

PRAIRIE HEART-BEAT

POEMS BY

FRANK ANGELO GARBER



Frank A Garber at desk in Legislature

PREFACE

However devoid of genius these verses may be, they will show, if in a clumsy way, my feelings toward my friends and my family. And if jealous souls criticize them, I will feel highly complimented as no one 'is jealous of an inferior person.

-Frank Angelo Garber.

THROUGH THE FIRE

Oh soul that beats your wings against
Ungainly walls of clay.
You live with open discontent
Earth's disappointing day.
Perhaps the darts that pierce your soul,
And smother pleasure sweet,
May be the chisel that shall shape,
A beauteous form complete.
And when from some high mount beyond
You view your travelled way,
You'll bless the hand that held you fast,
And cut the dross away.

TO WOODROW WILSON

Oh mighty soul who dared rebuke
The age old dogs of war,
Whose cruel fangs have tortured king,
Bold emperor and Czar.

Within thy heart a patriot fire
Whose light by pity fanned
Burned with a ruddy glow of hope,
For every war cursed land.

A patriot with a larger love
That reached beyond his shore
To ev'ry suffering struggling soul
Destruction hovered o'er.

Go to thy rest, thy strength is spent.
Let others stem the tide
Who see the beauteous ray of hope,
You kindled ere you died.

And when our fruitful fields shall by
Converted arms be dressed
The peaceful world with one acclaim
Shall rise and call thee blest.

THEN

Matilda grows thinner and thinner,
Eats carrots for luncheon and dinner;
But she must reduce,
Though it hurts like the deuce,
She's landing herself a breadwinner!

NOW

Matilda grows fatter and fatter,
Does naught but to eat and to chatter;
Drinks milk more and more,
Eats puddings galore,
She's married now what does it matter!

THE FARMER'S DREAM

I heard a Farmer 'tother night
A-talkin' in his sleep;
Perhaps it was a sneakin' thing
T' listen and t' peep.

But leavin' that fur you t' jedge
I'll tell you what he said
While snorin' there in land o' dreams
Upon his feather bed.

Sez he, "I've got to figger things
Afore I make a deal,
Coz I don't ever buy or sell
'Till safe and sound I feel.

I need a bran' new pair of shoes
And wife, she needs a coat.
How many cow hides would it take
This little deal to float?

The coat'll cost me twenty-five,
The shoes'll cost me six,
An' cow hides bring two cents a pound!
Oh, rot and fiddlesticks!

If I should skin ole Rose and Boss
And Bide and Spot and Shy
And all the bloomin' steers -besides
The shoes it wouldn't buy.

'Twould take eight cases full of eggs
Of thirty dozens each
To settle for that shoddy coat,
At that, it is no peach.

And if I had a tooth to pull
Oh, holy, smothering smoke,
'Twould take a hundred pounds of wheat,
An' that's not any joke.

A good set of false teeth will take
Two horses and a colt
I guess I'll have to gum it then,
And all my victuals bolt.

It takes a bushel full of oats
To buy a box of pills,
What shall I do, where shall I go,
To cure my earthly ills?

Upon the counters and the shelves
Of ev'ry thriving store
Puffed wheat and rice and breakfast food
Are spread in stacks galore.

A pound of good old, juicy pork
Is worth the whole job lot,
But you couldn't trade it for an ounce
Of anything they've got.

Bill Jones, he laid him down and died.
Oh, what a pleasant sight!
His wife sold forty tons of hay
And buried him all right.

Oh, thank the Lord there's one thing yet
They can't prevent at most,
They cannot keep a teller long
From givin' up the ghost!"

THE NEW DEAL

We've found the way to do things
To make old business hum.
We've got her, going now, Sir,
Oh, we are not so dumb.

We found that needing pork chops,
Our hungry folks to feed,
The quickest way to fix it
And fill their every need.

So everyone could have some
And no one do without
We killed the little pigs, Sir,
Destroyed each hair and snout.

And needing cotton raw, Sir,
To make our shirts and sheets
We plowed the young plants down, Sir.
And scarcity we beat.

And folks who eat cornbread, Sir,
And mix their milk with mush
Will never more be hungry
While we the program rush.

We signed up with the chinch bugs
To raise the price of flour
And this turned out so good, Sir,
We chuckle by the hour.

