

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

BEECHER B. CONNER.

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MOTHER.

"Mother," What a wonderful word,  
No sweeter one has e're been heard.  
It always means a love that's true,  
A love that always yearns for you.  
Love that abides and never tires,  
Love that strengthens, love that aspires.  
One that fills our lives with song,  
And exalted love, warm and strong,  
A love that toils, plans and prays,  
A love that gladdens all our days.  
How rich we are as her love entwines  
Our hearts with hers ~~as~~ our love it binds.

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MY THOUGHTS OF YOU.

To my Mother.  
Mother's Day, May 8, 1927.

Mother dear, I'm thinking of you,  
The best a boy ever had,  
Through changing years your love so true  
Has always cheered and made me glad.  
So in return I gladly give  
My love perhaps to help the debt to pay  
I owe to you, who through the years  
Has been an inspiration on my way.

Your life though quietly spent at home  
Has instilled in me, out in the throng,  
The thought of character given to men  
Will for life's battle make them strong.  
And so I've held the standard high  
Inspired by your love and prayer,  
And if at last, reward shall come  
You Mother dear, shall have a share.

Thus in life we till the soil,  
Encouraged on by those we love,  
We'll never <sup>truly</sup> know the fruits of toil  
Until we reach the home above.  
And then when heaven's rest is won,  
We'll share the joys, as here we have the burdens borne,  
A common task we have here below,  
A common reward, when the work is done.

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MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

This poem was written for my Mother while I was pastor  
in the Fruitvale Church in Oakland in 1927.

Through all the years I've had a love  
Of value <sup>more</sup> pure than gold,  
'Twas given by my mother, dear,  
Through summer heat and winter's cold.  
Through all the years of toil and time  
Mother's love has been the same,  
No matter in what year or clime,  
That love so true would never wane.

'Twas she who held me on her knee  
When <sup>but</sup> a prattling babe,  
She gave her time and love to me  
Through all that early <sup>age</sup>.  
She sent me <sup>on my way</sup> off to school  
She watched again when school was out,  
At night she tucked me into bed  
And put my childish fears to rout.

She taught my childish lips to pray  
She made me strong to do the right,  
She warned me of the downward way,  
Her love has always held me tight.  
An upward trend she gave to life,  
Well may I now be glad and say,  
My mother's love, a beacon bright,  
Has shined along my onward way.

Some folks leave their wealth in gold,  
Others high position lend,  
But mother's love is wealth untold,  
A legacy that ne'er will end.  
Each year that love has stronger grown,  
It still survives though boys are men,  
We therefore come, to gladly own,  
Her love is richer, than any gem.

DAD.

To be called Dad means much each day,  
To hear you say it, takes cares away,  
It means confidence, trust and cheer,  
Some one to think about all the year.  
It means love and happiness and home.  
It means a welcome when you come.  
It means a talk 'tween those who care  
And guided footsteps led by prayer.  
It means a laugh, 'cause joy appears,  
It means comfort to dry our tears.  
It makes the future all seem bright,  
It lifts the burdens in the night,  
It means a voice to make us glad,  
It means a lot to be called Dad.

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THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS.

Written for Mama's book of poems.

Your my Sweetheart and the girl of my dreams,  
Your a wonderful girl to me,  
I told you I loved you when you was sixteen,  
And you told me the same,- you see.

For forty-one years we've trudged along  
And we've tried to make folks good,  
We have labored by exhortation and song  
And together we always stood.

You've been so wonderful every day,  
You've lifted many a load,  
You've always been helpful in every way  
As we traveled the upward road.

The work you've done and the love you've given  
'Twould take a dozen to do,  
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven,"  
Will someday be said of you.

Your love has been like a beautiful flower,  
Your efforts a very great store,  
You kept the sun shining every hour,  
If you could you would have made it shine more.

We labored together through all the years,  
Many friends we made by the way,  
We asked for service and not for cheers,  
Great joy we found each day.

We enjoyed together the very same things  
As God His beauty did show,  
Their glory in memory to us still clings  
As He helped us His secrets to know.

(Girl Of My Dreams)

God's wonderful world you love as I do,  
Of its glories we have often spoken,  
So this book of poems I'm giving to you  
With love as a beautiful token.

"The Fallen Leaves," "The Singing Brook,"  
"The Rainbow Out At Sea,"  
"The Open Gate," "The Road We Took,"  
Means as much to you as to me.

You'll understand what I saw when you read,  
For with me, you were there, too,  
In them we have riches without anygreed,  
All ours, I'm so glad, aren't you?

We'll enjoy the all for they are great,  
Together their beauties we'll view,  
I found them all in our Golden State  
And for safe keeping I give them to you.

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TO GRACIE MY SWEETHEART ON HER  
THIRTY-SECOND  
BIRTHDAY.

I am thinking Sweetheart of your birthday,  
The day that means much each year.  
As you journey along life's highway  
To me you are growing more dear.  
Your life like the sunbeams of morning,  
Gives happiness, comfort and cheer,  
I love you for what you have been,  
You've brought blessings abundant each year.  
May the changing scenes of your lourney  
Return blessings to you in great store,  
I want you to know that I love you  
And that love will grow more and more.

PATTY LO.

My little grand-daughter eight  
months old.

A wee little girlie I'm thinking about  
The sweetest girlie I know,  
She's happy and winning and smiles with a shout  
And we call her Patty Lo.

She arrived last March one Sunday morn  
And a great reception she had.  
'Twas a happy day when she was born  
As a blessing to mother and dad.

There's nothing nicer in this world so fine  
Than a sweet baby girl to love,  
I have often said, yes, many a time,  
"They're like blessings from heaven above."

So Daddy and Mother I'm saying to you,  
"You've a treasure worth more than gold,  
You have realized that and know it is true  
Though that treasure is not very old."

No doubt in my mind, but God had a part,  
In stretching your heart strings so  
You'd find room for that treasure to place in your heart  
When He gave you Patty Lo.

What a wonderful gift is this girlie you love  
And surround with your tender care,  
There's no privilege greater from heaven above  
Than to train her with instruction and prayer.

(Patty Lo.)

She's a beautiful babe, like a sunbeam bright,  
She has smiles to give away,  
And her little eyes beaming with light  
Sparkle with cheer each day.

She has loving hands and chubby feet,  
She looks like her daddy, too,  
And like her mother, of course she is sweet,  
I'm so happy its true, aren't you?

Her grand-parents think she's just about right,  
So does everybody else on our street,  
If you'd put it to a vote, either day or night,  
I think Patty Lo would beat.

So Patty Lo, we're all for you  
And we want you always to know,  
With your winning smile and eyes so blue,  
All our love with you will go.

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TO ADDIE, MY SWEETHEART ON HER  
THIRTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Addie, my Sweetheart, I'm thinking of you,  
For another birthday is here#,  
How quickly they come and then they go,  
But we all must have one, each year.  
I like to think, when a wee, little girl,  
I rocked you to sleep each night  
When you cuddled up in my arms with a curl  
I thought you were just about right.  
My mind about that has never changed  
As time has rolled along,  
And my love for you has never waned,  
But each year has grown more strong.  
I appreciate all the sunshine you gave  
In kindness, love and good cheer,  
You returned in great measure the love I craved  
As to me you grew more dear.  
I want the years that to you shall come,  
To bring blessings abundant and new  
And to tell you, as long as life's journey shall run  
My best love is always for you.

FRANCIS HAROLD.

My grand-son nine years old.

