

THE SEMINOLE COUNTY NEWS

A LEGAL NEWSPAPER

Complete City and Rural Coverage

PHONE 42



10th Anniversary
OF THE DISCOVERY OF OIL
IN THE SEMINOLE AREA

We must endure both being born
and death

Then why should we, who live
a fleeting shadow shape
In this vale of ~~tears~~ ^{tears}
Between the cliffs of two black streets
Exalt our virtues or condemn our sins?

Best Equipped Printing Plant In Seminole County

Our imagination doth our
actions shape;
our minds contrive a
brief success or failure.
We weep, we laugh, are
filled with pity or with scorn
according to the whim of fate.

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Our destinies are not our own
But, shaped by health
and brain
Implanted by a sire or dame
Who seeking pleasure in a
passion's wage
design our fate upon a
crossroad.

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Thus are we born, some
wise, some weak, some good & bad
But all within the image
graved upon some seed
That makes of us the things
due are -

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10th Anniversary
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Upon our heads we
fit a glittering crown
Or place a barren scepter
in our hands,
Or otherwise we feel a
discontent
at security man's cheerful
fortune.

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And thus we strut, a bird,
Irene, striding across life's stage,
Claiming the plaudits of our fellow
men
For things but born of
Selfishness
To our own unthoughtful
ends.

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1928
10th Anniversary
OF THE DISCOVERY OF OIL
IN THE SEMINOLE AREA

Self pitying, self praising,
we pass like fleeting pictures
Round the wheel of our
existence
Until this span endured,
by us from birth,
meets the demand of death.

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And if we spend the cycle seeking
information's full estate
with industry and mind as keen
as steel

Yet, with it all at three
some time

We realize the futile in
our recompense

We don't pass on like him
among us least informed

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10th ANNIVERSARY
OF THE DISCOVERY OF OIL
IN THE SEMINOLE AREA

The wreck of youth too oft
Mis-called delight
A day, mis-called despair
For the ashes we grow with
Memory long
What does it keep that you
Once were young

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10th Anniversary
OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD
IN THE SEMINOLE AREA

For joyous youth of twenty
five
Regardless of the passing time
Feels full impatience of health
and life
Neglecting preparation for the
future life

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In the granite of youth
So vivid, real
The face should not be
lit at once,
For loss of sparkle and
Strength
Is given life by soft approach,

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OF THE DISCOVERY OF OIL
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For all at twenty five
passer bright eyes
But forty finds them dim
The other features grey & grim
The glories of our youth
Down to little size -

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We must endure both being born and death
Then why should we, who live
A fleeting shadow shape
In this vale of tears
Between the cliffs of two bleak eternities
Extoll our virtues or condemn our sins?

Our imagination doth our actions shape;
Our minds contrive a brief success or failure
We weep, we laugh, are filled with pity or with scorn
According to the whim of fate.

Our destinies are not our own
But, shaped by health and brain
Emplanted by a sire or dame
Who seeking pleasure in a passion's urge
Design our fate upon a cromosome (sic).

Thus are we born, some
Wise, some weak, some good & bad
But all within the image
graved upon some seed
That makes of us the things we are.

Upon our heads we fit a fruitless crown
Or place a barren sceptre in our hand;
Or otherwise we feel a discontent
At security, man's chiefest fortune.

And thus we strut, a brief,
Short shadow shape across life's stage
Claiming the plaudits of our fellow men
For things but born of selfishness
To our own unthoughted ends.

Self pitying, self praising,
We pass like fleeting pictures
Round the whell of our existance
Until this span endured,
by us from birth,
Meets the demand of death;

And if we spend the cycle seeking information's full estate
With industry and mind as keen as steel
Yet, with it all at three score ten
We realize the futile in our recompense
We but pass on like him among us least informed

The wreck of youth too oft miscalled delight
And age miscalled despair
For the older we grow with memory long
What does it help that you once were young

For joyous youth of twenty five
Regardless of the passing time
Feels full ^{of impatience} ~~impatience~~ of health and life
Neglecting preparation for the future strife

In the dynamite of youth
so vivid, real
The fuse should not be
lit at once.
For loss of health and
strength
Is given life by soft approach

For all at twenty five
possess bright eyes
But forty finds them dim
The other features grey & grim
The glories of our youth but
sunk to little size.

[This typescript made by Milton Ream on 11-5-1971.]