The men who make the plows, Sir,
And nails and all such stuff
Must cut production down, Sir,
Till farmers have enough.

The way to get a job done
Is just to sit around
And fold your lazy hands, Sir,
Then plenty will abound.

The Democrat machine, Sir,
Is now almost complete.
Most of the juicy plums, Sir,
Republicans now eat.

The only snag we've struck, Sir,
Is some folks, with a smirk
Say with a sad, sad smile, Sir,
The fool thing doesn't work!

Parody

"ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH FAR AWAY"

On these hills and hollows waves the
emerald buck brush.
In the distance looms Abe Goodman's
windmill tower;
Often times my thoughts revert to scenes of
childhood
When amongst this brush I've felt the
hornet's power.
I can shut my eyes today and see a picture,
When I ran away to bathe me in the creek;
I can see my mother standing in the
doorway
With a shingle in her hand her son to greet.

Chorus

Oh, the ground-hog hies himself a-down old
Brush Creek,
The dog fennel scents the air to beat the
band,
In the hazel brush the "skeeters" are a
singing,
On the banks of old Brush Creek near at
hand.

Every mothers' son of us has crossed old
Brush Creek,
Some of us with sweetheart, Sallie, by our
side.
But I'll bet "two-bits" we didn't stop to ask
her
If she didn't want to be our darling bride.
Ten to one some other, homely fellow got
her,
And today she darns the sock and spansks
the kid;
Oh, we loved her but we're glad we didn't
get her.
And the other fellow's sorry that he did.

Chorus

Oh, the moon shines some nights along old
Brush Creek,
From Long's meadow comes the breath of
mouldy hay,
Through the jack oak boughs Sim Evans'
lantern flickers,
On the banks of old Brush Creek down the
way.

SIXTEEN

My oldest boy is just sixteen,
His mother keeps him nice and clean.

Last week he went to see his girl,
His head and heart were in a whirl.

But he came home with sober face
And told about this awful case.

Her face was sweet, her form was fair,
And she was kind and debonair.

But O, her breath was far from sweet,
Bermuda onions she had eat.

He tried his best a while to stay,
Her onions took his breath away.

He gasped for breath and hit the trail,
And told his dad this awful tale.

When he gets wise, this he'll do,
He'll eat Bermuda onions too!

REALITY

The truth sometimes may seem hardboiled,
A bitter pill to swallow;
A steep and rugged hill to climb,
A stony path to follow,
But if the way is strewn with love
And flowers of gentle pity,
Instead of criticism rude
And sallies vile and witty;
Most folks will climb the hill with joy
And tread the path with pleasure,
Because love lightens every ill
With bounty without measure.

GOODBYE, OLD FRIENDS

Goodbye, old friends, Our hearts are filled with love.
The joys we've tasted here from day to day
Are forecasts of the joys we'll see above.
But all things born of earth must pass away;
And we must say farewell and sadly part today.
We'll meet, if not in dark mysterious earth --
Why then across the space of endless day
Our souls will wing their joyous flight;
And comrades we will be in Heaven for aye.

LIFE'S SUNSET

I've known the joys of childhood
And felt the thrills of youth.
I've seen the fate of errors
And watched the works of truth.

I've born the load which manhood
As duty bound to bear
Sometimes in joy successful,
Sometimes bound down with care.

I've lived to feel the weakness
Which mars declining age
And comes unto the thoughtless
As to the wisest sage.

My work will soon be ended
So long ago begun
I view without amazement
Life's low descending sun.

Perhaps in life's tomorrow
The sun will never set
Life ne'er become a burden
And all its problems met.

We'll face to face be seeing
And know as we are known
For we shall dwell together
Around God's glorious throne.

WHAT ME AND TOWSER SAW

We saw

The way down to the barnyard,
Made sacred by little feet,
That trod it in the winter
And summer's glowing heat.

We hitched old Dick and Lady
And went to gather corn;
Just as we had done years before
On many an autumn morn.

Down through the orchard slowly
The wagon rattled on;
Out by the black old cane mill,
As in the years agone.

Out through the red top meadow,
We pondered as we went;
For every spot brought mem'ries
Of happy moments spent.

There stand the same old hillsides
That echoed voices dear;
Sweet Playful childish voices
We'd like again to hear.

