

The Highland Park Press

THE HOME TOWN PAPER

*When the evenin' shade is fallin' at the endin' o' the day,
An' a feller rests from labor, smoking at his pipe o' clay,
There's nothin' does him so much good, be fortune up or down,
As the little country paper from his*

*Ol'
Home
Town*

*It ain't a thing of beauty an' its print ain't always clean,
But it straightens out his temper when a feller's feelin' mean,
It takes the wrinkles off his face an' breaks away the frown,
That little country paper from his*

*Ol'
Home
Town*

*It tells of all the parties an' the balls of Pumpkin Row,
'Bout who spent Sunday with who's girl and how th' crops'll grow,
An' it keeps a feller posted 'bout who's up and who is down,
That little country paper from his*

*Ol'
Home
Town*

*Now, I like to read the dailies an' the story papers, too,
An' at times the yallar novels an' some other trash—don't you?
But when I want some readin' that'll brush away a frown
I want that little paper from my*

*Ol'
Home
Town*

—DENVER POST

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