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SCRAPBOOK OF ARTICLES
SAVED BY
SAM MARION

Caney Valley Historical Society

Here's to the happiest
Days of our life
Spent in the arms of
another
man's wife



OUR

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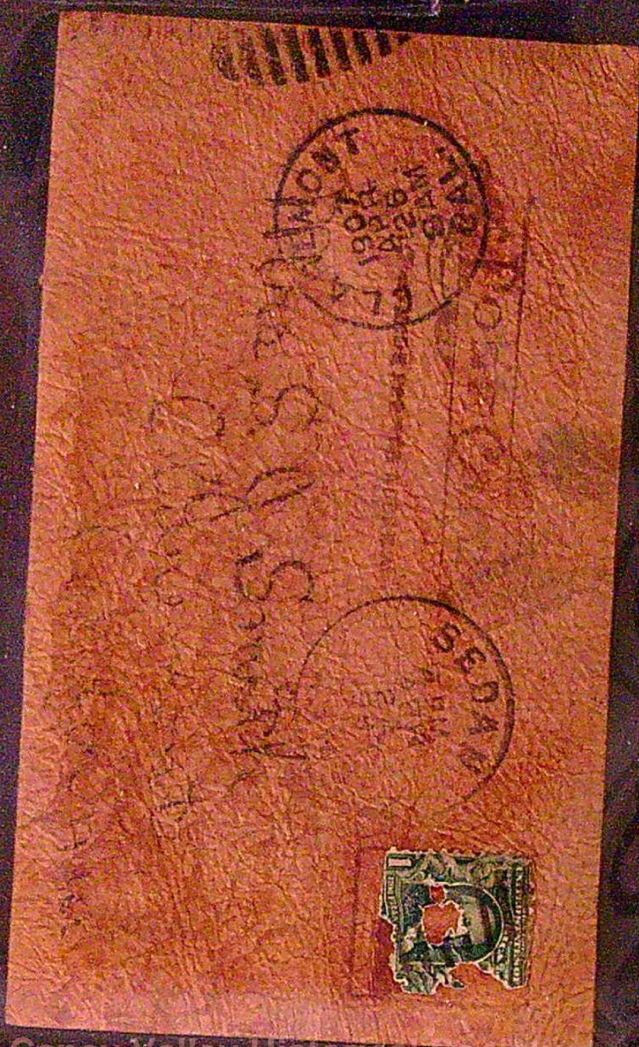


Candy Valley Historical Society

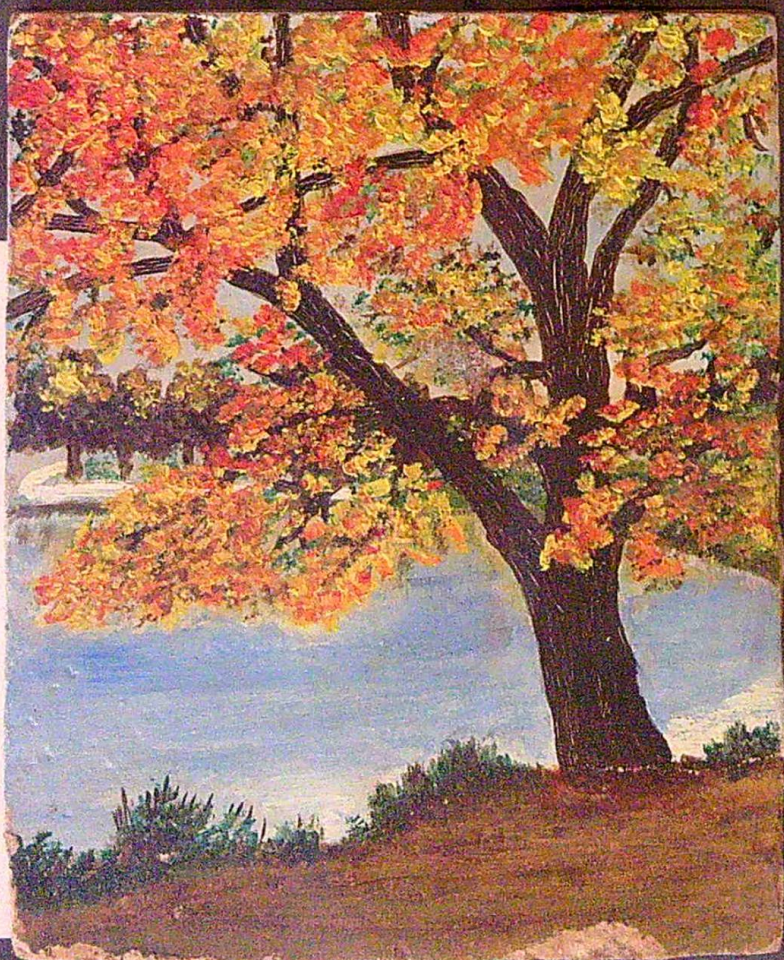
Painted by
Edith Manton
Candy, KS.



Sam Sez ---



Caney Valley Historical Society



well to invite the various chambers of
in Missouri to attend the Royal Live
show. The Missouri cities are so scattered
they do not know enough about each other.

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

I've been over the road a bit,
Up the hill and down,
Laughter! I've had my share of it!
Trouble has made me frown.

I've ridden a mile and trudged a mile,
Stumbled and gone astray,
Toiled and fretted a little while
And had my share of play.

Summer and winter and fall and spring,
Each in its time I've known,
There's nothing a year has power to bring
But what it has been my own.

And there's nothing new in the joys to be
And nothing new in the cares,
All things my neighbor must share with me
Whatever the road he fares.

For he shall weep as I've wept and he
Shall trudge through snow and rain,
Though he dance today he shall pay the fee
In anguish and grief and pain.

For the road of life is the same for all,
Rich, poor, or strong or brave;
Winter and summer and spring and fall
And the journey to the grave.

Every State Has a Flower

Can you name the official state
flowers adopted by the different states
in the Union? In most cases it is a
native flower or plant restricted to the
particular state or at least to one sec-
tion of the United States, as the orange
blossom of Florida, the columbine of
Colorado, the mountain laurel of Con-
necticut, the giant cactus of Arizona,
the pine cone and tassel of Maine, the
sagebrush of Nevada, the mistletoe of
Oklahoma, the magnolia of Mississippi
and Louisiana and the sunflower of
Kansas.

Some of the more common wild
flowers have proved popular, the violet
being chosen by three states, the gol-
denrod by two, the wild rose by two
and the Indian paint brush by two.
New York preferred the rose, and In-
diana and Ohio the carnation. The
choice was made in most instances by
the state legislatures, in eight states
by the children of the schools and in
five states by popular vote.

The flowers by states, except those
already mentioned are: Alabama and
Nebraska, goldenrod; Arkansas and
Michigan, apple blossom; California,
golden poppy; Delaware, peach blos-
som; Georgia, Cherokee rose; Idaho,
syringa; Illinois, Rhode Island and
Wisconsin, violet; Iowa and North Da-
kota, wild rose; Kentucky, the trumpet
vine; Maryland, blackeyed Susan; Mas-
sachusetts, May flower; Minnesota,
moccasin flower; Montana, bitter root;
New Mexico, cactus; North Carolina,
daisy; Oregon, grape; South Dakota,
pasque flower; Texas, bluebonnet;
Utah, sego lily; Vermont, red clover;
Virginia, dogwood; Washington rho-
dodendron; West Virginia and Wyo-
ming, Indian paint brush.

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The Once Over By H. I. Phillips

ST. NICK VISITS THE SALESGIRL

'Twas the night before Christmas when
all through the flat
Not a creature was stirrin' (include me
in that);
My stockin's, a little the worse for the
wear,
Were hung on the back of a three-legged
chair;
Outside snow was fallin' in beautiful
flakes,
But I didn't care—I was too full of
aches;
I'd worked in a store through the hol-
iday strife,
And was plannin' to sleep for the rest
of my life.

When up from the airshaft there came
such a clatter
I leaped out of bed to see what was the
matter;
(I thought at the time 'twas a nut down
one flight,
Who starts up his radio late ev'ry
night);
So I went to the window and loudly did
cry,
'Is this Christmas Eve or the Fourth of
July?'

When what to my dead-with-sleep eyes
did appear
But a hinky-dink sleigh and eight tiny
reindeer!
And who should be drivin' right up to
the door
But one of them masquerade guys from
the store!

I said to myself, "What can be this
nut's game?"
When he clucked to his reindeer and
called 'em by name:
'Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now
Prancer! Now Vixen!
On Comet! On Cupid! On Donder and
Blitzen!"
An' just as I'm dopin' what next he
will do,
Right up to the housetop the whole out-
fit flew!

And then in a twinklin' I heard on the
roof

The prancin' an' pawin' of meat on the
hoof;
(Just imagine my feelings, with sleep
nearly dead
And some sap with an animal act over-
head!).
As I drew in my neck and was turnin'
around,
Down the chimney my visitor came with
a bound;
A big bag of junk he displayed with a
grin,
And he acted to me like he'd like to
move in.
He was chubby, good natured and oozin'
with glee,
But I ask you, dear reader, what was it
to me?
The point that I make is 'twas then 2
o'clock,
And a man in my room without stoppin'
to knock!

I was thinkin' how noivy he was and
how slick
When he says to me, "Lady, I'm only
St. Nick."
Well, a poor tired store slave in no
mood for fun,
I gave him a look and I asked him,
"Which one?"
"As a Christmas rush salesgirl," I said,
"you'll agree
That a look at St. Nick is no big treat
to me;
This has gone far enough and this bunk's
gotta stop—
Take the air with them goats or I'll yell
for a cop!"

He spoke not a word but went on with
his work,
And filled up my stockin's, then turned
with a jerk,
And layin' a finger aside his red nose,
And, givin' a nod, up the air shaft he
rose. . . .
He sprang to his sleigh with a shake
of his head,
And I pulled the shades down and fell
into bed.
"Merry Christmas!" he called as away
his deers flew,
And I jut gave a yawn and I answers,
"Sez you!"

America For Me

By Henry Van Dyke

'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study
Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battallions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains
filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her
way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to
lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling
sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

(Chosen as one of America's favorite poems in a na-
tionwide poll by American newspaper readers.)

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, famous preacher and writer,
and minister to the Netherlands under the Wilson admin-
istration, died yesterday, at the age of 80, at his home at
Princeton, N. J.

Dr. Van Dyke's poems and essays are studied as clas-
sics, and have won for their author a place of love and es-
teem because of their expressed love for humanity and
their unrivaled beauty.

Among his best known works were "The Other Wise
Man," "The Blue Flower," "The Ruling Passion," "Fisher-
man's Luck," "Music, an Ode," and "The Gospel for an Age
of Doubt."

Old Friday Afternoon Favorites.



The Flag Goes By.

HATS off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly,
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace,
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice and right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—H. H. Bennett.

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE CURE.

I've stood about when Old Trouble came my way
I've stood and looked at the wreckage of the day,
I've stood around
For an hour or two and frowned,
I've muttered bitter things and grumbled at my fate

But time was flying by
While I lingered there to sigh,
And I learned that for a whiner the minutes never wait.

I've stood and whimpered when disaster came to me,
But the wreckage still was lying there for every one to see.

Not a stick jumped out of line
To the music of my whine,
By my wallings and my sobbings not a single stone was moved,
And the morning slipped away
But my trouble chose to stay,
And the hardships I was facing there were not a bit improved.

Oh, it hurts to get a spill and a man must wall it out,
But get busy while you're grieving and don't idly stand about.

For Old Trouble can't be downed
By a man who mopes around;
Howsoever he may grumble still the wreckage will remain.
So don't waste a single day,
Clear the shattered hopes away,
For the only cure for losses is to get to work again.

Copyright, 1925.

The Artist Eye

JOSEPHINE HOSHAU

What joy to have the artist eye
To paint the land, the sea, the sky,
To bring to canvas nature's mood
And deftly color vale and wood!

What joy to have the artist eye
To sketch the mountains vast and high;
To mark the sunbeams' golden glow
And trace the streamlets as they flow!

What joy to have the artist eye
For softly tinting clouds that fly,
To recreate the rose's bloom
And all but catch its sweet perfume!

What joy to have the artist eye
To sense the ocean's heave and sigh,
To see God's hand in tree and vine
And read his thoughts in works divine!

MAXIMS OF WASHINGTON

Always do your best.
Think before you speak.
Always speak the truth.
Speak no evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
Be not apt to relate if you know not the truth thereof.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of others.

Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse nor revile.

When another speaks be attentive yourself and disturb not the audience forward, but friendly and

WHAT WE ALL FIND OUT.

The kids glide swiftly down the hill,
And on the ice below.
Again I feel the joyous thrill
That once I used to know.
I think I'll try it once again.
What though my hair is gray
I'm going to leave my stuffy den,
I'll be a boy today.
Suppose it is a trifle cold?
There's no such thing as growing old.

A boy—I'll be a boy once more—
Strong, keen and fancy free,
Crisp, snappy weather shall restore
The lad that lives in me.
Let old man Winter roar his song
And howl through glen and glade,
I'll mingle with the shouting throng
I'll join the gay parade—
A kid who goes his tranquil way
With not a soul to say him nay.

THE NEXT DAY.

I'm bruised and battered, halt and lame,
Unsteady is my tread.
This morning, when the ash man came
I gave him my old sled.
I've tasted all I need to taste
Of Winter's so-called joys.
My trust, alas, has been misplaced—
We can't be always boys.
For, when the bitter truth is told
We'll find we all are growing old.
—James J. Montague.

(Copyright, 1936.)

giving, SM-1000-1000

Hoover Kisses Significant Verse
The Bible verse which Herbert Hoover kissed yesterday in sealing his fealty to his countrymen was, "Where there is no vision the people perish; but he that keepeth the law, hippy is he." This verses might well be termed the text of President Hoover's inaugural address.

BRAND OF BREEDING SHOWN BY MANNERS

Easy to Pick Out Persons
Who Have Had Proper
Home Training.

