

The Poems of



Grandma Bartmess

by Lena Agnes Allen McDaniel Bartmess

Introduction

So you want all the poems
Your mother has written
When she is idle or just a sitting
You'll be surprised when you read what is here
Written in pleasure and love or in fear
For many a time as I sit and ponder
Rhymes come to me from here and out yonder.
Sometimes I might smile or tears dims my eyes
Some times I write of the blue of the skies
Sometimes it's a girl or a boy I am thinking
Sometimes it's a boat that might be a sinking
Or it might be a man with an old wrinkled face
Or a sweet smiling lady all dressed up in lace
Sometimes it's a stone that lays in the creek
Or a a man in the mountains as gold he doth seek
Or a bird in a tree that is singing a song
As the children to school go trodding a long
But what ever you read I hope you will say
Thanks mother for writing this poem today.



Lena Agnes Allen, McDaniel, Bartmess



Lena Agnes Allen,
McDaniel, Bartmess



Thelma Allene
McDaniel, Peterson

Lena's daughter Thelma, was the one who asked her to re-write all of her poems.

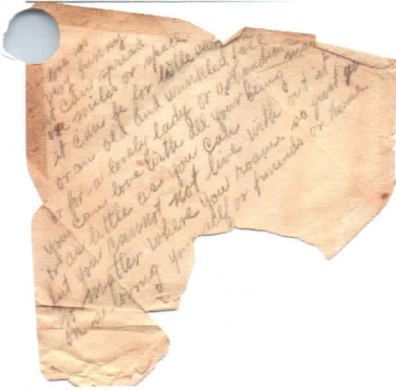
Because of Thelma's request Lena re-wrote them in a notebook which we have recreated here. The original note book and scraps of paper are in the possession of Gay (Peterson) Reinhardt. Thelma's daughter and Lena's grand-daughter.

As little children we would love to listen to Grandma read and or recite her poems to us.

Hopefully you will share these with your posterity that they too may learn to love them and love Grandma as we did and do.

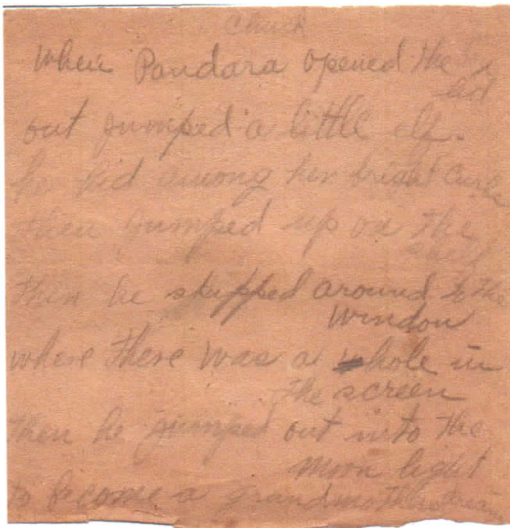
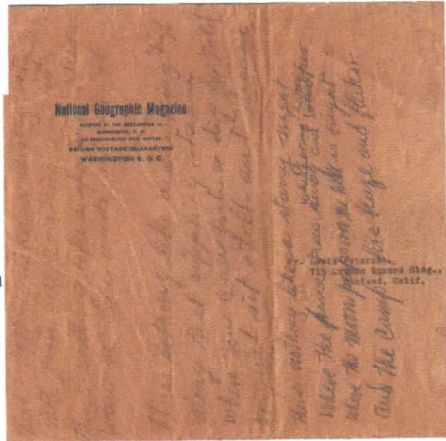
When a poem popped into Grandma Bartmas's head she would pick up what ever was close to write it on.

Here are a few examples.



This Says
National Geographic Magazine
and

Louis Peterson
Oakland CA



The Old Haunted House

Up in the canyon stood an old haunted house
Tho I never saw a ghost just a lonesome little mouse
There my dad kept his wheat, and his barley and his rye
They just told us it was haunted
With a long drawn out sigh.
When Halloween would come along
They'd warn us very stern
That if we went near that old house
We might forever burn
But we were quite a daring bunch
Of lean and lanky girls.
With bright eyes full of mischief
And our hair all done in curls
So one Halloween we ventured
To the old forbidden place
The moon was shining brightly
As we crossed an open space
We had a ball of yarn apiece
To throw threw the broken pane
We'd heard we'd see our future man
If we'd wind it up again.
So we slipped up very quietly
And threw our ball with care
We didn't think that anything
Could give us such a scare
The noise we heard from in that house
Just set our hair on end.
We did not stop to look around
To see our future friend
We ran with all our mights until
My sister stubbed her toe

And when she fell up on the ground
No farther did I go.
Then when I looked back toward
The house I saw to my surprise
The house was full (of) boys we knew
All dressed up in disguise.
So we went back to the cabin
And danced by the light of the moon
We didn't have any music
But the evening ended too soon.
No goblins ever showed their grim faces
And no ghost ever tripped o'er the lawn
For the spell of them both was broken
As the years had came and was gone
There's not many left with the story
For the years number 50 or more
But I still see the porch of that household
And the boys standing there in the door.

The Tree on the Hilltop

Out on the tope of the mountain
From the lower lands you could see
Like an ever flowing fountain
Stood a huge old pine tree
You could see it from down in the valley
Like a giant it's branches were spread.
Against the blue skys of the heavens
As tho it's friends had all fled
I've rode out over the prairie
Just to look at the old pine tree
And wish it could tell me it's secrets
For I knew so many there'd be
The old winding road that leads to it
They called it dead man's hill
And the bunch grass that grew around it
Cattle would gather their fill
If lost you could climb to a hilltop
And locate the old pine tree
You'd know which way then to travel
When it's lonely old branches you'd see
Many years have passed since I saw it
I hope it is standing there still
When I go back to see the old mountains
And climb up the old dead mans' hill

(this is true)

Aug 1961

I went back to the place on the hilltop
Where once stood the old pine tree
But naught but small pines growing

Is all that is left there to see
And the old dead man hill is a pasture
You can hardly see where it's been
And the ones left that went up and down it
Will never do it again
For they're old and ready to crumble
Like the trunk of the old pine tree
And the young that gaze down the mountain
Will not know how it used to be.

I wonder

I often wonder how many men
Wish that they could live again
And think they'd live a different life
Or choose another for their wife.
Some men would say I'd dig for gold.
Some men would go where it was cold.
And others a great lawyer be
And some of them the world would see
And some of course would sit at home
And never, never want to roam
Now just for me I'd want to live
So I could give and give and give
To me there's nothing quite so grand
As to extend a helping hand
To all the poor and weak and lame
I'd give to all of them the same

Mother's Old Trunk

The old trunk in the attic
Had been there for years
With stories of joys and sorrows and tears
The hinges were rusty
The old lock was broke
But as I looked in
Most every thing spoke
I took out the bible
All yellow with age.
My hands seemed to tremble
As I turned to a page
Where the old family record
Was written with care
My mothers and Fathers and
Grandparents name there
Then the old family album
With pictures galore.
Of old folks and young folks
That had gone on before
Then a shawl that's moth eaten
And musty and old
That kept grandma's shoulder
From wintery cold
Then an old brown dress
Once my own mothers pride
She had worn on the day
She became father's bride
And a lot of wee dresses
With long glowing skirts
Nities and stockings
And small underskirts
There were post cards and letters

And jewelry and junk
That's what I found
In mothers old trunk.




