

1919

## Memory Gems

Cyrus F. Boyer

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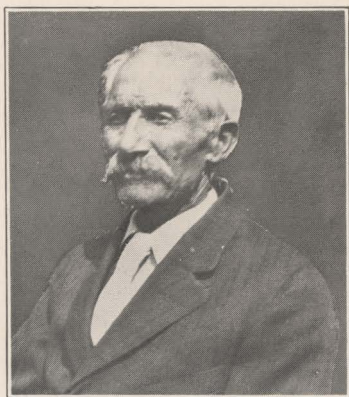
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C. F. BOYER



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## Foreword

We are pleased at this Holiday Season to present to our friends a few selections from the poems of our neighbor, "Featheringill," Luray's local poet. We hope this little booklet may be appreciated, not only because of its literary merits, but also because of the high esteem in which we all hold the writer of these verses.

C<sup>hus</sup> F. Boyer was born on a farm, of course, near New Baltimore, Ohio, June 27, 1845. In March, 1885, he moved from Weston, Ohio, to Kansas, where he was **so fortunate** as to land at **Luray** and homesteaded the farm he still lives on; Mary A. Boyer, his wife, and his family being with him.

I have been intimately acquainted with him and his excellent family for over 30 years and know that they have stood for Christianity, Temperance, Integrity and Good Citizenship; always wielding a powerful influence for the right.

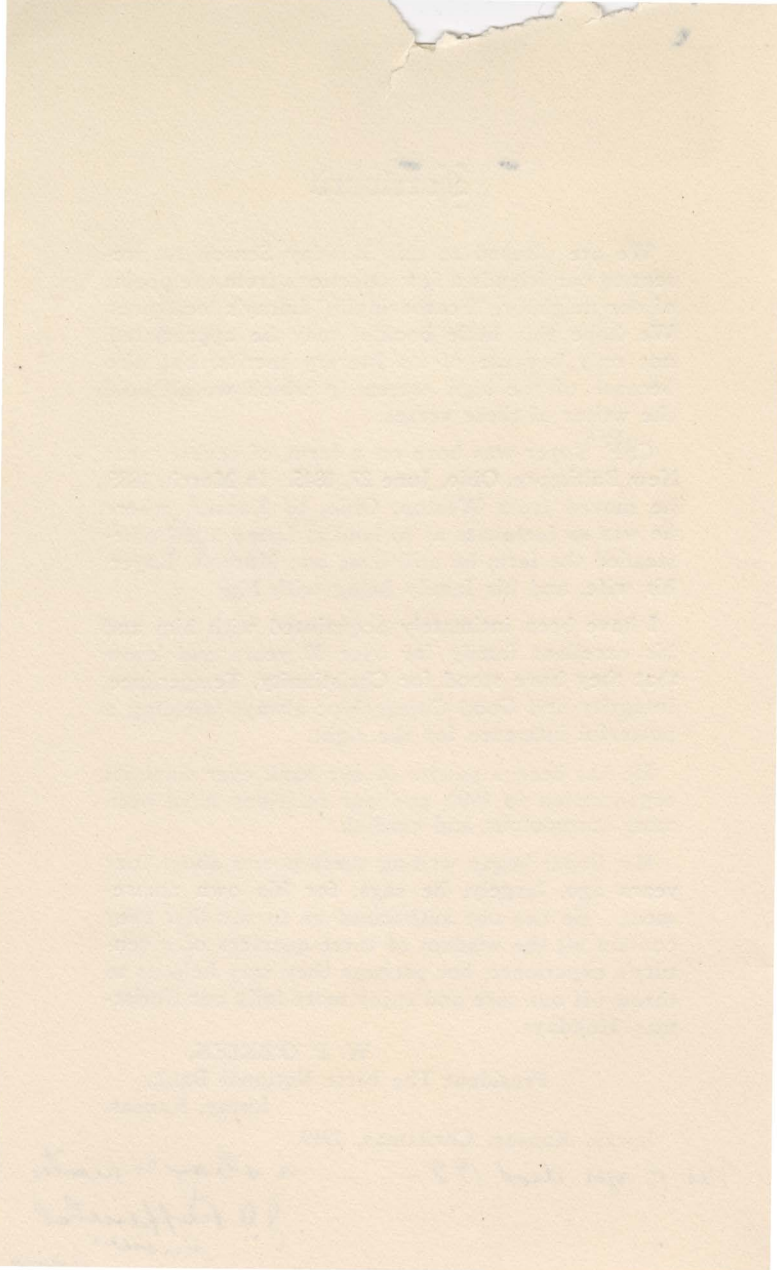
He has been a patron of our bank ever since its organization in 1900, and our relations have been most harmonious and cordial.

Mr. Boyer began writing these poems about four years ago, largely, he says, for his own amusement. He has not authorized us to say that they contain all the wisdom of three-quarters of a century's experience, but perhaps they may help us to throw off our care and enjoy more fully our Christmas Holidays.

W. P. O'BRIEN,  
President The First National Bank,  
Luray, Kansas.

Luray, Kansas, Christmas, 1919.

*Mr. Boyer died 192 — — a stray character.*  
*J. P. Ruffenbhel*  
*Russell Kans*



## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

Christmas Day and Old St. Nick will soon be here on double quick, and Santa Claus with his old sled, and his reindeer (if he is not dead), will come a-sailing through the skies, and make the children bat their eyes. His load will be all kinds of toys, to please the little girls and boys.

