

**THE POEMS AND SHORT STORIES OF
ADAH COY McRAVEN**

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Table of Contents

Introduction	iii
Poems and Short Stories	
Modern Girl	1
My Book	1
I Called You	2
Life	2
Dream Child	3
To Elizabeth, My Fair Princess	3
The Greatest Soldier	4
My Flag	4
Who Is My Brother?	5
Dough Boy	6
Willkie	6
The Climbers	7
Dream Spirit	7
His Heritage	7
The Artist	8
Star Dust	8
In My Garden	9
My Garden of Roses	9
As I See It	10
Trust Him	11
His Dream	11
His Ambition	12
Labor	12
Our Teachers	13
A Friend	13
My Nurse	14
His Folks	14
Golden Rod	14
Plain Pig	15
A Farmer's Lament (Hard Luck)	15
untitled - I stood on the bridge	16
Hard to Kill	17
Our Gifts	17
My Son	18
The Farmer's Wife	20
Deep in Your Eyes	20
untitled - Somewhere in the Bible it says	21
The Plan	21
Feed My Sheep	22
Touching the Hem	23
Hee Haw	25
Goodbye Little Home	25
Stone House	26
That Green Eyed Monster	26

He Sent Forth His Word	27
Service	27
The Light and the Shadow - to Billy Sunday	28
The Serpent in the House.....	28
The Children of Israel	29
One Hour	29
Dust Storms	30
Lonesome Daddy	31
One Little Prayer	31
Christ of India	32
The Light House	32
A True Man	32
Ma Airs Her Mind	33
The Joke	35
Ma Makes a Touchdown.....	37
Sweetie - A Song.....	37
Dad Talks.....	38
Appendix A - Location of Published Poems and Stories	39

INTRODUCTION

Adah Marie Coy was the daughter of William Henry Coy and Georgia Adah Leonora Priscilla Moses. She was born 18 February 1889 in East St. Louis, Illinois. Adah grew up in East St Louis, IL with her two brothers, George and William, and her sister Corinne. As a young woman, she taught school in East St. Louis, Illinois.

On 06 August 1915 she married Dr. Claude McRaven in St. Louis, Missouri.

They had three children: Corinne Maude, Claude Coy, and Alvin Jaynes. The family made their home in Marston, Missouri. Adah Marie McRaven died in August of 1963 in Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

Adah's writings, as well as her life, were greatly influenced by several things: patriotism for her country, love of her family, but most particularly by her faith in God.

For many years Adah submitted her poems and short stories to newspapers which circulated in southeast Missouri. Encouraged by local success, she began to submit her works to syndicate magazines, as the following correspondence bear witness.

Taken from a letter from Art L. Wallhausen, news editor of the Sikeston Standard dated 22 January, 1932:

"We are always glad to receive such contributions, especially when they contain such clever lines as yours [referring to "Modern Girl"]. The writer has "free-lanced considerably, and suggests that you type that poem and send it to "Life", Saturday Evening Post, and possibly other magazines of like nature. You will get a few rejection slips, of course, but when such material is purchased it often carries pay of 25 to 50 cents per line. Again many thanks and best wishes for success if you try to commercialize your work."

She was further encouraged by Marim Lambert of the PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY of New York City. Taken from a letter dated 10 February, 1932:

"I think your little poem is very good, and I see no reason why you can't make a success in this line of work if you persevere."

Unfortunately, the PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY and most other magazines did not buy any material which had already been printed. So, all of Adah's works which had appeared in local newspapers were unfit to be submitted.

The rejections which Mr. Wallhausen spoke of were forthcoming. In a letter from J. B. Edwards of the Writer's Digest of Cincinnati, Ohio, dated 23 February, 1933:

"I am returning the poem you enclosed with your letter, having read it carefully. I believe it is fair. If you wish any of your poetry criticized by Writer's Digest, the fee is five cents the line."

Though she continued to submit work to such places as the Bell Syndicate and King Features Syndicate, both of New York City, nothing has survived to indicate that her submissions were accepted.

MODERN GIRL

So she perched upon my chair
Ruby lips and golden hair,
Painted cheeks and curls just "set"
Saying, "Grandma, have a cigarette."
Then she grinned a funny grin
Full of mischief to the brim
Blew the smoke into my face
Told me that she set the pace.
Most dated girl of all the town,
Told me that I mustn't frown,
Not to look for her till three,
Love of dancing came from me.
Pajamas on to meet a date,
Swinging on the garden gate,
Petting whether rain or shine,
Just a cocktail or some wine.
Modern Girl, we love so.
For this pose is just for show,
My eyes are keen it's my bet
That I'll accept your cigarette!

MY BOOK

Oh Book, great gift of God to men
Within thy pages written for me,
Is answer to all that I seek,
In what I am or hope to be.

For every question in my mind,
I find its answer written there,
For every sorrow, every care,
I find there words that comfort me.

Men may build great stately domes,
But these will soon fall to decay,
The spirit that within me dwells,
Will live through all eternity.

I CALLED YOU

I called you - no answer.
I called again and tried in vain to make you understand
The agony - the pain.

I groped and struggled for the light,
I tried to see, I called you but you did not answer me.
Poor spirit broken, bleeding and forlorn.
Why were you born to suffer thus?

Into the vast unknown, to wander maybe there alone,
Blind, Oh God I pray to see!
I called you but you did not answer me.

What wondrous light is this - bright as day!
No longer do I grope, I know the way.
How blind was I, now made to see.

Father, Thy will be done, 'lest thou should'st say
I called you but you did not answer me!

LIFE

I open my eyes in the morning
The Sun is shining bright,
I close my eyes in the evening
With God's lesson around me drawn tight.

I thank You, dear Father, for thy healing power
A surprise and blessing to man
May Your gift to generations be given
For I believe this to be your plan.

DREAM CHILD

Dear little eyes alight with love,
Tender and innocent like the dove,
Dear little hands so willing to do just one of my blessings,
Peggy that's you.

What miser that gloats over dull yellow gold,
Could know that I have a treasure tenfold greater than he
In the glint of your hair, there is no measure for to compare.

Trip lightly through life dear, shun sorrow and care,
I would build a tower to the sky, did I dare!
And keep you and guard you, from sin and death too.
You're the light of my life, Peggy that's you.

TO ELIZABETH, MY FAIRY PRINCESS

What will you give me godmother, she said,
Tomorrow is the day my love I wed.
My child, I give you happiness and health,
These are great treasures, far greater than wealth!

Because you love, I give abundant love,
This comes from people high and low
From far and near,
This love is priceless, hold it dear.

The land on which you walk is blessed by you
The cloud is lifted and the sun is bright.
The faultless love of God
Blots out the night.

THE GREATEST SOLDIER

He brought his treasure earnestly to me.
A toy gun – the greatest lover his sweet young life had known.
He shouldered arms and walked about for me to see
What a wonderful young soldier he could be.

“I’m American,” he said. “I’m tough – I could shoot ‘em dead.”
A cripple child, protect and serve his country – yes.
Such spirit, friend, climbs mountains. “I’m American,” he said.

The little body suffering from his birth,
I raised my hand in honor to salute.
This free born spirit in great lands,
The greatest soldier I have ever known.

MY FLAG

Each star a state, each state a star,
I see it fluttering from afar
High on the flag staff in the breeze
O’er many land, o’er many seas.

High and higher I see it go
With glad heart I watch it from below
Till God alone is there to view
When star meets star in Heavens blue.

With the beat of drums, salute on high
I know the world is passing by
Star Spangled Banner set them free
“In my country I trust,” the song shall be.

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

Do you recognize a brother when you see him? I do not believe that is always possible. Many times those whom we think are our gigantic protective rock in time of trouble, we find are only stones - stones which have a way of hurling themselves at us as the early Christians were stoned, but which because they have not the Spiritual vision of David, are unable to slay with a stone. How long. Oh, how long will we war against the Spirit- for so long as we seek to overcome our brother, so long do we war against God and Spirit.