WHEN the tenets of etiquette were more punctiliously observed than they are in these prosaic days, when men bowed so low, hat in hand, that its plume swept the floor, and the charming curtsy was taught to ladies in receiving such bows, life may have been more pleasant, even if somewhat stilted.

Courtesy manners do not exist today, except in the bearing of some old-fashioned people who still practice, at least the men, the use of compliments in addressing ladies, and women rise in acknowledgment of the introduction to an older person. There seems no time for this "gentle art of politeness," and it is abandoned once and for all.

How easy it is to pick out from any crowd those who have had courtesy and pleasant manners born and cultivated in them; how easy to discover the gentleman under the rough coat of a laborer and the woman who is a lady born wrapped in the shawl of a Martha-by-the-day. Genuine blood shows, no matter what the outer semblance, yet sometimes it is difficult to find anything resembling good manners in the present generation; too busily engaged in enjoying life to practice some of its amenities.

Nothing in the world compares with the loveliness of consideration shown by young persons to older ones; to good breeding of the man who shows that he remembers his mother taught him how to be polite to all women for her sake; for the woman of wealth who is courteous to her laundress because she herself is a lady.

Nearly everybody has heard the anecdote of our first President, George Washington, who, while walking with a friend, met an old negro servitor. The old negro took off his hat, naturally; so did Gen. Washington, returning the bow, with grace and dignity. Said his companion, "Why, General, you saluted that man as if he were a gentleman."

"I saluted him as though I were a gentleman," came the reply.

Nobody has ever been hurt by showing good breeding under any and all circumstances.

Prayer

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Strength for whatever must be borne,
Faith to encounter doubt,
For these I pray each night and morn
And cannot do without.

Not for an easier path to fare
Or burdens lighter made,
But for the courage still to dare
When wearied and afraid.

Lord, grant me these from day to day,
For which I come to plead:
The strength and faith for come what may
And little else I'll need.

at night on an upstairs
the House."

Note—One reason news editors played the story, Mr. President, was because they thought they had caught you fudging on your well-known diet.

By Strength Alone

By EDGAR A. GUEST

Thrust God aside and forceful might
Will silence every voice for right.
The stronger any tyrant grows
The more brutality he shows.

With strength alone allowed to rule,
Then vain would be both church and school.

For all who differ from the state,
Death and the prison camp await.

Deny both God and heaven and then
The weak are slaves to stronger men.
If all life means in power lies,
Sages are fools and brutes are wise.

Once turn away from God above
And hate will take the place of love,
Madness will reign throughout the world,

With every flag of freedom furled.

Time of Prayer—Noontide

"It is always noontide somewhere,
And across the awakening continents,
From shore to shore, somewhere,
Our prayers are rising ever more."

To be American indeed, as well as
In my printed creed.

"To do my best and play my part,
American in mind and heart,
To serve my flag and bravely stand,
To guard the glory of my land,
To be American indeed,
God give me strength to keep this creed."

Books of the Bible in Rhyme

Genesis first in order stands ;
Exodus gives the ten commands ;
Leviticus and Numbers, see
That Deuteronomy next will be.
Joshua, Judges, Ruth,—each dwells
Before Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles.
Ezra and Nehemiah then

To Esther point, the pious Queen.
Job, Psalms, and Proverbs next appear
With Ecclesiastes, while we hear
The Song of Solomon declare
What beauties in the Saviour are.

Isaiah speaks in sweetest strain
Of Christ, and tells us all his pain,
While Jeremiah weeping bears
His Lamentations to our ears ;
Ezekiel, Daniel, then will come ;
Hosea, Joel here find room,
Amos and Obadiah, too ;

Jonah and Micah stand to view ;
Nahum and Habakkuk make way
To Zephaniah and Haggai ;
Then Zechariah's book is seen,
And Malachi concludes the scene.

This is the way the Gospels run ;
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.
Then comes the Acts inviting you
The Apostolic Church to view.

The Epistles next our notice claim,
Which in succession thus we name ;
The Romans and Corinthians were
To cities sent renowned afar ;

Galatians and Ephesians then
Wrote by the same inspired pen.

Philippians, Colossians, stand
With Thessalonians near at hand ;
Timothy leads to Titus on,

This brings us down to Philemon.
The Hebrews soon we gladly find,

And that of James comes close behind
To Peter now our thoughts we give

With loving John we wish to live
Then solemn Jude will pierce

And Revelation close the

((DAD))

SAM SAYS---

One of the best friends I ever had
Is a good old man whom I call Dad
He's getting quit old cause he's 75
now
And there's quite a few wrinkles
across his brow.

It seems to me Dads don't get
their share
Of the credit they deserve for the
crosses they bear
When the kids get sick and Mother is
ill
It's Dad who pays the doctor bill.

He's seldom at home for he's the living
to make

he works and slaves trying to make a
stake,

His name may be Bill or Hank or Dan
Sometimes, his kids call him "the Old
Man"

Now that's one thing I don't like to
hear
Cause I think good Dads are really a
dear

Some day I'll be old and folks at me
will stare

Cause I'll lose all my teeth and also
my hair.

I sure will be ugly, in fact I'll be a
scream,

But I hope on my face a bright smile
will beam.

I won't have much silver and I can't have no "gold",
But I still want you'r friendship when I grow old.

*This is some of Allick's Typing. He also selected the
verses he wanted to
copy.*

Sam Says--

You may find gold upon this earth ,
You may find it underneath
But all the gold I'll ever have,
Is what I've got in my teeth.

Will, folks, this is election day
Each side, their praises have sung.
Who do you think the Mayor will be Dr.Scimeca, or Jake Young?

SAM. SAYS-----

@ADV

SAM SAYS-----

----- , . . --
On April the 20th Nineteen-One
To my brother's mother was born a son
He's been called a barber, a poet, a ((ham))
But my brother's mother just called him Sam.

SAM SAYS-- ((JUST ME))

I'm no hand to brag about What I can do,
And you'll find me as common as any old shoe,
I can't help my looks, or if my name's Sam,
But as old Pop Eye, I yam what I yam!
I doubt if I ever will get fat an flabby
And I hope as I get old I'll never get crabby,
I suppose I'll stay skinny, but I'll still try to smile
And hope I can do things that will make life worth while.

SAM SAYS--

When I have a little time,
I'll try and think of another rhyme.
But right now my mind is blank,
And I've no one else but myself to thank.

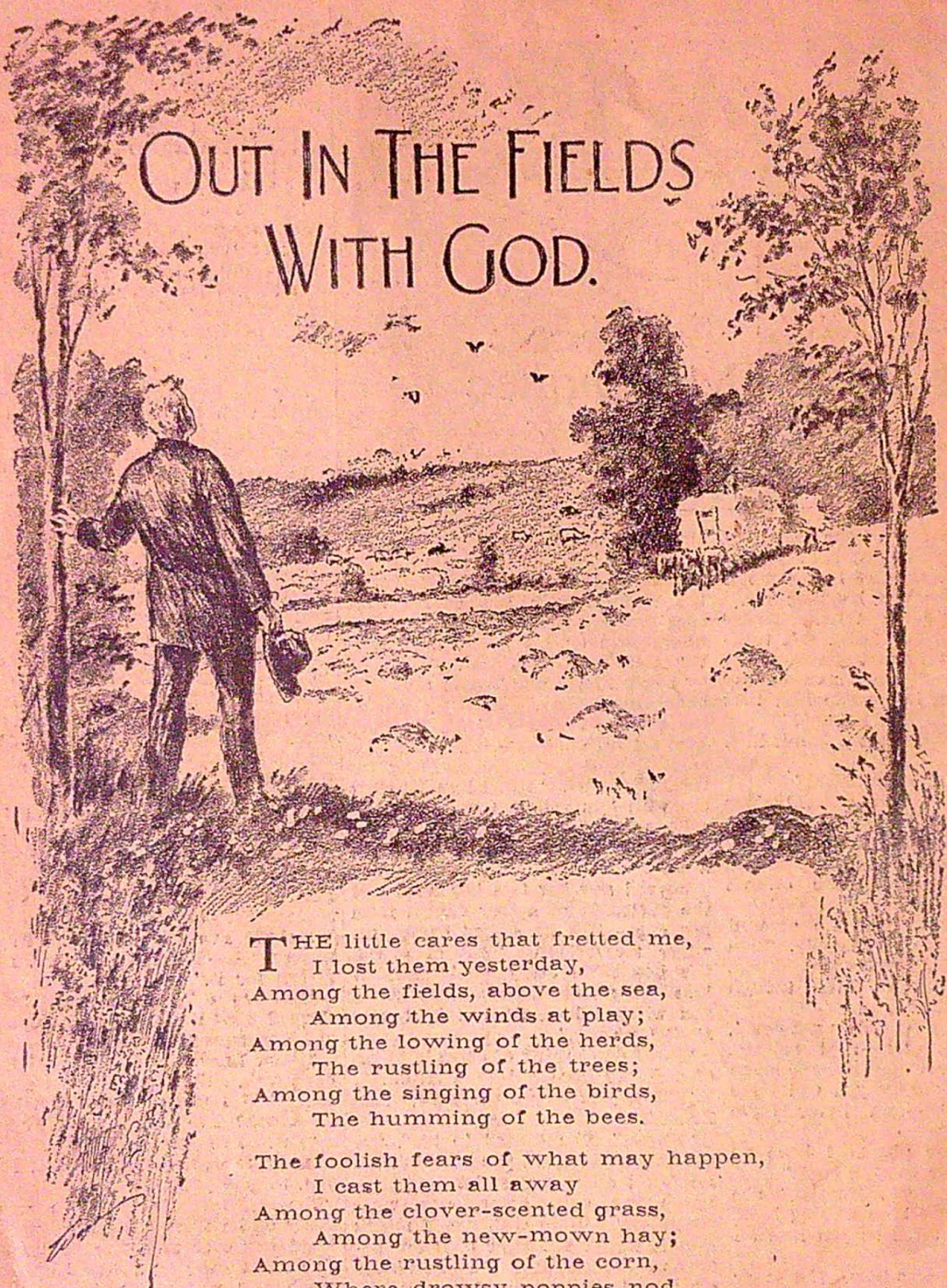
SAM SAYS-----

Listen folks do you think it's fair,
For you to neglect your head of hair
Let my operators prove their skill
And if you trade with us once, you always will.

Folks, tell us that our shop is neat,
And we've helped the looks of the village street .

Now what we want is just more Biz.
And that will make our shop a whiz.

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD.



THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the rustling of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



10 HEALTH COMMANDMENTS

1. Walk in the open air.
2. Keep a contented mind.
3. Breathe deeply of pure air.
4. Enjoy innocent amusements.
5. Get plenty of sleep each night.
6. Give your body and soul plenty of sunlight.
7. Eat healthful, plain food—and just enough of it.
8. Associate with companions who will benefit you.
9. Give your body plenty of pure water, outside and inside.
10. Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you.

Home

More than a plot of ground,
Stones and mortar, beams and clap-boards,
Roof-peaks and chimney-pots—
More than an entrancing skyline.
It is the unit of a family;
The roof-tree, the hearthside.
Doors, wide and friendly, make
It seems to grow out of the earth
To house the realities of life.
Mellowed walls that have sheltered

Love and youth,
Cradled hope and ambition,
Hidden disappointment and sorrow,
Hallowed the time of travail
And secluded the first hours of death—
It is the instrument that sounds
The harmony of passing lives.
Carrie A. Hall, In Pink Rag.

Mrs. Fred T.

Off Stage.

BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

Oh, boast of fashion if you will,
And brag of place and power,
But wealth and pride cannot provide
So sweet an evening hour
As that which follows after tea
When all the tasks are done
And round the place I romp and race
To share the children's fun.

The mother shakes her head at me,
My pride all put away.
And oft says she: "Should neighbors
see
Whatever would they say?"
With tousled hair and tie pulled out,
My collar, finger-smear'd,
She thinks that I with shame would
die
If callers then appeared.

Let others think whate'er they will!
'Tis not by stylish dress
Or manners cold or coins of gold
Men come to happiness.
They find it best who leave outside
Their haughty airs and vain
And find content and merriment
When they get home again.

Downtown I am supposed to be
A man of middle-age,
Dressed up and stiff with pride as if
I strutted on a stage,
But if I must be dignified
I'll do it when I roam,
I'll play the sham when out I am,
But never when at home.

(Copyright, 1934.)

HIS JOKE FAILS TWO WAYS.

Junior Pulls a Fast One to Spoil
His Father's Fun.

A South Side father knew the how-
does-the-goat-smell joke was old, but
Junior is only 5, so he tried it on him

OGG'S ALL-BRAN

"bulk" needed to re-
suscitate. It also

By C

Key Historical

"Ma know
smart as
admits it
just says
other child

anyway.
tion went
"Well,
that didn't
"How
"Terri
And

no sense
Italian
cavate
vile

The God of Little Boys

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

The God of little boys looks down
And gathers in His arms
The sleepy children in the town,
The children on the farms.
I know He knows about my bed,
He knows about my toys,
And listens when I bow my head,
The God of little boys.

O God of little boys like me,
When we lie down tonight,
Remember us especially,
And bring us back the light,
Our mothers' care, our mothers' love,
Our friends, our many joys,
And all the other blessings of
The God of little boys.

And then tomorrow, when it's here,
Watch over us at play,
And watch above our daddies dear,
Who have to work all day;
And, if the work is hard to do,
The world is full of noise,
Just tell them You
Are their God, too,
The same as little boys.

A Child's Mind.

A child's mind
Is like the sky at night
Sprinkled with stars—
Little lamps of faith
In fairies and simple things
That flicker and fade
When the all-revealing sun
Has come.
For even though he feel
The loss of stars,
He has known
The startling beauty of the dawn,
DOROTHEA HARRIS.

WINTER DOWN FASHION'S RUNWAY
BEACH.



