



Vol. XV.

Boomer, North Carolina, June, 1929.

No. 1.

GOT ME BEAT

The mocking-bird is in the tree a-singing little songs to me, while I sit here beneath the limb a-writing little pomes to him. He just don't seem to have no trouble in making his throat trill and bubble; that melody that he's a-droppin' don't never show no signs of stoppin'.

But these-here poems, you can bet, are hard to do and make me sweat. They make me hollow-eyed and lean to get them out of my old 'bean. So I just guess that I had better knock off and write a business letter. He has to such perfection risen, he'll sing my song as well as his'n.

BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE

When Lindy flew across the sea, he made a hit with you and me, and all the world went on a spree at such a wonder. But he did not get over-fed on all the praises sung and said, that would have turned another head in spite of thunder.

Beyond a doubt it was the boy's unusual sense and perfect poise that took him through that spell of noise, without mishap. For that was harder, if you please, than flying over angry seas—to meet a world upon its knees. So says yer pap.

But he who conquered sea and land and had the skies at his command has come at last to understand that he's a piker. He fell at Anne Morrow's feet and there confessed that he was beat, and her control was so complete, there's nothing like her.

Now Anne's dad is rich as mud, and hers is just the bluest blood that's ever been since Noah's Flood, and rumor tells that Lindy has acquired the right henceforth to tail the social kite and have his name in black and white among the swells.

It puzzles me to hear 'em say that he whose name in bright array could belt the planet in a day must still be told that he was quite unfit to be received in "best so-ci-e-tee" until he married (on his knee) a pile of gold!

LETTING GOD DO IT

When Congress met in extra session, it was the general impression that Hoover had some well-laid plan to help the poor old farming man. But "farm relief" has turned to vapor, and now I see here in the paper that Hoover aims to pass the buck and leave poor farmers out of luck.

It seems, indeed, that our good Quaker is going to bow before his Maker, with 'tear-drops running down his face, and tell the Lord to take the case. The paper says that Herb's consented to have official prayers presented before God's throne one certain day, and all the plutes will bow and pray.

They'll tell the Lord in touching manner how they have marched beneath His banner, and how they've tried to help the jay who makes the wheat and corn and hay. But, strangely, every time they try it the rich are benefitted by it, and still the man who digs the dirt is never helped but always hurt.

When campaigns come and votes are needed, the old speed-limit is exceeded in making promises to Jake that he shall live on pie and cake. But when the pay-day dawns in glory they come back with a different story, and Mister Hayseed has to do with just a dried-up prayer or two.

Now I suspect that Hank and Hiram can make some prayers if they desire 'em, and they'd be apt to do more good than Mister Big Ike's praying would. And think of just one day of bowing to pray for him who does the plowing, while all the other days are spent in adding to his discontent!

In this connection I will mention that there was once a Cat Convention at which the cats were very nice and prayed for all the little mice. The cats all felt when that was ended that they had acted very splendid. Then having been so wondrous good, they caught just all the mice they could.

This day of prayer that they've appointed to have the farmer's head anointed shows

how they're willing to confess that Old Man Farmer's in distress. It also makes it clearer to me that his prospects are sorter gloomy. If God don't help the poor old soul, he'll have to stay down in the hole.

THE LUCK OF A LOUSY CALF

My uncle Jake's young daughter Kate got married to some sorry skate, and went off with him in a Ford to find a place where they could board. They took their meals at some cafe, and found a barn-loft full of hay where they could sleep beneath the beams, with naught to break their happy dreams.

Now uncle Jake and all the rest were deeply wounded and distressed, and swore with many an ugly durn that Kate should nevermore return. They'd cut her off without a cent because she took that sorry gent, and nary dime of that estate should ever pass on down to Kate.

So Kate and mate dropped out of sight, and no one took the pains to write and ask if they were still alive, or send a wish that they would thrive. The cheap cafe was soon unknown, the barn stood empty and alone, and somewhere down the human stream they drifted onward like a dream.

But somehow, as the seasons rolled, the papers came back East and told how in the West a certain guy was getting rich and living high. For Kate and mate had staked a claim out where the oil gushers flame, and their big gusher did not fail till they were lousy with the kale.

As soon as uncle Jake was wise to Kate's and mate's financial rise, he melted like a tallow man dropped in a red-hot frying-pan. And all the folks about the place grew strangely good and full of grace, and said, with hands across the heart, they always knew that Kate was smart.

The moral is that when you're broke and hungry and about to croak, the folks in country and in town will do their best to keep you down. But if you buck the whole combine and win out big and brave and fine, the doggon hypocrites will try to eat you up like pumpkin pie.

GREAT HOWLING WILDCATS

Away back yander in ancient times before I started to write rhymes, our old friend Ted, as you may recall, was lodged in the White House, teeth and all. And one fine day when the sign was wrong Booker T. Washington came along, and Teddy smole his well-known smile, saying, "Come in, Booker, and stay a-while. We're going to have dinner in an hour or two, and we'll feel honored to eat with you. So you just park yourself and stay and we'll have a good time here to-day." So Booker he parked himself and stayed till dinner was cooked and the plates were laid, and under the table he stuck his feet, and O gosh-a-mighty, how he did eat!

The news went out that the president had really dined with a colored gent, and there was a howl and a cry of shame, and Ted and Booker were both to blame. There was lots of talk, and what folks said was mostly a-cussing out Booker and Ted, and the question grew to an awful size, and Ted grew little in Southern eyes. So there was a plank for the next campaign, and every Jerry and every Jane was up in arms to defend their rights and make the White House safe for the whites.

But just when Hoover had made his start we hear more wails like a broken heart, and we stop and listen at all the row and wonder what CAN be the matter now. Why, hang my buttons and sarn my skin if it ain't the same old "nigger" agin. Bekaze Miz Hoover has pulled a feast and invited the Chocolate Dame de Priest.

Even a Cannon can't always hit the mark.

The storm-center has shifted from Mrs. Gann to Mrs. de Priest. Oh, these troublesome wimmen!

Al Smith is politically dead, but the Anti-Smiths in Virginia are very much alive.

Bishop Cannon is a big gun in the Methodist church, but a mere bean-shooter in Wall Street.