poem by Ruth Lake

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H. C. SANDERS + Son — the Tree yard

Come gather around if you'd like to hear
Who's all employed in the tree yard this year.
To name them all it's a lot to do
they all have a job I may miss a few.

Mrs. Sanders is listed first, as she works the phone
She helps with the business and cares for the home.
With typing and phone calls, she's kept on the run
Just to do her job it isn't any fun.

There's twenty three men including Mr. Nauss
Mr. Sanders health isn't good, so his son is the boss.
It's a lot of strain to place on them all
And sure keeps them busy all through the fall.

Mr Nauss is in the office and writes out your cheque
He's surrounded in figures near up to his neck.
With a smile on his face he does his work well
Who will fill his place I never could tell.

Next we start with the ladies who run the machine
And that is electric and not gasoline.
At eight in the morning they are ready to start
And at making wreaths they all play their part.

First we meet Phyllis she's right on the ball
Then Thelma's on deck with a story for all.
The production is comming from the ever green
When Annie maneuvers the new wreath machine.

The ladies were busy, no one was thinking
When Annie Speaks up "something is stinking"
That Cedric he did it as sly as a fox
For over their stove pipe he placed an old box.

To give them a smoking he thought he must
But the box caught on fire and fell in the brush.
Then in walks Ted Bezanson, the innocent one
He tells them a story, then goes out on the run.

Where is Ray Reeves? Is he still on command
With his big number twenties that cover the land.
There's Carl and Blake Hiltz a working here too.
Lewis Elliott, John Yates just to mention a few.

Look at little Howard grading trees left and right
And Foster and Max a tying them tight.
Harmon Keddy kept busy no time to delay
He's out buying trees day after day.

There's Gregory Hiltz, a pretty good sport
To truck anymore trees he don't think he ought.
He had a difficult trip, to the U.S.A.
He got lost and turned up, that doesn't pay.

The trucks have been rolling in sunshine and showers
Gerald makes his trip in forty-eight hours.
Business is rushing this time of year
By the twentieth of December the yard must be clear

There's Dewight dashing in, his head in a muddle
For knowing their driving they are stuck in a puddle.
With a load of wreaths in the old bun wagon
She's spinning the wheels and the muffler is dragging.

That's Janet and Ruth who hasn't a clue
On how many miles that old jalopy can do.
Their hauling in wreaths with forty some making
With taging and bundling it keeps them a shaking.

There's Allan Verrier and he is a tease
I hope he gets swamped with an arm load of trees.
Also Royce Leopold who stands next in line
When he sees a faded rose he starts to unwind.

There's two more good men I near left out
Kenneth Leopold who's tall and Brian short and stout
There's so many truck drivers I do not know
But they are loading on trees in a foot of snow.

Curtis and Chester keeps nagging away
They're doing their work with not much to say
There's a new man here, and he's right on hand
I don't know his name, but he's from Newfoundland.

The women folk say, they think Cedric's grand
To clean up their brush to give them a hand
But to their surprise, as he worked a good gait
He brought in three men their pictures to take.

From writing these verses my head's in a spin
Robin Minter comes next, we can't leave out him.
He packs up his trees and stacks them up right
He's a dern good worker and ~~ties~~ ties them up tight.

Must have we had lent a big fall of snow
And this will make production go slow.
There's one man here I nearly missed
It's George Walker the last on the list.

We'll soon be finished so be of good cheer
May we meet in Sanders tree yard next year.
So have a nice Christmas and don't you forget
That Sanders tree yard is the best one yet.

If there is anyone here I did not mention
Just forgive me till next year I had good intentions.
Poems are made by fools like me
But only the Good Lord can grow a Sanders tree.