

Sammie now dances,
The girls he entrances
With manners so polished and gay;
He bows and he two steps
With charming quick new steps
That still have an oldfashioned sway.

We're sure such a prancer,
Accomplished romancer
Has made a most dazzling start,
By manner and rythmn,
He keeps himself with 'em,
And surely cracks many a heart!

It's really surprising
A boy so devising
With a hammer, an axe or a tent,
Should make such a hit
With the feminine bit
In a terpsichorean event.

We can only believe
That he laughs in his sleeve
As he glides on the polished dance floor;
That he thinks in his heart
As he plays a fine part....
"I bet I'll be the first to the door!"

Sammie's nose
Is just a pose,
It freezes in the winter's blows.

But warms again,
A ruby sight,
By supper's yellow candlelight!

Sammie has a walk like a polar bear,
His hind legs carry him here and there,
His front legs serve him for a fall;
For he's just turned two years after all!

RAINY SATURDAYS

On Saturdays when it's rainy out,
And the wind is banging the blinds;
We have grand games ... right in the house!
A hundred different kinds.

You see, on a sunny Saturday,
When the sky is blue and clear,
Mommie and Daddie, well, they're just out!
And Sam and I -- we're here!
We play with Brownie in the yard,
Or with our guns go popping,
While Daddie on his "meeting" works,
And Mommie does her shopping.

But when it's really raining out,
On a Saturday afternoon;
We eat our lunch so carefully....
Don't even drop a spoon!
We say, "May I please be excused?"
And wipe our chins with care;
Sam doesn't spill, not very much,
And I hold Mommie's chair.
And after lunch we go to nap,
Without a single squeak;
And Sam, he even falls asleep!
While I don't even peek.

Then, when the clock has struck its two,
We gallop through the door,
And poke at Daddie carefully,
He gives an awful snore!
He grunts and groans and turns and twists,
And shakes his head and says, "go 'way!"
But still we talk....just loud enough,
This is a rainy day!

Then finally he wakes right up,
And grabs us with a roar,
Just like a bear might do if you
Should find its hidden door!

And then we do all kinds of things,
You've never really heard!
'Till Mommie comes right in the room
And doesn't say a word!

She's really just so wonderful,
 For Daddy has a chair
 He put right on the TABLE TOP!
 She doesn't even care
 That we're up on the table too,
 Though it's a steamboat now!
 And Sam, he is the engineer,
 And I, I'm at the bow.

Then Mommie walks right up to me,
 And says, "I want to go
 Right on this steamboat to some place,
 Where there's no ice or snow".
 And then she takes her money out,
 (It's really only matches)
 And gets aboard and off we go,
 While Sam, he shuts the hatches.
 We cruise along, the engine goes,
 (It's Daddy down below),
 He knows just how to bang his feet
 To make it sound "just so".
 And Mommie, she sits up on deck
 And says, "The engine pounds",
 And Daddy, he develops squeaks
 And awful funny sounds.
 So down I go and oil him up,
 Until he runs alright;
 And Sammie says, (he's steering now),
 "An island is in sight".
 Then up I run and and slow her down,
 And then we anchor where
 The rug's all worn, right at the foot
 Of Daddy's big green chair.

Then Daddy pulls his sweater on,
 He has an awful hunt!
 He pulls the sleeve right on his HEAD...
 He is an ELEPHANT!
 Then Sam - he grabs him by the trunk,
 And I - I grab my share,
 Until I hear a fearful growl...
 It's Mommie ... she's a BEAR!
 We roll and fight and roar and growl
 And make the grandest noise;
 It's just a hundred times more fun
 Than playing with our toys!

It seems the shortest time we play,
 I s'pose it's really longer;
 But we could play a long, long time,
 If Dad and Mom were stronger!

I don't know why it really is...
 He strapped a chair upon his back
 And carried us around the house,
 Just like a haversack.
 And then he said, "I'm all worn out,
 I'll have to stop and rest",
 And Mommie's lying on the couch
 And says she's done her best.
 While we -- why Sam and I are fine;
 We want no more delaying,
 But they, they seem to wear right out,
 With just a little playing!

Of course, it's almost five o'clock -
 But then -- it must be fast!
 Each rainy day it is the same;
 They never seem to last!
 Well, it's been grand this Saturday....
 I really hope the sun
 Will stay away on afternoons,
 When we can have our fun.

OH! Afternoons when it's rainy out,
 And the wind is banging the blinds;
 We have grand games....RIGHT IN THE HOUSE,
 A hundred different kinds.

LINES ON FINDING A HALF CURRANT BUN

In the corner,
Out in the hall;
Under the dresser,
Close to the wall,
In the queerest places
You could think!
Under a pillow,
Back of the sink!

