in the real estate profession.

He was attractive, well mannered, obviously knew much,  
Inveighing against tenants and home owner's as a stupid bunch.  
Scorn was heaped on fathers who pay monthly on a home,  
The speaker disgustingly illustrated how to use them for phoney loans.

He chuckled, that people are no smarter than ants,  
This wretch is too big for his Brooks Brothers pants.  
His thesis was to frighten, wheedle and manipulate all one could.  
This bully's dad should have paddled him with a stick of wood.

He said 80% net profit is not enough for me,  
Last year I ran my net up to two hundred and three.  
Sez he, I send my fast talk salesmen down street after street,  
Looking for home owners, I know I can beat.

In town of high unemployment, atomic worry or flood,  
I pour out advertising and propaganda to chill the blood.  
My ads say homes are worth less hour by hour,  
The Dads and Moms equities are long before gone sour.

Mr. Fake Free Enterpriser realtor is a miserable disgrace,  
The condescending smile never leaves his face.  
He explains telephone blitzes to cheaply grab farmers' homes,  
Selling them high, thru contrived government loans.

Now with pontifical mien, believing he smells like a rose,  
Claiming business men must have no ethical purpose, for anything goes.  
Think, he boasts of how well you will do,  
Squeezing home owners until their faces are blue.

Get control of any house, rent at an exorbitant rate.  
Make tenants do everything, or give them the gate.  
I bill tenants \$75.00, if they even phone to complain,  
Force them to obey you, or put them out in the rain.

The Law of the Jungle is my commandment in life,  
All I want is dough, lots of dough, to splurge on my wife.  
Chisel and cheat, use laws as your tools.  
That's why I went to a famous law school.

Don't pay attention to most realtors decent,  
Follow me, own yachts, and planes, all the most recent.  
Establish phony corporations, use these legal lies,  
I own 200 houses now because I'm alley cat wise.

I pray somehow honor and repentance,  
Will grasp his soul, before his final heavenly sentence.  
Freedom lives where only honesty thrives,  
Evil men are as dangerous to America as Soviet spies.

## THANK GOODNESS FOR AMERICAN CORPORATIONS

Plush foreign hotels are velvety nice,

Though most foreign families live on a handful of rice.  
Their cultures are old, with traditions many,  
Of food they have little and comforts not any.

Sickness is everywhere, death comes so soon,

In heaven's name what is America's boon?  
The answer is obvious and plain,  
Free enterprise and coporations are efficient as rain.

More good and services are widely produced in our land,

And distributed more fairly than other systems can.  
Making Americans best fed, housed, whether blind, sick or lame.  
Big and little business corporations are the nation's game.

The spiritual right to own private property is the foundation stone,  
Free agency and free choice is truly enthroned.

Our free market of ideas and goods attracted the world's attention.

Hope of profit, fear of loss, sky rockets invention.  
Government's heavy hand, and dictatorship for centuries past,  
God's children changed it for freedom at last.

The dream of freedom is America's story,

Crush corporate life and the U.S.A. will be sorry.  
This isn't to say corporations are just dandy right,  
They need a conscience at work shiny and bright.

Corporate life for share owners is mighty nice,

Each owner better stop and think twice.  
Improve corporations now, make Americans stand tall,  
Willing to lay down their lives, for the best system of all.



## FEELING LOW

The Army Medical Board at Fort MacArthur  
Met and pondered,  
From stethoscopes and charts  
Their minds did not wander.

Their decision was soon unanimous  
Detailed, sad and grim.  
Son, - your leg is messed up and your heart  
Beats thin and dim.

Head for home, wife and sons, Lieutenant  
No more active duty for you.  
That's our final word absolutely  
Your honorable discharge is due.

Find a part time job, be sure the work's light  
We hope you come out all right.  
Three docs signed papers in copies five  
In a minute I stood on the post hospital drive.

Doing duty on time should be everyone's goal,  
What, oh what, would now be my life's role?  
I decided then and there, in a flash like a dream,  
To expose and oppose my country's enemies' schemes.

## OUR FAMILY RE-UNION

It really was a huge success,  
    In a breezy maple grove.  
Aunts and uncles, great this and that,  
    And cousins by the drove.

