

3/6/44

The poolhall was full and the balls made a clatter ,  
 Who walked in or out, it just didnt matter,  
 The language sometimes was'nt just up to par,  
 And the rail full of feet just in front of the bar.

When a blue uniform walked into the place,  
 With a cute little bonnett that circled her face,  
 And her tamboreen jingled a low tinkling noise,  
 As in front of each man the tamboreen poised.

Their shoulders would hunch and their hands it seemed,  
 Found a coin that would jingle that round tamboreen,  
 And many the hand brot up the last store,  
 And gave it as though they was loaded with more.

As she worked her way over toward the back door,  
 A silence went with her, cause she had the floor,  
 The looks she commanded, were ~~varied~~ varied in hue,  
 And it seemed like a halo that Blue Bonnett grew.

But when she was gone it was not like the latter,  
 The tables got busy, the balls made a clatter,  
 And somehow the room was made cleaner it seemed,  
 By the Blue Bonnett angel and her round tamboreen.

Glenn Berry

Up Gold Creek Way

Rec'd. Jan 30 1969

This happened at least 15 years ago, I can't remember, but a lot of us do. God Bless you.  
 Glenn Berry