Old Enough to Hitch Hike

The woman was old and ragged and grey
She had no home and no place to stay
A bundle of clothes laid by her side
As she stood by the road to hitch hike a ride
There was no place to go where people would care
That she might rest a bit and comb out her hair
Or wash her old face and sit down awhile
So the ragged old woman just stood with a smile
The cars all passed by with a swish and a swirl.
No one looked toward this poor old girl
She lost all her courage and started to cry
When a dashing young fellow came flying by
But no too fast to look to the side
And see this old lady thumbing a ride
As she sat by his side in his swell limousine
She felt very proud with this lad to be seen
They talked as the car sped smoothly along
The old lady's heart was singing a song
She never thought and she didn't care
For her time passed. That was very rare.
Where to my fair lady the young man said.
And soon the old lady was bowing her head.
The tears dimmed her eyes ass he said very low
Just any place here I've not far to go.
I've enjoyed the ride and many thanks too
May the good lord bless you your whole life through
And he thought to himself
As he left her there, some one must love her, someone must
care.

My Old Home

I went to the town where I spent all my childhood
Where life was so free and happy and wild
The houses were old and few people lived in them
That I knew so well when I was a child
The old home was still standing
On top of the hill
And the rose bush was covered with blooms
The rack on the wall that was there when a youngster
Still held all my mother's old brooms
As I crossed the old threshold all creaking with age
The dust covered floor seemed to sigh
The chair by the window was empty right now
But the presence of father was nigh
It seemed that my mother should be by the stove
Tending the bread baking brown
With a nod of her head and a smile on her face
I knew she wished me to sit down
Grandmother's old clock still sat on the shelf.
The looking glass hanging close by
All just the same as when I was a girl.
I thought as I heaved a great sigh
I entered the living room all musty and dark
The curtains had been drawn for years
But things stood the same when the light filtered in
My eyes were then filling with tears
The bible and album lay there on the stand
And the pictures still hung on the wall
As last when saw them in years gone by
Nothing was changed not at all
For a moment I stood as if in a dream
With the family to gather once more

But the spell it was broken by John as he spoke
He was standing out side by the door.
Then I drew down the blinds
And went back to his side
My heart was as heavy as lead
For the ones that I loved with all of my heart
Were resting close by not dead.






Dawn

It seems to me that most of people
Want to sleep their life away
If they stay up late of evenings
Then they want to sleep all day

They don't know what their missing
When the sun begins to shine
Even tho it's winter or good old summer time.


To me it makes no difference
Just so I'm up at dawn
For I love the birds that twitter
In the trees on our front lawn



Then I love to see the children
As they hustle off to school
With their coats all buttoned around their necks
Early morning when it's cool

Then I love to feed the chickens
And I love to feed the cow
The hay that smells so wholesome
As you pitch it from the mow.

Then I love to hoe the garden
Before the sun is up
When the flowers hold their head so high
To get a dewey sup.



Then I love to watch the sunshine
When it's peeping o'er the hill

And I love to watch the shadows
As they're dancing on the sill.

I could sit and tell the things I love
About the early dawn
But people couldn't understand
If I'd rattle on and on.

But no matter who is wasting
All the early morning light.
It is what I'm always thinking
When I go to bed at night.

Waiting

Waiting, waiting, waiting,
What does waiting mean
Every day you do some waiting
And while you're waiting dream.

Some time you wait in sunshine
Some time you wait in rain
Some time it's for a street car
Some time it's for a train

Some time you're just a waiting
For your mother or your dad
Or just perhaps you're just a waiting
For your sweetheart or a cab.

No matter where you really are
Or what you want to do
You'll always do some waiting
The years your passing through.

And when you climb the golden stair
You'll find your master waiting
You'll really know what you have gained
By waiting, waiting, waiting.

Life

Life is just a poem
With every thing in rhyme.
And if you stop and ponder
You can read most every line.

First you're just a baby
Then you're just a child.
Then if you're a boy or girl
You're free and gay and wild.

Then next you are a grown up
You laugh and dance and sway
That time it passes quickly
You grow older every day.

You marry some sweet girlie
Or maybe get your man
And settle down to living
You do the best you can

And then you're old and feeble
Your steps are slow and weak
Your voice is quite unsteady
Each time you try to speak

No one can help the ending
We all go just the same
We leave behind a memory
And yes you leave your name




The Good old S.P. Train

I love to hear the whistle
Of the Southern Pacific train
As it races along the old track
In sunshine or in rain


I love to hear the clatter
Of the wheels as they go around
With the rumble and the grumble
And the warning bell that sounds.

I love to hear the whistle
In the morning before dawn
Then I watch the Southern Pacific
As it comes and rattles on

