

*for
Rumel*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MISS TARBELL :

When they made the calendar ,back in long ago,
To November,it was promised, all the golden gifts should go.
The autumn's golden apples that to the harvest come;
The sun's spun gold--the brightest moon-- yellow-gold chrysanthemum.
But these rare gifts were not enough for they added, you remember,
The warm sun-tinted topaz as the birth stone of November.

For this--your newest birthday-- we sought a gift well styled
As a proper present for a November child.
But you have words of wisdom that the Bible says shall be
"Like apples of gold" set in silver filigree:
And as a stately flower in the garden of the sun,
The radiance of your friendship warms the heart of everyone.

But seven times eleven gave a magic-number clue
And led us to a birthday gift ,Miss Tarbell, just for you:
It's caught with sunshine and it glows with all our love retold
For you--Dear 'Golden Lady'--who never can grow old.

Pauline Bradley

"Apples of gold"
Proverbs 25, 11.