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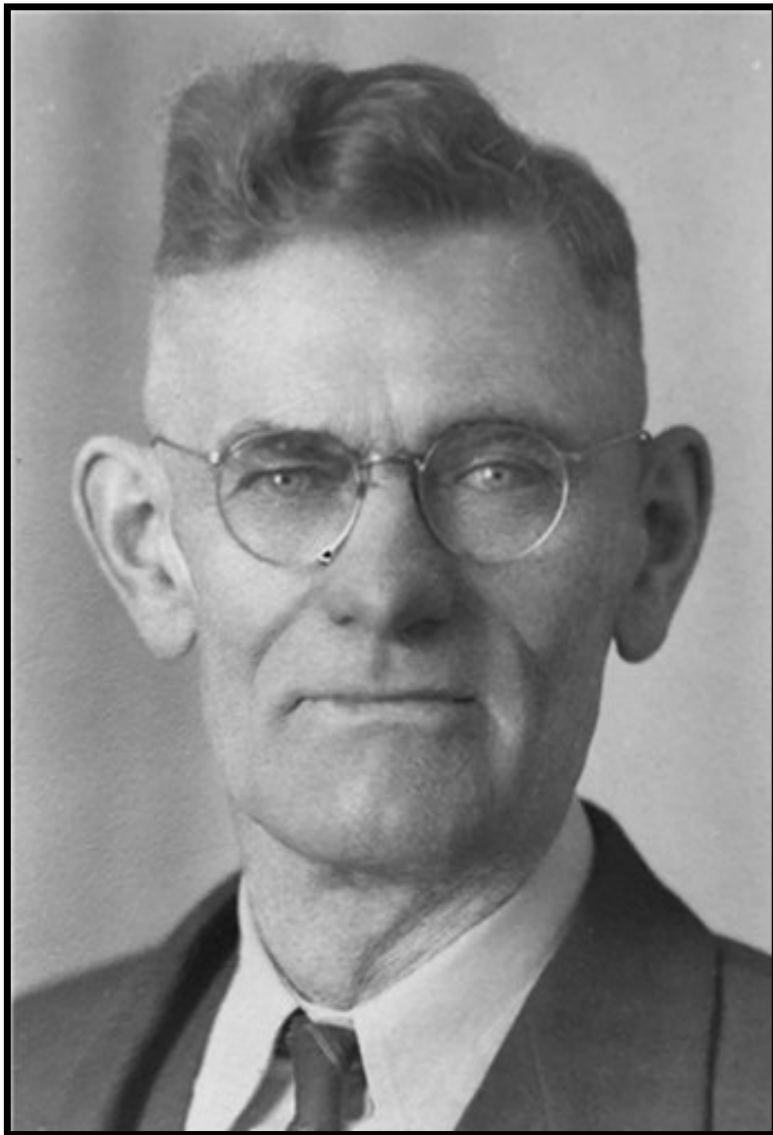
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# RAMBLES OF A RUBE

William Arthur Milan

# *RAMBLES OF A RUBE*

A Collection Of Writings  
By  
William Arthur Milan



“ I love the far flung rolling hills,  
The sweep of grassy plain,”      *Rambles Of A Rube*

William Arthur Milan (Pop) 1882 - 1947



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**NOTE** This Table of Contents is interactive.

Clicking on a line item above will move to the listed page number for that item.

## The Cover Page

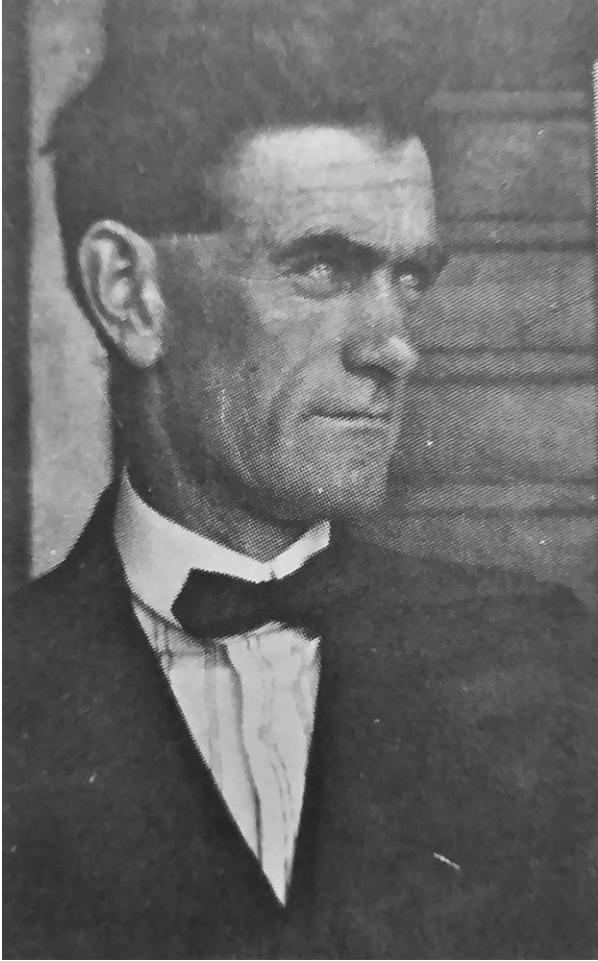
The Cover Page of this book is a torn corner found among W. Arthur Milan's papers. The twenty-five poems listed in his *Contents* were typed, we believe, by his youngest daughter, Jean, after he moved back to Three Hills prior to his death, September 30, 1947.

We know W. Arthur Milan stored boxes of his writing in the basement, leaving us to wonder if these specific poems were selected because they held profound personal memories. On close examination they provide philosophical reflections of experiences from *Waumandee* to *Gypsy Trails*, from rube to family man. It appears very little escaped his perceptive observation.

We are pleased to extend this collection beyond the initial twenty-five poems in W. Arthur Milan's *Contents* by incorporating other works he kept in a large folder.

Laura Smith, nee Milan  
Gerald Roden





## A Brief Biography of William Arthur Milan

Based on the biography  
written by his son,  
Robert Milan  
printed in  
*The Spirit of Ghost Pine*

Ghost Pine Community Group.  
*The Spirit of Ghost Pine*, Friesen  
Printers, 1990, pp. 648-649

### **William Arthur (Pop) Milan**

Art Milan was born December 5, 1882, at Hancock Minnesota, the fourth child of eight children: Agnes, Lawrence, Emma, Arthur, Marie, Louis, Francis and Cecilia who died at infancy.

In 1905, a Mr. Brocklebank was shipping several cars with livestock, household good and equipment. There was room for Dad's team and wagon, so he shipped with him, riding the train and looking after all the livestock as payment for his trip.

On his first night in boomtown Calgary, he blew out the lamp in his hotel room and could see stars, as the roof wasn't finished. To get some cash, he did day work for Shaw Brothers, delivering coal, wood, lumber and gravel. He said he was known as the man with the gray team having the only matched gray team in Calgary at the time. He also said his team was the only one that could pull a yard of wet gravel off the riverbed without doubling up, hooking another team ahead. They would also move railway cars.

He filed for a homestead at New Brigdon, near Oyen, and spent time in that area. He gave up this homestead only to file in the Ghost Pine district in 1907. (I might add that Fred Meyer, while visiting Dad, remarked that he had bought and was farming the quarter Dad gave up.) By the summer of 1908, he had a fourteen by sixteen foot long shack with a sod roof and dirt floor. In July, his brother, Lou, came up from the States and took out his homestead. They cut firewood for Shaw brothers the winter of '08 and '09. This wood was shipped to Calgary. (That is when the scrub board, now in the Three Hills museum, was made and put to use.) He was able to put a wooden floor in his shack before his mother, Ann, and brother, Francis, came up from the States in 1909. Francis started school at Sarcee with Mr. Bible teaching.

When Dad's first crop was ready to thresh a rain delayed them a day and a half. When threshed, he had 135 bushels of wheat. However, the teams had eaten so many of his oat bundles, there wasn't enough left to bother threshing. Dad told of his mother having to carry her bread to Bible's to bake in their oven, as his little stove wasn't big enough to cook for a crew.



Laura (McGhee) and Art Milan's wedding 1913

Art married Laura McGhee on January 29, 1913. (I remember Mrs. Ruby telling about herself and some girls out riding and they met Art Milan. After they talked and parted the girls were making some remarks. One said, "I'd hate to scrub his big winter underwear!" It was Laura McGhee and she ended up doing just that.)

Their son, James was born January 4, 1914. He married Eileen MacGowan July 2, 1938. (See their story in *The Spirit of Ghost Pine*.) They had Franklin, Laura, George and Mary Elizabeth (Betty).

Clifford (Tip) was born January 31, 1915. He went missing overseas in March 1943.

Laura Lenora was born July 22, 1916. She died December 21, 1928.

Sometimes around 1914 or 1915, Dad traded homesteads with Walter Dawn who had NW-6-31-22-W4, which was later part of the Mount Vernon district. (When I asked him why he traded, he said he didn't like packing the whole yard on his boots every time it rained.) In 1917, he bought Dave Dixon's half-section.

Gladys was born November 16, 1918. She married Albert Roden on May 4, 1940. They had Ronald, Gerald and Keith. Albert died in July of 1956.

In 1920, Vera was born, but only lived six years. Robert was born in 1922. (See his story in *The Spirit of Ghost Pine*.) I, Robert, married Anna Matus July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1945. We had twelve children: Judith, Janet, Marion, Teresa, Kathleen, John, Joseph, James, Stephen, Patrick, Anna Marie and Michael.

A model T. car was bought in 1921 and, in 1922, Dad bought a Fordson tractor and also bought a Moody threshing machine in partners with George Andrews, Floyd Price and George Leet.

Dad and Mother's first twins were born on January 10, 1924, Daniel and David. Dan married Marie Hansen in June 1946. They had seven children: Martin, June, Sally, Arthur, Norman, Mary and Ellen. Dan died in July 1984. Dave married Hazel Morash in July 1946. They had five children: Elaine, Susan, James, Geoffreion and Derek. Dave and his wife separated.



Art Milan and his six boys, (l-r) Dave, Bob, Jim, Art, Lawrence, Dan, and Tip (Clifford)



The twin girls were born on September 4, 1925 – Agnes and Mary. Mary lived twenty-four hours. Agnes lived for twenty-three days. Phyllis was born on October 22, 1926. She married Peter de Beaudrap. They had eleven children: Louis, Richard, Annette, Donald, Paul, Patricia, Roger, Laura, Maurice, Edward and Josephine.

It was at this time that Dad bought a Model T. one-ton truck.



The Art Milan Family 1983 (l-r) Robert, Gladys, Jean, Dan, Phyllis, Lawrence, Dave

Lawrence (who was called Johnny till his marriage and his wife used his given name) was born on November 26, 1928. He married Helen Bandura on June 20, 1951. They had eight girls: Lynn, Vera, Iris, Fay, Hope, Cherry, Loretta and Gail.

Joyce Jean was born on August 30, 1930. She married Dennis Burns on January 26, 1952. They had two children, Patrick and Lorna. Jean and Denny separated.

On June 24, 1933 my mother, Laura, died. Dad married Christina Burnett in November 1937. In the fall of 1944, he left the farm, renting it to me, Robert, and moved to Calgary, getting a small confectionery store. He sold the house quarter to Albert and Gladys Roden along with the east quarter of the Dixon place in the fall of 1946.

Arthur, known to many as Pop, moved back to Three Hills and died September 30, 1947. Throughout his life, Art recorded the joys and sorrows of family and friends in his poetry.

# CATALOGUE

TITLE	FORMAT	
A Lesson	Typed	Script
A Prayer	Transcribed	Script
A Rube's Lament	Typed	
An Ode To Maggie	Typed	
An Old Prospector*	Transcribed	Script
Arise	Transcribed	Script
At The San	Typed	
Cheer up	Transcribed	Script
City Life	Typed	
Clara Arvidson And Richard Spry*	Transcribed	Script
Eventide	Typed	
Gypsy Trails	Typed	
Have You Wandered?*	Transcribed	Script
I Have Fallen In Love With A Memory	Typed	
I'm Going Back*	Typed	
Indian Summer	Typed	
Inspiration	Typed	Script
Introspection	Typed	Script
It Beats The Devil		Published
Just Thinkin'	Typed	
Knowledge	Typed	Script
Life In The City	Typed	
Morning	Transcribed	Script
Never Again	Typed	
No Soap	Typed	
Northern Lights*	Transcribed	Script
Oftimes The Day Is Long*	Transcribed	Script
Our Back Yard	Typed	
Our Grocer Man	Typed	Script
Our Hollyhocks	Typed	
Our Old Tin Lizzie	Transcribed	Script
Priceless Keepsakes*	Transcribed	Script
Rambles Of A Rube	Typed	Script
Rambles Of A Rube No.1	Typed	
Reveries Of A Bachelor	Transcribed	Script
Stop! Look, Listen	Typed	Script

## CATALOGUE (continued)

TITLE	FORMAT		
Sundown	Typed	Published	
Supplication	Typed	Script	
The Better Half	Typed		
The Call Of The Canyon	Typed		
The Deserted Ranch	Typed	Script	
The Forgotten Graveyard	Typed	Script	
The Hall Of Fame	Transcribed	Script	
The Menace	Typed	Script	
The Old Boys	Typed	Published	
The Old Trail	Typed	Script	Published Music Video
The Second Honeymoon	Transcribed	Script	
The Simple Joys Of Living	Typed	Script	
To Mother	Typed		
To Our Forefathers	Typed		
Two Standards	Transcribed	Script	
Waumandee	Typed	Script	
Wayne King and His Kitchen Troubadours**	Transcribed	Script	
Welcome Stranger	Typed		
What Does Home Mean To You?	Transcribed	Script	
What Is Home?	Transcribed	Script	
When Love Is Dead	Typed	Script	
When Your Wife Is Cross	Typed	Script	
Why	Typed	Script	
Wilfred Evans and Evelyn Jonson*	Typed		
Winter's Glistening Landscape*	Transcribed	Script	
Yesterdays	Typed		

\* Indicates words from the poem have been selected to name untitled work.

\*\* Indicates Radio Drama

**Transcribed** Indicates work transcribed by Laura Smith, Arthur's granddaughter, from original manuscripts.

### \*\* RADIO DRAMA

Arthur Milan's writings extended beyond poetry. The radio drama, "Wayne King And His Kitchen Troubadours", presented at the Mt Vernon School Christmas Concert (circa 1937), is another example of community-focused work. The script is from his grandson, Gerald Roden.



## HISTORY OF THE COLLECTION

Following the death of William Arthur Milan in 1947 James Wyatt Milan, his eldest son, inherited this collection of writing. In 1959, the folder of Arthur's papers was given to James's eldest daughter, Laura Eileen Milan. In order to share Arthur's poems with family, Laura scanned the poems in 2021. This project evolved when Gerald Roden, son of Arthur's daughter, Gladys, offered to edit and digitalize the collection.

### ARTHUR THE POET

Laura has fond memories of her grandfather, known to her as Pop. He was a tall thin man who unfolded himself when he stood. He was gentle and quick to laugh. She often visited his home in Three Hills where hollyhocks grew along the back fence. On one occasion his youngest daughter, Jean, was sitting at the kitchen table typing the poems as Pop leaned against the counter making comments and corrections. This animated exchange resulted in pages being pulled from the typewriter and words vigorously erased before typing resumed. Jean's typing has been included as scanned documents. Laura transcribed the remaining script work, indicated in Format as "Transcribed".

