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APOLOGIES TO CLEMENT MOORE ONLY

by Glenna Holloway

T'was the eve of election, and all through the House
Everyone had gone home but a small, lonely mouse.
The pledges all hung from the rafters with care,
In hopes that their authors would soon return there.

The union-owned boys stroked their soft featherbeds,
While visions of future plums danced in their heads.
Some dreamed about honors, the gown and the cap,
While some merely planned on a long winter's nap...
Provided that nobody raised such a clatter
That snoops would be sent to see what was the matter!

Such thoughts made One spring from His bed in a flash;
He threw on His bathrobe and knotted the sash.
"My motives were pure as a new-fallen snow,"
He cried out the window to objects below.
He thought how His stand on the Debt would appear—
And His sleigh-rides to visit old Allies so dear—

cont.