

Our Town

There is a village trim and neat
Of Forest Hills and curving streets,
Where racket trim and ball fly high
And man-made birds flit thru the sky.

An English village comes to mind
Here even **Exeter** you'll find
And **Groton**, also in our town
To add its bit to our renown.

And we could mention **Harrow** too,
And **Dartmouth** if it pleases you
And there's a **Manse** that you should see
It always has appealed to me.

In **Summer** and in **Winter** too,
Its **Gardens** beckon on to you
In old days "White Pot" was the name
I'm glad that now it's not the same.

Our great trees **Juno**esque and tall
Perhaps impress us most of all,
On **Selfridge** traffic may be slow
But **Union Turnpike** gets the flow.

Here **Greenways** run, and **Burns** the flame
Of great azaleas worth their fame,
You see them best in **Middlemay**,
Or so the home folks always say.

We've squirrels **Fleet** and songbirds too,
On **Yellowstone** they perch and coo,
They **Russell** thru the leaves of trees,
And sing, endeavoring to please.

You **Wendover** from **Guilford** neat,
To **Markwood Road** a charming street,
Here flowering cherries **Bow** in rows,
And brick walls hold their **Ivy Close**.

Much has been written, reams and reams
Since **Chauncey Olcott** lived his dreams
And General **Slocum** played his part
Before we really got a start.

There's courting done at **Park End** bench,
Upon the **Beechknoll** near the fence
And once I saw a chap named **Clyde**
Kiss a girl and **Holder** close beside.

Up a **Shorthill** you'll find **Deepdene**
A fairer street was never seen,
Some pleasant folks reside near here
And others **Puritan** I fear.

Let's not forget the school on **Kessel**
Where youngsters love to play and wrestle
Upshaw and **Nansen** you should meet
It's nice to walk on either street.

And once in **Cranford** when quite small,
So that street seems not strange at all,
We have an **Olive** should you want one,
Go on past **Ingram** and you'll find one.

On **Herrick** friends you're sure to meet
It's hard to find a nicer street,
And if you wish to pen a line,
With **Stafford** you should do just fine.

We are not **Metropolitan**
Though what the cities do so we can,
At **Station Square** we dine with pride,
As **Can** you too, and sit outside.

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There's **Overhill** and **Underwood**,
We wouldn't change them if we could,
On all Long Island no town's better,
We'll stick by that one to the letter.

I'm sure by this time you must know
Just why we love our village so,
For here all men are kings it seems
And all the ladies really **Queens**.

—Ruth M. Noble
71-36 Loubet St.
Forest Hills.