

Joseph C. Gunnell Sr., Activist, Former American Reporter

Joseph C. Gunnell Sr., a well known public servant, civic activist and community leader, died Feb. 20. He was 77.

Mr. Gunnell was born in St. Louis in 1918.

He graduated from Sumner High School and attended Lincoln University. After serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, he earned his undergraduate degree in anthropology and sociology from Tennessee State University. He later earned a master's degree from Washington University.

A committed and long time volunteer and activist in St. Louis, Mr. Gunnell was a reporter and columnist for the *St. Louis American* newspaper and the *St. Louis Argus*. He volunteered his time and energy to work with youth through the Boy Scouts, the YMCA and a weekly radio show aimed at encouraging students to stay in school.

As a public servant, Mr. Gunnell's career included positions as supervisor for the Missouri Division of Family Services, deputy juvenile office for the city of St. Louis Circuit Court, supervisor for the St. Louis Land Clearance Authority, housing manager for the Pruitt-Igoe Housing Development and director of the St. Louis Department of Welfare. He also was a teacher at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas and Scott Air Force Base in Illinois.

Mr. Gunnell was an active member of Union Memorial United Methodist Church, where he was a choir member and past member of the church's board of trustees.

He was also a member of the Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity, and held several positions within the organization. Mr. Gunnell also loved to write poetry, and some of his works can be found at the St. Louis Public Library and in the library at Sumner High School.

Mr. Gunnell is survived by his wife, Ann P. Gunnell; sister, Anna Gunnell Wigley; brother, Charles C. Gunnell; children, Joseph Jr. and George Gunnell of St. Louis; Charles A. Gunnell and Kathleen Gunnell Saadat of Portland, Oregon; a niece, Evelyn Pillars Hines; grandchildren, Cheryl, Franco, Lawrence and Jenice; and other relatives from the Hill and Buck families.



Joseph C. Gunnell
1918 - 1996

1996

St. Louis American

1996

Here's to our dear Alma Mater
School of all schools we love thee
Joseph C (Joe) Gunnell, Sr.

THE

CALM AND THE WAVE

By

Joseph C. Gunnell, Sr.

A Manuscript Of Original Poems

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The author desires to take this opportunity to acknowledge the assistance of and express gratitude for such help to the late U. S. Donaldson. Mr. Donaldson was a former teacher at the Sumner High School in St. Louis. He was also a minister and a most eloquent orator whose renown is widespread throughout this country.

Not only was he a former teacher of mine, but a friend, neighbor, confidante and counsellor.

He spent countless hours in discussion, advising and editing many of these items, as well as encouraging me to continue to write.

I will be ever grateful to him.

I wish to also acknowledge the encouragement and assistance of former professors of mine, formerly of Tennessee A & I State College (Now Tennessee A & I State University) who, at the time this manuscript was being developed, offered encouragement and assistance. These former professors are the former Miss Helen Houghton, teacher of English Literature and Professor Hinton Jones, also in the Division of Literature.

These people have my undying gratitude for their sympathetic, understanding attitudes and helping hands offered.

Author

DEDICATION

Oftimes when one has completed a manuscript such as this he feels he should dedicate it to someone such as wife, mother, father, son, daughter, sister, brother or dear friend.

I am fortunate in that at the beginning of this manuscript I possessed practically all of the foregoing. Not only that; all were an important part of my life.

So, with sincere appreciation I wish to dedicate this manuscript to my wife, and other members of my family who have understood me when I did not understand myself. Who have stood by consistently and patiently, giving their support and their encouragement.

This also includes my late father and mother who were always a source of inspiration and a bulwark of love and support.

To my children with all of the love a father can harbor for his progeny.

To my many friends who have read excerpts from the script and offered so much encouragement.

Finally to the many shipmates with whom I served in the U. S. Navy at Great Lakes, Illinois; U. S. Naval Training School, Hampton, Virginia; Navy Barracks 919, Hawaii; and Naval Supply Depot, 926, Guam, Mariannas Islands, and many others aboard ships at sea and stationed at land bases.

To all these persons who in the midst of war, desired and prayed intently and intensively for peace, this manuscript is hereby humbly, yet sincerely dedicated in the name of peace and concept of love.

The Author

When Day Is Done

At twilight, my thoughts
Are homeward bound
My weary feet doth
Drag the dusty ground
My day of distasteful labor
Is now complete
I pause a moment
To rest my tired, burning feet

Evening comes and I
Tread my weary way
Back over the path;
I covered earlier in the day
My body's tired and aching
My eyes weary, back is breaking
Worn and torn asunder
By exploitation's plunder

Night: I go to sleep
And pray that I sleep deep
Until the next dreary day;
When; to work again
I'll be on my way
Weary before I begin
Still striving with other men

Time passes on
Steadily, never stopping;
For one second - not a single pause--
For any cause
This life, filled with misery
And strife for me,
Still goes on unhampered;
Toiling, grinding, endlessly.

Joe Gunnell

June 13, 1945

Glimpse Of Hades

Time draggeth slowly by
I hang my weary head
It seems that it will never fly
I wish that I were dead.

There is no hope of happiness
In this sad and lonely world
Just blindly staggering, feeling along,
In life's mad, hurried swirl.

No aim in life to spur me on
No source of inspiration
A lovely dream that is now gone
No hope for my salvation.

I'm like a poor, lost, drowning soul
Clutching for a straw
Ere the water closes over my head
I see life's every flaw.

I see each great mistake I've made,
Now to late to rectify.
For soon my wretched life will snap,
And I'll be left to die

Death faces me with cold and staring eyes
Unblinking; without emotion
To come and take my restless soul
Hitherto unknown to devotion.

No feeling for God nor fellowman,
This snarling wretched beast
Who in this hour of pending death
Yearned, with the saints to feast

Joe Gunnell

July 10, 1945

The Cynic

Somewhere deep down inside me,
Some little thing had died;
Though I tried hard, earnestly
It's life could not be revived.

For not a spark of this dead thing
Was gleaned from it's tomb
As it lay there inert and quiet,
As one unborn within it's mother's womb.

What was this thing so still
That I tried to make live once more?
Still hammering in my memory,
As someone seeking entrance at a door.

Is this a phase of life
Through which everyone must pass,
Or is it something laughing, mocking me
From out the deep, dark past?

What stirs my thoughts to secret things,
That none can fathom in the course of years?
That shows no emotion at sight of pain
And laughs gleefully at others' tears.

Flee fast from me o sorrow!

And keep thyself clear of my path;

For, I gain confidence on the morrow

To shake free from thy bonds of wrath.

Joe Gunnell

October 1, 1945

Ode To A Cup Of Wine

Ode to a cup of wine
That sends one's senses reeling,
Leaving only a hulk of a being,
Lying senseless, and without feeling.

The cup of wine; whose strength
Weakens and breaks the will
And makes raging maniacs of men,
Or leaves them laying quiet, still.

The cause of a man to stagger
Listlessly along the road of life
And lose his proud, stately swagger;
And lie inert beside impatient wife.

A cup of savory stimulant,
Creating a condition distracted
Upon those; when sobered
Can tell not, how they have reacted.

Ah drunkeness, thou creator of evil;
Thoughts, acts and ignoble deeds;
Thy field can yield only disaster,
For it is sown of evil, unfertile seeds.

And now I raise my glass,
To drink your everlasting health
And as the dregs are drained,
So disperses all my earthly wealth.

Now bleary eyes and sunken cheeks,
A broken physical appearance doth display;
Along with shaky hands and wobbly legs,
The price the wine imbiber must pay.

Joe Gunnell

September 15, 1945

The Return

I snuggled close to you, darling,
With my head upon your breast,
And spoke not a word of anything
But lay there just to rest.

I'd traveled far and wide, dear;
My journey was hard and long,
And I lay quietly and rested,
While you softly hummed a song.

Yes, I was weary, sweetheart,
And I quickly went to sleep.
But you didn't mind my snoring
Or my breathing, labored and deep.

For having me back was enough, you said,
To make up for the time we'd lost.
I'll try to make you happy now,
No matter what the trial may cost.

Joe Gunnell

October 1, 1945

Let Me Know A Love

Let me know a love that moves a man
To the very depths of his soul,
That guides and inspires him to carry on
To reach his ultimate goal.

A love that is so tender and warm,
That neither time nor space can kill;
That even in the quiet of death,
Will go on living still.

A love that flows on endlessly
As steadily as a stream;
A love that is as real as life
Yet as sweet as the sweetest dream.

Let me know a love that makes music
On the strings of my lonely heart.
Though I may be many miles away
Will let nothing keep us spiritually apart.

Let me know a love as strong as steel;
Yet, as tender as a soft caress
That even in the midst of sorrow
Will stimulate happiness.

A love not even great lovers knew
Back in ancient history;
A love that only you can give,
Your undying love for me.

A love that has no bounds or end,
More vast than the sky of blue,
The only love I've ever known:
My eternal love for you.

Joe Gunnell

February 24, 1945

Pensive

I sit silently here
Deep in thought of you
Wondering whether
I've been worthy of you

My thoughts go back
To days at school
Where we'd lie at the edge
Of the brook, clear and cool.

I wonder if you think
Of me now and then
Wonder if you miss me
If I'll return and when.

When I think of the quiet,
Peaceful evenings at home
The wanderlust in me
The desire to roam;

I wonder if a woman ever
Shares a man's views
On hunting, fishing,
Sports, drama and news.

Then I thought again deeply
And wondered why
When women are happy
Instead of laughing - they cry?

And at night in a barracks;
As in a bunk I lie,
I wonder if we're both
Watching the same moonlit sky.

I wonder if your thoughts
Travel back thru the years;
If you remember our happy hours
Joys, sorrows and tears.

I see the stars shining
In the heavens so high;
Then I think of the kids,
Boy, does time fly!

I wonder, next year, at this time,
Where I'll be,
In some foreign land,
Back home or at sea?

Will I come back
To the things I love
Or will my body be lying
In some far off cove?

Would it really be worth it
If I lost my life
In all this struggle
Filled with suffering and strife?

Will people of the world
Learn to understand
That a man's a man
Despite his native land?

And through thoughts,
Hopes and mem'ries that burn
I wonder if you'll be waiting
When and if I return?

Joe Gunnell

November 15, 1944

Search For Happiness

The air was cold, the day was clear
I had no soul, the end was near
For living I had no desire
My mind was hazy, murky as mire

Inspiration, I had not
For what I'd learned I'd paid a lot
The price to me was very dear
I cared not if the end were near

Then out of the darkness came a light
As lightning flashing through the night
My thoughts became strangely awake
I must go on for someone's sake

That someone may be just like me
Lost somewhere on life's great sea
Struggling alone, through storm and strife
Fighting courageously to save his life

The life, though filled with woe
Wants to witness another tomorrow
Hoping the dawn of another day
Will bring some happiness along his way

The old verse: "Seek and you shall find"
Has never left his troubled mind
For happiness he's searching still
He'll find it if it is his will

Happiness is not found within one's self
It comes through helping someone else
By doing your bit for your fellowman
It's found in his smile, in the clasp of his hand

So, as you go out o'er life's way
Doing your tasks from day to day
At home or in some foreign land
Do the best you can for your fellowman.

Joe Gunnell

January 11, 1945

Release Me

Why bid me return to you
Knowing you will not be true
During tortuous months across the sea
You've shown no love, no sincerity
What words and thoughts were in your heart
Haunting me though we were worlds apart
While troubled thoughts stayed in my brain
And filled my soul with aching pain
Why not release me female wretch
Grasp another fool within your clutch
Someone with whom you'll laugh and jest
And give him not a moments rest
Someone who'll think your follies cute
And your words as music from the lute
The same as I did years ago
Until you made my life a flaw
Until the day I lost my trust
And turned from thee, filled with lust
And indulged in games of chance and sin
My mind a roaring restless din
So, release me I beg thee please
And put my restless soul at ease
That I may obliterate the blight
And get some peaceful sleep at night.

Tortured Soul

What morbid torture wrecks my soul at night
When fades the day's warm sunny, beaming light
What thoughts run through my tired, troubled mind
How can fate be so unfair, so cruel; unkind
To frustrate all my sincere, obsessed aims
Take away the winnings of my games
And turn me out even before I'm growing old
Into a world that's bleak and cruel and cold
Leaving me no place on earth to try
To prove just what I'm worth -- only to die
Yet death, in all it's calmness and it's still,
Is welcome -- life no longer holds a thrill
Only worry, trouble, sin and storm and strife
After all of these are gone, comes the end of life
Sweet peace and rest; sleep undisturbed my thought
I fear not, now, to tread where others think I ought
So, come sweet death, enfold me in thy wings
And take me away where the angel sings
Where I'll be free from all these
Struggles and strife
To sit and laugh at this dreary thing called life.

Joe Gunnell

July 9, 1945

Rerieved

I felt as is I'd welcome death
'Til you stepped through the door:
Then I desired to live
Forever more
I kept evading love
To live no more
Then you came into my heart
To be adored
I had no desire to hear
A song so sweet
And yet your song did stir
My pulse's beat
I went along not seeing
Cloudless skies
And lost my heart when
I looked into your eyes
I knew I'd never see
True love again
Yet from my painful heart
You drew that pain
Now I do not know
Just what I think
Except that you're the one
To save me from despair's brink.

Pray Don't Push Me

Pray; don't push me if I stumble
Or kick me if I fall;
For, I am meek and humble,
And for your help I call.
The fall into the gutter,
Is one no one likes to take
The feeble words I utter,
Is a plea - a friend to make.
It is said by men of learning,
And those smart enough to see,
If you keep me in the gutter
You must stay with me.