Arthur was often asked to speak at concerts, celebrations and community gatherings sometimes pulling papers from his jacket pocket and at times adlibbing; always bringing a laugh. From Laura's perspective Pop took great pleasure in sharing his creative talents with family and friends. Born December 5<sup>th</sup>, he insisted on celebrating his birthday September 10<sup>th</sup>, perhaps a better day for gathering folks together under the prairie sky.

### ARTHUR THE MUSICAN

Although remembered for his poetry, Arthur Milan was also a self-taught musician. His daughter, Gladys, wrote in her memoirs, "He had a good ear for music ... learning his first tunes listening to his mother whistle. He played Irish jigs and lilt and the modern music he liked. In the early days he played solo for dances." Later, his eldest sons, James and Clifford, and a neighbour joined Arthur on stage. Together they had a

"... regular studio orchestra in one grand colossal and  
stupendous combination of soul stirring harmony and rhythm."

*Wayne King And His Kitchen Troubadours*

James often reminisced about playing with his father and brothers in the family band. They enjoyed sharing their love of music at dances and other community events. It was more than a sideline, it was time together, a part-time job that brought in extra money and filled the evenings with levity, as Gladys stated, "in spite of the bereavement in our home." Those who heard Arthur play would agree with Gladys, "He was the music".

### **AN ADDITIONAL POEM**

Among the collection of Art's poetry was a packet of published poems clipped from newspapers including a poem written by his daughter, Phyllis, after her brother Clifford (Tip) was reported Missing in Action the spring of 1943.

#### **Reported Missing**

By Phyllis Milan  
St. Joseph's Convent, Red Deer.

He is over there somewhere;  
But where we do not know ---  
Maybe living, maybe dead,  
Maybe sick or low.

We can only trust in God,  
Praying for His Will.  
But Mother of all Sorrows,  
Keep him, guide him still.

Where he is, he's lonely.  
For love, and home, and all,  
Dear Mother of all Sinners,  
Please, don't let him fall!

Keep him smiling, Mary.  
Guide him in his race.  
But most of all, dear Guardian,  
Keep his soul in grace.

We trust him fully to you,  
Sweet Star of the Sea.  
Please watch o'er him tenderly,  
Keep his soul with Thee.

We kneel, and humbly beg you.  
Guardian of the Foam,  
Take him, keep him, guide him,  
Lead him safely "HOME."

Title: *A LESSON*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“He envies not his feathered kin,”

### A LESSON.

Heed the lesson of the sparrow,  
Who needs not reap or sow,  
But finds sufficient sustenance  
Wherever he may go.

He thinks not of the morrow as  
Sufficient for each day  
Are the evils and the blessings  
He finds along his way.

He adores the blessed sunshine,-  
How cheerily he sings,  
So thankful for the happiness  
That just mere living brings.

He envies not his feathered kin,  
He meets from day to day;  
The brightness of his plumage nor  
The sweetness of his lay.

He lives and lets his brother live,  
That each might living be  
A compliment to the Keeper  
Who rules their destiny.

Need the lesson of the sparrow, 8  
 Who neither reaps nor sows, 6  
 But finds sufficient sustenance 8  
~~Every~~ wherever he <sup>may</sup> go. 6

He thinks not of the morrow, for 8  
 Sufficient ~~for~~ <sup>each</sup> day 7  
 Are the evils and the blessings 8  
 He finds along his way. 6

He <sup>adores</sup> ~~glorifies~~ in the <sup>blessed</sup> sunshine, 7  
 How cheerily he sings, 6  
~~How~~ thankful for the blessings 8  
 Of these <sup>little</sup> ~~small~~ living beings! 6

He envies not his feathered kin 8  
 He meets ~~from~~ <sup>day</sup> day to day, 6  
 The brightness of his plumage, nor 7  
~~the~~ the sweetness of his lay. 7

He lives and lets his brother live,	8
That each might, living, be	6
A <del>comfort</del> <sup>compliment</sup> to the keeper	7
Who rules their destiny.	6

Finis  
Carmel



Title: *A PRAYER*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Grant that our hearts be cleansed”

Carving by Arthur’s son Dave Milan

## A Prayer

Give us, oh Heavenly Father,  
In this our hour of need,  
The will to do our duty  
In thought, in word, and deed.

Grant that our hearts be cleansed,  
Lured from the lust of gain;  
Grant that thine only beloved Son  
Shall not have died in vain.

Give us grace to mould our lives  
In accord with Thy great plan;  
Plant the seeds of eternal love  
Deep in the heart of man.

Grant that Thy sacred teaching  
Shall be our beacon light,  
To guide us through the gathering gloom  
Through falling shades of night;

That we may know within us  
That Thou art ever near,  
When the last great roll is sounded  
We'll answer, "I am here."



## A. Prayer

Give us, oh Heavenly Father,  
In this our hour of need,  
The will to do our duty  
In thought, in word, and deed.

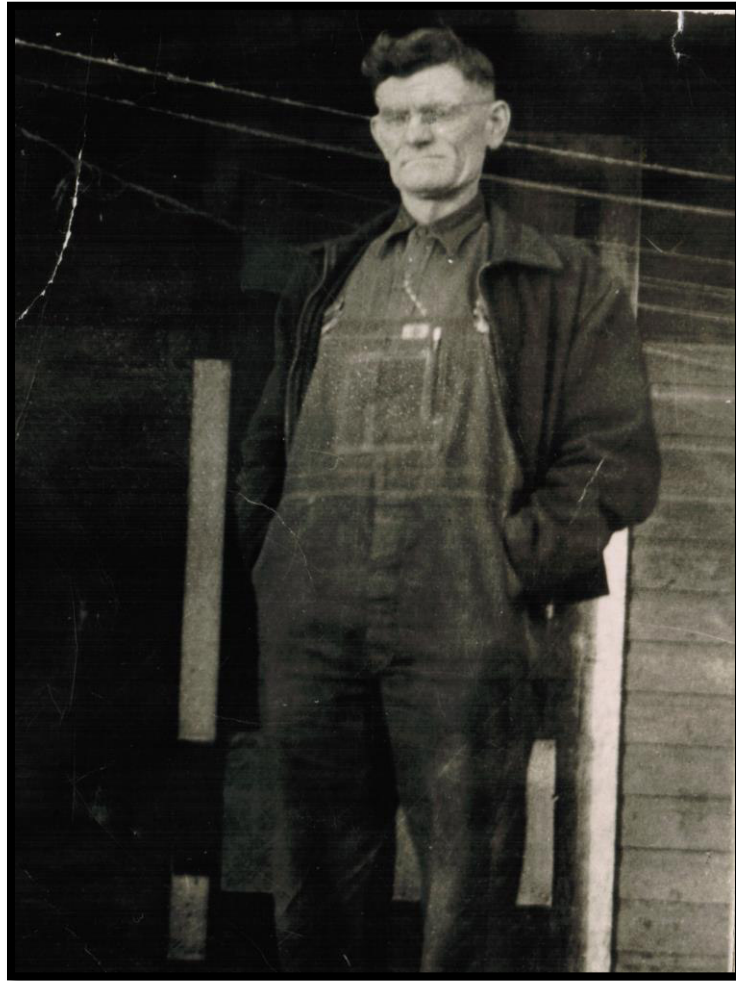
Grant that our hearts may be cleansed,  
Lured from the lust of gain;  
Grant that thine only beloved Son (7 syl.)  
Shall not have died in vain.

Give us ~~the~~ grace to mold our lives (7 syl.)  
In accord with Thy great plan; (6 syllables)  
Plant the seeds of eternal love (7 syl.)  
Deep in the heart of man.

Grant that Thy sacred teaching  
Shall be our beacon light,  
To guide us through the gathering gloom (7 syl.)  
Through the falling shades of night;  
That we may know within (our hearts) (up)  
That Thou art ever near,  
When the last great roll is sounded (7 syl.)  
We'll answer "I am here." 15

Title: *A RUBE'S LAMENT*

Format: • Typed



“Give me again the simple life,”

W. Arthur Milan, Ghost Pine farmer

### A RUBE'S LAMENT.

I'm tired of life in the city,  
Of hurrying hives of men  
Of the rushing yon and thither,  
The hurrying back again.

Of the cold dead eyes that see not,  
In the faces lean and gaunt  
And mirrored deep in their shadows  
The nameless fear of want.

I am sick of the life of the Jones'  
With their artificial life;  
The endless milling of workers,  
The ceaseless struggle and strife.

I weary of sounds of traffic,  
Of the constant din and glare,  
Of the fetid breath of motors,  
Of the blinking, blinding glare;

Where Master in his limousine,  
Rolls on in smug content,  
Where Toiler slowly homeward plods  
To his crowded tenement.

Where the youth are born in bondage,  
Chained to the chariot wheel  
Of an ageold soulless system  
And never can know the feel,

Of the lure of wide horizons,  
Of a new life just ahead,  
The timeclock just a memory,  
The shackles of serfdom shed;

Or the call to strange adventure,  
Beyond a bend in the trail,  
That brings to the view new vistas  
Like scenes from a fairy tale.

The siren's blast but an echo,  
That comes from a prison wall  
And drowned in the full crescendo  
Of a mountain waterfall.

(over)

Give me the distant rolling hills,  
When the sun comes o'er a rise  
And give me the wooded valleys  
And the peaks against the skies.

I long for a sweep of meadow,  
In the cool sweet breath of morn,  
The golden fields of ripening grain,  
The rustle of growing corn.

The whistle of quail in the alders,  
The song of a noisy brook,  
The network of dancing shadows,  
In a leafbound shady nook.

Give me again the simple life,  
The grip of a calloused hand,  
Browned by the kiss of wind and sun  
And strong as an iron band.

Travel the continents over,  
Or trek to rainbow's end,  
You'll find the treasure you're seeking,  
Back home in the heart of a friend.

-----

Title: *AN ODE TO MAGGIE*

Format: • Typed



“She idly listens to the twins,  
And wonders if it’s little Dave or Dan”

The twins, Dan and Dave Milan

An Ode to Maggie.

In the morning bright and early  
When your feeling cross and surly,  
Your brain befogged with worries of the night  
And your nerves are roughed and raggy  
And you take one look at Maggie  
It surely doesn't help your appetite.

Slowly poking 'mid the ruin  
Of a breakfast that was brewin',  
But now is burnt beyond the use of man;  
In blissful ignorance of her sins  
She idly listens to the twins  
And wonders if it's little Dave or Dan.

After hours of grind and grating  
She announces "breakfast waiting"  
And groping 'mid the smoke you find a chair  
And probing 'mong the cinders  
With your temper torn to flinders  
Serenely she is humming "I'll be there."

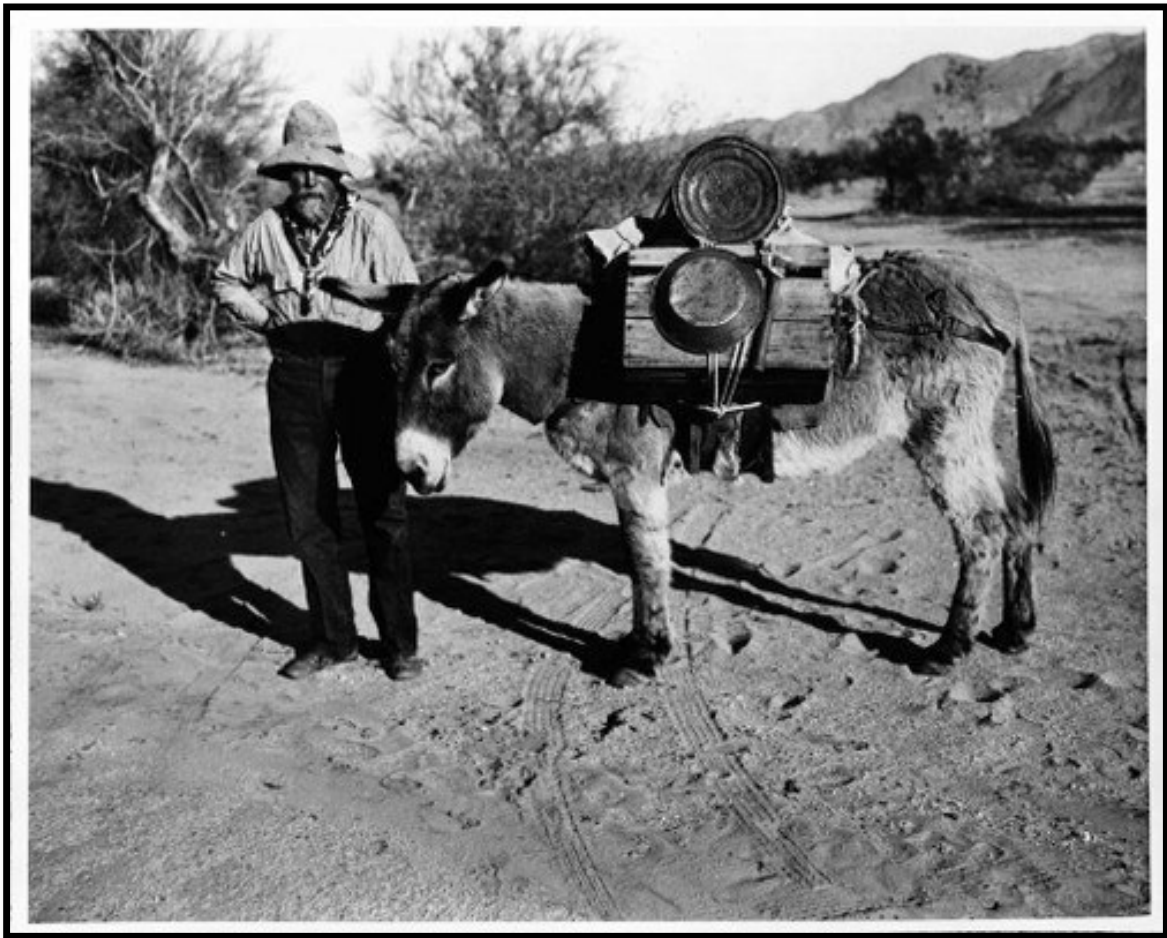
When the meal is o'er and ended  
And the various odors blended  
She calmly sits amid the grit and grime,  
While she gently strokes her wattles  
And gazes on the bottles  
And wonders if it "aint" their feeding times.



Title: *AN OLD PROSPECTOR\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“He was always called “Old Jim”.”

## An Old Prospector\*

Once I knew an old prospector  
When I was a young cowhand  
I met him in a desert town  
In that wild and lonely land.  
He seemed to think a lot of me  
And I thought a lot of him.  
I never knew his other name  
He was always called "Old Jim."

I lowered him gently down  
Crossed his hands upon his breast  
Hands that were calloused and brown  
I lowered his pack beside him  
A pack that was faded and old  
Filled with the fruits of his labor  
Bright nuggets of purest gold  
I stood a moment in silence  
I thought of the cruel fate  
The led him to fortune's fountain  
A fortune that came to late.

I buried Jim's pal beside him  
I knew he would want it so  
For he loved that faithful burrow  
Far better than I could know.

Wastelands they wandered together  
Sharing the luck of their quest.  
Now that journey is ended  
They sleep here in silent rest.



