

Compiled and arranged by Blanche Simmons
Allendale, New Jersey, Wednesday May 7, 1941

Appreciation from Mrs. Grace Allen Bangs, Director Club Service

New York Herald Tribune

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"The charm of these poems is something I shall remember. Through their varying meters runs one melody - a melody that is delightful to hear against the uproar of our turbulent times.

"To read these poems as a whole has been as refreshing to me as a weekend in the country. It is as though I have been guest in homes of gracious people. I have seen their kindness, their friendliness and their humor; I have shared in the beauty of their gardens and glimpsed their family-life. Their club problems are strangely familiar!

"So much of real beauty of feeling and philosophy of thought is here expressed that I am enchanted by this anthology."

Grace Allen Bangs

New York, New York
May 7, 1941

"OUR PRESIDENT'S LAMENT"

1.

In a little old town out in Jersey one day
A nice bran' new president, rosy and gay,
Accepted the office, then hastened to tell
All her plans for the future, to keep the club well.

Then she started right out her pet hope to unfold
Feeling quite confident all would be sold
On her cherished idea, she'd kept deep in her heart,
Hoping that each one would soon do her part.

But after she'd stated her one real big aim
The flush from her rosy cheeks started to drain,
For SHE wanted a Club House, a nice place to meet,
But right there and then--members started to heat.

There were many discussions for both pro and con -
Of "Who'd keep the place clean and turn the heat on-
Who'd tend to the grounds and do repairs needed?"
And then most of all, taxes too, must be heeded.

But now that her pet hope has not reached its height
We all must admit, it still is quite right,
To have for our meeting, a place that we own,
Before our good members have all turned to stone.

So her "real aim", for two years, has been on the table
To consider more deeply when members feel able
But while she is wishing and hoping and yearning
The Club House Funds, quietly resting but earning!

--Alice L. Winters

SNOW STORM

A curtain of whiteness, gently falling
Closes this day in silvery solitude.
There is quietness here, the far world a dream
Fear and despair turned away.

These moments so fragile shall be treasured for always
Remembered and cherished when pain comes again
Remembered tomorrow when gladly I know
A pathway will come to my door.

--Retta C. Kastenhuber

TO LOOK THROUGH NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD

Each day I'm grateful more and more,
For God's blue sky and birds that soar;
For all the lessons big and small
That Nature freely teaches all.
With awe I gaze upon the sky,
And watch the fleecy clouds pass by.
There is a power we cannot see,
That guides wind and clouds and me.

--Katharine Wenzel

MY BOOKS

I always own
My dearest friends,
My books.
Alone,
They never
Doubt the words
I say;
And
Lighter make
The burdens
That I carry
On my way;
And,
With the love of God
I pray
That books
I'll always cherish.

-- Clara Schoenheiter

CHEER UP

When you wake up
In the morning
And you find
The sky is gray
Just think of something
Worthwhile to do
That dreary day;
To call upon a neighbor
Who may not be so well
Or any other shut-in
A bit of news to tell;
Tell them something
Cheery;
Make them smile.
Perhaps your cares
And troubles
Will seem lighter
And the sky,
Much brighter

-- G. Van Houten

SUPPOSE

If all the furs that women wear
Should one day come to life.
Imagine what a scare there'd be--
Just picture what a strife.

Each animal at once would start
Its nature to declare;
While humans with the milder beasts
The awful fear would share.

If in the subway this took place,
And not upon the street,
'Twould be a harder thing by far
To beat a safe retreat.

The monkeys hanging on the straps
Would swing away and chatter,
While passengers on seats below
Immediately would scatter.

The lady holding on her lap
A muff of dark hued sable
Would drop the beast and scamper off
As fast as she was able.

The girl would get a fearful hug
Whose coat was lined with bear,
While all the little Persian lambs
Would bleat and faint from scare.

The red fox and the silver fox,
The black fox and the white,
Would snap and snarl and show their teeth
Thus adding to the fright.

The seal would give its funny bark,
The wolf would show its daring;
While deep despair would settle down
On those who skunk were wearing.

Whether the spotted leopard fierce,
Would eat the dainty ermine,
Or if the lynx would feed on minx,
I cannot quite determine.

I hope, if this should come about
I'll be safe home in bed;
For when I meet beasts face to face
I'd rather have them dead!

--Agnes S. Frambach

THANK YOU

To all of you, today, kind friends
I could just write a sonnet;
'Twould be about the "get well" card
With all your names upon it.

It touched me way down deep within
And made me happy too;
And I shall worthy try to be
Of every one of you.

For in life's golden friendship chain,
To be one of the links,
Is worth one's while to try and try
I'll start right now, methinks.

So as we travel on this earth,
And find two paths there on it,
Let's try and walk the better one,
And leave our names upon it.

--Harriet Fitzhugh Savoye

THE APPLE TREE

Of all the lovely trees God made,
I like the apple best,
All through the snowy winter
And when the robins nest.

