

Just So! So!

By Piltuc

There was a young maid named Clarissa

Who worked in a home where they kissed her

But the wife of the same ~~did't like the said game~~

Did'ent like the said game

And now if you look you will miss her.

Its the proper thing for the federal government to raise taxes, but when Governor Murray sees the need of doing the same thing for the state, then a few small fry in the newspaper field, who think they cut some ice, take him to task for it. We would like to see the papers get consistant, maybe it would help the nation.

There is a great deal of kick now days on the office holder, but the office of parent to this great youth of ours is not elected to office by the dear people but is ordained and selected by nature, however frail that may be, and these days of depression and fear, not to mention poverty and strife, don't hold forth much of a boost for the parents. It can be affirmed that the times are doing better for the children than the parents saw fit to do in times of opulence, or whatever it was.

The difference between a member of congress and the man of the home is this: the senator or congress-man believes that to balance a budget he must borrow some more money while the man of the home finds it more practical to cut out some part of the budget that is less essential.

There was a young man sent to congress
Who made of the whole thing a great mess
Until oneday the dear folks
Got tired of such jokes
And now the young man is quite jobless.

A few more Haw-Smoot tariff measures and there will be a general retirement, not of course one that is passive, but effective never the less. It is strange to hear one always prattling about how small the world is and how impossible to avoid entangling alliances and yet will vote to completely wall this country off from the rest of the commercial world with a tariff that prohibits foreign trade. If the editors and newspaper people would happen to get their consistency on straight and keep it that way, they would command a much greater respect of the people.

Dont Worry
C. Guy Outlip. Wewoka.

Dear Walt has gone across the pond to sojourn with the Frogs
And Walter has requested us to don his writing togs.
So as we take our pen in hand and think and bite and scheme
To force some erudition from this musty, thinkless bean
We find the think tank useles and the mind is just a blank
And we must confess, tho futile, that our offerings will be rank.
We feel we're complimented, in being asked to serve
But we'll do the very best we can, although it takes the nerve.
Now we know the field is open for the use of brain or wit;
But what can one accomplish, when he has'nt got a bit.
It is just a far excursion from our ordinary haunt
And so the breaks must be excused as we take this senseless jaunt.
Just lay the blame where it belongs, on Editor in charge
And there will be some change, tho slight, for us to be at large.

We envy the old cuss this jaunt to France. While we are waltering in the heat trying
to conform to the depression, he'll be ~~xxx~~ seeing the things we have always wanted
to see and couldnt make the grade. The Louvre with its fine museum and the ghosts
of the French great flitting about in the imagination. Here stalked the Muskateers
and the Cardinal's Guard; here Catherine, the Florentine mused and maybe contrived
the massacre of St. Bartholamew. The Sixteenth Louis and the haughty Austrian con-
sort and further back the the Crafty Richelieu and Louis, the Magnificent. And here
the Dukes de Guise stalked about and dreamed of war and woman's love. Here the Great
Napoleon mused upon his battles and wooed his Josephine. Here may also be found the
great masters' work in all the arts. And further on the site of the Bastille, the
great political prison of Europe. The Seine, threading its way through the city, ~~xxxxx~~
on whose banks Napoleon walked and mused and contemplated suicide. And the quaint
streets where marched the mob that wrested authority from the weak Monarch, and where
the heartless Robespierre and the Crafty Marat, and the dauntless Danton preached their
songs of hate and revenge and where the eloquent Marabeau sought to turn the mob from
the quest of Marie Antonette's head. The fast moving picture of the Reign of Terror.
A visit to the stage of French history for Paris was France and is so today.

Prewar days and warvdays are represented once again- we have the five cent cigar
and the three cent stamp.

Nothing is safe in these days of depression, a scientist has now broken the atom.

~~Thxxxxkky~~ Speaking of choosers, the niftiest little non-chooser was Calvin.

Dick Elam of the Wewoka Times-Democrat has at last taken a stand, he is against
Justice Clark for the Supreme Court. This action brings a faint hope that Luther
Harrison and Tom D. McKeown may yet take a definite stand on some public question.