The Spirit of Christ is within us and Christ and God are one, so we are one with the Spirit.

The Brotherhood of man seems farther away today in the world than it ever has been.

Russia with its plan for a perfect government, a plan of material wealth and comfort for every individual is commendable only as it includes the spiritual welfare of its people. All men are not born equal - some are endowed by God with gifts - gifts which belong to him - the Master and which he will use for the benefit of humanity. Many leaders are born but I call no man great who for selfish or material gain will sacrifice the life of his brother. Am I my brother's keeper? Would you war against yourself? You and your brother are one, for should you take his life, you and your descendants must pay the uttermost farthing - for whether a private quarrel or a world war, the act is murder and is disobedient to our commandment.

In our complicated life of today, it is well to be prepared for self-defense but for a leader to view with pride monsters of steel and iron, which destroy the lives of men – to deliberately devise devilish schemes of destroying their brother for personal gain or glory, these things are fast bringing the human race to the level of a brute.

Have you ever stopped to analyze the effect of war on the average citizen?

The bitterness of the struggle is felt long after the smoke of the battle is cleared away - nobody ever described it better than to say as one soldier - war is hell - it was meant to be hell and so we will suffer until we learn the true meaning of the teachings of the Master when He said, "Love thy neighbor as thy self."

Love worketh no evil to his brother. And who is my brother? Is he white, yellow or black? Does he worship as I do? Your brother may be found any place on the globe, and other globes if we ever discover them. Your brother is one created by God Almighty!

America - always known as the land of the free, I look to you to stand firm in these days of unrest and trouble. Our ancestors came to this country for religious freedom – that every man might worship as he pleased. Some landed at Plymouth rock, it must have been the rock that Jesus spoke of when He said, "Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

DOUGH BOY

The bugle call, youth mothers pride and joy
To battle they march with national song
All day long, all day long
Night comes, bodies strewn left and right
And in this terrible sight a mother kneels
Staunching fresh blood in battle fields
She cries aloud, "Oh Master must this be"
For angles point to crosses white rising like angry sea
Again she looks and Lo the foe had fled
He would not have his crosses painted red

WILLKIE

My country proud am I today
To know that in this present strife and storm,
Great souls to this, our dear beloved land, are born.

Tis not vast stores of oil, nor steel, nor iron
Tis not great boasts broadcast o'er land and sea
These things may vanish like a puff of wind
And make but a laughing stock of me.

Tis that fine delicate golden thread
Which binds us all in that integrity
And makes crowned heads and self made rulers bow
And ask swift pardon on a bended knee.

This shall preserve thee, Oh my ship of state
Against all petty quarrels, one nation we shall be
And so my friend, to thee I doff my hat
Thou has't preserved the true democracy.

THE CLIMBERS

The hills are steep and the way is long
Our hearts too weary to lighten' with song
The clouds hang low and the wind oft roars
When the lightning flashes and cold rain pours

A few will find on the hillside bare
A cavern hewn which shows God's care
And flowers are growing, for some on the way
They climb to the top, for a peep o'day

They laugh at the rocks which, some might say,
Are giant boulders barring the way
But they reach the top, 'tis the faith of some
To never weary, 'till the race is run

DREAM SPIRIT

Come out of the mist oh Spirit Chief,
Come in the swift canoe.
Let me ride in the beautiful silent stream,
Know to the tribe and you.
Guide me chief by your counsel wise,
Show me the touch as before.
But do not tell me the signal is another cruel war.

HIS HERITAGE

I leave to you dear son, my name,
'Tis better far than wealth or fame.
For this I labored day by day,
I love the colors you painted chief,
Across the western sky.
Surely this beautiful rainbow is ours,
Good scouts do not die.
Smoothing the path that you might follow in my way.
Each letter burnished I with deeds well done,
That this good name might go from son to son.
'Tis rare fortune and it comes to few,
So now this precious gift I give to you.

THE ARTIST

I built a statue so divinely fair,
It seemed to breathe, take life and glow,
No mortal could have held me in spell,
But this creation that I worshipped so.

I bowed before this clay of mortal hands,
Asked nothing of this life but there to be,
Craving one glimpse of this my all,
Transporting me to heavenly ecstasy.

A storm arose a mighty hurricane,
It crashed about my head and then
I woke with coming of the day,
And at my feet my shattered idol lay.

Vain fool, thy God hath set thee free,
To make the image of a sickly brain
Mold with thy hands if that is thy desire
But leave the soul to me.

STAR DUST

Rejoicing in victory for all mankind,
The chemist held the precious vial on high,
"Tis health for millions all my doubt is past,"
For he had patient stardust in his eye.

The artist lay his brushes gently down,
To view his painting with contented sigh,
'Twill make the world a better place to live,
For he had long had stardust in his eye.

"I'll make the world my own" the warrior said,
"Men on bended knee my slaves shall be
And too great ships and planes that fly on high,
He found 'twas only stardust in his eye.

And then one came so lowly and so meek,
To teach men of that life beyond the sky,
"To love thy neighbor as thyself" he said,
God sprinkled glittering stardust in his I.

IN MY GARDEN

I have a garden
Where the Easter lilies grow;
Where the Crocus and the violet
Peep from the snow.

These are the friends
Who greet us in the spring;
How glad we are to see them,
And hear the blue bird sing.

Do we bring a breath of springtime
To the one who needs a friend?
Just a little deed of kindness
Or a helping hand to lend?

Then the teaching of the Master
So divinely good and true.
Will make a happy Easter time
For folks like me and you.

MY GARDEN OF ROSES

I stand in my garden of roses,
Wet with the morning dew;
Most beautiful flowers in God's
kingdom
With colors of every hue.

Pink like the dawn of the morning
Yellow of suns golden ray,
Red like the blood of the Savior,
Washing our sins away.

The white rose to you, little sister,
This gift comes from above
The Master is sending it to you
With the very divinest of love.

AS I SEE IT

Many problems have arisen to vex many rulers of today. Ours seems to be labor problems and cooperation with our foreign neighbors.

I believe, we can settle both, but it may take many years to bring the world back to a prosperous living standard.

It is our duty as Americans to settle our foreign relations with as patient and friendly and understanding as we can.

We are all Americans first and politicians afterward. Any leader selling his country for political power is not worthy of the name American.

It was surprising to many of us to find that our finest soldiers were youngsters, clean, clear minded and unafraid. If labor will, in the future, seek to educate these boys, if our army and navy schools will do the same, we will have the finest trained laborers in the world, producing a product far superior to any article anyone can produce. If the labor leaders love their fellow man and wish to uplift him, that is the best method that I know.

If the laborer is taxed to make Unions wealthy it is doing him no good. Neither is it doing him any good to teach him to destroy lives of property or interfere in anyway with legitimate business. That is un-American. You must remember that we have a duty to our foreign neighbors to see them through this crisis and establish them so they will be able to help themselves.

It is not so important to teach them our form of government as it is to feed them. If the Father in heaven spared them and did not annihilate them, He meant them to be one of us in a Christian world.

If the United States does not understand her duty, if she does not feel honored by God that she has been given the great opportunity of leading the world, then most likely, He will take this duty from us. Those countries who are not willing to become Christian will be stricken with many plagues in many ways.

God will not book interference with His plan to Christianize the world. Land, money, these things can disappear quickly for the Father will only reward us as we accept and practice His laws. He values man, his lite more than anything in the world, so in time man too, will understand the real value of life.

TRUST HIM

How did I know that the surgeon's knife,
Skilled in his hand as the case might be,
Would not err in some unknown way
Something he was not given to see.
He was God's messenger! he must have
been clean.
For God judges men by things unseen
And OH! how happy I am today
That the voice within whispered to me
Trust Him.
And OH! how happy I am to say
That I put my trust in Him today.