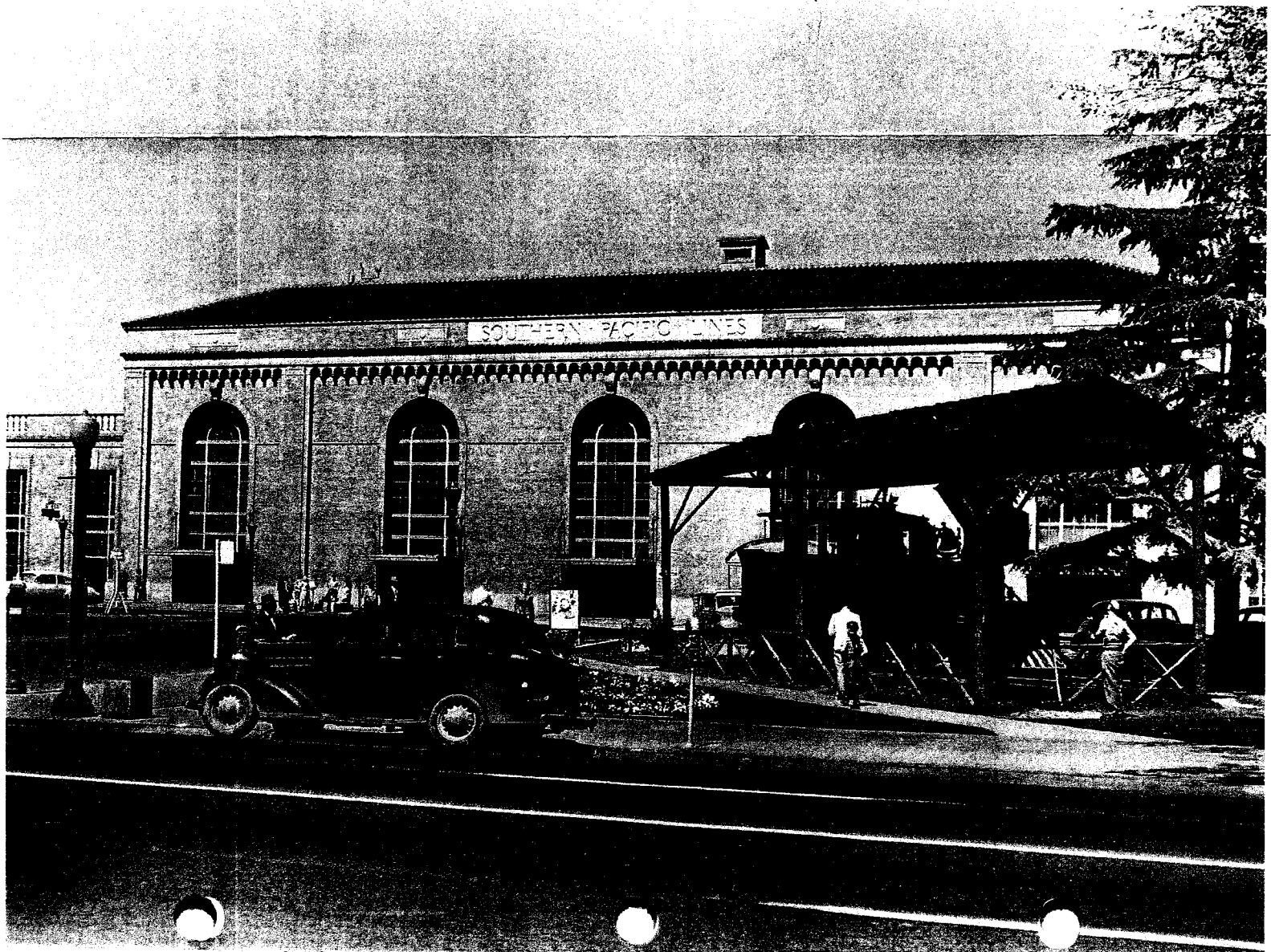
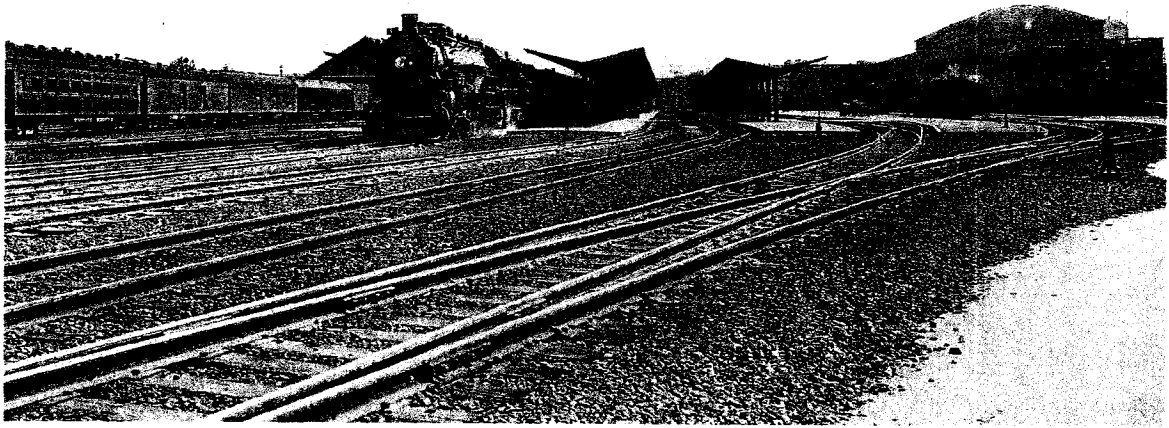


And that whistle in the night time
As I awaken from a dream
Seems to call me to the window
To see it's headlights gleam

Yes I love the Southern Pacific
With all it's smoke and noise
For I know that at the throttle
Is the faithful S.P. boys.



Like the engines of the rail road
Always ready to the end
On the straight or narrow path
Or around a curve or round a bend.



More Things I love

I love to hear the clatter
Of a dozen little feet
When they go on Sunday Morning
To church all dressed so neat

Then I love them hear them coming in
With, I'm hungry grandma dear
Makes me know that life's worth living
And I'm glad that I am here

Then I love to hear the rumble
And the grumble and the noise
In the morning when their mother says
Get your lessons boys

Then I love to hear the twitter
And the chitter and the cheer
When the lessons are all finished
And the mother says so dear

And I love the quiet evening
After all have gone to bed
Then we sit and softly whisper
As we bow our weary head

Then I love to hear the laughter
When the sun begins to shine
For the days are never lonely

The Old Rood School House

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall
It's one of the old Rood school house
That seemeth the best of all.

I can still see the old board benches.
Black paint all over the wall.
Numbers and writing all over
Written by kids big and small.

There sat the old stove in the middle
The desks lined up on each side
The floor always swept by the pupils
The teacher's desk was our pride.

The old place stands out like a picture
The ball ground where we had so much fun
The steps and the porch had no shelter
We used to go in on the run.

The old door creaked on its hinges
We hung all our coats on the wall
Below on the floor sat our lunches
All threw the spring and the fall

Many years have gone by but their passing
Has not faded the picture to me
Tho the grounds are all cleared of the buildings
That lovely old picture I see.

Wish

I wish that I could only be
As rugged as an old oak tree
Tho I do not want to stand alone
I'd always want to roam and roam

I'd want to travel far and wide
On this great earth from side to side.
I'd want to sail the ocean blue
O'er dashing waves with radiant hue

I'd climb the highest mountain peak
The rainbow's end I'd try to seek
And when the moon was round and bright
I'd sit and watch it all the night.

All those things I'd get to see
If I was rugged as a tree
But as I'm weak and old and grey
In my old chair I'll rock and sway.




Poor Little Worm

(Written for Chuck)

Poor little worm
Crawling all alone
Didn't have no friends
Didn't have no home.


So I picked him up
In my own dirty hands.
From where he was crawling
Alone on the sands.



He looked so forsaken
He didn't know what to do.
I knew how he felt
For I felt lonesome too.

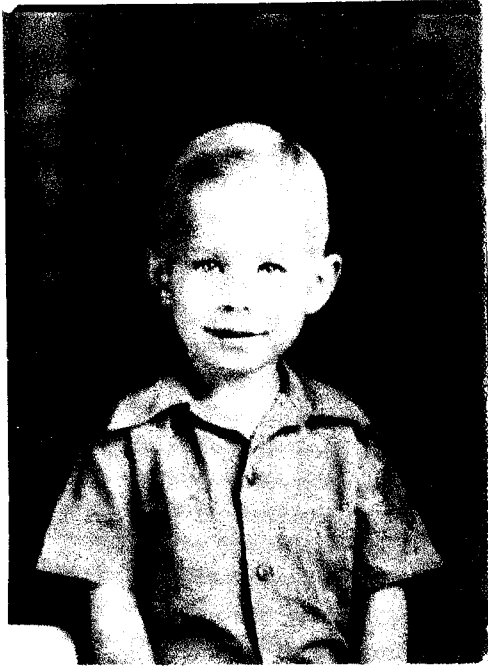
I ask him where
Was his mother and dad
He shook his head
And looked very sad.