We crossed the dear old brooklet
Down in the pasture lane,
And thought of barefoot waders,
And summer's dashing rain.

We looked off down the valley
And saw the timber bare;
And thought of happy children
Who loved to wander there.

We saw the owl dart swiftly,
We heard the black crow caw;
Just as those darling children
In times past heard and saw.

If Towser stopped while passing,
And looked into my eyes,
Did sight of tears and sorrow
Fill Towser with surprise?

Life is a fleeting picture,
And scenes we love to view
Pass quickly from our vision,
And usher in the now.

Oh, hope, Come to our rescue;
And faith that anchor sure,
May we beyond Death's portal
From parting be secure.

TO MISS HUFFY

Listen to the typers click,
Here a touch and there a lick,
Here a dash and there a dot,
Here a comma and there a blot.
Pound the noisy old machine
I can tell the mood you're in.
By the way your typer speaks
By its clatter and its creaks.
Your typewriter does not lie
While your fingers o'er it fly.
If you're happy, if you're sad,
If you're sorry, if you're glad,
Your old typer gets the mood
And it tells it well and good.
When you're in your busy nook
Working hard with earnest look,
Why do people stop to talk
When beside your desk they walk?
There are other beauty nooks,
Filled with pictures, chairs and books;
But somehow they choose to stand
Waiting, patient, hat in hand
Waiting for the happy smile
That is coming after while.
Pound your typer, little dame,
Pound it wild or pound it tame.
What will our State Office do,
If we can't depend on you?

-Written while a member of the Iowa State legislature, 1916.

TO AUNT JANE KEIM

When you were a baby in grandma's arms
 With dimples and smiles and baby charms
 Who were the men who ruled our land
 And held her helm with a steady hand?
 Where are the men who our battles fought
 And the ones who in field and factory wrought?
 And the agile children with laughing eyes
 And the sad old People with heavy sighs?
 Where are the lovers who smiled and dreamed
 While the lovelight in their young eyes gleamed
 And the bent, old man with his wrinkled wife
 With hearts a-weary of the sorrows of life
 And the strong young man with fearless eye
 With a heart determined to do or die?
 Old Hickory Jackson was first in the land
 And he shaped 'her course with an iron band;
 Abe Lincoln, a young man in his prime
 Awaiting the fortunes of fate and time.
 And in the village, country and town
 The men who put the rebellion down
 But little dreamed of the fate or fame
 That future years would bring to their name.
 You saw the mad throng rushing West
 In '49 in the wild gold quest.
 You looked into the cruel face
 Of the strong young braves of the Indian race.
 You heard the painted warriors yell
 With a terror which no tongue can tell.
 But whether your sky was grey or blue
 And whether your friends were false or, true
 With your face toward the City of God
 The narrow pathway you have trod.
 You saw the covered wagon creep
 Down the hill and up the steep
 When settlers headed toward the West
 In a train that never seemed to rest.
 Ah! those who greeted you on the street
 And took your hand when you chanced to meet,
 Have dropped by the wayside one by one
 Their earthly battles lost or won.
 And those who have walked in the way by your side
 The ones in whom you could confide
 Are standing on the other shore
 With patient love 'till you come o'er
 While those who love your dear old heart
 Still pray for long years ere we part.

-Written August,

1929.

TO THE LEON SCHOOL BELL

Old bell, I love thy voice.
 I love to hear thee whine and creak;
 The sound makes me rejoice
 As when old time friend doth speak.
 The molder, who with care,
 Thy ringing metal wisely blent,
 For centuries of wear,
 Hath to our town a blessing sent.
 When your familiar toll
 The pleasant countryside doth fill,
 And clanging echoes roll,
 Our hearts with sacred mem'ries thrill.
 Our aging pulses throb,
 Our lagging footsteps hurry on,
 Time tries in vain to rob
 Our lives of scenes that long have gone.
 On mem'ry's lurid page
 Again we see the girls and boys
 Who danced across life's stage
 And drained with us youth's cup of joys.
 But some who loved to hear
 Thy peals, are mouldering in the grave;
 While others blankly peer
 Through madhouse bars and wildly rave.
 In Arctic's frigid zone.
 In Tropic's burning, blazing sun
 Where windswept canyons moan,
 Thy friends their various races run.
 While life and memory hold
 We'll hail the music of thy tongue,
 So dear to hearts grown old
 And winning hearts that still are young.