Once I knew an old prospector  
When I was a young cowboy  
I met him in a desert town  
In that wide and lonely land  
He seemed to think a lot of me  
And I thought a lot of him  
I never knew his other name  
He was always called "old Jim"

I lowered him  
And laid gently down  
Crossed his hands upon his breast  
Hands that were calloused and brown  
I lowered his pack beside him  
The pack that was faded and old  
Filled with the fruits of his labor  
Bright nuggets of purest gold  
I stood a moment in silence  
I thought of the cruel fate  
That led him to fortune's fountain  
A fortune that came too late

Automobile.....						Harness.....				
Drill.....						Tools.....				
Binder.....						Other Machinery as Listed Below:				
Mower.....	<p><i>I buried Jim's Pal beside him I knew he would want it so fast he loved that faithful burrow far better than I could know.</i></p>									
Rake.....										
Plows.....										
Discs.....	<p><i>Waste lands they wandered together Shaving the Luck of their quest Now that journey is ended They sleep here in silent rest</i></p>									
Harrows.....										
Cultivators.....										
Wagons.....										
Sleighs.....										
Manure Spreader.....										
Grinder.....										
Fanning Mill.....										
Totals Carried Forward.....						Totals Machinery Inventory.....				

**Note on Valuing**—The Income Tax authorities assume that machinery loses each year 10% of its original value, but for Income Tax purposes an automobile loses 25% the first year and 20% each year thereafter.

Title: *ARISE*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“The world is filled with gladness”

## Arise

I stirred in the depths of my pillows –  
What sound is this that I hear,  
Which comes on the breath of the morning  
With music so soft and clear?

‘Tis the chimes in the old cathedral,  
“Arise” is the theme of their lay,  
“For Jesus of Nazareth is risen,  
And this is the Easter Day.

The sepulcher door is opened,  
The stone is rolled away,  
And Jesus is gone to his Father,  
And this is our festive day.

Glory to God in the highest,”  
Is the message they seem to bring,  
And it seems in the infinite distance  
The voices of angels sing.

The world is filled with gladness,  
With hope that will never die,  
For Christ our redeemer suffered  
Even for you and I.

It seemed as the bells ceased ringing  
Their tidings of joy and mirth,  
That the gladness the reigned in Heaven  
Has echoed o’er all the earth.

Finis

## Arise

I stirred in the depths of my pillows -  
What sound is this that I hear,  
Which comes on the breath of the morning  
With music so soft and clear?

'Tis the chimes in the old cathedral, -  
"Arise!" is the theme of their lay,  
"For Jesus of Nazareth is risen,  
And this is the Easter Day."

The sepulchre door is opened,  
The stone is rolled away,  
And Jesus is gone to his Father,  
And this is our festive day.

Glorify to God in the highest,"  
Is the message they seem to bring,  
And it seems in the infinite distance  
The voices of angels sing.



2

The world is filled with gladness,  
With hope that will never die,  
For Christ our redeemer suffered  
Even for you and I. (ungrammatical)

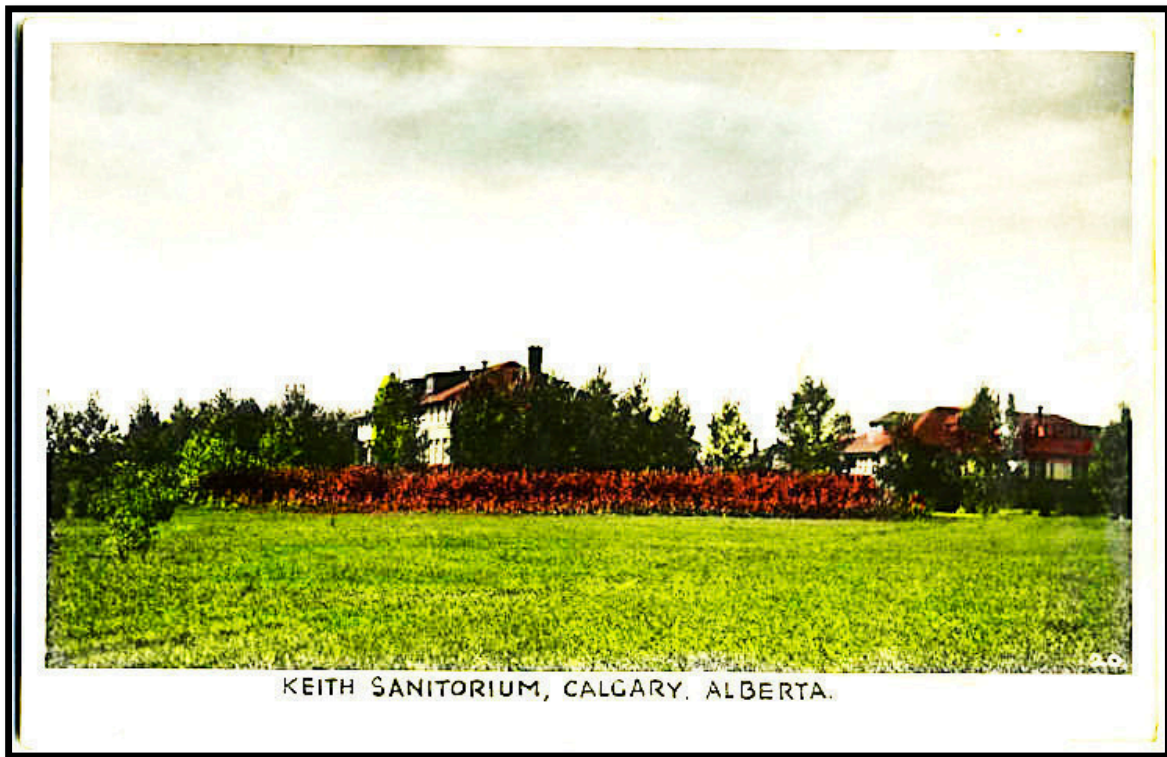
It seemed as the bells ceased ringing  
Their tidings of joy and mirth,  
That the gladness that reigned in heaven  
Was echoed o'er all the earth.

finitis

(present + past-tense?)

Title: *AT THE SAN.*

Format: • Typed



“We doff our hats to all out at the SAN.”

## At The San.

When you're feeling rough and rocky,  
And you're not so coy and cocky,  
And have 'nt got the pep you had before,  
And you take a pick me upper,  
Just before you eat your supper,  
It doesn't seem to help you anymore.

Though your weight your slowly losin,  
Though you've cut out all your boozin';  
And cards and women have no more appeal;  
While your getting lean and lanky,  
Feeling crabby, cross and cranky,  
And sure that you have had a dirty deal.

So you get an exray taken,  
Of your bellows and your bacon,  
The doctor tells you softly man to man,  
That the bally old tubercles,  
Have you going 'round in circles,  
You'll have to take a journey to the San.

Just a little short vacation ,  
One of not too long duration,  
A little matter of a year or more;  
While your flesh is all aquiver  
And there's gooseflesh on your liver,  
Your mind is busy adding up the score.

While your heart is pittapattin  
And your knees are ratta tatting  
And chunks of ice play tag along your spine;  
When your friend asks how you're feeling,  
While your head is roundly reeling,  
You answer 'de '!' why I'm just feeling fine'.  
At the San. with your possessions,  
While a grist of mad obsessions,  
Are milling madly milling in your head,  
While you read the regulations,  
'Midst a flock of strange sensations,  
You try to think just what the nurse has said.



At the San.--continued.

You are feeling really rotten  
And no doubt you have forgotten,  
And don't know half of what it's all about,  
As you lay there sadly moping  
And against all hopes are hoping,  
That you'll escape her gentle bawling out.

You sit up loud, ~~and~~ elating,  
On the progress you are making,  
While nurse is eyeing through an open crack;  
In the midst of your oration,  
You are due for a deflation,  
When she says "get down flat upon your back".

In the morning bright and early,  
When you're feeling sour and surly,  
Just when you want to sleep a little more,  
With gloom dripping from his wattles,  
And his arm cram full of bottles,  
The orderly comes stomping through the door.

And our nurses may God bless them  
And may Providence caress them,  
For service and for gentle loving care;  
Though they have the souls of martyrs,  
From their cape down to their garters,  
Yet most of them keep getting in our hair.

The doctor comes with measured pace,  
With wooden smile upon his face,  
With silly grin we tell him we are ~~something~~ fine;  
You look down, you <sup>pro</sup>probesie,  
While he makes his diagnosis;  
While you are softly whispering "ninety nine."

Orderlies are a dizzy lot,  
Like something that the cat has brought,  
From out the dewy grass upon the lawn,  
While it's true they often grieve us,  
In vain efforts to relieve us,  
We get the most relief when they are gone.

AT THE SAN. (continued)

Now the days are quickly passing,  
With our gossiping and gassing,  
An order comes that almost makes you free;  
From your bed you will be walking  
And along the halls be stalking,  
They tell you, you may go to number three.

Now you know, when you're bed ridden  
And so many things forbidden,  
You sure appreciate the things you have  
And there's nothing in creation,  
Can give you more elation,  
Than just that little journey to the Lav.

Now the time is going faster,  
You have passed the great disaster  
And feel that you at last are on your way,  
And with every new promotion,  
You will somehow get the notion,  
That you are getting better every day.

Soon you reach the big pavillion  
And be feeling like a million,  
With more freedom to wander and to roam.  
Soon your days of longing ended  
And your broken health be mended  
And in your heart the song of "Home Sweet Home."

And when comes the day of leaving,  
There will not be much of grieving,  
But for the kindly souls you leave behind,  
For you would gladly share your joys,  
With these gallant girls and boys,  
For they're the kind of friends you rarely find;

And while 'round this subject poking.,  
We will lay aside the joking  
And give the praise that ~~due our fellowmen;~~  
To the doctors and the nurses,  
Who may rate our love and curses,  
We doff our hate to all out at the SAN.

Title: *CHEER UP*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“The day is long dear heart when you are ill”

Laura Milan, nee McGhee

## Cheer Up

The day is long dear heart when you are ill  
Each hour an age it seems when we're apart  
The house to me seems oddly strange and still  
And sadness is the tenant of my heart.

I miss the smile that I have grown to know  
The luster of your eyes I love so well  
The wellspring of our joy seems ebbing low  
A longing grips that words can never tell.

At night I wake and wonder how you are  
Your spirit seems to ever hover near  
So near, so near and yet it is so far  
Pray God that may you be well my dear.

"Cheer up."

The day is long dear heart when you are ill  
Each hour an age it seems when we're apart  
The house <sup>to me</sup> seems oddly strange and still  
And sadness is the tenant of my heart.

I miss the smile that I have grown to know  
The lustre of your eyes I love so well  
The wellspring of our joy seems ebbing low  
A longing grips that words can never tell

At night I wake and wonder how you are  
your spirit seems to ever hover near  
So near, so near and yet it is so far  
Pray God that may ~~you be~~ <sup>be</sup> well my dear

Title: *CITY LIFE*

Format: • Typed



“Till all the boys are at the Ghost Pine Store”

General store and post office, Ghost Pine Alberta  
Postmaster: Clifford Milan February 1936 – March 1943  
James Milan April 1941 – February 1943

## CITY LIFE.

I don't like this gol derved city  
And it shorly is a pity,  
To see so many people in one lump.  
I am goin' back to my old cabin  
And the neighbors friendly gabbin',  
Where I can sit and whittle on a stump.

And I am savin' all my stories,  
Of my regular nightly forays,  
'Till all the boys are at the Ghost Pine Store;  
Bet they'll think that I am deceivin'  
And it does sound past believin'  
I stayed out 'till ten and sometimes more.

Wal this city life's allurin',  
But you've got to be endurin',  
My corns are shorly burnin' on these streets.  
What with motor horns asnortin'  
And the populace cavortin',  
I would be more at home ahoein' beets.

But Ma likes this city cookin'  
And she never tires of lookin'  
And once she got a hair do by a Miss  
And it was so slick and wavy,  
That I'll tell you now by gravy,  
That she was almost sweet enough to kiss.

Once, I recollect I kissed her,  
But she always claims I missed her,  
'Twas back in nineteen nine, or ten;  
When I see these young folks neckin'  
Gosh, it makes me young, I reckon  
I'll ask Ma if she wants to try again.

Then one night when I was frisky  
And I knew 'twas kinda risky, *baller*  
I thought I'd take Ma to a ~~picture~~ show,  
Now it aint I want to holler,  
But it cost dern near a dollar;  
If I'd a known ~~it sooner~~, I would 'nt go;

*of course*



CITY LIFE.----(continued.)

Wal you know I'm quite a spender,  
I didn't want to offend her,  
Besides the show turned out a lot of mush  
And I sat there just astairin',  
Ma was mad at me and glarin',  
She sez I did, I sez I didn't, blush.

Wal Ma's quick upon the trigger,  
So the best thing I could figger,  
Was get her home before we had a fight,  
So I talked to her right soothin',  
But her dander kept on oozin'  
And so we fit most all that gol dern night.

Got to watch these city slickers,  
In your dealin's and your dickers,  
Or they'll get their hooks right in your meat,  
And they'll take you for a hurdle,  
From your necktie to your girdle,  
You'll find yourself a settin' on your seat.

But I fooled them all by thunder,  
When Ma sewed my wallet under  
Neath my clothes, in a piece of her old skirt  
And it worked just fine and dandy,  
'Till I bought some peanut candy,  
Gosh, I had to pull my undershirt.

I must ~~talk to them~~ <sup>tell them shoot 'em</sup> old fellers,  
Who think thier such great hellers  
And give them just a bit of good advise,  
Not to let them slickers trip ~~ya~~ <sup>'em</sup>  
Or by gum they shore will strip ~~ya~~ <sup>'em</sup>  
Thats when you're playin' cards, or rollin' dice.

There was one night I remember,  
'Twas the sixteenth of November,  
I lost her all down to a single dime--  
Gosh, I guess I'd best be foggin',  
Or by heck she'll crack my noggin',  
~~I didn't know 'twas long past supper time.~~

*I'll tell you 'bout the rest some other time.*

Title: *CLARA ARVIDSON AND  
RICHARD SPRY\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Your apron strings will bind him to your side”

Clara Arvidson and Richard Spry\*

1.

Clara. Will you take this man before you  
Who swears he will adore you  
Who swears aloud in deep and solemn tones.  
Whose voice is sweet, enchanting  
When he's not wild and ranting  
It fairly chills the marrow in your bones.

2.

Do you think that you can tame him?  
Promise that you will not maim him  
Nor cripple him nor otherwise deface  
That you will love, obey and nourish him  
And never fail to cherish him  
Like any member of the human race.

3.

Through the bleak years you have sought him  
And at long last you have caught him  
Your apron strings will bind him to your side  
When he is sour and old and sticky  
He will always be your Dicky  
And I will make you now his happy bride.

1.

Richard Spry Will you take this charming woman  
And defend her as a yeoman,  
Against the world and all its ancient ills,  
When the road is tough and muddy.  
Will you always be her buddy  
And pay and pay and pay the endless bills.

2.

In the dark hours of the morning  
When your bed you are adorning  
And fain would get your much befuddled rest  
From you dreams you swift awaken  
Every nerve is shaken, quakin'  
The little dicky bird has fouled the nest.

3.

Promise when these troubles threaten  
Though all things are soppin' wetten  
And you little wife will cry and cry and cry  
When your life seems glum and gooey  
And your love nest has gone phooey  
Think you, that can croon a lullaby?

4.

Though your fate be free from thistles  
There will always be the missiles  
The rolling pin and possibly the broom  
If you wish to risk your bacon  
And the chances that you're takin'  
I will have to change your status to a groom.

Presented at Clara's shower.

Clara Arvidson and Richard Spry married in 1940

*The Sprit of Ghost Pine* pg. 767

Clara. Will you take this man before you  
who swears he will adore you  
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whose voice is sweet, enchanting  
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He will always be your Dicky  
And I will make you now his happy bride

Title: *EVENTIDE*

Format: • Typed



“The sky is fingered with crimson,”



## EVENTIDE.

When evening comes to the valley  
When the workaday chores are done  
The sky is fingered with crimson,  
The hills say goodnight to the sun;

Then softly the shadows mingle  
With daytime's lingering light  
And dusk is born to the union  
And swathed in the raiment of night.