I ask him where
Was his brother and sister
Tears fell fast
"I have none mister."



"Why don't you go
To the place above
Where you can find
Lots of friends and love"

"I'd like to so much
If I just knew how"
So with a gentle motion
And a press on the brow
The poor little worm is in heaven now.



Check




The gingham dog and the calico cat

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Sat together on the old hearth mat
Where the little girl with her touseled head
Had left her pets when she went to bed


Said the gingham dog with a wag of his tail
We're always left here with out fail.
Said the calico Cat well we should care
We don't have to be wooled by that lady fair

We can lay here and rest the whole night threw
For we know in the morning she'll start in a new
I'm glad to be whole each night as I lay
After she's gone I then start to pray.



That tomorrow I'll be able to stand it again
To be dragged around with out any pain
Some day we'll be torn and ragged and old
Then we'll be thrown in the garbage can cold.

And hauled to the dump
Where we'll never know
A nice warm fire
When to bed she does go.



Almost a man my Tommy

Look at the tractor wheels he said
As he looked at a picture and cocked his head.
That's what I want when you go to town
Then he put the tractor picture down.

The pile of pictures were soon looked threw
Some that were cut and some that were drew
Then he went for a box of toys on the floor
And pick out an airplane and several more

Of old battered toys and blocks and cars
That looked like they'd had a trip to mars
Yes they looked like they'd been in battles galore
But I looked at each toy as I'd ne'er seen before

He named each one as he gave them to me
The contents of his box he thought I must see
Then he climbed in my lap
And cuddled up there
As I stroke his dear little tousled hair.

I said go to sleep
As quick as you can
For you are your grandmother's
Grown up man.






Might of Been

I might have been a millionaire
Or a king up on a throne
I might of owned a mansion
Or just a lovely home


I might have been a miner
A waiting for a find
If I could only see ahead
As far as I can see behind.

I might have been a lady fair
With beau's on ev'ry side
I migh of worn a jeweled crown
When I became a bride.



I might have been a president
With voice so deep and kind
If I could only see ahead
As far as I can see behind.

I never worry off my head.
For things that might have been
I do the best that I see fit.
And never try to sin.



For God knew best when he made us
With just a human mind
So we could never look ahead
As far as we can see behind.

October 5, 1947

No artist ever painted a picture
Like the sky on an Autumn night
When the sun is sinking slowly
And shines through the clouds so bright

There's purple and white and yellow
And blue and bright shining gold
With thousands of unknown colors
Such beauty is really untold


No brush or no hand but the Saviour
Could paint such a wonderful sight
As the clouds fringed in gold and silver
In the bright western sky tonight.



My Baby Girl

Oh what a beautiful lady
Exclaimed a little girl
Her eyes are as blue as the Heavens
And her hair is almost in a curl


She gazed with such admiration
And wished that her beauty could be
Just like the one in the picture
Like the face that was so dear to me.



I smiled and said that's my baby
And such beauty could never be found
Any where on earth or in Heaven
As you see with that golden crown.

It's not only a beautiful lady
But was a beautiful child
Then a beautiful girl with a golden curl
Then a part grown up youngster so wild.

Her hair would hang loose round her shoulders
And she'd run with the speed of a deer
With no cares or no worries or troubles
And not even the slightest of fear



Yes that was my beautiful baby
And will be as long as there's life
No matter what happens twill be the same
Through pleasure and worry and strife.

Aloha – really true

What at said the baby
As she crawled on the floor
Then gram took her up
And went to the door

I think it's a froggy
That's hidden somewhere
And he'll never peep out
No he wouldn't dare

We creeped all around
And looked through the flowers
And watched for that froggy
Seemed hours and hours.

But he was still hidden
In some secret place
And we never once saw
His old ugly face.

Then we went back
Inside the house
As quiet as a cat
Hunting a mouse

But we hadn't been
Inside very long
Till our unseen froggy
Began singing his song.

People of Sacramento

As I sit and read the paper
In the evening by the light
And at last I read the one page
Where the people groan and gripe

It seems to me those people
Hasn't very much to do.
When they think of oh so many things
That don't bother me and you

Such as shorts the girls are wearing
And the airplanes in the sky
And the old train mumbling on the track
Or the mobile on the fly

Or the dogs that bark so much at night
Or the cock that crows in morn
Or just the neighbor passing by
As he gently blows his horn

Then they gripe about the busses
And they gripe about the street
And they gripe about the prices
Of the food they have to eat.

Then there's the noise the children make
As they romp and play and scream
They seem to want things quiet
So they can sit and dream

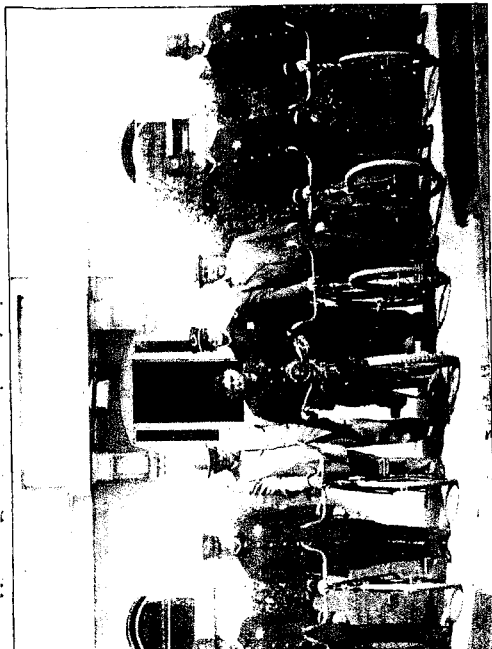
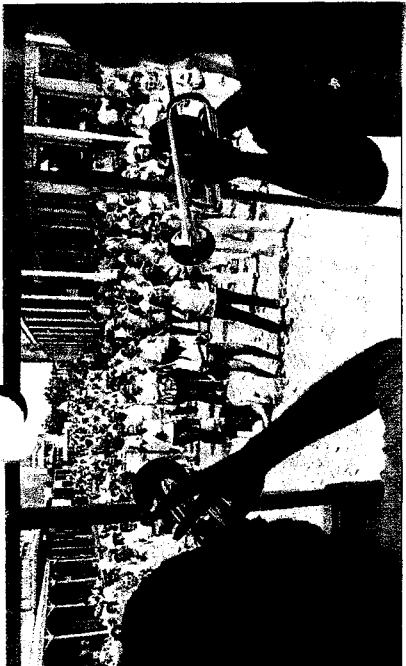
It seems to me so silly.

They had better take advice
Of people of the olden days
When things were not so nice.