Sometimes we meet old stingy ghouls who ought to live with bats and owls who say Old Santa never brings the kids nice dolls and other things, like horns and drums and books and dogs, and trains of cars and birds and frogs, and little beds and stoves and plates, nice hoods and caps and guns and skates. I'd hate to be an old sardine and treat the kids so horrid mean.

Old Santa Claus most always brings, to all good children some nice things. So, if you write him a nice note, and show your parents what you've wrote, then hang your stockings 'long the wall, he'll come along and fill them all. I'm now almost three score and ten, the time that snuffs out most of men, and yet, I hardly ever fail, when Santa Claus is on his trail, to fumble 'round our old pine box, and get one of my cleanest socks, and hang it up just like a child. And get it full? Then' I'm wild.



## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

Well, John, you've got it in the neck,  
And Uncle Sam sets on the lid,  
You've lots of time now to reflect,  
On all the cussedness you did,  
And all the people you have dam'd,  
These many years throughout the land.

When old Belshazzar made a feast,  
About two thousand years ago,  
He got a thousand of his beasts  
To come and see the monkey show;  
The Bible says it beat the Jews  
How those old Pagans guzzled Booze.

While they were working off their gall,  
And everything was going wet,  
They seen the writing on the wall,  
And sent for Dan to in-terpret;  
Who simply said the whole darned smear  
Would be in hell before a year.

And ever since that dismal day,  
When old Belshazzar had that bumm,  
Good people have been led astray  
By drinking whiskey, beer and rum,  
That's wrecked ten million human lives,  
To die like beasts in low down dives.

In gilded palaces of sin,  
And dismal dens of low repute,  
There's where John Barleycorn comes in,  
To make a man a howling brute;  
Where red nosed villains sell old rye,  
And fallen women rot and die.

It took a long hard fight to win,  
But then we'll get our money's worth,  
When this, the blackest of all sin,  
Is wiped forever off the earth.  
Thank God! mankind is getting sense,  
This Bone Dry Law is just Immense.

## BILL HENDRIX.

Old Hendrix had a boy named Bill,  
And he was just the toughest pill  
That ever lived, was this Bill Hendrix;  
He wouldn't have a nice appendix  
That some old doctor could dehorn  
And make him glad that he was born.

Bill never took much stock in school,  
He said he'd rather be a fool  
Than play football and bust his lights,  
Or monkey round in such dog fights.  
He pitied boys that went to college  
And worked so hard to get their knowledge.

He said the ball girls looked like witches  
Dressed up in their black Sunday britches,  
A jumping around like dogs and cats,  
A running after Norway rats,  
And then rush up around a pole  
And throw a bladder through a hole.

When Bill got old enough to mate,  
He met old Bascom's daughter Kate.  
She was a daisy, young and fair;  
He hustled home and combed his hair,  
And washed his face and neck and ears,  
A thing he hadn't done for years.

Bill didn't have a road louse then,  
But a jack he called old Ben.  
And often that dodgasted fool  
Would drive that daddy of a mule  
Up there and stop at Bascom's gate,  
And mope around and look for Kate.

While she was fixing at her clothes  
And painting up her face and nose,  
And hunting after little things  
Like handkerchiefs and finger rings.  
Then she'd come out, they'd hit the hike,  
And go a peeling down the pike.

Bill didn't always fish dudads,  
But he and Kate raked in the scads,  
And they are now in splendid fix;  
He drives a Studebaker Six,  
And when he fills her up with juice



You'd think a cyclone had broke loose.  
Kate has six kids, they look like Bill.  
That bungalow upon the hill,  
And mules and hogs and lots of land,  
And other truck to beat the band,  
Is theirs because they had the gall  
To work while other fools played ball.

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### HOUSECLEANING.

I'm petered out and all impaired;  
I'm getting toothless and unhaired.  
Yet I must scrub and help wash clothes,  
And keep my grindstone to the nose.  
I think it is a beastly sin,  
To work so hard when I'm all in.

'Bout twice a year ma takes a squirt  
To peel around and hunt up dirt;  
Then I must work the whole day hard,  
And carry truck out in the yard  
The chairs and tables and the rugs,  
While she pokes 'round and looks for bugs.

The yard, now full up to the door,  
We then begin to peel the floor,  
With hatpin she explores the cracks,  
While I pull out the carpet tacks.  
My little boy a playing 'round,  
The cup of tacks he someway found,

And on a chair the little pup,  
He stood them with the sharp ends up.  
I being warm, pulled off my vest,  
And sat down on that chair to rest.  
Great Scott! You ought to see me spring,  
And smash and break up everything.

When I went on that awful sprint,  
And saying things you dare not print,  
I never thought a little brat  
Could make a fellow jump like that  
By setting tacks in some old place  
To penetrate a man's sub-base.

Ma, she run me down at last,  
And like a bull pup held me fast;

Then laid me on the feather bed  
And brought the pinchers from the shed.  
Then her and the fool hired man  
They pulled out tacks to beat the band

And all I got out of the stunt  
Was laying two weeks on my front.  
When Ma talks now of cleaning house  
I keep as still as any mouse;  
Then get a heathen old Chineese  
To do the work instead of me,  
And let him wrestle beds and trunks,  
And I go off a hunting skunks.

### MY GRANDDADS.

I don't believe my grand-dads were apes,  
Swung by their tails and gathered grapes,  
Danced bunny hugs with she baboons,  
And fed on cocoanuts and prunes.  
I never did like Darwin's jokes,  
Especially about my folks.

It knocks the stuffin out of me  
When I hunt up my family tree;  
He said that my great-grandma's aunts  
Were old she apes and wore fur pants.  
I'll bet they didn't look as raw  
As many women I have saw.