LITTLE SHOE-SOLE

Little shoe-sole gnarled and twisted
 By the raindrops and the heat,
 Once you covered and protected
 Someone's darling little feet.

Many years you've lain neglected
 'Neath the old box-elder tree,
 While the tot whose feet you covered
 Grew a different child to !be.

When I saw you, teardrops started
 For I saw again that boy,
 As I clasped him to my bosom
 While his bright eyes danced with joy.

And his soft hand stroked my forehead
 And his cheek was close to mine.
 Oh my heart with joy is beating,
 As those scenes of memory shine!

I will keep you as a treasure
 For my heart will better be,
 Ev'ry time the homely contour
 Of your battered form I see.

FAREWELL, OLD CHURCH

Old Church, to thee goodbye.
The hands that reared thy sacred walls,
In mouldering silence lie.
Their footsteps answer not thy call.

Or if perchance they live,
With trembling step and palsied hand,
With nought but love to give
They're pilgrims in a strangers' land.

For two score years and more
Beside the city of the dead,
In calm and tempest roar,
In silence, thou hast reared thy head.

Where are the little feet,
That hurried blithely at thy call?
Where are the hearts that 'beat,
As beat the hearts in one and all?

In every land and clime,
By fate's decree they scattered are;
Changed by the hands of time
Or worn by ceaseless grind of care.

What sounds of sacred truth,
Thy sturdy walls have echoed forth;
The voice of joyous youth,
The sages' word of matchless worth.

The mourner's helpless sigh,
Hath often filled the solemn place,
When friends were called to die,
And last we saw their pallid face.

What sacred memories rise,
As here we linger for a while;
And view familiar scenes,
And fleeting shades we highly prize.

Again, a last farewell.
The tears we shed are not for thee;
But for the tales you tell,
And sacred scenes of yore we see.

KATY-DID

All through the sultry summer night
Your plaintive note I hear
As out of sight among the leaves
Unseen, tho yet so near.

You carol forth the same old note,
Unchanged by flight of years,
That thrilled my pensive childish heart
In joy or shallow tears.

Your charming, droning, Katy-did
Without a change of tone
Still cheers my sleepless waking hours
In concert or alone.

Each summer when the oats are ripe
And when the corn grows tall,
I listen in the twilight hour
To hear your first glad call.

Oh, fragile, little Katy-did
You surely do your part
To lift the burdens that oppress
This aging, aching heart.

THE OLD PINE TREE

The old pine tree stands over the way
And it has stood there for many a day.

It was a tiny tree when I was born
In sixty-five on a fair May morn.

And for eighty-six eventful years
It has witnessed our human toils and tears.

The boys who played around it then
Grew old and wrinkled and helpless men.

Their forms are mouldering now in the dust
As sooner or later our own form must.

And the trees that were planted by its side
Grew old and shaggy and finally died.

But the old pine tree still proudly stands
And a widespread view its top commands.

The buffeting winds of hot July
Have tried its strength and passed it by.

And the terrible bolt from the thunder cloud
Has slashed the earth and echoed loud.

But the old pine tree is still unharmed
And by these forces is not alarmed.

THE SHIEK

I'll tell you about Joe Peter Bloss
He flirts with the women by acting cross.

Instead of caresses he gives 'em cusses
Instead of approval lie fumes and fusses.

But I fear his kisses would be a bite
And his caresses savor of a fight.

For he loves like the cave man by treatin' 'em rough
And he wins their hearts by the muscular stuff.

When he snarls like a bulldog, they gather round,
When he crows like a game cock they worship the sound.

Should he shout like a burro some sweet silly morn,
Or sing like a milk cow all hungry for corn.

They would hustle from cellar, alley, and street,
Like the sound of the Angelus his song they would greet.

Oh, Bloss is a most unusual bat,
His madness is method I'll tell you that.

TRUTH

What is the magic wand ---
That turns earth's night to day,
And makes the distant worlds go 'round
In their accustomed way?

Why do some plans succeed
And others sadly fail,
No matter what we think our need
Or how we plan detail?

Truth, is the mighty power
That fits each pressing need;
The strong and all-protecting tower,
That keeps each righteous deed.