HIS DREAM

The Governor sat in his office chair
Gazing on faces stricken with grief,
Mercy! the word came through trembling lips
For the man now condemned as a murderer and thief.

The scaffold was ready at break of day,
The curious crowd would gather too soon
And only the word of the head of state,
Could save this brother and son from his fate.

By his fireside that evening the Governor dreamed.
He was now just an outcast, friendless, alone,
No dear laughing children, not good wife, nor home.

"Ah Master," he pleaded, "Have mercy on me.
Did I not all your commandments fulfill." '
But the Shepherd looked down with a pitying smile
My commandment is "Thou shalt not kill."

The Governor woke with a chilling start,
The fire was out and the house was dark.
The curious crowd did not gather next day,
For the message was "Pardon without delay."

HIS AMBITION

His hair was rumpled and his pants not pressed,
But the soul within him was supremely at rest.

He smiled on his neighbors, had a good word for all
When his better half jawed at him, he didn't hear at all

He was reading his paper at peace with the world
When wifey started in to talk, down in his chair he curled

Now Jim, I've just been thinking there's our neighbor Brown,
He's running for sheriff, the smartest man in town

It seems to me you're as smart as that man dares to be
Why don't you run for something too, and see how proud I'll be

The dear wife's face was all aglow, her loving eyes just shone
What's your ambition dear, she said. She heard an awful groan

At last he scratched his frousted head and then his funny bone
"My ambition is," he drawled at last, "just to be let alone."

LABOR

He turned and paused in that God-given shade, where sunlight filtered through and lacy patterns made upon the
place beneath, and fresh turned soil created in him the thrilling joy of honest toil.

Some saw the bare unlovely earth and shoulders bent beneath relentless urge. He only felt God's planting of the
seeds of life in human clay submerged.

OUR TEACHERS

How many parents truly appreciate the interest which we see manifested every day by teachers in public schools throughout our country? Frequently we read of a life of service in unselfish devotion given to the youth of our country, and it is hardly possible to measure the good which these public servants render. Still, they often plod along in under-paid positions and with scant appreciation for the most valuable aid to our homes.

We all recognize the importance of the child as the future citizen of tomorrow and his training and environment in youth as an immunity to the temptations which he may meet in later life. To meet all character requirements, we must have moral, physical and mental training. Our schools are able in some degree, to furnish all three requirements and although we may provide the well equipped building and material aids in our school, it is far more important that we recognize in our teacher a spiritual influence which counts far more in the advancement of civilization.

We all pay tribute to the Mother love, but no greater is this than the devoted life of noble sacrifice of the instructor, following in the footpath of that greatest of all teachers, and imparting to humanity some of his spirit.

A FRIEND

The men came over the hill on day
from whence they came i did not know
Twas the road of life and the distance short
all passed beyond in the evenings glow.
Of one I asked for help on the way
He threw me a coin, it was gone in a day
I was hungry and asked another for bread
"I will give you worldly power," he said.
The third one came and his face was kind.
A heavenly light around shone
"Where are you goin old man?" I asked
He smiled as he pointed, I am going home.
He disappeared at the end of day
Just a friend on life's short way
and he gave not wealth as the others had said
but he gave me Eternal Life instead.

MY NURSE

Into my room with the sunshine,
Chasing the shadows away,
Soothing my pain and sorrow,
Her willing feet go all day.
Her smile is rare as an orchid,
I love the light round her head.
Sometime in my dream troubled slumber,
I think she's an angel instead.

HIS FOLKS

My dad, he's got a Ford, he has
An' he can go as fast
Everybody looks, and sez,
Gee! Ain't that some class?

An' my sis has got a beau
His name is Jimmie - don't you know
He sells tonic at the fair,
An' puts perfume on his hair.

John plays ball; Well, I should smile,
He cin knock that ball a mile.
I'm a tellin' you the truth,
Pa sez he cin beat Babe Ruth.

My ma's wash is just as white;
Mrs. Brown's is just a sight;
They're the folks that live next door,
An' I know they're awful poor.

Ain't no dog cin beat our houn'
He's the best ole dog in town;
He cin do the motes stunts,
An' catch three rabbits all at once.

GOLDEN ROD

Give them the flowers of the field, Father. To carry them safely through. It will be a staff to the Pilgrim Band, because of their faith in You. You can use the rod for punishment, You can take or give as You will. You will clear the world of worthless chaff, with the Golden Rule as the Pilgrim's Staff.

PLAIN PIG

I am a little animal
Just common as can be
You'll find no names of high renoun
upon, my family tree
I have just one real virtue
this is the word I send
that I am and always will be
the farmers greatest friend.

A FARMER'S LAMENT (also titled Hard Luck)

I ain't a hand to tell my troubles,
An' hit don't help much to cry.
I sold some o'my cows to pay the rent,
An' the rest O' the bunch went dry.

This spring we put in some cotton,
Even my wife helped too,
An' every kid o'mine on the place
Had their share to do.

I never seen sich a crop in my life
Don't know which was powder, me 'er my wife.
Sold the cotton to old man Kent,
An' I'll be darned if I made a cent.

We ditched our land in the country,
To let the water go by.
Had no rain, not narry a cloud,
An' so the river went dry.

I raised some mighty fine chickens,
The best on any farm.
One mornin' I went to feed 'em,
An this was wrote on the barn:

Here is a "dominicker" rooster,
An' here is a little brown hen,
A If you will please raise some more,
We'll be sure an' call again.

untitled

I stood on the bridge watching him. Not long since, flood waters had covered the land and had receded leaving the usual filthy debris. At first it was all blurred for life held no interest for me. The flooded area of my life had left debris more unsubstantial than the water soaked timber where once had stood his home.

Patiently, he worked, driving his mule slowly and clearing what he could each day. Some time passed and I became conscious of him now. The home was complete. Others had joined him and new green life seemed to be springing up around. One day he joined me on the bridge. He was not as young as I had supposed, or more likely, toil had left its indelible stamp upon his face.

"I've had to go mighty slow," he explained. "That mule, he brung me and my wife through these flood waters a while back, and he's stood up under purtty hard goin'. My little girl was sick with newmony and our baby came the night we left. We was nearly washed away a tryin' to git out but we finally made it. The baby died -- it was a boy." Silently he looked out over the once flooded lands as though living again the tense moments. "We didn't have no time to save nuthin' and we'll hev to begin all over again, but people's been awful good to us."

Slowly he walked to the old mule and gently led him toward home. God bless that old Missouri mule! How I wanted to sing a national anthem in his praise of decorate his neck with laurel and his heels, too, had he not gleamed so wickedly out of the corner of his eye, but I guess he would have appreciated a bouquet of alfalfa and corn shucks much more, as he looked like he was greatly in need of both.

I turned to go home, too, and as I left the bridge turned again and seeing, took courage while awakening life within me whispered, "I will build again," and the great river drove home its lesson with a new meaning of the eternal words, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the lord."

HARD TO KILL

Yes, he's gittin' better Jim, - I heerd to-day,
'Twas a car that hit that ol' wagon of his'n
They tol' me it was a turrible spill,
But them kind a fellers are dang hard to kill.

Why I 'member wunst I was loggin' with him
An' a crazy loon up with an ax an - - - - - crack!
I thot he was killed - he laid awful still
But shucks! them kinder fellers air dang hard to kill.

An' that year the flu laid us all low
I was all set ready to bury him
But he didn't die - livin' still
Well - them kind is naturally hard to kill

He's an American he is - to the back bone
His folks has allus called this place home
Some of 'em fought at Bunker Hill
If you're made o' that stuff you're sure hard to kill

Ye know Jim, sometime I git awful blue,
A wonderin' what this country's comin' to.
I guess tho - theys some with plain hoss sense still
An' them kinder fellers air dang hard to kill

OUR GIFTS

Ah, night of mysterious beauty with myriad lights afar,
One alone I watch with hope, the Eastern Star.

It guided the three wise men that night, ah so long ago,
For they had faith and they had love and rich gifts to bestow.

