

Vol. Poems-01

Carroll Gambrell's

“POEMS”

Compiled by: Paul M Kankula – nn8nn

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No. 01

OUTDOOR COOKING

Carroll Gambrell

1/18/99

There's certain things that one should know
Of survival in the wood.
Nature's Horn of Plenty
Overflows with Nature's food.

Crow feet makes good salad,
With ramps that you may toss.
But the best darn dish

Is the little fish
In Snail-darter sauce.

It's good in sunshine and great in rain,
And it goes right well on Whooping Crane.
But, it will make you want to hop and howl
In a marinade with Spotted Owl.

Nature's Treasures can't be beat
For those who seek good things to eat.
Just be sure you have a care
For all those creatures scarce and rare.

No. 02
PADDY AND THE BARREL
or
WHY I'M NOT AT WORK TODAY
(Innisfree Singers)

Adapted by Carroll Gambrell

Dear Sir:

I'm writing this note to you to tell you of my plight,
For at the time of writing, I'm not a pretty sight.
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey.
So, I write this note to say why I'm not at work today.

While working on the 14th floor, some bricks I had to clear.
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idear.
The foreman wasn't very pleased, him being an awful sod.
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladders in my hod.

Now, clearing all those bricks by hand, it seemed so very slow,
So, I hoisted up a barrel, and secured the rope below.
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

And so, when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead,
And clinging tightly to the rope, I started up instead.
I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found
That when I was half way up, I met the bloody barrel comin' down.

So, the barrel broke me shoulder, as to the ground it sped,

And when I reached the top, I hit the pully with me 'ead.
Still clinging tightly, numb with shock from this almighty blow,
The barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.

Now, when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor,
Sure then, the barrel and its weight soon started up once more.
And, clinging tightly to the rope, I headed to the ground,
And landed on the bloody bricks the barrel had scattered 'round.

And as I lay there a-moanin', I thought I had past the worst;
But then the barrel hit the wheel, and then the bottom burst.
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope.
As I lay there, stunned and nearly out, I let go the bloody rope.

So, the barrel being heavier, it started down once more;
It landed right across me chest, as I lay upon the floor.
I broke two ribs and my left arm, and I can only say
That I hope you will understand why I am not at work today.

No. 03
THE PASSING OF LIGHTHORSE LEDBETTER
(An epic inspired by my good friend, the Hon. John Olive)
Carroll Gambrell
4-18-96

A remarkable man was Lighthouse Ledbetter,
Known far and wide as an ardent go-getter.
His powers of seizure were truly incredible,
If the prize he sought was a viand most edible.

The girth he achieved was dimensions gigantic,
Just a little bit short of the great ship, Titanic.
But, fat men are jolly and make people laugh,
And Ledbetter weighed more than two bulls and a calf.

A noted event was the untimely demise
Of this fabled squire of remarkable size.
The town got together and voted a bill
Erecting his tomb at the top of a hill.

Six leading men, being all of good cheer,
Were granted the honor of bearing his bier.
With confidence reigning,
Hearts brimming with hope,

None doubted success
When they tackled that slope.

But Fate overtook them ere the peak had been crested,
The men were fatigued and they had to be rested.
A last futile bid brought the team to a stop;
The coffin went down with pall bearers on top.

'Twas a sad twist of Fate that they had to pick
A spot on the ground that was terribly slick.
Slowly at first, it gathered up speed
Twice as fast as a thoroughbred steed.

Past tombstones, down the pathway, across the churchyard it sped.
The cries of its riders would wake up the dead.
Through a wedding it tore ere bride could kiss groom
They were sundered in twain by this coffin of doom.

Down Main Street it skidded like bear grease on ice
Dogs scattered, squirrels chattered, they were rolling like dice,
Past red lights, through stop signs, it never slowed down.
Its wake was pure mayhem, as it raced through the town.

The Joneses were dining on chicken that day;
The visiting preacher had come there to stay.
Dishes flew in the air as it burst through the galley,
Out the rear door and down the back alley.