Night like a ministering angel  
Who smoothes o'er the furrows of care,  
Through the restful hours of silence,  
Like silence, that comes after prayer.

The stars like tall altar candles  
That tower to a Heavenly height,  
When lighted by trembling taper,  
In the hand of an acolyte

And high o'er the sleeping valley,  
Like watchfires that steadily burn  
Through the long night's silent vigil,  
They await the morrow's return.

.....

Title: *GYPSY TRAILS*

Format: • Typed



“Where all is calm and still.”

## GYPSY TRAILS.

I like a book, a shady nook  
Where dancing shadows play,  
A scented breeze, wide spreading trees  
Where filtered sun beams stray.

I like to be, where I can see  
The sun's reflected glare,  
On peaks that rise, along the skies  
Like some gigantic stair.

Afar from toil, where mad men moil,  
In cities crowded streets;  
Through din and glare and fetid air  
The pulse of traffic beats.

I'll leave behind the grit and grind  
Of Life's eternal mill,  
Go round the bend, where sidewalks end  
Where all is calm and still.

I'll softly steal, with rod and reel,  
Along the river's rim;  
I'll cast my bait, where goldeyes wait,  
Where pike and pickerel swim.

I'll crouch behind, a bushy blind,  
When ducks are on the wing;  
Its touch and go, but I well know  
The thrill that it can bring.

I like to breast the high tide's crest-  
To hear a motor's chug,  
When beating home, through scud and foam  
To sheltered haven, snug.

When fortune fails-'long gypsy trails,  
I'll sleep beneath the sky;  
I'll find my needs, where fancy leads  
And let the world go by.

-----

Title: *HAVE YOU WANDERED?\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Have you wandered down a woodland path”

## Have You Wandered?\*

Have you wandered down a woodland path  
Adown a silvan corridor  
And watched the filtered sunlight play  
Along the leaf strewn forest floor.

Have you heard the leaves low gossiping  
When news of their world is cast  
By zephyrs that gently whisper  
Or hurricanes withering blast.

How the oriole builded his nest  
High up a sycamore limb  
Of five little furry babies  
That his Mrs. had given to him.

Of the rabid raid the magpie made  
In the shadows of evenfall  
And left bereft that treasured nest  
O the tragedy of it all.

Talk of a family of flying squirrels  
In the hole of a riven oak.  
Of the old frog who lives in the bog  
Of his crotchety wheezy croak.

The chirr of the thrust in the thicket  
The whistle of quail in the wood  
Of the newly weds who just moved in  
A lusty red squirrel and his bride

From grey dawn until eventide  
Things we like to remember  
Things we wish to forget  
When the tides of life run low.

have you wandered down a woodland path  
adown a silvan corridor  
and watched the filtered sunshine play  
along the leaf-strewn forest floor.

have you heard the leaves low-gossiping  
of happy news of their world is cast  
by zephyrus, that gently whisper  
news that is spread by idle winds  
or hurricaned whirling blast -  
to stay fresh along their way.

saw the oriole builded his nest  
high <sup>up</sup> on a sycamore limb  
of five little furry babies  
which his Mrs had given to him

of the rabid raid the magpie made  
in the shadows of evenfall  
and left beleft that treasured nest  
of the tragedy of it all.

talk of a family of flying squirrels  
in the hole of a rivin oak.

the old frog who lives in the bog  
by his croakety wheezy croak  
a lusty red squirrel & his bride

When the tides of life run low

The choir of a thrush in  
thicket  
purple



The ~~chirp~~ of the thrush in a thicket  
The whistle of quail in the wood  
Of the newly weds who just moved in  
A lusty red squirrel and his bride

From grey dawn until twilight

Things we like to remember

Things we wish to forget



Title: *I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE  
WITH A MEMORY*

Format: • Typed



“Where ever she be, is she dreaming of me,”

Laura Milan, nee McGhee

I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH A MEMORY.

I have fallen in love with a memory,  
That has lingered the long years through,  
A pal that I knew from the long, long ago,  
An old love that always is new.

Memories, of jambories  
And things that we used to do.  
Moonlight and sleigh rides,  
Picnics and hay rides,  
Old dreams that can never come true.

I've fallen in love with a memory  
That comes when the firelight gleams,  
When red embers glow, then again I will go,  
Back to the pal of my dreams.

I've fallen in love with a memory.  
A memory that seems to recur,  
Where ever she be, is she dreaming of me,  
While I sit dreaming of her.

Title: *I'M GOING BACK\**

Format: • Typed



“Where the mocking bird is singing in the lilac bush”

Im goig back to where I come from  
Where the honeysuckle smells so sweet it darn near makes me sick.  
Iused to think my life was humdrum  
But I sure have leared a lessont that is bound to stick.

There aint no use of me ~~complaining~~ pretendin'  
This city sure aint no place for a guy like meto end in.

Im going back to where I come from, where the mocking bird is  
Singing int the lilac bush.

Iused to go down to thre station  
Every evening just to watch the pull man train come in rollin in,  
And then one night that great temptation , got the best of me and  
drove me to a life of sin.

Ittook my hat and fourteen dollars , and I went through all the troubles  
of this life that always follows when your rickh and huntint romance,  
But my huting days are over Ican tell you that.

Imet a man from Kansas city abd he winked at me and asked me if  
I,d like to step around .And I said'yup' thate what I,m here for  
Sohe said he,d take me to the hottest spots in town.

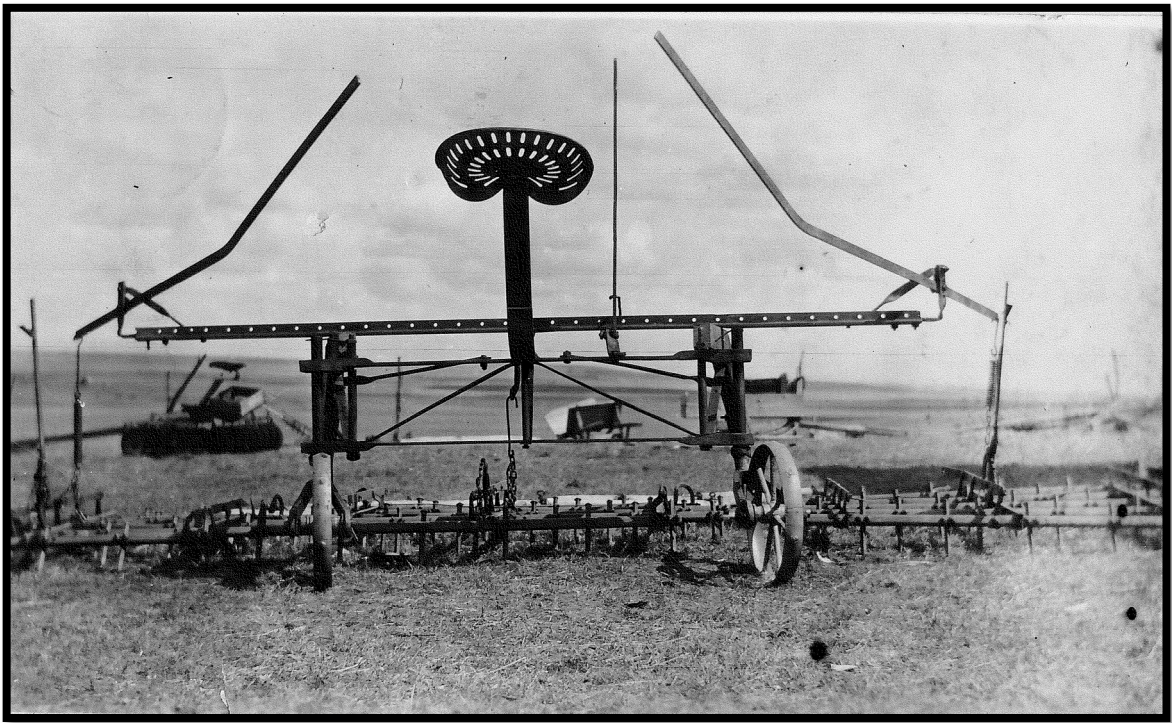
He mentioned things h,ed have to fix up  
So he took my fourteen dollars ,but there must have been a mix up  
He,s been gone since thursday evening and I,ve got a hunch I,ll never see  
That guy no more.

When I get old and have a grandsonI will tell him 'bout my troubles  
then just watch his eyes pop out.  
The chances are he went beleive me, and he,ll dothe same darn thing  
when h,e growed upbno doubt.  
But he cant say I did,nt warn him,what will happen ifhe meets up  
With that city guy gal darn him.

Going back to where I come from  
Where the mocking bird is sing ing in the lilac bush.

Title: *INDIAN SUMMER*

Format: • Typed



“The rusted plow lies idly”

Harrow cart invented by W. Arthur Milan

## INDIAN SUMMER.

I like the Autumn season,  
When Indian Summer comes,  
When golden sheaves are gathered  
And busy thresher hums.

When cattle roam the stubble  
And foals at random play,  
A meadow lark sings blithely,  
His farewell summer lay.

The sheen of golden pumpkins,  
When corn is in the shock;  
The old dejected scarecrow,  
In worn bedraggled smock.

The gnarled trees in the orchard,  
Where rosy apples hang,  
The nests among the branches,  
Where summer dwellers sang.

Regally the gobbler struts,  
His plumage to display,  
Unmindful of the season  
And near Thanksgiving Day.

Goldenrod like yellow flames,  
Along the roadways blaze;  
The bright sun's rays are mellowed,  
Through deep blue Autumn haze.

And wild geese winging southward,  
Along the airways wide;  
~~When~~ the world is filled with echoes  
And sounds are amplified.

A bumblebee drones homeward,  
With deep familiar boom,  
From his daily foraging,  
Where tardy flowers bloom.

A rusted plow lies idly  
At deep turned furrow's end;  
Against the distant hillside  
The multicolors blend.

The landscape rises skyward,  
In distant blue mirage;  
And noisy crows marauding,  
In sudden black barrage.

When forest leaves are golden,  
In this far Northern clime  
And Summer seems to linger,  
Its Indian Summer time.



Title: *INSPIRATION*

Original Title: *HOPE*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“New hope is born with each succeeding sun,”



" I N S P I R A T I O N "

How often through the lonely hours of night,  
We ponder o'er the problems of the day,  
But wake to find that mornings glorious light  
Has spirited our darkest thoughts away.

How often is our dearest wish unfilled,  
Our sternest efforts oft times meet defeat;  
How oft' the fairy castles that we build  
Fall crumbling into dust about our feet.

Yet deep within, some hidden force inspires,  
New hope is born with each succeeding sun,  
Along the sky the dark cloud swift retires,  
We bend with lightened hearts to tasks undone.

W. A. MILAN.

## "Hope."

How often through the lonely hours of night  
We ponder o'er the problems of the day,  
But wake to find that morning's glorious light  
Has spirited our darkest thoughts away.

How often is our dearest wish unfilled,  
Our sternest efforts oft times meet defeat;  
How oft the fairy castles that we build  
Fall crumbling into dust about our feet.

Yet deep within some hidden force inspired  
New hope is born with each succeeding sun,  
Along the sky the dark cloud swift retires,  
We bend with lightened hearts to tasks undone.

Finis

Title: *INTROSPECTION*

Original Title: *MEDITATION*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“Help your fellowmen and neighbors”

Milans and McGhees picking berries

## INTROSPECTION.

When you waken in the morning,  
When the day is newly borning,  
As countless days have come and gone before;  
When some scheme you would be starting,  
Think a moment ere departing,  
What does the future hold for you in store.

Will the sun at even' setting,  
Find your soul at peace or fretting  
O'er some trifle, that is neither here nor there;  
Will the fruiting of your labors,  
Help your fellowmen and neighbors,  
Or will you have denied them of their share.

Count each day a shining jewel,  
Or at least a priceless tool,  
That works for you its wealth of weal or woe.  
Be exacting in your choosing,  
Lest in passing you are losing,  
Far more than you are gaining as you go.

For some morning in its breaking,  
Sure will find you unawaking,  
And severed will be all your earthly ties  
And your soul from out its prison,  
Will have silently arisen  
And gone to its reward or otherwise.

## "Meditation."

When you awaken in the morning 8  
When the day is newly forming 8  
As <sup>countless</sup> many days have come and gone before, 10  
~~Upon~~ some task you would be starting, 8  
Think a moment ~~ever~~ departing, 8  
What <sup>does</sup> ~~probabilities~~ the future <sup>hold you</sup> ~~has~~ in store.

Will the sun, at even' setting, 8  
Find your soul at peace, or fretting 8  
Over some trifle that ~~is~~ neither here nor there? 2  
Will the fruiting of your labors  
Help your fellowmen and neighbors?  
Or will you have denied them of their share

Count each day a shining jewel,  
Or at worst a priceless tool  
That works for you its wealth of weal or woe.  
Be exacting in your choosing,  
Lest in passing you are losing  
<sup>for</sup> more than you are gaining as you go.



For some morning in its breaking 8  
The bill find you unawaking, - 8  
And Broken will be all your earthly ties, 10  
And your soul from out its prison 8  
Will have silently arisen, 8  
And Gone to its reward or otherwise.

Connect

"Finiis"

Title: *IT BEATS THE DEVIL*

Format: • Published



“To hell with Wood and his UFA” [United Farmers of Alberta]

W. Arthur Milan was a member of the Mt. Vernon U.F.A. credited with compiling the poem, *It Beats The Devil*. While there is no proof that Arthur penned this poem, its meter, style, vocabulary and perspective are manifested in his collective work.

*It Beats The Devil* depicts a turning point in Alberta's political history, ushering in the U.F.A. as the provincial government 1921 – 1935. Part 1 of *It Beats The Devil* was recited by Three Hills resident, N.F. McKinley, at the U.F.A. 1923 Annual Conference. At that time, print copies of the poem could be purchased through the U.F.A. central office for 25 cents.

Two print copies of the poem were included in W. Arthur Milan's collection.



# It Beats the Devil

## PART I.

Once, when the Devil was roaming about,  
Searching the country, in and out,  
He travelled the length of the whole Dominion  
For a suitable place, in his opinion—

An ideal spot, as yet untaken,  
A place that was certainly God-forsaken.  
Of all the country he'd covered or seen,  
Beside the oceans, or in between,

Alberta seemed to him the best,  
To found him empire of worry and pest.  
He commanded his imps, in thundering tones  
To cover the landscape with bushes and stones.

He called to the rivers on every side  
To hew their channels deep and wide.  
A red light gleamed in his demoniacal eye  
When he peppered their courses with alkali.

He covered the plains with gravel and sand,  
Smoothing them over with careful hand;  
Then he let it dry for a week or two,  
While he turned to the work he had still to do.

Day after day, in the blistering heat,  
With never a minute to sleep or eat;  
Turning out gophers and squirrels and mice,  
Grasshoppers and beetles and chicken lice;

Mosquitoes and bugs and worms galore,  
Were scattered about on his workshop floor.  
Coyotes and badgers, weasels and skunks,  
He moulded and made from left over chunks.

Days of ceaseless toil he spent,  
Before it was ready for settlement.  
When he had reached the height of his goal  
With every contraption to harrow a soul,

He wrote with the point of his quivering lance  
His ads. to inveigle the immigrants.  
He ordered his imps that stood by his side,  
To scatter them broadcast, far and wide.

He sat himself down, in grandeur and state  
To welcome the strangers at his gate,  
As in they rolled in a ceaseless tide,  
Prince and beggar, side by side.