The Animal Cell.

A protoplasm and a centrosome
A nucleus in its cell
A linin and a chromatin
Where the secret of life doth dwell.

A quest for the elusive chromosome
The secret of health itself
In man, in beast, in flower, in weed
To life eternal we seek the seed.

In the ox cell we find there is just sixteen
While the lily needs twenty four
But a larger, mightier microscope
For a man cell must open the door.

A series of fibres that radiate
Around the venturesome centrosome
And a star is formed, the crux of life,
Making for reproduction and attending strife.

For the chromosome seeks to divide itself
In its amorous continuation
And we find the hereditary traits of man
Thus formed in each generation.

For the centrosome crowds the chromosomes/ apart
Either from love or from hate
And the nucleus becomes a nucleii
In this quest for life's estate.

Now the chromosomes unite in each nucleus rare
To form a living pod
And a membrane is formed to enclose it all
In this intricate work of God.

Then they multiply on in the struggle for life
Whether for good or bad
And the chromosome determines the part each plays
Whether that of the saint or that of the cad.

So man, at his best, in this life of ours
Is a collection of tiny cells
Of centrosomes fierce and chromosomes rare
A corporate entity with which none can compare.

His status is fixed by the chromosomes quaint
The centrosomes too, and the nucleii
And so long as these three are healthy and well
A visit is halted to either Heaven or Hell.

C. Guy Cutlip

Creation shapes the thoughts of all to fit
Its particular age in life, and rewards it
With satisfaction almost ~~free~~ of discontent,
For else this life would be a sad lament.

To youth the ecstasy of health and strength and cheer
To age the satisfaction of the knowing year
To youth the fallacy of always being right
To age the insight into moral, mental might.

At twenty we are self satisfied and strut about
Thinking we are wise and know all laws
While thirty comes along and gives us pause
And ~~thirty five~~ ~~forty~~ convinces ^{us} ~~all~~ our former thoughts were lies.

Yet, every generation thinks the same,
And every former generation keeps the blame
On youth, but every age must pass this cycle through
And render unto youth all it shall claim.

For wiser men acknowledge it is best
For youth in ignorant satisfaction to rest
Upon its physical satisfaction blessed
Unknowing, unthinking the real content of forty's creed.

The youthful one believes that in the fancies lie
A sufficient age to "lay me down and die"
But when that time has come with ^{its} real content
He realizes all those former years were but misspent.

When forty five looks deep into the mystic pool
He ~~realizes~~ ^{knows} that ~~twenty five~~ and thirty is the fool
And knows beyond the peradventure of a doubt
That twenty was an ignorant, foolish hour.

Compensation.

Creation shapes the thoughts of all to fit
Its particular age in life. And rewards it
With satisfaction almost free of discontent
For else this life would be a sadlament.

To youth the extacy of health and strength and cheer
To age the satisfaction of the knowing year.
To youth the fallacy of always being right
To age the insight into moral, mental might.

At twenty we are self satisfied and strut about
Thinking we are wise and know all laws
While thirty comes along and gives us pause
And forty convinces us our former thoughts were lies.

Yet, every generation thinks the same
And every former generation heeps the blame
On youth. But every age must pass the cycle strange
And render unto youth all it shall claim.

For wiser men acknowledge it is best
For youth in ignorant satisfaction to rest
Upon its physical content blest
Unknowing, unthinking the real content of forty's crest.

The youthful one believes that in the forties lie
A sufficient age to "lay me down and die".
But when that time comes with its content
He realizes all those former years were but misspent.

When forty five looks deep into the mystic pool
He knows that twenty five and thirty is the fool
And knows, beyond the peradventure of a doubt,
That twenty was an ignorant, foolish lout.

So, in this curious scheme that we live here
A certain compensation comes to give us cheer.
To each cycle of our life. Though each may sneer
At antics of the other in its certain sphere.

For were it not that each particular age
Held forth a vantage point for us
Existence, like the songster in his cage,
Would cease to sing and fuss and fuss and fuss.