We all shook hands, hugged, or kissed and cried,  
    Missing loved ones, all too recent died.  
In our family, long noted for fair dealing,  
    Folks brought their love and good feeling.

The Wells, Chapmans, Conaways, Dales and Doles,  
    All had giddy girls with hoops to roll.  
The boys played baseball hollering loud,  
    From three counties they made quite a crowd.

Three uncles had their heads under the hood of a new Ford,  
    While cousins and more cousins prayed to the Lord.  
Dad and Uncle Fred made the horseshoes clang,  
    Until the last moment the dinner bell rang.

Grandma Wells and Mom, arranged the table seating,  
    While Russ, Brother Al, and Margie kept the whip cream a beating.  
Aunt May and Aunt Cora put on aprons gay and pretty,  
    Then joined Auntie Dole, singing an old fashioned ditty.

Quick everyone, Grandpa Wells shouted loud and clear,  
    Wash up, come to the table, re-union time is here!  
All sat quietly, - joining hand in hand,  
    Grateful for ancestors who came to our land.

"All praise the Lord Jesus, Son of God, Savior of Man,  
    Started the prayer Grampa spoke, as tears down cheeks ran.  
As heads bowed, blonde, brunette and gray,  
    For America and family no price is too high to pay.

All amened together, then passed forty foods to eat,  
    Mmmm! so good, with chestnut dressing and sweet spicy treats.  
Sweet hot rolls, white coconut cake and puddings deluxe,  
    Paraded the table, both too cold, too hot to touch.

When the ice cream was licked up, the watermelon was passed,  
My good brother, Al, taught me to spell repast.  
Some relatives sat together in swings to reminisce,  
The old folks wandered over meadow-paths in happiest bliss.

Aunt May, a favorite, seemed pleased when I said,  
What's 'ginny-illigy' that word you just read?  
Why, Kenny boy, that's a history of relatives now dead,  
That grown up talk went right over my head.

I didn't get it, - seemed nothing I should know,  
Maybe I'll amble off, start a game of Mumble-te-peg, or so.  
Aunt Martha said; We have many pioneer ancestors,  
And Private Peter Hunt, Continental Army color bearer.

He fought for freedom at Stoney Point and Lake Champlain,  
This shows on pension records without stain.  
Perhaps I'll listen a little more,  
Maybe after all "ginny-illigy", isn't such a bore.

Aunt Cora never married, said she was always too busy,  
Reading books like Plato, Marcus Aurelius, that made me dizzy.  
Somehow like magic she learned most all the bible too,  
She lisped a little, but hours with her were all to few.

Uncle Richard spoke of great, great Uncle Will,  
Who fought Indians with General Wayne at the Maumee, Ohio grain mill.  
I figured I'd listen a little bit more, sitting on an overturned pail,  
Gramps said, "My great-granfather made boat sails".

I piped up, - "Where, Grampa? Was that?"  
He stuck his thumbs under his suspenders to make them flat.  
"In Maryland, for General George Washington's Chesapeake Navy",  
Startled like, I hollered, " I didn't know he had a navy!"

Gramps bent down whispering in my ear, - word by word,  
"Sit down, son, and listen, Boys should be seen not heard."  
My grandad was no one to sass a bit,  
I sat on the grass, listening to family holy writ.

Now mind you: -

Great, great grandma Chapman, only weighed 100 pounds,  
But she taught a whole Connecticut town how to sing.  
My gramps, Frank Wells, built the first sedan with windows on a Reo  
Touring car, - in all of Summit County.  
My grampa, George Dales was oh so poorly, with  
consumption, whatever was that, that he died  
before I was born. But he was a writing  
master, - taught lots of teachers, was  
Photographer, a jeweler, A N D, - rode in a  
wagon from Ohio to Pike's Peak, Colorado  
for rare air to cure his, whatever it was, -  
bad pain. - then died - Poor Grampa. -