Which reminds us that when the bridge across the South Canadian River was dedicated and named the McKeown Bridge, Ford Harrison, a bother of Luther's and a very positive character wrote in his Allen paper that the choice of name for the bridge was the most appropriate possible for McKeown had straddled every public question in the fourth congressional district except the South Canadian.

Some absent minded scientist tells us that only the female wasp has a sting. The trouble with us is we cannot tell which is male and which female and our trusting disposition might get us into trouble.

There was a young man named Borah
Who says that he feels rather sore-ah
For the Republican plank
About whiskey is rank
And was written, no doubt, by Dumb Dora.

not

This Senator Borah is/satisfied with the Republican platform a-tall.. Well, well, if our chairman of foreign relations committee cannot understand dilomatic language what are we really going to do about it. This platform thing is just a little diplomatic exchange between the great republican party to the sometimes voters and was not intended to be understood, much less mean something.

Those who are so strenuously preparing to fight Governors income tax bill should have the prize for the chief optomists. They must be expecting some heavy incomes. The grand old republican prosperity will take care of the situation.

We have always known that a Man's friends were the best thing in this life, but we sure do begrudge Jimmie Walkter the type of helpful friends he possesses. Our friends give us the "glad Hand" but we are constrained to believe their check writing arms is broken.

An exchange states that parrots now days sign instead of cuss. If its singing, all right but if it "crooning" we hasten to say we like the old things the best. A good cusser now and then is helpful, but a crooner is an abomination in the sight of both God and man.

And there are two other things we would like for some helpful soul to eliminate from the radio: i.e. static and the "copyright owners."

We are an emotional people. Our greatest effort is extended toward the preservation, aid and assistance of the mentally and physically unfit. Our many systems of charitable undertakings are but a sop to the unfit, to those who under the most favorable circumstances will never render a service to the human family. The greatest human trait is to seek the line of least resistance in providing sustenance and when the necessity is removed by questionable charitable institutions to provide for one's self the subject is weakened. Strength is engendered by a necessitous ~~life~~ circumstance, remove it and the subject is weakened to the same extent. These times are strengthening, are calculated to bring forth sturdy characters.

We are enclined to desire a few ideas smeared around through our conversation with our fellow man. Just a chatter of words devoid of ideas does not make conversation although there is a number of our friends who seem to think id does.

There was a young lady who chattered
About things that were real assinine
Never uttered a ~~word~~ that 'een smattered
Of a thought that was real genuine.

And she died, and started that journey
That laststhrough eternity;
You can guess where this jaunt carried sister?
Oh? Well, that's where she ought to be.

No home is free from danger from the ad valorum tax
And you loose your disposition as your souls with anger wax
But when yourvote can save your home and farm, too, without doubt
You simply vote against it, cause Bill Murray brought it out.

You just listen to the papers as they rant with vengence vile
Against a limitation that will save your home a while;
~~And~~ go and vote your spite against a thing that's for your good
Then cuss yourself for doing it, while chewing of your cud.

You'd better take a fool's avice and put that limit on
For you'll surely wish you'd done it, when your worldly goods are gone.
You better take this only chance to give yourself a lift
And vote to LIMIT taxes on next July the fifth.

Some rant around and say that a majority of the voters in a school district can never be prevailed upon to go out and vote the extra mills for school purposes. We thought this was a government of the majority? When they must do so, they will, dont get frightened about the people not doing so. We raise the devil about high taxes on our properties and then when we get a chance to lower them and restrict the official spenders we dont do it. We ought to be stung. And another thing, if the present system of ad valorum confistigation ~~gaxation~~ of properties goes on, the schools cannot be maintained. These days of stress call for a curb on things generally and such a constitutional limitation will save properties.

Dont Worry.
C.Guy Cutlip,
of
WEWOKA.

Early Morning.

The graceful Mocking Bird, in spirals gay,
Wheels to the top most tip of the yard's Blue spruce
And ~~in sparkling song~~ light heartedly welcomes the day
In a burst of song; telling its rapture profuse.