Joe Gunnell

August 25, 1945

The Riddle Of Life

I drank the dregs from the cup of life
'Twas bitter, I must confess;
For I'm a disillusioned man,
For whom there is no rest.

I believed in something called love
But found to my surprise
That love is something to be shunned
By men considered wise.

I tried to believe in religion;
And it happened to be my fate;
To find the worshippers of my God
Full of spite and hate.

Then I trusted many men
Who called themselves my friends;
'Twas true, they were, when things were bright;
But when needed, the friendship ends.

I'd been taught to trust in God,
And have faith in my fellowmen;
But I have to wonder what the teachings are
Of the fellows that called me friend.

Must a man's friendship be based upon
His prosperity, success or his wealth,
Or is a friend the man around;
In poverty, sickness or health?

So I must continue to stumble along
In a world of deceit and strife;
Trying to justify myself for many faults
Trying to solve this riddle of life.

Joe Gunnell

September 9, 1945

Indispensable Man

To all the men in this wide world
Who think themselves indispensable;
It falls my unhappy lot to say,
This thought is quite insensible.

For long before the time of man
This world was moving along;
And after we're all passed away,
The world will still move on.

And I've been told, by those who know,
The world is a very large place.
It would take an exceptional man,
To fill up all its space.

Thus, let us not think we're so great
Or that we can't be told a thing or two;
For there's many a man who knows the "ropes"
Whose wisdom may help see us through.

So to all the men in this wide world
who by themselves seem to stand,
Most men who've climbed the steps of success
Have at sometime needed a hand

Now don't think that you know it all,
For some people smarter than you;
Somewhere along the road of life,
Had to be told a thing or two.

Though you may be an extraordinary man,
And considered one of the best;
There'll still be someone who'll "carry on"
Long after you're laid to rest.

So listen my friends to these few words,
Though foolish, they may seem now;
When you have walked your long "last mile,"
The world will get along somehow.

Joe Gunnell

September 11, 1945

Goulash

Many years ago, when the world began
The Lord made one woman and just one man
Put them in the Garden of Eden, a beautiful place
And, they were the beginning of the human race

They bore children and their children bore more
Until there were many, where there were none before
There was no color to be conscious of, and,
Hate was only because of a loss of love

As the people began to multiply
Somewhere a difference in race came by.
Just when, where, or how, I can't say
But those differences in race remain today.

They're a basis of hate, and oppression, and fear
A platform for politics year after year
Somewhere, somehow, in every place
The main discussion is about some race.

Just what the question is, I do not know,
If you're black, you're not allowed where I go,
That man is yellow and he must be barred,
From the party over in his neighbor's yard.

That man is red; another said
Rather than shake his hand, I'd rather be dead
Another, "I can't stand a wop"
He should go somewhere and "drop"

That "Kike" is just a no good Jew
He helps keep the country in a stew
And a "nigger" should always keep his place
He isn't fit for the human race

The greasy Greek should never leave Greece
While he's over here, we'll never have peace
That Irish cop, who walks this beat
Should be in Ireland at his majesty's feet

Those "Limeys" are a helluva lot
With their "cheerio" and all that rot
And those damned old Dutch should all drop dead
They've nothing in their empty heads

This is a cross section of America
Home of the brave, land of the free
Where all men have fought for liberty
And are still fighting to keep us free

But we can't have peace at home or any place
Until we become the human race
And forget that color does not make the man
Then we will have a strong, unified land

For somewhere back in 1942
A black man was in some ship's crew
The ship was sunk by an enemy craft
And he towed his white shipmates to shore on a raft

On a train, that was running through the South
Some merchant sailors were heading for port
To take supplies across the sea to our men
And the train crew separated the shipmates and friends

Because one of the sailors was black and others white
The conductor said that they had no right
To ride together in the same railroad car
Not even to help win the bloody war

But the white friends of the colored man
Refused to be separated from their friend
And told the conductor that they were "hell bent"
To report him to the government

It's good to know that some men know
That a man is a man wherever you go
'Cause someday you may need some help yourself
And a man of another color will say: "Find someone else"

So the world is large enough for all
No place is really too cramped or small
If we'll all remember, if we can
That it's character, not color, that makes a man.

Joe Gunnell

September 17, 1945

Leave Me

Leave me now and let my memories be sweet,
Of things we used to do and places we would meet,
Of songs we used to sing or tunes we used to hum,
Of places where you'd wait because you knew I'd come.

Leave me now without the least regret,
Of knowing that we've loved since first we met,
Remember that we danced and held each other tight,
And lived through every day to love at night.

Leave me now without a thought of ever being blue,
Of knowing when I loved, I cherished none but you;
And in your leaving me, have not the slightest pain,
If you should find another to love again.

Joe Gunnell

November 1, 1946

Ode To The Mothball

The moth flits
And flies around
Not knowing when
He's mothball bound
The mothball merely
Lies in wait
For moth to eat,
And when in the heat,
He flits around
He knows not why
The mothball causes
Him to die.

Joe Gunnell

April 1, 1957

Are Your Evenings Long

Are your evenings long and lonesome;
Have your blue skies turned to gray?
Are you happy since you left me;
Did it chase your blues away?

I believe you know I love you;
There's nothing I wouldn't do,
Just to try and make you happy;
Can't you see I'm in love with you?

Are you glad we're separated;
Are you happy we're apart?
If you're happy, then I'm sorry,
'Cause you see, you're still in my heart.

Are your evenings long and lonesome;
Just the same as mine are too?
Dear, I just want to make you happy;
For I'm so much in love with you.

Joe Gunnell

December 19, 1956

Come Back

When you went away,
You took my heart with you.
My blue turned to gray,
The moment I missed you.

Now I'm alone
My memories taunt me;
I'm still your own,
You will ever haunt me.

I never knew how much I loved you
'Til you went away from me.
Now I know I loved and adored you,
Won't you come back to me?

Won't you come back
To my loving arms, dear
Just where you should be
I'll love and cherish you forever,
Darling come back to me!

Joe Gunnell

December 19, 1956

I Need Someone

I need someone to talk to at night,
When my daily work is through.
Someone whose presence fills me with delight,
Darling, that someone is you

I need someone to hold in my arms
And love with all my might
Someone who knows how much I love her
Darling, that someone is you.

I wander around as if lost in a fog;
I'm upset and I'm all at sea,
How would you like to be treated
As you are treating me?

I need someone to fill my heart
With a love that's true
Someone to change my gray skies to blue;
Darling, that someone is you.

Joe Gunnell

December 19, 1956

The Day I Died

I died the day I was born.
For this world was filled with chaos, strife and malice.
Though my screams were those of a newborn babe,
My spirit was deadened to the misery of the poor,
The persecuted, the enslaved, the downtrodden.
Though my eyes were opened; I perceived not the sun
Shining from the sky as a great ball of fire,
Warming the earth's bosom by its rays;
Yet, not melting the stone cold hearts of my brothers.

I died the day I was born.
For though I kicked and squirmed and wriggled,
It was not the spirit of life that moved me,
But the agony that one must encounter throughout life.
The pangs of hate, greed, exploitation rendered me dead,
Even before I had the chance to breathe the breath of life.

I died the day I was born.
For here, where the Master walked, was not the love
Of life and fellowman but desecration of all the things
That one would hold dearly to his heart and within its depths.
Here in the world was murder, lust, greed, persecution,
And the complete disregard of man for the need of his brother.
Where I would try to offer friendship, I was hated,
And when I would seek honorable employment I was exploited.

I died the day that I was born.
For the plight of one that would inspire the virtures
Is ground under the heel of those that perpetuate the vices
After many years of living in death, I now look forward
To the light of life, searching for that place where I
May no longer fear to offer friendship, and love to others.

Joe Gunnell

January 7, 1958

The Threshold Of Death

Here I stand at the threshold of death;
Willingly leaving behind a life filled
With heartbreak, disappointment, remorse,
Despondency and utter despair.

A life endowed with failure after failure;
Where each attempt at success is met with
Complete defeat and each smile that would
Adorn my face becomes a vale of tears.

Here I stand at the threshold of death;
Awaiting the coming of the dark angel so that
I may be enfolded beneath his wings of protection
From a world that's cruel, cold and unresponsive
To a warm smile, a friendly handshake, or a
Word of encouragement, nor offering any of these.
Where a cheery of greeting to one's fellowman
Stimulates a response filled with hatred and derision.
A world where religion is seated in the narrow base
Of Denominationalism, rather than in the words of God.
At the threshold of death, I look forward to the
Everlasting shining of the sun, the unclouded heavens
In all of God's glory; where peace, contentment and
Rest from the weary cares and toils of life may be
Ended and love will reign supreme, throughout eternity.

Where love is of the spirit and the smile will be
Returned with a smile.

Where the heart is understood and the good within it,
Will shine forth with clear meaning stimulating
Everlasting love and affection to those loved.

The threshold of death, where motives are meaningful
And pure, not misinterpreted by those who would
Destroy me and my soul for a mere pittance;
Merely for the sake of destruction.

Come Angel of Darkness and carry me across
The threshold of death into the everlasting light.

Joe Gunnell

January 7, 1958

I Think Of You

Everytime my heart beats, dear
I think of you.

Whenever I'm not near you, dear
I think of you

Your smile inspires me
To do so many things.

When I am near you, dear
My heart just sings and sings, and,

When I go to sleep, dear
I dream of you.

I pray the Lord to keep, dear
Our love so true.

You're my one and only
Without you I'm so lonely;
Everything just seems to keep me
Thinking of you dear.

Joe Gunnell

January 15, 1939

Christmas Poem

One night as shepherds watched their flock
A babe was born among the stock
A manger was the place of birth
But the babe's renown tranersed the earth

Men came to this manger from afar
Following the light of a guiding star
They found the place where the baby lay
And knelt in reverence to pray

They offered gifts to the Holy Child
Their voices low, their manner mild
With awe and respect the worshipped Him
As the star shone with it's bright gleam

Today we still honor that birth
Though strife and chae's cover the earth
Let's hope the time will come again
When there'll be peace on earth, goodwill to all men.

Joe Gunnell

December 22, 1944

Lovesong

The sun that lights the earth by day;
A smile that steals your heart away;
The moonrise on the lake at night;
Your arms that held me so very tight.

The love that crept into my heart
I loved you from the very start
The song of love you used to sing
You are my thoughts, my everything.

I see your image where ever I go;
I hear your voice so soft and low;
Your memory's always kept aglow
With words you whispered long ago.

I wish that I were with you now;
I think that things would change somehow.
Your nearness always seems to be;
A source of inspiration to me.

In my lonely reverie,
I hope there's still a chance for me.
In my dreams this lonely night,
Your love still burns bright.

Joe Gunnell

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With Rights To Improve December 22, 1944

I Don't Know Why

I don't know why I love you,
But I love you it's true.
Just like I know the sky is blue,
That's how I know I love you.

I can't say why I miss you,
Though I'm lonesome and blue.
I sit alone at night and hope
You love me and miss me, too.

Things that never seemed to matter,
Now mean so much to me.
I was so blind that I couldn't see
That these things were meant to be.

I keep on hoping and praying
That you yearn for me still.
I don't know why I love you, but
I love you, I always will.

Joe Gunnell

November 15, 1944

Love

There's a little thing called love
That no one understands..

Some show their love by kissing
And others by holding hands.

Some couples go for car rides;
Some just walk through the park;
Others like to go to night clubs,
While some "pet" in the dark.

Some go to see a movie
Some take a long boat ride
Some go to a picnic
Others just sit side by side.

Some love to go out dancing,
While others like to skate.
Some watch the stars that twinkle.
While some just stay out late.

Some like to play a card game
Some like to window-shop;
Others are just happy "jitterbugs",
Who like to sing, "mop, mop".

All of these things that lovers do,
Including watching the moon above;
I've a little girl I love a lot,
And we just love to love.

Joe Gunnell

May 30, 1945

In Retrospect

Last night as I lay thinking
In my hut on my lonely bed
-- My mind muddled as a stagnant pool--
Many thoughts ran through my head.
I wondered what "it was all about",
What I would return to?
A home, a girl with a heart full of love,
Or just a memory of what I once knew?
Would the home, the town, and the people
Still look and be the same;
Or would I appear as a stranger
With no one remembering my name?
Would the kids I once played games with,
Seem strange to me and I to them?
Would the man that I once worked for
Still want me to work for him?
Would the streets I'd walked so often
Still be so familiar to me?
Or would bare windows stare thru the darkness,
Bringing haunting, vivid memories?
Will the world still be full of hate,
Intolerance and prejudice too?
Will men understand brotherhood of man,
And work to build a peace that's true?

If others have done some thinking
Of the peace of the years to come;
Will earnestly endeavor to build the peace,
We'll all welcome our time to come home.

Joe Gunnell

August 16, 1945

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Mother

When I was but a tiny babe
'Twas for me, her all she gave
No sacrifice was too great
To her, my problems had no weight.

If sickness came she'd not despair
But bring me 'round with tender care
And undying faith in God above
For her child, undying love.

If I were near the point of death
It would be Mom who'd lead the rest
Up to the side of my sick bed,
And she would rub my fevered head.

It filled Mom's heart with untold joy
To show me off as just her boy.
Now that I'm a man
My life is still in Mom's plan

Though I'm grown, I'm not too wise
For Mother to guide me, and advise.
When I crossed the deep blue sea,
'Twas Mother's prayers that followed me.