With dresses cut away down V,  
So all the tough old bats could see;  
There's where Darwin was a liar,  
Or else he had a punctured tire.  
Of course some of his hairy brutes  
They had redeeming attributes;

Gorillas, apes and old baboons,  
They never got as drunk as loons.  
I never seen an old gray monk  
Steal out a jug and get dead drunk;  
They don't even curse and swear  
Enough to raise a preacher's hair;

They'd sooner lay around and snooze  
Than play high five and guzzle booze.  
Although their pedigree is fine  
I'm glad they are no kin of mine.

In Eden where old Adam spooned,  
Around with Eve till she most swooned,

And wicked Cain got Abel's goat,  
And Seth said things I would not quote.  
Along about the fifteenth reel,  
Somehow or other in the deal,  
They started me on my long way,  
And I'm with you here today.

### WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

I'd like to see all women vote,  
And make their husbands lug and tote  
The kids around and keep them good,  
And feed them kraut and Mellin's food,  
And wash their faces and their paws,  
While their good mammas make the laws.

Then they wouldn't have to toil  
And buy the automobile oil;  
But they could go and see the sights,  
And exercise all woman's rights.  
All honor given to Mother Eve  
Who once got something up her sleeve.

And brought old Adam to his milk  
And made him buy her gowns of silk,  
Then slit her skirt above her knee  
And run a bullsnake up a tree.  
Then Adam, Abel, Cain and Seth,  
Were very nearly scared to death.

When she got rid of her old tights,  
And exercised all woman's rights.  
Old Mother Pankhurst, 'cross the sea,  
Has been two years out on a spree,  
A charging up and down the land,  
And smashing things to beat the band;

Yet all her nieces and her aunts  
Can't make John Bull give up his pants.  
But now she's come to freedom's soil;  
We'll feed her gin and castor oil,  
And limburger cheese chuck full of mites,  
And show her what is woman's rights.

## YOUNGSTERS.

They don't raise young ones like they did,  
When I was young and just a kid.  
They take more time in fighting germs,  
These mean, dod-gasted little worms,  
That Crumbine says are mighty bad  
To paralyze a little tad.

As soon now as an ash cat's hurled  
Into this old cold-hearted world,  
They hike to town for Mellin's food,  
And other truck they think is good,  
And feed it with a rubber hose

And wash it's face and clean it's nose;  
Then get a rubber pacifier,  
To stop the noise of the young crier.  
My folks were mighty short on things,  
Like jumping jacks and rubber rings.  
They'd put some sugar in a rag,  
And then give me the little bag.

And then I'd suck and bat my eyes,  
And fight the 'skeeters, bugs and flies,  
Defying all microbes and germs  
Or any other kind of worms.  
That's why, perhaps, I don't compare  
With kinds that's now built on the square;

That's fed on dope and other fads,  
And mostly suckled by their dads.  
Now if a woman sees a fly  
Light on her kid, she'll yell and cry,  
And get the spatter and a broom  
And race about all around the room,

Over chairs and break her legs,  
Before it lays a million eggs.  
Long time ago it didn't hurt  
For brats to chew up flies and dirt;  
They're nothing but a little coot,  
And when they're dirty they look cute.

When the old stork brings us a brat,  
Smells like a pup, looks like a rat,  
Not feathered out—a brownish red,

The kind that suits our famous Ted,  
It makes me think of all my sins,  
And thank the Lord it isn't twins.

But soon I love the little chap,  
And swear it looks just like its pap,  
And act the fool like all the rest,  
And yet I try to do my best.

### **"DOC" FIXED HIM.**

I don't believe I'm full of worms,  
That scientific men call germs,  
From top of head to my toe nails,  
A writhing mass of wiggletails,  
Ted-headed bugs and little snakes,  
Trichina and such other fakes;

Bacilli, and microbes galore,  
To fill me up and make me sore.  
But when I run against a rock,  
Of course I always send for "Doc,"  
Who believes in worms, but I don't care;  
It's mighty nice to have him there.

Last week I had the stomach ache,  
"Doc" said a little striped snake  
Was putting up a Tango dance  
That warped me so beneath my pants,  
I then thought it might be a germ  
That made me yell and howl and squirm.

I asked him then what was his terms  
To kill ten thousand million germs  
That had pre-empted me inside,  
And do it quick before I died  
He laughed and said: "Now Featheringill,  
I've often thought I'd like to kill

An imp like you, but then, I guess,  
I'll mix you up this horrid mess.  
It's germicide, it kills the germs;  
I'll see if you don't believe in worms."  
So now I'm wormless and ungermed,  
And all the little snakes that squirmed,  
"Doc" killed them with his pills and drugs,  
And now I'm free from worms and bugs.

## BALD HEADS.

I never thought that it was fair, for men to grow up through their hair, and tote around their old bald pates, as sleek as some old dinner plates. I don't see why the mark of Cain should be put there, so near my brain; and yet, great men are mighty rare, who haven't lost most all their hair. Just look at hairy, tongue-tied Lind then Bryan with his pate all skinned I guess that I don't need the hair then why in blazes should I care? When I was at the big banquet, about ten feet from where I sat, I noticed there, a human wreck whose head was bald way down his neck. A funny thought passed through my mind: Does my head look like his behind? Maybe it does, I felt back there and couldn't find a single hair. I read today in Second Kings, some mighty strange and funny things, how forty kids while digging bait, they chanced to see Elisha's pate. They yelled, "Old bald head, where's your hair?" My, how Elisha he did rear! Then, two old she-bears, browsing near they gobbled up the whole durned smear. I'll bet those kids when they were dead thought of old Elisha's head. Other things besides old folks, they furnish fine bald-headed jokes; a turkey buzzard's head is bare, all rough and red, but not a hair, and 'possum cats have sharp toe nails, and mighty long bald-headed tails. Sometimes among the fairer sex, you'll see nice low bald-headed necks. I'm glad my head is bald and white, so when the microbes come to bite I can just take my old rough hand and swipe them off to beat the band.