And the old Blue Jay with its raucous cry
Swings down to the lilly pond for a morning dip
And arrogantly ~~flutters~~ flickers a haughty eye
On each new arrival; uttering a warning quip.

And the shy brown thursh, in its furtive way
Darts in and out of the near by bush
And shuns all neighbors, both brash and gay,
Utterings in a kindly ~~shush~~ Hush!

And the Jenny Wren, in a voice that is glad
Sends forth a song filled with boundless glee
That seems to say: "How can one be sad?
Come, join in life's ecstasy with me."

And the Cardinal Red bird in colors bright
Approaches the throng in a sprightly mode
And offers his song, and a beautiful sight,
To attract attention to his handsome vogue.

And a horde of sparrows, with words of abuse,
Swoop down in the throng and try to excite
A conflict. And with manner far from being abstruse
Give their challenge to all and exhibit their might.

Then the sun come up, sending a brilliant ray

To dispel the group to their various chores,

departs from this hour of play;

And each/,~~xxxxxx~~

All, save the sparrows, the churlish bores.

~~xxxxxx~~

But the sparrows stay on, in the morning's din,

To add their noise and combative dissension

To the discords aroused by the duties of men.

They just fight and dispute in eternal contention.

It should not be supposed that it habitual, this viewing the coming of day, to one who is more addicted to repose. It was just a chance superimposed by our penchant for "Little Orderlies".

Your old friend, Rufe Hoskins remarked to me, that the mightiest pessimist is the one who provides his car with a "defroster" during the summermonths.

The naughty little sparrow goes up the water spout

Along come the rain and drives the little devil out.

The sun comes out, and drives away the rain;

And the dirty little devil goes up the spout again.

If men possessed the apparent determination and vim of the English sparrow there would certainly be no need of the present day charity endeavors. Depression cuts no figure with this little warrior of the feathered gentry. His troubles are many, and he makes many that he could get out of,. His wants are many

C. Guy Cuddy

I've been envited, by one who knows,
Good writing. So here goes.
The patient public must be patient still
While Walt of hunting gets his fill.

While battling for Walt I feel that all
Will dispise my effort ~~but~~ prize my gall
But the time for hunting will soon be past
And surcease from such drivvle will come at last.

So keep your tempers, maintain the peace
A limited talent will very soon cease
Perhaps such efforts as this may cause you to halt
And give more appreciation and attention to Walt.

For we all can't be poets, that is a cinch
And if I get by this effort and escape Judge Lynch
I'll promise the world, as I promise myself
This poeting business will be laid on the shelf.

You may have noticed and maybe not, but the above virgin effort is
very blank v rse, not in construction, perhaps, but in thought.

Pursuing the subject further reminds me that I never did like this
hunting business much anyway. A great big, healthy, stealthy, sneaking,
tricky man going out loaded down with emplements of war, chewing
tobaccoing, "makins" etc., to snare, entrap, shoot, kill and otherwise
endeavor to exterminate some little wild thing of nature, who has done
no harm to any one, and particularly the hunter. That natural tendency
to kill never cropped out with me against the wild things of life,
because they leave me entirely alone and unmolested. But the urge to do
to ~~do~~ many times obtrudes when some unwelcome visitor intrudes
the precincts of my office at a time when I busy or want to be.
Such occasions as the last seldom happens to me for the lazy disposition
is a household word, and pretty well known out over the City of Wewoka.

And again there must be butchers anyway, so why interfere with their
pursuit of a chosen avocation?

