

Homer Hine's Poetry

Compiled by grandson Edward K. Hine, Jr. ("Ted") – Oct. 2012

My grandfather was apparently somewhat of an amateur poet, something I didn't know till I found samples of his work among my father and aunt's long stored family artifacts.

Below are all the poems (and a related letter) which I've run into. I suspect he probably wrote many more which haven't survived). I've organized them by date which spans almost 4 decades with the undated ones at the end for lack of another logical place to put them.

Homer wrote about family members, particularly on special occasions, wrote about his auto dealership, apparently had a poem published in the Dec. 1944 Artic Club newsletter, and liked to include a short poem when he'd give money as presents to family members on Christmas or birthdays.

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Christmas 1912 Poem to One Year Old Daughter Ruth

Dec. 25 - 1912

Little Ruth Emma so young and wise,
 would bob her black head and blink her eyes;
 She couldn't say "Pa, Pa," or even "Dad,"
 but would talk you her "Gu Gu" and make you glad.
 A month or two later, that little old timer,
 changed her "Gu Gu" to "Gugenheimer."

At Xmas tide, Santa Clause wondrous wise,
 knows many a thing, he don't see with his eyes.
 Says he, "Miss Ruth Emma sure must have some Booz"
 "She wants Gugenheimer, she plainly coos."

St. Nick knew his present would ^[Commotions.] cause great
 for temperance folk have such funny notions;
 So along with the Booz he penned this note,
 and this is the funny thing he wrote.

"Dear Mama and Aunty and Granny & Jim
 don't fuss and fume over this till your thin;
 But fill up your glasses and have a drink,
 and you will feel fine, and so will St. Nick."

"Short fellow"

Christmas 1912 Simulated Envelope

Return in 5 Days to
Santa Claus -



Miss Ruthanna Hine,
707-23rd No.
Seattle
west.

1917 Poem about Dodge Motor Car's Purchased from Hine

IT'S A DODGE.

Its a Dodge Brothers' Motor Car,
Latest design:-
Not bought from Sears-Roebuck
But purchased from Hine.

Will it go? I should say:
Just give it a trial
With plenty of gas
It will run quite a while.

See its beautiful lines,
And the latest self-starter,
It don't always work
But, it always auter.

Start it up easy
And push in the clutch
If you run it quite slow
It wont rattle much.

"Bunyons"

1928 Christmas Gift To Son Kirt



ARCTIC CLUB
SEATTLE

Dec. 25 - 1928

Here's to my son,
who his sister calls "Saf".
Will he spend it? yes? no?
He won't leave a scrap.



ARCTIC CLUB
SEATTLE

To Our Son

**NEW MEMBERS FOR THE
MONTH OF NOVEMBER**

John Wm. Blaney
Aetna Casualty Surety Co.
1306 Dexter Horton Bldg.

Drayton V. Conrad
Cooper-Bessmer Corp.
570 First Ave. South

Morris D. Kennedy
Western Stevedore Co.
96 Columbia St.

Frank M. Baller
Fisher Flouring Mills Co.

Lewis J. Manlowe
Manlowe Transfer Co.
1717 Sixth Ave. South

Don Evans Schryver
Stevedoring Superintendent
418 Bell St. Terminal

Walter White
Pioneer Sand & Gravel Co.
901 Fairview North

James R. Scott
Defiance Lumber Co.
Tacoma, Wash.

Delbert John Kelly
Puget Sound Pilot
2304 Smith Tower

Wendell P. Sprague
1504 3rd Ave., Harper Bldg.

Harold Ernest Dempsey
New England Fish Co.

John Likness
1720 Smith Tower

Ellis Matlock
Shasta Water Co.
699 Brannan St.
San Francisco, Calif.

E. C. Van Moorham
Merchant
Orcas, Wash.

★ ★ ★ ★

Now the New Year reviving last
year's debt;

The troubles of the past I can't forget.