Pieces of cake and
Crumbs of crackers;
Part of an orange and
Snickers snackers!

Nibbled! then hidden
By closet doors,
Chocolate or radishes,
Sugar and ... cores!

It might be a squirrel,
It might be a mouse,
Or it might be... well -
It's in the house.
But it doesn't gnaw
Inside the wall;
It's a most mysterious
Thing to all!

Mommie, she says,
And Daddy thinks;
But Donnie and Sam
Exchange some winks!
Meggie is quiet,
While Julie squiggles,
"I'm sure it's the witches,
...or Feather!, she giggles.

Well, the other day
We saw the mouse!
The largest one
Ever in a house!
We didn't see much...
Just a finger or two
In the cookie jar.
Now I know that you
Will say, "A finger?"
Well that's just it,
For the mouse
Wasn't like a mouse a bit!

We chased it up
The back hall stairs,
And down the cellar
And through the chairs,
To finally catch it
Under the couch,
Where instead of a "squeak!"
It gave an "ouch!"

Then on looking it over
With careful view,
This mysterious thing,
That was ticklish too!

We found we'd caught
A nibbler truly,
But it wasn't a mouse,
It was just our Julie!

The Bunnies' Tale

Now Donnie and Sam,
And Meggs and Julie,
I've a story to tell
Most truly ruly!
It's the queerest story ever told,
And the tale is older than --- old!

It seems that years and years ago;
Way 'fore Gaga'd ever know,
Way, way back, when travel was slow;
Back before Noah or Jonah --- OH!
Back so far that the paint was new
On the leaves and the trees and kids like you.
There lived --- and now the story starts ---
A rabbit family in these parts.

It seems, at least so I've been told,
By those who ought to know...they're old!
That the bunnies lived down just where Steve
Is apt to catch the line we heave
When we bring "Felisi" into dock;
Where in those old days there stood a rock.

Now under that rock, I've heard them tell,
The bunny family lived right well.
They had a stove, they were close by water,
I tell you they lived the way we oughter!
There was grass to nibble and up the street
A carrot patch and celery sweet.
They lay in the sun and sniffed the roses,
And scratched their ears and wiggled their noses.

There was only one thing that bothered much,
You Sammie, you'll laugh and say "no such!",
But I know I'm right --- though it's mighty funny,
That the tails they had weren't like any bunny
That you see now --- No! Their tails were thin
Just like a mousie's; Donnie, don't grin!
This was years ago, as I've said before,
And things were new; and what is more,
Perhaps whoever made the bunnies,
Like you'd, been reading Sunday funnies,
Or thoughtless, talking with a friend,
Put a mousie's tail on a bunny's end.

Now another thing so I've been told,
Was in winter time it was awful cold,
And those mousies' tails in an icy storm
Didn't work at all to keep them warm.

Still -- they managed to get along alright,
Till one dark and stormy, chilly night.

Now Mommie Bunnie, she'd gone a-calling,
'N while she was out the twins were squalling;
And Daddy Bunnie walked the floor
With each on an arm...and they squalled the more!
So, Daddy Bunnie, he put them down,
And cooked some carrots, nice and brown,
And fed the twins and they went to sleep,
With not another single peep.

Then, while the wind howled by the rock,
He swept the floor and he wound the clock,
And one by one he put to bed
The other six littlees, each one fed,
So full of carrots and cabbage raw,
That they and the twins began to snore.

By that time it was getting late,
And the turnip clock said half past eight!
And Daddy Bunnie knew he'd better
Get his coat and hat and post a letter;
And then meet Mommie up the line
For she said she'd be all through by nine.

Now years ago, so I've been told,
In winter time it was really cold!
And when Daddy Bunnie'd left the rock,
And closed the door and snapped the lock,
His whiskers almost cracked in two!
It was THAT cold, I am telling you!

Well, he wrapped his coat around him tight,
And out he strode into the night.
He posted his letter and then he went
To the very house where he'd been sent.
It was colder then and he peeked inside....
It was pack jam full -- to the very hide!
Of lady bunnies talking fast
And having tea and carrotsast!

So then he waited by the door,
And the wind was cold and the wind was raw,
And he shivered and shook and his little tail
Stood right out in the icy gale!
You know how a coat's split down the back?
Well that tail stuck out through that very crack;
And every time he tucked it in
The coat rubbed on its' tender skin.
It hurt just awful, in or out;
It hurt so much he had to shout.
But the wind howled loud and no one came,
And he had to wait there just the same.