But error always falls.
It cannot reach the goal.
When caught in life's soul-searching gales,
It wrecks the trusting soul.

"The way, the truth, the life" ---
Oh! May I follow Thee.
We'll victor be in time of strife,
And then God's face I'll see.

AT THE OPEN GRAVE

Oh God, who guides the lives of men
From youth to three score years and ten,
Who hems their frenzied footsteps in
Twixt mount and sea and battles din.

I put my trembling hand in thine
And to thy perfect will resign.
I'll strive within my little space
To fill on earth my puny place.

And if my fondest hopes shall fall
And sweetest joys on earth shall pall,
If I shall pass beneath Thy frown
And Thou shalt strike my loved ones down.

Oh, may I still in Thee confide
And may my faith in Thee abide.
And may I keep my steady pace
Till I have finished life's great race.

No matter what my trial may be
No matter what my eyes shall see;
On God for all I will depend
Until my life on earth shall end.

NEARING SHORE

Like mariners on the ocean blue
We've sailed our college voyage through.
Our battle with the waves is o'er
For now our ship is nearing shore.

Our banner streams from battered mast,
Reminding us of struggles past.

All hail, the purple and the gold!
What sacred memories you enfold.

All hail, the swiftly rising shore,
And harbors safe from breakers roar!
Perhaps we'll stand with tearful eyes
When we must break our college ties.

But fields beyond entrancing fair
Are calling us to labor there.
And when again we chance to meet
Our friendship will be doubly sweet.

May we, by God's unfailing grace
Solve every problem we shall face;
And by our fruits our fellows bless,
And round our journey with success.

LONESOME PATHWAYS

I walk the lonesome pathways
Where once my children played.
I walk through empty bedrooms
Where safe at night they stayed.

The peals of joyous laughter
Unheeded long ago,
Ring through my vivid memory
And sets my soul aglow.

Just like the dear old homestead
My mortal frame decays
Soon to the dust returneth
End of my earthly days,

But in the home eternal
Pure gold and gems will shine
All dross consumed forever,
Joy eternal will be mine.

TO MY MOTHER

Mother is growing old.
Her furrowed cheek and trembling step,
The marks of cares untold,
Strike sad discord in life's sweet chime.
Youth's bloom hath left her cheek,
Her face, tho dear as e'er to me,
Reminds me of the lily meek
When age hath turned its petals brown.
I've leaned upon her knee
When childish sorrows filled my heart
And comfort like she gave to me
Oh, may I now to her impart!
Oh, how I long for life
Beyond this darksome vale of tears
Where crowned with youth
And free from strife
My mother dear shall live again.

YOU ANSWERED YES

Do you remember, Mother,
Back fifty years tonight;
The countryside was covered
With a mantle pure and white.
We sat in Grandpa's parlor
And whiled the hours away
As the old clock by the chimney
Doled out the time of day.
Your dark curls lay in ringlets,
Your cheek like the lily white,
Your lips red as a rosebud,
Your eyes were clear and bright.
No bitter days of sorrow
Had ever marred your brow.
Your smile was sweet and winsome
With softer lines than now.
The old clock kept on ticking
The minutes slipped away
The midnight hour of zero
Would bring us New Year's day.
And as the hour drew nearer
We watched the slow hands creep
Just like the human life stream
Toward the boundless deep
And then the last lone minute
Of eighteen ninety-one
Was passing, slowly passing,
Just like the setting sun
Our eyes were on the dial
The second hand moved on
In less than sixty seconds
The old year would be gone.
Do you remember, Mother,
A secret that we know
Of something great that happened
As we watched that minute go.
We're old and slipping now, dear,
Our work on earth most done.
Just like that minute brief, dear,
And like the setting sun.
But we have hosts of friends, dear,
Upon the other shore,
Who will rejoice to meet us
When our earthly life is o'er.

BUSINESS MEN OF LEON FROM 1880 TO 1890

So we'll not forget the people
That we knew long years ago,
We will try to name them briefly
As around the town we go.

Willard Clark the jolly grocer,
And his partner, Edgar Me.,
And Gould Wallace who sold hardware,
Strong John Lawrence ran a hack.

Edgar Bell kept a nice drug-store
And John Bowman harness made,
Horry Long sold white bleached muslin,
Which we knew would never fade.