God answered Mother's prayers once more
And let me safely reach this shore.
She's praying for my shipmates too
Like all Mothers good and true.
In all this world there is no other
Like a guy's unselfish, loving mother.

Joe Gunnell

April 27, 1945

War Nights

Last night I couldn't sleep,
For out of the darkness deep
Came thoughts of many things,
And the horrors that war brings.

The men lead rugged lives;
Faithful, to faithless wives;
Loving their children so dear
They've not seen for many a year.

Thoughts of homes torn asunder;
Of pilgrimages and of plunder,
Of death, sickness and disease,
And minds that are ill at ease.

Thoughts of a world of peace
And hopes for the war to cease;
To return to a home again
And live as stalwart men.

Not racked with fever and pain-
To enjoy life once again,
To work and plan and scheme,
And realize their fondest dream.

One day the time will come
And I'll return dear one,
And sleep just as I ought
Free from war's horrible thought.

Joe Gunnell

June 25, 1945

Tropic Island Blues

I'm sitting here as blue
As anyone can be;
Right in the shade
Of this old cocoanut tree,
Looking up at a sky
That's so blue above,
Knowing that I haven't
Anyone for me to love.

I'm way out here
On this tropic isle,
Wandering all around
Like a little, lost child
I don't know what in heck
I am going to do.
All I can tell you is
That I'm just so blue.

Blue because you are
So far away from me.
All I can do is sit
Here underneath this tree.
I look up at night and
Watch a yellow moon,
And wish that you could
Hear me hum my lonely tune.

I guess I'll keep the blues
Until I get back home; to
Hold you again in my arms
Never more to roam.

I don't want to gamble
Or drink any booze,
I just want to get rid of
These tropic island blues.

Joe Gunnell

June 25, 1945

Is This Love?

Words my lips
Cannot impart
Undescribable feeling
Deep in my heart
Head goes reeling
When I hear your name
Go around in circles
But I'm not to blame
Hands, so soft,
Caress tenderly
Open eyes
That do not see
I hear you speak
My knees get weak
I don't know what to do
Is this love?
If so, then I love you.

Joe Gunnell

June 12, 1945

No One Else

There are no other arms
For me but yours dear
There'll be no other lips
For ever more dear
Your eyes that shine
Your smile devine
Just linger on
Your tender kiss
Brings heav'nly bliss
Now, darling, since you're gone
There'll be no other love
For me but yours, dear
I ask the stars above
To watch over you
No matter where you are
My guiding love
Will always be with you
Ever, the angels will keep
Our love so true.

Joe Gunnell

June 7, 1945

No Longer Lonely

I was so lonely
Until I met you
No where to go
Nothing to do
I stayed by myself
Forgot how to dance
Forgot I'd ever heard
That old word romance
Sometimes I'd drink a cocktail
At the nearby bar
Each night I'd sit and watch
My lonely star
This world was just an empty place
'Til in my heart you filled a space
Now I'm no longer lonely
Because I met you.

Joe Gunnell

June 12, 1945

Dad

One of the best friends
I've ever had
Is a gray haired fellow
Whom I call Dad

I remember him
From years ago
With his soft mellow voice
Pitched so low

It was Dad who toiled
To pay the bills
Pay the doctor;
For the "kiddies" ills

Dad who longed
For the stable things
Who knew all the answers
To the "little things"

Ever since I've
Been able to recall
We were Dad's kids
And he loved us all

So here's to my Dad
One swell guy
God bless and keep him
As the years go by

So here's your health Dad
And many years of joy
And a whole world of happiness
Is the wish of your boy.

Joe Gunnell

June 15, 1945

Lasting Love

The sky was filled
With pale moonlight
The silvery stars
Were shining bright

A slight breeze blew
To relieve the heat
The scent of the air
Was deliciously sweet

I couldn't help
Thinking of you
'Neath the glory
Of the starry blue

I thought of you
So far from sight
In the stillness of
The tropic night

While moonbeams played
Down a starry lane
My undying love
Was born again

My love for you
Has been so strong, that
It has made my life
One continuous song

Through decades of
Trust and affection
It's an ideal love
That is real perfection

A love that has never
Left my beating heart
Darling it will never
Let us part.

Joe Gunnell

June 23, 1945

Let It Last

The world is now at peace

Let it last

The roaring guns have ceased

Let it last

May men come home to stay

And live in a peaceful way

Nevermore to go away

Let it last

No more the planes now fly

Let it last

On death missions thru the sky

Let it last

Instead of loosing death

On the earth's developed breast

From the battle take a rest

Let it last

Men no more will shoot to kill

Let it last

They'll go home their soil to till

Let it last

Let the peace that's o'er the earth

Bring to us a brand new birth

Of candid peace and the price it's worth

Let it last.

Geneva

When sun shines
On morning dew;
My heart pines;
I'm not near you
My every thought is of,
And for you, love
Geneva dear!
When night falls,
I think of you.
When love calls,
I'm calling you!
My very soul is filled
With your being,
Geneva dear!
And now sleep descends on me,
I wonder, dear,
Where you can be;
You are my love, my guidance,
And my inspiration,
Geneva Dear!

Joe Gunnell

June 2, 1945

Dedicated to Charles Pearson and his wife

Jane

We rode the range in California
In the sunshine; in the rain,
And I never noticed the weather,
When I was with you, Jane
O'er hill and dale we'd ride together;
Hearts beating in unison, our hands entwined.
Your lips, fresh as morning dew on roses,
Firmly, yet gently, pressed to mine.
Hours spent with you seem as minutes;
Time has never so swiftly flown;
My heart was open, you came into it;
Now I am yours Jane; yours alone.
In my arms I held you closely;
And then I kissed you tenderly,
Vowing that I loved you dearly.
I surrendered to you willingly.
Every moment I've spent with you
Haunts me vividly, night and day;
Reminding me just how I miss you,
Darling, since I've been away

Each tender kiss you've given me;
Every lovely, haunting strain,
Keeps returning to my mem'ry,
Bringing thoughts of you, dear Jane.

Joe Gunnell

September 9, 1945

For Kenneth Sapp and his girl

Should I

Should I let my head rule my heart
Or should I fall in love again?
If things should turn out as before,
Would it be worth the pain and strain?
Why let my weak mind get my strong
Heart in trouble
Just for some little dame that might
"Deal double?"
Should I let my heart rule my head,
Just to be a fool once more
Or should I play smart, close up my heart
And put a padlock on love's door?

Joe Gunnell

December 23, 1945

A Day With A Child.

As I walked down the avenue
One bright and sunny day,
A little child smiled at me
And invited me to play.

She took me by my big, rough hand,
And led me into the yard,
Where we built air castles
Too magnificent for words.

I was her prince charming,
A little princess was she.
I saved her from a dragon,
Then she married me.

We had a happy kingdom
And then came a mighty war.
So, I had to leave my princess
And go to lands afar.

I crossed the mighty desertland,
I sailed the deep blue sea,
But everywhere I went, I knew
My princess awaited me.

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Then we grew tired of royalty,
And left the days of old;
We entered the year of '98
To go and search for gold.

I was her handsome cowboy
A He-Man of the West,
Who protected kids and widows
A "crackshot" at his best.

Then after we built a ranch house
And bought a thousand cows.
We gave up ranching to go East
To run an eating house.

We started making mudpies;
Boy, could that kid cook!
Her mudpies were delicious
She didn't need a book.

Soon she was tired of playing,
Time came for her nap.
She thanked me for playing with her;
I think I looked a "sap".

But if you want a good time
Whenever you're feeling blue,
Play a while with a little child,
And your troubles will leave you.

It will keep a smile upon your face
And a song within your heart.
It won't take very long, really
A fine friendship to start.

One thing you can't help but find
That children are sincere
There's not a lot of "fogeyism"
Like from grown folks you will hear.

Thus, if you want a buddy
Who is kind and good and true
Just find a child who needs a pal
And your day will be far from blue.

Joe Gunnell

February 12, 1945

Eventide

In the stillness of the evening,
As I watched the setting sun,
In a state of relaxation,
For my daily work was done,
My thoughts turned back to you.

As I sat there in the dusk
With my old briar pipe and book
And a glass of wine beside me,
In that cozy little nook,
I drank a toast to you

While I gazed into the fireplace,
With its coals of glowing red
While the words, "My dear I love you"
Just kept running through my head
Those words were meant for you.

As the dusk turned into darkness,
And the day began to fade,
I just couldn't keep from thinking
Of the lovely plans I'd made;
Those plans were all for you.

As the night wore steadily on,
And the sunset passed from view
To mind there came a song,
That reminded me of you;
I sang that song for you.

Then I climbed the lonely stair,
Going to my lonely room,
And I said a solemn prayer;
There in the lonely gloom,
I prayed that prayer for you.

Joe Gunnell

March 3, 1945

The Pacific

A vast velvety blanket of blue, covering
A vast expansion of space
Where lazy clouds pause to rest on the horizon.
Where angels meet in its calmness and
When its waters are vengeful, the very
Devil from hell is present to stir them up.
Where the vastness itself is beautiful
And nothing comes between sky and sea;
And spasmodically deep blue waves don
Caps of foamy white that rival the
Beauty of snow capped mountain peaks.
Where sea gulls fly endlessly in the wake
Of ships and perch upon a wave now and then
To rest their weary wings.
Where flying fish streak across the waters
In silvery, magnificent splendor;
Where the sun, instead of setting, seems
To cover itself with a blanket of royal
Blue, and the calmness seems to inspire
A peacefulness within.

Where the sun's reflection, even though
Blinding, holds the eye to witness its
Own firey, silvery, yet beautiful splendor.

Where each end of the rainbow's arc sits
Upon a regal blue pedestal, adding beauty
And color to the arc itself.

Where the beams of a tropic moon are
Cradled and rocked by the gently breaking
Waves, and mighty ships are dwarfed by its
Greatness; and the secrets locked within
Its depths and watched over by all the
Stars in the heavens, are still a mystery
To man.

Joe Gunnell

April 20, 1945 (at sea)

Tortured Soul - 2

Oh, tortured soul, dejected and down trod
Adjust thyself; prepare to meet thy god.
Remit thy debts, you owe society;
Shake not thy condemning finger at me
For did not thy Savior verily cry,
"Stone not"; but take the beam from thine own eye?
For even though for fairness you are known;
If you're without sin, cast thou the first stone.
Why condemn me for my fault; which is but one?
When you've not counted any evils you have done.
Forget that I am homely -- without charm;
Remember, that I've never done you harm.
Think only of love and kindness, if you will
Help your neighbor to his feet;
If he should chance to spill
Prepare dejected, saddened soul down trod,
Lift up thy face to see thy Living God.

Joe Gunnell

August 25, 1945

Delores

I want to give you
A brand new car;
Travel with you
To a distant star!
I want to give you
A wedding ring,
My dear Delores,
Of thee I sing!
I want to hold you
In my eager arms
And shelter you
From life's great storms
If you'll be my queen,
I'll be your king,
My sweet Delores,
Of thee I sing!
- And when we've both
Become quite old,
With silver threads,
Mixed with the gold,
The changing times
Won't mean a thing

Because, my love,
Of you I'll sing!

Joe Gunnell

May 31, 1945

Dedicated to my Buddy - Dwight E. Smith,
Y1C, USN for him and his girl

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The Glory Of God

The glory of God is reflected
In the light of the stars and the moon,
The bare branches of trees in winter,
The blooming of flowers in June.

The glory of God is reflected
In the sight of a cloudless sky,
By the mercy He shows to sinners
To see some good in you and me.

The glory of God is reflected
In the calm of a peaceful sea,
In the song of birds that soar in the air
By their nests that they build in the tree.

The glory of God is reflected
In a breeze so soft and mild,
In a stretch of sandy desert land,
In a mother's love for her child

The glory of God is reflected
In a rainbow that shows in the sky
In the trees that make a mighty forest
In the wings of a butterfly.

The glory of God is reflected
In a temper that's soft and mild
In the song of a happy boy or girl
In the wistfulness of a smile.

All these things reflect God's glory
In earth and sky and sea.
I hope that someday that glory
Might be reflected in me.

Joe Gunnell

December 1945

Vesper Hour

As I sat in the chapel at vespers
While twilight was drawing nigh
The organ music, reminded me
Of memories of days gone by.

In the chapel, a beautiful stillness
Filled me with reverence and awe
No sound disturbed my meditations
As I worshipped my God on high.

The beautiful hymns they sang
Were a source of inspiration
Those same hymns have made weak men strong
And given strength to our nation

And in that chapel I said a prayer
For men in this world; everywhere,
Let them turn to God again
Bless us one and all...Amen!

God help us as we go along
To keep within our hearts a song;
Keep also in our hearts a prayer
Let us help others, their burdens share.

God grant that we may always be
True to ourselves, country, and Thee
To treat our neighbor as we should
Create in our hearts some good.

An if we should traverse the earth
Help us as we venture forth
For truth and right to take our stand,
And lend our neighbor a helping hand.

Dear God in heaven, hear our prayer
That men in this world...everywhere
Will turn to Thee, our God, again
Bless us one and all....Amen!

Joe Gunnell

February 27, 1945

You

You are my thoughts, my everything;
You are my life the song I sing;
You are my soul, my guiding star;
Whether you are near or far.

You are my sunlight after rain;
You are the balm to ease my pain;
You are the love that warms my heart;
My constant companion though we're apart.

You are my flower that blooms in spring;
You're the beautiful music of chimes, that ring;
You are my strength, my moral support,
In life's great storm you're my "home port".