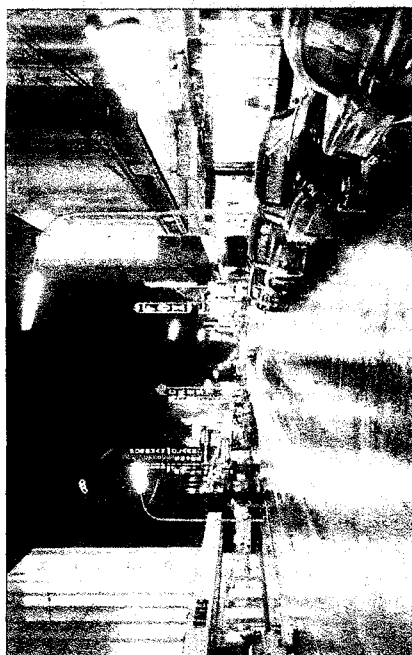
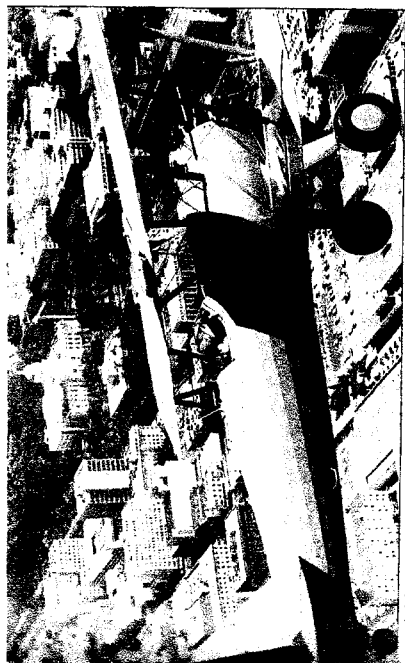
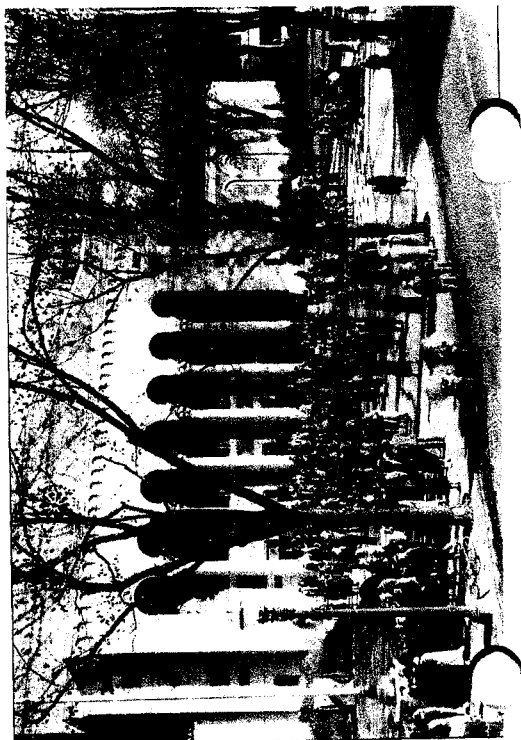
When there wasn't any noises
Of the trains that they could ride
No cycles or no autos
That was ever at their side

I think that all those people
That are weary of the noise
Should go miles out in the country
Where there isn't any boys

Out where they could sit and grumble
With no one to hear them groan
And for get their letter writing
Leave contented folks alone.



AP Wirephoto






Our Granddaughters

(One, Luana; Two, Aloma; Three Aloha)

Come on Little Kiddies
And calm yourselves down
We don't wish to see
A merry go round.


But the noise it kept on
Those six little feet
Made as much noise
As you'd hear in the street.



Living room, kitchen
And out through the hall
Then back through the kitchen
Chasing a ball

Around and around
They went pitter and patter
When Granddad looked up
To see what was the matter

There all in a heap
They were kicking and screaming
For a moment I'm sure
He thought he'd been dreaming



He untangled their feet
And straightened their clothes
And patted some pants
And tweaked a pug nose

Now be a bit careful
And don't play so rough
For one such a tumble
I think quite enough.

But the noise it went on
With the one, two, and three
For they were as happy
As babies could be.

So their old grandpappy
Soon left the house
Grand mother took over
As meek as a mouse

She let them romp
And make a big noise
They might have been girls
Or they might have been boys.

And when they were tired
She tucked them in bed.
She gave them a kiss
And patted each head.

God bless each of you
And make you as happy
As now when you're here
With grandma and grandpappy.






Written for Chuck

I'm just a little crazy lout
Never look what I'm about
Run into the weirdest things
Tangle up with ropes and strings

Once when I was very small
I fell off of a high stone wall
Cracked my jaw and bruised my nose
That's the way the story goes.


Little cracks was not enough
Thought I'd try some real tough stuff
Playing tag with Uncle now
Banged a mailbox with my brow.



Then I grabbed my sister's scooter
Yelled and hollered toot and tooter
Mother came to scold me now
Too late again to save my brow

Mad a gash a foot or more
For quite some time twas very sore
Rode my bike right through a puddle
Found my self in quite a muddle

Cut my chin from side to side
Thought I never more would ride
Broke my finger playing ball
Couldn't catch them that was all.



Then again I rode my bike

Because I didn't like to hike
Hit the gravel so the rest
Met handle bars with just my chest

Broke my ankle in the fall
In that great sport they call foot ball
Broke my toe when base ball came'
I'm always hurt in ev'ry game.

Now I have another brake
My little finger goodness sakes
Won't my troubles ever end
Why do I brake, why don't I bend?

The Old Story

One said Bob started the splashing
Another said no it was Jack
Then I said no use of you're telling
For I think it was the whole pack
One wanted to tell the whole story
But I said now don't tell me the tale
For I stood by the window and watched you
You always get wet without fail
Now this is a very old story
It happens a gain and again
I guess it always will happen
As long as there's scouts or a den.
The whoops and the yells and the laughter
Came through the window so clear
From where three boys were playing
To me those boys were so dear
One was a tall slender fellow
A scout if there ever was one
The two smaller were cubs from a cub pack
All three were my dear daughter's sons
As I sat by the window and watched them
As they neared a big pool of rain
Forbidden for them to play by
For their feet would be wet again
Then a rock went into the puddle
And spattered each face with mud.
Then I saw my great scout at the that moment
Dash into the water, Ke- thudd
As he entered the house looking guilty
And said they've splashed me again
Tho by the window a watching

A half hour I think I had been
As I watched the other two fellows
Till both was a mess to behold
I called and they came running to me
With the same sweet story of old.



Bob Chuck Jack

My family

Three beautiful girls that are grown up
I'll try to describe them to you
Each in her own kind of beauty
Not hard for a mother to do
(Thelma)

The first is my eldest daughter
So gentle, so sweet, and so kind
With bright shining eyes like the blue of the skies
And a smile that is quite hard to find.

She helps all the poor and the weary
She lifts up the fallen and weak
She is helping whenever she wanders
And gives them God's word when she speaks.

She can make little children all happy
She can make any dull crowd seem gay
Her sweet winning smile seems to make life worthwhile
For the young and the aged and grey.