He smiled when he noted the hopeless mix

O' Canucks and Yankees and Bolsheviks,  
Chinamen, Hindus, Japanese,  
The Highland Scotch with their barren knees,

Irish, English, Dutch and Finn,  
And still they kept on coming in.  
Men from Italy's sunny lands,  
Jews and Gypsies in motley bands.

But his old heart beat with untold joys  
When he spotted a bunch of Missouri boys.  
Their wagons were loaded with bedding and tools,  
They had hogs and chickens and long eared mules.

Women and children and barking hounds,  
Old Nick's happiness knew no bounds.

"Here, you imp, you tend this gate  
And mind you keep things going straight,

"Keep 'em movin', and peel your eye,  
Watch for the fellows from P. E. I.  
Don't you let one of them beggars pass,  
They're sure to queer the whole blamed mass."

"Hi, Missouri, you come with me,  
Never you mind the Customs' Fee;  
I want you folks to feel at home,  
What's yours is mine, what's mine's my own.

"Gosh, it's good to see such men,  
To be with old-time friends again."  
And so they came in a straggling stream,  
Over highway and byway with wagon and team.

They all settled into their natural ruts,  
Built their cabins, their dugouts and huts.  
Prosperity reigned in this chosen land,  
Nature dealt with a lavish hand.

Like a garden it bloomed in the heat of the sun,  
When Satan decided to start the fun.  
He gathered his imps from far and wide,  
From city and village and countryside.

He bade them scourge them left and right,  
To harrow and tease them, day and night.  
He loosed the mosquitoes, the bedbugs and ticks,  
The O. B. U. and the Bolsheviks.

He scattered the Socialists here and there,  
Whenever he had one left to spare.  
His henchmen were busy with mallet and maul,  
Hemming them in with the tariff wall.

The grasshoppers sang in the blistering sun,  
The Nonpartisan League was first begun.  
He scourged the land from North to South  
With frost and hail and cutworms and drouth.

But the Hicks all looked on the sunny side  
And kept on reading "The Grain Growers' Guide."  
Old Saman was beat, the air was blue,  
It seemed he didn't know what to do.

"I've run this game since the world began,  
I'm here to tell you, man to man,  
It's the first time in history I've been stuck,  
It's the darndest country I ever struck.

"I turned that bunch from Missouri ~~to~~ loose  
And all I get is their worst abuse,  
And take that bunch from F. E. I.,  
I know there was some of them sure got by.

"I can see it now, when it's all too late,  
That's where I made my big mistake.  
The bunch that got in have helped me more  
Than all of theimps I've had before.

"There's another thing that I want to say,  
If it hadn't been for the U. F. A.  
I'd have won the game with both hands down  
In the country and village, in the city and town.

"Everything seemed to be goin' so good,  
Till that cursed Missourian, President Wood,  
Came out the farm with his dreams and his schemes  
And upset the gravy and spoiled the beans.

"I'll hie me out of this cursed land,  
Back to where Meighen made his stand,  
I'll get away from these heartless brutes,  
No chance in the world to get recruits.

"All lined up like a bunch of troops,  
All you can hear is 'Separate Groups,'  
Organizations and 'Equal Rights,'  
Has kept me awake these many nights.

"Even the women are out for fair,  
With their 'Mothers' Pensions' and 'Child's Welfare!'  
The Juniors too, are gathering force;  
I guess my work was a little coarse.

"I'll go back East for another try,  
The attitude here is away too high!"  
He turned away with his shambling gait  
To catch the tail of an East-bound freight.

And over his shoulder, I heard him say,  
"To hell with Wood and his U. F. A."

---

## PART II.

The train rolled along with its rattle and roar,  
While the Devil he sat in a box car door,  
All through the night, through the chill gray dawn.

With face that was haggard and weebegone.

A "Brakie" in passing on the top of the car,  
Heard through the rumble, the jangle and jar,  
The sound of a voice, by emotion deep stirred,  
And these are the things he told me he heard.

Am I shanghied and buffaloed and ostracised  
By a bunch of "Rubes" that are organized?  
Am I still king of the nether space;  
Have I lost my hold on the human race?

Must I admit I am down and out,  
Busted and buncoed and put to rout?  
I'll tell the world I have one card yet,  
A game that will make them swear and sweat.

I'll trim their whiskers, I'll tell you that,  
I'll call an election at Medicine Hat.  
I'll line up my Imps, a formidable horde,  
In every constituency, district and ward.

I'll gather my forces; I'll call the reserve;  
I'll give them a taste of the stuff they deserve.  
He rose to full height, for the Devil was sore;  
His tail lashed the dust on the box car floor.

The die was cast. He had stacked his cards  
When he dropped to the ground in the railroad yards.  
He gathered around him his gibbering grist  
Of Conservative, Liberal and Socialist.

He fumed and he foamed like a "Blue Nose" bereft,  
He stamped with his feet that were cloven and cleft,  
He 'phoned and he wired till the cables were hot,  
Until his head office at Ottawa got.

He gave them instructions, he read them the law  
'Till the foam fell in flecks from his slobbering jaw,  
A candidate chosen, of his selection,  
The stage was all set for the coming election.

The day rolled around as time wore on,  
The Devil was out at the peep of dawn.  
His pockets were filled with "Ramparts of Gold,"  
He pulled off the stunt that was ancient and old.

He cursed them, caressed them, counseled, cajoled:  
How often, how often the story's been told  
How the "Rubes" were all there in their jeans and cravats,  
In wagons and buggies and old democrats,

In "Lizzies" and "Flivvers" that wobbled and roared;  
On horseback and muleback, a comical horde;  
Walking, and riding in rattling rigs;  
On bicycles, tricycles and rickety gigs;

By oxteam and buckboard, by gas and by steam,  
How they rolled to the polls in a smothering stream.  
The Devil was worried, his heart was full sore,  
He never had seen such a turnout before.

How the sweat fairly dripped from the end of his beak,  
How the joints in his tan were so dry they would squeak.  
When the votes were all counted, when the day was all done,  
How the news travelled fast that the farmers had won.

How the Devil collapsed when the news came to him,  
How he hovered for days along death's icy brim.  
There was weeping and wailing of Tories and Grits,  
The Socialists raising in rancor and in fits.

There was hurrying and scurrying with bottle and jug,  
They wet him and sweat him in blanket and rug.  
But alack and alas, he was sinking so fast  
That they feared the reign of their monarch was past.

The M. D's. were there with pencil and pad,  
Their mein was dejected, their countenances sad.  
The Chiropractors adjusted with hands and with wrists,  
Osteopaths pounded with elbows and fists;

Specialists gathered, of renown and reliance,  
They tried out the doctrine of "Christian Science,"  
And as they assembled in rings and in rows,  
From whence they had hailed there's no one that knows.

Yet over it all a black pall had spread  
When word issued forth that the Devil was dead,  
The flags from their tall masts looked gloomily down  
On the sad hearted people of Ottawa town.

Many passes were issued, all business was stopped,  
A big, juicy chunk from the revenue was topped.  
Committees assembled, commotion was great,  
They would bury their patron in pomp and in state.

Big men and small men, lean men and fat  
Were dispatched with all haste to Medicine Hat.  
The town that survived in spite of its name  
Had suddenly sprung into infamous fame.

The crowds came so fast that it worried the cops,  
Undertakers were grinning and licking their chops.  
They washed him and shaved him and powdered his nose,  
They swathed his appendage in swaddling clothes.

They polished his horns in "Three-in-One" oil;  
They did up his tresses in ringlet and coil.  
They hid his old hoofs from the eyes of the crowd,  
They dressed him in broadcloth, in dicky and shroud.

When their work was all finished, their joy was so great,  
They left him to slumber in grandeur and state.  
In the meantime the council foregathered to pick  
The ones who were worthy to carry Old Nick.

They warred and they wrangled, they hemmed and they hawed,  
They jibbered and jangled and jabbered and jawed.  
Till out of the melee the six that they chose



To carry the casket and walk at the front  
Was a Toxy, a Grit and a Socialist runt,  
An I. W. W., an apostle of Nick,  
A Non-partisan heeler and a red Bolshevick.

Still was one left, a friend tried and true,  
The gink that had founded the O. B. U.  
So they fixed him a handie on the end of the box,  
Where in sackcloth and ashes, in shoes without sox

He could mourn in contentment, as much as he pleased,  
Till his grief it was sated and his heart it was eased.  
Old Satan was carried with slow martial tread  
To the place where the "Hatters" had buried their dead.

The grief of the mourners, in rank and in file,  
Was viewed by the farmers with snicker and smile  
While they sat on the fences and dangled their toes  
With finger and thumb at the end of their nose.

They buried him deep, with the Hat's drifting sand,  
While they wept at the loss to the country and land.  
And there at the graveside, close by his head,  
They placed a big demijohn, so it is said.

And on it was written a warning for us,  
An epitaph fitting the "Ornery Cuss,"  
"Here lies the body of Old Nicklos Satan,  
That the farmers who've gone and those are waitin'

May know and may heed, before its too late,  
And turn from the business of naggin' the State.  
Go back to your farms, to your hogs and your chickens,  
Forget that the country is goin' to the dickens.

Forget the white lights, the lure and the loot,  
Go back where there's room for to grub and to root,  
And remember this warning is for your own good,  
For my Curse is on Gardiner, Crerar and Wood."

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### PART III.

When the last rites were over, the last prayer was said,  
They turned away sadly from the grave of their dead.  
But they halted in fear when a rumble was heard,  
When the whole valley trembled and shuddered and stirred.

When out from the crest of the newly made mound  
Came old Nicklos Satan with a curse and a bound.  
His face it was livid, his dicky awry,  
While the red flames of Hades flashed from his eye.

His shroud was bespattered, bespotted and rent,  
His tail was all twisted and battered and bent.  
The multitude fell on its face in the dust  
While the Devil he growled, he glared and he cussed.



What do you mean by this maudlin stuff?  
Arise and away with your groaning and guff,  
He sprang in amongst them slashing and tearin'  
Like a big Nova Scotian when he's cnokin' a Herrin'.

Out of my sight with your pomp and your pelf,  
You'd make a real devil ashamed of himself.  
And remember, to answer my beck and my call,  
For these hayseeds are crowding our backs to the wall.

And I want you to know, before you depart,  
That this bye-election was only a start.  
It's all cut and dried, and soon you will see,  
Who's running this Province, the farmers or me.

I'll call an election that will make them see red,  
That will jar Henry Wood from his heels to his head.  
To think for a moment they can stand in my way  
With their insignificant U. F. A.

Thus heard the children, of Satan begat,  
In his grim resurrection at Medicine Hat.  
He buried his old tail like a propellor screw  
And away to the city of Edmonton flew.

And there in the Capital city he reigned,  
Till the good will or the government gained,  
He anointed their heads with cocoanut oil,  
He blessed the good works of Stewart and Boyle.

He counseled, he threatened, he teased and he blamed,  
Until a general election they boldly proclaimed.  
"God pity the farmer, my hour has struck,  
I'll nag them and drag them through mire and muck.

I'll make them repent for the trouble they've been,  
I'll teach them that still I am master or men.  
They've been hammerin' and ciammerin' for months and for years  
But I'll drop a big wrench in the mid'st of their gears."

'Twas thus that the Devil would talk to himself,  
A habit acquired while residing in Guelph.  
When things at the Capital City were framed,  
And all of the government candidates named,

He hied him to Calgary, barrel, lock and stock,  
To his suite at the top of the Herald Block.  
WHERE great editorials in peace he could write,  
And be in the midst of the fray and the fight.

So the Calgary Herald, on the square and the level,  
Was the first printing plant that could boast a real Devil.  
He called in the Imps who were brewing the beer,  
He bade them be patient, to be of good cheer,

To stay on the job a little while longer,  
In the meantime to make the stuff a bit stronger.  
He wired his distillers all over B. C.  
To make their stuff as strong as could be.

To fill every drug store, every dugout and cellar,  
And be sure that a carload was billed to Drumheller.  
He called his bootleggers, a mixed sort of crew,  
He smeared and he tasted their brands of "Home Brew."

He strangled and stuttered and hollered "Enough;"  
I can't add a thing to that cursed stuff.  
In the meantime the farmers would sit in convention,  
And the way that they functioned is worthy of mention.

Nominations were open for one and for all,  
For old men and young men, short men and tall.  
For men from the foothills, the brush and the bogs,  
Men that were fresh from slopping their hogs.

Men from the ranges, the valleys and hills,  
Men from New Brunswick who breathed through their gills.  
Men from the Northlands with pistol and poke,  
Men from the Wheatlands, busted and broke.

Men from Ontario, bewhiskered codgers,  
Known far and wide as famous stump dodgers,  
In dickey and derby, with pantaloons creased,  
Expounders of knowledge, wise men from the East.

All were assembled in gala array,  
Men that were true to the old U. F. A.  
President Wood in his jumper and jeans,  
Was tinkering round among the machines.

Wielding the ladle of pep and of hope,  
Creasing the axles with optimism,  
Till the day of election, 18th of July,  
When the country was sizzlin' blisterin' dry.

A day that was picked by the monarch of Hades,  
A fact that is known to the gents and the ladies.  
The Devil was worried, he was weak and all in,  
His face was all wrinkled, was haggard and thin.

But he ordered his Imps to pass out the booze,  
To make no distinction 'tween Gentiles and Jews.  
The doctors were packing the thickest of pads,  
The druggists had visions of holiday gads.

But the tubes were all "next" in their wiseacre way,  
And stayed with the pump for the most of the day.  
When the polls were all closed and the ballots all checked,  
The hopes of old Satan were mangled and wrecked.

For the news soon had traveled by wire and by mail,  
That the farmers had tied a hard knot in his tail.  
Some folks may ask me, "What is the rest?"  
But I'll pull down the blinds, for I think it is best.

For the sake of the young folks and the old folks as well,  
We'll say "Au revoir" to the monarch of hell.

The above poem was compiled by the Mount Vernon Local  
of the United Farmers of Alberta at Three Hills, Alberta.

Title: *JUST THINKIN'*

Format: • Typed



“In Calgary’s big stampede”

Straws Milan, great-grandson of Lou Milan  
Lou was W. Arthur Milan’s younger brother

JUST THINKIN.'

I'll saddle old Baldy to-morrow  
And pack a few things that I need  
And take the trail o'er the prairie,  
For town and the big Stampede.

I'll meet the boys from the Two Dot  
And hands from the Broken B.  
Old Joe Blake from the Rolling R,  
And Neal from the Circle C.

Old Jake Long from the Anchor Bar  
And the boys from the Lazy A;  
Old pals of the open ranges,  
'Way back in the bygone day;

When life on the open prairie  
Was free as the wind in the hills  
When each day brought to the rider,  
Its measure of danger and thrills.

We counted our herds in thousands,  
And rode with a careless rein,  
Before the days of the fences  
And the fields of golden grain.

Before the days of the "Homer,"  
When the Indians roamed at will,  
The gleam of their fires at twilight  
Would shine from a distant hill,

And down along the Little Bow,  
Where the balm-of-gileads grew,  
Where swiftly as a shadow,  
Sped the Blackfoot's birch canoe;

Where the smoke of many lodges,  
Drifted low across the land  
And the children of his people  
Builted tepees out of sand.

When the buffalo still was with us  
And the country wild and new  
And from miles around we'd gather  
For an old time barbecue.

To-night, forgotten memories,  
Each one clearer than the last,  
Seem to follow fast the other,  
Like a pageant of the past,

Bringing scenes and recollections  
Of many a bygone deed,  
That will be plainly featured  
In Calgary's big stampede.