You are my beauty, my love, my art!
You are the mainstay of my heart.
Through the day you are an inspiration;
At evening you're my relaxation.

And when I breathe you are my air;
When I pray at night, you are my prayer;
You are my lifeboat on life's sea;
You are this whole wide world to me.

Joe Gunnell

Time Stopped

Time stopped

When I met you

My heart

Skipped a beat or two

I looked into your eyes

And my head went reeling

Somewhere inside of me

I had the strangest feeling

Birds sang

When I looked at you

Bells rang

From out of the blue

It all happened suddenly

There was nothing I could do

Because time stopped, when

I fell in love with you.

Joe Gunnell

June 7, 1945

Reverie

As I sat staring into space
Into the lonely gloom,
The image of your lovely face
Came into my room.

You did not speak; not one word,
Just looked at me and smiled
And yet I heard, your tender voice
So soothing, calm and mild.

You held my hand in that lonely room;
My spirits soared on high.
Your eyes were brightly shining,
As stars up in the sky.

Yet even in my reverie,
And I am alone with you,
I know the dream is not the thing;
I must have the real, sweet you.

So wait for me my darling,
Until I shall return;
If the spark of love is there
Sweetheart, just let it burn.

So let it burn for me my love!
As my love burns for you;
Then let us face this war torn world
Together, just us two.

Joe Gunnell

January 29, 1945

Moon Watch

I sat and watched the moon one night;
Its brightness filled the sky.

I longed for your arms around me tight,
And blinked the mist from my eye.

Then I saw the stars as they appeared,
Twinkling one by one.

Now I know why lovers prefer
Moonlight in place of sun.

Oh, moon, what magic spell you cast
Over sentimental me!

I cannot help but watch your gleam,
Where ever I may be!

You shine peacefully over waters,
And calmly through the trees,
Cause sentiment and emotion,
And put restless minds at ease.

And as you go across the sky,
Casting your glow from way up high
Reflecting, in waters, your beams so bright,
You shall be guardian of the night.

Joe Gunnell

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Night Song

I watched the sky one night at dusk
And saw a star appear.
It was a light to guide our love
That grows stronger year by year.

The beauty of that star did shine
As a diamond reflecting light,
A realization came to me
Of the beauty of the night.

I saw the moon, round, red and full
Casting a mellow gleam;
Its reflection in the water below
Added beauty to the stream.

The water rippled endlessly
Over a rocky bed.
A sound of music haunted my ears;
A tune ran through my head.

The night is filled with beauty
Of stars and moon and trees.
A fullness lay within my heart;
My mind was at peace, at ease.

I sat on a log at the edge of the stream,
As a balmy, soft breeze blew;
And though I tried, I couldn't keep
My thoughts from turning to you.

Joe Gunnell

February 19, 1945

Prayer For My Son

My son is just a little lad,
But just to hear him say "Hi dad",
Fills my heart with untold pride,
God be ever at his side.

Let it not become his fate,
To be prejudiced and filled with hate .
Let him be a stalwart man,
Play the game by Thine own plan.

Help me keep respect and pride
So I can, his footsteps guide.
Let him hold his head up high,
And look the world straight in the eye.

Keep his hand steady; his heart strong;
Keep his mind active, on his lips a song.
When he should encounter strife,
Give him courage, guard his life.

Give him strength, vitality, youth;
Let him always speak the truth.
Should trouble come his way,
Give him strength from day to day.

Let him firmly take his stand,
Face the world and be a man.
Let him not from trouble run,
God, please guide and protect my son!

Joe Gunnell

February 2, 1945

Faith

Faith...

Something you feel deep in your soul,
An incentive to work toward your goal,
A comfort where ever you may be,
A lighthouse on life's dark, stormy sea.

Faith...

We need it in God and man,
A foundation on which to stand,
Needed in the darkest hour,
In God's unfailing power.

Faith...

In the land in which we live,
In what meager service we give
In the ones we truly love
In almighty God above.

Faith...

An undying faith we need
In the planting of a seed
That the planted seed will grow
Keep faith where ever you go.

Joe Gunnell

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April 20, 1945 (at sea)

Prayer For My Daughter

She's just a little girl of five,
Mentally alert, physically alive.
She likes to rip and run and play;
She's happy all the livelong day.

I see her hair way down her back
She's busy as a "jumping jack",
She's busy from sun up 'til night,
Let's not a move escape her sight.

It makes me feel so very glad
To hear her say: "I love my dad".
She's just a child and yet "so grown";
I love her; for, she's still my own.

I hope I can help make the world
Safer for my baby girl!
So she can live quite free from fears,
Abundantly throughout all her years.

God grant that I may cease to roam,
So that I may make, for her a home.
Let me live from day to day
To give her guidance on her way.

Grant me power from above
To be worthy of her love;
No matter where I chance to be,
God bless my baby girl is my plea!

Joe Gunnell

February 2, 1945

Riddle

Will I find happiness
Beyond the horizon of life?
Or will I enter another world
To encounter more suffering and strife?

What future lies beyond the grave
What mystery does the future hold?
Is hell and damnation the end
Of life's struggle of the humble soul?

Does conscience prick the wicked,
Who defy all laws of respect and courtesy?
Who crowns the many unselfish souls
Contributing much, for the good of humanity?

If these things are true, as we believe,
What chance have some of us for reprieve?
For in our hearts we hate, and we oppress;
And block other's paths to reach true happiness.

So if we believe in God, then let us fear
To do injury to our fellowmen, we meet
And let us try to trust and understand,
That we can help to guide his stumbling feet.

Joe Gunnell

Lovers Lane

Out of the tropic night there comes,
Tunes from an old refrain
And you and I stroll arm in arm,
Once more down lovers lane.

We kissed there 'neath the rustling leaves,
My heart filled with sweet pain.
For holding you in my arms was sweet,
As we paused there in lovers lane.

Your words, spoken softly and sweetly to me;
I now hear them once again,
Our fingers entwine as you hand meets mine,
And we're strolling down lovers lane.

My dream now fades as night grows still,
The hut's roof is pounded by rain,
But the memories clear, I hold so dear,
Keep returning to lovers lane.

Joe Gunnell

August 25, 1945

Life

A quiet nook, the silent waters,
A ship in the distance afar
A sunny day, a child at play,
A ride in an open car.

A picnic in the park in spring,
The birds flying swiftly by,
The clang-clang of the trolley bell,
An airplane in the sky.

The busy streets in town at day,
The theatre crowds at night,
A blind man stumbling along his way
A cry from out of sight.

The school house on the corner,
With a lunchroom close by,
A cop on the beat at evening,
Until the traffic dies.

A phone rings in a building,
A peddler cries aloud,
The sun has ceased to shine,
It's hidden by a cloud.

It rains and thunders loudly,
Then a rainbow appears,
A mother comforts her baby,
It smiles at her through tears.

A dad chastizes junior,
He cries with all his might,
And then all is forgiven,
And trouble has ceased by night.

As you go along from day to day,
These are the things you'll find;
Love, joy, sorrow and beauty,
They're part of your life and mine.

Joe Gunnell

February 13, 1945

Faithless

There once was a love
That I cherished very dearly
Somewhere deep inside me
It's voice keeps calling clearly.

Come back to me my dearest
And I'll always be true.
Don't leave me because I've erred;
I want no one but you.

Each day and night I wonder
Just why I'm so upset.
I pace and walk and blunder
Your voice is calling me yet.

I'm like a child once burned,
By some fire's roaring, blazing heat,
Thus, venture to a distance safe for warmth
But if the flames expand, then I retreat.

Though I may still want this love
I'm so afraid to make the try
To fan the flame that's so near gone
Yet, hoping reverently it will not die.

Ah, love why do you torture me?
What have I done to you?
I've asked only one thing of thee:
That thou would ever remain true.

Thus faith and trust did slow return
And viewpoints changed from old to new
Once more I'll make the search to find
A love that's sweet, strong and true.

Joe Gunnell

September 30, 1945

Bad Day

When you awake in the morning,
With a happy little song,
And before the day is over
It seems forty hour long.

When the song you sing is off key,
And your music is kinda droll,
And you get a cup of coffee,
And the "hash-house" hasn't a roll.

When your work time is just dragging
And your leisure time flies by
And your "old lady's" constant nagging,
Makes you darn near want to cry.

When your Tom Collins is too sour,
And there is no good old cheer,
And you order a glass of brew,
And get a glass of foam; not beer.

And you do all these things in one day,
Trying to work, play and get along,
It's just one of those darned old days,
That everything just goes wrong!

Joe Gunnell

Weigh Anchor

Weigh anchor from the sea of sorrow,
Cast off your lines of woe;
Set your sail to embark tomorrow,
On a voyage that may seem slow.
For the sea of life is treacherous,
And uncharted with reefs unknown,
But face each day of your voyage,
Unafraid, for you're not alone.

Joe Gunnell

September 30, 1945

Wishing For Stateside

I've seen pineapples in Hawaii;
Sugar cane and tall palm trees;
And ships out in the harbor;
To supply the "forces" needs.

I've seen cocoanuts on Guam,
And figs and bananas too;
Seen the mountains of the island;
And the tangled jungles too.

And all the time I've traveled
I've seen the deep blue sea,
But of all these scenic places
Home is the place for me.

Yes, home with the little children
And all its family ties
Is better than these lonely nights
Beneath the tropic skies

Back home with dear old Mom and Pop
Tho' old fashioned they may be
Are darned sight better companions
Than a doggoned cocoanut tree

Back home with sisters and brothers
And old friends of the family
Who never will forget you
No matter where you may be.

At home where you know "what's cooking"
Most any time of the day
And you don't have to ask a soul
If it's okay if you "hit the hay".

Yes, a home that is a long way off
From this desolate, lonely "rock"
And when I reach the U. S. A.
I'll bend down and kiss the dock.

Joe Gunnell

July 10, 1945

The Girls

Sally likes me for my money;
Susie thinks I'm lots of fun;
Mary wants someone to play with,
I just happened to be the one.
Little Maria says I'm funny
I call Betty a "little dove".
Elizabeth is tops with me;
She's the one I really love.
But to keep my heart from breaking,
I must not cling to just one girl.
For, they play with men's affections,
Keeping masculine minds in a whirl.
That's why I go dancing with Edith,
And snuggle close to Eloise.
I like to hold hands with Anna
To keep my restless mind at ease.
I love these girls, one and all;
They're the "salt" of finest grain.
But I refuse to single one out,
'Cause I like: "no pain - no strain."

Joe Gunnell

December 23, 1945

Homesick

When you're far away from home
And you're burdened with the blues,
And a very funny feeling
Runs from your head, down to your shoes
Then, you're homesick!

When you can't see any beauty
In the earth or sky or sea,
And everything's lost its meaning
Where ever you may chance to be
Then, you're homesick!

When you think about a girl
With a lot of lovely charms
And you spend your time just wishing
She was laying in your arms
Boy, you're really homesick!

When a little tropic isle
Holds no peace or no appeal,
And you dream of tender kisses,
Wishing they were really real
Yes, you're homesick!

Tho' the days are bright and sunny,
And the breeze that blows is warm
Still the valley in the distance
Brings you mem'ries of the farm
You know, you're homesick!

Oh, you bathe out in the open
Underneath the skies above
And the only feeling in you,
Is a hungry, unfed love
You're really homesick!

But, I guess I'll have to tell you
That there's nothing I can do
'Cause with all this doggone talking
I am homesick too.
Yes, I'm really homesick!

Joe Gunnell

July 17, 1945

Home Sweet Home

Down in the valley
So deep and green
The light from a hut
Through the darkness gleams.
It was that little place
I left, to roam
But I returned to the hut
'Cause it's home sweet home.

In a crowded city
Down in the slums
Stands a tenement house
To which few people come.
I left this place
The world to roam
But came back to the tenement
'Cause, it's home sweet home.

In a southland town,
Near a cotton patch,
Stands a tumbledown shack
'Fore a berry patch.
I left the South
To go north and roam
But came back to the shack
'Cause it's just home sweet home.

In a village
Near the city's edge
Stands a little blue cottage
Midst close cropped hedge
I left the village
The big city to "crack";
But the little blue cottage
Is calling me back.

In the residential section
Of a city large,
Stands a ten room house
Through which I once did barge
But I left the city
The world to see.
Now that ten room house
Calls back to me.

In a little town
Waits a little girl,
Waiting for me to end
My tour of the world.
Soon I'll return my love
And I'll no more roam.

Together we'll make
Our home sweet home.

Joe Gunnell

June 2, 1945

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Our Flag

Millions of men have fought and died,
Millions of mothers, proud, have cried,
Because their sons so true and brave
Gave their lives; our flag to save.

The flag whose colors, red, white and blue
Means men who are brave, and pure and true.
That flies o'er our island and proudly waves
Paying tribute to the soldiers graves.

Who died so gallantly as heroes do,
To keep our flag waving, protection for you
In order that our land may be,
The symbol of men, who must stay free.

Our flag, that men, though fated for death,
Will hold it high while gasping for breath.
That means so much that men will die
To keep "that banner" waving high.

Which stands for freedom from want and fear,
And men leave home year after year
To serve in uniform under that flag,
Called "Old Glory"; a battle scarred "rag".

It's a great symbol of truth and right,
And men will fight with all their might
To keep it waving so we can proudly say:
We're real Americans in every way.

So let us not our flag betray.
Nor the men who died so far away;
From homes they never returned to see,
In order that we might still be free.

And let there be, in our great land,
One nationality for which to stand
No matter what the color of a man
Respect him if he's an American.

