

Supplement to the Halsey Enterprise. May 13, 1920.

Old Times.

A poem written by James A. Stevenson in honor of Mrs. M. J. Quick's 80th birthday.

It is but little you farmers know
What us old threshers undergo
When called upon to leave our farms
And thresh the grain that fills your barns.

We sometimes lie on the cold ground
No shelter near us to be found
It oft times rains and it some time snows
The south wind in a fury blows.

At break of day the engineer
To arouse us blows his whistle clear,
And then Jim Pearl He goes about
Hurrah! Hur-y! my boys turn out.

Break f-a-s-t in five minutes.

And then into the morning meal
From that into the harvest field
And when our boss says "Let her go"
'T is then the straw flies high and low
Let her go "Eh!"

There was "Old Steve," the engineer
He sometimes acted mighty queer;
'T was when his steam began to go
That the old "Buffalo Pitts" ran very slow.

Can't you keep up steam?

There was Abe Criss, expert and tough
Who never could run late enough.
Says H. C. D. at break of day

Roll out here boys and shovel hay.
I fed them oats.

NoW as for cooks we beat 'em all
For Mrs. C. went every fall
And Mrs. S. and Williams too
They cooked our bull beef thru and thru.

Now as for grub we had enough
Bread, pies, cakes, all such stuff
And milk and tea and coffee too
And beans and taters not a few.

Now if you want to know who composed this song
I'll tell you now and 't wont take long
It was composed by the engineer.
While going home one night from here.

Locals

Bert Clark and wife and daughter motored over to Lebanon Monday with Chas P Poole to visit Wm Curtis and family.

Flem Smith was operated on in Albany Monday for bladder troubles, by Drs Wallace and Marks.

Mrs W J Ribelin arrived home last Saturday evening after quite ad extended stay with her daughter in Berkeley, Cali. Her health is much improved.

The infant child of Mr and