In spring its leafy branches droop
To make a room for me,
Where I can watch its pink buds ope'
And drop as silently.

Its branches low invite me,
To climb with a good book
I love to read or just to dream
When nestled in its gnarled
arm's crook.

Then, when the autumn winds blow chill
And leaves drop from the trees
Its round and juicy apples
Complete my joy for me.

--Florence Forbes

How is it with them
Who mutely bow beneath the hov'ring wings of death,
Hoarding in dim chambers, the bitter hours
Wrested from Eternity?
Does it matter to them if the sun shine,
Or the birds sing?
Is there time to love,
Or to hate?
Do they cling with despairing hands
To dear remembered things?
Or have they thrust aside all earthly shackles,
To stand serene and ready,
As he, who has made his last confession,
Waiting for death,
How is it with them?

--Retta C. Kastenhuber

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

I love to sit in the twilight
In this old house of mine,
And dream and dream of days gone by.
I sometimes smile. I sometimes sigh,
And wonder, why I love it so.

I can see the children toddle;
I can see them meet their dad.
It thrills me when I think
Of all the good times we have had.

I see them on their way to school,
Playing on the lawn so green;
I hear their childish laughter;
I picture many a scene.

Every nook is a page in my book of life,
And I hope to end my days
In this old house of mine
on the top of the hill,
Where my memory plays and plays.

-- G. Van Houten

DEDICATION

My life with you was like a lovely jewel,
A rare and priceless treasure stored away;
The warmth and radiance of many happy hours
Are prised there to light my darkest day.

With such a priceless gem my secret horde,
Nor care nor sorrow should my spirit blight;
I'll wear it then, enshrined within my heart,
An amulet to help me live and fight.

--Florence Forbes

TRAVELIN'

For adventure I know
If 'twere not so slow,
I'd buy me a horse,
And a travelin' I'd go.

I'd hit the long trail,
Just me and my hoss,
For once I'd do something
Without any boss.

'Twould be such fun
From morn' 'til night,
To sit in the saddle,
And take in the sights.

Just ambling along,
Without any aim,
If weary I grew
And my hoss felt the strain,

We'd pull up in a thicket
All wooded with pine;
We'd eat and we'd sleep,
And we'd bide for a time.

The open air 'hotel,"
Would be without cost,
With plenty of room
For me and my hoss.

There'd be no alarm clock
To crash in on my dreams
I'd wake when the sun warmed me
Through with its beams.

We'd start every day
In a leisurely way,
A life to be envied
That of me and my bay.

Just think of the friendship
'Tween me and my hoss,
A travelin' along,
Without any boss.

--Helen Brain

Just a few beauty hints I'll tell,
That you may always look quite well;
So give me your attention now,
That you may learn from me - "and how!"

Your body must be kept quite clean,
Whether you're fat, or whether lean;
You must not have a dirty face,
Nor hands, nor arms--that's a disgrace.

Your finger nails may rightly shine,
But do not use too much carmine;
For that makes people always think
You've dipped unwisely in red ink.

A little rouge rightly applied
To pale cheeks may not be denied;
While powder on a shiny nose
Will render harmless many blows.

Each morn and night with zealous care,
Your teeth you'll brush--also your hair;
Long or short, or just a bob,
To keep it neat is quite a job.

A lipstick that leaves just a trace
Upon the mouth, lights up the face,
Don't scarlet use--but something duller
For no man cares to kiss a color.

To be becomingly attired
So that you'll always be admired,
Be careful of the clothes you choose:
Don't wear good gowns with shabby shoes.

Don't dress as though you're sixteen,
If fifty years are yours, I mean.
But "be your age," and fitly dress,
You'll be admired more--not less.

And now I'm sure you'll always look,
Just like a picture in a book;
And if I've added to your beauty,
I'll feel that I have done my duty.

--Agnes S. Frambach

TO UNCLE HENRY

I wish I were a little girl
(not over three or four)
I'd love to live right close to you,
Right in the house next door.

I'd love to lean upon your knee
And watch your clever pen
Draw pigs, and hens and houses small
And oh! such clever men.

We'd sit and talk of this and that,
And play a game or two,
And I would have the "bestest" time
Just like our Carol Lou.

But best of all I'd feel your love
For little girls and boys;
And in my simple childlike way
Would give you all my toys.

But now that I am quite grown up,
I have to be so good,
And never do a single thing,
But what a lady should.

And yet I often let my thought
Just skip across the floor,
And play that I'm a little girl,
A-knockin' at your door.

--Katharine Wenzel

WINTER

Oh! Gosh! How I used to love winter!
All wrapped up I'd hurry right out--
To walk or run in the drifting snow,
So happy I felt I could shout.

I'd skate half a day on Hutches Pond,
Or coast on Christopher's hill;
Never felt the cut of a winter's blast
Or the bite of a winter's chill.