The other day I was driving my family back from the mountains of
Colorado when the old "expense account" went to the bad. Having some
urgent matters in court at Wewoka I wired Judge Crump "Hung up. Vacuum
tank busted. Pass my matters." And he did pass them, after announcing
to the bar that I had had a serious accident in Kansas and got my
head broken. ~~but perhaps the~~

The tremendous development and throngs of thousands at Seminole
sister city to Wewoka, in Seminole county, reminds one of the starting
of that thrifty village years ago. In those days there were three
justices of the peace in the town. Judge Smith, McCants and Hoffman.
One day Judge Hoffman embibed somewhatly of the nectar that makes corn
famous and overstepped the bounds of temperance. A friend notified him
that his brother justices of the peace, Smith and McCants, each had
warrants out for his arrest. He immediately hied himself to his office;
filed a charge of drunkenness, plead guilty; assessed a fine of \$25.00,
which he immediately remitted; assessed a jail sentence of thirty days
on the county road and taking what remained of the aforesaid nectar
beat it out to the road gang north of town. As soon as the nectar gave
out his enthusiasm for the strict punishment according to law subsided
and he came back to town and again entered a notation on his justice
docket to this effect, "Defendant paroled pending good behavior# must
make written report each week of his conduct in the premises." He
faithfully made the reports to himself, which are a matter of record,
for some considerable time. I have often thought that this was
carrying the law a little too far.

Rufe Hoskins, to whom WWM defers so much, is the same fellow who asked if a football coach had wheels.

Reminding me that my old friend Bud Brinsfield, erstwhile town marshall of Wewoka, told me he was out to a party the other night where the urgent quest was for the festive Jack and at which said party beer was served together with the refreshments, or thereabouts, and that there was no kick in the beer, but there was in him when he found that there was no kick in the beer. In other words Bud furnished the kick.

Queen Marie is no chicken, that's plain to be seen
And our enthusiasm for Royalty whether stout or more lean
Dont amount to much; But our offer of cash
For that press agent man she possesses, is rash.
He's a bird, he's a pippen, He's a smash and a scream
So it dont matter much whether she's fat or she's lean.

In fact we were never much at growing enthused over just one Queen at a time. In the trials of endurance we have often attended, not less than Three Queens would be of much benefit. And we wager right here and now that the press of the country, taken individually, would give more to see three queens on certain pastboard cards, than the public will ever deliver up for to hear one queen orate, or thereabouts.

Rufe Hoskins called me over the phone to say that if the women of the land spent as much time beautifying their minds as they do their faces this nation of ours would show a great improvements in the next generation or two. Was glad to hear from Rufe.

The faithful ~~old~~ fighting pardner and the Princess of the household returned from Colorado with two Pekingese dogs. They are a puzzle to me; darned if I can tell whether they are barking or chocking. At that I'm like the little girl who saw them, she said she liked them better than she did dogs.

The little pronoun I is the most overworked little friend in the entire language. I have several friends (besides myself) who are enraptured with its use. In fact they have had eye trouble ever since I knew them " I did this, and I did that-you know " In fact they can spill more autobiography in a short social visit than a score of great men could write of their lives in a century. The editing of this column reminds me of them. It gives one the chance to enjoy repeated reference to oneself without the danger of the reading public getting back^{at} him as strong as a few friends might do if the same liberty were taken in conversation with them. But after all the somewhat human race, as Walt would say, is about the same everywhere and in all classes. They all like to refer to themselves and everyone will go to great lengths to get their names in print. Even as I have here done. Taking chances on the publics good nature by perpetrating upon them the above and foregoing ~~comes from~~ requires the stuff that heroes are made of. Which reminds me that my time is up, and closing a paragraph with a preposition may or may not put me in the class with the late President Wilson. Out of the abundance of precaution for the next fortnight or two I shall keep the old home securely locked. A practice I have not practiced in the past? But such stuff as this will make raving

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Colorado the old "expense account" broke down. Having some urgent
matters in court at Newoka I wired Judge George O. Crump: "Hung up.
Vacuum tank busted. Pabs my matters." The judge announced to the
assembled bar that I had broken my head and all matters would be
passed in which I was interested. The judge had known me for twenty
five years.

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city to Newoka, in Seminole county, reminds one of the starting of that
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himself, which is a matter of record, for a considerable time. Some were
cattish enough to say this was trifling with the law.

By C. GUY OUTLIP, of Wewoka,.

The Skipper calls for volunteers

To write this column rare

So we beckon our muse and put to use

The best of our rusty ware.

While W.W.M. is testing his luck

Hunting the festive duck

We will bat for our friend, if takes the skin

And pray we dont run amuck.