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I know a boy whose a mighty fine lad,  
"He's growing up fast," I say,  
He's the pride and joy of his Mother and Dad,  
And somehow, I too, feel that way.

Francis Harold is his name,  
He's a partner of mine, you know,  
I've loved him ever since he came  
And I'm going to staywith him, by Joe.

You couldn't purchase the joy we've had  
In the years that have gone by,  
In thinking and planning for this little lad,  
'Cause he couldn't be matched if you'd try.

He looks like his Mother, also like his Dad,  
He's a fellow we(re all proud of,  
Through all the years in the blessings we've had  
He's the best, and the one we most love.

What's nicer to have than a boy just nine,  
Who likes to run and to shout?  
In all kinds of weather he's always fine  
And we like to have him about.

So Mother and Daddy, you've a treasure, rare,  
In the boy God gave to you,  
He's worth your brst instruction and prayer  
And of everything else you can do.

He's bright and capable and studious, too,  
A boy folks like to meet each day,  
He's one we know will always be true,  
As he travels down life's highway.

So Francis Harold we're glad your here,  
We all think your mighty fine,  
We'll give you our best year after year,  
And you'll stand for the right, all the time.

THE HANKY THAT FLEW AWAY.

To my little girl Dorothy who lost her  
hanky.

This poem was written on the Ferry between San Francisco  
and Sausalito August 7, 1935 after my little girl Dorothy  
lost her hanky on Market Street.

I stood on the street corner one windy day,  
In a city beside the sea,  
Two lovely maidens stood by my side,  
Two lovely maidens and me,

And as we looked into each others eyes,  
And said, "Which way shall we go?"  
A naughty wind came romping by  
And how that wind did blow.

It snatched a hanky from one maiden fair,  
A maiden both lovely and sweet,  
It took the hanky from her tender care,  
And flung it right out in the street.

"My hanky is gone," said this dear little girl,  
"I hated to lose it so,"  
I gallantly said, "I'd go after it  
But I'd risk my life you know."

So it flew in glee midst the traffic's din,  
And eloped with the wind so gay,  
To have stopped their flight would have been a sin,  
So I said, "With the maidens I'll stay."

So Dorothy, dear, here's a hanky new  
To dry those falling tears,  
May it take the place of the one that flew  
And give you comfort for years.

Handkerchiefs come and handkerchiefs go  
And some go far away,  
But this one I trust, you'll hang on to  
And keep it, yes, many a day.

TO DOROTHY ON YOUR  
BIRTHDAY.  
MAY 19, 1936.

I am thinking of your birthday, Dorothy dear,  
As you pass another mile-stone on your way,  
Many times I have thought of you this year  
And there are lots of nice things I would like to say;  
You have been cheerful, helpful and kind,  
Sunbeams you have scattered along the way.  
One more thoughtful than you, would be hard to find,  
You have been a blessing every day;  
So many fine sentiments you have passed along,  
They have come like messages divine,  
New strength they have given and made me strong,  
And added new courage all the time.  
So I am writing this verse because it is true,  
Love and appreciation, mother and I both send,  
We hope many more birthdays will come to you  
And the blessings of heaven will ever attend.

THE COZY APARTMENT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

This poem was written for the book of poems I gave to Mrs Dorothy Skinner of Susanville in whose apartment we were entertained while visiting there.

There are three little rooms at the top of the stairs,  
All cozy, as cozy can be,  
A place where sunbeams steal in un-awares,  
There's a welcome for you and for me.

It was there for awhile we were asked to abide,  
In those rooms always cheerful and bright,  
What more could we ask? 'Twould be hard to decide,  
For everything there was just right.

There were smiles, kind words and greetings, all true,  
There was warmth and friendship and love,  
Had you been there, you'd enjoyed it too,  
For it savoured of heaven above.

There sunshine came streaming in every day,  
Outside friendly vines clambored high,  
And the birds came to sing and warble their lay,  
While the trees stood as sentinals, nigh.

And the cheerful young lady who was hostess there,  
Was one worthy to have as a friend,  
She was thoughtful and kind, always full of good cheer,  
Bringing blessings without any end.

Its nice to abide for awhile with one  
Who does everything just right,  
For mother and me it was just like home  
And we enjoyed it with all our might.

So Dorothy, <sup>may</sup> we'll come again  
And stay with you where you live,  
If we don't, we'll expect you to visit us, then,  
You'll be welcome to all we can give.

A TRUE FRIEND.

*I tribute to Dr. L. R. Van Allen of Ukiah, Calif*

Written for the book of poems that I presented to Dr. and Mrs VanAllen and Ruth.

Dr., you've been a true friend to me,  
And I'm writing a line to say,  
I have always been glad with you to be,  
As we've ridden down life's highway.

Over the mountain in stormy weather,  
Down the road on a hurry call,  
By the sea we've ridden together,  
Just a day's work, that was all.

But that day always held something fine,  
In service and love bestowed,  
I'd like to go with you any time  
Over any kind of a road.

Your life's been given to your fellow man,  
My task was helpful, too.  
Our journey along the same highway ran,  
I am glad I could work with you.

Our united efforts would make a great pile,  
We've given the best we had,  
Our friendship grew stronger too, all the while,  
And for that I'm most thankful and glad.

I cherish that friendship, its worth more than gold,  
'Twill last though the stars above fall,  
'Twill be fresh and strong when the world has grown cold,  
Friendship's the best treasure of all.

THE ASCENT OF THE WINDING ROAD.

This poem is taken from one of my sermons entitled, "Flirting With Death On A Thousand Turns." A trip Doctor VanAllen and I took when we climbed the steep, winding narrow Boonville grade in one of the most terrific storms of the winter of 1923, on one of its darkest nights, in answer to a call forty miles away, to minister to a sick baby. This poem closes the sermon with the lessons it brings.

We came one night to the foot of the grade  
There the steep ascent to begin,  
We thought of the slime and the rolling rocks  
And the curves that turned out and in.  
The storm in its fury like a monster great  
Was tramping the mountain o'er,  
We felt his breath in mighty gusts  
Sweep up from the ocean shore.

The road was crooked and slick and mean,  
We flirted with death on each turn,  
But the road and the storm couldn't stop the man  
Whose heart with a purpose did burn.  
We climbed to the place amid the clouds  
Where the wind leaped o'er in its might,  
We ever pressed on in a worthy task  
In the storm of that darkened night.

That night as we climbed the mountain road  
With dangers on turns that were near,  
We thought of the winding way of life  
With its pleasures, its grief and fear.  
We thought of those on the slippery way  
Where sin does its deadly work,  
And prayed, "O God help us be true  
And never a duty shirk."

May we always be willing to face the storm  
And be true to our task each day,  
May we try from the slippery turns of sin  
To warn each soul away.  
May we help them climb to the heights above  
'Round the dangerous turns on the road,  
'Till by the light of God's wonderful love  
They may reach a safe abode.

THAT BOY. Place in book of poems.

This poem was written July 27, 1910 when Bob the first baby made his appearance amid great rejoicing. This was a letter of congratulation to the happy Daddy.

Is it true your wife's been at San Rafael  
Sojourning a week or two,  
And soon after she'd gone - well,  
A boy came along, is it true?

I heard, "He arrieved near ten o'clock,  
A fine nine pounder," they said.  
And of course he's the very best stock  
And looks, - well, like his Dad.

"And the Dad," they say, "He's doing fine,  
Kent's ranch has grown so small  
He gets around over it now in about three strides,  
On account of the boy, that's all."