Now Julie and Meggs, if you should linger,
Out in the cold with one bare finger,
On the coldest day you ever knew...
That finger would hurt right through and through!
Well, think of that Bunnie's tail that night,
When it got so cold that it turned all white.
The poor little tail completely froze,
And a last little wiggle hurt his nose.

It was just right then that Mommie came,
A little late... but, just the same,
He didn't scold or he didn't fight,
And she cried when she saw his tail all white.

They hurried home amid the blow,
She rubbed and rubbed his tail with snow,
Till the frost went out and the pain came in
And he stood it all with a manful grin.
Then she hurried him in beneath the rock,
And got his longest, warmest sock
And slipped it on that poor, poor tail
That had been so battered by the gale.
Oh! It felt so good! And she made him tea,
While the fire warmed him blissfully.
So they went to bed. Having learned a thing,
He left that sock right on 'till Spring!

Now here's the part that's sort of queer,
And you'll laugh and smile I really fear.
But, don't forget. This was long ago!
Farther than anyone ever could know;
And how would I know what to write about
If it hadn't happened -- wait, don't shout
That I "made it up", -- I might you know,
But still....it happened, long ago!

That Daddy Bunny he thought all night
Of a way to make that tail alright.
It was sort of a useless kind of tail,
It wasn't meant for a winter's gale.
He needed a soft and fluffy one
To keep him warm when summer was done.

He thought and he thought all winter long;
He was sometimes right, but mostly wrong!
And then, when sunlight brought the spring,
He saw the very, very thing!

It waved above the river's flood,
A fluffy pussy-willow bud!
Softer than any kind of fur,
The softest things there ever were.
He was so thoroughly delighted,
He picked a basket, all excited,
And then ran home without delay
To call the bunnies right away.

He told them of his splendid plan,
And Mommie Bunny went and ran
To get some thread she'd put away;
And then and there without delay
Crocheted his tail into a bun,
I tell you it was lots of fun!
^{Then} And tucked those Springtime buds right in
That crocheted tail so wee and thin.

She packed and stitched them in so tight,
It was so warm and yet so light,
That Daddy Bunny, pleased and glad,
Said, "On my soul, that's not so bad!"

Then every morning from a pail,
He sprinkled water on that tail,
Until there finally grew and grew
The finest tail you ever knew!

The tail was round and soft and white,
A cushion, warm, yet very light!
All bunnies, now that they'd been shown,
Quite promptly grew ones of their own.
And bunnies ever since have had,
Tails like the pussy-willow lad.

So, Donnie and Sam, and Meggs and Julie,
That's my story, truly, ruly,
It's the queerest story ever told....
And a bunny's tail is older thanold!

MORE FAMILY

Midnight chimes and I put away
The work and labor of the day,
I fix the coffee and set the tray
And upstairs wend a weary way,
To pause and see if all is right
Before I lay me down tonight.

What do I see? What do I hear?
Peggie's nose, and a snog I fear
From Julie dreaming of Superman,
Or "Hi Ho Silver", or Dapper Dan.
Donnie is out, so I look next door,
Where Tinker Toys are on the floor.

What do I see? What do I hear?
Lots of things and a snore quite clear
Where over the pillow ~~and~~ above the sheet,
Lie Sammie's head and Skippy's feet.

Poured into bed, I wish I could
Sleep like that, it would do me good.
Skippy's tail is quiet at last
Except when it quivers from Sammie's blast,
Or a flea in the light wakes from his doze,
To nip that tail or Sammie's nose!

Goodnight, goodnight, and may you sleep
Like this each night, so free and deep,
For no one knows but Skip and Sam
What sleep can do to dog or man,
When over the pillow, above the sheet,
Lie Sammie's head and Skippy's feet.

Daddie and Donnie
At "Hide and Seek",
Are really quite expert...
Unless you peek.

But Sam - he's easy!
For when we play,
He always giggles
The game away!

VIGNETTE

(Julia)

Our daughter curtsied in her dance;
Her partner, gallant, bowed in place;
She stately rose, and all romance
Rose with her grace.

Our daughter curtsied in her dance;
So that we saw a lily there;
And saw a woman's smiling glance,
With powdered hair.

Our daughter curtsied in her dance;
With all the fragile poise of seven;
And as she rose, the soul of France
Came back from Heaven.

Gupper*

Look!

Out in the bushes,
Down in the scrub,
There's a furry thing,
With a wriggling stub!

It isn't a woodchuck,
It isn't a snail,
It isn't a mouse
For it has no tail!

It's sort of white,
With a big black spot,
It can't be a skunk....
Oh - I hope it's not!

Its' back end's high
And its' front end's low;
It's digging a hole...
Come on, let's go!

Why sure, I knew,
He's a mole for supper;
For it's no one else
But Sambo's Gupper.