**COLD FEET IN SHOETOWN**

“Burrr, I am freezing –

My feet are like ice.

Some warm fuzzy snow boots

Would be very nice.”

The people of Shoetown

Were in a great mess.

The Sure Sweet Shoe Factory

Was in great distress.

The head engineer,

Looked frazzled and wild…

“I don’t want to look out

At one more cold child!”

Sandals in snow is

Unheard of, you say?

Well let me continue

The tale of this day.

It seemed just like Christmas

To look down the street

‘Till I noticed the sandals

They wore on their feet.

Two of the locals

Exposed heal and toe

Were talking together

While standing in snow.

One said, “The soft sparkly

Snow is so neat.”

The other said, “Yah, but

We’re freezing our feet.”

“Step carefully now.

We have so far to go

In somebody’s sandal prints

Left in the snow.”

To ward off the cold

Folks would hustle and run.

The people were angry.

Outside was no fun.

A strange scene it was

Watching everyone go

Hipping and hopping

Tippity-toe.

Not just one, but all

Of the citizens wore

Some style of sandals

From Shoetown’s shoe store.

The great big store window

Would usually show

Various shoe styles

Framed by the snow.

Black patent-leather

With frilly gold bows.

Two-tone spectators

That had open toes.

Wing-tips and saddle shoes,

Red Mary-Jane’s,

Some high heels, some flats

Both fancies and plains.

Shoes made for golfing and

Running and tennis.

Platforms with spike-heals;

A medical menace!

But sandals were all

That a person could see

Something was wrong

At the shoe factory.

Inside that big place

Technicians ran hopping

While great gears and black belts

Were banging and bopping.

“The assembly machine

Seems to have its own mind.

It’s impossible now

To make boots…any kind.”

“I push the boot button

And look what comes out!

No boots…only sandals

Are flying about.”

The giant machine was

As tall as the room.

It spit and it sputtered-

It zipped and it zoomed.

The miles of conveyor

Belts were meant to move

Whatever the footwear

Technicians did choose.

There were timers and buzzers

And gadgets and gaskets,

Blue thing-a-ma-bobs and

New-product baskets.

Whistling whirley-gigs

Glass covered gauges,

Great grinding gears,

And light bulbs in cages.

They examined for problems

Look high and looked low.

They’d run it real fast,

Then they’d run it slow.

Ed, Engineer said

“I wonder how long

The people will tolerate

Footwear that’s wrong!”

He peered out the window

…No people about –

Most likely because it

Was just too cold out.

“I’ll take it apart.

Disassemble it fully.

I’ll check every inch,

Every pushy and pulley.”

Ed grabbed his screwdriver

Began to explore.

Soon a mountain of parts lay on

Sure Sweet’s factory floor.

“Now let’s see, I’m thinking…

Which part went here?

…Was it a pulley?

…Or was it a gear?”

Ed built this machine

So it shouldn’t take ages

To re-build it quickly

In multiple stages.

At the front factory door

There were several loud knocks.

It was someone in sandals

And very thick socks

It was Shoetown’s old Mayor,

Wiggins Wanooshun,

Insisting the factory

Find a solution.

“The quicker the better”

The mayor’s suggestion.

But who knew the answer?

Was everyone’s question.

“Mechanical Engineer,

Eleanor Hack;

How long’s her vacation?

When will she be back?

“Her two weeks is over.

She’ll be here at nine.

Let’s hope she can fix

The assembly line.”

It was eight forty-five

And there at the door,

Fifteen minutes early

In came Eleanor.

“Whatever is wrong here?

Our town looks so strange.

The shoe store has no shoes

Or boots to arrange.”

“Look at those kid’s feet.

That’s no way to dress!

How in just two weeks

Are we in this mess?”

Looking Ed in the eye

She quickly took charge,

Sensing the problem was

Way more than large.

“When you spun the dials,

And set all the gauges,

And read through the manual

Checking the pages…”

“Did anything that you

Planned come out correct?

Did any part bring your

Intended effect?”

“Correct colors and sizes?

I need to define.

I’ll search for solutions

And this will save time.”

“Although machine parts

Are spread everywhere…

Maybe the problem

Is only software!”

“Let’s work as a team

And then very soon,

Boots will be flying out

...Maybe by noon.”

Engineer Ed

And Eleanor too,

Had never a doubt about

What they could do.

Eleanor left for her

Computer station,

Checking the software

For this automation.

“I found it. The Blinkity-

Bob was too tight.

The program defaulted

To sandals, alright!”

“It’s fixed now so push the

Start button. Let’s go!

And begin making boots for

These folks in the show.”

Ed pushed the boot button,

And what he found there

Were orderly, colorful

Boots pair by pair.

Inspectors were boxing up

All the new boots.

The Sure Sweet shift whistle

Gave several loud toots.

“Let’s move these new boots…

The whole great big pile.

Get them to the shoe store.

Let’s make people smile!”

They came from their homes,

The local Shoetown-ians,

Smiling and cheering they

Clapped and they clapped again.

Folks were now cozy-warm….

No complaints…zero.

Eleanor engineer

Was Shoetown’s hero.