No smoke to screen them from my
eyes,

For I can't buy a single cigarette!

★ ★ ★ ★

All we have to float is a few more
war loans, whereas the Japanese
have to float a whole new navy.

ARCTIC CLUB BRIDGE

There was Lindy Lindburg,
He was born in Seattle.
Play Bridge? I'd say not—
Just keeps up a prattle.

There is Ross (it is said
He plays for the money.)
If it's so, it is strange
For he sure does bid funny.

There's George, "Jumpy George,"
He's not a squealer.
Nice chap—but, you know,
That guy's a "New Dealer."

There's Fred—lucky Fred—
He gets all the dough.
Plays 'em good too, you bet.
That's why it is so.

There's Mc Mc McNealey,
Plays Culbertson best.
For some strange reason
Hasn't even a vest.

There's Frank, he's a banker,
He's lousy with dough.
He says he is "Good"—
That don't make it so.

There's Kingfish the First,
Long, slim and tall—
Lord help his partner—
You know "Baby Doll."

There's Melrose, the man
Who knows every one,
Best though, watch your shackles—
He plays just for fun?

There is Dick Goodfellow,
Sounds like a "honey."
He is—when it comes
To taking the money.

Another Bridge player
Of questionable skill
Is one Bill O'Connell,
Commonly known as "Wild Bill."

There's Nelson, George Nelson,
A "New Dealer," too,
Says "International Bankers
Will see us all through."

There's Hine, "old man Hiney,"
With his feet in his lap.
He thinks he knows bridge,
But he's sure an old sap.

There's Quiggle, good partner,
A partner to last.
You can rake him and cuss him,
But can't make him play fast.

His wife or his daughter
Can't change his own speed.
But where he is famous—
You guessed—"Quiggle, lead!"

But we all love this Quiggle—
Hope he'll soon leave his bed.
They tell us "heart trouble."
Doc, look at his head.

The X-ray may show
A tear or a bubble,
Though we're all convinced
"Bridgitis" the trouble!

**REMEMBER THE EMPLOYEES'
CHRISTMAS FUND**

The usual letter has been sent
to all members, offering them an
opportunity to contribute to the
employees' Christmas Fund.

Your editor knows that every
one will welcome this opportunity
to show his appreciation of the
considerate service of the employ-
ees by making a generous contri-
bution to this fund. I feel that I
cannot speak too high praise for
the loyalty of the employees dur-
ing the past year. Despite the fact
that wages have been frozen by
government edict, they have re-
mained with us despite the oppor-
tunity for higher pay elsewhere.
On many occasions, after doing a
full day's work, they have carried
on cheerfully at a party for the
benefit of the members, when
tired feet and aching muscles have
cried out for them to go home to
rest.

On this occasion I know that
every one will want to show his
appreciation in a tangible way for
their loyalty. If you have not al-
ready sent in your card, do so at
once, in order that the trustees
may make an equitable apportion-
ment of your gifts. If you have
lost your card, mail your check or
ask for another card at the desk.
**COME ON, LET US SHOW OUR
APPRECIATION IN A REAL
WAY!**

★ ★ ★ ★

The Accountants' society has sug-
gested that a congressional commit-
tee should report on the income tax
structure in the United States. Tush!
It isn't a structure, it's a malignant
growth.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then said another with a long-drawn
sigh:

"My Clay with long oblivion is gone
dry;

But fill me with the old familiar juice
Methinks I might recover by & by."

1945 To Daughter-In-Law Betty Hine after my birth

My daughter Ruth; it used to be,
my bridge returns, went all to thee.
But now a boy is born to Bet,
and she has lots of things to get.

That's why my tainted dough is split,
at that it adds, to quite a bit.
Old lady luck was on my side,
I took the boys for quite a side.

Now both my girls must take a fling,
just spend this dough for any-thing.
But do keep sober; mind your mudder
With lots of love; Grand-fodder and Mudder.