"What in Heaven!" from the rooftop the minister yelled.
'Search me!' came the answer, "but it must be from Hell!"
The coffin had vanished like mist in the sun,
But its ill-fated journey was a long way from done.

Through the door of a boudoir where a spinster was dressing
Rode the cargo of men, whom to her were a blessing.
Six gents tipped their hats, as the casket rushed past.
Could it mean that her prayers had been answered at last?

But the men did not linger; they got out of pocket,
For none were quite willing to abandon that rocket.
The missile roared on at a speed of mach-five,
While all those aboard were for staying alive.

They smashed up the barnyard, and jumped the deep ditches,
Through a henhouse, over pig sties, they soared like wild witches.
Then, when it seemed this might last through the night,

Karma took heed of their desperate plight.

Onto a lake they launched with a roar,
Tidal waves sweeping the nethermost shore.
The mourners, now safe, frolicked with glee,
And old Ledbetter they at sea.

This Falstaffian man had many a fan,
The ladies, they all loved to kiss him
He'll be remembered by most
as a generous host;
But his pallbearers never will miss him.

-R.I.P.-

No. 04
A VALENTINE PERM
(In the negative)
by
Chazz

If roses was red
and violets was blue,
I could be sure
we wouldn't be through.

Yas, you caught me once
in flagrante delecto
With Rosie O'Grady
in a cross-town bistro.

We were cozy and warm
in a back row booth,
Really into each other,
to tell you the truth.

With fire in your eyes
you launched your attack;
But Rosie was ready,
the wall at her back.

She turned out to be
much tougher than youse;
But frankly I'm glad

you suffered no bruise.

We can each go our way,
and try as we might,
For me you were wrong,
but for you I was right.

No. 05
PO' OLE ME
dedicated to
Po' Ole Carroll Gambrell
10/03/05

Why did this have to happen to me?
I've always been so good, you see.
Bad things happen to someone other.
Like maybe to my older brother.

He's not nearly as worthy as good old I,
Who almost never told a lie,
And when I get caught, I always claim
Someone else should get the blame.

There's one idea to which I cling,
I don't deserve this awful thing.
Why did they pick on poor old me,
The best darn fish in
the whole darn sea?

If there was justice on this old earth,
There would be a lot more mirth,
But since the world began its spin,
I will never smile again.

It is not fair that I should suffer.
There should be some kind of buffer,
A magic wand would be the key
To make things right for
Poor Old Me.

No. 06
HELLO, BESSIE!

**by
Ginger
(With apologies to "Dolly!")**

Hello, Bessie!
Well, hello, Bessie!
It's so nice to have you right where you belong.
You're looking swell, Bessie.
We can tell, Bessie,
You're turning ninety-eight, but you're still going strong!

It's your Birthday, Bessie.
Many more, Bessie.
We bet this is the best you've ever seen.
At ninety-eight, Bessie,
You look great, Bessie!
You're facing ninety-nine, and still a beauty queen!

Go fix your hair, Bessie.
While you're there, Bessie,
Why don't you bake your son an apple pie?
Or make some soup, Bessie.
Bearswamp Soup, Bessie.
It's Happy Birthday, Bessie, not farewell or good-bye.

Climb in your car, Bessie
We'll go far, Bessie
To see if we can find a thing to do.
We can shout, Bessie!
We'll eat out, Bessie.
We're singing Happy Day just for you.

Finale (slowly)

So get out, Bessie! Sing and shout, Bessie!
Bessie's standing at the door,
Ready for a hundred more!
The only way to end this song,
Bessie, tell us how you get a-long!

-finis-

HELLO, MAMA!
by
Your Favorite Daughter, Doris
(Agged on by your favorite son-in-law)

Hello, Mama

Our red-haired Mama!
It's so nice to have you right where you belong.
You're looking swell, Mama,
Really well, Mama
Spirit of Seventy-six is really ringing your gong.

Sing Whoopee-doo, Mama.
Click your heels, Mama
We bet this is the best you've ever felt
At Seven-Six, Mama
Do some kicks, Mama
You're so red-hot your shoes are going to melt.