Tended strictly to his knitting,
Making money every day,
Hoping that his thriving business
Would stay put for many a day.

Loten Gassett knew the workings
Of a good or cheap John watch,
And we didn't hear folks saying
That he ever made a botch.

J. R. Bashaw run the business,
And a gentleman was he,
And Doe Bowman grew some whiskers
That convulsed the folks to see.

Dr. Layton was a surgeon
And a great M. D. as well,
All the good he did the people
Would be hard for me to tell.

Nathan Craige and his family
Ran a restaurant down the street,
It was Democrat headquarters
Where the candidates could eat.

Dr. Rowell, quiet dentist,
Still the cruel forceps wields,
He has pulled teeth by the bushel,
And he ought to be well heeled.

On the corner was Frank Coder,
With a little grocery store,
And the Farquares had done business
In that nook long years before.

Let me see, there was Mode Miller
And Mart Pickering as well,
And I think a little restaurant
Run by Elliott Benefiel.

Some good lady sold the women
Hats and ribbons, spring and fall,
Were there two or three hat-sellers?
Or did Lucy sell them all.

The two Hamiltons were barbers,
O. E. Hull the paper pushed,
F. J. Honnold owned a drug store,
Otten H. the meat trade rushed.

Dear "Old Skeeter" run a restaurant
On the west side for a while,
But its awful tragic ending,
Makes it hard for Lou to smile.

F. N. Hansell ran a little
Busy one horse racket store,
Did we guess that he would some day
Make a fortune, and some more?

Joseph Hamilton and Gammell
Kept the splendid opera block,
And the Grandstaffs, Jim and Otis,
Kept farm implements in stock.

The Old Sales House still was standing,
And was run by William Brown,
Mr. Orsland had a shoe-shop
In the smallest shop in town.

And Doss Caster run his business
In the good old Caster block,
This old block was up to date then,
And he kept a good full stock.

The abiding Jonas Hoffines,
With a form for years to wear,
Beat old pacing Bessie Lincoln,
With an old stove-up gray mare.

Daugherty's were Ed and Byron,
Ed would play the rattling drum,
Byron drove the race-horse Deacon,
Till old Deacon's wind went bum.

T. S. Arnold counted money,
At the Farmer-Traders Bank,
Charlie Gardner and Frank Thompson
Helped, but I forget their rank.

Monkey Tullis, dear old Monkey,
To the prophets you belonged,
And you dealt in sickly Pelters,
Oh, the folks you could have wronged.

J. A. Harris and Bill Hebner
Worked the tombstone 'business well,
While Jake Beardsley cut the letters
For the ones they had to sell.

William Albaugh run the hotel
On the east side of the square,
While Lee Pickering and his daddy
Did a black-smith business there.

Drs. Mullinix and Gardner,
Long years since had passed their prime,
But they sometimes doctored sick folks,
Just to pass away the time.

Sam and Jim and John and Virgil,
Penniwells we speak of now,
Some of them are with us hale and hearty,
So to them we make our bow.

Harry Vogt was a young grocer,
Overton, a fine horse man,
Who knew how to fool the mayor,
With a sly and subtle plan.

I. N. Clark still kept a stable,
So did Zedikiah Gore,
Mr. George Hall dealt in poultry,
Eggs and junk and plenty more.

The good Carmeans come in some-where,
And good groceries they sold,
Till he got to be the marshal,
After he was getting old.

The Harvy Brothers and the Stookeys
And Sam Forry old and wise,
Calvin Hoffman and Ed Curry,
Davy Wood of meager size.

A. J. Allen and Jim Honnold,
E. J. Sankey and Mr. Siltz,
E. K. Pitman and John Holden,
Famed for argufying tilts.

C. M. Akes and lean Gearn Ellis,
Didn't fail to speculate,
When they found a proposition
That looked good and up to date.

Clark and Clark were wealthy millers,
Barry kept a harness-shop,
F. N. Avery still sold caskets
With the words, "At Rest," on top.

Tom Barn's Church was still a venture,
No one dreamed it would succeed,
But it has the world encircled
With its strange appealing creed.

Wise Heb Bobbitt was a black-smith
But he liked to argue best,
And he 'burned up many plow-shares,
While defeating some poor pest.