The richest gifts are love and faith, so let us watch and pray,
That we may have a guiding star, and be as wise as they.

MY SON

The depot was filled with swiftly moving passengers, and from where I sat in the San Melo bus, I could see the long file of people patiently waiting for the inspection of their tickets. The last person was most certainly the least, for she barely came to the shoulder of a strapping young fellow carrying a small traveling bag. She was talking animatedly, and I could only catch a word now and then from the sweet, low modulated voice. The young fellow kissed the soft white hair as he put his arm around her.

"You'll make it all right, mother, don't worry."

"Yes, yes of course, I shall. Won't they be surprised!" She said, as he helped her up the steps. She came down the aisle looking from side to side. Hesitantly, she asked, "Is, is this seat taken?" Smilingly, I shook my head as she settled herself comfortably.

Folding my coat, I leaned back on it and turn to look out of the window. It was not meant as an unfriendly gesture but I was tired, tired body, mind and soul. My suit was well tailored, hair in the latest fashion, and my appearance would have been graded as above par, but I was glad, for once, that my calm appearance was deceiving, for my thoughts were running a mad pace to keep up with the fierce and painful beating of my heart.

"You're right," one set of thoughts kept saying, "Oh, what a fool you are!" contradicted another, "Don't you know he loves you."

"Didn't you see the way he looked at the station when he said good bye'? What a deadly white pained expression! How could you?!" I shook my head and pretended there was dust in my eyes but the journey seemed eternity for me.

"Have you a headache?" the little old lady sympathized. "Son was afraid I would have one because he says I always get so excited. You see I'm going on a vacation. It's the first one I've taken in years, and I've saved up so for it. You see, I sew for people, and when I didn't buy the baby something to wear, or have a little bill to pay, why I just slipped the pennies in an old cup on the shelf - and, well, it just filled up in no time.

"You see I stay with my son and his wife, (he's all the men folks I have), and he wanted to pay for my vacation but I wouldn't let him. My, he's a good son! I'm just blessed."

I turned to look at the faded blue eyes and kindly wrinkles on the face. Oh, how I envied her. I used to be like that. When I said, "bob", my head went up and my shoulders too, as though a weight had been lifted.

"It's a little tiresome for me traveling," I said by way of excuse, for the little old lady's eyes seemed to have penetrated that calm surface.

"Oh, here is such a good story," she said. "It's rather true to life, I know you'll like it."

Politely I took the magazine she offered and scanned the book to keep from talking to her. At first the words danced before my eyes and I could make no sense out of it. Then the words came like fire to burn themselves into a permanent sentence.

"The end of the journey seemed like eternity."

Swiftly I scanned the rest of the story, and thanking the little old lady, I handed it to her.

"Didn't you like the story? Oh, I was so glad the girl went back to her husband. You see, she just didn't understand him. Pretty and young and life before her, she could have ruined it. Only by running away from him did she realize what that tie meant."

"Yes, yes I liked the story," I said throatily, but I felt the blood drain from my face.

"I'm going to have a little lunch right now," she said in a comforting tone, pretending not to notice my moistened eyes. "Lettie, that's my son's wife, makes such good chicken sandwiches. Won't you join me and have one?" Afraid to refuse her kindness, I accepted, but it seemed to shock me at first.

Gradually as she chatted I felt a change a decision. When we reached the next town for a half hour's rest, I left the bus and walked rapidly down the street but someone seemed to be tailing me.

"Oh, I'm most out of breath," panted the little old lady. "Let's get something to drink. Do you like beer?"

I tried hard to keep a straight face and finally managed to say, "Oh, not very well, but I do like grape or lemon soda." A cool little stand supplied the refreshing drink and I was surprisingly entertained.

"This is the last place we stop, and you can take a bus back from here," the little old lady remarked in a common-place way. "Before you go, will you please tell the bus driver for me that I would like his help when we change buses? I'm a little heard of hearing."

The bus driver looked rather strangely at me when I told him that I was returning on the other bus but obligingly he handed my case to me.

"Will you please see that the little old lady is taken care of when she changes buses? She's rather hard of hearing."

"This San Melo bus goes straight through, lady, and I'll take care of her."

"Good bye," smilingly waved the little lady from the bus window. "Good bye and good luck!"

I'm sitting alone by the firelight,
The mending all put away,
Just resting and thinking and planning,
For many and many to-days.

There's Bob must have a new jacket,
and Tom's shoes are almost worn thin.
If I don't buy the twins some new dresses,
They'll set up a terrible din.

And Kate just wrote home from college,
She'd like a new sweater for sport,
This spring she'll go out for tennis,
And would like to look well on the court.

Sometimes, I've been dull and dreary,
With always work piled high.
I wondered at times should I be ill,
Would I really find time to die.

After all the things that troubled me most,
never, never appeared,
Sometimes a smile or a word from a friend,
Were the things that really cheered.

John and I now sit by the firelight,
We've had our trouble and our strife,
But I know after all I can truthfully say,
That I'm glad I'm a farmer's wife.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

DEEP IN YOUR EYES

Deep in your eyes there is for me,
Something which I cannot name,
Unknown to me the Spirit there,
With greater power than wealth or fame.

It matters not that you possess,
What some call charm and loveliness,
My world and that beyond the skies,
Lies in the dark depths of your eyes;

"Thy will be done" is written above,
Our heaven on earth may never be
And precious blood may trace one word
Gethsemone.

untitled

Somewhere in the Bible it says, "Ye shall see signs and wonders in the sky," and, apparently, that is true, for at least five Charleston people bear proof that they beheld one of the most wondrous and inspiring sights transpiring in the skies last Wednesday night that probably any human being has ever beheld since that time when -Judean shepherds watched by night. These same people acknowledge that what they beheld is so unusual that they themselves would not believe it if told by someone else, yet their confidence is such, in that which their eyes saw, that even the most skeptical must admit that such a thing might have happened. Who is there to say that it could not?

Last Wednesday night, shortly after nine o'clock, Glenn Swank was sitting on the front porch at his home, Mrs. Swank and an older daughter having gone to prayer meeting. Shortly afterwards, they came home, accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. John Fleurdelys, the latter remaining in the car talking a few moments before continuing on to their home. While thus engaged, Glenn says he saw what he thought at first were shooting stars and called the attention of the others to the phenomenon.

Directly though, it was apparent that these were not ordinary falling stars, and soon took the shape of angels or giant birds with outspread wings in flight. The even more wondrous aspect was the fact that their bodies, even to the tip of the wings, were illuminated, not with a glowing effect but with a light that brought out their forms in distinct relief against the darkened sky. The forms were several feet apart and passed in quick succession from the west to the east, fading into space one at a time, the lead one disappearing first and so on.

THE PLAN

Unfold to us this plan O God,
Make clear the kingdom here on Earth,
The best shall thus unfold to man,
The Spirit now shall give it birth.

We our enemies shall forgive,
Extend to them the hand of Love,
In thankfulness the storm has passed,
The blessing comes from one above.

What is this gift O Father
That blesses all mankind,
All nations through this smoke on Earth
The healing power of faith shall find.

FEED MY SHEEP

Evening shadows were falling,
I sat in the old arm chair,
Weighted by grief and sorrow,
Thinking of worldly care.
A vision appeared, 'twas the Master,
The picture was mirrored there,
The Shepherd had gathered the sheep to the fold,
With his ever watchful care.
I gazed with awful wonder,
Spellbound as though in sleep,
"What wouldst Thou have, O Master!"
And he answered, "Feed my Sheep."
I thought 'twas a dream or a feverish thought
And turned to my worldly life again.
Why call on one so humble I thought,
Twas surely not I that the Master sought.
A storm arose o'er the city,
The vision a vigil did keep,
"Have mercy, O'Master," I whispered
But He answered, "Feed my Sheep!"
"I burn on thy forehead my living word,
I mark thee as my own
This comes from the God Almighty
Bring my children home."
"Go ye into all the world
And preach my word to them.
I give to thee my spirit
To save the souls of men."
"I will go, O'loving Master,
O'er mountain, valley and deep,
I Thy command will answer
Master, I feed Thy sheep!"