Go mix up dough, Mama
In your bowl, Mama,
Why don't you make some gravy, too,
And fry up just a little ham
With biskits and some jelly-jam,
A Happy Birthday, and it's just for you.

Finale: So, get out, Mama! Sing and shout, Mama!
Mama's sweeping up the floor,
So she can dance forever more.
And sing a Happy Birthday song,
As she goes moving right a-long!

No. 07
Poetic Justice
Carroll Gambrell

If one plays his share of low-down tricks
And ordinarily gets his kicks,
Fate has a way to balance things
Be it commoner or Kings.

What goes around must come around,
And Justice will be served.
Just look at what old Kismet found,
The wife that you deserved.

When once you stayed and played all night,
With dice and hands of poker,
Now, you creep upstairs so quiet,
And pray you hadn't awoker.

You're not to blame, you played the game,
And when you ups and kister,
It didn't show beneath the glow,
She was Satan's little sister.

No. 08
A PROLOGUE TO AUNT BEA'S STORY
Carroll Gambrell
December 05

A terrible storm was kicking up
Off Texas' sunny shores.
It threatened to reach
The nethermost beach,
And blow out the living room doors.

Aunt Bea was hearty,
And cried, "Let's all party,
I'm not afraid of that thing."
But when it came winging,
There wasn't much singing,
The hurricane proved it was king.

Her house was all scrambled,
The town was in shambles
Her kitchen was sent off a-spinning.
Rita huffed and blew,
She puffed and grew,
It appeared as if Nature was winning.

Then out of the gloom
And into the room
Came Aunt Bea with her face a-shining.
Wouldn't you know
She'd heard the wind blow,
And thought it the puppy dog whining.

You know the story,
It's ugly and gory,
With one notable outstanding fact
With hunger and thirst,
Bea shared with them first,
And survived it with humor intact.

Nov. 09
RANDOLPH, THE BROWN-NOSED REINDEER
Carroll Gambrell

What ho, my little brown-nosed deer,
Do you bring us now a load of cheer?
Are you as swift as
the red-nosed creature?
Why do you sport this
brown-nosed feature?

Because it is the Christmas Season
For your ears only, this is the reason.
I run as fast
as the others go,
I just can't stop when
Santa yells, whoa!

No. 10
REINCARNATION - COWBOY
by
An Unknown Cowpoke
Preserved by Carroll Gambrell

What is reincarnation? a cowboy asked his friend.
It starts, his old pal told him,
When your life comes to its end.
They comb your hair, and wash your neck,
And clean your fingernails,
And put you in a padded box away from life's travails.
Now the box and you goes in a hole that's
Been dug into the ground.
Reincarnation starts in when you're planted
'Neath that mound.

Them clods melt down just like the box,
And you, who is inside
And that's when you're beginning your transformation ride.
In a while the grass will grow upon your rendered mound,
Until some day upon that spot a lonely flower's found.
And then a horse may wander by and graze that flower

That once was you and now has become
Your vegetated bower.

Now the flower that he done et, along with his other feed
Makes bone and fat and muscle essential in the steed.
But, there's a part that he can't use,
And so it passes through,
And there it lies upon the ground,
This thing that once was you.
And if perchance I should pass by, and see this on the ground,
I'll stop awhile and I'll ponder at this object that I've found,
And I'll think about reincarnation, and life and death and such.
And I'll come away concluding,
"Why, you ain't changed all that much."

No. 11
ROBIN FLYNN AND HIS MERRY MEN
by
Carroll Gambrell
11/13/05

This is the tale of Robin Flynn
And his band of merry men,
Who laughed a lot and thought it funny
When they robbed the rich of all their money.

Robin Flynn and his men were merry,
Especially was the one called Jerry.
Jerry's job, before they dined,
Was to sniff the cork and taste the wine.

One night, when it was very dark,
Jerry thought t'would be a lark
To promote a few more kicks,
By adding nitro to the mix.

Good ideas don't always pan
As the best laid schemes of
mouse and man.
He forgot one little safety bit
About nitro and a flame that's lit.

