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Do You Know?

DO YOU know the old, wild grapevine that grows by the hillside spring, and the watering trough and the hilltop pine and the cattle at evening sloshing about in the muddy ooze and grunting satisfied thanks, while old Shep takes his evening snooze with one eye out for pranks, and the deep-worn path o'er the hills to the pleasant lowland fields where the music of tinkling rills to the roar of the river yields; and the sheep in the shadow of trees and the scent of new-mown hay that comes on the cool night breeze from fields that were cut one day. The glare of the city's lights, the bustle and roar of trade, the long, long days and nights that the age-old fight has made — the fight for bread and a home — lead us far through the weary years, but wherever our feet may roam, there come through all smiles and tears, as memory wanders back, the murmur of rippling rills, glimpses of sheep on the upland track in the evening among the hills, of the watering trough and the lowing kine and the hillside spring by the old grapevine.

—Robert Edward Wood.