

BIRTHDAY POEMS TO PATTY

Who is Patty?  
She's the girl I love to greet  
She brings me trays of food to eat.  
She cheers me thru many hours  
Brings my mail and also flowers.  
Wraps my gifts and tells me when  
(and to whom)

I should send a card again.  
Keeps me posted on the news  
And always finds the things I lose.  
Do you wonder why I say  
Three cheers for Patty,  
And Happy Birthday.

.....  
Heres a birthday gift for you  
I hope you can-can wear it, too.  
If you don't like it, I'll feel blue  
Say uou "just love it," please do!  
.....

When you wake up in the morning  
And this red scarf meets your eyes  
Then these "morning glorys" will tell you  
It is time for you to rise.

## GUESS WHO

I know a little girl who is kind and sweet  
She brings soft pillows for my feet.  
She carries over food to eat  
And often keeps my house so neat.  
Who is she? Can you guess?

She hurries to the mail box with my mail,  
And almost always, without fail,  
Brings me back a gift or letter,  
Perhaps, three or four which is better.  
Sometime she stays an hour or two  
As I tell of things I used to do  
When I, too, was just a little girl  
With long wavy hair, (but not much curl).

With her brother, too, we like to play  
"Old Maid or Rummy, or what do you say?  
Sometimes I'm the loser, sometimes I win  
Then we play the games all over again.  
Now, who is this little girl I'm writing about?  
Just keep your eyes open and you'll find out.  
It's Patty!!

Patty is a sweet girl  
Patty like to work  
When her mother needs her help  
She will never shirk.

Patty is a pretty girl  
With her eyes so brown  
Daddy wouldn't trade her  
For any girl in town

PATTY IS A KIND GIRL

(con't)

Patty is a kind girl  
And she loves her brother,  
Marion thinks she's 'just all right'  
And he surely does love her.

Grandma loves Patty too,  
She brings me eats and flowers,  
We play many games together  
For many happy hours.  
Marion often beats us  
We never do complain  
Just shuffle up the cards  
And play the game again  
And sometimes beat him.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO PATTY JEAN

You are now sweet sixteen  
And in your home you are the young queen  
You can cook and sew and fine cookies make  
Someday that Prince will come along  
And our queen he will take.

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August 1960

In all kinds of weather  
We've had so much fun together.  
When I lived in the house across the way  
You came to see me every day.  
You brought me dainty food to eat  
Ran my errands to save my feet.  
Brought my mail, or mailed a letter  
Where can there be found a girl any better  
Than my dear Patty.