Charlie Carroll and Mr. Merwin,
Still worked daily in their shops,
Mr. Tatman was a butcher,
And he sold good steaks and chops.

A. J. Detrick, old and feeble,
Fast was fading from the scene,
J. G. Early and Jim Wakefield,
Often on the street were seen.

Fuller Avery and Sam Lorey,
Martindales, both Al and Bill,
Isaac Smith and Sad Green Parsons,
Men who worked at the saw-mill.

Cal and Wall Adair were brothers,
Zimmermans and Granville Long,
Edwards and the preacher Lemon,
And Hatch who never did see wrong.

Charlie Reader and Jim Evans,
Garrets, Jim and Jessie, too,
Proud Fred Close and Holly Kelly,
Swift of mind and figures too.

Stern Professor S. M. Mowatt
With his stylish bearded chin,
Also Dr. Brown and Kelly,
And Frank Cook with doctrine thin.

Old substantial Johny Albaugh
Wisely spent the country's cash,
Peter Cruikshank, retired farmer,
Did no thing that we thought rash.

J. L. Young was getting feeble,
And e'rr long was called away,
But he wore a "Stove Pipe silk hat"
Up until his dying day.

Young's and Teals and several Warners,
Becks and Uncle John Chastain,
Shorts and also Mr. Ausman,
Oft upon the streets were seen.

C. M. Ketcham ran the depot,
Nathan Bigly ran a dray,
Lesan ran the elevator,
Till the time he went away.

Ellenwood and Charley Hawkins
Picked bright dollars from the wire,
E. S. Young, a free-hand artist,
Drew our pictures for small hire.

Cameron and Alma Jackson,
Dealt in live-stock and in meat,
They were fine outstanding people,
And their shop was clean and neat.

Billy Boon became a banker,
Cashier of the Exchange Bank,
Rev. Edwards, Baptist preacher,
Good and true, though tall and lank.

George T. Young still handled dry-goods,
And Frank Close was his chief clerk,
David Morgan helped sell hardware,
And he seemed to like the work.

William Jenkins, expert Mason,
Burned the city's needed brick,
Clem and Tom and good George Sanger
Laid them up in double quick.

Henry Bright was one-time marshal,
And a jolly soul was he,
Will Van Werden, a young doctor,
Had a pleasant face to, see.

Henry was his older brother,
Lew sold Vigor for the hair,
While their Daddy, man of leisure,
Occupied the old arm-chair.

Michael Mayer sold mens clothing,
Stephen Varga and his dad
Told the people if the title
To their land was good or bad.

The old Journal and Reporter,
And Fred James twice a week,
John C. Stockton's Fact the paper
With a name that was unique.

Then one man we failed to mention,
Was John Bell, the wagon man.,
Was the father of four children,
And a hunting fishing fan.

And the Hurst Boys put out dry-goods
From their own big palace store,
While Bill Alaxander hustled
At a dozen jobs or more.

All the people worked together,
Helped to boost the good old town,
And I count it a great pleasure,
Just to hand this history down.

And, I'd like to name the ladies,
But, you see, 'twould never do,
For the most of all these beauties
Run from ten to twenty-two.

And if I should be found hinting
That they lived in eighty-five,
I am sure it would be doubtful
If my friends found me alive.

FOLKS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

Come, you folks who can remember
Of the days when Leon was young,
Help me sing of old time faces,
Else their praise may ne'er be sung.

Think of Hurst and Long and Hildreth,
Close and Clark and Stout and Ray,
Drs. Mullinnix and Finley,
McClelland with long whiskers gray.

Old man Priest and Q. M. Lindsey,
Samuel Lindsey: Lindsey's two,
Don't forget young Jonas Hoffhines
Groceries he had for you.

Down the line we find Sam Caster,
Mr. Sales and Bobbitt, too,
Butcher shop by Jones and Coover,
Detrick sold the land for you.

Men who bought the hogs and cattle,
Creighton with his Roman beak,
Sears and Brown and Samuel Goodman,
Waring J. and Warnstaff - meek.

Murray Mason with his rifle,
Cripple Simpson with his axe,
Mill was run by Wise and Little,
Varga gathered in the tax.

Abel Chase was our good druggist,
Bowers cider had to sell,
Fulton traded pelter horses,
George Adair would dig your well.

