

Grandma Goes to Californey

Late in the winter season; of 1941,
I went to Californey, To have a little fun,
And see the sights I'd heard about;
Where people prance and play,
Then come home, all tired out;
To go another day.

So I took the train at Rawlins
Or rather it took me:
And I started for Californey,
Its wonderous sights to see.

The time passed by. I enjoyed the scene,
Finally the brakeman sez',
Get your baggage ready;
The next stop is Martinez.

So I got my things together,
And shuffled off the train;
And there was George and Margy,
Awaitin in the rain.

They bundled me into their car
It was long about eight o'clock,
And in just twenty minutes
We arrived in Antioch.

The kids seemed glad to see me
They showed me 'round everywhere,
George found a dish for my false teeth
And the most comfortable chair.

They gave me their "spare bedroom",
Showed me how the windows open and close,
But I never did tell them,
That I was nearly froze.

Next morning when I arose,
And looked about for that Californey Sun,
Margy said so shyly,
"Our rainy season has begun".

The kids tried to show me round the town,
But we wouldn't get outside the door;
'Til I'd begin to shiver,
And it would rain some more.

Those clouds would stroll by on parade
They would dribble drip and drop,
'Til your clothes looked gray and fuzzy
And everything was wet as sop.

Then they'd hurry to the ocean
And scoop up gallons more
Next day they would come again
And pour and pour and pour.

I thot, I'd try a change for luck
So I went to see my brother, Will;
He lives away up at Chico,
And there, It was raining still.

The water was "one foot on the level".
So the trainman said,
There was water underneath you.
And more rain overhead.

The river beds were spread across
The country everywhere
'Til there was enough to fill the ocean
And then have some to spare.

Then I tried out the weather
In the city they call L. A.
But there, it rained the harder
The longer I tried to stay.

My sister there was all "stove up".
She's the one that we call "liz"
To hear her talk, Californy
Is the only place there is.

At last, I lost my patience,
And I said to her "Gee Whiz,
In a climate like this,
No wonder you got the reumatiz".

Then I went on to Long Beach
There, they did surely try,
To give me all attention,
But they couldn't clear the sky.

So I've half way struck the notion
When I think of summer, spring and fall,
That good old Wyomin,
Is not a bad place after all.

Same Time, Same Place in Californy In 1942.
Lear Grandma,
It's raining here, thought this,
Would interest you.

K. M. Rochelle
April 1942

TO THE ULTRA MODERN WOMAN

Women, Women, it is quite distressing
To see the way you are undressing
I could endure the upper half
But the whole contour makes me laugh.

What you reveal below the vest
Detracts the charm from all the rest
When you see some extroverts
You surely wish they wore some skirts.

To hide that pendulous share,
Half would be enough to rate a stare
The awful curves that rise and dip
Every time you move a hip.

I wish I knew just what to do
To conceal it from the public view,
Or if you really ~~knew~~,
X Their reaction in regard to you.

Say! Sister, just between us,
You really are no Modern Venus.
This was written by the pen
Who was once a gal,
Now an old hen.

K. M. R.
7-12-1953