

HISTORY OF THE POPULAR SONG—"AMERICA"

(By B. D. Bunn.)

There is probably no song in our school books or on our patriotic programs that is more familiar than "America." However, probably very few of us know the history of this song nor do we know that there were originally 8 stanzas. To those who are interested I am giving here a partial history of the song and also the 5, 6, and 8 stanzas.

Since "America" was first sung in public on July 4, 1832, special attention was paid during our 1832 Fourth of July celebration to honor Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, the man who wrote the song. Dr. Smith was born in Boston on October 21, 1808. As a boy he attended successively a "dame school," the forerunner of the modern kindergarten; the Pilot School; and the Boston Latin school, in all of which he showed unusual talent and won many medals or scholarships. At the age of seventeen years he entered Harvard college. He was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes who, in one of his less reunion poems—"The Boys"—wrote this quatrain:

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
 But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
 Just read on his medal. "My country, of thee."

In 1831 William C. Woodbridge, a noted educator of New York, visited Germany's public schools, particularly for the purpose of bringing back any idea which might be adapted for use in the schools of the United States. He learned that every good German knows that music has an important place in the life of the people and in school life, as well. Consequently some of the school music books brought back by Mr. Woodbridge were passed along to Lowell Mason, a talented musician and pioneer in the introduction of music into the Boston public schools. Mr. Mason was not a student of German. He asked Samuel Francis Smith who had an extraordinary facility in languages, to make translations from the German or to write new verses which could be set to the German music.

"On a dismal day in February, 1832, looking over one of these books, my attention was drawn to a tune which attracted me by its simple and natural movement and its fitness for children's choirs," wrote Dr. Smith years later.

"Glancing at the German words at the foot of the page, I saw that they were patriotic, and I was instantly inspired to write a patriotic hymn of my own.

"Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I began to write, and in half an hour, I think, the words stood upon it substantially as they are sung today. I did not share the regret of those who deem it an evil that the national tune of Britain and America is the same. On the contrary, I deem it a new and beautiful tie of union between the mother and the daughter.

"I did not propose to write a national hymn. I did not think that I had done so. Some weeks later I sent it to Mr. Mason, and on the following Fourth of July, much to my surprise, he brought it out at a children's celebration, where it was first sung in public." Edward Everett Hale, then ten years old, was one of the children in the choir.

The original manuscript of the famous song is now treasured by the Harvard University library, to which it was bequeathed by Doctor Smith's son in 1914. In accepting the gift W. C. Lane, the Harvard Librarian wrote, "This is one of the most precious bits of original manuscript which any American library could desire to own."

Our glorious Land today,
 Neath Education's sway,
 Soars upward still,
 Its halls of learning fair,
 Whose bounties all may share,
 Behold them every where
 On vale and hill.

The safeguard Liberty,
 The school shall ever be;
 Our nation's pride;
 No tyrant hand shall smite,
 While with encircling might
 All here are taught the Right
 With Truth allied.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
 The stars of progress still
 Our course do sway;
 In unity sublime
 To broader heights we climb,
 Triumphant o'er Time
 God speeds our way.

Grand birthright of our sires,
 Our altars and our fires
 Keep we still pure!
 Our starry flag unfurled,
 The hope of all the world,
 In peace and light impaled,
 God hold secure!

NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The following books have recently been placed on the shelves of the local library.

The Patty Books (5 by Carolyn Wells.

Bouquet Hill, by Jane Abbott.

Corey Takes the Scent Trail, Smith.

A Boy Scout With Byrd, Siple.

The Arrow of Tire, Snell.

A Boy Scout Round the World, Bull.

Mystery Boys in Ghost Canyon, Goris.

(Bought with Mr. Thos. Price's money.)

Wife—"I'm afraid the mountain air would disagree with me."
 Hubby—"My dear, it wouldn't dare!"—Humorist.

Grins and Chuckles

"What a terrible writer Potts is! He once sent a letter to Southon the green grocer, asking him to send some tomatoes."

"What happened?"

"Well, after Smithson had used it for a passport to France and Spain, and as a driving license in Italy, he played it on the piano."

"What's the idea of the Greens having French lessons?"

"They have adopted a French baby, and want to understand what she says when she begins to talk."

During an extremely cold spell in the Puget Sound country, something gummy outside the Chamber of Commerce building and the worst it could do was 72 below.

Along came a man bundled up to his ears, but still shivering. For a moment he gazed at the thermometer then turned away in disgust saying: "Ain't that just like the Chamber of Commerce, anyway?"

Algernon (reading joke): "Fawncy this, Percy, a chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw! Haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

"And here, I suppose, is another of the horrible portraits you call 'art!'" snorted a cross and near-sighted old lady in an Oklahoma City antique shop.

"Excuse me, madam," said the shopkeeper quietly, "but that is a mirror."

"Did you ever hear a fisherman tell the truth?"