But now, gee whizz, after many years,
How cold the winter air,
As I look out on the pure white snow,
From within my easy chair--

I've no desire to even go out;
I hate the biting cold.
Can it be that winters have changed?
Or am I just growing old?

--Alice L. Winters

ONLY A FOOTSTOOL

The living room low and old fashioned
Speaks of the years, by its wear;
Grandmother's fruit dish for flowers
And other loved, old things are there.

The bookcase a Burnham, heirloom
Filled with many treasures held dear;
Books that were mother's, brother's and dad's
Bring memories of other years.

As you gaze it's a "Sunset" and "Roses"
Two paintings on the wall,
But, to me, a hushed voice whispers
 of the dewdrop
And the homeward bound dog,
 with his master tall.

The daguerreotype is Fred's mother
With the majolica near the screen,
And the only thing new is the footstool
But it seems to fit into the scheme
With its colonial pattern of cheery rays.

And I heard the old china dog bark:
"You look like you've been with us always,
But memories you do not impart."

--Minnie Van Sickle

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

For more than two centuries
It stood against a wall,
So stately and tall.
Its wornout face with numbers
Hardly a trace,
Hands always working,
Never shirking.
Like a faithful old soul,
Tic-toc, tic-toc,
All the day long,
Every hour the bell would toll
Sounds so cheery, never weary.
The frame so cracked
Has had many a whack.
The moon on the dial
Seems to watch and smile,
All the while.
The dear old clock wonders
When it will stop.
May it keep on going
In the same old way.
May God protect it
For many a day.

-- G. Van Houten

SAN CTUARY

They pity me!
"Why dwell you here alone," they cry.
"Come, leave this dreary place where shadows lurk,
And Time's slow measured tread
Relentlessly pursues the hurrying years."

Dear familiar rooms;
Sacred with memories, fragrant with dreams;
Peaceful garden paths where kindly trees
Of shielded timid lovers or bent low
With sounds of solace in darkest hours.

Dewy, newborn days:
So filled with homely tasks delightful to prolong;
Could I amid new scenes however grand,
Endure to wait with folded hands and prim demean,
'Til life's last tide sweeps in, and ebbs again?

Here shall I live!
My gaze toward that far horizon
Where each traveler, who gains, it waves gallant farewell,
Valiant pledge of man's courage to face the unknown.
Here I belong. This is my home.

— Retta C. Kastenhuber

A LOSS SO LARGE

The world is such a different place
 When mothers die!
 We miss the dear familiar face,
 The love-lit eye;
 The heart that never showed a trace
 Of enmity.

Our little helpless baby ways
 Were mother's pride;
 In all our childhood griefs and plays,
 She was our guide;
 Her sympathy in "grown up" days
 Was deep and wide.

Though there are others in our lives
 Still with us here;
 Brothers or sisters, husbands, wives
 Or children dear;
 Yet when in heaven she arrives,
 On earth it's drear.

There's nothing ever can efface
 Her memory.
 She's resting now in God's embrace
 Beyond the sky.
 The world is such a lonely place
 When mothers die!

--Agnes S. Frambach

THE SENTINEL OAK

An oak tree stands besides my house
 Majestic, proud to see;
 The branches spread like shelt'ring arms
 Protecting--calm for me.

I oft sit beneath its shade,
 List'ning to winds that blow;
 They sound like some one humming
 Sweet music--soft and low.

An inspiration fair to me
 Giving strength and power;
 A sight that one may feast upon
 For many a happy hour.

May God protect it from all harm,
 Nor let me wander
 From its sheltering arm.

--G. Van Houten

"D A D D Y !"

Who works from morn 'til late at night
 To furnish food and 'lectric light
 And keeps at work 'til all is right?
 D - a - d - d - y!

Who at break of day is often found
 Mowing lawns and raking ground
 And laying hose the garden round?
 D - a - d - d - y!

Who often sits in tho't profound
 And studies 'til a way is found
 To do the jobs that lie around?
 D - a - d - d - y!

Whose tired feet the pavements pressed
 In doing errands for the rest
 And stops not 'til he finds the best?
 D - a - d - d - y!

--Katharine Wenzel

CLUB SONG

(Tune -- Maryland My Maryland)

Our club's a factor in this town,
Allendale, my Allendale,
With modesty we wear our crown,
Allendale, my Allendale.
Our club is ever on the move,
We work our status to improve,
We'll never be found in a groove,
Allendale, my Allendale.

Though larger clubs much fame may find,
Allendale, my Allendale,
Our little club is close behind,
Allendale, my Allendale.
We entertain and educate,
Our minds we seek to cultivate,
And in good times participate,
Allendale, my Allendale.

From social functions we degress,
Allendale, my Allendale,
To aid the needy in distress,
Allendale, my Allendale.
We never have been known to fail,
We travel on the upward trail,
And from this place we're proud to hail,
This little place called Allendale.

Agnes S. Frambach.