

The Highland Park Press

A Little Country Paper

I get a little paper from a little country town—
A far cry from the dailies, that on Sundays weigh us down;
It's printed every Thursday, and it has no supplement,
Nor colored rotogravure, but I'm always glad it's sent.
It gives no clever verses by syndicated bards,
But states that Mrs. Williams entertained some friends at
cards;
"Ye Scribe" saw Judge McArthur shaking hands with friends
today;
It says the Curtis family sold out and moved away.
On Boulder Dam it's silent, and there's nothing on finance—
It tells that the Rebekahs gave an installation dance.
That Miss Day is returning soon to open up her school,
That Alexander Hargrave lost a valuable mule.
It's glad that Jimmie Gallagher can be around again.
It claims that the alfalfa crop is much in need of rain;
The supervisors voted for the road work to commence;
Will Anderson hauled lumber for his new garage and fence.
The worldly ones may smile at it, but theirs are tender smiles—
These home town items form a bond through many years and
miles.
Oh, little country paper, with your little weekly talks!
I like to wander with you down remembered roads and walks.

—Clara McCreery in *Liberal, Mo., News.*

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