C. Guy Cutlip

The times are quiet, and government and laws
are used to profit worthless men, base men.
We see the fruits of nature whirled with waste
Into the rivers, and rivers made to run with blood,
so buying up prices while the humble starve,
the draughts do come, representing the wrath of God,
and men are swallowed up in fear of famine.
The fields are brittle with the heat of June
The lands thirst for moisture long since lost
The wealth, expended on the poor by unthinking men,
in times of direst need will not be had to stem
the march of famine —

Rich men look sad and miserable in their hearts
While ruffians exclaim with glee, and dance and prance
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy
The other to enjoy what theft has provided
at the command of wealth and mind —

These signs portend a change of things
The loss of home, of lands and liberty
The very base of government is under-
mined when men cannot command the
things their hands and minds have formed.
Heaven had a hand in these events.

I must be cruel
in order to be kind.

The times are queer, and government and laws
Are used to profit worthless men, base men.
We see the fruits of nature whirled with waste
Into the rivers, and rivers made to run with blood
To bring up prices while the humble starve.
The droughts do come, representing the wrath of God,
And men are swallowed up in fear of famine
The fields are brittle with the heat of sun
The lands athirst for moisture long since lost
The wealth, expended on the poor by unthinking men,
In times of direst need will not be had to stem
The march of famine -

Rich men look sad and mumble in their beard
While ruffians exclaim with flee, and dance and grin
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy
The other to enjoy what thrift has provided
At the command of work and mind -

These signs portend a change of things
The loss of home, of lands and liberty
The very base of government is under-
mined when men cannot command the
things their hands and minds have formed
Heaven had a hand in these events

[On back of page:] I must be cruel
in order to be kind -

[This typescript made by Milton Ream on 11-10-1971.]

The goods we do that's worth the
The world will give a frown but welcome give a smile
The youth who in the Rome, is taught restraint
Has twice the chance of him who's taught to be a saint,
discipline with the young is rare, and never ripe
Yet necessary to our proper charting of this life.

We prate of what we think - our faith and firm belief
But disregard restraint and often maul a sheep

When He who came to teach us how to live
Fashioned forth a ^{divine} rule by which to give

Mankind a check to steer its course, He stressed
Not faith so much, as charity, to make us blessed.

Our conduct toward our kind has greater weight
To gain reward from Him who guards the deathly gate.

We clamor for all things that bring forth discontent
Like wealth and power and fame; and then lament
That peace of mind we find not in our life
But which we thought would recompense our strife.

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'Tis a strange world we come to, you and I
Whence, no one knows, and surely none knows why.

A few short years of storm, of heat;
A few of joy, and life's complete.

The one who seeks the simple joys of life
Escapes the greater storms and trials and strife.

Then back to dust, from whence we came,
Sans banners, paques and badge of fame.

We serve our time and none knows why
We simply strut awhile and then we die.

And dust that was is dust once more
The breath that stired has done its chore.

And we, of dust, that cross yon street
Are prone to murmur life is sweet.

While the sifting dust that stings one's eye
A few years gone was loath to die.

And so we strut our little span of fear
And seek for joy and mostly win a tear.

The spark of life that animates the dust
Brings love and fear and hate and lust.

And while we strive to get the best in life
Fruition flees our hope and leaves us strife.

The ugly toad, tho mute, is just as vain
As man, and probably has as much to gain.

To others of his kind, his hopes and fears
Are just as much important as our own short years.

And yet, we seek to cherish for our kind
Exalted notice from the Chief, sublime;

In monster egotism, firm we hold
That all creation did for us unfold

Its virtues and its best intentions, so that we
May lord it over crawling ant and humming bee.

While, if the truth be known, the hustling bee
Is more deserving of creations Chief than we.

But each of us, for dubious virtues, seek reward
On future life's celestial calling card.

Hoping that He who grades the doubtful score
Will overlook the base and open wide the Door,

Where only good in action enters in
And word of mouth seeks shelter from the sin.

By prattling of our faith we aim to hide
The gross unfitness of our soul for Paradise.

The wretch who serves the least the human weal
Is first to clamor for reward, and truth conceal.

He hopes, by prattling of his hopes and praise
And mouthing forth his Faith with righteous gaze

To circumvent the Truth from One sublime
Who views the actions, not the talk condign.

The old priest stood on Texaco's shore
And Tenoch was his name

And gazed with an anxious, cold black eye
At a master bird that perched near by
On a cactus tree, with a serpent held in his Roman head

With a serpent held in his fierce old beak
On that island quaint in the mountain sea
He answered a dream of the priest

Old Tenoch stood on Texaco's shore
and gazed with a wistful eye
at an eagle perched on a cactus tree
with a serpent held in his beak