

Freshman Fancies

My life's dream is a nurse to be,
To help the ones less fortun'd than me.
The hospital corridors I will walk,
And stop at rooms for a little talk.

To have upon my mind instilled,
The patients' relief as they are filled
With the thoughts of wholesome health again,
Which follows the passing of violent pain.

Peggy Juergens

New York has won itself renown
By being quite a crowded town.
Its streets are mostly cars and buses
Full of people making fusses.

How can those residents survive,
In places where no tree is 'live?
In the country they should be
Where crowds you seldom ever see.

The tourists on a week's vacation,
Who come in at the railroad station,
Are fascinated by the spell
Of dirty streets and awful smell.

Peter Walsh

As we wake up in the morning,
And begin to look around,
The first thing that we notice
Is that snow is on the ground.

There are children shouting gaily,
While some are still in bed.
We hear what seems an echo,
"Where did I put my sled?"

From the adults comes a groan,
As they leave for work that day,
Hoping that they won't get stuck,
While they're driving on their way.

But when the day is over,
And we sit around the fire,
The snow appears as beautiful,
As the music of the lyre.

Gerre Zinkan

In the winter, the ground is set aglow
By tiny, sparkling crystals of snow.
Children find pleasure and plenty of fun,
And find it difficult to get work done
When still remains the white, glistening snow.

Snow, however, is not loved by adults,
As a snow trapped auto brings feared results
When a soul is late to his place of work,
And fired by a boss who has gone berserk,
Then cursed is the sloppy, slippery snow.

Fred Fish

My day at school is a happy one,
But to some it is quite a bore
From the time they come in the morning,
To the time they leave at the door.

Some would rather be playing
Than getting an education,
But if we were all like this,
What would become of our nation?

Oh, what lawyers we would have,
And businessmen too,
If there were no law against
Staying out of school.

Doris Hickman

Of all the days I loathe the most,
Composition day is foremost.
You never know just what to write;
Although you think from day to night.
The time's too short.
It's getting shorter.
I don't know what
Could be much harder.

The teacher says, "Watch punctuation."
There you sit in desperation.
Until a light pops in your head
You're not ready to go ahead.
The time's too short.
I don't know what
Could be much harder.

Once you get the motor humming,
You gather speed that keeps you running.
No longer you feel you're in pell mell;
You wind up a minute before the bell.
The time's too short.
It's getting shorter.
I don't know what
Could be much harder.

Barbara Byrns