The members of this cheerful throng
Were hoisting cups and lost in song.

The hall was dim in the moon's half-light,
And they planned to revel throughout night.

So, Jerry is not all to blame
For turning up the lantern's flame,
That brought an end to Robin's story,
For the entire gang was blown to glory.

There is a moral to this sad screed,
Early warnings one must heed,
Or you may end as Robin Flynn
And the whole durn gang of jolly men.

-finis-

No. 12
SANTA AND THE ACL&U
Carroll Gambrell

Santa is a jolly old gent
Who gives out lots of toys
To all the very good little girls,
And even to the boys.

Then comes along to poop the party,
The champs of the very few,
Who cannot stand a laugh so hearty,
Called the ACL and U.

They close down all the Manger scenes,
Protect us from Boy Scouts,
And bury the Ten Commandments
To show us they have clout.

But when it comes to Old Saint Nick,
They bit off a healthy chew,
That made them turn him loose real quick
Because his popularity grew.

The ACLU is quite the bull
To those who won't fight back,
But those who gather extra pull,
Can deliver them quite a whack.

No. 13
SECOND OPINION
Carroll Gambrell

Columbus proved the world was round,
So why not have round people?
If God had wanted skinny folks,
He'd made them like a steeple.

I haven't seen my feet in years,
Nor am I found aspiring
To make a meal of stuff I feel
Is not to me inspiring.

I'll eat no grass or go on fasts
Or down a B-one pill.
It's my fate to lose no weight,
And forever eat my fill.

Give to me the body soft,
No muscles hard and bulging.
I'll prove my worth with ample girth,
In calories I'm indulging.

There's just one cause that gives me pause,
And makes me stop and wonder.
The doc cannot be serious.
Yet, I pause and ponder.

Is it a hint he really meant
When he spoke to me of giving
A date to come back in six months
Provided I'm still living?

No. 14
SHOOT UP HERE AMONGST US, BOYS
(One Of Us Needs Relief)
by
Carroll Gambrell

There comes a time in every life
When one begins to wonder

If all the toil and all the strife
Is really worth the thunder.

Take the time the boys'n Paw
Went off a-huntin' coon.
The night had not a single flaw,
And the sky was full of moon.

The dogs pretty soon had struck a trail,
You could hear old Shorty bayin',
Listen close now to this tale,
Pay heed to what I'm sayin'.

The dogs had found an old wild boar
Backed up into a corner,
He gave out with a thunderous roar,
A long ways from a goner.

He took off after Pa, you see,
A regular parading
Around and around and around
that tree
With fourteen hounds a-baying.

Pa, thinking fast, jumped for a limb
Twenty feet above the ground.
He missed it as he was going up,
But he caught it coming down.

Now, you would think Pa safe and sound
A-dangling in the air.
And I guess he surely would have been,
If it warn't for that old bear.

The bear, you see, had chose that tree
To be her cozy den.
And when Pa knocked upon her door,
She didn't want him in.

She gave a snarl and raised a quarrel
And raked him with her swatter.
It was plain as sin within her den
She thought Paw was a squatter.

Now it is a fact that Paw struck back
And spat in her right eye.
What's even sadder,
It just made her madder,
And harmed her 'bout like a fly.

'Twas a quarter to five
'Fore the boys arrived,
And found their Paw a-dangle,
"Boys," Pa said, "I'm almost dead,
And in an awful tangle."

"It isn't fair to ask 'bout this bear
On the limb above my head,
Or that wild boar on the forest floor
With eyeballs mean and red."

"So, get the dogs to chase the hog
Before I come to grief.
Then shoot up here amongst us, boys,
One of us needs relief."

We all learned a lesson
From just one session
Encountering boar and bear.
A boar
Can't soar,
And bears don't die
Of 'baccar juice in the eye.

No. 15
SHOPPING
Carroll Gambrell
3/31/05

When it comes to shopping, I have news,
Gussie and I share far different views.
While she will spend all day store-hopping,
On a binge-driven gala of bargain shopping,
I must sit in the car and wait,
Twiddling thumbs and pondering fate.
To her, each day of rain is sunny,
When she finds a "special" that saves me money.