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## THE GIGGERS.

Not many people come to see and bother round with ma and me, I guess it's cause we hain't much sense, yet doing some things we're immense, and always try to make it hot for visitors around our cot. My Aunt Lucile she came one day, with all her junk piled up on a dray; she said that she was sick and sore and city life was such a bore. Poor Aunt Lu she never figured how mighty soon she'd be begiggered. Next day we locked the barn and house and all got in the old road louse

and hiked away on double quick and soon were at the big picknick, where they sell lemonade and tripe, and giggers they were getting ripe. While Aunt and Ma took in the sights, Lucile, she felt some real sharp bites; she has a mousy, pinkish skin, and giggers got their work right in by putting in their biggest knocks, while creeping up Lucile's thin socks that she wore with her short dress, to show the folks her calves, I guess. My! how Lucile did jump around and scratch her shins and paw the ground, while other giggers by the score kept creeping up to bite her more. She got as mad as a wet hen, and cussed some old bald-headed men that peeked around like bad men do when women get in such a stew. My goodness! But it was fierce to see ten thousand giggers pierce Lucile's thin hide with their sharp bills and hear her squeal and put on thrills. Then carried out into a tent, just petered out her bezum spent. Ma got some borax mixed with lard, and went on to greasing Lucile hard; I asked if I should come and help, you ought to heard her scream and yelp. I guess that she was short on clothes while she and Ma were greasing those great welts 'twas made by gigger bites that penetrated her old tights. I guess Aunt Lu she got enough of old picknicks and hot stuff; she packed her junk and went away, I've never seen her since that day, and mighty lonesome now I feel, since Ma ungiggered Aunt Lucile.

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## CLEAN UP THE CEMETERY.

Last Sunday I went with my folks  
Upon the hill, where old stale jokes  
Are at a discount. Yet, by Heck,  
When I looked on the dismal wreck  
They call a graveyard, I just grinned  
Inside and then I knew I'd sinned.

I gazed over the horrid mass  
Of brambles, bushes, weeds and grass,  
And stumbled into many holes  
Where folks were buried that had souls.  
Then I read epitaphs a while  
But couldn't help but crack a smile.

To think those folks under the sods,  
Had come from town and left their wads  
Of gold and silver, bonds and deeds,  
To lay up there among the weeds.  
Fine monuments that stood about  
Looked like fine jewels in the snout

Of some old swine, sad, lank and lean,  
Because surroundings were so mean.  
It matters not for filth and weeds,  
All sects and colors, age and creeds,  
When planted there must surely stay  
Until the final judgment day.

You folks down town that got their pile,  
Who live at ease and put on style,  
Knock off some Sunday, if you will,  
Get in your car and go up the hill  
See for yourselves, you grasping fools,  
A place not fit to bury mules,

Yet over there in that vile mass  
Of weeds and trash and tangle grass  
Your friends lie buried, still and calm,  
And you don't seem to care a d—m.  
Rise up, good people, one and all,  
And smash this trust that has the gall

To run a graveyard on two cents  
When you buy lots and pay your rents.  
Go hire a man with style and sand  
And help him work to beat the band,  
And never rest or try to shirk,  
But work, work, work.

Then when you've got it all complete,  
And everything is nice and neat,  
Go plant sweet flowers rich and rare  
And let their fragrance fill the air.



## BILL THE DAMNED.

The cultured German dogs of war have been let loose, and want to fight, the Kaiser's drilled them forty years and they are ready now to bite. But when the sons of Sam-u-e-l get there they will just larrup Hell out of the Kaiser's treacherous band, and mope the earth with Bill the Damned.

Cold blooded murderer, fiend of war, Von Tirpitz's pal that built the U, that sent the Lusitania down, with all her passengers and crew, the captain of the U boat said, a dandy shot—twelve hundred dead, two hundred babies far from land, strangled to death by Bill the Damned.

This outlawed bloody perjured Hun then joined Abdel, the pagan Turk; the butchering then soon began, for them it was just pleasant work. Armenian Christians thousands fell, crushed by this howling mob of Hell, their bones lay bleaching on the sand, "See Me and Gott," said Bill the Damned.

Poor blood soaked Belgium, crushed by war her people dead, but few escaped, old men and women and young kids, and they were murdered, hung and raped, young girls a screaming dragged away to some vile den, Bill thought it fun, there to become the lustful prey of some old kultured drunken Hun. This German kultur, Bismark planned, now carried out by Bill the Damned.

---

## WHERE HE FELL.

I think these blasted motor cars  
Do cause more sin than all the wars,  
And make good people curse and swear  
Enough to raise a preacher's hair.  
A good old Dunkard friend I know  
He was persuaded for to blow

Two thousaid dollars down a hole;  
He bought a car and lost his soul.  
One day he took a ride for luck,  
And his old car began to buck.  
Just then I drove up with old Snip;  
I said, "Dear brother, what's the rip?"

But just two single words he said;  
"Look, the infernal thing is dead."

We tore the cushions off the seats,  
And opened all the doors and cleats,  
And punched around all through inside,  
To find out how the thing had died.