I don't blame you Bob 'cause your collar won't fit,  
And they say, "Your hat's too small."  
Well, buy a new hat, if I had a boy as fine as that,  
Mine wouldn't fit at all.

I'm glad he's here after nearly a year  
Of planning and waiting with joy,  
What's nicer to have in a house like yours  
Than a great big bouncing boy?

Now you'll have to buy him something to eat,  
And there's clothes to get galore,  
And shoes, well- when you come to that  
You may have to buy a store.

(That Boy)

Then, there's a bat and a ball and a fife and a drum  
And all kinds of things that make noise,  
You might as well know, these will have to come  
Since you, have begun to raise boys.

The boy's all right and he's here on time,  
No matter if he does make noise.  
Home isn't complete be it ever so fine,  
Without either girls or boys.

His ~~Mama~~ Mama's alright; she's as good as his Dad  
And both of you planning together,  
Will train him into a stalwart lad  
To stand in all kinds of weather.

God bless the boy, may his pathway be bright,  
God bless his Dad and ~~Mama~~ Mama with joy,  
And as they train him to stand for the right  
May they always be glad, God gave them a boy.

THE MAN.

A companion poem to "That Boy."  
For the book of poems.

The boy I wrote about some years ago,  
Is a man now, big and tall,  
Its astonishing how that boy did grow,  
He just stretched up and up - that's all.

He didn't stay little like some boys do,  
And he's not the kind of a man that's small,  
He's the fellow who worked his way through  
And has gone forward ever since he could crawl.

His Dad had a right to be proud at his birth,  
His ~~Mama~~ as good a right, too, For now that he's grown and established his worth,  
For now that he's grown and established his worth,  
I don't know one finer than he, do you?

He's dependable, industrious, talented and strong,  
In character- high minded and true,  
In life's race as he goes along  
With a noble purpose his task he'll do.

I said at his birth when I wrote to his Dad,  
That he and his Mother together  
Would train him into a stalwart lad  
To stand in all kinds of weather.

Prophecies sometimes come true,  
And the one I made back there  
Has been fulfilled, I can tell <sup>it</sup> unto you,  
Through loving instruction and helpful prayer.

I prayed at his birth that his path would be bright,  
That his Mother and Dad would be blessed with joy,  
And as they trained him to stand for the right  
They would always be glad God gave them a boy.

My prayer has been answered, how glad I am,  
We are proud of our Bob, so fine,  
And now that he's grown to be a man,  
We know he'll keep step, all the time.

OUR GRACE.

Written for book of poems to the  
Cunninghams.

Our Grace is a winsome girl,  
She grew up fast like her brother,  
How often she set our hearts in a whirl,  
But we wouldn't trade her off for another.

When she was little she was as quick as a cat,  
Her ~~Mama~~ would put her down, there,  
Then when she'd look 'round to the place where she sat,  
She wasn't to be seen anywhere.

She could climb trees and run like a deer,  
She wasn't still a minute, you see,  
But she got lots of lovin' and broght lots of cheer  
For she was as sweet, as sweet could be.

She hasn't changed much, though now a big girl,  
She's sweet and winsome and happy,  
She still sets folks hearts in a whirl,  
Isn't it so? Ask Mama and Pappie.

Its mighty fine to have a big boy,  
And still finer to have a girl, too,  
They are worth a lot, for they've broght lots of joy,  
And they've both grown up good and true.

We are for you Grace, we are gld you're here  
We are glad you are on the upward climb,  
And as you go forward, year after year,  
We'll stand with you all the time.

We want you to have friends and good success  
With much happiness along the way,  
And as you travel the highway of life, jes,  
Scatter sunshine every day.

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THAT GANG OF MINE.

Written for the book of poems sent to Mr and Mrs Barr in the Fruitvale Church and the gang that was especially with us there.

Over in Oakland, some years ago,  
Was a gang I belonged to, there,  
A pretty fine crowd I'd have you know  
As nice as you'd find, anywhere.

They were congenial, happy, good-looking and sweet,  
Sometimes they talked a good deal,  
But as fine a gang as you'd want to meet  
Especially so, at a meal.

What times we had with tables spread  
All loaded, piled high to the top  
With pies and turkey, plum-puddings and bread,  
No wonder, 'twas hard to stop.

What joy we had when together we got,  
What fun when we'd joke and laugh,  
I tell you that gang of mine means a lot,  
I couldn't tell it all, nor half.

That gang stood with me all the time,  
In sunshine or stormy weather,  
If we had a dollar or a dime  
We'd always hang together.

Its mighty fine to belong to a crowd  
On whose love you can always depend,  
I want to say it and say it so loud  
It'll be heard to the world's very end.

Friendship is worth much more than gold,  
Its the richest gem you can find,  
Its value increases as the world grows old,  
I'd rather have friendship than gold, any time.

So I'm going to stay with you gang of mine,  
And I want you to stay with me, too,  
'Cause I want folks to know its mighty fine,  
To have a staying gang, like you.

DOCTOR COMPTON AND BEECHER B.

This poem was written March 6, 1935 at Susanville when we were to attend an Official Board Meeting at the home of Mr and Mrs O'Dell. It turned out to be a party. Our birthdays both come on March 6th although I am two years older than Dr.

Long years ago in U.S.A.  
Not the same year but on the same day  
Two babes were born, I do declare,  
And though time has passed, they still are here.  
Beecher Barnum - myself - that's me,  
The fellow who's talking - and the one you see.  
It's not nice to brag, but I'm some-what renown, ~~named~~  
Named after a preacher and a circus clown.  
As Barnum a circus I should have joined  
And gained the world's applause  
But being Beecher, I married a teacher,  
And became a preacher,  
And that's the reason - because,  
Well - it was to be as it was.

That other kid, Dr. Compton by name,  
Came two years later than me.  
He's tall and lanky and long like a chain  
And grew up straight like a tree.  
I don't know what he can say for himself  
After following two years on my trail,  
But he came along more than fifty years,  
Before he caught sight of my sail.  
A circus he never joined  
And a preacher he never became,  
But he likes to Chiropract  
So he gets there just the same.  
He stretches you out and snaps your back,  
He pounds your ribs and gives you a whack,  
You'd think him a baker making bread,  
But when you stop to think - instead,  
You know he's just a Chiropract  
Taking the kinks all out of your back.

Well, we've traveled along, the Dr. and me  
And we're mighty happy here to be.  
Hand in hand we work together  
In sunshine and stormy weather.  
We're both after kinks and we'll straighten you out,  
If your soul is crooked or you've got the gout.  
Come to church some day if you're able,  
If not, find Doc's house and climb on his table,  
We'll give you a whack or a bit of advice,  
And if you come once you'll want to come twice,  
We'll both send you on your happy way,  
And we'll take your kinks all out to stay.

THE FRIENDLY HOUSE BY THE ROAD.

In September 1935 Mrs Conner and I spent two weeks in the little cottage of Miss Grace Toles and Rev. and Mrs Bonner at Casper on the Mendocino coast. This little poem I wrote and tacked on the wall when we left. \_\_\_\_\_

We found this house all spick and span  
It was nice and tidy and neat,  
So before we left we cleaned it again  
And swept all the dirt to the street.

We scrubbed the floor and scoured the sink,  
Filled the wood box to the top,  
And what else we ought, we did, I think,  
Before we were willing to stop.

We spent two weeks in this lovely place,  
Our appreciation we want to tell,  
We thank the Bonners and Miss Grace  
With Mr and Mrs Toles as well.