She is smiling whenever you meet her
And the smile stays with her each day
As she trips along life's rugged pathway
In her own happy go lucky way.
(Hope)

Now the next if you're searching for beauty
You can find in a quite different way
Her eyes has the same bright star light
But she is different in most ev'ry way.

She is tall and slender and stately
Like a beautiful queen of the old
With her hair done high on her forehead
Looks like a crown without gold.

But diamonds and glittering jewels
Could not make her beauty more grand
When she dances she looks like an angel
As she waves her beautiful hand

And that hand can draw beautiful pictures
That no artist could ever paint
Puts her heart and soul right in them
And they look like a living saint.

She can dance like the Queen of the Fairies
With the grace of a star in her swing
She can kneel at night by her bedside
And pray to the Almighty King.

(Loma)

Then there is my beautiful baby
With those dear little dimpled hands
More lovelier than any jewel
Without any golden bands.

Her hair is blond and wavy
With the glint of gold shining there
As the wind blows through the tresses
Brushed with greatest of care

She laughs when the sun is shining
She laughs when there's clouds in the sky
Her troubles seem small she laughs at them all
As they float through the air and go by

She can sing like a thresh in the wild wood
And her voice is music to hear
She would fight with her might
If she thought she was right
For I think she was born without fear.

Her eyes are like two shining diamonds.
Her teeth are like mother of pearl
Her cheeks are rosy and dimpled
Yes that's my own baby girl.

Now that is my three loving daughters
I love with a love that's untold
I love them the same the wild and the tame
They each have a hart of pure gold.

(Jay)

Of my only son I must tell you
He's a tall and handsome young lad
The youngest of all of my children
With blue eyes, just like his old Dad.

He walks with the swing of a giant
His face is bronze from the sun
You could tell at a glance if you saw him
He's sure full of joy and of fun.

He can swing up a load to his shoulder
He can stride o'er the hills like a man
Thou he's only a child he is half grown, and wild
And helps ev'ry one when he can

He is loving and kind and cheerful
He is gentle and modest and gay
And takes ev'ry thing as it happens
In his own happy go lucky way.

Now to end up the story so quickly
Would make each of my children feel sad
So I'll tell of the man I married
The man that each call their dad.

When we met he was a dashing young soldier
Just back from World War one
He was tall and slender and handsome
His mother's own youngest son

We danced and we swayed with the music
And we walked home late that night
He kissed me there on the door step
While the moon was shining bright

Then he slipped a ring on my finger
We vowed we'd always be true
Now 26 years through joy and through tears
That vow still clings to us two.


Written in 1945



Just Life

When you are old and wrinkled and grey
And all of your kids are far far away
You sit by the fire with eyes full of tears
And wish you could call back some of those years.


Then you close your eyes
And recall all the past
The things you think of
Has gone by too fast.



You think of your mother
So meek and so mild
That soothed all your hurts
When you were a child.

You think of your Daddy
So gentle and strong
That talked very sternly
When you had done wrong

You think of your sister
And brother and friends
Your joys and your pleasures
But soon it all ends



You're back where you stared
You're still setting there
Rocking alone
In your old rocking chair.

My love for my boy

I loved you in the morning
When first I saw your face
Cuddled in the pillows
With the blankets tucked in place

I loved you when the sun was shining
Around your tousled head
I loved you in the evening
When you jumped into your bed.

I loved you in the springtime
Among the dewy flowers
I loved you while you were at school
And counted all the hours

I loved you when you donned the clothes
Of dear old Uncle Sam
I knew you'd be the one to send
To fight for home and land

And I'll love you in the same old way
When you come marching home
With army life behind you
No more you'll have to roam

Then I love you as the years roll by
My heart will fill with joy
Tho you'll be a grown up man
You was once my baby boy.






My love for my Sister Edith

Forget my old sister
Oh dear, that can't be
Not one that's as good
As that sister to me


The sister that dressed me
And packed me around
And taught both my feet
To stand on the ground

Forget that sweet sister
She'll never grow old
To me she's more precious
Than silver or gold



She taught me to talk
And she taught me to play
She cared for me nights
And also by day

She soothed all my hurts
And mended my toys
She shared all my sorrows
And also my joys



She helped me along
Life's rugged pathway
And now we're both old
In years as they say

But the time has seemed short
Still her sweet face I see
She'll never be old
No never to me.






A dream about Loma

As she moved through the crowd in the ballroom
She seemed to me out of place
She was dressed in white satin and ribbons
All covered with sequins and lace


Her hair it shown with great beauty
It looked like it was spun of pure gold
You could see by a glance in the dim light
That she could not be very old.

Her eyes were like sparkling diamonds
And her teeth were whiter than pearl
I looked as I stood there a moment
To see if she was really a girl.



Or a goddess or queen of the Fairies
Or was she a doll that could walk
I knew as I gazed at her beauty
Music I hear if she'd talk

So I moved a little bit closer
For the house seemed all in a swirl
And what do you think I saw then
'Twas my own. Yes, my own baby girl.



Aloma

Born on my birthday
Was a chubby little girl.
She didn't have no hair
So she couldn't have a curl

But she had bright blue eyes.
And a little pug nose
Two little dimpled feet
And ten little toes


That's my birthday gift, Aloma.




Luana

Now Luana is a darling
With her sparkling eyes of blue
Just like the stars in the heavens
They shine with a radian hue
Her cheeks are like bright red roses
Her hair has a tint of gold.

Now as I'm writing this poem
She is only two months old
That's Luana Ann



The time slips by so quickly
Now another little face
With shining eyes and dimpled hands
And a pug nose in it's place
Her tiny mouth with lips so red
And not much hair up on her head
The sweetest baby ever seen
We call her Leilani Rene.



Aloha when a baby

Two little feet
That can't yet walk
One little tongue
That can't yet talk

One little mouth
And two little eyes
When they are open
They look so wise

Lots of Little dimples
And a stubby little nose
All together
Is prettier than a rose

That's my baby Aloha.




Life

This is a great old life we live.
We cry, we laugh, we work, we give
We sing, we dance, we walk, we love
The air we breathe comes from above

Years go by, we cling to life
We choose a husband or a wife
We build a grand and glorious home
Or maybe we just roam and roam

No matter what we choose to do
God gave us life, we live it through
And if we choose the narrow path
We'll never have to meet God's wrath



For he has made for us a home
Where we will never want to roam.



Dad

Out in the wild blue yonder
Out where the streamlet flow
Out where the canyon's deepest
That's where I long to go

Out where the mountain's rugged
Out where the timber is tall
Out where the road is ended
That's where I hear a call

Out where the gold is hidden
Out along a rumbling stream
Out with no one to disturb me
Where I can just dig and dream

Out where the boulders are largest
Out where the river is wild
Out where the moon is brightest
I'll be as content as a child.

No baby in the household

No baby in the household
No toys upon the floor
No little feet to scatter
Tracks on grandma's floor
No little screams of laughter
No clothes to wash and dry
Makes the day seem longer
Just to set and sigh
No kiss from a child in the evening
With I'm sorry I was bad today
No one to cuddle and cover
When the dishes are all set away.