For the fighting in this day;
Is for the "Good Old" U. S. A.
Whose people consist of every race,
Who've come from almost every place;

On the face of this earth, that's known to man
And they've settled in our native land;
That friend and protector of the oppressed,
And takes the persecuted to her breast.

As the flag bears colors of different hue
So does our country's population too.
Let men of America proudly say,
I'm a citizen of the U. S. A.

And all the men who gave their life
In every struggle so filled with strife
Should know they had not died in vain
If they could see "Old Glory" fly again.

And knew that men were equally free,
And shared the same sweet liberty,
And heard the people say again and again:
"I'm an American Citizen"!

Joe Gunnell

June 23, 1945

Try To Smile

Though your heart's about to break,
Your all may be at stake,
You're feeling very blue,
Don't know just what to do,
Just try to smile.

Though you're losing everything
Though you try, you just can't sing,
Your lips seem to be sealed;
Your spirit can't be healed,
Keep trying to smile.

Even though you have the blues,
And may holes in both your shoes,
And you haven't any luck,
And feel as if you'll just give up,
Just try to smile.

Though there are patches in your pants,
And all your cans have turned to cant's
And you're wondering just who
Could be any worse off than you
Keep trying to smile.

Just don't worry, neither fret,
Luck is coming your way yet,
And you'll wear a smile; not frown
And run trouble out of town,
So, just try to smile.

Joe Gunnell

July 15, 1945

I've Waited For You

Seems as if I've waited all of my life
Just for you.

Until we met all my days and my nights
Had been blue.

I've yearned for someone like you, dear,
And I've been waiting year after year.
Things all seemed so unreal,

'Til I met you -- you're my ideal.
Things are now rosy for me, dear,
Since you came along.

Instead of sitting and sighing, my life
Is now one happy song;
So, now, my darling, hold me tight
And say that everything's all right
And I'll always be glad that I waited
Dear, just for you.

Joe Gunnell

September 15, 1945

Forever

You're the sweetest girl
I've ever met,
I love you dearly
Without any regret.

I love your voice,
Your tender smile,
Your touch so light,
Your temper mild.

I crave your kiss,
Your fond caress,
I'm yours, my dear,
I must confess.

And darling, though
We're far apart,
You're with me
Right in my heart.

And when this war
Is finally through,
I'll be returning,
Sweetheart, to you

I'll hold you tight
And kiss you, too;
And tell you again,
Of my love so true.

I love that's lasted
Through passing years
A love that's been great
Undimmed by tears.

A love that has
Withstood the test;
A love so great,
It's heaven blest.

And so, my love,
I can say no more.
I'll only love you
For evermore.

Joe Gunnell

June 4, 1945

Peace

Somewhere there is some peace
And someday this war will cease.

Then, I hope that the world's ideal
Will be something that is real.

No more mass death or destruction;
Each man will make his own way.
Without great fear and oppression,
And with happiness filling his day.

Men will return to homes
From lands that are battle scarred
And try to live a life of peace
Unbesmirched, and unmarred by war.

Let peace reign in this world,
And death and destruction cease;
Let the stopping of this war
Endow us with lasting peace.

Joe Gunnell

July 18, 1945

Time

There is a time for everything:
A time to play, a time to sing
A time of night, a time of day
A time to bow our heads and pray
A time for love, a time to smile
There's even time to rest a while
Time to sell, and time to buy
Time for anger, time to cry
Time to come, and time to go
Time to harvest, time to sow
Time to laugh, and time to sigh
There comes a time when we must die
A time to lose, a time to win
Time for beginning and time for an end
No matter where; or in what clime
The things are governed there by time.

Joe Gunnell

July 24, 1945

My Pal Joe

I've got a buddy
We've been pals for years;
We've both seen heartaches;
We've both shed tears
When we were kids
Long years ago,
We both knew joys,
That came to go.

We knew the same girls;
We played the same games;
We went the same places;
We had the same names.
His name was Joe,
So was mine,
If he were around,
I wasn't far behind.

We never quarreled;
We'd never fight
We're the best of pals;
Really, Joe's all right.
If I were broke,
And needed "dough",
I'd just call Joe;
He'd see me through.

If I were hungry,
And away from home;
He was still my pal,
Where ever he'd roam.
As time passed on
And we became men
That guy named Joe
Was still my friend.

If I needed advice,
He'd offer his.
He was never wrong;
He was really a whiz.
I hope that as
The years go by,
This true friendship
Will never die.

For one in this world,
Who would live,
Must offer friendship
Must take and give.
So here is to
My buddy Joe
One heck of a guy,
But he's my pal, Joe

We're no longer kids;
We're now both men
I tell by his handclasp,
He is still my friend.

Joe Gunnell

February 12, 1945

Dedicated to Joe Boyd, a boyhood pal and a manhood friend.

Lovesick

There's an emptiness in my heart
That only you can fill;
A pain that's in my soul
That tortures; but does not kill.

I lost my heart to you
One dreary lonely night,
When all my thoughts were restless,
And nothing seemed just right.

You were temptation for me
That I couldn't put aside.
Though you merely pitied me then,
My love doth with you abide.

Your love did strengthen me
And give me brightest hope.
Your tenderness touched me;
I was bound; but not by rope.

Not bound by rope nor thongs,
To still my restless feet
But to specific romantic songs;
My pounding heart did beat.

Songs only you and I
Held, dear, in our memory; that
Seemed as if the words were written
Just for you and me.

But ere your love should flee,
Far from my tortured soul,
I'd never more be free;
For, love wouldst take its toll.

Joe Gunnell

July 10, 1945

My Girl

Just one kiss from you
Is all I need,
On which my starved soul
Would heartily feed

One look into your eyes,
One beaming smile,
Would be paradise,
And make life worth while

If the sound of your voice
In my ears would ring,
I'd be elevated
From pauper to king.

So kiss me my love,
And speak softly to me.
If you would hold my hand gently
Oh, how happy I'd be.

Then nothing at all
In this whole wide world
Will contradict my belief;
That you are still my girl.

Joe Gunnell

The "Rock"

Oh, we left the good old mainland
That we call the U. S. A.
And we're out here on this strangeland,
Of lots of work and little play.

Yes, we left our homes and families
And the girls we dearly love
We work, and sweat, and cuss like hell,
Wondering, "Where's the Old Peace Dove?".

Yes, we know that times are rugged
In our homeland 'cross the sea
But it's sweeter over there
Than way out here, where we be.

Yes, that sugar ration's tough,
And the gas and rubber too.
But I'd drink my coffee black
If I could see my love so true.

And I don't think I'd mind walking
If I had some place to go,
It's as hot as hell out here
So, I wouldn't mind some snow.

When it rains, it rains in sheets.
Yet, the thunder doesn't roar;
But, I'd gladly welcome thunder
Just to reach the old home shore.

Well, you talk about the butter,
Saying it's hard as hell to get.
But you still get whiskey there
Boys, out here, "Ain't had none, yet."

Everything is topsy turvy
In this dizzy, crazy world;
And I'd give my very last dollar
For a kiss from my "old girl".

Boy, they say that "War is hell".
And boy, that is only about half,
It's just being away from home
That makes it hard to stand the gaff.

Joe Gunnell

June 2, 1945

Overtime

He awoke from sleep
With reddened eyes
He had to work today.

He bathed and dressed
And dined with haste
And went merrily on his way.

At noon he stopped
For a hurried lunch
And a refreshing drink or two.

Went back to his job
To finish his work
And quit when the whistle blew.

When evening came,
He changed his clothes
And started to leave on time.

But, as to what happened...
I'll bet you know!
He had to work overtime.

Joe Gunnell

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May 30, 1945

Thoughts Of You

Each night I watch a tropic moon;
My heart has an empty space
Reserved for you alone, my love;
No one can take your place.

No star is brighter than your eyes.
Your smile can dim the sun.
I hear your voice, ring clearly
Each evening, when day is done.

The words of love you spoke to me
Still ring within my ear.
And when my spirits are depressed,
Those words still bring me cheer.

Joe Gunnell

May 31, 1945

Colorado

With mountain peaks
Capped with snow;
And gorges deep
Thousands of feet below.

And rock formations
Of various kinds;
Deep in her earth
Her wealthy mines.

Her mountains so high,
Her valleys so green;
Her men are men,
Strong straight and clean.

Where cattle graze,
On peaceful slopes.
And blizzards rage;
And cowboys spin ropes.

Where they have rodeos
For benefit shows, and
To the best "bronco buster"
The laurel wreath goes.

Where a horse thief hanged
For his great misdeed.
And a man, from childhood,
Knows a darn good steed.

This is Colorado,
Nature at her best;
One great, beautiful state
In America's West.

Joe Gunnell

June 5, 1945

Memories Of You

Memories sweet, of days we knew;
Your love for me and mine for you;
The little walks we used to take
Out in the country or by the lake.

The rides we took in a rickety car;
The night we vowed by every star;
To love each other, come what may;
That love grows stronger day by day.

The way you used to hold my hand,
Unspoken words we'd understand;
Your tender kiss, your fond caress,
My head upon your soft warm breast.

The moonlight strolls just after dark,
Across the way in the little park.
If you'd feel like walking still
We'd go and climb our lookout hill.

We'd look down on the town below,
Or enjoy nature's little show,
Of moonlight through the trees at night,
Ignoring the city's blinking lights.

No matter what I say or do,
No matter where I chance to go,
I'll keep those memories of you
Because, my dear, I love you so.

Joe Gunnell

May 18, 1945

Journey's End

What's amiss in your thoughts, my friend?
Are you thinking of your journey's end?
Are you thinking of the good you've done;
As you sit watching the setting sun?
Are you thinking of evil you may have met?
Or some haunted event you can't forget?
Why so pensive my dear friend?
Are you afraid of your journey's end?
The trail has been rugged, bumpy and hard;
Easier paths to tread; to you were barred;
But do not whimper and whine my friend,
For yours should be a pleasant journey's end.
If you travel with faith in your fellowman,
The truth on your lips and a weaponless hand;
Then darkness and ghosts you needn't fear, my friend;
For you'll safely reach your journey's end.
Though time seems slowly to pass you by,
Keep a clear head and a watchful eye.
You'll find peace and contentment, my friend,
When you shall reach your journey's end.

Joe Gunnell

August 25, 1945

Restless

If sleep would only close my weary eyes,
And endow my dreams with likenesses of Thee;
I'd not fear restless sleep at night,
But welcome peaceful slumber heartily.

If restless, tossing, slumber would only cease,
And restful, peaceful sleep abound my room;
My chamber would not know dark, evil shadows,
And I'd dismiss all thoughts, so full of gloom.

If only night would grant me quiet and peace,
And rest without continuous toss and turn;
I'd gladly welcome evening shadows,
Free of the memories that so deeply burn.

Once more I'll try to close my burning eyes,
And clear my mind of vivid thoughts of Thee;
To lie as still and motionless as death, itself,
Until complete exhaustion overtakes me.

Then I return again to restless dreams;
Dreams full of things that causes one to weep;
Dreams full of things that happen, not in life,
But only in a man's own troubled sleep.

A Peaceful Wish

May peace fill Thy heart and Thy life;
May Thy temples, Thy family and home;
Be endowed and blessed with the peace and rest,
That only the peaceful have known.

May peace reign over Thy world;
In time of work and play;
May strife, chaos and destruction,
Never travel the paths of Thy day.

May peace fill the lives of Thy children,
Thy colleagues and all of Thy friends;
And all through this life, no matter what comes,
May Thou be blessed with that peace 'til the end.

Joe Gunnell

August 11, 1945

A Peaceful Dream

I had a dream of you
And a feeling of peace and contentment
Well up within me.
I was aware, only, of your loveliness,
Your intoxicating kisses and your most tender caress.
And I knew that your love was true;
That it was a love that man experiences
Only once in a lifetime.
In that dream I lived once more.
I knew what it meant to love someone,
And to be loved by that person,
Wholeheartedly, and unselfishly.
You kissed me again in that dream and you
Are the only girl that had ever affected
Me in such a way by a kiss.
My head became light, my knees became weak,
My body was in a state of suspended animation;
My very soul drifted on a wave of ecstasy.
I had a dream of you,
And yet the dream was as real as life to me;
Your touch, the light in your eyes, your kiss;
I saw and felt each movement you made...
I heard each word you whispered tenderly.

I felt a strengthening of my weakening
Morale here on this lonely island.

I knew that someway, somehow, I had to return to you.

I knew that no matter where I go,

You would be in my thoughts and in my heart;

That my every deed would be inspired by you.

You, and you alone, can make my lovely dream come true.

Joe Gunnell

May 8, 1945

Missing You

I miss you more and more each day,
I love you in the same old way,
I wish that I could hold you tightly;
While the tropic moon is shining brightly.

I wish that you were here with me,
'Way across this deep blue sea,
Or wish that I were there with you;
Wish we were together, just us two.

I guess my wish is just a dream,
We're parted by a great, wide "stream",
But I'll be home some sunny day,
And love you in the same old way.

Yes, I'll be home some sunny day
To love you in the same old way;
The way I loved you from the start,
I'll love you 'til death "do us part."

Joe Gunnell

May 31, 1945

Prayer For My Country

America, a country blest,
With purple mountains to the West,
With cities large throughout the land,
Long may your mighty buildings stand.

To lead the world in making peace,
May your honest efforts never cease.
God grant that men will come to know,
That unity makes one's country grow.

Your rivers deep, your forests tall,
Your vast beauty fills one with awe.
To keep our country always free,
And look always, our God, to Thee.