It's nice to own a humble abode  
Where friends can dwell for a time,  
Your little house beside the road  
For comfort is mighty fine.

In your house beside the Western Sea  
Our happiness was all complete,  
Blessings came to my wife and me  
From your kindness that can't be beat.

May all who come within these walls  
Know that friendship does here abide,  
And its not the kind that rises and falls  
For it doesn't change like the tide.

We thank you for our happy time,  
You Toles'es and you Bonners,  
May your lives with friendship always chime,  
Is our best wish, - The Conners.

I'M THE LAZIEST MAN  
IN TOWN.

I'm the laziest man in town,  
While other folks plan and labor and sweat,  
I just sleep or bum around,  
'Cause I want to be lazy as I can get.

I'm so lazy I can't even spell the word, "work."  
I can't even take time to think.  
If you'd give me a job, I'd have to shirk  
And that would make my laziness shrink.

I'm just an aggrevatin' old bum,  
Just lollin' around, "lazy," I say,  
If you'd call me, I'm to lazy to come  
I'm just lazyevery day.

I'm so lazy I have nothin' to worry about,  
I'm as lazy as an old cat,  
I'm so lazy I put all care to rout,  
I don't worry so I'm satisfied at that.

Folks don't like a lazy man,  
But I'm so lazy I don't care,  
I'm going to be lazy as long as I can,  
I'm just tellin' you, "I'm lazy," so there.

25

I'M TAKING A REST.

42  
After thirty-nine years in the Ministry I took the Retired Relation in June 1935. This poem was written a few months following my retirement.

I'm taking a rest after years of toil,  
"A rest that I needed," they say.  
I kept at my task a long, long time  
Before I went on my way,  
To a place of quiet all free from care  
Where tired nerves can heal,  
I guess its alright, meby its so,  
But I don't like the way I feel.

I'm a shepherd now without any sheep,  
Just a roving vagabond.  
I'm on my way with no place to go,  
Just traveling around and around.  
I go to the mountains or down by the sea,  
I just settle down anywhere,  
I have hosts of friends all good to me  
So I just rest without any care.

I've had a good time through all the years  
Though sometimes the way was rough;  
I've chased the devil 'round the stump  
And hoped he'd holler "enough."  
But he's a wiry old fellow, I'll tell you that, *I'm telling you*  
He never will admit defeat,  
I'd like to keep on giving him whacks  
Until he knows he's beat.

I've fought through the sunshine and the rain,  
I've been on the firing line;  
I want to get back to the front again,  
Out in the struggle, sometime.  
I want an army to call my own,  
An army that's true all the tiemne.  
That has heard His voice and will march along,  
The soldiers of Christ Divine.

There is much to do, there's no time to rest,  
Great tasks that need to be done,  
I want to be active and doing my best  
In the battles that must be won.  
So when I get through with wandering around  
And get back my strength again,  
I'll march to the front when the call shall sound  
And help the victory to win.

THE VAGABOND PREACHER WHO MUST'NT  
GO BACK.

This poem was written soon after I retired from the Ministry in June 1935. The sentiment of it came from some advice I had heard given by Bishops and from other preachers, that A Minister must stay away from his former charges. He might interfere with the work of the Minister who follows# him. I can say after thirty-nine years in the Ministry all the former preachers were welcome back to the charges I served and I never had one to interfere with my Ministry. They were always welcome and we were happy to have them.

I'm a vagabond preacher with nothing to do,  
I've toiled on and on, yes, many years through.  
Now I'm a wanderer day after day,  
What's a vagabond preacher good for anyway?

The years that are passed were active and strong,  
I gave them my best all the way<sup>o</sup>long,  
But now I'm out, the job has been done,  
I'm not bragging about it, but I know that I won.

When the battle was on, I got into the fight,  
I gave all I had for I knew I was right,  
But the devil's still strong and doing his best,  
Will somebody fight while I take a rest?

I wish I had now, the strength of my youth,  
I'd go back to the field and battle for truth,  
I'd give the old devil a tussel I'm sure  
I'd fight on and on, in God's righteous war.

The tragedy of life is, we get through to quick,  
When we learn how to do, then we get sick,  
Well, I'm on the mend, I'll fool 'em all yet,  
And when I get strong I'll be there, you bet.

Another thing bothers me in my wakeful hours,  
I've made many friends more beautiful then flowers;  
Friends who are true, intelligent and fine  
Worth more than gold to me any time.

I'd like to go back to my friends some day  
In the churches I've served, and for a while stay,  
But folks say, "No! that will never do,  
A preacher mustn't go back when he's through"

(Must'nt Go Back)

"Another man has taken your place,  
You might hinder him in his good work of grace,  
Folks can't love him and love you too,  
So I wouldn't go see them, if I were you."

So the man who has toiled, not for silver and gold  
But to train the young and comfort the old,  
Mustn't live his life like other folks do,  
He should be a hermit when he gets through.

The butcher, the baker and the old saloon keep~~er~~  
Can all go back and visit some day,  
But the preacher whose toiled, unless he's a fakir,  
When he leaves a place, must for good, stay away.

He mustn't go back, he'd cause disaster,  
Things would go hay-wire, faster and faster,  
A terrible sin a preacher would do,  
To go back for a visit with those whom he knew.

He might make it hard for the dominie, there  
To look after the flock now under his care,  
Its all wrong for a preacher to love his friends,  
When he leaves a charge, then his work ends,

So I want to say while I have your attention,  
This is all false doctrine, and I want to mention,  
I'm going right back to my old haunt  
And I'm going to stay as long as I want.

I'll help the preacher and give him a hand,  
To lead those I love to the promised land,  
We'll work together with God's own Son  
'Till sin is destroyed and the victory's won.

27

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.  
Believe it or not.

At Kentfield, Marin Co., I stood under a large spreading limb reaching out over a smaller tree and stunting its growth. Three times I said, 'That big limb ought to come down.' A few days later, early in the quiet of the morning, it fell of its own weight although it was a strong healthy limb. What made it fall? Was it the power of suggestion?

---

Suggestion, what can that be?  
Is it something you say or something you see?  
Do folks make it to help along  
And use its power for right or wrong?  
Does it influence people and trees and birds?  
What is suggestion, have you ever heard?  
Just listen a minute and I'll try to tell,  
Then you'll see how suggestion can work quite well.

I stood one day by a stately tree  
With spreading branches a delight to see,  
But in its pride and glory and charm  
To a smaller tree it did much harm.  
A spreading branch reached out in its greed  
And stunted the smaller tree in its need,  
So I suggested to Robert, close by,  
'Cut down that limb up toward the sky,  
Then the smaller tree will grow straight and strong,  
That spreading limb is doing it wrong.'

Another day when passing by,  
I suggested to Dorothy, on the sly,  
'That limb ought to fall, its in the way,  
I hope to see it down some day.'

A third time as I passed <sup>max</sup> along  
With Betty who was singing a song,  
I suggested that limb must come down,  
Then that smaller tree can spread around.

Well, suggestion is a mighty power  
For Sunday morn at an early hour,  
That limb could hold to the tree no more  
It fell to the ground with a terrible roar.

"No reason," they said, "Why it should fall,"  
Just the power of suggestion, that was all.

WHAT BROUGHT THE WALLS OF JERICO DOWN?

(Companion to-"The Power of Suggestion")

The thought in this poem was suggested by my friend, Rev. E.L.Spaulding of Susanville when Dorothy read him my poem on "Suggestions." He jokingly said, "Now I know why the walls of Jericho fell."