The loveliest flower

The loveliest flower I ever had
Was picked for me by a tiny lad
For the smile on his face
When his eyes met mine
Made an orchid.... of a dandelion.

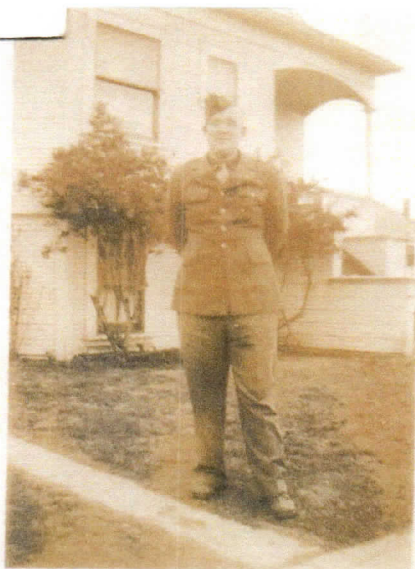


Dream

The poor fellow was old and tired and weak
His voice it was low whenever he'd speak
He'd work for the S.P. for many a year
Until the old yard had become very dear
Now the time had come when his steps become slow
And the things he should do he always let go
He dreamed of the gold he could find in the hills
And the fresh outdoor air that would cure all his ills
So he packed up his bed and he called for his time
And he bought him some bacon and beans
And he hit for the hills in his old ford car
To get to the end of his dreams
He dug and spaded and rolled down the rocks
He shoveled and panned out the dirt
But the bright shining colors he found in his pan
Didn't pay for the muscles that hurt
So he loaded his bedding and picked up his tools
And hit back to the old SP yards
Where he could shuffle around with his feet on the ground
And hard work was not in the cards

First Furlough

The whistle of the chananger
As it drew up at last
A soldier coming down the isle
With strides so long and fast
And then within his arms he clasped
Me with all his loving might
It was a happy moment
When my boy came home that night
He told my of his army life.
And many things he'd done
For he'd been gone a year you see
My one and only son
My heart it filled with pride to see
His straight and tall and grand
With a duffel bag upon his back
And a suitcase in his hand
Too soon his furlough ended
And he left me with a smile
I'll soon be seeing you mother dear
Will seem a little while.



JOHN BARTNESS 22 FEB




Our Favorite Sport

The radio was singing of broncos
Especially Strawberry Roan
So I thought of the time in my teenage
Of the bronco busters back home


There was Nimrod, the king of the Cowboys
The handsomest lad in the crowd
The girls were all crazy about him
But to me his handsome head bowed

He rode the wildest of horses
He wore the most glamorous clothes
He could shuffle the cards like a demon
And could flirt with the girls as he chose



On this of all days I was thinking
When the crowd was at the corral
On the hillside at the head of the canyon
That looked like a green grassy dell

One horse in the corral was a mean one
She had thrown most all of the men
They said old Nimrod can't ride her
So he got really hostile right then.



He said as he waved his old gauntlets
I'll be king if I ride that old mare
Then what will I be if I scratch her
And take off a bit of her hair

So he saddled and bridled the pony
And stepped on as he twisted her ear
He raked his old spur up her shoulder
She went into the air like a deer

He whipped her down over the forehead
As the boys often done with his hat
The way she wiggled and twisted
You'd wonder sometimes how he sat

Yes Nimrod had rode the old bronco
The boys hoisted him up in the air
The girls then crowned him with flowers
Picked from the hillside close there

But he bowed and left them a smiling
As he came to ride by my side
For me he had rode the old pony
And I very soon was his bride.


As I write those days seem near me
And I wish I could live them again
But as I can't I'll just always remember
When I had the handsomest of men.



They gave me a horse

They gave me a horse when I was a kid
And bade me be careful whatever I did
For she'd throw me sky high and break some of my bones
The first time she came to a rough patch of stones


My mother was angry as could be at my dad
To give me a horse he knew was so bad
But I was sure proud that Dad trusted me
I said she won't throw me that you'll soon see.



I fixed her all up with my brother's saddle
The stirrups were long but I managed to straddle
The seat it seemed gone but I landed behind
But where I sat down was not a bit kind

So I grabbed the old horn the next jump she gave
I'd of swore she was trying to dig me a grave
Then I sat in the saddle she gave out a bawl
I thought I was heading for a double grand fall

I hung to the saddle she swapped ends in the air
Was giving my mother a heck of a scare
But my Dad was yelling hang on with your might
Stay with her Stay with her, you'll ride her all right.



The stirrups were a flopping my hair stood straight
When she started to run for the old barn gate
She then stopped dead still and through up her head
I was scared as could be when my old Daddy said,

"I knew you could ride her. You've called her old bluff

She'll not do it no more, she's had quite enough."
So I started to bring the cows in
I hoped to myself she'd not do it again

My Daddy was right
As he always was then
I rode that old pony
Again and again.

I was once a cowgirl

I was once a cowgirl
So daring and bold
I ride a wild pony
For a small hunk of gold

I'll tell you of one
With vigor and vim
I knew she would throw me
Right over the rim

But I mounted her boldly
With a smile on my face
Not knowing how long
I could stay in my place

As I stepped in the stirrup
She leaped from the ground
While up in the air
She went round and round

I pulled on the reins
And twisted the horn
And wished to the goodness
She'd never been born.

Three minutes they said
Was all I could ride
But at the end of six minutes
I was still on her side.

She squirmed and she twisted
I hung with my might
Trying my best
To really set tight.



When all of a sudden
With a twist and a whirl
I wished to the dickens
I was not a cowgirl

I went into the air
And turned over twice
And when I came down
It wasn't so nice.



Gold in those hills

There's gold in them hills
The old man said
As he rubbed his nose
And scratched his head
And I shall find it
You shall see I'll find that gold
Just leave it to me
He grabbed up his pick and his shovel and pan
I get to those hills as fast as I can
So he camped by the river at the end of the road
And told his old burrow here's where we unload
Then his pick it got dull and his burrow got lame
His grub got low and there was no game
His shoes wore out his feet was bare
He lost the comb to comb his hair
Then Fall came it begin to snow
The poor old man had no shelter to go
Then he dragged back home
All wet and cold now the rugged old hills
Can keep their old gold.



A Secret

Why do you favor the one that's so wild
As I tucked into bed our mischievous grand child
He teases and torments all of the rest
But you always seem to love him the best

Then his granddad got up and kissed me good night
But I sat there and mused in the bright moon light
I thought of each grand child, from the oldest on down
And I thought to myself as I looked around

Just why that bear hug or that mischievous grin
Went to my heart and made me give in
As I sat there alone in the starlight to ponder
A smile flitted by that came from up yonder

And a promise my sweet I be good as can be
If you'll only ride out to the old pine tree
Then I knew at that moment what answer was right
A heart with six letters was carved on that night

I pushed my hair back wiped sweat from my brow
Yes I knew the answer, Yes I knew it now
With a pat and a hug and a smile on his face
A heart and initials in a long treasured place




You can't raise 'em right

Now listen all parents
I've something to say
About raising children
In this age and day


There are methods that's new
And methods that's old
But I know the results
Without being told

When they're tiny and helpless
And cuddly and sweet
You love them dearly
From head to their feet



You build up castles
Now listen they'll fall
For when they grow up
You've not done right at all

You wash and you scrub
And you make tiny clothes
And make little booties
To cover their toes.