For comfort, strength, and courage too,
For minds as fresh as morning dew,
For conscience, free as air from guilt,
Undying spirit free from silt.

May we face a fellow of any land,
Treat, and respect him as a man;
So that we may not live to see
Our countrymen suffer indignity.

Exterminate the crime, lynch;
Keep our land free from that stench;
And let our country really be,
Home of the brave, land of the free.

So God of our fathers, I solemnly pray,
That men will learn day after day;
To live and let live as they go,
So as not to fear harvest of what they sow.

Joe Gunnell

Februray 13, 1945

True Friendship

It isn't bought or sold,
It's worth its weight in gold;
It's real and not a dream,
And constant as a stream,
Unaffected by sun or rain;
And stronger than any chain,
It's found in any clime,
Grows stronger with passing of time,
It's around today and tomorrow,
In happiness and sorrow,
It's cherished in every land,
True friendship...a treasure of man.

Joe Gunnell

April 15, 1945

"Mom"

Mom--

My teacher and my guide;
In times of trouble she's at my side;
Who always knows just what to do,
When trials and hardship confront you.

Who loves her children most of all;
She's always at their beck and call;
To teach the difference 'tween right and wrong,
And makes our lives a happy song.

Who would, her own life gladly give;
So that her beloved child might live,
And everytime she prays; her prayer,
Is that God will, her children spare.

Mom--

Whose child runs to her when it cries;
Who tenderly burshes tears from its eyes;
Who cares for her baby when it's ill,
And when it's grown, she's caring still.

Who loves as only a mother can,
From birth, all through life's long span;
Who, when all others forsake you,
Will come to you and see you through.

Who's there at the beginning, stays 'til the end;
Mom, who is your life long friend.
In civilization or the heart of the wild,
It doesn't matter, you're Mom's own child.

Joe Gunnell

April 27, 1945

Night At Sea

We left port as darkness fell;
Our ship slipped through the night.
The gleaming lights from the town ashore,
Were slowly fading from sight.

The sea was calm and still the night;
The darkness enveloped the sea.
I raised my eyes toward tropic skies;
A million stars looked back to me.

The decks were full of sailor men,
Some talking, some singing songs;
Some just standing, some looking,
While others thought of home.

A few thought of wives and children;
Many thought of the girl they love.
Some thought of mother and dad back home,
Others, just of the beauty above.

A cloud had formed, shaped like a hand,
Trying to clutch a few stars;
Appearing as a jewel thief,
Stealing precious gems from a store.

Some guys were playing cards in the hold,
While others lay asleep.

A lonesome kid found a lonely spot,
Sat down and began to weep.

The berthing quarters were stuffy and hot,
Some fellows could not sleep;
While others snored for all they were worth,
And their breathing was heavy and deep.

I stayed on deck enjoying the breeze,
'Til we were ordered to go below;
I hated to leave the beautiful scene,
But I knew that I had to go.

So, I went below and "hit the sack",
As reluctant as I could be;
For, as beautiful a sight as I've ever seen,
Is a starry night at sea.

Joe Gunnell (At sea)

May 9, 1945

Contrast

I like to see the sunshine,
I also like the night;
The things you see at daytime;
Look so different by moonlight.

In the day, a tree's for shade;
At night it's a beautiful scene;
Moonbeams filter through its boughs,
You sit, and gaze and dream.

By day the sky may hold no clouds,
Without the slightest sign of a breeze;
The night may be cool and refreshing,
You may relax with the greatest of ease.

By day you can see the flowers,
See the butterflies, the bees and the birds;
But at night you can hear their sweet music,
The most beautiful songs without words.

By day time the men are all working,
They toil, they sweat and they groan;
But at night is the time when they relax,
In the peace and the quiet of home.

So, the day and the night both hold beauty;
You may pick either one that you choose.
Either one offers fun...night of stars;
Day the golden sun;
It can help you get rid of the blues.

Joe Gunnell

June 5, 1945

The Landing

We hit this rock at mid-day,
It was a hot, sultry afternoon;
Came ashore in a craft "like an oven",
The heat almost made us swoon.

We sat in the sun, "just waiting",
For the trucks to bring us to camp;
The water we drank was almost hot,
Not a spot on the "rock" was damp.

Well, the trucks finally came and got us,
Picked us up and our gear,
Took us out to our new living quarters,
That we'd inhabit for over a year.

The scenery consisted of soldiers,
Sailors, Marines, palm trees and the sea;
Tents, quonset huts, rocks and dust,
Not a single girl did we see.

The next day was indoctrination,
We were told of the do's and the don'ts;
Heard some of the "facts" of the situation,
We heard some "you wills" and "you won'ts".

We were assigned to our work details,
Went to small stores to draw work gear;
"Don't mind the appearance of the shoes men,
You'll need them as long as you're here."

That's just about all on the landing,
Of our draft upon this "old rock";
Except that we're all really working,
Twelve hours by the clock.

The time is passing slowly,
I'm down to my last "thin dime";
But there's no need for me to worry,
'Cause I'll be here a long time.

But one day it'll all be over
And I'll sail back o'er the foam,
To forget all this heat and bedlam,
And enjoy my happy home..

Joe Gunnell

June 5, 1945

Reason To Live

My dreams

May never come true

My schemes

May be frustrated, too;

Untrue dreams or broken schemes,

I'll live just for you.

My mind

May not be great at all

My wealth

May be ever so small

Unsound mind or lady luck unkind,

I'll live just for you.

You are my obsession,

You're treasure I seek;

You are what I hope to find,

When I reach loves highest peak.

My voice

May not be for singins,

Chimes,

May not be for ringing,

But if I never sing or chimes never ring,

I'll live just for you.

Death And Destruction

The terms of peace were offered our foe,
A chance to surrender or die.
A hope to feed her under fed people;
And of removing our planes from her skies.
A chance to stop our shells and guns,
And bombs from destroying their land;
And diminish the rate of inflicted death;
And those "dying by their own hand."
The terms of peace were offered our foe,
Which would take our ships from their shore;
With the hope they would never again return,
In a state of war as before.
The chance of silencing the last gun,
The last bomb being dropped,
Yet, our foe ignored this plan for peace,
Thus, the war has not yet stopped.
In the face of this our allied chiefs,
Made a plan, of careful construction,
To deal our foe a telling blow;
Of death and destruction.

Joe Gunnell

July 31, 1945

Lasting Peace

Could I but wash my hands of war,
And return to home again;
To live peacefully, in a tranquil world,
Respected; a man among men;
Then would I believe deep in my heart;
That the fighting is not in vain;
But if not; I fear this war-weary world,
Will be plunged into war again.

For as long as men despise and hate,
One man of another race;
And think themselves better than others,
This world will be a bitter place.
For to be respected, a man must respect,
Another man's point of view;
Only this kind of living will bring,
A peace that is lasting and true.

So life can be dear and life can be sweet,
It depends on the people who live it;
And the peace, sweet peace, we earnestly seek;
Will be granted to those who give it.
So let us keep peace in a war-crazed world,
And have no more of war's pain;
So that the men who fought and the men who died;
Will not have fought and died in vain.

Romance

What is this thing called romance?
Is it a song and a dance;
Or is a fling to forget everything,
Leaving me lost in a trance?

Why do we seek this romance?
No matter where we go;
Why will a king risk everything,
To say "I love you so!"

Life is so funny,
Things seem so unreal,
I can't see why the look in my eye,
Can't tell you the way I feel.

Darling, I'm going crazy,
Knowing I haven't a chance;
My mind's so doggoned hazy,
Just trying to find romance.

Joe Gunnell

September 10, 1945

In The Shadows Of The Night

Here in the shadows of the night,
You come to haunt me;
Here, in the moonbeams' silver light,
You're there to taunt me.
I've tried to forget;
So many memories,
All I can hear,
Is your little pleas.
Out of the memories of the past,
Your face still lingers.
In the visions that still last,
I kiss your fingers.
I know my case is hopeless,
I'm just a sorry plight;
You haunt me still,
You taunt me still,
Here in the shadows of the night.

Joe Gunnell

September 15, 1945

Love And Honor

Myself, I could not honor, without honoring Thee.
So, I try to keep my honor clean.
For when judgement may be passed on me;
For me, from Thee, respect may not be weaned.

I try to live from day to day,
As Thou would have me live my life;
Without regrets of acts I have committed,
That may torment Thee throughout Thy life.

May truth and right become a part of me;
So that I may never bring to shame;
Things that have been a part of your clean life;
And have never put a blot upon your name.

I pray that I may keep my word,
Thus, keeping my honor ever bright;
Because of loving Thee and Thy Name,
Which I must always honor as Thy right.

Time moves in cycles, fast; now slow;
According to the circumstance we're in;
But may all time move smoothly just for you,
And keep you from the endless pit of sin.

And as I close my weary eyes in sleep;
My lips move in a silent prayer,
Of hope that when I reach my journey's end;
I'll find you waiting for me there.

Joe Gunnell

October 1, 1945

Secret Of Life

The secret of life is living,
Sometimes taking, sometimes giving;
Being able to enjoy a sunny day;
Adjusting yourself, -- come what may;
In helping someone bear a load;
To understand and not to goad;
Or smiling at adverse circumstance--
In making your breaks--taking a chance;
Through extending courtesies from day to day;
Or fighting the wrong that comes your way.
Life is work, play, joy and tears;
And sacrificing through the years.
Your life means to play your part,
In work, worship, love and art;
In battles won and battles lost;
Being a good sport, despite the cost!
It's sharing in both, the joy and pain;
The success, the failure, loss and gain.
It's peace contentment, storm and strife,
All play a part in the game of life!

Joe Gunnell

November 27, 1946

Dream Castle

I looked upon my dream castle,
That once housed all my dreams.
I looked upon my dream castle,
That's now full of broken schemes.
Things that were once important,
Are now just misty, hazy things.
The little place that was cozy,
Is now full of ghostly things.
I looked upon my dream castle,
So filled with memories.
No one is in my dream castle,
For me to try to please.
So, now I see through a hazy veil,
That things weren't meant to be.
Now, my little dream castle,
Is just a memory.

Joe Gunnell

January 10, 1946

Thinking Of You

I'll be thinking of you,
When brides march down the aisle in June;
And the robin sings his mating tune;
When the flowers burst into full bloom;
Then, I'll be thinking of you

I'll be thinking of you,
When daylight seems to linger longer;
And my love for you will be much stronger;
When my heart sings its gladdest song;
Then, I'll be thinking of you.

I look back o'er the years of long ago;
Remembering each moment we've known.
I remember each phrase and each little word,
I still hear you call me your own.

I'll be thinking of you,
When the golden leaves of autumn fall;
And I hear your voice so gently call;
Calling me back to your arms of love,
Then, I'll be thinkinf of you.

Joe Gunnell

June 18, 1946

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Wretched Wench

Come to my arms you wretched wench.
Let me twine my fingers in your hair;
And kiss your tender painted lips,
That I may find a bit of solace there.

Put your soft hand upon my fevered brow;
And rub my throbbing temples soothingly.
Leave, not even for a second;
For all my comfort I shall find in thee.

Ah, woman! Betrayer of man's love;
The one thing causing man to die.
You kill his soul and his spirit wilfully;
Causing his lips to utter baseless lies.

Bless ye, man can't live without you;
Nor can he live peacefully with you;
If there a thousand things about ye;
Thy feminine charms are all he'll always see.

So, come to me you wretched wench;
And let me lay my head upon your breast;
To close my eyes and slumber peacefully,
And enjoy a fleeting moment's peaceful rest.

Joe Gunnell

Lonely

I've been blue since the day you left me,
I'm as lonely as can be.
I miss the things we used to do,
And the things you'd say to me.
I miss the walks we used to take;
The rides on Sunday afternoon;
The way we'd sit by the lake in the park,
Arm in arm while watching the moon.
I miss the dances on week-end nights,
The cafe, the parties, the show;
And all the other things we'd do,
And the places we would go.
Please hurry and return to me,
That I might live again,
For all my efforts since you've been gone,
Are wasted and made in vain!

Joe Gunnell

February 4, 1947

Hope Eternal

Sometimes your legs get weary;
And your arms get so tired;
That they make your whole day dreary;
And your spirit all but dies;
Your back may ache from labor;
And your muscles throb from strain;
Your friends will tease and mock you;
For they cannot feel your pain;
Your body's sore and weary;
And your soul feels all but lost;
Just keep plodding buddy;
And you'll wind despite the cost.
For it's darkest just before dawn,
And the clouds will roll away;
And the joy that you've been seeking,
Will be sure to come your way.

Joe Gunnell

February 5, 1947

Knowing You

Each tree that overlooks a brook;
Each blade of grass growing in a nook;
Each leaf that falls off some tree,
Brings back the fondest memories--
Of you.

Each book that does a story tell;
Each note upon the organ's swell;
Each ripple in some tiny stream,
Intensifies my wildest dream--
Of you.

Each prayer that passes thru my lips;
Each feeling in my finger tips,
Each flicker of my batting eye,
Declares a love; 'til I shall die--
For you.

Each death bell's kmell that rends the air;
Each brow that's wrinkled with grief and care,
Each panting, labored, fleeting breath,
Each voice that's stilled in death,
Would sing your praises if they-but--
Knew you.

Joe Gunnell

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July 22, 1948

Pipe And Thoughts

At evening

When I sit and smoke my pipe;

The smoke rings,

Climbing lazily thru the air;

Melting--

Into the ceiling without effort;

Relaxed,

At ease, and without a care;

My dreams;;

Crystallize and form a perfect picture,

Of things I do and try so hard to be.