If two items listed meet our need
I dash in and out with all due speed.
But Gussie lingers, and by the way,
To buy two items, she takes all day.
She's a black belt shopper without shame,
She knows all the rules of the shopping game.
Which ought to be a foregone pleasure
If it didn't exhaust the family treasure.

That Gussie is constitutionally able
To buy a single item is mostly fable.
She might buy one, but here's a clue,
One pair of shoes comes in two.
She will run in a store for "just a minute",
Don't you believe it, there's no truth in it.
But, for that line I always fall,
I forget we are at a "shopping" mall.

No. 16
HEAVEN ON EARTH
Gussie Gambrell

When it comes to shopping
He cannot take a hint,
For what I said, and what I bought,
Is not just what I meant.

My charge cards, they are all maxed out,
The checkbook is growing thinner.
I guess I will have to 'splain to him
Why it might be a long cold winter.

But he's my ever loving man,
Although he ranted and raved
I'm sure that he will understand
When he sees how much I've saved

No. 16
BEEFING UP
Carroll Gambrell
03/17/05

Basketball, football. soccer, and track

Are all great sports that require a knack.
Some who labor below the norm
Take drugs to help them to perform
Amazing feats of grace and style,
And rewards them for their feckless guile.
That's cheating, and a terrible vice
You ruin your health, as you roll the dice.
Youngsters strive to emulate
Then they meet your awful fate.
The trouble that you could avoid
Is found in a syringe of steroid.

Baseball records should endure
Lest broken by the Simon pure.
Babe Ruth, Sultan of the Swat
Took neither steroids nor smoked pot.
He never applied substance inimical
Or anything that smelled of chemical.
Baseball does not shift the blame
For barring Pete from the Hall of Fame,
Or saying "No!" to Shoeless Joe.
"Into the Hall you may not go."
So why not say to those who cheat,
"You may not fill that honored seat."

Old Judge Landis ruled the roost
With fist of iron and leather boot.
You did not whistle at his court
As long as Landis held the fort.
You may imagine what he would say
To steroid users in his day.
One strike, you're in the slammer;
Two strikes, and you are out.
The Judge brings down his hammer,
And wins another bout.
But Selig is in another gear,
And Selig has a fear of Fehr
He'd rather let the bad guys go,
Than rein them in and holler, "Wo-ah!!"

No. 17
THE BIG GATOR HUNT
Carroll Gambrell

Me'n Old Bud went out one night
For to hunt the alligator.
We heard it was the fiercest beast
This side of yon equator.

With coils of ropes, we had high hopes
That we might catch him sleeping.
That idea crashed when once we flashed
Two red eyes at us peeping.

That gator didn't move a hair,
In fact, he stared much harder
Like he was just a-waiting there
For more meat for his larder.

"Look", I said, "I don't really dread
A dust-up with that brute.
But, if you don't mind, could we not find
A thing that just eats fruit?"

Bud said, "You know, I've been thinking,
If we were really smart,
We'd end this chase, and slow the pace,
It's bad news for my heart."

That is why we ceased to seek,
And you should never beat us,
When we decide to eat an peach,
At least it won't eat us.

No. 18
WHEN TINKER BELL HITS THE BIG SIX-OH
(To Gussie on her 60th birthday)
Carroll Gambrell
08/21/05

Tinker Bell went out all brave and bold,
Thinking she would not grow old.
But, quick as a wink, what did she find?
She had lived, indeed, for fifty-nine.
The next one up was the Big Six-Oh
And Tinker Bell wonders where the time did go.

It went, My Dear, and time does run,

It always flies when you're having fun.
You might become a social wreck,
But soon you'll draw an S-S check.
Then you'll want a big extention
To stretch your meagre old age pension.