TOUCHING THE HEM

Maria Langford walked quickly up the shaded walk to the entrance of the oldest house in town, a landmark for a century, built by Jonathan Reeves and occupied by descendants after his death, who ruled honorably over the small town which bore the family name.

The quaintness and natural beauty of the old brick mansion with its picturesque old magnolia trees and lovely rose gardens might have been reproduced on canvas, by some wandering artist, who understanding the magnificent blend of color, could have been world famous by his painting, but to Maria who had often played in this fairyland as a child, there had been nothing unusual about it. Just in very recent years had she noted the lack of paint of the wide verandah, running the full length of the house, and certain lack of trimness in the surrounding hedges that bespoke what she had feared for some time, but which in the loyalty to a lifelong friend she had never mentioned, even to Caleb, her husband.

Priscilla Reeves, granddaughter of old Jonathan, and last of the sturdy stock of land owners, had inherited, along with the contrasting fine quality of blue black hair and fair skin, the family trait of reticence and rare good judgment in business matters, seldom found in a woman reared in luxury, and that fire and pride of a race which is often characteristic of those born to possession and accomplishment.

But how, in a world suddenly turned upside-down, could she stem the inevitable tide that swept away all of the fertile acres surrounding the homestead and left her with memories and little else. The general upheaval had affected others too, but who guessed the reasons for her frequent trips to the city, not even Maria herself who had shared the happiness and few sorrows which fifty years of constant companionship had brought to both.

So Priscilla had kept her own council, carrying in the little black satchel, that collection of rare stones mounted in the many intricate carvings to Rabinski, the jeweler.

"They are worth so much more than you give," she protested, sadly shaking her head.

"I know, but already I have more than I can handle," the jeweler would remark with a shrug of his shoulders.

Urgent necessity had made her part with treasures one by one, and Rabinski with secret amazement and delight at the purity and brilliancy of the gems, knew with an expert's keen judgment that they were by far superior to anything he had ever seen, and that even though there was little demand at present, he could readily dispose of them at a very fancy price.

The last trip had been made and Priscilla with firm set lips knew that the end was near.

"I must not give up now, I will have the faith," she kept repeating to herself. Hours drifted into days, how many she did not remember and being too weak to climb the stairs she lay on the four-poster in the guest room. Clutching a Bible in her hands, she tried to read, but the words blurred and her hand was so weak that she could not hold the book. She was sinking rapidly. Now a vision of the Master seemed to appear-kindly- smiling.

"If I may but touch his garment-----," her voice trailed to a whisper. The exquisitely molded features on the pillow were radiant with that spiritual light of faith as Priscilla lifted her transparently thin hands in prayer.

It was at this minute that Maria, calling softly to her friend, entered the room. With that intuition which is born of perfect understanding between old friends, one glance at the pathetically pale figure on the bed was all that was necessary to explain the situation. Controlling herself as best she could Maria hastily explained her errand.

"I just stepped over to get that recipe for fruit cake, Priscilla, but as you are not feeling so well, I shall run home and put the cakes away that I left on the kitchen table to cool, for I just know that Caleb will never think to put them in the pantry. I shall be right back before you know it."

"Lord, forgive me for the lie and do save her," was her mental supplication as she rushed home to return with a basket of provision and a handy bottle of blackberry wine which was within easy reach on the pantry shelf.

Maria shifted uneasily in her rocking chair before the fire that evening as she and Caleb sat in silence, each busy with their own thoughts.

"She's got something on her mind," guessed her husband glancing at her troubled face and noting how the firelight burnished the dark auburn hair which waved softly away from her forehead.

Filling a pipe, he sank deeply in the cushions of a favorite arm chair and propped his feet on a little footstool that Maria had covered with cretonne for his comfort.

Caleb chuckled to himself at the memory of childhood days, when he used to pull her tightly braided pigtailed and offer to trade an apple for a couple of her freckles. Well, Maria hadn't changed so much and was really surprisingly active for her age. He wondered what was troubling her. She had not cleared the table as was her usual custom before coming to talk over the day's happenings with him, but tonight she picked up a little lace to crochet and pretended to work at it.

"Caleb, I -- I have something to tell you. Something I have kept from you these long years since we were just married.

That summer you were sick with the fever and the mortgage was due on the farm - you always said I managed so well - I let you think so because Priscilla wanted to keep it a secret. She loaned the money to me and wouldn't accept one cent in return. You don't know how much that meant to me, Caleb. We were just beginning life and to lose the farm would have hurt us both. The mortgage was past due and with doctor bills and bad crops, it didn't seem possible for us to meet it.

Priscilla needs a home and I would like to have her come to live with us. When I went there today-----" Maria's voice quivered. "We-we owe her everything."

She waited. Caleb's decision would be final. How well she understood that element of unbending will, which was so much a part of her husband, for this quality, coupled with an ability to out guess nature itself had made of Caleb the outstanding farmer of the community. Simple in taste and humorously good natured, Caleb could at times dart such a piercing look from his dark blue eyes that Maria often thought it was like taking a mental x-ray picture of one's soul.

Keen calculation had been applied to his work along with modern methods, for his cattle always seemed to be ready for market at just the right time - his orchard produced the best fruit in the country , and in spite of any handicap of price, of crops "or unsuitable weather, Caleb always came out ahead. What smokehouse or cellar

could boast of the quantity of good things stored away for future use, and certainly no little home could be more attractively modern than Maria's. Yes - they had prospered in spite of all obstacles.

Caleb smoked in silence. He seldom denied his wife anything for which she expressed a desire, and Maria knew if he gave his consent at all, just how it would be worded. Never an explanation - just the word - but it had often been the motive power in her life.

It would never do to hurry him now - for on her cleverness hung the destiny of a friend. Caleb arose, stretching himself to his full six feet of height and knocking the ashes gently from his pipe laid it on the mantle. Walking to her chair he stood quietly stroking her hair for a few minutes.

She waited for the words. They came - and oh how like celestial music they seemed, thrilling her with their warmth of feeling, as smiling down on her he said, "Maria, I think you are right."

HEE HAW

This mule was from dear old Mizoo!
His bones were many and teeth but few,
A gentle voice like a keen buzzsaw,
And so we named him little Hee Haw.

His eye was wicked and his legs were long,
A crooked backbone that was put on wrong,
He liked to chew cheap cotton seed,
But his favorite feast was loco weed.

A Democrat who loved him well,
Slicked him up for a chance to sell,
With a gentle kick the mule took the dare,
And landed him right in the president's chair

THAT GREEN EYED MONSTER

There was once a green eyed monster,
Most terrible to see;
His teeth were sharp; His fangs were long,
and his name; It was Jealousy.

He spared neither age nor color;
Great men were his delight;
He stirred up men and nations;
And brother 'gainst brother, to fight.

He was bound to earth, and could not fly;
His feet were made of clay;
His breath was fire,
And he withered the grass and roses, in his way.

God looked from heaven and pitied,
The mortals here below;
So he sent his spirit pure and white
On the tiny flakes of snow.

HE SENT FORTH HIS WORD

He sent forth His word,
And the message fell,
Like tiny seed blown by the wind,
In the souls of men it was buried deep,
Some were awake and some were asleep.
The seed lay dormant thru storm and strife,
Never seen by human eye
But nourished by powerful light above,
It grew 'till it reached the sky.
His words sent forth are never lost,
They are angels over the earth,
So never by weary, the good is still there,
For the Master to give it birth.

SERVICE

Morning dawned -
And the light, piercing the cloudy mist after that all uncertain night,
Was welcomed by the roses twined about that sacred arch which spanned my
Life.

I had not understood the meaning of that charmed word, brotherhood,
But studied its deep meaning more only to find at last
The world had made a beaten pathway to my door.