I'll strive,

To conquer all (obstacles and obstructions),

So that

My dreams may become a reality.

Joe Gunnell

July 22, 1948

Born Black

To be born;
On the brink of the City's slums,
And have a barren outlook
On whatever happens to come your way;
To be kicked about,
From childhood to manhood,
To know that your fellowman doesn't care;
To know the pain,
Of toils, exploitation, suppression,
To be cursed by the Gods of fortune,
To learn
And be denied the rights of honest effort;
To be respectful,
And not have that same respect in return,
To be helpful,
Then be spurned when you're in adverse circumstance;
To support the building of freedom,
And be denied the very freedom for which you've
given your all.
To love and cherish,
Then be hated, despised and disfranchised,
That's what it means to be born--
A black man!!!

Joe Gunnell

No More Tears

No more tears,
No more worry over you.
No more gray,
My skies have turned to blue.

No more clouds up in the sky,
The sun is shining bright.
No more tears on my pillow,
Way into the night.

Now my heart,
Has stopped aching day and night.
Life is now,
Always sunny, always bright.

My heart is light,
My lips can sing,
And all my skies are blue;
'Cause there are no more tears,
No more worry over you....

Joe Gunnell

November 2, 1953

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I'm Free

I'm free of romance
'Neath a sky of blue;
Of the scent of roses, fresh
With morning dew;
Free of all the sentimental tunes we knew;
But most of all I'm free from memories of you.
I'm free of the flowers that bloom in spring;
Of the song the robin constantly sings;
Free of stars up in a sky of blue;
So glad to be free of memories of you.
The shady nook, the rippling brook,
All used to mean so much to me;
But now you're gone and I can carry on;
'Cause my mind and heart are free.
I'm free of cutings that we used to take;
Of moonlit boat rides on a peaceful lake;
Free of all the hours that I spend with you;
But, most of all I'm free,
From memories of you.

Joe Gunnell

September 30, 1953

Christmas Wish

My son, I wish to bring to you;
A happy wish that's good and true;
A wish that comes right from my heart;
Though you and I are far apart.
Though you're far away from me;
You linger in my memory,
This idea, to you, I must convey,
A happy, happy, Christmas day.

Joe Gunnell

December 20, 1956

Merry Xmas Son

To you, my son, my baby boy,
I wish you loads of boundless joy.
I wish you every happiness,
And hope your Xmas will be blessed;
With laughter and a merry heart;
Though we are miles and miles apart.
Just believe these words, I say,
To you a happy Xmas day.

Joe Gunnell

December 20, 1956

A Broken Heart For Xmas

I got a broken heart for Xmas;
For you had gone away from me.
No stars or lights or tinsel,
Were shining on my Xmas tree.

Your love, smiles, hugs and kisses,
Are now just a memory.
You took my joys and presents,
From around my Xmas tree.

I wanted you more than anything else;
You meant more than life to me.
There was nothing in this wide world,
That meant even half as much to me.

Now Santa's gone, also Xmas;
I've taken down the tree.
The broken heart I got for Xmas,
Will stay 'til you come back to me.

Joe Gunnell

December 8, 1956

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To Kathy

My darling daughter, on this day;
May untold blessings come your way;
May your Xmas hold much joy and cheer;
Not only now, but thru all the year.
May kindest fate cause to transpire;
Whatever your heart may desire.
This is just my sincere way to say,
A very happy Xmas day.

Joe Gunnell

December 20, 1956

To Joe, Jr.

Son, may your heart be filled with cheer;
This happy season of the year;
For you I'm wishing happiness;
May your Xmas day be blessed;
May each Xmas day for you,
Find happiness bursting through.
My son, I simply want to say,
A verry Merry Xmas Day.

Joe Gunnell

December 20, 1956

Come To Me

Come, let me run my fingers through your hair;
Kiss me and breathe a song into my heart;
Hold me and whisper sweetly in my ear,
My prayer is that we'll never, never part.

You lovely imp, I freely give to you,
A heart that's now, and always will be true;
A mind that dwells on thoughts of you alone;
Thoughts that, both, the heavens and earth condone.

Though days be filled with darkness and despair,
Your nearness turns the cloudy day to fair;
So cling to me so that I may impart,
To you, the words that fill and dwell, within my
heart.

Joe Gunnell

July 20, 1956

Love You

To see you filled with sorrow,
Makes me sad and blue,
For I would share your sorrow
And all your troubles, too.

I know when you have heartache,
My heart is aching too.
Whenever you are lonely,
I feel alone and blue.

I long to touch your hand,
And look into your eyes;
Your touch, so warm, so tender,
Takes me to paradise.

My spirit soars whenever,
I'm conscious of your love,
And I'm convinced that it must be
Well blessed; from up above;

And when you're glad, I'm happy,
As anyone can ever be,
For I'm the one who loves you,
I hope it's plain to see.

Joe Gunnell

December 14, 1957

Roving Heart

I was a guy with a roving heart;
I'd wander everywhere, from Mexico to Nome;
But you're the girl who came into my life,
Because of you, dear, I'd come home.
Those distant hill would call to me,
And I would get the wildest urge to roam;
But, I met you, and my love was true;
Because of you, dear, I'd come home.
Those far away lands way 'cross the sea,
Held for me the greatest fascination,
But when I'd yearn, those places to be,
You became my factor of stabilization.
I've always wanted to see London town,
Paris, Madrid, Berlin and Rome,
But you're the girl who came into my life,
And made me want to come home.
You made me want to come home.

Joe Gunnell

May 9, 1957

Ode To A Blank Form

The form can very often be,
The reason for perplexity;
It has many blanks here and there;
And almost makes you tear your hair;
One line's too short for an address,
And some, in plain words are a mess.
Most forms don't bother to explain,
The "info" that they would obtain;
And, form designers you may thank,
For spaces on forms, that you leave blank.

Joe Gunnell

April 1, 1957

Angel

Angel, when did you drop from heaven?
You are the one that I could adore eternally.
Your eyes; are as beautiful as sapphires;
Your cheeks could make the rose blush shamefully.
Your smile is like that of a madonna;
You send a peaceful feeling
Into my restless soul;
I've never seen a girl like you.
If you loved me with a love that's true,
I'd bless the day of my birth
Angel, when did you drop from heaven?
You are the one that I could adore eternally.

Joe Gunnell

February, 1957

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Queen Jean

I know a Queen named Jean;
She's chick and petite, and oh, so sweet!
I know a Queen named Jean;
She can sweep a fellow right off his feet;
She's not the glamorous or fabulous type,
Who keeps your head in a whirl;
She's plain and sweet, loving kind;
Just a wonderful old fashioned girl.
I know a Queen named Jean;
Who talks soft and low and makes a fellow's heart glow;
And the thought of the Queen named Jean
Will follow wherever I go.

Joe Gunnell

February 1957

'Twas Heavenly

You took me up to heaven,
Last night, when you made love to me.
I know now if you leave me;
That my mind will be all at sea.
The kisses that you gave me;
Made chills run up and down my spine.
You're all I have to live for,
Darling, you're the sweetest valentine.
Those words of love you whispered;
So soft and sweetly in my ear;
Made me your slave for ever and ever;
There's nothing that you have to fear.
You took me up to heaven,
Last night when you made love to me;
This I know, my darling;
I'll love you dear eternally.

Joe Gunnell

August 15, 1957

You Alone

It's you alone, I truly love;
I vow by earth and stars above.
My love for you will be,
For you alone throughout eternity.
Whence cometh all my dreams;
Are they inspired by you alone?
My every thought is of you dear,
Making me a king upon a throne;
For your encouraging smile,
Keeps me striving to succeed;
Your tender touch, your voice;
Dispels my fears, fulfills my every need.
I have no doubts when you are near;
For you revert my sorrow into cheer.
When frowns my forehead would adorn;
Your smile and happiness, like morn,
Will cover me and I will feel so blest;
For love, for two, had reached its crest.
When tears of disappointment dim my eyes;
When all around, abounds cruel, baseless lies;
Then, I look into your smiling face;
Then the world becomes a better place;
Because of your love that is so true,
I dedicate my heart and soul to you;
For what I seek is not just for myself;
But happiness, as well, for someone else.

Tears

There are tears of sorrow,
Tears of joy;
Tears of a girl for her,
Lover boy;
Tears of disappointment,
Tears of hate;
Tears when the heart's
About to break;
Tears when one fails,
To reach a goal,
Tears that seem to
Cleanse the soul;
But the tears my memory,
Doth imbue,
Are the tears that I
Shed over you.

Joe Gunnell

February, 1957

Tribute To An Instructor

His work is never really through;
He's always finding things to do,
Or trying in a hundred ways;
Students fears and doubts to allay;
In learning how to use their texts,
And think of what is coming next;
To "tie in" everything that's learned,
And make them realize grades are earned.
For students he will find some way,
To have some spare time every day;
To help them learn the things they should;
To try, always, to do some good.
He often foregoes storm and strife,
But these things happen throughout life;
So, an instructor's a person, you may say--
Who keeps busy each and every day;
For he's thinking or doing and will not shirk;
For he likes his students and his work.

Joe Gunnell

April 1, 1957

The Life Of The Poet

The life of the poet is lonely;
For he is full of dreams;
Of truth and love and happiness;
And helpful, valid schemes;
Of helping others gain success;
To reach a striv'n for goal;
The life of a poet is lonely;
It reaches into his soul.

The soul of a poet is lonely;
It searches near and far;
To write words of encouragement;
It tries to touch a star.

The love of a poet is lonely;
For no one seems to see,
The depth of love within his heart,
His deep sincerity.

The poet aspires to write the words;
That soothe the ear and heart;
To bring together lovers,
Who may be far apart;

To spark some inspiration,
To someone who's in need;
And help make someone happy,
Though his heart's about to bleed.

He thinks not of himself alone;
But other people who,
May find themselves without a friend

Whose mood is sad and blue.
He tells of life and love;
Of peace and real success;
And to his neighbor always bring,
Some song of happiness.
He longs to tell of things unknown;
And those things true to life;
He longs for a world filled with peace,
Instead of war and strife.
He loves to hear the sweetest songs;
And turn grey skies to blue;
Though lonely is the poet--he wants,
To bring happiness to you.

Joe Gunnell

January 4, 1958

Great Is Thy Name

Great is Thy name,
Lord, God of Hosts;
Throughout the universe;
We praise and magnify Thee;
We bow our heads before Thee;
We worship and adore Thee;
For Thou art our God and King;
And we will Thy praises sing;
Thy banner we'll unfurl;
Throughout the entire world!
Great is Thy name,
Lord, God of Hosts,
Throughout the earth and sky;
May a song of praise stay in our hearts,
Until the day we die!

Joe Gunnell

November 1, 1958

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Blessed Love

Not everyone who walks up to thy side,
Is worthy enough that thou shouldst be his bride.
Nor can he swear by earth, neither stars above,
That you're the sole object of his love;
But this is one vow that I bring to you,
That my love was, is, and ever shall be true.
Should I lose you, just remember this;
I've hungered for no other's love nor kiss.
I craved for you alone; for your touch,
Cared for no other because I loved you so much.
Where is the bliss and tenderness I knew?
What happened to the love that was so true?
How can I believe in true love; that it's right;
If love can't last with lovers out of sight.
I ask only a love in my heart's place,
That's true, transcending time and space;
A love that's blessed from up above,
Because it is a true and blessed love.

Joe Gunnell

October 30, 1958

The Peace I've Known

I've known the peace that comes into the soul while watching a cloudless sky, as I lay beside a rippling stream. The peace that comes with contentment and rest as I dreamed dreams of the future and reminisced about the past.

I've known the peace that seeps into the mind when I relaxed in an easy chair; reading a good book, as soothing music ascends into the ears, wending its way into the thoughts and heart.

I've known the peace that flooded my being after a harrowing experience, as a prayer of Thanksgiving was breathed because anxiety and worry was relieved.

I've known the peace that comes to me as I witness the raging storm; with the lightning flashing, the thunder rolling and the rain falling in torrents. The peace that makes me realize that despite the tempest, God's hand controls and the hand of God sustains in the storm as well as during the calm.

The peace which assures me that despite trials, tribulations and adversity; this, too, will pass away. The peace that even though I'm in abject poverty, gives a richness to the spirit, helping me to realize that despite my own circumstances I can help my fellowman by a kind word or deed, or just a pat on the back or a friendly handclasp.

The peace that enters my heart when I kneel at the altar and place my problems in the hands of God, realizing that there is a power in prayer and that faith can and will sustain me.

There's a peace I've experienced at the bier of a loved one, when I realized that God is a God of mercy and will wipe away all tears and comfort me, for I believe in his healing power. His, is a peace that relieves physical and mental suffering when I place myself in His hands.

I've known the peace of a religion that creates within me a love for my fellowman; the spirit of forgiveness when wronged by others and the easing of the conscience when forgiven by those whom I've wronged.

I've known the peace of sleeping with a clear conscience when I felt at peace and in harmony with God and my fellowman. The peace that floods me when I attempt to live the Golden Rule.

I've known peace upon a calm sea as I stood suspended between ocean and heaven and my spirit soared as I realized how minute I was in comparison to earth, sea, sky and the vastness of the universe and the elements.

I've known the peaceful feeling that comes when the horrors of war have ceased and the dream of harmonious existence of

the nations of the world invaded my thoughts.