You know the Dunkards have long hair,  
And when he stuck his head in there  
Some confounded thing broke loose  
And run two minutes like the deuce.  
Then every pulley, belt and cam  
Around that motor's diaphragm

Caught some of that old fellow's hair  
And tight as beeswax held him there.  
And then the sulphur and the smoke  
Poured out with every word he spoke.  
My, how he cursed that old machine,  
Till everything around turned green.

I used to think that I could swear,  
But that old Dunkard hanging there,  
Like Absalom, not in an oak,  
But just about as big a joke,  
Beat anything I ever did  
When I was young and just a kid.

And then he'd mix it up with Dutch,  
Which didn't help the matter much.  
I said, "Dear brother, think of Job."  
"I've thought of Job, he was no ass,  
He never filled a mule with gas,  
Screwed up its ears and cranked its tail,  
And then across the desert sail."

And then he swore in Dane and Swede,  
And every other foreign breed;  
He swore in Chesky for awhile,  
And French and Irish by the mile.  
Two fellows came along and helped  
To pull him out—my how he yelped

And swore while I cut off his wool  
And those two boys would yank and pull.  
We got him out, he went away,  
I've never seen him since that day.  
The "Studebaker" still stands there  
Filled up with that old fellow's hair,  
A monument to mark the place  
Where that old Dunkard fell from grace.

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## APPENDICITIS.

For several weeks I felt quite glum, as if I'd been out on a bum; so I told Doc (and he's no quack), my whole insides were out of whack. I told him that I often felt a pain way down below my belt. He said, "My friend, beneath your vest an old appendix has her nest, and when she yanks around her legs and goes to cuddle up her eggs, or tries to sing or even cluck, of course you then will rear and buck. Unless the old thing's routed out, you'll mighty soon go up the spout. You must soon get some big repairs or you'll go up the Golden Stairs. Goody, I'll be up in "G" when I go with you to K. C., where other fools have lost their wad, and been ripped open by the rod. We'll go down to the slaughter pen, where lots of women, boys and men, are trotting up and down the stairs and howling loud for their repairs. They took me to a dandy place, and there they diagnosed my case. They said I was in an awful shape, but then they'd just cut up an ape, and all the parts would just fit in, except the hair upon the skin, which didn't matter much, they said, because when finished I'd be dead. We went in the appendix plant, Jemina, how it made me pant. I seen right off it wasn't fun, but I'll tell you how it was done. Four doctors stood up in a row, the umpire cries out, "Let her go." The first one tied me to a pole, the second one he cut a hole, the third one with a pair of shears caught my appendix by the ears and yanked it out with greatest ease, the last one said, "Two-fifty, please." Presto, change, the job was done the thing was out, I had my fun. I ate my soup and paid the bill, and thank the Lord, I'm living still.

## ONE HUNDRED MILLION DRIVE.

Thank God we have another chance to help our boys that are now in France, that guard the line along No Man's Land, where Hindenburg and Bill the Damned have got two million men or more, a thirsting now for human gore, we must pull out from our old jeans, one hundred million speckled beans.

Us people here on pleasure bent we ought to give the last red cent that we can borrow beg or steal, and live on turnips and cornmeal, and help the boys throw shot and shell, and crush this howling mob of Hell, "Made over there in Germany," that all the world would be made free.

At night, when we in peace can sleep, the boys in France the vigils keep, the very best the world can give, they watch the foe that we may live, and yet some slimy copper heads, lay sweetly sleeping in their beds don't give a cent to raise the check, they ought to go to Hell, by Heck.

God help the man who says he's through, and don't want anything to do with the Red Cross or pay his share, to keep the boys that over there, he's ten times worse than Kaiser Bill, who loves to murder, rape and kill. Bill's a cultured cuss with sand, while he's a traitor to our land.

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## DON'T DRINK.

Lord, how I pity thee, O bum,  
Who keeps his carcass soaked with rum;  
Who every day must have his fill  
Of that infernal rotten swill  
That demons sell around the back streets,  
To satisfy these old dead-beats.

Poor old Booze jammers toddle on,  
It won't be long until you are gone;  
The men of brains I pity you,  
When you have nothing else to do,  
Must go and fill your old beer tanks,  
And lose your credit at the banks,

Disgrace your wives, kids and dogs,  
By acting worse than any hogs.

Do have some sense! Just stop and think,  
Before you take another drink.  
Young man, pray do not be a fool;  
Do have as much sense as a mule,

Who brays aloud and calls the bluff,  
When offered such confounded stuff,  
As beer, whiskey, gin and ale,  
Will quietly turn around his tail  
End that way and snort and bray.

Boys! you had better take that mule  
For your guide board; don't be a fool,  
And cut it out, it doesn't pay;  
I once was there but didn't stay.  
I've been clear through the old gin mill,  
In early days I got my fill.

But God in mercy helped me break  
The chains that bound me to the stake.  
That is why I am telling you to quit,  
To use your brains and have some wit.

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## THANKSGIVING.

It soon will be Thanksgiving day, when all good people ought to pray and thank the Lord that they are well and kicking 'round outside of h—I, but most of them will fill their tanks with pickle beets and turkey shanks, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, and sit around and gas and lie, and work away with all their might to eat up everything in sight.

Then when they've got their silos filled with everything the woman's killed and cooked and fried and boiled and stewed and tea and coffee they have brewed they'll rest awhile and brag and joke, and fill their stinking pipes and smoke. Then the old cuspidor so green will soon be filled with nicotine. At night they'll mosey off to bed, with busted stomachs, aching head, and dream that some old spavined mule is sitting on their stomachs cool-ly looking for a place to blow more turkey down their face.