You stay up nights
And nurse all their ills
You'll call in the Doctor
And pay all the bills

You work hard to raise them
Look out they don't fall
But when they are grown
You've not done right at all

They go off to school
With lunch pail and books
You're proud just the way
Your girl or boy looks

You'll never get tired
Of doing for them
So they finally grow up
To be women and men

The worst is all over
But you'll find it's not all
They will then tell you calmly
You've not done right at all.

Now take my advice
And do what you can
Don't torture yourself
Or you're hard working man


Just keep them clean
And send them to school
Give them education
You'll know you're no fool

Then take it all calmly
When they say and don't stall
Our mother and dad
Never done right at all.




In good old Oregon

Away out in good old Oregon
Where the scrubby juniper grows
The girls could ride as good as any man
Where the bronco's tails were matted
And their hair like silk did glow
You could see some good old Bronco busting then
Well we'd round up the ponies
And we'd bring them on the run
To the old corral where we used to ride for fun
Then we'd single out the wildest
And we'd rope him by the neck
That was down there in good old Oregon





One day a bright bay pony
Was standing in the sun
And they said don't ride her she's a case
So I thought I'd show what I could do
And have a little fun
So I saddled up this cyoose in my old pony's place
Well I stepped into the stirrup
And she leaped into the air
She gave a bellow like the wildest steer
Then I started pulling leather and the pins came from my hair
And the third jump I had landed on her ear
Well I left this little pony and was back on earth again
Then I found I was no the first she'd handled rough
For she had thrown two of the cowboys
They were both of them big men
And those boys had name this pony, Big Enough.





The Night Before Christmas

The night before Christmas and all though the house
Not a creature was stirring not even a mouse
No stockings were hung by the fireside with care
To wait for St. Nicolas to fill them there
The old folks were setting with toes to the fire
They really felt like they were sunk in the mire
When all of a sudden hey heard such a clatter
They ran to the door to see what was the matter
They stuck out their heads and what they saw there
Made them both tingle from toes to their hair
For out of the cars they piled laughing and screaming
Their dozen grandchildren They thought they were dreaming
If Santa'd been close he'd of turned right around
And went flying back o'er the hard frozen ground
He'd of either been angry or in such a fright
To say Merry Christmas or to all a good night.





Christmas Day

It was Christmas day
And all o'er the place
Was paper and parcels and ribbon and lace
Grandma stood by with dustpan and broom
To help tired mother to clean up the room.
The lights were a sagging all over the tree
The ornaments scattered from A to Z.
The sofa was covered with gifts and toys
The girls had all gone to play ball with the boys
Granddad was reading and the pies were all done
The turkey a roasting, the salad all done
The potatoes were peeled and stood in a pan
For peas and carrots we'd just open a can.



Don't Fence Me In

You've heard of the song don't fence me in
A song of the wide open spaces
Where you can breathe the fresh air
With the wind in your hair
And see a smile on all of the faces
As I traveled along I was singing this song
The long crooked road was so rough
We came to the end around a short bend
I felt like I'd had quite enough
I gazed at the mountain that was straight up and down
And the bank of the river was steep
With the water a roaring down over the rocks
You could tell at a glance it was deep
By the time the moon peeped over the hill
I felt like the mountains were walls
And we were fenced in with out any escape
And the wind in the trees were like calls
I lay on my cot and gazed at the sky
And wondered just what we would do
If a fire broke out on that mountain side
For chance of escape was but few
But the stars in the heavens were shining so bright
And the moon seemed to wink and smile
So I dozed off to sleep feeling penned in
But my sleep only lasted a while
For I woke with a start
With a pain in my heart
The smoke in my nostrils were strong
I sat up straight oh God what a fate
At that moment I thought of that song
Don't fence us in with flames




And smoke please God pleas don't fence us in
But my fear soon fled
For smoking in bed
My husband sat there with a grin.






It's grand to be a grandma

Oh it's grand to be a grandma
And know that ev'ry way
You have a flock of youngsters
Loving you ev'ry day.



When you set alone of evening
You feel their presence near
You almost feel them touching you
With those little hands so dear.
The first of ours was Bobby
I'll never forget the night
I held him close to my shoulder
And loved him with all my might.
Then came dear little Jackie
With bright eyes and curly hair.
He turned his hands around our hearts.
So love we gave him his share.
Then came our blue eyed Charley
With a smile that would win any heart
As I saw him there on the pillow
I also loved him from the start
Then next came a dear little girlie
They gave her the name of Gay
She fit right into the household
In ev'ry sort of way
Then fairy Anel was the next one
With her little blue eyes and dark hair
She seemed to drop right out of heaven
So we love her with greatest of care.
Now Tommie's our last little grand child.
And ev'ry one loves him at sight
The way his old grandma loves him
Is with ev'ry bit of her might




Untitled

When I wrote of these dear little children
Seems only a few months ago
I said Tommy boy was the last one.
But time has changed and so.
I can now tell of our new born baby
But only one peak I have had
Yet I love her with all of my being
Just like her own mother and dad.
Aloha Lee they call her
Their bringing her home right away.
Then I can have her to cuddle when I get time every day.




God bless my mother

Her hands are never idle
And her head is bowed with care
Her heart is golden there are
Streaks of silver in her hair
Each night when all are sleeping
And the night is dark and cold
Careful vigil keeps my mother
Over her small fold
Her constant watch and guidance
Have brought us through the night
Our mother's prayers and tears
Have been our guiding light



(written by Loma Aloha when she was working at Boeing air
craft in Seattle. I have almost worn out the original cop.
Love, Mother)



My Grandmothers Hands

(written by Luana Phegley)

My grandmother's hands
To me mean so much
So crooked to look at
Yet so soft to touch
ON her left finger
She wears a gold band
That my grandfather gave her
When he first took her hand
Those hands have seen days
Of depression and fear
They have worked in the kitchen
When midnight was near
Those old hands have done wonders
Day out and day in
For only god knows
Where those hands have been

I know many times
They have helped out a friend
And will keep right on helping
'Till the days for them ends.

Postlogue

All those little poems
That's written here for you
And maybe countless others
In my things you're looking through
Are lines that I have written
Sometimes in leisure hours
Or as I sit around my house
Or looking at my flowers
Sometimes when washing dishes
They're flitting through my mind
I dry my hands and write them
And leave my work behind
If I'm hoeing in the garden
Or maybe planting corn
I stop and write the lines I think
If it's night or early morn
I'm happy writing lines that rhyme
It makes me lithe and gay
It takes away the fear of life
My troubles float away
So when you read those poems
You'll know what mood I'm in
So if they make you feel too sad
Just close the book again.