Take heart, old girl, and live it up,
Dance for joy, and fill your cup.
Party here, and Party there
Show the World that you don't care.
Life ain't over 'til you're done,
So, go out now and have some fun,

I see you have made a late discovery,
You're a whole lot slower on your recovery.
Eyes are red orbs in a bowl of milk,
Tongue tastes like worms that make us silk,
Now you know without hesitation
Pepsi done skipped your generation.

Non illigitium carborundum

YOU ARE NOW ENTITLED

Carroll Gambrell

8/20/05

When you reach the Big Six-Oh
There's some things you ought to know.
Wearing purple and a hat of red
Shows the world you aren't half dead,
And skipping around in a polka-dot thong
Is all you need to gather a throng.

Drive your-ata with the rag top down
Let the guys blow whistles as you
snake through town,
Though your Supp-hose with a mini-skirt
Might discourage studs who wish to flirt.
And keep in mind you have nought to gain
By showing legs with a vericose vein.

Prove to the man you're an awful wreck,
And he might increase your S-S check.
If you become a widow in the sod
You'll collect his whole insurance wad.
You may dazzle old geezers who have no hair

And marry a sure 'nuff millionaire.
So, smile, my dear, and have some fun.
Your life is not all a setting sun.
Smell the roses as you go by,
But miss the thorns that bring a sigh.
Remember how the song begins
About diamonds and a girl's best friends.

No. 19
THE BIRDWATCHER
Carroll Gambrell

If the humming bird could remember the words
He wouldn't be a hummer.
A mocking bird with a song of its own
Wouldn't be a mummer.

I've seen them all through spring and fall
From Key West up to Maine.
I've found the lovely Sora's nest
And walked with the Whooping Crane.

But the rarest of birds have never been caught
Are the very ones I'm after.
That's a doctor who's had a protaste massage
And a physician with a catheter.

No. 20
THE CIVILIAN CONSERVATION CORPS
Carroll Gambrell

From the days of our beginning,
To the time of FDR
Federal programs sparked resistance
And once a Civil War.
You'd think we'd learned a lesson
From a long continued mess,
And one unexcelled example of
A singular success.

I'm speaking of the CCC of the Greatest Generation

Where'er they went, 'twas time well spent,
Time that served the Nation.
They earned their pay, and saved the day
With blood and toil and sweat.
So, here's to you, the gallant few,
The Country's in your debt.

Often they would build of stone,
Grade roads of rock and lime,
And every single project
Has stood the test of time.
And when the Country called them,
They stood ready and were the key;
A monument to all free men,
This Nation's CCC.

No. 21
THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS
Carroll Gambrell
12/26/04

'Twas the Day after Christmas,
and what do you think?
Dishes were piled a mile high in the sink,
Toys were all scattered
Like nothing else mattered.
The Christmas tree drooped 'neath
the weight of its balls
Listing to starboard, most likely to fall.
Paper and ribbons lay tossed all around,
Like patches of snow that lay
out on the ground.

Pop was hung over, and Ma was still sleeping,
While into their room the children were creeping.
Wake up!! they shouted,
and bounced on the bed.
"Good Lord!!" Pop moaned, a-rubbing his head,
"Christmas is over, please go out and play.
Jump on my bed, but just not today.
I really insist, this isn't the time
To climb over me now
Is a serious crime."

The Day after Christmas, the house is a mess,
Not fit to be lived in, much less for a guest.
 No rest for the weary,
 No leisure at all,
 The phone rang this morning,
 The mother-in-law called.
 Holy Mackerel! It's Grandma,
 The world's neatest freak,
She's coming to visit and staying a week!
 Oh, Lord up in Heaven,
 I pray this shall pass,
 And please You, Dear Lord,
 Keep her off of my...grass.

No. 22
THE FORTUNATE FARMER
Carroll Gambrell

A matronly form pushed through the corn,
And paused by the garden gate.
It was no surprise, by the look in her eyes,
She was seeking out a mate.
Wearing instant tan, a staff in hand,
Nape a-drape with ruby beads.
She wore the mien of a Social Queen
Clad in most modish tweeds.