Mrs. Darr sold ladies' headgear,
Wood sold implements to farm,
Farquhar tied up nails and hardware,
Sold us stoves to keep us, warm.

N. P. Bullock was a lawyer,
Mr. Forrey was a judge,
Warner helped these legal dopesters
Settled every wicked grudge.

Mr. Jenree was a painter,
Bell worked hard in wagon wood,
And the fife on grand occasions
Was sweetly played 'by Robert Good.

Billy Sullivan, the soldier,
Worked with only one good arm,
Bashaw sold the books and glasses,
Diamond rings and gay watch charms.

F. N. Avery made the coffins,
Atlee lumber had to sell,
A. N. Frazier bossed the depot,
Lunbeck knew his fruit trees well.

J. C. Porter was a preacher,
So was portly Rev. A. Brown,
Also Mr. Silas Johnson,
And Waller, shortest man in town.

Penniwell's built many houses,
Lorey was a frame expert,
J. P. Finley peddled Singers
At a price that did not hurt.

Gay Al Tharp pulled off the auctions,
Garrett's helped to swell the crowd,
When the brass band got in action
With their music wild and loud.

Frazier had the kids to tutor,
Aunt Jane Miller served the meals,
Nathan Crago knew his billiards,
Flanders in small trinkets deals.

Black George Johnson turned the newspress,
Nigger Ben kept hunting hounds,
Colored Johnson kept a fishstand,
Selling many hundred pounds.

When he died old Father Christy
Kept a fishstand on the street,
Negro Bill knew how to cook them,
So they were a joy to eat.

Wash McGrew, the hotel keeper,
Sold the whiskey and the beer,
Pickering, the skillful blacksmith,
Plied his trade and scattered cheer.

H. J. Vogt, an erstwhile farmer,
Dealt in groceries and meat,
Charley Green, the painter,
labored In the frost and in the heat.

Big Dan Thurman drove his dray-team
Up and down the depot hill '
Til his mighty two arms failed him
And in death lay cold and still.

Bill Kirkpatrick and John Baldwin
Kept a splendid grocery store,
Patterson, the harness dealer,
Sold us some, then sold us more.

Mills and Craig were blacksmiths also,
Men of honor and of brawn,
Oft we heard their anvils clanging
At the early hour of dawn.

John W. Harvey and Ed Haskett
Knew the law from A to Z,
And Ed Curry gave them battle
In a way 'twas great to see.

Dr. Gardner wore his slicker
And a headshawl every day,
Every minute on the look-out
To keep the hungry wolf away.

Big Black Maggie took in washing,
Zemmerman's and Martindale's
Helped to swell the population
And patronize the mails.

E. J. Sankey and Ab Gillham,
J. W. Honnold and Bill Brown
Did their bit to run the business
Of the county and the town.

L. P. Sigler was a banker,

Billy Boone a fine young clerk,
George T. Young a dry-goods merchant,
Who could make the racket work.

Then there's Uncle Billy Loving,
Sitting in his old armchair,
And his deep voiced, baying mastiff,
With his coarse and bristling hair.

Robinson edited the Journal,
Groat Udell the Pioneer,
Thomas Martin rang the school-bell
Till it echoed far and near.

Young John Bowman made the harness
For the good sedate Squire Darr
'Till his fame spread o'er the country
For they knew him near and far.

Mrs. Hyatt was a milliner,
Mr. Hyatt was a clerk,
J. R. Conrey tied up dry goods
And he always liked to work.

Simeon Cross, the whiskered blacksmith,
Updegraff, a harness man,
Pressler and Old Jimmie Johnson,
True old sport and cockfight fan.

Two bright kids blew up the court-house,
Tried to steal the county's cash,
But they landed safe in prison,
So their plans all went to smash.

Mr. Hammer and Max Sanford,
Garrett Gibson, Mr. Burns,
Skede, the human bullfrog jumper,
I must mention in their turns.

Charles Jordan wore long whiskers,
Which he swore he'd never, crop '
Till the people of the country
To the democrats should flop.

Burnison and Ed K. Pitman,
Gardners, almost full a score,
Mighty men and lovely women,
But I cannot mention more.

So I guess I'd better finish
And more likely now than not,
There are many famous persons,
I completely have forgot.

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