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Bookmobile Poem by Kay Umland, 1952.

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The Bookmobile

We, of Sunrise, just jump and sing,
When the bookmobile comes around,
We hardly can wait to get inside,
Until we get in, we frown.

But then Mrs. Birver comes in,
And smiles to let us know,
When the lower grades find their books,
The higher grades may go.

We hand our books to the driver,
Who puts them on the shelf.
Wouldn't you rather have him put
them there,
Than to put them there yourself?

Miss Meinkeuf helps us get the book,
We know not where to find,
Mrs. Birver also helps,
They both are very kind.

Then, after we have read our books,
To our faces again comes a frown,
We wait and wait and anticipate,
'Til the book-mobile again comes
around.

by
Kay Umland
Grade 7
Sunrise School