## OVER THE TELEPHONE.

Say, Dear Nell, are you yet alive?  
How did you like the Liberty Drive?  
Just splendid; we met so many nice folks,  
That were glad to see us, and crack small jokes,  
And seemed so happy to have a chance  
To do their bit for the boys in France;  
They all bought bonds and gave their check,  
And gave the Kaiser a swat in the neck.

Most everybody along the route  
Had stayed at home and was loafing about,  
Impatiently waiting to spend their kale,  
For Liberty Bonds that would never fail.  
A few, of course had gone away,  
Out in the barn, hid in the hay.  
But how did you get along, Dear Sue?  
The way you talk you seem quite blue.

Oh, I didn't get along at all.  
A spotted hyena filled up with gall,  
Could make no impression on such old skunks,  
Like some that wouldn't cough up their plunks,  
And many were hid away out in the sheds,  
Or else in the houses snug under the beds,  
Then soon as our car was over the hill,  
The women could say, "Now come out, Bill."

One old measley hun we met,  
He told me plainly his mind was set.  
He was the worst old tight-wad, Nell,  
He'd follow a chipmunk plumb to hell  
For a peanut or a pumpkin seed,  
To satisfy his infernal greed.  
For years he'd sucked the public tit,  
And yet he would never do his bit.

We met many folks that were just boss,  
That had staked their money on the Red Cross.  
They asked God's help the huns to mash,  
And backed it with Liberty Bonds and cash,  
While all the slackers and copperheads  
That hide in the grass and under the beds  
Will never offer to do their share  
To help the brave boys that are over there.

## FETHERINGILL GETS SKERED.

Once I was "skered" 'long time ago,  
When all the M. E. sharps  
Packed up their grips  
And went up North to play their golden harps,  
And all the "big guns" in the land,  
And laymen, too, to beat the band.

And there they tried to lift the lid,  
So every little M. E. kid  
Must learn to dance and not to pray,  
And play poker every day.  
Each day I read all the reports  
Of these bald-headed pious sports

Who laughed and shook their old bald mugs,  
And talked of whist and "bunny-hugs,"  
Progressive euchre and such rot,  
As black bear dance and turkey trot.  
They all seemed anxious to unload  
Two-Sixty from the M. E. code,

And let the members go, pell mell,  
The whole "kaboodle," down to H—l.  
I thought our church would be so crammed  
With people anxious to be d—d,  
All sects and creeds the blacks and whites,  
The Nazarines and Campbellites;

Old Hard-shell Baptists and U. B.'s  
Who crowded 'round like lice and fleas,  
Just howling for to get a chance  
To join our church and have a dance;  
Then I'd be crowded out, I feared;  
Then do you wonder I was "skeered?"

The laymen then got in the race;  
They held both bowers and an ace,  
Together with the highest trumps,  
And knocked the preachers in the dumps.

## RED CROSS.

Are the women a doing their bit for the war?  
I should smile and say that they certainly are;  
Throughout the whole Nation all colors and creeds  
Have joined the Red Cross and are doing good  
deeds.

Many thousands are working and making such  
things  
As sweaters and bandages, pillows and slings,  
For sweethearts and brothers, fathers and sons,  
That are down in the trenches a fighting the Huns.

Then over in France where the loud cannon roars  
You'll find the Red Cross women thousands of  
scores,  
Taking care of the wounded and giving their aid  
Right on to the racket and never afraid.

They're building great hospitals all through that  
land,  
Rest houses and barracks with everything grand,  
Equipt with the finest that money can buy;  
They're doing the business and running on high.

There's thousands of children most starving to  
death,  
And old men and women just gasping for breath,  
The by-product of war where Kaiser the dam'd  
Has burned all the houses and ruined the land.

These angels of mercy that wear the Red Cross  
Are building them homes to make up for the loss,  
With plenty to live on, but never a sob,  
It's all in their business, they are onto the job.

There's thousands of women on farms milking  
cows  
And running gas tractors and headers and plows,  
All working like beavers to raise meat and bread  
So all of the soldiers are properly fed.  
All these are the heroes behind the big guns  
That will crush the old Kaiser and kill off the  
Huns.



## I'M GETTING OLD.

By heck I b'leve I'm getting old;  
I've had to have my teeth half-soled;  
The spark plugs of my eyes don't work,  
They seem to flop around and jerk.

My ears don't scour like they should,  
The whole machine is just no good,  
Most petered out and awful weak,  
And nothing left but gall and cheek.

Mathuselah did not like to die,  
He run nine hundred years on high;  
They couldn't tell just to the year,  
But then he beat the whole darned smear.

He cut out booze and cigarettes  
And never voted with the wets;  
But now men seldom live four score,  
I 'spect it's cause the're hen-pecked more.

My, how I wish I had been there  
When they made people on the square,  
With actions great and little words,  
And bezum just to throw at birds.

But now before a fellow's ripe  
The doctors come and bore for tripe,  
Gall-bladder stones and leather strings,  
Appendixes and other things.

With all my inside trimmings out  
I'd rather die than mope about.  
I hope before my life is spent  
To see Ford cars sell for a cent

And gasoline get down so low  
That every blasted old hobo  
Can whoop her up and put on airs  
As well as us few millionaires.

## CRUMBINE'S FLY.

Dock Crumbine says that an old hen fly,  
In springtime when she feels real spry,  
Can lay a million eggs a dav  
And then have lots of time to play.  
I think he's got it rather high,  
And yet I guess he wouldn't lie.