-----

Title: *KNOWLEDGE*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“KNOWLEDGE, priceless gift of heaven”

James Milan

## KNOWLEDGE.

Beating back across the ages,  
What has history's pages told?  
Has the wisdom of the sages  
Given aught our lives to mold?

From the dusk of cave and grotto,  
Through the lingering mists of night,  
What has ever been man's motto  
In his ever upward flight?

Whence the motive, that, enthralls him  
In his struggle toward his goal?  
Whose the voice that ever calls him  
To the haven of his soul?

What has been his great incentive,  
In his journey down the years,-  
Ever eager, yet attentive  
To the lessons of his years?

KNOWLEDGE, priceless gift of heaven,  
Nourished by each passing age;  
KNOWLEDGE, ever God's own leaven,-  
Man's immortal heritage.

In each age and generation,  
Man has given of his store  
And in passing, veneration  
For the millions gone before.

The torch of knowledge, eons burned;  
Man-to-man's immortal bond,-  
Our knowledge of Life's mysteries learned,  
We pass to legions still beyond.

With the flight of swiftest swallow,  
Time is flying, fleeting fast;-  
Leave some mark for those who follow,  
In the track where you have passed.

Life is but a moment with us-  
Measured by the leagues of time,  
But in passing much can give us,  
If we make our lives sublime.

-----



# Knowledge

Beating back across the ages,  
What has history's pages told?  
Has the wisdom of the sages  
Given aught our lives to mold?

From the dusk of cave and grotto,  
Through the lingering mists of night,  
What has been man's earnest motto  
In his ever upward flight?

Whence the motive, that enthrallo him  
In his struggle toward his goal?  
Whose the voice, that ever calls him  
To the haven of his soul?

What has been his one incentive,  
In his journey down the years,—  
Ever eager, yet attentive  
To the visions of his years?

Knowledge, priceless gift of heaven,  
Nourished by each passing age!  
Knowledge, ever God's own leaven,  
Man's immortal heritage!

In each age and generation  
 Man has given of his store;  
 And in passing veneration  
 For the millions gone before,

The flaming torch of knowledge burning,  
 Man-to-man's immortal bond,-  
 Knowledge of life's mysteries learning,  
 We pass to legions still beyond.

With the flight of swiftest swallow  
 Time is flying, fleeting fast;-  
 Leave some mark for those who follow  
 In the track where you have passed.

Life is but a moment with us,  
 Measured by the leagues of time;  
 But in passing, much can give us,  
 If we make our lives sublime.

Life the sower, Death the reaper,  
 Man is but a shambling clod.  
 Peace be with each silent sleeper,  
 Until his soul returns to God.

Title: *LIFE IN THE CITY*

Format: • Typed



“Give me the distant rolling hills.”

From the top of Sarcee Butte looking west  
W. Arthur Milan’s homestead on left, below horizon

## Life In The City.

I'm tired of life in the city,  
Of hurrying hives of men.  
Of the rushing yon and thither,  
The scurrying back again;

Of the cold dead eyes that see not,  
In the faces worried and gaunt,  
And mirrored deep in their shadows  
The nameless fear of want.

I'm sick of the sight of the Jones's  
With their artificial life,  
The endless milling of workers,  
The ceaseless struggle and strife.

I weary of sounds of traffic,  
Of the constant din and blare,  
Of the fetid breath of motors,  
Of the blinking, blinding glare.

Where Master in his limousine,  
Rolls on in smug content;  
Where Teiler slowly homeward plods,  
To his crowded tenement.

Where the youth are born in bondage,  
Chained to the chariot wheel,  
Of an age old soulless ~~system~~ *system*,  
And never can know the feel,

Of the lure of wide horizons,  
Of ~~the~~ new life just ahead;

That time clock just a memory,  
The shackles of serfdom shed.

Of the lure of strange adventures,  
Beyond a bend in the trail,  
That brings to your view new vistas,  
Like scenes from a fairy tale.

The sirens blast but an echo,  
That sounds from a prison wall,  
And drowned in the full crescendo,  
Of a mountain waterfall.

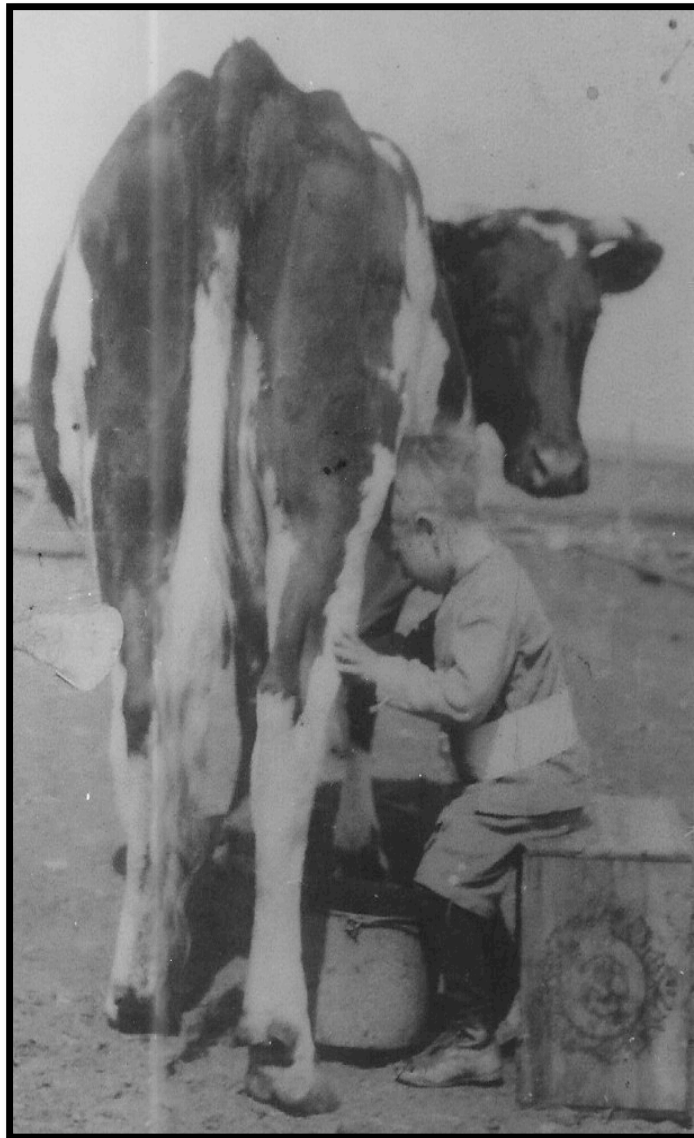
Give me the distant rolling hills,  
When the sun comes over the rise;  
And give me the wooded valleys,  
And the peaks against the skies.

~~The rolling fields of ripening grain,  
The rustling of growing corn,  
The murmur of water in the rills,  
The singing of the brook.~~

Title: *MORNING*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



"Where in the realms of boyhood fancy,"

James Milan

## Morning

Have you ever arose in the morning,  
And felt those wondrous thrills,  
The sound the depths of your being,  
As the sun comes o'er the hills,

When the sparkling dew of heaven  
Shines from the growing things,  
And know the joy of living  
That the breath of morning brings?

The twitter of the birds in the woodland,  
The murmur of falling streams,  
Bring back forgotten memories  
Of home and boyhood dreams,

Where in the realms of boyhood fancy  
You painted the future years  
With colors of brightest rainbow,  
And never a thought of tears.

Pictures you idly painted,  
By the hand of a master made,  
And hung in the halo of memory,  
Where the colors will never fade.

As you stand lost in reveries,  
In the first glad golden rays,  
You turn with a sigh from the picture  
And thoughts of other days.

Finis



"Morning."

mixed metre

Have you ever rose in the morning, ungrammatical  
And felt those wondrous thrills,  
That sound the depths of your being,  
As the sun comes o'er the hills,

When the sparkling dew of heaven  
Shines from the growing things,  
And known the joy of living  
That the breath of morning brings?

The twitter of birds in the woodland,  
The murmur of falling streams,  
Bring back forgotten memories  
Of home and boyhood dreams,

Where in the realms of boyhood fancy  
You painted the future years  
With colors of brightest rainbow,  
With never a thought of tears;

Pictures you idly painted,  
By the hand of a master made,  
And hung in the halls of memory,  
Where the colors will never fade (connection)

As you stand lost in reveries,  
In the first glad golden rays,  
You turn with a sigh from the picture  
And thoughts of other days.

Finis.  
—  
—

Title: *NEVER AGAIN*

Format: • Typed



“That moving day is here again”

Milan and McGhee children

NEVER AGAIN.

That moving day is here again  
With it's worries and confusions,  
It's knuckle busting tasks to do,  
With it's blisters and contusions;

If ever I do move again,  
Here's a truth, I will not mask it,  
They'll take me from my next abode,  
In an undertaker's basket.

-----

Title: *NO SOAP*

Format: • Typed



“Our hands were always red and rough,”

Gladys Milan

"NO SOAP."

We used to wash our neck and ears--  
Nor thought we much about it,  
Our clothes stayed white for years and years  
And no one seemed to doubt it;

Our hands were always red and rough,  
Our noses bright and shining,  
Our hides were always thick and tough,  
Our beauty fast declining;

In ignorant bliss we toiled along,  
Life's problems all were simple,  
We met the dawn with smile and song,  
Nor worried o'er a pimple.

Our Grandma rubbed with doubled fist,  
But now her work is lighter;  
These super soap tycoons insist,  
Her wash is four shades whiter.

Our Grandpap bathed but once a week,  
A corn cob made his lather,  
He never dreamed of static squeak,  
Nor heard such frothy blather.

He never knew a beauty bath,  
Of supersuds and bubbles,  
Now it takes an osteopath,  
To iron out our troubles.

It seems to take a lot of dope,  
To make a man soap conscious,  
No doubt it takes a lot of soap,  
To scrub our backs and haunches

But just the same I'd like to get,  
A programme of my choosin',  
Though 'round my dial I fume and fret,  
I can't lose Doctor Susan;

I tune my set in vain to get  
My favorite song or show,  
I break into a clammy sweat--  
When my speaker blares "B.O."

When Sunday comes oh joy profound,  
In blissful glee I grope;  
From Frisco to Cape Cod I bound,  
You guessed it right, no soap.



Title: *NORTHERN LIGHTS\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“The Northern lights like maidens dance”

## Northern Lights\*

The silken swish of Northern lights  
Along the dusky sky  
The enchanting chimes of sleigh bells  
The night owl's eerie cry.

The Aurora Borealis  
From out his Northern lair  
Is like frozen music  
Suspended in mid air.

The Northern lights like maiden's dance  
Along their stage on high  
Against the ebony backdrop  
A ballet in the sky.

The silken swish of Northern lights  
Along the dusky sky  
The enchanting chiming of sleigh bells  
The night owls eerie cry.

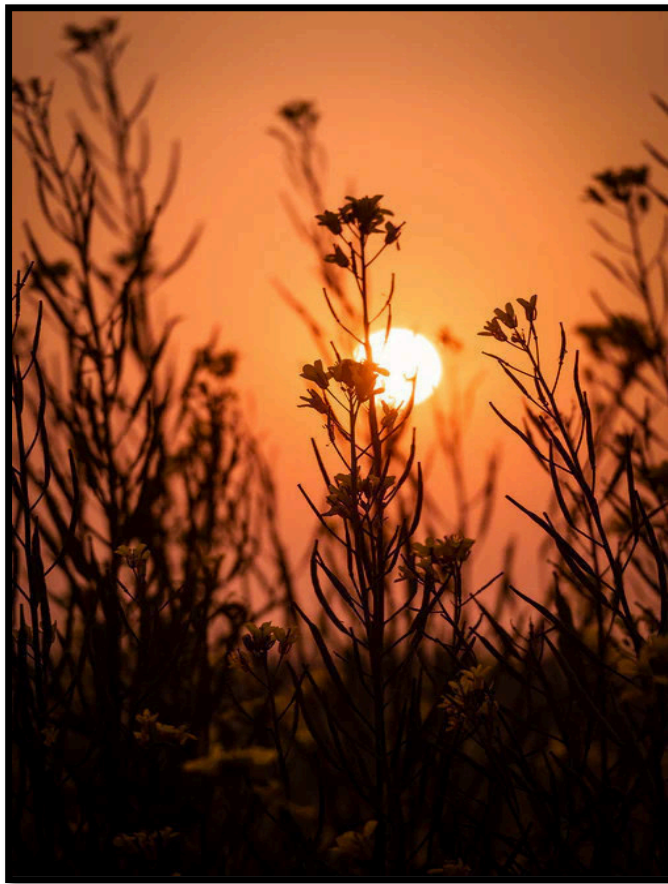
The Aurora Borealis  
From out his Northern lair  
Is like silent, frozen music  
Suspended in mid air.

The Northern lights like maidens dance	8
<sup>along</sup> across their stage on high	6
Against the ebony backdrop	8
Like a ballet in the sky.	6

Title: *OFTIMES THE DAY IS LONG\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Oftimes the day is long the heart is sad”

### Oftimes The Day Is Long\*

Oftimes the day is long the heart is sad  
The lowering clouds are tinged with somber hue  
Our thoughts are of the things we might have had  
If ever to ourselves we had been true.  
Dim memories come to haunt our passing days  
From out the limbo of forgotten things  
We wander in the gloom of darkened ways  
While 'round us conscience mantle coldly clings.  
Salvations path somewhere we left by choice  
For careless ways down which we lately trod  
We turned our deafened ear to conscience's voice  
Who whispers to our souls of peace and God.

Often the day is long the heart is sad  
The lowering clouds are tinged with ~~solitude~~ hue  
Our thoughts ~~are~~ of the things we might have had  
Of ever to ourselves we had been true  
Dim memories come to haunt our passing days  
From out the limbo of forgotten things  
We wander in the gloom of darkened ways  
While 'round us conscience mantle coldy clings  
Salvation's path somewhere we left by choice  
For careless ways down which we lately trod  
We turned our deafened ear to conscience's voice  
Who whispers to our souls of peace and God.



Title: *OUR BACK YARD*

Format: • Typed



“I wish that I were a poet”

## OUR BACK YARD.

I stand at the kitchen window  
And gaze at our old back yard,  
And wish that I were a poet,  
Or a simple country bard;

That I could paint a word picture,  
A true idyl of my dream,  
That I might speak in a language,  
That is worthy of my theme.

I would sing of blue eyed Sueans  
And of poppies' nodding heads,  
Of pansies with fairy faces,  
All tucked in their dewy beds.

I'd write an ode to the lilies,  
To the rich chrysanthemums,  
To the beauty of the asters,  
When chilly Autumn comes;

To the iris and the crocus,  
To bright tulips by the fence,  
Where the morning glories wander,  
Their foliage dark and dense;

To the hedgerow's yellow blossoms,  
Where bees hum soft and low,  
An enchanting emerald backdrop  
For my private flower show.

A sonnet to the lilly pond,  
Where the sparrows love to come  
There, splashing, quarreling, gossiping,  
In a mad delirium.

To twittering of feathered kin,  
In the welcome light of dawn,  
To the robin in his red vest  
As he hops across the lawn.

I wish that I were a poet-  
I turn away with a sigh  
And leave the song to another,  
Someone more gifted than I.

-----

## OUR BACK YARD.

I stand at the kitchen window  
And gaze at our old back yard,  
And wish that I were a poet,  
Or a simple country bard;

That I could paint a word picture,  
A true idyl of my dream,  
That I might speak in a language,  
That is worthy of my theme.

I would speak <sup>sing</sup> of blue eyed Susans  
And of poppies nodding heads,  
Of pansies with fairy faces,  
All tucked in their dewy beds.