A CUP OF COLD WATER

ON THE evening of the battle of Chickamauga an Illinois regiment that had been engaged all day was falling back under orders. The men did not know that they were retreating; they supposed, on the contrary, that they were only withdrawing for the night behind the picket lines. They were in high spirits, ready for battle again in the morning. As a matter of fact, the flank of their division had been turned; General Thomas found himself obliged to change the position of the right wing.

As they passed an old straw stack, one soldier called out to his comrades that here was a better bed than he had in camp and that he was tired enough to stop. Thinking himself well within the lines and close to his own regiment, he stayed; the others passed on.

He pulled straw from the stack and made himself a good bed, when he heard groaning. It was not yet dark, and he made his way to the place whence the groans came. There lay a Confederate soldier, shot through both hips.

"For the love of God, cover me up!" the wounded man pleaded. He had lost much blood and was faint and cold.

Bringing straw, the Union soldier laid it around him, covered him with a blanket, and laid straw upon that.

"Have you any water?" asked the Southerner.

The Union soldier's canteen was a third full; he put it to the lips of the wounded man.

"Are you a Yank?" the latter asked.

"Yes."

"And like as not the very Yank that shot me?"

"I hope not. In any case, we're friends tonight."

"What a pity we weren't always friends. Yank, have you got any more of that water?"

The terrible gunshot thirst was upon him; he drank till not a drop was left in the canteen. Then he said: "Hit don't seem hardly right—two men that know how to be kind to one another after sundown, tryin' all day to blow daylight through each other. Does it now?"

"No, comrade, it don't. And like as not both Christians too."

"Yes, that's so. Like as not both Christians. Well, you've done your best by me. Good night."

Returning to his straw bed, the Yankee was soon fast asleep. He was awakened some hours later by voices and a light. In sudden fear he heard his wounded acquaintance call out excitedly: "He's right over thar. He's right over thar."

The next moment the light approached, and he saw a man in a uniform of gray standing over him. "Are you a Federal soldier?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I'm a Confederate surgeon. We have the field and are caring for the wounded. We are removing a wounded man to the hospital, but he refuses to go till you are safe. The picket lines are forming, and you are within them. Your camp lies over in that direction. I should advise you to move fast."

The Union soldier did move fast, but he stopped a moment to take the hand of the wounded man. "You've saved me from capture," he said. "I want to thank you."

"Hit don't seem hardly right to let you be taken," said the Confederate. "Don't the Bible say that if you give a cup of water you shall not lose your reward? Good night, Yank. Now you shteadle."

"Good night. God bless you!" And the Union soldier disappeared in the darkness.—Selected.

The Old Man Again.

By R. S. Sailer, Abingdon, Ill.

My back it is bent, and I lean on the rod,
And can not go out for the glory of God
Backward, turn backward oh, time of thy flight,
Make me a boy again so I can fight.

While trying to follow the Prince of all Peace,
Good will to all men is the doctrine I teach,
But prayerfully listening do I hear him cry,
"To live by the sword by the sword ye shall die!"

The flag of all hate the Kaiser unfurled,
And goes out to conquer or slaughter the world,
Backward then backward, oh, time on thy flight,
Give me my youth to fight for the right.

Domination and glory they fight so they say,
Then go to their neighbor and innocence slay,
Turn backward oh, Kaiser for thy people's sake,
For Yanks they have said no hand you shall take.

Oh! Time you are mean, you don't treat me right,
Altho' I'm a hero you won't let me fight,
But listening I hear on America's shore,
There's room for all heroes to help in this war.

So now my young neighbor, in lands far away,
Poor little old soldier in the grand U. S. A.
Will stick to his post and do his full part,
To go get the Kaiser and silence his heart.

When the Colors Went By.

The great outpouring of French sentiment for Americans is described by Lieut. Frank O. Brigham of the air service, whose home is in Oakland, Cal. He writes to his father, F. E. Brigham, and his letter is reprinted by the Literary Digest.

I was in Paris July 14. It was a wonderful day in every way. The early morning was very dull and gray, but by the time the parade was started there was not a cloud in the sky. I never expected to see another spectacle like it unless I am fortunate enough to see an Allied entry into Berlin. Half the world—yes, more than that—was represented in line and represented by the best that each nation could bring forward. As the colors of each nation went by, Paris seemed to get more and more excited until I believe that they had reached the absolute heights of enthusiasm.

English, Belgian, Italian, all of them took the city by storm, but away off down the line I heard a hum that steadily grew louder and sounded above all the rest of the noise, a hum that somehow or other got inside of me and made me stand a little straighter, and then about a block away I saw a flash of color, and oh! how wonderful it looked to me for the color resolved itself into the "Colors," and then, my dear people I thought the heavens had broken loose. I have never in my life heard such an outburst of noise. It was not the high shouting that one usually hears, but a roar that started away down and gradually increased until when it broke the very windows rattled. It sounded like the organized yell of a million rooters, and then just as quickly as it had started it died down, and amid an absolute silence and with every civilian hat off, every man in uniform, at a stiff salute, the colors of the United States of America went by.

WHO CAN GATHER WILD ROSES SWEET?

Who can gather wild roses sweet,
Or follow the fences for goldenrod,
Or tramp through the clover the meadow over,
And say to his neighbor, "There is no God?"

Who can look over wide fields of grain,
That wave like the sea in the wind's fond kiss,
Or into the sky as the night passes by
And say, "There's no other life than this?"

Requiem

When I have had my little day,
My chance at toil, my little fling at play,
And in the starry silence fall
With broken staff against the wall,
May some one pass, God grant, that way,
And, as he bends above me say:

"Good night, dear comrade, sleep you well,

Deep are the daisies where you fell;
I fold your empty hands that shared
Your little all with them that fared
Beside you in the rain and sun—
Good night, your little day is done."

Or, when my little hour has sped,
When night comes, and 'tis time for bed,

The windows closed, and locked the door
And I lie down to wake no more,
May some one, at the break of day,
That comes to rouse me, wait to say:

"Farewell, dear comrade, mine no more;
A bird is singing at your door;
And all the highways are a-throng
With steps you lightened with your song;

They come to call you from your song;
Farewell, your little hour is sped."
—John S. McGroarty, in Crit.

Lend a Hand to Hoover.

By Miss Kina Hoels, Portland, Ore.

You can lend a hand to Hoover,
By saving all you can,
And you can help to win the war,
With his food conserving plan.

It's not going to hurt you very much,
To go without your candy,
Cause you're going to find that later on,
The sugar comes in handy.

You know that you can get along,
With half as much of wheat,
And it's really just as good for you,
To not eat so much meat.

And there are many other things,
We really do not need,
When Uncle Sammy needs them bad,
For the millions he must feel.

So lend a hand to Hoover,
Help a nation in distress,
You will help the U. S. win the war,
If you eat a little less.



HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

The earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath;
The nations in their harness
Go up against our path!
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and forward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek thy mercy now!
The sinner that foreswore Thee,
The fool that passed thee by—
Our times are known before thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone!
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came;
Let not thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein—
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak thou our underserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes tomorrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each an utter need—
True comrade and true foe,
Madonna, intercede!

Even now their vanguard gathers,
Even now we face the fray—
As thou didst help our fathers,
Help thou our host today!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

Over There.

By Emma E. Hecks, Portland, Ore.

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word over there,
That the girls are knitting,
The girls are knitting.
The needles busy everywhere,
We declare, to do our share,
For the boys, for the boys, over there.
It's coming over, we'll send it over,
And we'll knit, knit, knit,
Till it's over, over there.

What Our Service Flag Means to Us.

By Fern Elizabeth Goodrich, Sedalia, Mo.

A flag is at our window now,
Its field of white does happy shine,
And to its star of blue we bow,
Bordered by that "thin red line."
It represents one man at war,
Who left his home to fight the Hun,
On the field of battle red with gore,
Beneath the hot and scorching sun!
That star a beacon brightly gleams,
With hope and trust for all of us,
And somehow happy future dreams,
That somewhere meet we surely must.



October's days are golden days,
The air is just like wine;
Each breeze the west wind sweeps along,
Makes a boy feel fine.

Bouquets are waving in the air,
All yellow, red and gold,
Nuts and apples, way up high,
All your lap can hold.

Jack Pumpkins soon will lanterns be,
Jack Frost will turn to snow,
There's not a mear month
In all the year, I know.

TEK KEER UV JIM.

Deah Lawd, I feels to lif' a lit' prayer—
My boy Jim has done gone ovah thah,
An' I see so wuthless 'cep' to pray fu' him,
I ax yo', Lawd, will yo' tek keer uv Jim?

I reckon yo' don' know my boy Jim,
Dey's so many black boys tall 'n' slim,
But I see gwine tell yo', Lawd, you'll know
Fu' evah sence he gin hissef—you'd be surprise

De look uv glory dat seem to cling—
Reckon sho' dat boy has seen de king
In all his glory, 'n' de light done shine
Back in dem eyes uv dat black boy uv mine.

I craves to shah dat vision 'long o' him,
But all I had to gin is gone—dat's Jim.
Gwine mek out, someway, outen him,
Ef, Lawd, yo'll jes' tek keer uv Jim.

—Lelah Richmond Miner in the Outlook.

The Kaiser's Boast

Old Bill he made a great big
That he would rule our peo-
ple from Coast to coast
And that he would bring Eng-
land an France to their
That he would rule on the
land and on the sea
Our Powder and Gas, he is
to glorioz to him
Fuch and Pershing is giving
him
Our big Tanks and Guns are
making them
They are giving them Huns
the Belly
The great victory now is al-
most
They have them Boches on
the
Old Bill is whining like a
He knows he has to give it
The news I have it makes
me
I hear they are Hollering
We are fighting against
We will win and give
Democracy I will give the
It just makes all men
W. H. LANE.

The Mothers of Men.

The bravest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not—
'Tis fought by the mothers of men.
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent words of thought
From mouths of wonderful men,
But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently, bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!
No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave:
But, oh! their battles, they last
From babyhood to the grave.
Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen, goes down.
Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kindest victories fought
Were fought in those silent ways,
Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kindest warrior born.

—By Joaquin Miller.

The Kaiser's Latest Prayer
Gott, Gott, dear Gott, attentions please,
Your partner Wilhelm's here,
Und has a word or two to say,
Indo your private ear:
So durn away all udders now,
Und listen well to me,
For vat I say concerns me much,
Mehself and Shermany.

You know dear Gott, I vas your friendt,
Und from mein hour of birth,
Inquietly let you rule de heffen
Vile I rule o'er the earth,
Und ven I told my soldiers
Of by gone battle days,
I gladly split de glory,
Und gave you half de praise.

In every way I tried to prove
Mein heart to you vas true,
Und only claimed mein honest share,
In great deeds dat ve do.
You could not haf a better friendt,
In sky, or lan or sea,
Dan Kaiser vilhem Number two,
De Lord of Shermany.

So, vat I say, dear Gott, is dis
Dat ve should still be friendt,
Und you should help to send my foes
To meet their bitter ends.
If you, dear Gott, vill dis me do
I'll nothing ask again,
Und you and I will bardners be
For evermore, Amen.

But listen, Gott, it must be quick,
Your help to me you send
Or else I haf to stop attack
Und only blay defend.
So four and twenty hours I gif
To make the allies run
Und put me safe into mein place,
De middle of de sun.

If you do this, I'd do my part,
I'll tell de world de fact,
But if you don't den I must tink
It is an hostile act.
Den var at once I vill declare
Und in mein anger rise
Und send mein Zepp'lin ships to wage
A fight up in the skies.

Dis ultimatum now, dear Gott,
Is one of many more
Mein mind is settled up to clean
De whole world off de floor.
Because you vas mein bardner, Gott,
An extra chance is gifen,
So help at vonce, or else I'll be
De Emperor of Heffen.

By Peru Woman -- More Than 7,960 Pieces

Imagine 7,960 tiny blocks in one quilt!

That number, however, does not include all pieces or the minute edging on the border of the quilt, which won for Mrs. Ward Andrews, of Peru, the championship ribbon in the entire fancy work department of the Inter-State fair in Coffeyville last week.

The tiny blocks, in white and lovely shades of pink and orchid, used to make up 20 larger blocks, are less than one-inch square with all seams completed. There are 398 of the tiny blocks in each of the 20 main blocks. The scroll design which makes the border is appliqued, and the edging is made of the small pink and orchid blocks folded to form tiny points.

Exhibiting outstanding needlework in making the quilt, Mrs. Andrews also did the quilting, which included an unaccountable number of fine stitches.

PATTERN—LINCOLN QUILT

Pattern of the quilt, which is called "The Lincoln Quilt," has quite a history, Mrs. Andrews said. The original quilt is said to have been made by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, while her husband was President, and the quilt hung in the White House. Mrs. Andrews said that she sent to Washington for the pattern.

Mrs. Andrews, although pleased that her quilt won the purple ribbon, was commenting on a number of other outstanding articles of fancy work, among them the tablecloth crocheted by W. P. Allin, 1108 Elm. She mentioned that she was much interested in the pattern of the cloth on which Allin won the "Best of Fair" trophy in the crocheting division of the fancy work department.

Fancy work in general is a hob-

by with Mrs. Andrews, although possibly making quilts is her favorite. She estimated that in actual working time, she was about six weeks making the quilt. However, she did not work steadily, she explained.

HAS COLLECTION

"I have quite a collection of quilts, averaging one quilt a year, but I have kept no count of the number I have made. I give away a lot of them," Mrs. Andrews said.

To make a quilt for all the members of her immediate family would require only three. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have one daughter, one son and one grandson. Their son, Allan, lives at Hobbs, N. M.

Their daughter, Mrs. L. M. Harris, of Caney, like her mother, is interested in sewing and fancy work. She operates a unique dress shop at the south edge of Caney. She said, "Mother is my alteration lady. She also has a fancy-work department in the shop." The Andrews' grandson, Roger, entered his first year of school this fall at Caney. Mrs. Harris was with her mother Friday morning at Floral hall to pick up the prize quilt.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews have liv-

ed at their present home, a mile west of Peru, only a year. However both were born and reared in Chautauqua county and formerly lived on a cattle ranch south of Peru.