And you know what, great, great gramps, Stephen Dales  
raised four (mind you) matched black horses!  
President Garfield bought them to pull his carriage  
in the inaugeral parade, - right down to the White House.  
Dad, (his name is Alfred Richard) quietly said, "I want you to  
remember this about my great uncle. When he was about ten  
years old, (I am ten, nearly eleven) near Johnstown, Pennsylvania  
he was captured by Susquehanna Indians, escaped when he  
was 15 and grew up to be a famous scout out West."  
I piped up again, "Dad, why didn't you tell me before?"  
I thought everybody was a farmer in our family. -  
Gramps put his hand on my head and said  
polite but gruff: - "Hush, my boy, - you can't learn anything  
while you are talkin'."  
Golly, until then, I didn't know how much fun 'ginny-illigy'  
could be. -  
Somehow, all the family became close to me  
that breezy day in a maple grove. - Yup!  
Dad and gramps were great, - now sort of like heroes,--  
funny I hadn't noticed it before.-

Grampa whispered, - said "My boy, you come close here  
where we both can look over to grandma, where she and  
Della (that's my mom) and Uncle Fred's nice wife are  
packing up the the left-over chicken, and wiping the tables.  
Did you ever think how pretty they are though from three  
families intermarried? - I knew Mom was special pretty,  
and stylish too.-

Grampa kept whispering in my ear- "Kenny boy, listen good. Did you know Grandma Wells, my dear wife, was one of triplets,- Flora, that's her, Cora and Dora. - Little Dora died right away, - Cora lived at home, - and my Flora was my bride.

Isn't she beautiful? Got a little gray in her hair, - but she is special. Now listen real good. - She will die before your next birthday. A terrible disease, cancer, has been growing all around inside of her. - She hurts, pains so bad, but look at her smile, - and work, - and love everyone.- The doctors say they don't know a thing to do for her."- I whispered back, "Grampa, are the doctors sure?" - He nodded his head, - yea. I wanted to cry, but didn't dare when I saw Grampa swallowing so hard and fast. - He blew his nose, - and said "Look again at your special brave grandma. - you know we are not a bit rich even if we do have three houses rent out, - and even if I am the best metalsmith and furnace maker in the county, - - but your Grandma Flora is a crown jewel. - Every picture on our walls at home she has embroidered or painted with her own hands. - Then I remembered, - "Home, Sweet Home" in the kitchen, "God Is Love" in the dining room, and "Praise The Lord" "Do A Good Days Work" in the parlor and one embroidery near the back door, - saying "Wipe Your Feet"!

-Gramps saw my mind was in grandma's kitchen far away, so he squeezes my shoulder, saying, "Now listen good, - Grandma and I have never been out of Portage, Summit and Medina counties, yet Grandma has been all the way to China and back. By herself she went door to door, mile after mile, raised enough money,- over \$30,000 to build a Christian missionary school for kids in Peiping, China. And she did it, too! Just to help the Lord's work! That apron, - with the flowered pattern mostly blue, like all her clothes she has made, - Now Grandson, you keep the Ten Commandments she read to you on the porch last week. That's where you can find "Honor thy father and mother". Do it in many different ways. - That's what you call "ginny-illigy" is all about."

Me, I sat there sort of stunned for a while, thinking about  
Grandma Wells, till Mom called me to have the last peice of  
cold fried chicken.

I looked at Mom sort of special long,  
Till she said have I done something wrong.  
My words stuttered, - you're wonderful nice,  
Sometimes I look at you sort of twice.

It was time to go, when it started to get dark,  
Shucks, I hated to leave this breezy park.  
Grampa was gruff, but gave me a pat,  
I thanked him for fixing my broken baseball bat.

Every so often nowadays, I seem to Gramps telling dear Dad.  
Fred, keep family records, search even those records sad.  
Tell Kenny, Al and all about Simeon Wells, - Abe Lincoln's man.  
Check up on Daniel H. Wells, of whom Mormon history tells.

These Christian pioneer women and men relatives are my example nowadays,  
Why some were Methodist, Reformed, Presbyterian left me amazed.  
They fussed so against each other, surely one must be right, What shall I do?  
I asked the Lord to answer, now I have the answer true.

Oh yes, the re-union was a glorious success, except  
when folks smiled when I say "ginny-illogy". They  
sometimes corrected me, not knowing, of course, that  
at ten years going on eleven, I looked it up in the  
family dictionary, soon as I got home.

That's one big word I want to spell just right.  
GENEALOGY - Somehow I still like my spelling a shade better.