What brought the walls of Jericho down,  
Did you ever hear any one tell?  
For Jericho was quite a town  
And its strange how those mighty walls fell.

I would never have known unless I'd been told  
By a friendly preacher named Spaulding,  
He's a man who thinks, but is mighty bold,  
When he tells how those walls came falling.

It was on this wise, long, long ago,  
When Joshua sent out his men,  
To find the city and around it go,  
And then go 'round it again.

It was just a suggestion, but they obeyed,  
And on their horns blew a blast,  
And with the job they continually stayed  
As they marched around, steady and fast.

Suggestions do everywhere abound  
We'll let it go at that,  
Just listen for the trumpet's sound  
And the walls will fall down flat.

So Joshua's men marched on and on,  
The men on the walls all jeered,  
But suggestions were working on that old town  
'Till those fellows up there got scared.

Every day suggestions worked,  
Not a man failed in his duty,  
Around that city suggestions lurked  
For victory but not for booty.

(Walls Of Jericho)

Seven times around the city  
And then seven times more,  
They suggested without any pity  
And the walls came down with a roar.

Well, there are walls now that <sup>should</sup> will crumble away,  
Don't you think it would be mighty fine,  
As we march through life in this our day,  
If we'd just suggest sometime?

Could we wake folks up and get them to work  
By blowing a blast each day?  
Let's tell them they must not shirk  
But help tear the walls away.

A suggestion might help to put men to rout  
'Twould disturb that jeering crowd,  
They'd look around themselves, there-about  
If they heard a shout, good and loud.

There are walls of intemperance and walls of greed,  
Walls both high and strong,  
These walls will crumble- we only need  
An army to march along.

We can tear our walls of Jericho down,  
By suggesting to folks we know  
To help us wake up the old town,  
As around and around we go.

The Lord is strong,- we follow Him,  
The walls of sin we see,  
And God still works through humble men  
And gives the vistory.

30

WILL THE WORKING MAN HAVE A CHANCE ?

Written in Nov. 1935.

Who said we'll balance the budget  
In this fine old U.S.A.?  
For three years now we've had that talk  
Do you know who said it, Say ?

"We'll give the working man a chance,"  
Have you seen any, working around?  
"We'll put the price of things so low  
It will be right down to the ground."

"We'll soak the rich and take his doe,"  
Wont it be lots of fun  
To take the working man in on the deal  
And give him a job when its done?

'Cause there are jobs of influence and power,  
Great salaries are paid to men,  
But the working man who wants a job  
Say ! Where does he come in?

Does he have a chance to hoe and plow  
Or behind a counter stand?  
Wouldn't it be fine if he had half a chance  
Of these big salaried men?

How does he eat and for loved ones care?  
What will he do for bread?  
We buried the hogs in the fields back there,  
He can't eat them, they've been too long dead.

On potatoes now we pay a tax,  
And on everything else that we buy,  
How is the laboring man going to live,  
Could you figure it out if you'd try?

Will beautiful words and political schemes  
Feed the mouths of the little tots?  
Will taxes that eat all the profits up  
Furnish men with things they have not?

(Will The Working Man, etc.)

Who will lead us out of this wilderness,  
And show us the promised land?  
What we need is a Joseph or Joshua  
A real understanding man.

Not with promises that are unkept,  
And perhaps that get no where,  
God give us a man with vision keen,  
To save our land so fair.

Let the man who labors have a chance,  
Cut down the salaries high,  
Give to him who toils and tills the soil  
Some money with which to buy.

Prosperity then will come again  
In this old U.S.A.  
What we need is a man to lead us out,  
Will some one find him, Say?

COME TO CAMP.  
(An Invitation)

When I was pastor in Oakland, in 1929, Mrs Conner and I were enjoying our vacation during July in Calistoga. This was an invitation sent to my Gang to come up and visit us.

From the shade of the oaks in vacation time  
I write a line to thee.  
I hope to our camp you'll make a trip  
And your faces soon we'll see.  
The snails are fewer day by day,  
If you dont hurry, they'll all be gone;  
Come up quick and with us abide  
And we hope your stay will be happy and long.  
On the sleeping porch you can snooze and snore  
At the table you can eat your fill;  
Come up and abide at Conner's Camp  
And stay as long as you will.  
The days are warm and the nights are cool  
The birds sing a happy lay,  
The breezes waft sweet zepthers true  
And the owls chant, "Hoo,hoo," 'till day,  
Come up, come up and stay.

THE ANSWER.  
(By Flossie Barr)

Above the hum and clatter and din  
And the roar of the city street,  
Came a silent call from the far away  
That quickened our hearts a beat.  
"Come out, come out," It seemed to say,  
"Come out where the winds blow free  
Where the breezes moo and the owls Hoo hoo  
High up in the old oak tree."  
And we took not long to heed the call  
And we laid our cares aside,  
And the jones'es and Vans and Barrs struck out  
For the open country side.  
On Friday morn at break of day  
Let nothing intervene,  
To Conner's Camp we will wend our way  
Where the woods and fields are green.  
We'll bring our eats and blankets, too,  
And just let the old snails be,  
The others can sleep where ever they will,  
But its the sleeping porch for me.

TENDING STORE FOR JONES.

In the summer of 1926 when I was pastor in Oakland, my good friend W.E.Jones had to go away for three days and I took care of his furniture store so as to make it possible for him to go. \_\_\_\_\_

I'm tending store for W.E.Jones  
Out on Hopkins street,  
While he goes off to enjoy life  
Up among the Redwoods, great.  
I'm some clerk, no doubt about that,  
I'd like to sell the whole thing out,  
Then wouldn't Jones laugh when he comes home;  
He'd give me a share in the store, no doubt.

It would then be Conner and Jones,- some name,  
We'd have the Irish all beat;  
We'd go down to Broadway and buy a new store  
And be the biggest toads on the street.  
But at the rate business is coming in  
I don't think he'll take me just yet;  
I'm doing my best to make it go  
And to take all the money, I can get.

If I can sell a mattress or a chair  
Or some other things he's got;  
A buggy for some crying babe- I declare,  
And a machine to sew for the tot,  
Then an ice box to keep its food cool  
And a graphophone to play it a tune,  
When Jones comes home and sees what I've done,  
He'll laugh and go off in a swoon.

I want to tell you that this man Jones  
Is the dandiest kind of a chap,  
The folks 'round here say,-"He can't be beat,"  
So we'll let it go at that.  
I'll rush the business all I can  
I'll sell it out if I'm able,  
I wish I could sell so when he comes home  
He won't find even a table.

But then, I can't compel them to buy,  
If they wont come in I can't make them,  
When they do come in, I'm going to try  
To sell and to sell 'till I break them.  
Then when Jones comes back to the furniture stor  
He'll have to put in a new stock,  
And so it goes to buy more goods and sell more goods  
You have to talk and talk and talk.

WHEN WE LOCKED UP THE OLD SALOON.

This poem was written at Arcata, Cal. Jan. 16, 1920 when we locked up the old saloon and Prohibition went into effect.

The open saloon has closed its doors,  
For drunken John Barleycorn's dead,  
An out-raged Republic decreed it so  
And to prove it, cut off John's head.  
Too long has money flowed over the bar  
From cravings that kept men poor,  
The Government stepped in by good men led  
And put a lock on the old saloon door.

