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On Saturday Night

Margie Berry Fowler

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On Saturday night, in days gone by,
We would play Forty-two; my how time would fly.
We made plates of candy and popped big bowls of corn-
Bid high, wide, and handsome until the early hours of
mom.

Ten children would play, laugh, sing, and shout
Until about twelve they were all played out.
Floyd and Alvin bid high, and then they would smoke;
Jewel just grinned, while Margie told jokes.

Kidd was the first of the gang to go.
Uncle Sam called, so he couldn’t say no.
He was sent to Roswell to learn about bombs;
There he had to live with Harrys and Johns.

On Saturday night sometimes he was here;
He’d hitchhike a ride and with no fear.
He would just walk out and say with a grin,
“I hope the captain doesn’t see me
When I’m ready to go in.”

One day, some literature Jewel did order—
All about Arkansas, just east of our border.
They read it all over and quickly got the fever.
From the way they talked, I knew they
Wouldn’t be here long either.

They got a little Ford and packed it high and low,
Said, “We’re headed for Arkansas as fast as we can go.”
Now they are gone; our gang is all broken,
And do we miss them? Well, I’m not just jokin’.

(MARGIE BERRY FOWLER, who lives in Elk City, enjoys
traveling with her husband, Roy, and baking for friends. This, her
second WESTVIEW work, was submitted by her daughter, regular
WESTVIEW writer Margie Snowden North.)