● P.-T.A. Activities

West Coffeyville Unit Honors School Teachers

The two teachers of West Coffeyville school, Mrs. Jim Davis and Mrs. Howard Franck, were honored at the meeting of the West Coffeyville P.-T.A. unit Friday night at the school. Corsages were presented to the teachers.

Mrs. Grant Cotner, hospitality chairman, introduced new families Mrs. Frank led in group singing with Mrs. Davis at the piano.

James McClere, recreation director in Coffeyville, showed safety films regarding bicycle riding and crossing streets and movies of the summer recreation program in Coffeyville.

Refreshments were served.

When a rifle is aimed, the barrel is above the line of the target.

Geoffrey Chaucer was the first poet laureate of England.

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My Wife's got an Aunt like Mighty Well
And in just a few minutes her name I'll tell
She talks just enough to have her say
And her hair's just the color I love since its gray.
It ~~is~~ takes lots of patience Make powder
And us folks just call her Aunt Geary's more
It maybe that disposition Would spoil
If it wasn't for taking her Mineral Oil.



With artificial reseeding, Ward Andrews of Chautauqua County is bringing back the native prairie sod on his farm. Here he is looking at a plot seeded last year.

"Cambered About Much Serving."

Martha went through all the house,
And swept it with a broom;
She tied the curtains back in place,
And dusted every room.

Then to the kitchen, Martha went
And did her anxious best
To cook the nicest things she knew,
To please the honored Guest.

She was a little tired and cross
When dinner was complete;
And there sat Mary, cool and lovely,
At the Master's feet!

The Master gave to house and food
And Martha small concern.
But talked with Mary. Foolish Marthas!
Will they never learn?

—B. Y. Williams in "The Grub Street
Book of Verse."

with the poets a year ago.

POET OF THE HOME DUE HERE TODAY



—Press Photo.

Edgar A. Guest, poet laureate of the American home, who will give a recital tonight in Convention hall. Mr. Guest will arrive at 1:45 o'clock this afternoon from Minneapolis. Mrs. Guest, Elizabeth Garay, violinist and Yolanda Garay, will accompany him to Kansas City.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER

By Douglas Malloch

A fellow has a lot of friends
 Of boys and girls to play with,
 And aunts and uncles that he spends
 An afternoon or day with,
 I like the folks across the street,
 And men with smiling faces,
 And pleasant people that you meet
 In church and other places,
 A daddy's good, so big and tall,
 A sister, or a brother,
 But one friend is the best of all—
 And that's a fellow's mother!

The other friends are nice to know,
 To visit, and to chatter,
 But, oh, you want your mother so
 When something is the matter!
 Perhaps a finger you may hit,
 Because the hammer misses;
 Your mother alw. vs fixes it
 With tape and thread—and kisses.
 A mother takes the hurt away,
 She can, somehow or other:
 One friend you need, need every day
 And that's a fellow's mother!

65 West 36th Street, New

Faith.

I shall not weep when you are gone
 Or curse whatever gods there be,
 I know each day however long
 And barren of your smile, your song
 But brings you one day nearer me.
 RENA V. OUTCALT.

Jack Oliver of Caney was the guest artist on the delightful program presented by Miss Mary McKee of that city last night, with Mrs. Edith Marion of Caney was at the piano. Miss McKee chose a number of the best known works as features of her program last night and Rosbach's "Trees" was especially appreciated. Mr. Oliver's feature number was Morrison's "Meditation." Miss McKee is looking forward to the program soon to be presented in duet form with Miss Maurine Wren of this

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

NEARING THE GOAL.

The road is long and the wind is bleak,
 I'm a long way still from the mountain peak,
 But I'm bound to keep on going.
 Oh, I'll gain a yard or I'll gain a mile,
 And I'll get to my goal in some after while
 In spite of the wind that's blowing.

My burden's heavy, but all I see
 Are carrying crosses, just like me,
 And they're going the way I'm going.
 And some are merry and some are sad,
 And all of them, whether they're good or bad,
 The scars of life are showing.

They all tell tales of pleasanter days
 Of easier tasks and sunnier ways,
 When care was but a bubble,
 And there's none at the half-way post I find.
 But what can tell, if he's so inclined,
 A pitiful tale of trouble.

We are nearing home where the hurts will cease,
 We are nearing home with its days of peace,
 So bravely keep on going,
 Though we gain a yard or we gain a mile,
 We shall all reach home in some after while
 In spite of the wind that's blowing.

Copyright, 1925.

Here's to Her

Whose eyes are the glowing candles on
 the tree,
 Whose smile is brighter, far, than Christ-
 mas stars to me,
 Whose heart is ever green with love
 unlike all other—
 The Gift that God Himself gave me, and
 called it "Mother!"

WIVES LIKE ATTENTION

During courtship, the attentive lover takes the girl out and makes every effort to entertain her. During this period, therefore, the young couple get no opportunity to realize whether their tastes and ideas are congenial. A glamor of romance is spread over their relationships. Nothing is too good for the "girl of his dreams."

But after marriage the courtship attentions and courtesies slip away. The husband forgets that to hold a wife, he must continue to be her lover. He begins to take things for granted. He spoils her illusions. He stops offering her those little courtesies that mean so much to a woman. She begins to notice that other men are more attentive to her than her husband. She has become a wife instead of a sweetheart!

I believe that on this rock of the commonplace relationship into which a man permits himself to drift after marriage, the ship of happy married life most often strikes.

—FLORENCE NASH.

*Rejoice in the Lord always: and again
I say, Rejoice.—Phil. iv. 4.*

I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound,
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round
That in the darkest spots of earth
Some love is found.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

The men who met him rounded on their
heels
And wonder'd after him, because his
face
Shone like the countenance of a priest of
old
Against the flame about a sacrifice
Kindled by fire from heaven: so glad
was he.

—*Tennyson.*

You find yourself refreshed by the
presence of cheerful people; why not
make earnest efforts to confer that pleas-
ure on others? You will find half the
battle is gained if you will never allow
yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Lydia
M. Child.*

"When thou doest good do it because it
is good, not because men esteem it; when
thou avoidest evil flee it because it is
evil, not because men speak against it;
be honest for the love of honesty, and
thou shalt be uniformly so: he that doeth
it without principle is wavering. Say not
unto thyself, Behold, truth breedeth hat-
red, and I will avoid it; dissimulation
raiseth friends, and I will follow it. Are
not the enemies made by truth better
than the friends obtained by flattery?"

What can man bear about with him—
what office, what array, what apparel—
that shall beget such reverence as the
soul he bears with him?—*Dr. Dewey.*

HE WHO SERVES

He has not served who gathers gold,
Nor has he served, whose life is told
In selfish battles he has won,
Or deeds of skill that he has done,
But he has served who now and then
Has helped among his fellow men,
The world needs many men today;
Red-blooded men along life's way,
With cheerful smiles and helping hands
And with the faith that understands
The beauty of the simple deed,
Which serves another's hour of need.
Strong men to stand beside the weak,
Kind men to hear what others speak,
True men to keep our country's laws
And guard its honor and its cause
Men who will bravely play life's game
Nor ask rewards of gold or fame,
Teach me to do the best I can
To help and cheer our fellow men;
Teach me to lose my selfish need
And glory in the larger deed
Which smoothes the road and lights the day
For all who chance to come my way.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

MY LITTLE BROTHER

By *WALT FILKIN.*

I've got a little brother, dear;
It's not been long since he came here.
I think it's just eight weeks today
Since they decided he could stay.

My mother says, "You little lamb,"
And I can see, the size I am,
That he's not that; why he's a boy,
And not one bit a baby's toy.

Why I've a lamb that runs on wheels.
They're not alike; my brother squeals,
And cries and yells. It's strange that she
Should think that he a toy could be.

She calls him "little dumplings," too,
And "precious rosebud," tell me who
Would say that either one is right—
A rose is red and dumpling white.

"A cherry blossom," once she said
When fast asleep upon his bed.
I wonder mother doesn't see,
'Cause father says he looks like me.

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SAM SAYS

'What do you want fer Christmas?'
That question was put to me,
I thought of about a million things
An' then thinks I,—Oh Gee.
They'd cost a lot of money
An' I know they're out of reach,
So what's the use of wantin'
If I got 'em I'd lose my speech.
But I took an inventory
Of the things I needed most,
An' when I found out what they was
Well folks, I couldn't boast.
If I asked fer all the things I need
I know it'd be a sin
'Cause I need everything from my
hat clear down
An' from my overcoat—in.

The Once Over *By H. I. Phillips*

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS FOR A CENSUS FORM

1—Are any members of the household Republican, and, if so, have they been fingerprinted yet?

2—How many adults residing on the premises ride a bicycle, own a golf bag or shave with an old-fashioned razor?

3—How many people here are government employees, and what do they do for exercise?

4—Is there a game of Chinese checkers on the premises?

5—Is it a community game or do you own it outright?

* * *

6—List any member of the household who has won any money on radio quiz programs. Do you ever think he or she can be interested in a regular job until this craze abates?

7—Have any persons in residence had dental work within the last 18 months? State the amount still owed dentist.

8—Do you own a piano? What color? How old?

9—List every household article purchased on the time payment plan, exclusive of electric iceboxes, electric ice boxes and electric iceboxes.

10—How many members of the family wear wing collars?

* * *

11—Is there a Tory on the premises?

12—How did you vote in the last two elections?

* * *

13—Do you own or operate a zither, a vacuum cleaner, a waffle iron or a filling station?

* * *

14—How many people in this household possess a raccoon coat, an outboard

motor, a portable radio, a canoe or a duck?

15—Do you raise rabbits for profit?

* * *

16—How many children are there in the family who are going to high school? Can they speak English yet?

17—What proportion of the family income goes to tickets on the Irish Sweepstakes each year?

18—Have you ever made any money growing mushrooms at home?

19—How many times have you been visited by persons taking a census during the last five years?

20—Where do you hide the bodies?

HE'S HERE AGAIN

Knock! Knock! It is the census man—
He merely wants to know
The facts about your private life
And what you make and owe.

He only seeks the barest facts:
How does the mortgage stand?
Where do you get your income from—
And have you any land?

The merest outline, that is all:
What is your lighting bill?
Do you keep boarders, and, if not,
Is there a chance you will?

A superficial inquiry,
Just that and nothing more:
Did you have bridgework done last
year?
What is your golfing score?

On which side do you sleep at night?
Are both your tonsils out?
What color is your Uncle Joe?
(And is there any doubt?)

The Story of Our Flag.

"Old Glory is the name given to the United States flag.

Betsy Ross made the first United States flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars, because there were thirteen colonies that fought for freedom, but now there are forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes.

There are now thirteen stripes because thirteen colonies fought for freedom and forty-eight stars because there are forty-eight states now.

Red stands for bravery and love; white stands for purity and blue stands for truth and peace.

There is no other country that has as good a meaning for its flag as the United States nor no other country that has as pretty a flag as the United States.

On the birthday of our Nation July 4th, we decorate every thing with "Old Glory."

We use flags small enough to put in the button holes of our coats, to flags larger than tablecloths.

All ships that belong to "America" fly Old Glory on their masts.

All Governors urge every school to fly Old Glory on their building.

Old Glory.

On many a land and many a grave,
Old Glory, the emblem of freedom will wave.

No flag will match Old Glory,
Nor no flag has so great a story,
O'er many an isle and many a sea,
The word Old Glory will be heard
Her field of blue
Tells you to be true,
with glee.

The color of white has a glorious meaning quite;

Under the stripes of crimson red,
Hardly a man has ever fled,
No patriot in his seat e'er stayed,
While Old Glory's hymn was grandly played

No soul ever with peace prayed
Before o'er land and sea
Old Glory swayed.

No flag will match Old Glory
Nor no flag has so great a story

—By Karl Hobson,
Fifth Grade.

"When I am driving on a street
Where little folks I'm apt to meet,
Who dash across the street in play,
I hope I'll drive in just the
Way, that I would drive if
Mine were there, upon that
Crowded thoroughfare!"

(Rotary Derrick).

("Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone," are lines that have been travestied in vaudeville theaters and quoted with impressive effect in the halls of legislation. Yet it is safe to surmise that the great majority of those who knew them have not lately read the lines that make up the rest of the poem.)

SOLITUDE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Busy One

By Dorothy Dow

I have done the old things
Over and over;
Still the cookies must be made,
Though I've lost my lover.

Even if my eyes are wet,
Stairways need tending;
And my basket's heaped with clothes
Waiting for my mending.

Still the dishes fill the sink—
The rooms need sweeping;
Ah . . . there's little time, at best,
In a day, for weeping.

All the old things must be done—
Dusting and baking;
I've not even time to feel
That my heart is breaking.

Nous Verrons.

From the Lowell Courier-Citizen.
Skirts will be shorter, we read; but
they cannot be much shorter and still
be skirts, so far as we can see. Per-
haps they will become sashes, in course
of time. Or collars? And finally hair
ribbons?

Scotch Birthday Card

Birthday Greetings, lassie;
Merry Christmas, too.
Happy New Year, Easter Gladness,
All, I speed to you.
Incidentally, 'twould be fine
If you'd be my Valentine.

Pathfinder.

January 1.
30 years.

ECONOMICAL POME.

Dan, Dan, my chauffeur man,
Stole my wife, and away he ran;
But if he hopes to win my praise,
He'll keep her till after the holidays.

—Dide O'Laffin.

wool in-

is I'm sorry

"Oh,

A Christmas Poem.

Christmas time is coming near,
And the sleigh bells shall appear,
And with a heart full of joy
We will give and take a toy.

And now we'll all have very good
times,
Buying presents for nickles and dimes
And after sand-man has come around
And every one is sleeping sound

Dear old Santa Claus shall appear
And not a sound shall we ever hear,
He'll fill many stockings with beauti-
ful toys,
For good little girls and good little
boys.