The day is now gone when men sell their souls  
For a drink of rum or rye,  
And the men that profited over the bar  
Had to tell the saloon good-bye.  
By the sweat of their brow, now, they'll earn their bread  
And happy they'll be at last,  
When the meaning they learn, why John is dead  
And the saloon made a thing of the past.

Money that once was spent for booze,  
Will now go for clothes instead;  
The children too, will have new shoes  
And the hungry will have bread.  
New homes will grow and comforts come  
To abide in hearts a-tune;  
What a wonderful day in this land of ours  
When we locked up the old saloon.

Note- This poem was true during the reign of National Prohibition and until March 1932 when Franklin D. Roosevelt became President and under promises made to the liquor traffic repealed the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and brought about the most lawless and cruel reign of the saloon and liquor traffic that the nation has ever seen.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

These jingles were written in Oakland in May 1926 and were used as part of a sermon I then prepared, entitled, "Flirting With Death On A Thousand Turns."

1. He beat the train to the crossing,  
The reason why, no one knew;  
Its supposed he was showing the engineer,  
What his little old fliver would do.

He demonstrated the fact alright,  
Now instead of driving a fliver,  
He's singing a song with the angels above,  
While his car rests in peace in the river.

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2. She lighted the fire with kerosene,  
"Its the quickest way," she said,  
Her soul now rests in peace, serene,  
But her friends say, "She is dead."

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3. He took a nice bath before going to bed,  
And expected to be through by eleven,  
But he stepped on the soap that he left in the tub,  
And instead of bed, it was heaven.

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4. He took a trip in a flying machine,  
And said, "It'll not be long I am gone,"  
The propellor broke, he got a knock on the bean  
And he is still flying on.

THE WILLITS HOEDOWN.

This poem was written at Willits, cal Dec. 1907. Going out on the porch one winter evening we heard the folks in a neighboring house making merry at an old fashioned country dance.

They had a dance the other night,  
Up our street, just on the right;  
No carpet on the floor was laid  
And you should have heard the racket made.

The dance crowds came from their homes around  
To jig to the music that there was found;  
The guitar and fiddle both were played  
As their feet kept time to the music made.

The polka, waltz and schottish, too  
Were all engaged in by the few,  
The quadrille though, it took the cake  
For oh! what racket they did make.

The fiddler stomped to keep good time,  
The floor-manager got the folks in line,  
The caller said: "Now right by four,"  
And then the music played the more.

"All join hands and circle to the left,  
Now to the right and swing your best,  
All promenade and then sit down  
And wait for the music for another round."

No doubt they thought a good time they had  
As they danced to the tune of the fiddler, lad,  
And his foot that kept time, it must have been sore,  
For as he played, he stomped the more.

And the floor, surely, it must have worn through,  
As moment by moment that heavy old shoe  
Came down with a bang, and a thump and a thud  
That a two inch plank couldn't long have stood.

And the neighbors, well, they all peeked out  
To see what the racket was all about,  
And then they went to bed in disgust  
And said: "They wished that fiddler's string would bust."

One tune he knew and that he played  
And kept it up as long as they stayed;  
So we hope no more of these shindigs, soon,  
Will come around with a one string tune.

37

MY BASAL MATABELISM TEST.

This poem was written after I had had a Basal Matabelism Test in the office of Dr H.W.Comfort in Fortuna on August 24, 1936.

To a Doctor's office I went one day,  
For a Basal Matabelism Test,  
A dark haired maiden said right away,  
"Walk into this room and we'll do the rest."

I followed her down a long hall way  
To a door on the left at the farther end;  
She said, "Here's the place we want you to stay  
Till I come later your case to attend."

I took off my coat and she put me to bed  
And covered me up to the chin,  
Then went off and left me as if I ~~was~~ dead  
And shut the door tight with me with-in.

So I closed my eyes and went to sleep  
Till another maiden came in bye and bye,  
Then I slowly awakened and took a peep  
As she pulled a machine to the hall on the sly.

There she got a hammer and began to pound  
And together these maidens worked with zest,  
Again they opened the door and I soon found  
I was to have my Basal Matabelism Test.

They pulled that machine up close to my bed,  
One laid the hammer on the floor,  
One took my glasses from my head  
And then they shut tight the hall way door.

Two nurses with a hammer and a machine that was queer,  
What chance had a mortal like me ?  
Something like a halter they put over my ear  
And my glasses were gone so I couldn't see.

Then a muzzle they brought and put over my nose  
And strapped it down tight on my face,  
Then they hitched me on to that machine  
And said, "Breathe natural!" My what a place.

My Basal Matabelism Test. Cont.

Well, I couldn't talk and I couldn't see  
And the hammer lay close by,  
There were two of them and only one of me  
So I had to submit or die.

But I breathed natural their fancy to please,  
They didn't seem sorry to treat me so;  
Tough the muzzle they loosened so I could breathe  
Without an apology they let me go.

They asked my age and how tall I'd grown  
They weighed me to see if I was fat,  
With a jigger they tested my temperature zone  
And wrote it all down on a paper flat.

Then they led me into another room  
And said, "Take off your shirt in here,"  
So at last I ~~###~~ thought they had sealed my doom  
And was just about ready to faint with fear.

When the Doc. came in and looked me o'er  
To see what damage had been done  
He didn't notice whether I was fat or poor  
And couldn't find a broken bone- not one.

He had let those nurses do their best,  
Of how I was treated he had nothing to say,  
He just smiled and with My Basal Matabelism Test  
Sent me out happy on my way.

OUR MESSAGE TO YOU.

This poem was written at Fortuna Calif. August 27, 1936. Mrs Conner and I were on our vacation and had expected to spend only two weeks here, when Mrs Conner # was taken sick and we spent seven instead. Brother and Sister Roush, Pastor & wife of the church were going East for a month so invited us to use the parsonage while they were gone hence the following poem.

A little message to you good folks named Roush,  
With our appreciation full and true,  
You were so nice to let us use your house  
To live in a week or two.

We found it comfortable, cheery and bright  
With a parsonage home atmosphere,  
And as we move out, with all our might  
We thank you for letting us live awhile here.

You are like the man who lived in the house  
That was built by the side of the road;  
For you, Gary and Mrs Roush  
Gave two stranded travelers a restful abode.

I have read when a deed is in kindness shown  
Full of comfort and helpful good cheer,  
It is not given for one alone  
But to be carried on year after year.

So we want you to know for what you have done  
For the love and kindness you've shown,  
My wife and I both promise- each one,  
That your deed will not travel alone.

We will send it with other deeds, on its way  
Like bread on the waters cast,  
And perchance, somewhere, on some other day  
It will return in good measure to you at last.

JUST MARRIED.

This poem was written while I was pastor of the Fruitvale Methodist Church in Oakland in the Summer of 1926. Mrs Conner and I had loaded our car, ready to start on our vacation Sunday evening after Church service. The car was standing outside the garage between the church and parsonage. During the service there wasn't enough men in the congregation to atke the offering. I wondered at it but found out later they were outside and into mischief. The poem will explain.

The story I have to tell  
Is one that is strange to relate;  
Its about a preacher whose name is Beecher  
And of his wife who for years was his mate.  
They toiled a year on the Fruitvale Charge  
And worked hard to improve its condition,  
So the Official Board at their meeting in June  
Said.-"We'll give them both a vacation."

Now that wasn't strange after working a year  
For a preacher to have a rest,  
So he and his wife both planned the trip  
And entered into it with much zest;  
They thought of a place by the river side  
Where phones and door bells are unknown,  
And planned to peacefully slip away  
And have a good time of their own.