I've known the peace of mind and spirit when the realization came that someone cared; as I sat before the fireplace, looking into the faces of loved ones. The peace that dwells within, when you know that you are loved in return for the affection you give, knowing that family and friends are true.

These are the types of peace that come from living and believing; of giving and receiving; of desire and fulfillment. The peace that sustains me in sickness, health, joy, sorrow, success and adversity. The peace that comes to me throughout life and comforts me in the time of the death of loved ones. The peace of knowing and believing in a living God.

Joe Gunnell

February 13, 1958

Faith And Hope

I shall not lose,
My faith and trust in Thee,
O' God who rules,
Throughout eternity.

I'll keep my hope,
Anew each living hour;
For I am conscious,
Of Thy saving power.

And may I never stray,
I ask of Thee,
From paths in life,
That Theu has set for me.

May I be ever mindful,
Of Thy grace;
And live, so I may see;
Thy Holy Face.

Joe Gunnell

October 31, 1958

The Storm

I saw the lightning wildly flashing;
Heard the roar of the thunder;
As if a herd of angry beasts,
Were running wildly across the heavens.

The clouds were low and laboriously
Giving birth to the torrential rains.

Fear welled up deep within me,
And I wondered what was to happen,
In the midst of this destructive
Horror from the heavens.

I looked towards the skies;
Laden with pregnant, black clouds;
Spawning devastating winds, and
Spasmodically hurling forth the lightning;

Illuminating the earth for short periods of time.

Within an instant, the lightning became
As a holy illuminating arc,
And I saw the face of God.

Above the roar of the thunder,
A soft whisper said: "Fear not,
For I am the same God that sends
The sun and the gentle rains.

I will sustain thee wherever thou shalt go.
If you believe in Me then you need fear nothing;
For I will walk by your side.

For I will comfort you in time of sorrow;
And keep you in time of joy."
The lightning is the lighting effects,
For the scenes in the drama of life;
Depicting His power.
The thunder is the ovation in recognition
Of His perfect performance.
Then the storm subsided and I no longer felt afraid,
For God had spoken to me through the storm.

Joe Gunnell

September 23, 1959

In Thee I Trust

In Thee I trust today;
To guide me on my Christian way.
'Tis Thee, dear Lord, to whom I pray;
God give me strength to walk Thy way.
Lord help me, my life to live;
Not dwell on getting, but to give;
To encourage someone every day,
And inspire someone to kneel and pray.
I pray for faith to do Thy will;
Thy blessed promise to fulfill.
Lord, hear this prayer I pray to Thee;
Your humble servant I may be;
And ever raise Thy banner high,
Let me be Thine until I die.

In Thee I trust today;
To guide me o'er Thy steadfast way;
'Tis Thee to whom I pray and sing;
In gratitude for everything;
For keeping me from any harm;
For fuel that keeps the home so warm;
For food that gives me nourishment;
For an hour of service that's well spent;
For the sun, making the day so bright;
For the moon and stars that shine at night;

For food and shelter, clothes and wealth;
I thank Thee, too, for strength and health.
Dear God, I kneel this night and pray;
That Thou wilt guide me in Thy way.

In Thee I trust today;
To guide me along a peaceful way;
To walk with me o'er life's dark path;
To bear the world's scorn and its wrath.
Lord, give me strength to go along;
Life's highway with a sacred song;
To sing Thy praise from day to day;
Lord, help me show someone the way.
Lord, let me learn to live for Thee;
Your faithful servant let me be;
Help me, o' Lord, to light the road;
Help me to bear my neighbor's load;
Let me not from Thy teachings flee;
Lord, help me live my life for Thee.

Joe Gunnell

1958

My Wish

I wished upon a star;
Way up in a sky of blue;
And I wished that you
Would fall in love with me.

I wished upon the moon;
Way up in the sky above;
And I wished your love,
Was mine 'til time shall end

My wish is not an idle dream;
Because my love is so real;
My mind is filled with many schemes,
To let you know how I feel.

I wish with all my heart,
That my love reaches you;
And pray it remains true,
And you fall in love with me.

Joe Gunnell

A Situation

I can't seem to make you believe,
That my love is true;
My love is not a state of mind;
It's just a state of heart.

I haven't tried to change you dear,
I'm not playing a part;
This feeling's not a state of mind;
It's just a state of heart.

Minutes seem like hours to me,
When we're apart;
Nothing can replace you;
You'll stay here, in my heart.

I know you've never felt this way,
This way I'm telling you;
I know it's not a state of mind,
It's just a state of heart.

Joe Gunnell

A Heart Has To Break

Sometimes it's death,
Or disappointment;
That turns your sky to gray from blue;
A heart has to break about something;
Mine had to break over you.

Just to remember,
The words you told me:
"Darling I'll always be true".
A heart has to break about something;
Mine had to break over you.

You loved me then you left me;
You made me feel good from the start;
When you left me, you know, my darling,
That you tore my heart apart.

Sometimes it's trouble,
Or apprehension,
That makes you wonder what to do;
A heart has to break about something;
Mine had to break over you.

Joe Gunnell

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The Sea

The moon was coming up before us;
The sun was setting, dead astern;
A ball of fire was dropping into a bed
Of deep blue sea;
To cool itself, from the day's long constant burn;
To rest peacefully, 'neath the waters blue and cool
Until another day's toil must come,
To light the sea for mariners to sail ,
On their weary journey home.
No land in sight for endless miles around,
Just water, sky, and air;
To keep the company of the ship,
Upon the empty ocean, with surface bare.

Joe Gunnell

Honest

My own life,
I'd gladly give;
For you my dear,
That you might live.

My soul I'd pawn,
To darkest hell;
Just to stay,
Under your spell.

If you smile I'm happy,
If you cry I'm sad;
If you frown I'm upset;
If you laugh I'm glad.

This little poem,
Should prove to you,
I love you turly;
Honest, I do.

Joe Gunnell

A Man's Dog

It's so quiet, you hardly know she's there;
All stretched out by your easy chair;
But, if it thinks it hears a growl;
It gives a low and ominous growl,
To scare the would be prowler away;
Watching the house both night and day.
It doesn't pout, or scold or fret;
Just lies around for you to pet;
It doesn't argue, but jumps with glee;
Just feed it, pet it and let it be;
It won't desert you now or then;
That's why a dog is man's best friend.

Joe Gunnell

From The Depths Of Evil

Out of evil, whatever its nature there can and must come some good for right must and will prevail. As far back as the Garden of Eden, the Creator, knowing the evil intent of the serpent, tempered his justice with mercy. As a result, man learned to turn his idleness into productive labor, and woman became endowed with the blessedness of motherhood.

From the evil practice of slavery came the relief of freedom, the realization of self respect, and the understanding of human dignity. Out of the evil of persecution of the pilgrims came the innovation of American independence. From the bloody battles and slaughter of white man and Indian began the development of America.

From the evil of segregation stems the future of a free and integrated nation, with its people working and toiling together to keep their country a great nation among the nations of the world.

From the lawlessness and lust of gold the western section of our nation was developed and law and order supplanted the law of gun and mob.

From the recognition of guilt, vice and corruption comes the peace and joy of confession, repentance and salvation.

The evil of hate can spawn a movement of non-violent resistance, such as has completely dumbfounded the southern section of our country; for the evil forces looked for violence and hate to resist their own violent methods of attack upon their fellowmen.

The evil of tyranny spawns the concept of democracy and freedom and helps it to grow stronger throughout the world. So, oppression must give ground to liberality and cooperation because right will and must eventually prevail.

From the evil of extreme selfishness will sprout the virtue of service; greed will give way to philanthropy; for even the greedy will appreciate the gift.

From the depths of despair and sorrow may come joy, beauty, light and happiness; for many a love song, poem, play or story has been written through the "eyes" of the lonely heart. From the excess of harsh tones will someday come the appreciation of beautiful music, words that can be understood, telling a beautiful story, or else the ballad, sweet and relaxing will be lost.

From the evil of war emerges the state of peace; the hushing of the roar of cannon; the ceasing of bombardments of planes and the sinking of ships, bringing serenity and a still calmness on land and sea; making a war-torn world more conscious of the fact that only through peaceful negotiations and

methods of solving our problems can we avert the catastrophe of the complete annihilation of mankind. Thus, comes a stronger desire for peace and a greater determination to attempt to solve problems in peaceful ways.

From the friendless soul the cry arises for a friend to be found and the basis of cementing such a friendship, making it beautiful, is not money, flattery or vanity but for the sake of friendship alone, the need for a friend.

From the evil of hate stems the emotion of love for certainly even the despised need be loved by someone and the heart without love contains a void that can only be filled by love. For after the ill wind comes the soft breeze, the zephyr, soothing and restoring the earth and sea to quiet acceptance, relieving the people from terror and anxiety.

Mob violence becomes frowned upon more and more by decent people; inspiring them to work harder and harder in the fight for freedom and justice. A man becomes aware of the fact that if his neighbor and the neighbor's family can be subject to mob violence, then his own family can't be saved should such mob rule persist and prevail.

From disappointment erupts hope, for despair would certainly overtake us in the midst of frustrations and apparently; unsurmountable odds, and because of the thin ray of hope we try and try again until some measure of success in our

attempts is achieved.

From vice and corruption evolves the statesman, the crusader and the awareness of the need of good government. The welfare programs, giving assistance to the aged, dependent children and the rehabilitation of the handicapped will eventually rid us of the politician, for he will no longer be able to buy votes with these issues. Then the statesman, a man of honor, integrity and character will come into his own.

From the evil of selling dope to children was prompted the strengthening of laws pertaining to the sale and use of narcotics.

The need of housing spurred the public housing program to new heights, for the evil of slums helped to breed crime and vice.

Emerging from the oppression of the worker was the labor union to bargain for the worker and work in his behalf. The mal-practices of union officials will foster a new type of labor union, built on mutual faith and trust of management and labor, both profiting, because of the new birth and the realization that they are not separate entities but inter-dependent factors working together for the common good; and that if one factor succeeds, so must the other share in that success for surely they both suffer should failure or another type of disaster strike the company.

Through our vale of tears will finally emerge a smile of joy, for we can only appreciate boundless joy to the utmost after our hearts have known deepest sorrow. Only after having been near death or seeing it touch a loved one can we appreciate life, after our sorrow has subsided.

From the desire to find the truth, the lie is dispelled. Falsifications are brought to light, evasions and omissions are discovered, for the lie stimulates the desire and need for establishing the truth.

Only by being cast into the depths of hell and being influenced by evil forces can one realize the joys of being lifted to the pinnacles of heaven and revelling in the exhilaration of breathing the clean air of the day, feeling the exaltation of the spirit.

From the contact with the demons one fully appreciates the spirit of God, His mercy, His magnificent splendor in His creations and works of nature.

From the roots of evil, despite its nature, can and must come some good, for right must and will prevail.

Joe Gunnell

Strolling By

It's sure one lovely day;
Things seem so bright and gay;
Not a cloud in the sky;
As you and I stroll by.

Everything's right in tune;
Like a balmy day in June;
Sunny skies all day long;
Nothing can go wrong.

No blue feeling,
The world's okay with me;
Head just keeps reeling,
The sun is all I see.

Things now seem to be right;
All my skies shining bright;
Nothing more I can say;
It's sure one lovely day.

Words: Joe Gunnell

Music: Bentom Adams

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White Cloud

White cloud,
You are the keeper of my dreams;
Please tell me,
About your schemes.

White cloud,
Don't be mysterious with me;
Make my dream,
A reality.

Come closer, and closer;
Bring my love into my arms.

White cloud,
Sailing along up in the blue,
Won't you bring my lover true?
White cloud, white cloud, white cloud!

Words: Joe Gunnell

Music: Benton Adams

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Through The Years

Birds may sing;
Chimes may ring;
Thru laughter and tears,
I have loved you thru the years.

Winds may blow;
Time moves slow;
I'll be free of fears,
If you'll love me thru the years.

Now I know, just why I love you so,
I just can't bear to see,
You leave me for someone that's new;
While my love is true.

Leaves may fall;
Crickets call,
You'll dry all my tears,
When you're mine all thru the years.

Words: Joe Gunnell

Music: Benton Adams

You're All The World To Me

My darling, you're the prayer I pray;
My sunlight on a cloudy day;
When I work, you're inspiration;
At night dear, you are my relaxation;
My darling, you're the song, I sing;
You are my thoughts, my everything;
My lifeboat, on life's vast stormy sea;
My dear, you're all this world to me.

Words: Joe Gunnell

Music: Boston Harrell

April, 1947

Day Dreaming

Sitting around and dreaming,
Hoping, planning and scheming;
That's all I do, all day through,
Trying to get back to you.

I know why I'm so restless;
I get upset so easy,
Feeling so low, struggling so,
Trying to get back to you.

All day chasing rainbows,
Walking around in a trance,
Sweetheart, I'll be right there with you,
If fate will just be kind enough
To give me a chance

Then I will stop dreaming;
Give up all my scheming,
I'll be okay, laughing all day;
When I get back to you.

#2.

Sitting around and dreaming;
Wishing my star were gleaming,
Moon shining bright, lonely old nite;
Wishing I were back with you.

Darling I'm filled with yearning;
Pray for my returning;
So lonely dear, wanting you near;
Really need to be with you.

All night, trying to catch moonbeams;
Watching the stars above,
Darling, you're my inspiration,
You're the only one I'll ever really love.

Then I will stop scheming;
My star will be gleaming;
No more despair - walking on air;
When I get back to you.

Words: Joe Gunnell

Music: Charles Johnson

(At Sea)

November 8, 1945

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