

Hoboken

In days gone by this Mother
Town,

Was for her beauty far renowned,
But fate for her had that in store,
That earthly Mothers with her
bore.

T'was from her shore she bravely
sent,

Manhood and youth on errand
bent,

To help the world and make it free,
For that great thing Democracy.

What Mother would not show, a
scar?

Her choicest flowers sent so far,
And now the time has come for
all,

To answer her distressed call.

Hoboken that noble Mother, who,
Has done all this for all of you,
Cheer her today and make her
feel,

That scar we should entirely heal.

Advantages you cannot find,

She offers us, and has in mind,
To rise again and show that such,
A square mile, can give so much.

Our heavenly Father saw it all,
He made her suffer, almost fall,
To live anew with hopes so gay,
You must celebrate with her, this
day.

NINA HATFIELD

Writes Poetry

Or perhaps she might write some poetry such as one written some years ago in which she described her hobby of making pottery. In part, she wrote:

"A joy profound is given to us
mortals,

"When with deft hands the loved
thing we create,—

"Only in part it tells what we
are feeling

"And how a beauteous thing we
hope to make."