GOODBYE LITTLE HOME

Goodbye little home, tomorrow I go
And in minds eye I see
The roses we planted so long ago
The vines and old maple tree.

The baby rolling on the floor
Catching at sunbeams filtering thru,
Our little home that was built of love
My earthly heaven and you.

I dream and an angel whispers
Come good servant mine
The race is run, thy work well done
The Father says 'tis time.

Thou knowest only the pleasure of earth
The treasures thou canst not compare
Weep not 'tis not forever parting
I keep the little home up there.

THE LIGHT AND THE SHADOW - TO BILLY SUNDAY

What are you bringin us, Oh man of might;
What is the message out of the night?

God gave you strength and courage divine
To help us, to guide us, to let the light shine.

Drive back the shadows, show me the way;
Teach me the love divine, teach me to pray.

God named you Sunday, but He made you a man;
You the just a good human - it was part of his plan.

But He sent you to heal us, to show us the way;
How great the rejoicing, Oh wonderful day.

STONE HOUSE

He built his house on the highest hill,
He built it stone by stone.
'Twas an humble house and an humble man,
But heaven was his home.

Duty laid the foundation.
Faith chiseled the stone
Love built the fireside chimney
So he wouldn't be alone.

And his Father in heaven told him:
This house belongs to Me.
I told you where to build it;
These things you do for me.

My sheep from all nations I've counted.
They numbered ninety and nine.
The sheep that is lost I value most.
The Father's love is divine.

THE SERPENT IN THE HOUSE

Deadly, loathsome creature lying there,
Why rear thy head to strike,
Man's enemy in all eternity,
Thy venom is naught to one of Christlike purity!

Go, crawl away, man will not crush thy head
For fear is evil, and bright my fireside burns,
Thou can't not coil beside it
Light overcomes all, and evil spurns!

THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

I hear a cry from Eastern lands
And mournful crys from the West
But I do not hear this lamenting
From the land that I love best.

Oh men of might when you say I will
And foreign brothers scatter low
Do you know you are shedding the sacred blood
Of that invincible foe.

For he on high a sentinel
Is watching the sheep of his fold
He will mark each home with a cross of death
Should you fight for a cross of gold.

He will lead his children o'er land and sea
A dry land path will he make
Your horses and riders will go down
To hall in a burning lake.

The Rainbow-God's circle of love and light
Is spanning the earth today
Throw open our gates, let his children in,
For this is the Word and the Way.

ONE HOUR

Birthday candles burning bright
On a cake all snowy white.
He reluctant to extinguish
All that pretty sight.

And I write with birthday icing
Decorating with a flower
In my heart's most secret places,
One sweet hour.

Grow thee child to strongest manhood
Keep that treasure and that flower
All men hold one greatest moment
One sweet hour.

Dust Storms

Hello Ezry! Yes, we came thru alright. We started yistaday an' at the beginnin' the road was so jammed we hed to travel a lettle slow. Then there wus so many people a foot that you hed to be keerful how you wus a drlvin'. The dust wus that thick that you could a cut it with a knife an' you couldn't see fifty feet in front of you .

Then I looked back and the town wus a blaze. Ye see it wus full of manufacturing buildings all jammed together and wus never built to be beautiful, so when it caught fire, it burned fast.

There ware so many hitchhikers a tryin' to thumb a ride you know - expectin' someone else to carry them through.

Fathers and mothers were staggarin' along the road with dust in their eyes tryin' to lead their little children thru to safety. I gulped down the tears I felt a chockin' me fer I wanted to stop-to stop an' gather them all in, fer I knew the dust an' smoke would overcome them, but I couldn't stop because the cars wus a comin' fast behind me. One man I saw fell on the side O' the road, too tired I guess, to struggle thru. Just then we heard someone honkin' a horn behind us an' Ma sez, 'Ezry, is the tail light burnin' on the car?' An I sez, "Yes Ma, I wiped the mud off of it before we started, because I figured it wus a duty I owed myself an' the other fella, too."

I didn't figure Ma wus a back seat driver because she wus a sittin' beside me an' I knew if I had to put on a tire she'd help me, because she wus born in the hills and is uncommonly strong.

We were a goin' along real smooth like when I notice a car go right plump into a sticky mud puddle an' stop. The driver signaled me fer help, but I noticed a sign, as plain as the nose on your face which said No Detour, so I knew the road ahead, the straight road wus the one fer me an' kept goin'.

Just then a powerful car, which musta' been goin' eighty miles an' hour, whizzed past us and I sez to Ma, "Don't ye wish we could travel that fast Ma, in that big car?' 'Ezry' sez ma, 'when will you grow up! It ain't the powerful drivin' gear - nor the spare tires that gits a man thru' It's what is in the head of the driver that guides the wheel."

After all, Ma wus right, altho I didn't think so at the time. Sometime later we passed a wreck-I guess he hadn't noticed the Danger signals and the short curve signs and wus goin' so fast he couldn't stop.

Well, I wus sorry of course - nobody wants to see a beautiful car like that smashed up but jist then the engine gave a funny sputter and the car stopped dead still. I wus so weak I couldn't move. Ma pinched me in the ribs. 'Don't look like you are seein' a ghost Ezry' You've got plenty o' gas – it's just the gas pipe that stopped up.'

It wus just like Ma to have faith in me and the old boat.

I rolled out of that car and sure enough, the gas tank wus half full and I knew I'd have enough to git thru. Well, we started agin an' I just glanced at Ma sideways. Her face wus a shinnin' so bright like, I knew we'd make it thru without any headlights an' I wus right, fer around the corner the sunlight hit us full in the face! The car run so smooth like over the green grass an' stopped. I breathed a deep breath of pure fresh air an' shook the dust off my clothes.

The children were out of the car before me, jumping for joy on the green grass before us, an' Ma - well she didn't say a word - only looked toward that distant snow capped mountain, with the sun settin' behind it - sending it's beautiful rays over God's country an' then we all joined hands in thankfulness that the circle was not broken, an' I'm givin' you my hand Ezry - for I'm always glad to see an' old friend in a new country.

LONESOME DADDY

Lonesome Daddy why don't you crow?
You've got the blues, now don't I know.
No even a crackle do I hear
You're all I've got for the roost is clear.
They took 'em al and left just you
No wonder you're so all fired blue
Some Nit-wit wrote this and tried to tell you laddie
Be sure and call him "Lonesome Daddy"

ONE LITTLE PRAYER

One little prayer in each good heart,
"Peace on Earth, Good Will toward men,"
Linked in the endless chain of Faith
Will travel this earth at swiftest pace.

Not peace for one, but peace for all,
"Good Will toward men" the golden key,
His will on Earth forever more
Will then become reality.

CHRIST OF INDIA

Great beloved leader you are gone,
but still the spirit lives
Blood, the thing he would not spill,
Is dripping from the cross on yonder hill.

His love would have lifted you but no,
Brute force was all that you could know.
Drop by drop from Heaven to earth below
His blood will be upon the murderous foe.

THE LIGHT HOUSE

The old man sat at the window, gazing out to sea.
He knew the sign of gathering clouds, and what his duty would be.
He tested the lights, he climbed the stair;
He asked God's help with many a prayer.
And the waves dashed high, and the flag unfurled
by the hurricane wind, around the flag pole curled.
He saw the ships on the rocky shores, He saw floundering humanity
and human blood in the white capped sea.
The light flashed out to the lost sea
and safely to harbor, He brought them to me.

A TRUE MAN

A man may wear a stovepipe hat,
A man may wear a white cravat,
Or a fashionable monocle in his eye
He may even wear a spotted tie!

Conform my friend as far as you can
But the world would be a monotonous place
If it wore a groove in the same old place.

Always be sure that convictions are true
Whether you wear red, white or blue.
With colors flying and Flag unfurled
Let's see how we can save a world.