We will shout and laugh with glee
While our hearts grow glad and free;
Bring in the good old Christmas tree,
With a loud shout of welcome glee.

With lots of Christmas candy,
It makes us feel just dandy,
Every one likes the Christmas eve,
And when 'tis over all shall grieve.

And for the merry month of glad De-
cember,
We shall forever and always remem-
ber

The good times we have always had,
And promise never to be bad.
—By Carl Hobson, age 11, 5th grade.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

LONESOME.

I've been south where the palm trees sway
And the sea and the sky are blue,
But that home was a thousand miles away
Still haunted me through and through.

I've stretched full length on the golden sand,
And I've dreamed in a lovely spot,
But that I was afar in a foreign land
Was something I never forgot.

A mocking bird whistled and called to me
And begged me to share his cheer,
But always a small voice said to me:
"The ones that you miss aren't here."

"You'd better get back where the trees are bare
For you never were fashioned to roam,
It's cold in the north, but your friends are there,"
So I packed up my stuff and went home.

Copyright, 1928.

By Marian Greene Barney

I DID not think, when you came yesterday
And we were talking in our usual way,
Out in the garden where the larkspur's blue
Is misted by the drifts of meadow rue,
Of loving words I long had meant to say.

I NOTICED how your hair was turning gray—
How tired your eyes; and when you went away,
I let you walk; I might have driven you—
I did not think!

AND as we passed a long white jasmine spray,
You stooped to breathe its fragrance where it lay
Against the wall, all glistening with dew.
I let you go without that flower, too—
But laid it in your cold, dead hand today.
I did not think!

heard the knocking at the door. Standing in the archway of the dining room, Laurie spoke:

"I thought I heard my name—or rather my status. Dolly, we're so sorry to be late! There was a mix-up at the station, and Kit and I—"

Kit, appearing to look over her shoulder, said gayly: "Blame it on me. I forgot the time—the train was late—oh, take it any way you want. Hello, Van. How in

any way you want. —
 December 14, 1953

Your Flag and my Flag!
And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind tossed,
Red and blue and white.

THE

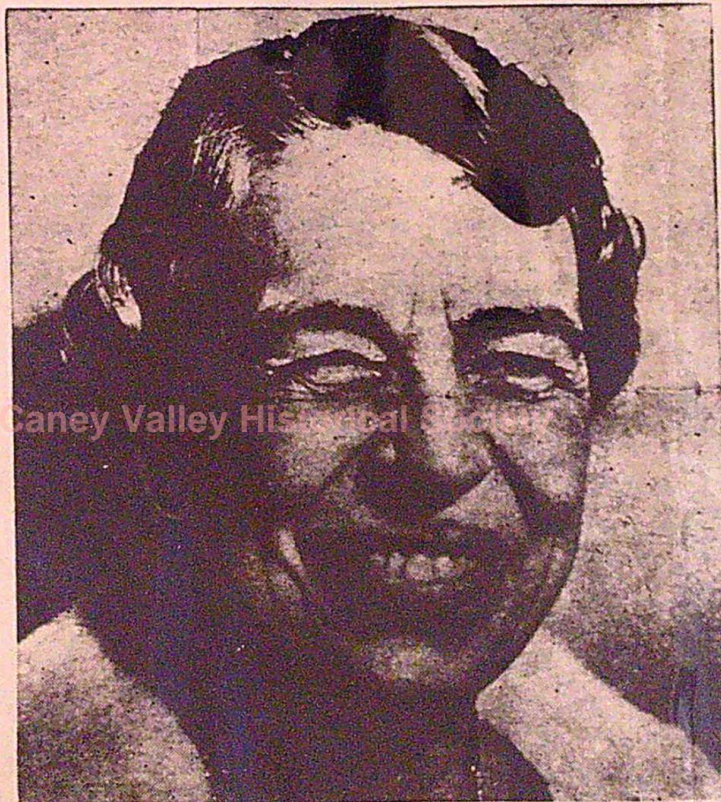
For A Fourth Term

and MORE War, MORE Indebtedness, MORE Taxes and Millions MORE Miles of Travel--



For 3 Long Years I have been going up and down this country preaching that government costs too much. I shall not stop that preaching."—Acceptance Speech, July 2, 1932.

I have said this before, and I shall say it again and again and again: Your boys are not going to be sent to any foreign wars."—Boston Speech, Oct. 30, 1940.



"The average girl of today faces the problem of learning, very young, how much she can drink of such things as whiskey and gin and sticking to the proper quantities."—Nationwide Broadcast Jan. 1933. See Lit. Digest, Jan. 7, 1933, page 20.

GALLIVANTIN' GAL

(By a Soldier In The So. Pacific)

Strike up the Band!
Here's Our Globe Trotter!

Call off the bombing for today
Wheel out the Army ship
Hold up the war so Eleanor
Can take another trip.

Immobilize a fighting plane,
Fetch oil and gas galore,
For this old gal is off again
To some enchanted shore.

For 20,000 miles she goes
To have her weekly fling,
And rub her nose against the nose
Of some wild Zulu King!

'Twas by design and not by luck
She chose this distant shore:
The only place she hadn't stuck
He nosey nose before.

Now, having rubbed the royal nose
She crossed another sea,
To scare the natives I suppose
And watch them plant a tree.

This happy thought occurred to me
As homeward bound she sped;
Why couldn't they have shipped the
tree,
And planted her instead?

Almina (Kansas) Plaindealer.

Blimp Ride Lighter Than Air

By JAMES LAUGHLIN
Of the World Staff

Riding in a helium-filled bag of rubber-coated polyester is something akin to taking a slow and comfortable ride in a gently rocking boat.

The Goodyear blimp America made a brief stop at Tulsa's Harvey Young Airport Saturday on a promotional tour around the United States. Members of the press and special guests of Goodyear were treated to rides in the airship.

When the ropes were released, the blimp surged upward with a roar of its twin push-prop Continental engines in a takeoff that would have made any airline pilot envious.

Cruising along at speed of 35 mph, the blimp rode more like a mild-mannered roller coaster than an aircraft.

While passengers chatted about the unique experience of flying suspended below a bag of helium, it was just another day for pilot Don McDuff, who has been flying for Goodyear for 11 years.

Although he has a pilot's license for more conventional aircraft, McDuff said he prefers flying his lighter-than-air craft. Surprisingly, flying a blimp is actually just as difficult or more so than flying an airplane. McDuff noted that you don't need a crew of a dozen men to help you land a Piper Cub.

Despite the difficulty in landing a craft that tends to go where the wind blows, McDuff said, blimps do have advantages over airplanes. "They are a lot safer," he said. "They are slow and big and easy to see, and if your engines quit, you just float with the wind until you find a place to land."

To the uninitiated, it might seem that blimps would be an ideal form of transport. But with an average speed of about 35 mph depending on tail winds, you wouldn't be able to carry any rush cargo, McDuff said.

Also, blimps have a limited carrying capacity.

The Goodyear America, 200 feet long and with more than 200,000 cubic feet of helium, has only about 2,000 pounds of usable lift.

For carrying cargo, one would probably need a rigid dirigible the size of Germany's ill-fated Hindenberg, McDuff said.

The America might seem huge up close, but it is tiny compared to the Hindenburg, McDuff said. He said that the Hindenburg was 800 feet long and had 37 times the volume of the America.

The America is one of four non-rigid blimps operated by Goodyear. The ships, made of two-ply rubber-coated polyester fabric, have no internal structure, and their shape is maintained entirely by the internal pressure of the helium.

When asked where airships got the name "blimp," a spokesman for Goodyear related the story of Lt. A.D. Cunningham, an officer in the Royal Navy Air Service.

While inspecting His Majesty's Airship SS-12 in 1915, Cunningham reached up and flipped his thumb against the gas bag, and a unusual sound echoed off the taut fabric.

Cunningham reportedly laughed, then imitated the sound his thumb had made — "blimp."

-Sam Says--

-1-

When I was jest a little boy I thought
I'd be real smart
I took a chaw of tobaccor given me
by brother Art,
It all took place out in the barn
where mother could'nt see
And there I got experience that 'most
cost the life of me.
My brother found it so he said, I know
it had been froze
And as I started to take a chaw, I
gagged and held my nose,
My brother thought he'd try it out,
on his small brother Sam,
He knew if it I survived, someday
I'd be a man.
Well, I jest up and took a chaw as if
I knew jest how
I chewed and swallowed and chewed an'
jest like a jersey cow,
It was right in the broad day-light
but the stars began to shine
I had the queerest feelin' in that poor
little tummy of mine.
I knew that things was goin' wrong
for I became real dizzy
I got as white as a sheet, an' sick,
and my brother he got busy.
He ran an' called my mother and she
cried "for pity sake",
"What in the world is Ailin' you,
you've been bitten by a snake.
They took me to the house real quick
to find where I'd been bit, ~~it was~~
It scared my brother half to death
he almost had a fit,
At last I soon got over it but I didn't
think I'd hacker,
And this is what it did for me-
I still dont like tobaccor.

Caney Val

Sam Says--

Just think of the boys that took a chance,
And joined the army and went to France,
They gave up their jobs, they lost their health,
They lost their lives and few gained wealth..
Now Armistice Day is almost here,
And we're not goin' to celebrate this year,
Of course it's not a legal holiday,
But it would be if I had my say.

SAM SAYS

When I was just a little boy I thot I'd be real smart,
I took a chaw of tobacco given me by brother Art.
It all took place out in the barn where Mother couldn't see
And there I got experience that 'most cost the life of me.
My brother found it so he said, I know it had been froze,
And as I started to take a chaw I gagged and held my nose.
My brother thought he'd try it out on his small brother, Sam,
He knew that if I survived, some day I'd be a man.
Well I just up and took a chaw as if I knew just how & -
I chewed and swallowed and chewed and swallowed just like a Jersey cow.
It was right in the broad daylight but the stars began to shine,
I had the queerest feelin' in that poor little tummy of mine,
I knew that things were going wrong for I became real dizzy,
I got as white as a sheet and sick, and my brother he got busy.
He ran and called my Mother and she cried "For pity sake"
What in the world is ailin'? You've been bitten by a snake."
They took me to the house real quick to find where I'd been bit.
It scared my brother half to death- he almost had a fit,
At last I soon got over it but I didn't think I'd hadker.
And this is what it did for me- I still dont like tobacco.

Yes' Be what you Is.

Don't be what you aint,

Just be what you is.

If you is not what you are,

Then you are not what you is!

If you is a little tadpole,

Don't try to be a frog.

If you is a common tail,

Don't try to wag the dog.

If you is a little pebble

Don't try to be the beach.

You can always pass the plate

If you can't eat & preach.

Don't be what you aint.

Be what you is;

For the man who plays it square,

Sure's a-goin' to get "his";

My Wish

I wish that Father Winter
would take the wine and gin
and every kind of liquor

That is to thenakin,
And freeze it in an iceberg

So hard it could not melt,
And blow it to the North Pole
And fasten with a belt.

And then I wish the North
Wind would snatch the drink-
ers so He'd send them flying
after it as fast as he could blow
And pitch them on the iceberg
And leave them where they're sent
and let them stay forever Or till they all repent

"MY DAD"

by
Sam Marion

One of the best friends I ever had
Is a good old man whom I call Dad,
He's gettin' quite old 'cause he's 75 now
And theres quite a few wrinkles across his brow.

It seems to me the Dads don't get their share
Of the credit they deserve for the crosses they bear,
When the kids get sick and Mother is ill
Its Dad who pays the doctor bill.

He's seldom at home for he's the living to make
He works and slaves tryin' to make a stake,
His name may be Bill or Hank or Dan
Sometimes his kids call him "the old man".

Now thats one thing I don't like to hear
'Cause I think good Dads are really a dear,
Someday I'll be old and folks at me will stare
'Cause I'll lose all my teeth and also my hair.

I sure will be ugly in fact I'll be a scream
But I hope on my face, a bright smile will beam,
I won't have much silver and I can't have no "gold",
But I still want your friendship, when I grow old.

Anund

An undertaker undertook to take accrack at me .,
He said my poems were not so hot,
they sounded sortaddiz-E.

Now I like to cut that fellers hair and he always pays his bill,
But I won't trade with him I won't -
I'll die before I will.

Sam. Says-----

"OUR GOVERNOR"

By
Sam Marion

There's a man here in Kansas, That is known in all States
He is not a fore-flusher 'cause he sure enough rates,
He's a man of few words but he sure makes things hum
And when he starts anything he don't quit till it's done.

This feller somehow seems to be just my style
And one thing he has is a big friendly smile,
It is'nt put on 'cause he just makes you feel
That he is one man, who will give a square deal.

We made him our Governor and he has a good head
'Cause he pulled dear old Kansas right out of the red,
Our taxes were cut, and hark to this news
He did'nt balance the budget from the sale of old booze.

He saved Kansas folks from a lot of expense
By using his head and some good common sense,
If you don't want to go bankrupt, or your money all spent
Let's make Alf M Landon our next President.

If a teacher taught or tutored your tot
And it accidentally fell her lot,
To spank your kid on the spankin'spot--
Would you forgive her or would you not?
Now I can remember things that I won't tell.
How I cutup and raised-well
Thee's no use tellin' all I know,
But if you'd ask my teacher she'd tell you so.
And its also very plain to see,
If the kids in her room number thirty-three,
Just put yourself in the teacher's shoes,
And try her job out if you choose.
Now I hope she won't have to spank your child,
But I've got two that run me wild,
And it's very, very plain to see
That two's not as bad as thirty-three,

Taxes are due again folks,
And Christmas will soon be here,
It's the same old story with most of us,
We're broke again this year. adv

*They're gonna cut-up like you + me
And if she corrects them let her be*

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He is not a fore-flusher 'cause he sure enough rates,
He's a man of few words but he sure makes things hum
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Here's good news for music lovers of this community.

Sam Marion is again organizing a Men's Community Chorus, similar to the one that made such a hit two years ago.