He says if Noah's wife and daughters  
Had have been real good fly swatters  
The time they had that heavy dew  
And they got in their old canoe,  
They could have knocked the flies all hence.  
My! Wouldn't that have been immense.

But when they got to Ararat  
They found the flies all standing pat,  
And all their carpets and their rugs  
Were just alive with Crumbine bugs,  
And every devil got away,  
And they are with us today.

And now we find them sucking swill,  
Then playing tag on some dung hill,  
Then come in where we're eating soup  
And buzz around and loop the loop,  
Then dive down on our plate, and die,  
And no boy round to cuss the fly.

There's more in Crumbine's head than nits  
When he's giving house flies fits,  
That tramp around the dirty street  
And never wash their legs or feet,  
Then come inside and look so glad  
And make the women raging mad.

Last week one got in our house;  
I kept as still as any mouse;  
Ma grabbed a didy and a towel  
And she put up the darndest howl  
And painted that old kitchen red  
Before that Crumbine bug was dead.

The time will come when some smart guy  
Will howl around and praise the fly.  
Oh, yes, they'll say that all the flies

Are just a blessing in the skies,  
And all we needed were more worms  
To eat with our typhoid germs  
To make us healthy slick and fat;  
Then what'll Crumbine think of that?

### LIBERTY DRIVE.

In this struggle for Freedom, Lord help us, we pray,  
And bless the triangle, the Y. M. C. A.,  
And guide us all right and give us thy aid  
To accomplish great good in this mighty crusade.

Across the Atlantic where the loud cannon roars  
You find the Red Cross women hundreds of scores,  
Taking care of the wounded and giving them aid,  
Right onto the racket but never afraid.

Be loyal, buy bonds and thank God for the chance  
To help the brave boys that are over in France,  
That stand like a wall between Freedom and Hell,  
A-fighting like demons, they do their work well.

The boys at the front behind the big guns  
Are making it hot for the blood-thirsty Huns;  
They are giving their blood, their bezum and sand,  
And if we don't help them, we ought to be damned.

### HIGH PRICES.

By Heck, the times are getting good, this awful  
problem drink and food is solved, at last it's our  
deal, we've stacked the cards now let them spiel.

If Hoover monkeys round much more, I 'spect  
we'll get a grocery store with every sack of flour  
we buy. Won't that be running things on high?

Last week I bought a sack of flour; they piled  
up truck for half an hour; boxes and bags, all kinds  
of dope, cathartic pills and lenox soap, and pickled  
tripe and limburg cheese, corn, oats and barley,  
rice and peas, and rye and buckwheat puffed and  
cracked, put up in boxes nicely packed.

We've sampled everything I guess, except one  
box, a brownish mess, that smells like mice tracks  
and quite wet; we haven't tackled that one yet.

We now have soup nine times a day, and I feel  
happy, young and gay; and Hoover is just as fine  
as silk to bring these merchants to their milk.

## IT'S SPRING.

It soon will be the season when  
All poor deluded henpecked men  
Will hear their women's voices ring,  
To work! To work! It's spring! It's spring!

When women Hooverize their frocks  
And wear the thinnest kind of socks,  
And donkeys switch their tails and sing,  
You bet your boots, it's coming spring.

I'll bet that Ma will be on deck,  
For she has garden seeds a peck,  
And spade and hoe and rake and string,  
I 'spect I'll die at work this spring.

I like to plant nice garden seeds  
And raise a buncum crop of weeds;  
Then to the winds my trouble fling,  
When bull-heads bite and it is spring.

When ground-hog days are on the wane  
And now and then we have a rain,  
We'll whoop her up and say, by Jing,  
We'll now get rich, it's spring, it's spring.

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## THE PRICE OF PRUNES, ETC.

Gee whiz, ain't groceries getting high and sailing way up in the sky? Codfish and prunes and limburg cheese, real sauer kraut and Texas peas, dried pumpkin pies and pickled tripe, and other truck that's getting ripe, with hash and buttermilk and meat, and everything that's good to eat, and when I go to buy some duds, they're just about as dear as spuds.

I'll have to dress like Adam did when he was young and just a kid; Eve's dress of fig leaves was

quite cute, but Adam never had a suit. I suppose he had to save his rocks to buy his wife some zebra socks. Then when she went a-skipping by he seen that calico was high; she had a cinch on women's rights and made old Adam wear his tights while she sat on a pile of sand a-knitting lace to beat the band.

Last week I had a dandy treat; we all got something good to eat. Ma bought nine beans for fifty cents, and made a soup 'twas just immense. Then like Belshalzar and old Dives, we sucked that soup to save our lives I thought it was dodgasted thin, for I was sick and most all in. Ma said it was just splendid soup, but that's just like a female goop; I'll never howl and whine and screech about the things I cannot reach, or towsel up my old gray hairs for all the truck that's gone upstairs; I'll buy a quart of gasoline and physic up my old machine and paint things red around Luray, where I am ever going to stay.

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## THE SWEDE.

A Norway Swede from Denmark came  
Away out West and jumped a claim,  
Had woolly whiskers, fierce and red,  
Two little girls and boy named Ted,  
A little dumpy wife called Nell,  
And crooked nose that couldn't smell.

Now, smelling was Nell's highest card,  
And oftentimes out in the yard,  
On any cloudy, muggy day,  
Could smell a goat ten miles away;  
But Nell's proboscis once got filled  
When fifteen polecats David killed.

Their pocketbooks got short on plunks,  
And David went to trapping skunks.

