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The Place to Stop

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THE PLACE TO STOP

by Elva Howard Deeds

Shortly after this century was barely begun,
Our mommy and daddy were united as one.
Then every two years as sure as the clock,
They added another to their growing flock.

Neighbors teased that the stork was worn down to his knees,
But Dad let them joke as much as they pleased—
Til Christmas came 'round with thoughts of more food,
New comforts, and presents for his growing brood.

Then Mommy said strongly to him, "Eight is enough!
The dishes and washing have worn my hands rough."
And to that dire warning, our daddy paid heed;
That year was the last of our outstanding breed:

Nellie and Hobart, Elva and Ed,
Mamie and Bert, Helen and Louis.

As Christmas drew near, Mom stitched day and night,
New dresses for the girls, little shirts made just right
For the boys; store-bought ones were priced far too high!
Our soft ~~double~~ ~~page~~ ~~double~~ ~~the~~ pay with a sigh for

Nellie and Hobart, Elva and Ed,
Mamie and Bert, Helen and Louis.

Christmas morning, A tree stood waiting: A big surprise
Happily greeted with eight pairs of bright eyes.
Long stockings were filled with fruit and small toys
Bought at the dime store for us girls and boys:

Nellie and Hobart, Elva and Ed,
Mamie and Bert, Helen and Louis. ■

Photo from the Genealogy of Elva H. Deeds