

A PAGE OF SELECTED VACATION POEMS

Vacation Time

I'M GLAD vacation time is here
 Altho' I hold the schooldays
 dear,
 But everyone needs change, it
 seems—
 Vacation, too, has lovely themes.
 I haven't made my plans as yet
 But think perhaps that I shall
 get
 Some flower seeds, a rake, and
 hoe—
 I must make ready first, you
 know—
 Prepare the ground, then plant
 the seeds,
 And when they sprout, look out
 for weeds!
 I may raise vegetables, too—
 There is so much for me to do!
 So much I doubt if I shall find
 The time to do what's in my
 mind.
 Many things, both great and
 small;
 I know I cannot do them all.
 I'll like to camp a week or two;
 Yes, that is one thing I *must*
 do.
 And in between tasks I shall
 play,
 But work, too, can be very gay.
 And maybe I shall go to see
 The great big city—you'll a-
 gree
 That *that* would be a lot of
 fun.
 And when vacation days are
 done,
 I'll not be sorry, but instead
 I'll welcome schooldays just
 ahead.

Vacation Thought

I WONDER if our schoolbooks
 Are lonely all the day,
 While thro' the long vacation
 In cupboards put away?
 I wonder if the blackboard
 Seems rather out of place,
 Without a single piece of chalk
 To mark upon its face?
 I wonder if the schoolroom
 Is sometimes lonely, too,
 While standing bare and empty
 Without a thing to do?
 But this we can assure them:
 When vacation days all flee
 We'll join them in the school-
 room
 And keep them company.

* * *

Camping

VACATION time has come again
 And camping days are here,
 With hiking, swimming, playing,
 too—
 The best time of the year.
 We climb the trees and roam the
 woods,
 And all grow strong and tall;
 Our friends will hardly know us
 When we are no longer small.
 We do not miss the shops and
 stores,
 The movies, or the cars,
 When we can play and swim all
 day,
 And sleep beneath the stars.