Membership is open to any man who likes to sing. The first rehearsal will be at the Marion home, 203 East Taylor, at 7 o'clock Thursday night.

Two years ago Mr. Marion directed a large group of men and the organization became quite popular with the public. It made many appearances, mostly at religious services, and was in constant demand.

Men don't necessarily have to have a lot of talent or musical training to qualify for Sam's chorus. The only essential is that the member like to sing.

Two years ago the result was a chorus that got lots of enjoyment out of its efforts and provided music that was truly beautiful.

Sam hopes for the same results this year. If the fellows respond to his cordial invitation as expected that's the way it will be.

JUST FOLKS

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THRIFT.

I'm for thrift, but I can't see
Saving money needlessly
For the rainy day to be.

Save your money, I should say
For another's rainy day;
Save a bit to give away.

Thrift's the road to wealth, I've learned;
Money saved is money earned;
Holes in pockets gold has burned.

But I'd say don't clench your fist
And the muscles of your wrist
Holding what will not be missed.

Save your money, so that when
You encounter needy men,
You can help them, now and then.

Save it so that you can spend
In the service of a friend,
Save a little just to lend.

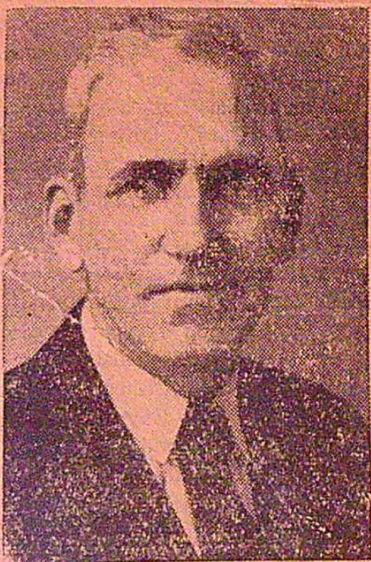
Save to keep the wolf at bay.
Save to meet the rainy day.
But save a bit to give away.

Copyright, 1928.

Crash Victims



Capt. Irvin S. Wemmer



Lt. J. W. Wallace

NEARNESS

By CAROLINE PARKER SMITH

Your grief is my grief—
Your pain—my pain.
Bring back Life's sunshine,
Smile once again.

Your joys are my joys—
Your trials—my trials.
Why must you suffer?
Life needs your smiles.

Your life is my life—
Your goal—my goal.
Am I too selfish
Wanting your soul?

Your love is my love—
Your fear—my fear.
Ask of me something—
Let me be near!

Leap Year Girls Take Notice

A little question, brought to notice by the Clay Center Republican, may not have occurred to the young ladies of Caney who are planning to take advantage of leap year, so we are calling their attention to it, as it is very necessary to have the matter settled before the proposal takes place.

"Oh leap year girls, attention now,

A question has arisen.

When leap year girls propose should they

Get on their knees, or his'n?"

Family Dine Together

The family of Atwood had a good dinner together today. Mr. S. B. Atwood entertained.

Men's Chorus Creates Good Will for City in Visits to Other Towns

A group of men that generated a lot of good will for Caney at Peru Tuesday night of last week was the Men's Chorus, organized and directed by Sam Marion, which sang at the community meeting there. Judging from comment of Peru people they would welcome a return engagement at any time.

The chorus, comprising some 30 members, went to Peru excepting to furnish a 15-minute portion of the program, but after they once got into high gear the crowd and the singers were enjoying the whole thing so much that they just kept going for a full hour.

Aiding the chorus at Peru was a Bartlesville male quartet, the Harmony Wranglers, which is plenty salty, according to Peru people. The quartet is composed of Jack Smith of Caney, first tenor; Russell Smith, second tenor; Harry Collopy, baritone; and Wayne, Moberly, bass.

This quartet and the Caney Men's Chorus make a dandy team for any program and will appear at Wayside on April 21.

The Caney group makes no claims for superior talent or training. It is simply a group of men who like to sing, and under the expert guidance of Mr. Marion they are doing exceptionally well, both in the matter of providing entertainment for themselves and the public and also in the matter of giving Caney some very favorable publicity.

It's All So Simple

The farmer's life is free from care,
He has both time and cash to spare:
He hastens forth at early morn
Before the cow can wind her horn,
And breaks with plow the stubborn
soil

Ere yet the day spring can uncoil;
And all day up and down the furrows
The moles and rabbits he unburrows,
Till o'er the trees the moon has risen
Then all the time that's left is hisn.

And when the place is all prepared—
The dust all laid, the beds all aired—
He sows the seed with careful pains,
His speed retarded by the rains;
And when the heavens cease to weep
And little blades begin to peep,
The drought comes on with scorch
and scorn
And roasts the would-be cornfield
corn;

So, as the initiate will discern,
The farmer does have wealth—to
burn.

Hence I shall haste me from the town
And lay my cares and worries down,
Get me some cows, plows, trees and
bees,
And emulate the farmer's ease!

—Aron Lee.
In Country Gentleman.

Life Is a Funny Poposition

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will.

During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings.

In his infancy he is an angel. In his boyhood, he is a devil. In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. If he raises a family he is a chump. If he doesn't raise a family he is too selfish. If he raises a check he is a crook. If he is a poor man he is a bad manager and has no sense. If he is a rich man he is smart but dishonest. If he is in politics he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite. If he doesn't he is a sinner. If he gives to charity, it is for show. If he doesn't he is a tightwad.

When he first comes into the world everyone wants to kiss him. Before he leaves the world everyone wants to kick him.

If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way.

—Author Unknown.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1948.

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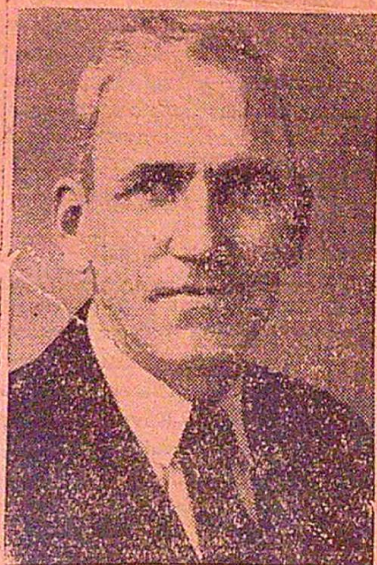
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In the service of a friend,
Save a little just to lend.

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Your pain—my pain.
Bring back Life's sunshine,
Smile once again.

Your joys are my joys—
Your trials—my trials.
Why must you suffer?
Life needs your smiles.

Your life is my life—
Your goal—my goal.
Am I too selfish
Wanting your soul?

Your love is my love—
Your fear—my fear.
Ask of me something—
Let me be near!

The Master's Questions

Have ye looked for my sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have you been in the wild, waste places
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highways,
The foul and darksome street?
It may ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's Name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no food?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye stood by the sad and weary
To soothe the pillow of death;
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That there I had been before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted,
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you,
"Tis the pathway I often go!"
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be!

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus make thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the golden land?

*Painting by
Pruett Carter*

An Old Face

*By Francesca
Falk Miller*

IT IS mellowed and soft as an apple's cheek
That has ripened and lain in the sun.
There are tiny, fine furrows weaving across
Where the seaming of life has been done.
It is brown and weathered and wrinkled and scarred,
But it's beautiful—somehow or other,
A dear old face,
A rare old face:
The face of somebody's mother!

There are eyes of blue—as pale, dim stars,
That peer from the years behind them,
Where treasures of wisdom lie buried deep—
If you only know how to find them.
There is wholesome counsel and wise advice
That gentleness can not cover,
In the mild old eyes,
The kind old eyes:
The eyes of somebody's mother!

There's a smile of peace on the tremulous lips
From the memory of kisses long-gathered,
A smile that is sweetened by tears she has shed
And the storms of life she has weathered.
There's a stamp of pain on each scar of time,
But courage has softened all other,
On the sweet old lips,
The sensitive lips:
The lips of somebody's mother!

I call it a treat to sit by her side
And bask in the beauty she lends me—
A beauty fined down to the spirit of things
Which there in her presence attends me.
For in her calm face all the problems of life
Seem forgotten—somehow or other.
That fine old face,
That beautiful face:
The face of somebody's mother!

Songs of Plain Folks

By
James Lewis Hays

That's My Boy

That's my boy—down the road he goes
To school. Lord, how that baby grows!
See how he struts, clothes just like Dad's,
Head up, chest out,—Ah, there's a man
Who'll lead the questing Galahads
To grails that dazzle brighter than
Those I have dreamed of, and the joy
Will be half mine for he's my boy.

That's my boy! Valedictories
Come every year, but, if you please,
Show me a high school boy or girl
Who'll put the world to rights as quick
Or make Old Glory's folds unfurl
As grandly as he turns the trick.
That's my boy! Proud? I'll say I am,
His kind's the pride of Uncle Sam!

That's my boy! Down the lane he flies,
He leads! He leads! The shouts arise,
The great stands rock with cheers and Jim
Comes flashing, winner, to the line—
A University for him
Is hoarse. Great lad, that boy of mine!
I know, no matter what the race,
Of life, my boy will set the pace.

© Western Newspaper Union, 1927

Multitudes of people are discouraged. Because of this fact they fail. In spite of training and talent they go down in life's struggle. A word of cheer would have turned the tide for them, and would have led them far from the gloom into the clear light of the best possible living.

Cheer the tempted. Temptation is on every side of us. A kind word, a sympathetic expression, a warm handclasp, and sometimes only a smile, gives the tempted one courage enough to fight, and the victory is won.

Cheer the tired ones. The most of us do not intend to fail. We are courageous at heart, but sometimes because we are physically weak or a bit discouraged or have a sense of loneliness we give up when trouble comes, and as a result of failure we are greatly weakened, when we might have emerged from the conflict with a new conscoult rd the conflict with a new consciousness of power and more ready for the new trial when it appeared.

Cheer the young man. Life is more of a struggle today than it used to be. Temptations are greater by far and sin is vastly more insidious in its approach.

Speak a good word of cheer. It costs you nothing. It means everything to the one to whom it is addressed. It is a good thing to remember that this is the spirit of Jesus, who was always helpful, always uplifting. If we are Christians we will seek to be like him.

"Thank God for the man who is cheerful

In spite of life's troubles I say;
Who sings of a bright tomorrow,
Because of the clouds of to-day,
His life is a beautiful sermon,
And this is the lesson to me—
Meet trials with smiles and they
vanish;

Face cares with a song and they
flee.

—J. Wilbur Chapman.

HIGHER TOWERS

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Decoration by Franklin Booth

WIELDING the tools of being great,
Man strains to build.
And when his hands are stilled,
Do there await
Yet higher towers to try his skill again?
—A workman with still nobler fellow-men?
Is this what he shall be, or rotting ground
No more a part of color, motion, sound?

Man's swift mind swings the world around!
But like the puny flower,
Each in his hour,
Man must be buried in the ground
And from his own decay
Rise to new day;
He must be prisoned in the earth
Of grief, and after pain, find birth
Again in glory and in mirth.
Then, truer still, may he be one
With light and sun.
But there are graves where man must go
Slain by remorse and for a while
Must hide from life, till he shall know
That after pain, in God's own smile
He shall arise, his soul
Joyous and whole.

So with small griefs that slay,
So with the little deaths of every day,

And so with that old death we fear and dread.
But why, then, should we fear? The dead
Who take their place beneath the sod
Are only on their way to God.

FORBEARANCE

By Daphne A. McVicker

My little son was kneeling on the floor
Building with blocks. I stood by to adore.
He smiled
And, blue eyes, trusting, loving, raised,
"You never touch things, do you, mother?"
praised.

My little son will build his house of life
With press of outer things; a home, a wife.
Please, Lord,
Help me to satisfy his eyes
And—keep my hands from touching, mother-
wise.

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
How the wind does blow;
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play
Hear the bells ring
"Ting-a-ling-ding"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple gray;
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy,
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

Cal Society

to 10,000. Our
all-vitamin or all-vegeta-
rough or all-smooth. It is only the
invalids who need the extremes. The
healthy ones keep healthy by staying
in the middle of the road.

Discovery.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

We have lost the foolish notions which
have cluttered deep the past,
We used to think that money was a
pleasure that could last.
We barricaded fortune against thieves
who lived to prey.
But the world went topsy turvy and
the dollars slipped away.
Time was by silk and broadcloth we
were very much impressed,
We thought it proof of courage that a
man was richly dressed,
But we've had two years of hardship
and now only brave men smile,
And we've learned that faith and
friendship are more permanent
than style.

Once we gave our hearts to splendor
and we thought we ought to
roam.
Long we fancied Life's great conquests
must lie far away from home,
But the storms of trade swept o'er us
and we found our triumphs vain.
And we're back beside the fireplace
singing simple songs again.

(Copyright, 1932.)

in the streets, and some in horses:
but we will remember the name of
the Lord our God.—Psalm 20:7.

LIVE RIGHT

Don't be a beggar from life. Stand
up
And earn your right to its silver
cup.
Get out in the battle and take the
blows
And come home tired to a night's
repose.
Bear the burdens and brave the care,
Travel the highways, but pay your
fare;
Then you may say, if you've stood
alone,
That you've a right to the things
you own.

—Temple Topics.

Child Badly Scalded

The three-year-old daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kreigh was
badly scalded yesterday morning at
their home on North Fawn street
when she was pushed into a tub of
hot water by a younger child.
One of the child's hands and arms
burns, the other arm is badly

scalded.

The guests
ate cookies,
candies, salted

The next
held at the
Miss Harriett
the class will
and valentine
bring a guest.

FRANK HARDMAN KNIGHTS OF AT

Frank Hardman and
were at Independence
where Mr. Hardman was
Chancellor commander
acted as installing
Knights of Pythias

Harry Steele

Harry Steele is
north west of
a heart at
call

Frank McQueen Dead.