They packed their things and loaded their car  
And said,- After church we'll depart,  
The strange thing about it is what I must tell  
For it happened before they could start;  
Three men- Van Lehn, Jones and Barr  
And some say,-"There were women mixed in it,"  
Disfigured that car, its a horrible tale,  
You wouldn't believe it for a minute.

Old shoes, brooms, tin cans and things  
They tied on the back- My! its so mis-leading,  
They wrote in bold letters,- "Just Married! Good Luck! "  
So all the wide world could read it;  
These young lovers,true, for thirty years wed  
In the night drove off un-suspecting,  
While folks from behind in their cars all read,  
"Just Married," then set to reflecting.

JUST MARRIED. Cont.

~~It happened~~  
 Then of course these newly-weds were first on the boat,  
 The other cars came on in line  
 Then folks read, - "Just Married! Good Luck!"  
 So they said, - "Let's look and see what we can find."  
 They walked by the car and stared at the bride  
 And saw the groom half asleep,  
 Then said, - "O shucks, no kick in that crowd,  
 We dont believe that wedding will keep."

"Just Married," "I'll bet they've been married before,  
 They're not young or handsome or giddy,  
 Look at that flivver, its all out of date  
 I bet he'll be mean to her, what a pity;  
 They're from the country, their camping out,  
 They surely dont live in the city,  
 That woman will be sorry she married that man,  
 Poor old thing- What a pity!"

So this bride-groom old and his beautiful wife  
 Of more than thirty years standing,  
 Gave joy and romantic thought to a gathering throng  
 Then went on their way that was rambeling;  
 Thirty years married and called newly-weds,  
 That's all Van Lehn, Jones and Barr know,  
 I expect in their homes they're romantic and kind  
 And to their wives each is always a beau.

I expect that night they all felt young and gay  
 And each had the newly-wed spirit,  
 They bought candy-sweets and beautiful flowers  
 And said, - "O how I love you dearest."  
 And all this month while the preacher is away  
 They've been cooing and taking home presents,  
 And saying nice things to their sweet-hearts, dear,  
 Because of their newly-wed spirit.

BOBBED HAIR, NO.

Brother and Sister Jones of the Fruitvale Methodist Church in Oakland were two of our best friends. We use to have many happy times together. About the year 1927 when women were bobbing their hair Mrs Jones wanted to keep in style but Will said, "No, it can't be done," so I wrote this poem .

Jones's wife wanted to bob her hair,  
And look pretty like other girls do,  
But Jones said, "No sir, it can't be done,"  
And then began to stew.

He said, "You know your gettin' too old  
To do a thing like that,  
If you go and bob and curl your hair,  
The next thing you'll want a new hat."

"It'll never do to bob your hair  
I dont like bobbed hair, anyway,  
It's been a long time growing, so let it alone,  
The Lord put it there to stay."

Your not young and your hair is thin  
You look good to me just as you are,  
But if like other women you bob your hair  
You'll look like a movie star."

Then when I go to church on Sunday morn  
With a bobbed hair wife by my side  
Folks will say, -"Where did he get that dame?"  
And they'll all think I've got a new wife.

Then you'll look young and I'll look old  
It will never do I declare,  
The best way to keep peace in our family life  
Is for you not to bob your hair.

So Mrs Jones said to Jones one day,  
"Well Will, if that's what you decide,  
I'll not bob my hair, it will always grow long,  
Then peace in our home will abide."

"But with my hair streaming down my back  
I'll grow old and ugly and fat,  
But I know I'd kept young and pretty and thin  
With bobbed hair and a dashing hew hat."

So Jones and his wife will still trudge through life  
And both grow old together,  
He'll bob his hair but she'll wear her's long  
And in peace they'll live on forever.

BOBBED HAIR, YES.  
Companion to Bobbed Hair, No.  
One Year Later.

Mrs Jones wanted to bob her hair,  
But Jones said, "It can't be done."  
Then Mrs Jones said, "-O yes it can,"  
And she talked bobbed hair 'till she won.

When she first said, "Will I'll bob my hair,"  
You should have seen the look on his face,  
He spoke right up and said with a snap,  
"If you do we'll both be in disgrace."

But Mrs Jones didn't argue with Will  
She just smiled serenely and sweet,  
Then went out in the kitchen and lit the fire  
And cooked a lot of good things to eat.

She filled Will up with pie and cake  
And all good things that were nice,  
Then talked some more about bobbed hair  
And seasoned that talk with spice.

Will lost his pep 'cause she kept him full  
And left no room for talk in him,  
When he'd start to talk she'd light the fire  
And on the table spread her best linen.

It took nearly a year to carry out her plan,  
To slow Will up when he talked, so he'd stop,  
Then one day after a good square meal  
She took a trip to a Bobber Shop.

She had her hair trimmed like all other girls  
And spent sixty-five cents for the trimmin'  
She felt peculiar when the job was done,  
But she had to be, like other wimmin'

BOBBED HAIR, YES. Cont.

Now she is pretty and smilin' and sweet,  
It has added ten years to her life,  
And Will had to admit, that at last he was beat  
And it was done by his own little wife.

Isn't is strange what a year will bring forth,  
Because then, Will was dead set ag'in it,  
But after she'd talked and cooked and plead  
And opened her mind,-he fell in it.

Thus and thus has it always been  
Since Eve first enticed her lover,  
Women have their way, men think they dont,  
But tell that to some one else's brother.

A living example we have right here  
With Jones and his wife today,  
He said,;- "You can't,"  
She said, " I can,"  
They compromised and she had her way.

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WELCOME TO OUR MINISTER.

This poem was written to Mrs Conner and myself by the Epworth Leaguers of Epworth Church, San Francisco when I was appointed pastor there in Sept. 1929.

Come roll along with us Leaguers,  
We really want you too,  
And when you get to know us,  
You'll be glad we picked on you;  
We'll try to make you happy  
We'll back you to the end,  
There's lots to do- we'll do it too.  
To prove that the League's a friend.

We all must get acquainted  
As soon as soon can be,  
You'll love our life, you and your wife  
We'll be so good, you see;

So here's our hand in fellowship,  
At home we'll make you feel,  
And then you may be glad to stay  
A-board our Epworth Wheel.

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TO THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.  
The Answer.

Hello Epworth Leaguers, we're here at last,  
And a long, long way we've come,  
Through years of toil and happiness  
To reach our Epworth Home;  
That word, "Welcome," that came from you  
Has filled our hearts with joy,  
We're here to say, our love is yours  
And its for every girl and boy.

We want to roll the old chariot along  
And take you all for a ride,  
And we will always happier be  
If we know you are close beside;  
We'll travel down the days of the year,  
With a cheery smile and a song,  
And we'll try to bless all other lives  
As we bid them come along.

So here's our hand in fellowship  
Our hearts in love that's true,  
We'll do our best as we take the trip  
And you'll do your best, too.

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A REQUEST.

Written for people who borrow books.

The person who borrows this book  
Does so on his honor,  
It belongs to the private library  
Of the Reverend Beecher B. Conner.

We trust, it with care you will handle  
And profit receive from its pages,  
Be sure to return it with-in two weeks  
And dont keep it out for ages.

Some people borrow a book  
And away on a shelf they put it,  
They always forget to bring it home  
Until the owner goes out to hunt it.