I'd write <sup>an ode</sup> ~~some lines~~ to the lilies,  
To the rich chrysanthemums,  
To the beauty of the asters,  
When chilly Autumn comes;  
To <sup>the iris</sup> ~~lilies~~ and <sup>the crocus</sup> ~~anemones~~  
And bright tulips by the fence,  
Where the morning glories wander,  
Their foliage dark and dense;

To the hedgerow's yellow blossoms,  
Where bees hum soft and low,  
An enchanting emerald backdrop  
For my private flower show.

A sonnet to the lilly pond,  
Where the sparrows love to come  
And splashing, quarreling, gossiping,  
In a mad delirium;

To <sup>twittering</sup> ~~chirping~~ of ~~their~~ feathered kin,  
In the welcome light of dawn,  
To the robin in his red vest,  
As he hops across the lawn.

I wish that I were a poet--  
I turn away with a sigh  
And leave the song to another,  
Someone more gifted than I.

Title: *OUR GROCER MAN*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



"Our grocer is a mighty man,"

W. Arthur Milan in front of his store in the  
Kensington, neighbourhood of Calgary

## OUR GROCER MAN.

Our grocer is a mighty man,  
He runs our country store,  
He always says "Good day my dear."  
When I go in his door.

He stands behind his counter there,  
A grim and harried soul,  
He tries his best to pay his debts  
But is always in the hole.

His scrawny arms are long and lean,  
His hair is thin and coarse,  
His Roman nose large and red,  
His face looks like a horse.

His denim shirt is glazed with dirt,  
His weak old eyes are brimming,  
The dusky edge along his nails,  
Bespeaks their need of trimming.

Year in, year out, from dawn to dusk,  
He does whom e'er he can,  
He stares the whole world in the face  
Though he owes most every man.

The children trooping home from school  
Pass through his open door  
And leave their ghastly litter there  
Upon his splintered floor.

He serves them all the best he can,  
His features long and sad,  
With gleeful shouts of joy and mirth,  
They drive him all but mad.

He passes out the bars and gum  
With measured tread and slow,  
He bends beneath the counter while  
He cusses soft and low.

His face is wreathed in grizzly smiles,  
As patrons come and go,  
He ducks out back- to scratch his back.  
He suffers from B.O.

And when his busy day is o'er,  
He counts his meager dough,  
He mumbles through his loosened plates,  
"Wher does the darn stuff go."

He swings his ancient door hard shut,  
Turns out his single light  
And wends his weary homeward way  
In silence and in fright.

He is a mighty man,  
A mighty man.

He goes on Sunday to the kirk,  
It is his only choice,  
He listens to the choir screech,  
He hears his daughter's voice.

She screeches louder than the rest  
For she has screeched for years,  
From bass to high falsetto  
And never stripped her gears.

He listens to the parson preach,  
His sermon long and deep  
Whose gentle tones have eased his bones  
And lulled him fast asleep.

Dream on dream on thou noble prince,  
Through midday's sweltering heat  
While your underwear is showing  
Through the fabric of your seat.

Awake, awake thou noble sire  
From celestial dreams sublime,  
For the meeting house is empty  
And 'tis long past dinner time.

On Sunday afternoon at home,  
His week's work nobly done  
He sits upon his latticed porch  
Barefooted in the sun.

He puts his feet upon the rail,  
His world seems all in tune,  
His good wife from the kitchen brings,  
His favorite old spittoon.

He dozes in his easy chair,  
His worries all behind,  
But overhead the morrow hangs  
With ceaseless daily grind.

He dearly loves his fellowman  
And wishes him no ill.  
But why in thunderation don't  
He pay his blasted bill.



He goes on Sunday to the kirk,  
It is his only choice,  
He listens to the choir screech,  
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His worries all behind,  
But overhead the morrow hangs  
With ceaseless daily grind.

He dearly loves his fellowman  
And wishes him no ill.  
But why in thunderation don't  
He pay his blasted bill.

Borrowing, trusting, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes  
The ill of his competitors  
Is no skin off his nose.

Thanks, thanks my worthy friend  
For the lessons thou hath taught,  
For the service thou hast rendered  
And the groceries I have got.

Dream on my gallant merchant prince  
Of pomp and power and pelf,  
Put your dreams beneath the counter  
For you just kid yourself.

-----

## Our Grocer Man.

Our grocer is a funny man  
He runs the corner store  
He always says "good ~~day~~ my dear"  
When I go in his door.

He stands behind his counter there  
A grim and harried soul  
He trips his best to pay his debts  
But still is in the hole

His scrawny arms are long and lean  
His hair is thin and coarse  
His Roman nose is large and red  
His face ~~face~~ looks like a horse

His denim shirt is glazed with dirt  
His weak old eyes are brimming  
The dusky edge along his nails  
Betokens their need of trimming

Year in year out from dawn to dusk  
He does whomever he can  
He stares the whole world in the face  
Though he owes most every man.

The children trooping home from school  
 Pass in his open door  
 And leave their ghastly litter there  
 Upon his splintered floor

He serves them all ~~the~~ <sup>as</sup> best - he can  
 His features long and sad  
 With gleeful shouts of joy and mirth  
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He passes out the bars and gum  
 With measured tread and slow  
 He bends beneath the counter while  
 He curses soft and low.

His face is wreathed in grizzly smiles  
 As patrons come and go  
 He ducks out back - to scratch his back  
 He suffers from B. O.

And when his busy day is over  
 He counts his meager dough  
 He mumbles thru his loosened plates  
 "Where does the d - stuff go?"

HE swings his ancient door hard shut  
Turns out his single light-  
And wends his weary homeward way  
In silence and in fright-

HE goes on Sunday to the Kirk  
~~and is his only choice~~  
HE listens to the choir screech  
HE hears his daughters voice

She screeches louder than the rest  
For she has screeched for years  
From bass to high falsetto  
and never stripped her gears

He listens to the parson preach  
His sermon long and deep  
whose gentle tones have eased <sup>his</sup> bones  
And lulled him fast asleep

HE dreams he is a merchant prince  
whose castles and fair lands  
Are dotted here and dotted there  
with massive hot dog stands



dream on, dream on thou noble prince  
Through middays sweltering heat  
While your underwear is showing  
Through the fabric of your seat

Awake, awake thou noble sire  
From celestial dreams sublime  
For the meeting house is empty  
And 'tis long past dinnertime

On Sunday afternoon at home  
His weeks work nobly done  
He sits upon his latticed porch  
Barefooted in the sun

He puts his feet up <sup>on</sup> the rail  
His world seems all in tune  
His good wife from the kitchen brings  
His favorite old spittoon

He dozes in his easy chair  
His worries left behind  
But overhead the morrow hangs  
With ceaseless daily grind



He deeply loves his fellowman  
He wishes him no ill  
But why in thunderation doubt  
He pay his blasted bill

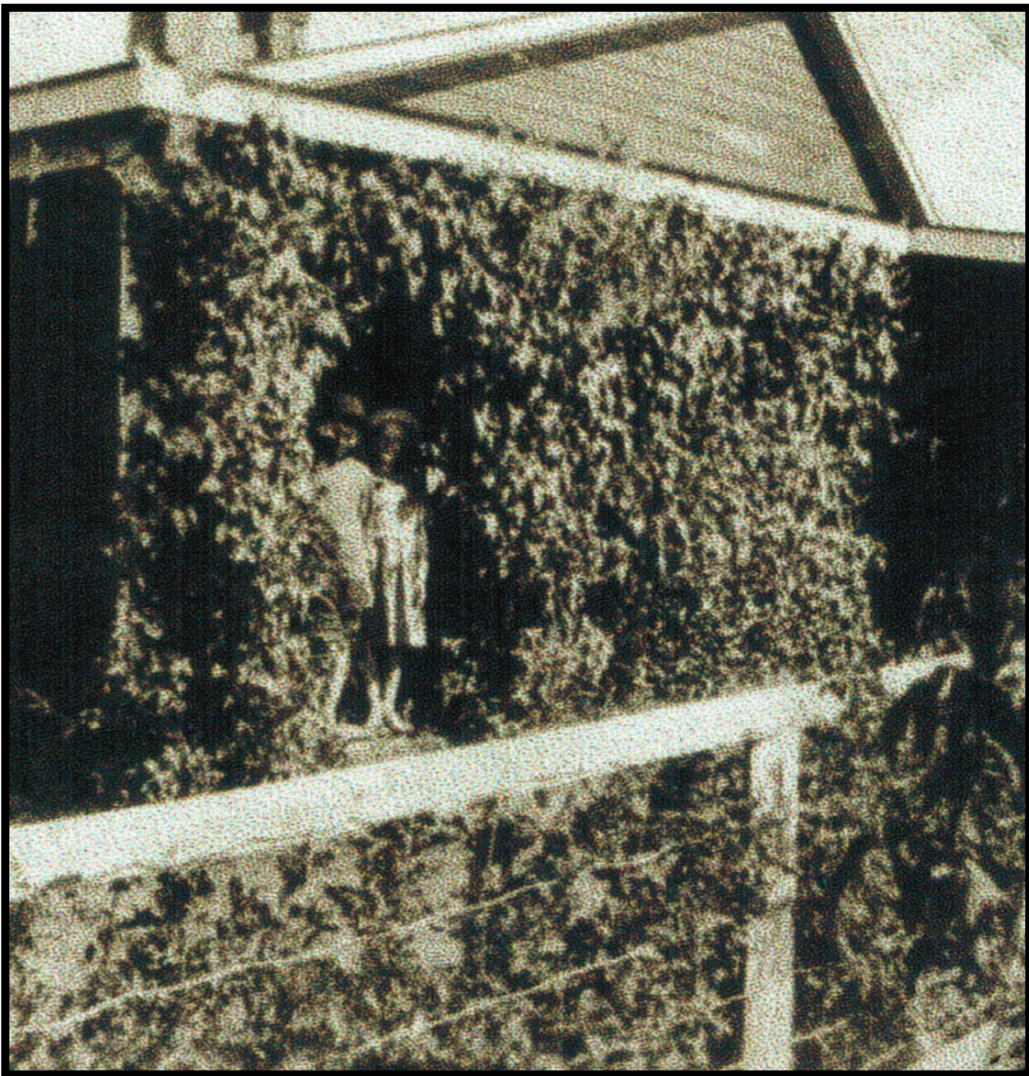
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Onward through life he goes  
The ills of his competitors  
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Thanks, thanks my worthy friend  
For the lesson thou has taught  
For the service thou hast rendered  
And the groceries I have ~~paid~~ <sup>paid</sup>

Dream on my gallant merchant prince  
Of pomp and power and pelf  
Put them below the counter too  
For you just kid yourself.

Title: *OUR HOLLYHOCKS*

Format: • Typed



“They nod their heads in gossip”

Laura’s vines on the farm.

## OUR HOLLYHOCKS

Our hollyhocks look lovely  
There, along the garden wall,  
Draped in their leafy mantles  
And so slender, straight and tall;

Blushingly they hang their heads,  
When a zephyr steals a kiss,  
Like bashful old Aunt Mamie,  
Or a shy sweet country Miss:

They nod their heads in gossip,  
When the neighbors pass them by,  
They give a world of pleasure,  
For the space they occupy.

Of all the lovely flowers,  
That grow along our block,  
I think that none are grander,  
Than the good old hollyhock.

Title: *OUR OLD TIN LIZZIE*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Some sheltered spot in a grassy plot,  
Shall be her earthly grave”

W. Arthur Milan's Old Tin Lizzie



## Our Old Tin Lizzie

I've drained out her radiator,  
I've jacked up her wheels from the floor,  
I stepped softly out in the twilight,  
And closed up the garage door;

And I left her to rest for the winter,  
Alone where she's cozy and warm,  
Away from the snows of the winter,  
From the ravage of wind and storm.

She's only an old "tin lizzie",  
That shows the marks of wear,  
Only a little old flivver,  
Not worth the bother and care.

Yet round her cling the memories,  
Which time can ne'er efface,  
And deep within my heart I know,  
That none can fill her place.

Every dent in her battered body,  
Every scratch - aye everyone,  
Brings back to me some treasured memory  
Of times that are past and gone.

'Twas my wedding day that I bought her,  
How my heart was filled with pride,  
As we sped home in the gloaming,  
Just I and my bonnie bride.

The hours we spent together  
The sorrows of time can't mar,  
The first happy days of wedlock  
In our little old Ford car.

And then through the years when the children came  
How our joys were multiplied!  
And the blow of our first great sorrow,  
When dearest little Jessie died!

The trips that she made in the darkness,  
For neighbor, doctor and nurse;  
The time she was decked in mourning,  
And used for a baby's hearse.

She's only an old tin lizzie,  
That shows the marks of wear,  
Only a little old flivver,  
Not worth the bother and care.

But each wound is a star of service,  
Each scar a victory won,  
Every rattle and knock in her motor  
A herald of duty done.

She's only an old tin lizzie,  
A dead inanimate thing;  
Yet I love the feel of her pulse beats,  
And the memories they always bring.

The joy on the children's faces  
When I whispered, "We're off for a ride."  
How my heart beats full within me,  
As I gaze with a father's pride.

We're only old fashioned country folks,  
Content with our simple things,  
Glad in our hearts for the blessings,  
For the joys that living brings.

I know she is old and battered,  
And near the end of her road;  
Not many days are left to her,  
To carry her precious load.

For the sake of the joys she brought us,  
For the service she gladly gave,  
Some sheltered spot in a grassy plot,  
Shall be her earthly grave.

Finis.



## Our Old Tin Lizzie

I've drained out her radiator,  
I've jacked up her wheels from the floor,  
I stepped softly out in the twilight,  
And closed up the garage door;

And left her to rest for the winter,  
Alone where she's cosy and warm,  
Away from the snows of <sup>the</sup> winter, (repetition)  
From the ravage of wind and storm.

She's only an old "Tin Lizzie",  
That shows the marks of wear, (not enough syllables)  
Only a little old flivver,  
Not worth the bother and care.

Yet round her cling the memories  
Which time can ne'er efface, (too short)  
And deep within my heart I know  
That none can fill her place. (too short)

Every dent in her battered body,  
Every scratch - aye every one,  
Brings back <sup>to me</sup> some treasured memory  
Of times that are past and gone.

'Twas my wedding day that I bought her, -  
How my heart was filled with pride,  
As we sped home in the gloaming,  
Just me and my bonnie bride

The hours we spent together  
The sorrows of time can't mar,  
The first <sup>happy</sup> glad days of wedlock  
In our little old Ford car.

And then through the years when the children came <sup>(too long)</sup>  
How our joys were multiplied!  
And the blow of our first great sorrow  
When <sup>my little</sup> baby Jessie died!

The trips that she made in the darkness,  
For neighbor, and doctor and nurse;  
The time she was decked in mourning,  
And used for a baby's hearse.

She's Only an old tinizzie,  
That shows the marks of wear, (too short-)  
Only a little old flivver,  
Not worth the bother and care.

But each wound is a star of service,  
Each scar a victory won,  
Every rattle and knock in her motor  
A herald of duty done.

She's Only an old tinizzie,  
A dead inanimate thing;  
Yet I love the feel of her pulse beats,  
And the memories they always bring.



The joy on the children's faces  
 When I whisper, "We're off for a ride". (too long)  
 How my heart beats full within me,  
 As I gaze with a father's pride. (too long)

We're only old fashioned country folks, (too long)  
 Content with our simple things,  
 Glad in our hearts for the blessings,  
 For the joys that living brings.

I know she is old and battered,  
 And nears the end of her road;  
 Not many days are left to her  
 To carry her precious load.