Perhaps it seems a little sadder
when death calls the very young as
happened in the case of Frank Mc-
Queen Sunday evening at 5:30 o'clock
at the family home a block west of
Chautauqua street. Just 19 years old
at the time when with slender grace
and tireless strength he was enter-
ing proud manhood, when life lay in
wait for him and his life borrowed
something of the glory of the sky and
the smiling earth about him—quietly
and quickly he passed through the
door that outward—but never inward
swings—passed to return no more.

The only living child of Mr. and Mrs.
A. W. McQueen, the silences of the
home are now unbroken. The relation
between parents and son were singu-
larly sweet and tender—wonderfully
so. To his mother he took the place
of both son and daughter and she was
associated with him in every boyish
pleasure. To his father he was at once
pride and helper.

Frank was born in Corry, Pa. Sept.
5th, 1897 and during the early oil
activity moved with his parents to
Sedan, Mr. McQueen being an oil op-
erator. He was only a little fellow
at the time and has grown up with
the other youths of the town, happy
and debonair, a good playfellow and
a good boy affectionately regarded by
his mates as being "on the square."
He had musical talent and this was
fostered by his parents, piano lessons
being provided at an early age. He
was for many years a member of the
local band when so small that he was
singled out for attention whenever
he accompanied the organization away
from home.

He attended school until a year and
a half ago when he quit school by his
own desire and began to work for his
father. In the spring he accompanied
Mr. McQueen to Quincy in Greenwood
county where they were drilling an
oil well, and assisted his father dur-
ing the summer. It was while there
he contracted typhoid and eight weeks
ago was brought to his home here.
From the first his symptoms were
malignant and the weeks have dragged
by, a season of alternate hope and
despair, a restless fever of nights,
and days, for with dawn came hope.
A hospital nurse was called to assist
the physician and parents in the strug-
gle. All through his illness he was
cheerful and greeted the family doc-
tor at every visit with some pleasant
remark.

He became a communicant of the
Baptist church three years ago, hav-
ing been an attendant of the Sunday
school since a child and from that
church funeral services were conducted
at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, the
Junior class of the high school at-
tending in a body. Rev. Edwards, the
pastor addressed many of his remarks
to these young associates of Frank's.
He chose a text from Rev. 7:15. Miss
Lillian Michels was organist and the
singers were Meslames W. D. Kinne-
man, Albert Floyd, Misses Cressy Hay
and Florence Worley, Messrs. C. W.
Floyd, Will Krepps, Norman L. Hay
and John Worley, A male quartet
sang at the grave. The bearers were
chosen from his most intimate asso-
ciates. They were Robert Edwards,
Marvin Brown, Dean Floyd, Dale
Lewis and Ralph McBrien.

Interment was in Greenwood cem-
etery.

TONSORIAL POME.

Barbers get their choicest pickin's
Bobbing boobs and shingling chickens.
Bob the nob and peel the neck,
That's the stuff they want, by heck.

—J. H. Swenson.

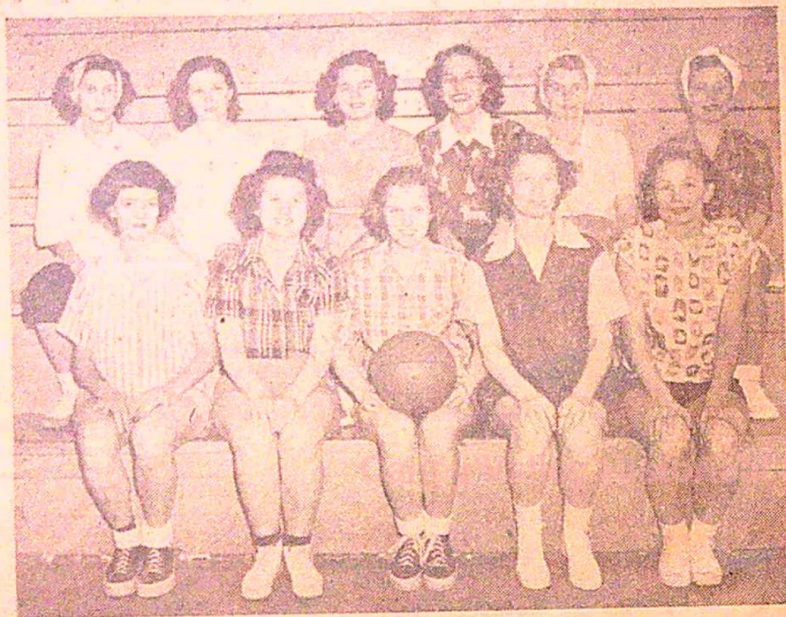
Rumors

This short "jingle" is particularly
good at this time because of rumors
one hears about banks, since the
Commercial bank at Independence
failed. Read it several times:

"Many a man has been ruined—
Many a woman, too—
By some saphead who started a
rumor

With not one word of it true.
So when you hear someone knocking,
Be it a woman or be it a man,
Just say it's a lie and forget it,
And never repeat it again."

CANEY BELLES TO PLAY COPAN



Pictured above are members of the Caney Belles basketball team—the first women's team Caney has had in many years. The Belles have played two games and lost both, but they hope to do better Saturday night when they meet Copan on the Caney court. Players, back row, left to right: Barbara Nason, Mary Beth Mitchell, Juanita Purkey, Pat Blanks, Ruth Martin, Patty Pendleton. Seated, left to right: Ruth Leon (coach), Betty Toepfer, Lois Rollins, Irene Sheppard, Lannie Surret.

Youth Choir Presents Fine Easter Program In Methodist Church

One of the finest Easter musical programs of religious worship presented here in a long time was given by the Methodist youth choir in the Methodist church sanctuary last night. The program was under the directorship of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Marion. Miss Coila Fields is sponsor of the young people.

An unusual feature of the Methodist Youth Choir last night was that boys predominated in the membership. In the group last night were 12 young men and seven young women. The boys for the most part are Caney high school athletes.

Included on the program were many of the beautiful and traditional Easter hymns. These were intermingled with special numbers by the choir. Especially beautiful was a selection in which Miss Ann Smith sang a soprano solo.

Readers were Miss Ruth Martin, Patty Pendleton, Coila Fields and Stanley Lambdin.

Adding to the beauty of the vocal music was the instrumental accompaniment. Misses Claretta White and Mary Pocock formed a piano duo and they were augmented by Mrs. Marion at the pipe organ, the three playing for all selections.

The youth of the church were in charge of the entire program. It was held early in the season because the young people are to be in other services later.



Harold Brighton, swimming instructor at the Coffeyville municipal pool shows Jerry Kannard, Caney youth, how to float. Coach Lee Gaylor, Caney recreation director, is in the background. On the bank, from left to right, is Marjorie Wil-

liams, 16, Dorothy Hudgens, 17, Judith May, 15, and Sue Lambdin, 14, all Caney high school students. Other swimmers are part of the group of 79 Caney youngsters who came by bus to the Coffeyville pool for a 2-hour swim this morning.

79 Caney Youths Take Swim Lesson In Coffeyville Pool

"I brought 79 wild Indians with me this morning," Lee Gaylor, Caney recreation director laughed, as he pointed to the 79 youngsters churning up the water in Coffeyville's municipal pool.

The group, ranging from 11 to 17 years of age, came here as part of the Caney recreation program for this summer.

Saturday, Gaylor will bring over kiddies from six to 10 years old for swimming instruction. He will do this every Tuesday and Thursday morning from 10 to 12 for the remainder of the summer. Only about one-third of the Caney youth here today are classed as advanced swimmers.

"We have quite a recreation program planned for Caney youth this year, with 275 youth participating. When the young people are not over here swimming, they are taking part in folk dancing and arts and craft at Caney during the mornings. There is a story hour for real young folks," Gaylor said.

For nights Gaylor has 20 softball teams scheduled to play in the city league. "I have teams averaging from six years old on up," he said.

One of Five to Reign as Queen

Sedan Against Caney in Homecoming Game

SEDAN (JNS) — The football season will be closed out here Friday night with the annual Sedan-Caney High School game, which will be the homecoming event for Sedan High School graduates.

One of five candidates will reign as homecoming queen and will be crowned at impressive coronation ceremonies during the half of the football contest.

The queen, to be selected by the entire student body, will be named from among the following candidates: Seniors, Vera Mae Lynn; juniors, Guyla Jo Tharp; sophomores, Maretta Potter; freshman, Nadine Russell; football team, Jane Wall. Four of the candidates will be attendants for the queen.

Arrangements for the home-

coming program are being made by the student council, under direction of Varyne Blackwood, instructor, who has been ill this week and unable to meet his classes. He is being relieved by Mrs. Earl Perry, who also is assisting with the homecoming plans.

Selection of the homecoming queen will be done by student

vote. A booth will be set up and each student will be given opportunity to vote. The election will be a project of the government classes and will be under direction of T. N. Millard, high school principal.

One of the largest crowds to attend a football game here this season is expected for the Caney-Sedan game.

Night Parade Tops Caney Armistice Fete

CANEY, (JNS) — A night parade of more than 70 area bands, drum and bugle corps, other marching units and business, industrial and school floats climaxed a day long Armistice Day program here.

The usual capacity crowd attended the night program, taxing Caney's parking facilities. All counties surrounding Caney were represented in the crowd here for the celebration.

The Winners

Prize winners in the school division of the parade follow: First, Pleasant Hill, "Lest We Forget," Mrs. Opal Padgett, teacher; second, Caney Center, "Peace or War, Which?" Mrs. Marguerite Stewart, teacher; third, Niotaze Grade School, "Stars and Stripes Forever," Mrs. Nellie Williams, principal; fourth, Tyro Grade School, "Prayer for Peace," Mrs. Gladys Kirkman, teacher; fifth, Havana Grade School, "National Education Week;" sixth, Hillsdale, "Peter, Peter Punkin Eater," Marie Pond, teacher.

Winners in the commercial float section were:

First, Epsilon Sigma Alpha sorority, Caney; second, J. E. Elliott store, Caney; third, Meyer Green House, Caney.

The marching units included Coffeyville College Band, Coffeyville High School Band and the Tornado Girls Drum and Bugle Corps from Coffeyville.

Prize Winners

In the amateur contests after the parade, the following were winners: First, R. L. Rollins, Caney, trumpet solo; second, "Swing Sisters," Havana, Patsy Parry, Sherry Crawford, Lana Oyler; third, Nancy Garrett, Caney, tap dance and baton twirling exhibition. The high school auditorium was packed for the event.



LEST WE FORGET—The Pleasant Hill School float, including two veterans as they paused to salute in a veterans cemetery filled with white crosses, was awarded first place in the district school section of the annual Armistice Day celebration parade at Caney last night. The school is located between Tyro and Caney and is taught by Mrs. Opal Padgett. (Staff Photo).

He is survived by his parents; wife; two daughters, Mrs. W.H. (Clarissa) Sydnor of Oklahoma City and Mrs. John (Susan) Bergsten of Arlington, Texas; three sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Grooms and Miss Coila Fields, both of Bartlesville, and Mrs. Sarah Francis Applegate of Dewey; four brothers, T.O. Field of Marsa, Texas, J.L. Fields of Milton-Freewater, Ore., John Fields of Bartlesville and Frank Fields of Dewey; and six grandchildren.

A senior mechanic for Phillips Co. for 30 years, he held memberships in the First United Methodist Church of Caney, the Caney Masonic Lodge No. 324, the Frank Phillip's Men's Club in Bartlesville, the Bartlesville Moose Lodge and Bartlesville VFW Post 989. He served as a Boy Scout and Explorer advisor for nine years and had been a Caney city councilman.

Services will be at 10 a.m. Monday at the Graves Memorial Chapel in Caney. Masonic Services will be conducted by the Caney lodge in the Chapel. At 2:30 p.m., graveside services with military honors performed by VFW Post 989

will be conducted at McLaughlin Cemetery at Cleora, Okla.

The family suggested contributions to the Cancer fund.

Several have written for copies of the "After School" cookie poem and it is published for the benefit of those who would have it: The author is unknown. Here it is:

After School
A house should have a cookie-jar,
For when it's half-past three
And children hurry home from school
As hungry as can be
There's nothing quite so splendid in
filling children up
As spicy, flaky, ginger cakes
And sweet milk in a cup.
A house should have a mother,
waiting with a hug,
No matter what a boy brings home,
a puppy or a bug.
For children only loiter when the
bell rings to dismiss
If there's no one there to greet
them with a cookie or a kiss.

WONDERING—Who Beverly Sulivan will go with next.
If Dorothy Shippy and Ferrell McClure will go steady again.
HOPING—That the Skyliners will play at more school dances.
Jim Marion will catch him a girl.
WISHING—Dava Jo would make up her mind between Bob Nay and Frank Endres.
Gerry Whittington would get Charles Cline.
WANTING—More assemblies.
Seniors to be free.
SEEING—The Caney Belles try to play basketball.
Leonard Kittle, Evelyn McKelips, and J. C. Young and Imogene Crandell.

W.B. FIELDS

W.B. Fields, 61, of Caney died at 2:45 a.m. Friday at Jane Phillips Hospital in Bartlesville.