MA AIRS HER MIND

Hello Mis' Brown. A cup o' sugar? Yes, I think I got it. Everything is so high thet I jes buy a lettle at a time. I said to Pa the other night, you men folks has hed the runnin' of the Govment fer a long time. Hit seems to me thet if I'd run my house like you men folks run the country, we'd a been in the porehouse long ago.

Why take this hyear surplus they're allus a talkin' about, (though I ain't never seen any of it.) It seems to me if the Lord is kind enough to send us good seasons, it ain't right fer men to dispute his jedgement! Now you know that when we hev lots of blackberries an' garden stuff, thet you an' me puts up enough to last fer a year er two. It don't seem sence to me, Mis' Brown, to destroy the work of God's hands er our own either. But the men folks figured different about this hyear cotton deal.

Pa sez to me, "Ma, you ain't edicated an' don't understand no sich," an' I comes back at him, "Pa," sez I, "No I ain't smart like some folks think they are, but I do say that a good woman raised you, God seen fit to put men's lives in a woman's hands and he still needs her guidin' hand an' a leetle of her tongue. Don't talk to me about raisin' anything without a mother like they do in mother Rooshia!"

Why they say, Mis' Brown, that this hyear Commonism over in Rooshia -- they don't believe in God -- an' the govment raises the children. Pore little naked things! My heart goes out to 'em. Don't talk to me, Mis' Brown, about raisin' anything without a mother. Why I'll bet every time on a good mother sow, an' old hen er a woman. But you know it would work a hardship on 'ol man Tuney if this country did take up some of the 'isms because he spends ail his time down at Black's Grocery Store a tellin' folks how much everybody'd get if we ail divided up what we had. He was a talkin' to me the other day an' I sez to myself, well if he's that generous, I'll ask him fer some greens in his garden, (the dry spell burnt mine up.) An' I sez, "Jim, I'd like to hev a few greens," an' he sez real bright, "Alright, I'll get 'em fer ye. I'm a sellin' 'em at 15 cents a gallon."

I hed to hurry back home because I hed some work to do an' was a cleanin' out my chicken house when thet Dolly Simple knocked at the front door. I went 'round to the side an' the first thing she ask me wus, "Would you like to have a bathtub?" I wus about to answer her real sharp, but I seed she took her pencil to write it down an' I sez, "Air they goin' to raise the rent, because if they air why Pa an' me's ben bathin' in a wash tub fer twenty years an' I think we're as clean as anybody." "Oh, I thought you knew," she said, 'this is fer the govment." Course I didn't want to show my ignerance an' I answered her questions civil like. When Pa come home I sez, "Pa, what is the govment payin' that Simple girl a salary to find out whether I want a bathtub! Why' don't the govment give me the money to buy the bathtub, seems to me it would be much cheeper an' I heerd 'em say they wanted to economize on runnin' the govment." "Oh, thets jes like a woman!" sez Pa. "Now, Pa," sez I, "It's a leetle hard to understand. I wisht they'd hire a smart lawyer to explain it to the people."

It ain't because I don't love my country, Mis' Brown, because my John went to war with the rest of 'em! How proud I wus of him. Tall like his father and ail bone an' mustle, as healthy a youngster as ever lived. He come back from over there an' wus never the same. He never smiled like he used to -- broken body, mind, an' soul. The doctors couldn't find so much the matter with him, but the govment gave him som money each month. Now -- he don't git it -- because they want to give it to the people who pester ye with questions! Do ye think thet money ever pays fer the things of the spirit? Does it pay fer life its-self? They talk

about the forgotten man. Well I read in the Bible, Mis' Brown, quite a bit, (the words I don't understand I spell out to Pa), an' I think that they must mean the forgotten man is Christ. He never told us all about 'isms! His laws are simple to me. Course I don't pretend that I foller them any more than anybody else, but they're here ail right, an' to my mind the trouble is all these hyear man made laws.

I went over to my neighbors next door to borry a hoe, an' she says, "I wisht you'd vote fer my husband. You better be a demmycrate fer you 'uns ain't goin' to have a chance anymore. Why they don't even go to your meetins'!"

The hair riz on my head like you've seen on a cur dog! I placed my foot in the door an' I sez, "Well you Demmycrats are paid to stay away from our meetins' fer fear you'll hear somethin' fer yer own good:"

"Get your foot out of my door," she sez, "er I'm liable to shet the door on yer long nose."

"My nose is never stuck into other folks business," sez I, "an' if I wus on the Relief roll an' couldn't make alivin', I wouldn't offer myself to my govment fer an' office!" an' with that I walked out.

Come over an' get some green omatoes, Mis' Brown. I put up right smart o' catsup.

Oh, Pa, Pa, run our pigs out O' the yard next door. I don't want 'em rootin' fer the Demmycrats!

THE JOKE

They took my shirt
And they took my pants
They had me do
A song and dance.

It was blackmail here
And brute threats there
But they failed in all
God's gift to scare.

Sometime I was faint
Yet they'd only gloat
And teach the children
To call me "goat".

You'll strip them Father
And strip them clean
God's divine love
Was only a scream.

I will go where you say
I will do as you will
Other nations will have
a chance to gloat
For another nation will
furnish the coat.

MA MAKES A TOUCHDOWN

"Yes, Mis' Lacyye kin borry me tub, I'll not be washin' today. Ye didn't know I was back? I'm here alright an' I hed the toime of me life! Ye see it all came about loike this. I sez to Pa---'Johnny wants us to come an' see the big football game at the college.' 'We can't go Maggie,' sez Pa, 'I'm sellin' me hags to put a new roof on me chicken house.' 'Pa,' sez I,---- 'I've been yer wife fer thirty years an' in ail that time there's niver been a roof put on it. First.. ye bet the money on the Jack Dempsey prize fight an' thin on the election, an' thin what do ye go an' do but give yer hag money to an oil salesman, an' ye didn't git grease enough out of it to oil me fryin' pan: Ye should be proud of yer son,' sez I, 'he's got the McGinnis blood in him an' I'm goin' to see the game if I have to walk in me stockin' feet.' At that me daughter Margaret Ann sez. 'Do go Ma, an' I'll doll ye up till they won't know ye.'

Out of her pocket she brings a little jar of cream an' begins to rub me wrinkles. 'Ye should have yer face lifted Ma,' she sez, a stretchin' an' pullin' at me jaws. 'Lifted,' sez I, 'the Irish have the repetation of liftin' many things, but I niver heard of 'em liftin' their faces.' 'Oh Ma, ye don't understand,' sez Margaret Ann. 'It's what ye call pla-stick surgery.' 'Well if it's goin' to take a stick to make me beautiful, I'll keep the face God gave me,' sez I, while she curls me hair an' plucks me eye-brows 'till I look loike wan of thim bare back chicken runnin' around the yard. Then she put a pair of slippers with spike heels on me feet. 'Walk loike this Ma,' she sez, prancin' dainty loike across the floor, but I felt loike wan of thim birds with long legs that ye see picters of, with me body lifted so high off the ground. Just thin Pa comes in all excited, 'Maggie, see what I brought ye, a dress that'll make ye look loike a girl,' an' he kissed me on the cheek Mis' Lacy, while I blushed to the roots of me hair. 'I bought me a second hand suit from Abbie Solomon an' it's a Tuz!' Now say I don't know a bargain when I see wan. Well when he tried it on I couldn't see any tucks about it but by the way he kept a hitchin' his pants every once in a while I thought I might put a few in the waist line.