Probably Christmas 1946 to son Kirt and Betty

It was a week before Xmas, when all through the house,
Not a sound was heard, not the sound of a mouse.
The sound was our mail man, a sound we much choose,
And he brot us great joy - just wonderful news.
The news was from Betty, the familys expanding,
The stork will arrive, make a three point landing.
So accept this small check, its the best I could do,
Though on the measurable day, we'll sure see you through.
Dad.

December 1947 To Daughter-In-Law Betty

DEC. 1947 -

Here's for our Betty, our Betty, you bet.
 Guess you was afraid old Dad would forget,
 It's your half of the winnings of '47
 Not bad, not bad, come 7, come 11.

It's powerful hard to keep in the black.
 Old Dad gets confused, way off the track.
 Those other old guyes, you know their tough,
 Their right down the fairway, I'm out in the rough.

So on account of above stated troubles
 Not only that, but their many "ridoubles"
 I'll stop keeping account, before it's too late.
 There will be no dividend in '48.

Dad -

To Daughter-In-Law Betty for Mother's Day (Unknown year)

Some Mothers are young,
Some Mothers are old;
When kiddies are bad,
Then Mothers must scold.

Sunday, May 9th is
a day for these Mothers,
There all pretty good,
but, ours, beats the others.

Post Home.

Valentines Day (Possibly 1948) to son Kirt and Betty



ARCTIC CLUB
SEATTLE 4

E.H. and B.H.

Here's a valentine for you
you must read it through & through
It tells you how to raise your boys
To be good men, with lots of poise.

It tells you not to tell a fib
I know the Papa, never did, (??)

I sent for this to F.B.I.

They're now my signature; Oh! My!

Undated Poem Regarding Ovington's Resort at Lake Crescent

TO E. J. OVINGTON

LAKE CRESCENT

You motor to Crescent, a place most inviting;
But when you get there, the fish are not biting.

You take a long walk, to "The Maples" you ramble;
And when you return, you're invited to gamble.

Is it poker? Yes. No, -not as any one knows,
Just E. J. 's pet game, called dominos.

To win, is not easy, just try if you will,
If you do get ahead, it will be on your bill.

Mrs. O. sits beside him, it stands him instead,
If she sees he is losing, she calls him to bed.

The ivory's backs, he knows like a book,
That big double five, he can spot with one look.

His favorite game, is to set the six-four
You double the six, he doubles once more.

The blocking game too, he will try all day
"To the Boneyard" he, so loves to say.

But when you draw a nice fat count
'Tis pitiful, to see him pout.

When your nerves are most gone, and you scarcely can bear it,
He tunes in the radio, or turns on the parrot.

When he is pegging, best be on the watch.
I would not insinuate, he'd steal a notch.

He's an honorable man, like his friend "Parker",
You take my advice, keep an eye on his marker.

If you feel yourself slipping, and he's getting your dough,
There's but one thing to do, that is, play very slow.

He thinks he plays speedy, I think he's a "Rotter"
To settle the question "Ask Mr. Potter"

He'll not call this abuse, and at it, take offence?
For he knows in our hearts, we all love him immense.

H. H. H.

Undated – "Our Street Car Token"

OUR STREET CAR TOKEN

Here is a token of my affection,

Good for a ride in any direction.

Don't ask too much of this wee token,

It couldn't take you as far as Hoboken.

It's good on any old car in Seattle,

They announce their arrival by a bump and a rattle.

They were handed to us by our old friend, "Olie",

In a deal which Dame Rumor says, was not all "Holy".

They were owned before by Webster & Stone,

Who in far away Boston, make their home.

They discovered one day,

That the cars wouldn't pay,

So on poor old Seattle, they soaked them to stay.

Each mayor in turn has promised us much,

Said the sleeping monster, would wake with his touch.

When he tried it, however, he found he was sunk,

And acknowledged he'd fed us "Political Bunk".

Von Herberg saw they wouldn't function,

And had his attorney try an injunction.