He'd seen old men and little tads  
Just easy raking in the scads,  
While he and Nell, dod-gast the luck,  
They couldn't raise a single buck.  
I guess the skunks for ten miles round  
Lived in the den that David found.  
Where he set traps, some twenty-eight,  
With lure and other kinds of bait,  
Next morning he went out to see  
If he had skunks, and then, O gee!

A pile of skunks was on the sand,  
A-fighting there to beat the band,  
Mixed up with ropes and traps and chains,  
And David beating out their brains.  
When business got a little slack  
He put them in a gunny sack.

Dave's crooked nose, it couldn't smell,  
But, Judas Priest, when he met Nell,  
Who shrieked and howled and beat the air,  
And tore great handfuls of her hair,  
He seen that things were out of whack,  
And she a raving maniac.

Then Nell stopped short and held her nose,  
And said, "Now David, burn your clothes,  
Or bury them and do it quick,  
For I am getting deathly sick."  
He did the job, jumped in a box,  
With nothing on except his socks.

Nell filled the hole with trash and dirt,  
And on the box threw her old skirt;  
Then she began to chew the rag  
And cuss the polecats in the bag  
That Dave had dropped out by the fence.  
Gee whiz! The stink, it was immense.

They had a Jersey, old he-cow,  
That broke his picket-rope somehow,  
Came tearing in and gored the furs,  
And that red petticoat of hers.  
My! How that Jersey put on speed  
And tried to eat up that old Swede

Who kicked the stuffin' out the box,  
And peeled away from that mad ox,  
Like Zaccheaus climbed a tree, but there,  
All likeness ends between the pair.  
Nell, looking up, said, "Dave, my sakes,  
You look like Eve when she charmed snakes."

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### MILKING TIME.

A nice young man with gall and cheek,  
He tackled me one day last week  
And spun out quite a string of lies  
About his fine dairy supplies.  
He asked me if I had a cow  
That ever raised a perfect row,

And slashed my eyes out with her tail  
And then kicked o'er the milking pail  
When I was pumping butter fat.  
I said, "Young man, you've got her pat,"  
And so he got it into me  
With his old bovine filigree.

I bought a dingus for her tail,  
And hobbles and a milking pail,  
An iron ring with crooked pegs  
To fit around my knees and legs  
To keep the pail out of the dirt  
So I would never lost a squirt.

Next morning I felt awful spry,  
So the old dog and ma and I  
Went to the barn to milk old Bet.  
We made a very nice quartet.  
I hobbled her and fixed her tail,  
And then put on my coat of mail

And sat down on the milking stool.  
Ma said I looked just like a fool.  
The old cow had a crooked tit  
And when I made a grab for it—  
Chain lightning and dynamite,  
You'd ought to see that old thing kite.

When the old barn door she went through  
Like powder in a kangaroo,  
She hit me with her loaded tail  
And jammed both feet through that old pail.  
The hobbles tangled round my shins,  
And then I thot of all my sins.

And other things I dare not tell;  
The old dog howled and Ma did yell.  
It was worth going miles to see  
Ma and the dog, the cow and me.  
The Bashen bull was mild compared  
With that old cow that ripped and reared

And yanked me 'round the yard full sail,  
Not fifteen inches from her tail;  
And worst of all, the old black hound  
Kept biting me where I sit down.  
The old cow thought she'd end my fate,  
So she jumped o'er the barnyard gate,

And there we hung, me and that brute,  
Most scared to death but looking cute.  
Ma chanced to have the butcher knife  
And that was all that saved my life.  
She ripped my coat and pants and things  
And jerked the old tin pail and springs,

And then like Joseph I did scoot  
And left the skirt of my old suit  
With Ma, the dog and that old cow  
To fix it up just anyhow.  
And now if ever some smart guy  
Should come around to blat and lie  
And tell me I am fine as silk,  
And try to show me how to milk,  
I'll load my shotgun up for bear  
And kill the monkey then and there.



## FEEDING CALVES.

It's getting about the time of year we feed on sauer kraut and tripe. And brindle cows that's on their job are hunting calves that's getting ripe for men to tie up in the sheds and try to ram their stubborn heads down in a pot and make them drink, and hear them snort and see them wink.

If I just want a dandy time I wean a calf; that's the limit; I always wish the thing was dead and I had my knife, so I could skin it. My! don't they scatter milk around and mash up things and paw the ground. Yet Ma says I'm a daisy hand at feeding calves, I beat the band.

Some time ago we found a calf and I was teaching it to feed. It was a pudgy little brute, that we was saving up for seed, but Judas Priest, it beat Old Nick to rear around and prance and kick. It bit my fingers, broke my nose, skinned up my shins and mashed my toes, then it jerked back and spilled the milk. Then I got tangled in the rope and tumbled forward, with my face in all that slimy nasty dope. The devil from that herd of swine had all got in the calf of mine. For while I lay there shedding tears he pawed my back and sucked my ears.

The mother cow stood eating hay, while I was yelling for the dog, and he went chewing up that calf, then the old cow began to fog, and mashed down every plank and board and came in there. My, how she gored that dog, and calf that tramped my head, while she was painting all things red. Somehow or other I got loose, crept through a hole 'twas in the shed, and yelled to Ma to beat the deuce to come and help for I was dead. And then she laid me on a board and patched the holes where I was gored. And while she washed and scrubbed and cleaned, said, "She was glad the calf was weaned."

And now I s'pose she'll sit around and blat and talk and tell the news how her old man at feeding calves is "just it and beats the Jews." But if she wants to she may laugh, I'm sure I'll never feed a calf. But I may some day take in bids to feed the Katzenjammer Kids.