So read this book and good receive  
Then bring it home to its owner,  
If this you do, we surely believe  
You will please the Beecher B. Conner.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

This poem belongs to a Series of sermons  
entitled Unknown Bible Characters.

Misunderstood is an unhappy word  
And one you ~~don't~~ like to hear,  
A word full of meaning that does you no good  
Its a word that fills your heart with fear.

It means that folks dont comprehend  
No matter how true you are,  
You are coming to some awful end  
For they're sure that you are wandering afar.

Your thoughts maybe noble and high  
And your purposes strong and true,  
But if you're mis-understood you better not try  
For something is radically wrong with you.

Dont tell people your many thoughts  
Even if selected and fine,  
The things you say will fill them with doubts  
They'll mis-understand you every time.

I wonder why it has to be thus  
When you've tried to do everything right ?  
Over your thoughts they'll make a fuss  
And that will make you restless at night.

To be mis-understood does not help a bit,  
Mabey we dont understand every time,  
So we shouldn't get riled and have a fit,  
But should continue to build, line upon line.

Even Christ was mis-understood  
And He was righteous and pure,  
So we'll keep on trying to be good,  
Tough of others opinions we cant be sure.

SUSPICION.

This poem belongs to a Series of sermons  
entitled, Unknown Bible Characters.

Suspicion spoils the beauty of life,  
It is something that never pretends,  
When you are trying to do right and keep out of strife  
It thinks you are wrong and must make amends.

It watches your actions and takes a word  
And twists the meaning all around,  
It will take a sweet message that has been heard  
And stamp its meaning right into the ground.

Suspicion works when you least suspect,  
It creeps in unawares,  
It kills the feeling of self-respect  
And makes it hard to say your prayers.

It is green-eyed and monstrous and cruel,  
It crushes the life that is true,  
It makes a man feel like a fool  
It ought not to live in you.

It often works when facts are not true,  
Its imaginations are grand,  
It keeps on working and never gets through  
Making heart-aches all over the land.

It keeps on thinking and talking too,  
It is sad-eyed and never brings fun,  
Its thoughts may be false though they seem to be true  
And its destructive and helps no one.

Suspicion has lived through all the years  
Its takes the sunshine out of the sky,  
It brings heart-aches and scalding tears  
And spoils many lives that try and try.

It kills friendships and ruins lives  
It discourages many who have fine aims,  
It drags ambitions from the skies  
It saddens and bruises and maims and maims.

Suspicion is something that ought to die  
There-fore if we are faithful and good  
We'll find no place for it under the sky  
But we'll help kill it, by the help of God.

AN EXPERIENCE  
of  
THE CITY POLICE ON THE MID-NIGHT PATROL.  
(A True Story.)

It was the City Police on the mid-night patrol  
That stood waiting for orders to go to their task,  
They were brave men that did not need to be told  
What service to give, for they were men with no favors to ask.

In addressing the men, the Lieutenant said: "The Winter season is here  
With an influx of law-breakers that spread crime and alarm,  
I charge you, be cautious and watchful and of your selves take care,  
God bless you and keep you safe from all danger and harm."

together

Two of these men walked to their posts and talked of home and family affairs,  
And Bill spoke happily of honors bestowed that day on his wonderful son;  
How with earnest and faithful effort he had diligently toiled through  
the years

And what a blessing he was because he had succeeded and finally won.

Then John slowly spoke and said: "I too had a son,  
But he was willful and mean and brought to me only sorrow and woe;  
All because of a wife and mother who deserted and through drink sought  
only frivolity and fun,  
While our boy slipped down the way of shame, and where he is tonight I  
do not know."

It was a misty night on the city street  
And the mid-night hour had arrived when all was still;  
As they parted each one started to patrol his beat,  
One to the North said-"Good-bye John," the other to the East and  
said, -"Good-bye Bill."

Soon after, while John was patrolling his beat he heard a shot,  
He turned and ran back to where they had parted at the store.  
The door was open and a burglar with-in with a pistol and lead that was hot,  
While Bill lay dying on the floor.

Bill had done his duty and paid the price;  
"John," he said, "I'm shot, I'm going to die, I've given my life;  
He's in there John, go and get him, and be careful, the going wont be nice,  
And John, say good-bye to my son and wife."

"I'll do that Bill," said John, And my promise to you is true."  
Then the battle with the bandit began and shots flew thick and fast  
As John cried, "You killed my Pal, come out you thug, I'll get you too."  
Then a pause, a groan, and mortally wounded lay the one who had paid for  
his deeds at last.

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THE CITY POLICE AND THE MID-NIGHT PATROL.  
(Continued.)

John was wounded also but he had been faithful to his task,  
Yet what he had done brought to him no joy,  
He was in a fight to protect and uphold the law and had to stay in it to  
the last,  
Although the enemy was mean and bad, John said, "I'm sorry I had to kill  
somebody's boy."

John was commended because he was strong and brave,  
But he would not allow the bandit to be buried in the Potters Field.  
He said, -"I had to kill this man and I want him to have a decent grave,"  
And from that mandate he would never, never yield.

John carried flowers day after day and placed them on the bandit's grave,  
Yet instead of seeing value in what he had done, he always seemed to be sad;  
Friends said, -"John he killed your Pal and you killed a thug others  
lives to save  
Instead of feeling as you do you ought to be glad."

Then came the Annual Review and The Great Parade  
When men were honored for deeds of valor that they had done;  
And John was called from out the lines for bravery shown in the record  
he had made,  
And for it to receive a special medal that he had truly won.

The Mayor read a statement of duties through the year that he had  
faithfully performed,  
Civic Officials and Officers in line, spoke words of praise with ease,  
But when John's name was called, he was troubled because with a medal  
he was to be adorned,  
Then saluted and said: "I'm sorry gentlemen, I cannot accept this medal,  
do not ask it please."

Again they said: "Why you will not receive this medal, and why you will not  
tell, we cannot understand,  
So many would be happy for a medal like yours to have won,"  
The John replied: "You have plead and urged and threatened and tried to  
compel, so I will tell you if I can,  
The boy I killed in the store was my own son."

The girl of my dreams

To grace, my sweetheart, on 32 birthday 7

Patty Jo 8

To Abbie, my partner on 30 " 10

Frances Harold my grandson 9 and all 11

The Turkey that flew away 12

To Dorothy on your birthday 13

The apt. at the head of class 14

A true friend Dr. van Allen 15

That boy } 17

The Man } Cunningham 18

Our grand } 20

That gang of mine (Fumbrate) 11

Dr. Compton + Debbie B. } 22

Summell

The Friendly house by the Road } 23

Carpenter

must go back 25

with Ruby man here class 30

Come to Camp - The answer 32

Dancing show for Jones 33

when we looked up the Old School 34

HARVEST

HOE DOWN PARTY

mine with show party 35

The Hudson (S. P. B.) 36

Basal Malachukin Test 37

November 10, 1948

just married 40

Patricia Harris + } 41+42

" " yes }

welcome to the minister } 45

The answer }

A request (harmful book) 46

City police + midnight party 50

Games

Score

1. Potato Carry

\_\_\_\_\_

2. Fruit Basket

\_\_\_\_\_

3. Apple Pass

\_\_\_\_\_

4. Name the Product

\_\_\_\_\_

5. Penny Wise

\_\_\_\_\_

6. Cantankerous Cattle

\_\_\_\_\_

7. Stringing Vines

\_\_\_\_\_

8. Nut & Ice - Guessing  
Contests

\_\_\_\_\_

Extras

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Total Score

\_\_\_\_\_