His scheme to the P.I. and Times he wrote,

But they found no good in his antidote.

With the "Hurst award" paid and the Volstead Act broken,

We will ask him to try fill the hole in our token.

H.H.H.

Undated - Letter to Rose from Lake Superior

The following undated 3 page letter to Rose in Seattle was written by Homer aboard a ship on Lake Superior, apparently during a major family reunion or vacation with his brother's and sister. The voyage apparently stretched from Duluth, MN to Cleveland near the old family home in Poland, Ohio where they'd all grown up. This was a long voyage covering most of Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Erie. It's not clear whether the voyage was the primary attraction of the family get-together or whether it was merely transportation to a resort somewhere. Homer specifically mentions being with his brother's Charles Potter Hine (C.P.), Alfred Blakelee Hine (A.B.) and sister Ellen Louise Hine ("Nell"). While not mentioned, I suspect that his other brother, Samuel Kirtland Hine (S.K., "Kirt"), was also there as Homer refers to ending the trip in Girard, Ohio near Poland which was "Kirt's" long time home. Why Rose wasn't along on the trip is unknown but perhaps it wasn't an appropriate trip for the children and she needed to stay home with them.

Homer wrote the 4 page poem following the letter for his brother Charles in honor of his birthday and mailed it to Rose with the letter.

Monday AM. Aug 6th

My dear Rose.

(11)
 we pulled out of
 Ashland yesterday at 12⁰⁰ M—
 and are now about in center of
 L. Superior, on our mt. trip.

The weather is beautiful and
 everything going fine—

Expect to reach Port—(Cleveland
 or some near by port) about
 Wed. noon— Out of respect to

Marg. + Sis. we played no
 cards yesterday, but this AM.
 C.P. + I cleaned up Super + Pop—

Yesterday was C.P.'s birthday
 and, when we were in Duluth
 well picked up— lot of
 —over—

little joke⁽²⁾ presents for
 him, which were presented
 at dinner along with a
 big Birthday Cake, made
 by Sheff, candles and all.

By spec. request, I wrote a
 piece of Poetry - Chas + I
 trimmed AB + Pop to
 a T.Y.T. at Deluth -

I played a dandy game,
 my first real game since
 I came east - It sure
 opened their eyes, and
 opened their pocket
 books to extent of \$700.

(37)

My original manuscript
of Poem is so poor, I will
re write it for you and
enclose it -

Hope my dear ones
in Seattle are well and
that I find some letters
from them on my return
to Grand - We expect to
stop in Cleveland one day
then C.P. + A.B. go on to
Grand with us -

Oceans of love to the
three old dearest dears
in the world - Yours Joe -
Homer

Poem In Honor of Charles P. Hine's Birthday

1) Poem - Dedicated to C.P. Hine - Author Unknown
 - No Apologies for meter -

There was a boy in Poland lived -
 By name he was a Hine.
 He played an A-I game of golf -
 Until a pain started in spine -

This youth two hungry brothers had -
 S.K. and one named Juke -
 Who both aspired to play at golf -
 But their scores were like thin soup -

2) 2
 They had matched their skill
 with their Bro. C.P. -
 In many a previous bout.
 But alas for the two, when the games were through
 their pockets were inside out -

Another brother, enters here -
 One from the woolly west -
 His golf game, to them, was a many joke.
 And his money, they hoped to invest -

3) With the thought of the back of the one C.P. —
and the easy one, fresh from the Coast.
An itch in their palms developed fast
and they soon began to boast —

They doped up a game of golf to be played
on a course in a neighboring town —
We will clean up these guys, that the scheming pair
so clean they will never be found —

— over —

4) But alas for their plan, a pain intense —
Struck one of them full in the back.
They knew they must play, for they'd set the day —
and were forced to make the attack —

When the smoke cleared away, on that notable day —
The slatter — Horrible to see —

The man from the west, had cleaned up with zest —
And so had his Bro. C.P.