"Yes, I heard one call another a liar."

With bowed shoulders Homer Smith entered his house. His dragging feet shuffled their way through the front hall and into the kitchen where his wife was preparing the evening meal. The smile faded from Mrs. Smith's face as she noted the woe-begone appearance of her better half. "Homer!" she cried, slumping into a chair, Homer Smith stared straight ahead with dead eyes. "Tell me, darling," pleaded his wife. She came over to Homer and lifted his chin in her hand. Homer Smith moistened his lips with his tongue. "The worst," he said dismally, "has happened."

"No!" cried Mrs. Smith, aghast. "Yes!" said Homer. "This afternoon just before quitting time the boss called me in and gave me the business."

They were seated across the table from each other in the restaurant, the wealthy octogenarian and the gold digger.

"Will you marry me if I have my health rejuvenated?" he asked.

"I'll marry you, all right," she replied, "but you leave your health the way it is."—American Legion Monthly.

Mother—"Now, do you know where bad little girls go to?"

Molly—"Oh, yes—they go almost everywhere."—Everybody's Weekly (London.)

She (tearfully)—"You said if I'd marry you you'd be humbly grateful."

He (sourly)—"Well, what of it?"

She—"You're not; you're grumbling hatefully."—Boston Transcript.

"We better make a front-page story of this wedding," remarked the editor.

"Why?" asked the society reporter in surprise. "They aren't very prominent people."

"That may be," he replied, "but this is the first account of a wedding you have turned in for ages that hasn't held a last line, 'They will reside with the bride's parents.'"—Freemantle Enquirer.

"My daughter's music lessons are a fortune to me."

"How is that?"

"They enabled me to buy the neighbor's houses at half price."—Gazzettino Illustrato (Venice).

Police Chief—"How's that murder story?"

Cop—"The same old bunk! They catch the murderer in the end."—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

"Just what good have you done to humanity?" asked the judge before passing sentence on the pickpocket.

"Well," replied the confirmed criminal, "I've kept three or four detectives working regularly."—St. John's Telegram.

"What's the matter with that guy?"

"He's complaining to his wife that his stenographer doesn't understand him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It was approaching midnight and the young man still hovered around the door. The stillness was suddenly shattered by a loud crash upstairs.

"Gracious, dear," said the timid swain, "what could that be?" "Oh," replied the miss, "that's just papa dropping a hint."—Pelo-Mele.

Father—"Why won't you marry Fritz?"

Daughter—"I will only marry a man who knows life and has learned its lessons."

Father—"I was a widower."—Deutsche Illustrierte (Berlin.)

Granville County farmers have started an onion growing project as a source of cash for the coming year.

There is

a

Santa Claus

SEE NEXT WEEK'S Mountaineer

An Announcement of Importance Will Be Made Then---A Message of ECONOMY Will Be Broadcast.



HOW ABOUT THE CHILDREN'S SHOES?


Get out last year's school shoes and send them to us and we'll return them to you good as new, and the cost will be very small. Don't wait until cold weather sets in—sent them today.

Next To Western Union Telegraph Office
THE CHAMPION SHOE SHOP
 E. T. Duckett, Prop.
 MAIN ST. NEXT WESTERN UNION

By Osborne

THE FEATHERHEADS

Sending by Remote Control



WELL, WELL, ROSCOE, MY BOY!... SO WE'RE TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY AT SUPPER? THAT'S FINE!

DO YOU KNOW, FANNY... SOMEBODY'S A MIGHTY FINE MANNERLY LITTLE FELLOW IN SPITE OF THE GOSSIPY OL' WITCH AND THE CRACKED OL' GOAT SOMEBODY HAS FOR PARENTS....

IF SOMEBODY'S MOTHER WOULD PUT HER EARS ON WHEELS, THE CITY STREET-CLEANING DEPARTMENT COULD RETIRE!... AN' SOMEBODY'S FATHER PROVED HE WAS CRAZY WHEN HE MARRIED SOMEBODY'S MOTHER!...

I GUESS THAT DOESN'T SQUARE US FOR ALL THE CRACKS THAT ROSCOE'S FOLKS PULLED WHEN FREDDY WAS OVER AT THEIR HOUSE!...

POISON ARROWS

THAT PICTURE GOES ON THIS WALL!!

-AND I REPEAT AGAIN THAT THIS WALL IS TH' ONLY PLACE FOR IT!!

I SAID THIS WALL AND THIS WALL IT'LL BE!

I'M HANGIN' THIS PICTURE AND I'LL HANG IT WHERE I DARN PLEASE! SEE? IT'S GOIN' ON THIS WALL AND NO OTHER !!

ALRIGHT, YOU STUBBORN BRUTE! HANG IT WHERE YOU WANT IT!

ERR-R-NO! WELL PUT IT WHERE YOU WANT IT!

-ANYTHING TO PREVENT A FIGHT!!!!!!