Well by this time it was noised around we was goin' to Europe. I didn't tell any of 'em different an' when we wint to the depot in the mornin', we hed quite a followin'. There was Whistlin' Jimmy Evans who kept sayin' every few steps 'wh- -wh--where ye go--goin' Miss---Me- Me--Ginnis?' An' that ol Sarry Simoms kept a lookin' at my purple boo-fanty dress with the spangles a glitterin' in the sun, an' sayin', 'I knowed ye got that money from yer Uncle, ye can't fool me!' While the little felly that writes fer the county paper kept yellin' after us, 'Ye'll be givin' me first chance at the story won't ye?' Everybody in the coaches hed their head stuck out wonderin' what all the commotion was about. I niver wanted to laugh so in ail me life, but just as I opened me mouth to giggle, Pa pushes me on the train an' we're off! An' didn't I feel grand! An' so proud of Pa too, fer I know they must a took him fer wan of thim rich play boys.

When we got there, ye could hardly hear yer self talk with ail the horns an' racket an' I just settled myself when somebody steps on me corn a tryin' to climb up beside me while I hear 'em whisperin' all around, 'Sport writer---Chicago.' The man could of wrote a book on his face an' got rich fer I never did see an' uglier human in me life, unless it was Chinless Charlie that lives here. Pa was watchin' 'em play but I couldn't see no sense to 'em pilin' on each other, an a kickin' the ball one way an runnin' back with it the other. Then Pa gets up in his seat, 'They penalized him,' sez he. 'What is it Pa,' sez I, 'what air they sendin' him to the pen fer? I thot they was ail dacent people?' 'Will ye be still an' let me write,' sez Chinless Charlie a digin' me in the ribs. 'I'll let ye know that the McGinnises never take orders from nobody,' sez I, returnin' the punch. With that he gets up

an' squeezes into the seat below me a givin' me poor corn a kick like a mule. Then Pa jumps up in his seat an' I thot he'd go wild, 'Johnny--- Johnny-- -Johnny, it's a touchdown,' an' the games over. We pushes our way down to where Johnny is, but they had him on their shoulders with everybody yellin' an' the band playin' an' just as soon as he gets loose he makes it for us. Just thin I notice Chinless Charlie setin' up a little box to take Johnny's picter so I steps in front of him an' as Johnny takes me in his arms I lifts ma foot up behind me an' gives Chinless Charlie a dig in the shins with me spike heel. He lets out a yell an' just as I looked behind me he settled on the ground with a catfish look on his face, openin' an' closin' his mouth loike he had a hook in it. So I'm real proud to say Mis' Lacy, there ain't wan of the McGinnises that can't carry the ball!"

A SWEETIE
A Song

I

Hello little girlie, what makes your hair red,
Oh, dear mamma fed me on carrots, she said.
And tell me, what makes that smile so sweet,
Down on the tarm we raise sugar beets.

Chorus

I'm a daisy and tulip just rolled into one,
A dash of red pepper to season the tun.
A voice like a birdie I can sing a twee twee,
Oh, all the girls wish they were me.

II

Now darling do tell me how you got that little nose,
turnips grow in the old farm garden I s'pose.
You're a honey, I'm robin; the old hive this time,
To the old tune of will you be mine?

DAD TALKS

I'm goin' to tell you what every Dad knows
That no girl ever lived who didn't like clothes,
She may pretend that she's learned in books
And don't care a rap however she looks
But I'm here to tell you it's only a pose
They're all of 'em crazy 'bout clothes, clothes, clothes!
Whenever we pass in a mile of a store,
She'll coax me and pull me right in at the door,
With an "Oh, Dad, just look at this "Formal" devine,
Now wouldn't I high-hat if it was just mine!
I'm almost scared stiff (for I guess I'm real slow)
When she takes me sometimes,
To them darn fashion shows.
I tell her I'll wait for her
Outside the door,
You're goofy, she says, with the funniest grin,
And then she marches her old Dad right in.
Now my clothes I wear till the seat is real thin,
An' my shirts and my hats look like somebody's sin!
It don't do any good to preach and to rant,
To moan the hard times and say that I can't
For the next thing I know At the door there will be
A very small package – a silk negligee!
Now I'm goin' to move where the climate is warm,
Where to go without clothes is the style,
To the Isle of Fejie is the one hope for me,
Where most people wear a sweet smile ----!

Appendix A - Location of Published Poems and Stories

The following gives the name of the publication and the location therein for Adah's writings which appeared in print. In many instances I have clipping from a newspaper but have not yet been able to identify the newspaper. For these, I have indicated below that they were published.

<u>Title</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Newspaper</u>	<u>Location</u>
Artist, The	05 Oct 1934	Sikeston Standard	page 3 col 15
As I See It	published		
Children of Israel, The	24 Nov 1938	SEMO News	page 2 col 3
Christ of India	published		
Climbers, The	published		
Dad Talks	14 Feb 1933	Sikeston Standard	page 3 col 5
Deep in Your Eyes	29 Nov 1935	Portageville SEMO	page 3 col 5
Dough Boy	07 Sep 1939	SEMO News	page 10 col 7
Dream Child	16 Apr 1936	Lilbourn Banner	page 6 col 2
Dream Spirit	published		
Dust Storms	18 Apr 1935	Lilbourn Banner	page 1 col 2
Farmer's Lament, A	published		
Farmer's Wife, The	published twice		
Feed My Sheep	31 Oct 1935	Lilbourn Banner	page 7 col 3
Feed My Sheep	01 Nov 1935	Sikeston Standard	page 8 col 7
Friend, A	13 Feb 1936	Lilbourn Banner	page 1 col 2
Golden Rod	published		
Good-bye Little Home	20 Jul 1939	SEMO News	page 7 col 3
Greatest Soldier, The	published		
Hard Luck (<i>see also A Farmer's Lament</i>)	published		
Hard to Kill	published		
He Sent Forth His Word	30 Apr 1935	Lilbourn Banner	page 1 col 4
Hee Haw	13 May 1932	Portageville SEMO	page 3 col 5
Hee Haw	13 May 1932	Sikeston Standard	page 8 col 5
His Ambition	02 Sep 1932	Sikeston Standard	page 3 col 5
His Dream	published		
His Folks			
His Heritage	30 Jul 1936	Lilbourn Banner	page 5 col 6
I Called You	published		
In My Garden			
Joke, The		Portageville Review	
Labor	18 Mar 1937	Lilbourn Banner	page 4 col 2
Life printed			
Light and the Shadow - to Billy	published		
Sunday (<i>see also The Passing</i>)			
Light House, The	published		
Lonesome Daddy	9 Apr 1936	Lilbourn Banner	page 3 col 3
Ma Airs Her Mind			
Ma Makes a Touchdown (<i>see Touchdown by Ma!</i>)			
Modern Girl	26 Jan 1932	Sikeston Standard	
My Book	Oct Nov 1935		
My Flag			

My Garden of Roses	10 May 1935	Sikeston Standard	page 9
My Nurse		Sikeston Standard	
My Son	14 Dec 1939	SEMO News	page 3 col 4
My Teacher	1 Aug 1935	Lilbourn Banner	page 1 col 4
One Hour			
One Little Prayer	published		
Our Gifts	23 Dec 1937	SEMO News	page 6 col 2
Our Teachers		Lilbourn Banner	
Passing, The - to Billy Sunday	14 Nov 1935	Lilbourn Banner	page 1 col 6
Plain Pig	30 Jan 1936	Lilbourn Banner	page 1 col 1
Plan, The	published		
Serpent in the House, The			
Service	22 Jan 1937	Portageville SEMO	page 3 col 4
Star Dust	13 Apr 1939	SEMO News	page 7 col 1
Stone House		SEMO News	
Sweetie - A Song	26 Sep 1935	Lilbourn Banner	page 4 col 3
That Green Eyed Monster			
To Elizabeth, My Fair Princess	published		
Touchdown by Ma!	18 Nov 1937	SEMO News	page 6 col 1
Touching the Hem	28 Oct 1937	SEMO News	page 3 col 1
True Man, A	published		
Trust Him			
untitled 'Somewhere in the Bible'	1934		
untitled 'I stood on the bridge...'	11 Feb 1937	Lilbourn Banner	page 4 col 2
Who Is My Brother.	03 Sep 1936	Lilbourn Banner	page 6 col 1
Willkie	published		