Spying a man in suntan brown,
Straw hat upon his crown,
Overalls blue and brogan shoe,
The Master of all around.
His bearing, as he stood staring,
Seemed one who called the deal.
She believed, and did perceive
He was out standing in his field.

The man had marked her progress
As she slogged across the sty.
He further observed she never swerved,
While comin' through the rye.
With eyes a-flash and teeth a-gnash,
She plowed o'er briar and bramble.
Then spotting him, on a pressing whim,

Gave forth with this preamble:

“Don’t you love,” she said, “to spring out of bed
And romp through field and bower,
To hear the bees and peer at the trees,
And smell of every flower?”
The man looked down and kicked the ground
And groped for a word to say.
“No ma’am, I don’t, it’s not my wont;
But my dog does it every day.”

No. 23
THE FORTY-NINERS
Carroll Gambrell, ‘49
Dedicated to the Robert E. Lee
Class of ‘49

Forty-nine was a very good year
For shifting up to a higher gear.
One that would surely take us places,
Leaving behind those familiar faces.
Farewell to pals and the gals we dated,
We entered a World not yet X-rated.

Some went east, and some went west,
To follow life’s road in their Sacred quest.
Success and fame was our Holy Grail.
We couldn’t lose, we dare not fail
To reach our goal where the rainbow ended
General Lee’s Faith in us depended.

When we reached that Exalted Plain
We heard the notes of a glad refrain.
We cheered again for the Blue and Grey
That led us to that Brighter Day.
Now I must go, I’ll get my hat
And bid a fond adieu to the bald and fat.

No. 24
THE GOLDEN YEARS
Carroll Gambrell
03/01/05

Modified 06/01/08

The Bible grants three score and ten,
And that's the legal limit,
But now old folks fly by like sin;
So fast you cannot film it.

When Bud reached the Golden Age,
That he soon should cease to be,
He felt a rage to turn the page,
And extend his history.

It gave him a headache,
So he sought out a medic
To hear what he had to say
"Listen, doc, I'm dumb as a rock,
But tell me this ain't my day.

Except for a knee that bothers me,
And a bulge around the middle,
My teeth fell out and I've got the gout,
But I'm fit as any fiddle.

I forgot to say there's Hell to pay
Whenever I go into town.
Sometimes I do forget the way,
And don't know up from down.

So, if you will kindly pardon me,
For being so brash and bolden;
I'm striving hard to help you see
Old Age ain't quite so Golden."

So spoke the valedictorian
Of MIT (Mary's Institute of Tact).
He wasn't trying to get over on you,
But merely stating a fact.

No. 25
THE HIGH RISE
Carroll Gambrell
03/08/06

Lo, the poor Indian, named it

“Land beside the waters”,
And some folks will loudly proclaim it.
But there were no lakes when Lo held forth,
And that makes it hard to explain it.

Long after poor Lo had departed the scene,
Duke Power stopped up the flowing,
With a dam high and wide
And generators inside,
A lake began to start growing.

It's just the place to retire with grace,
And live out one's halcyon years,
In leisure and style
You stroll your last mile
No bother, no trouble, no fears.

Then something happened to blot out the sun,
Spoil all the fishing, and douse all the fun.
What is that thing that reaches the skies?
A twelve-story condo we call a high-rise.

Oh, my Goodness! We are in a fix.
Shades of the year of 'ninety-six,
When the Council wanted a Land Use Plan
At the mention of “ZONING!”,
It all hit the fan.

Too late for protests, petitions, and pleas,
Too late for a land use plan.
Where have I heard this refrain before?
“He can do what he wants on his own durn land.”

No. 26
EVOLUTION FROM THE EOCENE
by Carroll Gambrell

When it comes to running gear,
They sure gypped us,
Cried the little Eohippus.
So, if through life
We're going to linger,
We'll have to learn to run
On our middle finger.

We learned to run
And we skee-daddled.
Next thing we knew
We got saddled.
How we learned is
Nature's mystery,
But we sure earned our
Place in history.

When once we heard
our sacred call
We evolved fast and tall,
For if we had not
learned just how,
You might now be riding
on a cow.