This column is known throughout the state

Its excellence is past debate

So we approach our subject timidly

And are prone to hesitate.

We will start our work with a desire to shirk

While Walt is far away;

And we hope no court will need report

This as libelous on him, per se.

Which reminds us that perhaps the reason why no more attorneys of the state testified in the Owens libel trial was because they were afraid they would be asked to state the rule in Shelly's case.

According to all interested the decision and verdict in that case was agreeable to all parties involved. Another reason why that was a most remarkable case.

The Seminole oil field is a great little maker: it made Seminole County the richest in the world; it made the oil fraternity sit up and take notice; it made Wall street scratch its head where it dont itch; it made the Federal government contemplate control; it made a new record in production; it made Oklahoma the leader of all other states in oil; it made Oklahoma the center of attention throughout the world and it made WEWOKA the busiest city in the state and therefore the world.

I'm darned if I know whether I am living in a home or a kennel these days. With a Pekingese mother and five little Pekes that look like seals, it is just a dog's life for me. If I got half the attention those Pekes do I would be the envy of every married man in the neighborhood.

Ruth Elder sailed three thousand miles

With a lone man in the pit

While hubby stays in Panama

And dont seem to mind,abit.

New York, and other foreign cities like Chicago and Pittsburg, may rear their welcome to Ruth all they want to but we are going to continue not to get excited about her. If she craves to risk her neck for a little transient publicity, all well, we do not object. But we are going right on holding to the o.f. idea that the mother in the home is the grandest institution in this world of ours. If all the girls left their homes and took to flying around, wouldnt this be a helluva place to live?

HUFE HOSKINS is occupying the hunter's blind with W.W.M. at McAlester lake for a short spell.

Bud Brinsfield, hunter and fisherman extraordinary, said he strung a big fishworm on a hook the other day and dipped it into a jar of corn whiskey and he hardly had it in the water until there was a terrible commotion and when he pulled it out the worm had a five pound bass by the nap of the neck just shaking the dickens out of it.

Now, since the Corporation Commission has controlled the out put of oil in the Seminole field and sent it on a decline, perhaps it will turn its attention to the boll weevil crop in this county.

~~THEX~~ We, for one, kick on Tulsa seceding from this continent. In the first place Scandinavia is the only place it could go, and dang if I want to go way over there to sell an oil lease.

The Princess of the house-hold rushed into the room frantically looking for something. She said it was her lipstick and she wanted to hide it from mamma. Which goes to show that the mothers of to-day are keeping exact step with the times. It is said that the man of fifty to-day is younger than the of thirty five of half a century ago, but the female of the specie is twenty five years younger and happier than in grandmas's time. Emancipation they call it, we call it common sense.

The young people down at Norman are revolting against a multitude of silly rules. We sympathize with them. Somebody has the idea that is a reformatory and not an institution of higher education. The policy adopted smacks of the country school. The whole country has gone to seed on laws. Proper education will obviate the necessity of many laws. There is just one rule necessary down at the University and that is one requiring a certain high standard of scholarship. If that standard is not made by the individual student, then immediately, and without fear or favor, drop them from the rolls. The young people have pride and ambition. Sooner than all others they will find that jazz and efficiency do not go together. Those worth while will make the grades, those not worth while will be sent back home where they belong. A higher class of school will be the result. By this means the student is placed on her or his own responsibility. If they want to stay out all night, let them, but require the high standard to be met. They will soon find out they must study to make the grade. The big schools of the land adopt this policy and it has met with success. O.U. is big enough now to step into the class with Berkeley and Colombia. If the young people are invited to the university with the promise of social life, they are going to expect to pursue it within reasonable bounds; but if they understand in the beginning that a certain standard must be made, their pride will make them meet the requirements.

Our negro help has a boy she calls Diploma. She says that is all she got out of her college life.

This letter may be used in whatever manner it may do the most good for I am convinced that the good, law abiding, God fearing people of Seminole and Hughes Counties should support Judge Lives.

Respectfully,

Signed in the presence of

Moderator of the North Canadian
Baptist Association.