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They Don't Always Ride White Horses / Old Wash Board

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HERO

The joy of simply being chosen

They Don't Always Ride White Horses

By Evelyn Bachmann

I saw you striding through our town,
Head-high and handsome, debonair.
Remote, and somewhat shy, I thought.
You could have been a movie star.

I don't think you knew, how
Your aura drew sighs
From every female creature thereabouts.

And yet, perhaps subconsciously, you did.
And chose plain me for your heart's protection.

HELPER

Only a collector's item nowadays

Old Wash Board

By Gladys Combett Rowlett

Old wash board, you have had your day —
Hard work, long hours, not much pay.
No mechanic was needed to keep you in gear,
Just strong arms and some elbow grease near.
A few hours' work and the task was done —
Clothes on the line to dry in the sun.
Then down behind the barn under the shade of a tree,
Where none but the cows and horses could see,
The men took a bath in a galvanized tub —
Off came the plow dirt with a rub a dub dub.
The water was warmed by the noonday sun,
And all were happy the day's work was done.
Then ready to get into nice clean clothes,
A fresh clean person, as everyone knows.

The automatic washer has taken your place;
Old wash board; you lost the race.
Now I can rest and read a book
While the clothes are washed — or see the dinner cook.
A dryer nearby takes care of it all.
Washing is fun, without much toil.
When I look at my possessions,
I give a big sigh,
And I try to keep a tear from my eye.
All I can say—
Goodbye, old wash board, goodbye.