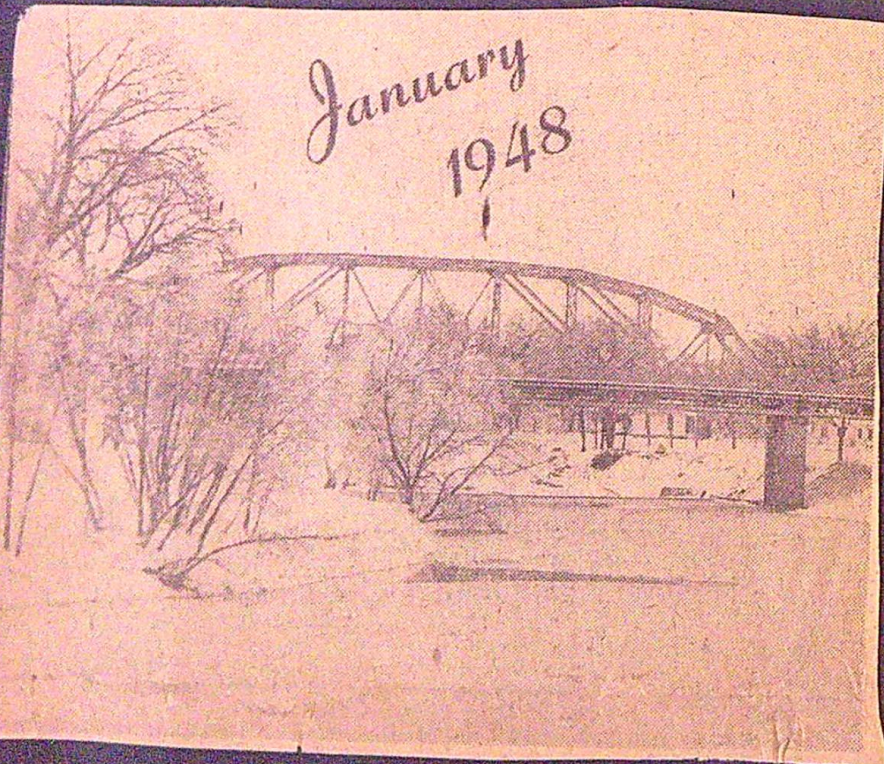
Born Dec. 8, 1916, at Elmore City, Okla., he was the son of S.O. and Suzanne (Crenshaw) Fields. At the age of four, he moved with his family to Thayer, Mo., and in 1934 moved again to north of Copan, Okla., where he received his education and graduated from high school.

He served in the Army from 1942 to 1945 and was stationed with the motor pool division at Sidney, Australia. Following his release, he moved to Caney until 1950 when he returned to the service. In 1953, he returned to Caney.

He married Allene Lowry March 2, 1942, at Copan.

Caney Valley Historical Society

January
1948



Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

When a man's a man he doesn't lie, and
he will not play the cheat,
And he doesn't look with a scornful eye
at the beggar on the street,
And he doesn't brag of the things he's
done or talk of his lands or gold.
When a man's a man you'll find, my son,
that he's gentle with the old.

When a man's a man you will find his
friends not all of the chosen few;
He never talks of the help he lends or
the good deeds he may do; /
He never jests with a woman's name;
never sneers at the men who fail,
And a dog a pat from his hand may claim
if only he wags his tail.

When a man's a man he will never shirk
the task that his hand may find;
He is never too big for the long day's work,
too busy to be kind;
He never sneers at the faith you hold;
never needless hurt he gives.
When a man's a man it is plainly told by
the gentle way he lives.

Sam says--

As I was walking up the street
I met a feller I like to meet,
The reason I like him is this I'll say
He's always cheerful, happy and gay.
He's a feller you cannot but like
He's older than me but I call him Ike,
His last name's Hillman and its plain to see
He's not very big 'cause he's five foot three.
I'm not very big but size don't count
Its the things you do that really mount
I'm glad he's my friend and I hope I'll be
As jolly as Ike is yessir----E.

I tried my best to learn how to smoke,
But I soon found out that it wasn't a joke,
For it made me quite sick and I saw lots of stars
And from that day to this there's been no more cigars.

I'll tell you right now it ain't no joke
To breathe this dust till you almost choke.
And another thing that don't look right,
We'll all need a bath before Saturday night.

-----h
Sam Says,-----

You'll soon be getting you an Easter bonnet
With A lot of frills and do -Dads on it,
But unless you get A permanent wave too,
The bonnet won't look so hot on you.

SAM SAYS

It wont be long till our noses will run,
And our heads'll stop up and our ears will hum,
We'll have the head ache and our eyes will water,
It'll be freezin cold and we'll wish it was hotter,
It'll help the drug stores cause we'll need lots of pills,
To help us sick folks get over our ills.
So you see our loss is some fellers gain,
Gee, I believe I'll stop, 'fore I get a pain.

There's two things that'll start a fight ,
And the folks that argue are seldom right.
You just lose friends and no one licks,
When you argue religion or politics.

SAM SAYS-----

Just think of the boys that took a chance,
And joined the army and went to France,
They gave up their jobs, they lost their health,
They lost their lives and few gained wealth.
Now Armistice Day is almost here,
And were not going to celebrate this year,
Of course its not a legal holiday,
But it would be if I had my say.

(Grace will like this one)

If a teacher taught or tutored your tot,
And it accidentally fell her lot,
To spank your kid on the spankin'spot,
Would you forgive her or would you not?

Now I remember things that I wont tell,
How I cut up and just raised--well,
There's no use tellin' all I know,
But if you'd ask my teacher she'd tell you so,

And it's also very plain to see,
If the kids in her room number thirty-three,
~~Just you put yourself in the teacher's shoes,~~
And try her job out if you choose.

Short
2 lines

Now I hope she wont have to spank your child,
But I've got two that run me wild.
And I'ts very ,very plain to see,
That two's not as bad as thirty-three.

"WE SHOULD GO TO CHURCH"

By
Sam Marion

Wonder why folks don't get off their perch
And show their religion and go to church,
If you don't go now it's time to begin
Don't wait till you die to be be carried in.
It's easy to get out of the habit I know
But that's no excuse for us not to go,
We'd all hate to live in a rough neck town
Where there was'nt any churches for miles aroun'
Here we have churches some six or seven
And it'll be our fault if we don't get to heaven.

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens (Clifton Hotel).

10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Displays open (Hobby, Arts, Crafts, Flowers, etc.).

10:00 -- Judging of Food Fair Entries

10:00 a.m.-11:00 a.m. -- Pioneer Award Event (Hospitality Center).

10:45 a.m.-12:00 -- H.D.U. Demonstrations (Centennial Fair Grounds).

12:00-1:00 p.m. -- Pioneer Luncheon (Centennial Fair Grounds).

1:00 p.m.-2:00 p.m. -- Centennial Belles Style Show & Contest & Tea (Cent. Hdq.)

2:00 p.m.-3:00 p.m. -- Mother & Daughter Promenade.

3:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Crowning of "Food Fair Queen" & Food Auction.

7:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. -- Pre-pageant Entertainment:

Musical Group "The Philtones"

Introduction of Guests and Dignitaries

Recognition of Oldest Pioneer Man & Woman

Prologue to Pageant

8:30 p.m. -- Second Performance of Historical Spectacular Pageant "Caney Century I".

Wednesday, June 2, 1971

YOUTH DAY

Carnival & Midway Opens (4th & Spring)

9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Hobby, Arts, Crafts Display (Centennial Fair Grounds)

9:00 a.m.-11:00 a.m. -- Youth Games and Contests (City Park at 4th & Hooker).

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens (Clifton Hotel).

10:30 a.m.-11:00 a.m. -- Crowning of "Little Miss Centennial" (Cent. Hdq.).

11:00 a.m.-12:00 -- Youth Day Parade.

12:00-1:00 p.m. -- Kids Special Lunch.

1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Centennial Swim Contest (City Swimming Pool).

7:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. -- Pre-Pageant Entertainment. The Sand Hill Singers
The Wilson Sisters

8:30 p.m. -- Third Performance of Historical Pageant "Caney Century I".

10:00 p.m.-12:00 -- Teen Dance (All-purpose room, Lincoln School).

Thursday, June 3, 1971

AGRICULTURE & INDUSTRY DAY

Carnival Opens

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens (Clifton Hotel).

9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Industrial Displays (Centennial Fair Grounds).

11:00 a.m. -- Special Movie by Cities Service at Gregg Downtown Theatre.

1:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Industry Open House and Tours.

2:00 p.m. -- Special Movie produced by Cities Service at Gregg Theatre.

4:00 p.m. -- Special Movie Produced by Cities Service at Gregg Theatre.

5:00 p.m.-7:00 p.m. -- Special Banquet with Mr. Jack Morton, President of Cities Service, as Guest Speaker (All-purpose room, Lincoln School).

Recognition of Special Farm Groups.

7:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. -- Pre-pageant Entertainment: Musical Group: "Phillips 66 Singers".

8:30 p.m. -- Fourth Performance of Historical Pageant "Caney Century I".

Friday, June 4, 1971

GOVERNORS DAY

ALL DAY Historical Windown and Street Displays

Carnival & Midway Opens

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens (Clifton Hotel).

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Art Fair (FFA Bldg.)

11:00 a.m. -- Special movie by Cities Service at Gregg Theatre.

NOON: Governors Luncheon - Lincoln School All-purpose Room (Admission Charge).

2:00 p.m. -- GRAND PARADE - Bands, Floats, Antique Auto's, Mayor's Dignitaries, Music and Fun.

3:30 p.m. -- Fiddlers Contest - Review Stand, 4th Street.

Adult Contests - Nail Driving, Hog Calling, etc.

4:00 p.m. -- Special Movie by Cities Service at Gregg Theatre.

4:00 p.m. -- Childrens Events - Sack Races, Egg Toss, etc. (City Park).

5:00 p.m.-5:30 p.m. -- Preliminaries - Beard Judging Contest, Review Stand.

7:30 p.m. -- Pre-Pageant Entertainment.

Visit the



Caney Centennial Celebration

May 28-June 4, 1971

CANEY CENTENNIAL "CANEY CENTURY I"

Caney's "Caney Century I" is the biggest event of the full calendar - May 28th through June 4th. There will be nightly performances at 8:30 p.m. May 31 through June 4. "Caney Century I" will be an historical spectacular with a cast of 258 people and will dramatize the challenge facing modern man in the light of present, past and projected history. This great spectacular will be presented on a multi-level stage, 210 ft. long and will combine dance, drama, music, pictorial slide projections, and special lighting effects in a magnificent total theatrical experience.

All the greats of our heritage will appear from the past in appropriate and colorful costumes--the Osage Indians, the early Smiths, Stones, Bill Copper, Doctor A. M. Taylor, Gay 90's dandies and belles, World War soldiers, and the fliver, flappers and shieks of the Roaring 20's. The living history of Caney, and the area will be presented in 14 fast moving episodes containing a pioneer hoedown, a square dance, the first school, the first Church, and the Charleston.

(Admission prices to the Spectacular will be \$2.00 for General Admission and \$2.50 for Reserved Seats. Children half price.)

MAY 31-JUNE 4 CANEY HIGH STADIUM

JOHN B. ROGERS PRODUCING CO.

As of this year, the Rogers Company has assisted over 5,200 communities in the U. S. A. and Canada in staging events such as Golden Jubilees, Diamond Jubilees, Centennials, Sesquicentennials, Bicentennials, etc. This is why this company is so unique in America. There is no other company having such a record. In fact, The Rogers Company is the only company in the world that, for over 67 years, has been engaged in all phases of Civic Celebration Management.

Rogers productions invariably play to capacity audiences with attendance increasing with each successive performance. In Kansas City, Mo., their "Thrills of A Century" had performances stretched out over a month. The production attracted a paid attendance of almost 150,000. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, an average of 1,500 was turned away at each of the last three performances. The Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Centennial Spectacular played to turn-away capacity for eight nights. These are only three of hundreds of typical examples.

CENTENNIAL CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Friday, May 28, 1971

OLD FASHIONED BARGAIN DAYS

8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Retail Promotion Throughout Day.

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens.

7:30 p.m.-10:00 p.m. -- Centennial Rodeo (at rodeo grounds west of city).

Saturday, May 29, 1971

8:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m. -- Retail Promotion Throughout The Day.

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens (Clifton Hotel).

2:00 p.m.-4:30 p.m. -- Centennial Rodeo (at rodeo grounds west of city).

6:30 p.m.-9:00 p.m. -- Alumni Banquet (all-purpose room, Lincoln School).

9:00 p.m.-12:00 p.m. -- Centennial Ball (all-purpose room, Lincoln School).

Sunday, May 30, 1971

9:30 a.m.-12:00 -- Usual Religious Services in all churches.

12:00- Picnics and General Activity at City Park.

1:00 p.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens (Clifton Hotel).

7:30- Vesper Services at Caney High School Stadium with Combined Church Choirs. Guest Speaker: Dr. Joe Jones,

General Information

CENTENNIAL HEADQUARTERS:

4th & State
Office Manager, Margie Miller

HEADQUARTERS HOURS:

Monday through Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.
(open Thursday evenings 'till 9:00)

HEADQUARTERS TELEPHONE:

879-2550

CENTENNIAL ITEMS AVAILABLE AT HEADQUARTERS:

- Centennial Plates
- Centennial Coins, Silver and Copper
- Commemorative Historical Books
- Wearing Apparel
- Presidential Glasses, Mugs

"CANEY CENTURY I"

A John B. Rogers Production
Directed and Choreographed by
Edward H. Horner, Jr.

Professor of Theology Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

Monday, May 31, 1971

Opening of Carnival and Midway (4th & Spring St.)

9:00 a.m.-9:45 a.m. -- Coffee at Centennial Headquarters

9:45 a.m.-10:30 a.m. -- Official Opening of Caney Centennial I with cake cutting ceremonies by City and Centennial Officials.

9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. -- Hospitality Center Opens.

10:30 a.m.-11:00 a.m. -- Memorial Day Parade starts from Centennial Headquarters and proceeds to Cemetery.

11:00-12:00 -- Memorial Service at Cemetery Park.

Highlights of Service:

Musical numbers by Caney band
Invocation

Introduction of guests

Memorial Day Speech

Placing of wreath by General Wark & Gold Star Mother

Dedication Speech for "Avenue of Flags"

Firing squad salute

Taps

National Anthem

Announcements about Centennial

7:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. -- Prepageant Entertainment:

Barbershop Quartet "The Road-runners"

Introduction of Guests and Dignitaries

Recognition of Gen George Wark

Coronation of Centennial Queen and Presentation of Centennial Princesses

8:30- Premier Performance of The Historical Spectacular Pageant "Caney Century I".

Tuesday, June 1, 1971

PIONEER & LADIES DAY

Opening of Carnival and Midway

9:00 a.m.-10:00 a.m. -- Food Fair Registration (Centennial Fairgrounds) Hobby, Arts & Crafts Registration.