For the sake of the joys she brought us,  
 For the service she gladly gave,  
 Some sheltered spot in a grassy plot (too long)  
 Shall be her earthly grave. (too short)

finis

Title: *PRICELESS KEEPSAKES\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“One last look at the highway”

### Priceless Keepsakes\*

The afterglow of memories  
Locked in the vault of our heart  
Are treasured as priceless keepsakes  
Till comes the time to depart.

Let us stop here by the roadside  
And rest ere we cross the bar.  
One last look at the highway  
O'er which we have travelled so far.



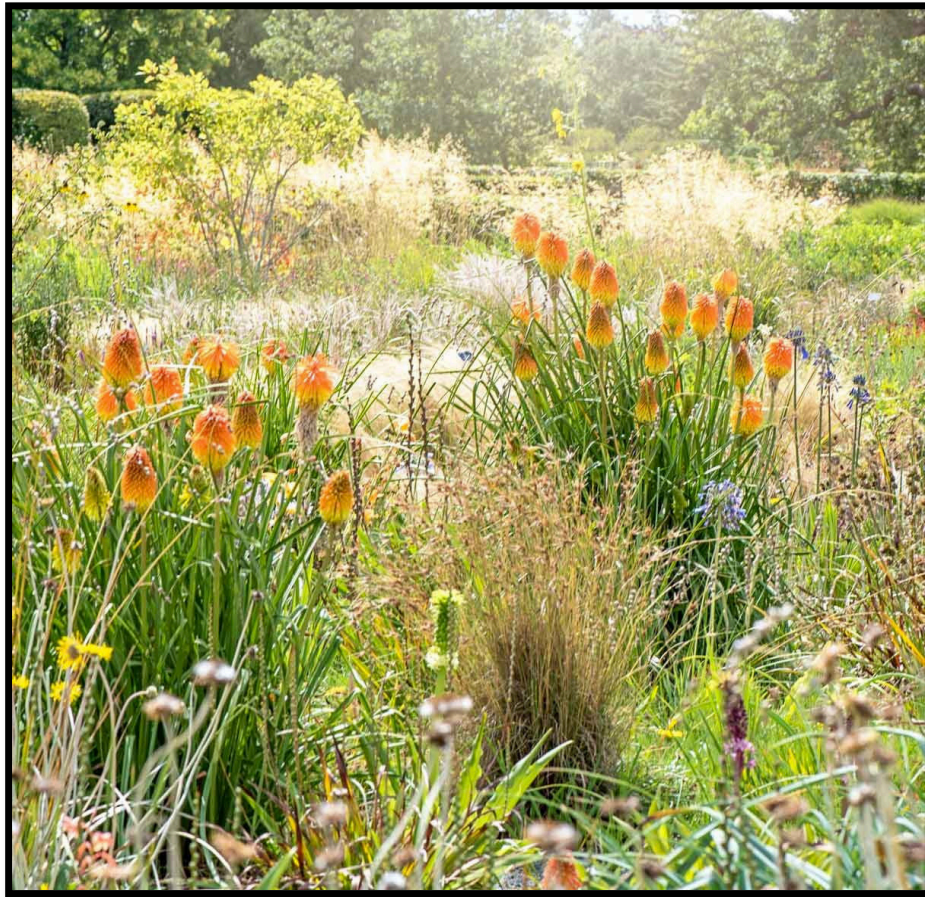
The after glow of  
we hold our ~~precious~~ <sup>treasured</sup> memories  
locked in the vault of our heart -  
Are treasured as priceless keepsakes  
till comes the time to depart -

Let us stop here by the roadside  
and rest ere we cross the ~~gate~~ <sup>bar</sup>  
~~before we have crossed the gate~~  
one last look at the highway  
o'er which we have traveled so far

Title: *RAMBLES OF A RUBE*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“I love the sunlit flowery glades”

RAMBLES OF A RUBE.

I love the farflung rolling hills,  
The sweep of grassy plain,  
The vista of verdant valleys,  
Oceans of waving grain.

Idle gossip of forest leaves  
When breezes wander through;  
To lie and watch the fleecy clouds,  
Adrift across the blue,

Like ships that sail an errant course,  
Across wide shoreless seas,  
But to change their destination  
With every vagrant breeze.

I love the sunlit flowery glades,  
The cool green shady dells,  
The chatter of a stony brook,  
The story that it tells,

Of tangled, silver trails that lead  
Where man has seldom trod,  
Of distant hinterlands that breathe,  
Beneficence of God.

Of cataracts that leap and play  
Against the canyon's wall  
Where, from crag to crag wild echoes  
Resound the eagle's call;

Of snowclad peaks that pierce the sky,  
Where green hued glaciers gleam,  
The rooftop of a cold dead world,  
Where silence reigns supreme.

-----



## Rambles of a Rube.

I love the farflung rolling hills  
The sweep of grassy plain  
The vista of verdant valleys  
Oceans of waving grain

Idle gossip of furthest leaves  
When breezes wander through  
To lie and watch the fleecy clouds  
Adrift across the blue,

Like ships that sail an errant course  
Across wide shoreless seas  
But to change their destination  
With every vagrant breeze

I love the sunlit-flowery glades  
The cool green shady dells  
The chatter of a stony brook  
The story that it tells

Of tangled silver trails that lead  
Where man has seldom trod  
Of distant hinterlands that breathe  
Benevolence of God.

Of cataracts that leap and play  
Against the canyons wall  
Where from crag to crag wild echoes  
Resound the eagles call.

Of snow-clad peaks that pierce the sky  
Where green-hued glaciers gleam  
The rooftop of a cold dead world  
Where silence reigns supreme  
The end

I love winters glistening landscape  
Moonlight - a million gems  
That sparkle from field and hedgerow  
Like fairy diadems.

Where Northern Lights like maidens dance  
Along their stage on high  
Against the ebon backdrop like  
A ballet of the sky.

It's grand to wander far afield  
Among Nature's things  
And to feel the zest of living  
Each changing season brings.

Title: *RAMBLES OF A RUBE NO.1*

Format: • Typed



“Have you followed the flight of an eagle?”



70.1.

Have you known the glory of sunrise  
When dew drops like diamonds shine,  
From the grass, the flowers and hedgerows,  
From the hemlock, alder and pine?

Have you heard the music of Nature  
In the dawn of awakening day,  
Or breathed of the incense of heaven  
In the fragrance of new mown hay?

Have you followed the flight of an eagle?  
The course of a homing bee?  
The bellying sails of a schooner  
While tacking its way to the sea?  
Have you seen the beauty of sunset,  
With its crimson amber and jade  
In this living and changing picture,  
The hand of The Artist has made?  
Immaculate blending of colors,  
No mortal can ever portray-  
Like a prayer of benediction  
At the end of a weary day.

-----

## Rambles of a Rube.

Have you known the glory of sunrise  
When the dew like diamonds shine  
From the grass, the flowers and hedgerows.  
From the hemlock, alder and pine

Have you heard the music of Nature  
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Immaculate blending of colors  
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Like a prayer of benediction  
At the end of a weary day

Have you followed the flight of an eagle  
The course of a homing bee  
The bellied sails of a schooner  
While tacking its way to the sea

Title: *REVERIES OF A BACHELOR*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“These simple things, the ties that bind”

Jean, Phyllis and Lawrence in the potato patch with Dan, Robert and Dave Milan

## Reveries of a Bachelor

At last on fortune's heights I stand,  
With wealth and power at my command,  
In waning years of age to find  
Life's priceless treasures far behind.

The love I once so lightly spurned  
Upon memory's scroll is deeply burned,  
The wound I gave a loyal heart,  
When scorned the thrust of Cupid's dart.

Youth's warm fires of love I quenched,  
That alone ambition be entrenched,  
To lead me on to wealth, to fame,  
With none to share my honored name.

No welcome smile greets my return,  
While deep within my soul doth burn  
The yearning for the things I tossed  
In life's discard, a paradise lost!

No homely sounds of joy or mirth,  
Naught but the embers of my hearth.  
Ah, God! that I might live again  
Those precious years I spent in vain!

To have the things I cast aside  
Upon life's swiftly ebbing tides,  
A women's love, a fond embrace,  
A child's caress, a father's place.

These simple things, the ties that bind,  
The common blessings of mankind,  
Which yet earth's riches ne'er hath bought,  
Without which blessings life is naught.

Lost are these things forever more,  
Unless, perchance up on the Shore,  
Where life's tide gently ebbs and flows,  
I meet again my mate. Who knows?

Finis

## Reveries of a Bachelor

At last on fortune's heights I stand,  
With wealth and power at my command,  
In waning years of age to find  
Life's priceless treasures far behind.

The love I once so lightly spurned  
Upon memory's scroll is deeply burned,  
The wound I gave ~~to~~ loyal heart,  
When scorned the thrust of Cupid's dart.

Youth's warm fires of love I quenched,  
That <sup>one eye!</sup> (alone) ambition be entrenched,  
To lead me on to wealth, to fame,  
With none to share my honored name.

No welcome smile greets my return,  
While deep within my soul doth burn  
The yearning for the things I tossed  
In life's discard, - a paradise - lost!



No homely sounds of joy or mirth,  
 Naught but the embers of my hearth.  
 Ah, God! that I might live again  
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These simple things, the ties that bind,  
 The common blessings of mankind,  
 Which yet earth's riches ne'er hath bought,  
 Without which <sup>life</sup> ~~things~~ is ~~no~~ naught.

Lost <sup>are</sup> these things forever more,  
 Unless, perchance, <sup>on</sup> ~~Canada~~ <sup>the</sup> Shore  
 Where life's tide gently Ebbs and flows,  
 I meet again my mate - Who knows?

Finis.



Title: *STOP! LOOK, LISTEN*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“What of the wives and the mothers”

Laura Milan, nee McGhee and  
mother-in-law, Anna Milan, nee McQuillan

STOP! LOOK, LISTEN.

You boast of your verdant pastures,  
Your herds of superior strain,  
The breadth of your boundless acres  
And your oceans of golden grain.

You study the latest methods  
To husband your stock and your soil,  
But what have you done to lessen  
The long hours of ceaseless toil?

What of the wives and the mothers,  
Who battle a myriad cares?  
What of your efforts to lighten  
The burden that surely is theirs?

To you, is she wife or chattel,  
Or like the dumb beasts in their pen?  
Does she share your vaunted virtue?  
What answer? You fathers of men.

Give her, her share with full measure  
And weigh in the balance the cost;  
Lest in your blindness you stumble,  
And the treasures you value are lost.

She shares your hopes and ambitions,  
She bears her full share of your toil;  
Do give her more love and devotion,  
Than you give to your stock and soil.

Remember a word soft spoken,  
A whisper of love in her ear,  
Can shorten the day in passing,  
Or banish a sigh or a tear.

Love is the life of a woman,  
So share in her fears and her joys;  
Give her things that you promised,  
While she mothers your girls and boys.

-----

You boast of your verdant pastures,  
Your herds of superior strain,  
The breadth of your boundless acres,  
~~and~~ your oceans of waving grain.

You study the latest methods  
To husband your stock and your soil,  
But what have you done to shorten  
The <sup>long hours of</sup> cycle of <sup>ruleless</sup> ceaseless toil?

What of the wives and <sup>the</sup> mothers,  
Who battle with myriad cares? Plus,  
What <sup>of your efforts</sup> have you done to lighten  
The burden that's surely <sup>is</sup> theirs?  
To you <sup>is</sup> she a wife or a chattel  
Do you give her the place by your fireside <sup>too long</sup>  
What <sup>like the dumb brutes</sup> you give to your stock in their pen?  
Do <sup>she share</sup> you <sup>vaunted</sup> give her a rest from her <sup>virtue</sup> labor?  
~~But~~ answer, you fathers of men. Sing,

Give her her share with full measure,  
and weigh in the balance the cost;  
Lest in your blindness you stumble,  
And the treasures you <sup>same</sup> hold <sup>are</sup> ~~may~~ be lost.

She shares in your hopes and ambitions,  
She bears her full share of your toil;  
But do you give her the thought and attention <sup>how long</sup> <sup>?</sup>  
That you give to your stock and your soil.

Remember a word softly spoken,  
A whisper of love in her ear,  
Can shorten the day in ~~the~~ passing,  
Or banish a sigh or ~~a~~ tear.

Love is the world of a woman.  
Share in her fears and her joys;  
Give her the love that you promised,  
While she mothers your girls and ~~your~~ boys. <sup>how long</sup>

Finis.

Title: *SUNDOWN*

Format: 

- Typed
- Published



“We bid farewell to bygone things”

Nora and Clifford Milan



## SUNDOWN.

We travel down the road of life  
And we read at every bend,  
On the faded lettered road signs,  
That our journey nears its end.

Looking backward to old landmarks,  
The scenes of our virile years,  
While our eyes grow dim and misted,  
With the salt of unshed tears.

We bid farewell to bygone things-  
The things we loved the best,  
And counting the painted mileposts-  
We journey into the West.

There still is the golden sunset  
With its ever changing hues  
Of crimson, rose and amber,  
With islands of brightest blues.

Like a lamp set in a window-  
To light the way to our goal,  
To smooth the course of our journey,  
Like balm to a weary soul.

The sun drops down behind the hill.  
The tides of our lives run low.  
While death looms out of the shadows,  
There still is the after glow.

The after glow of memories,  
Locked in the vault of our heart  
And treasured, as priceless keepsakes,  
'Till comes the time to depart.

Let us pause here by the roadside  
And rest ere we cross the bar,  
For one last look at the highway,  
O'er which we have traveled so far.

Open the journal of Conscience.  
Turn back the pages with care.  
Read me again from the record  
The things that are written there.



Our record of bold achievement,  
Of victories nobly won-  
Of tasks that we ably mastered  
And tasks that we left undone.

Kind words that we left unspoken-  
And lived to rue and regret.  
Somethings we cherish forever,  
Somethings we fain would forget.

Vile rumors we sped, swiftly winging  
With speed of carrier dove.  
Wounds we left raw and bleeding,  
In hearts of those that we love.

Of strangers we met at crossroads,  
And known for a little while.  
Who gave us new faith and courage,  
Over many a weary mile.

Pilgrims who stood by the roadside,  
O'er burdened with sorrow and care,  
We greeted like friends forgotten  
And humbly shouldered our share.

Neighbors we loved and respected.  
Neighbors who filled us with hate.  
Forgive our trespasses Father,  
Before it is yet too late.

Let us close the book good neighbor,  
For little is left to say.  
If you'll help me thru the turnstile-  
I guess I'll be on my way.

The shadows grow ever deeper.  
Light from the heavens has flown.  
I'll shoulder again my burden-  
Travel the last mile alone.

With family and friends around me,  
The last fond farewells are said.  
I drift through the vale of shadows-  
To the valley of silent dead,

And come to the seat of Justice.  
Will the deep toned voice of God,  
Pronounce these words in my judgment-  
As I pass beneath the rod,

'Mid sounds of great rejoicing,  
And chant of heavenly horde-  
"Well done good faithful servant-  
Enter the joy of the Lord?"

# SUNDOWN!

*Gladys.*

The following poem was composed by W. A. Milan, an old-timer in the Orkney district, having moved to the area in 1908. Mr. Milan has since passed away and wrote the poem while in Baker Sanitorium in Calgary.

We travel down the road of life  
And we read at every bend,  
On the faded lettered road signs,  
That our journey nears its end.

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To smooth the course of our journey,  
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While death looms out of the shadows,  
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Locked in the vault of our heart,  
And treasured, as priceless keepsakes,  
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Of victories nobly won,  
Of tasks that we ably mastered,  
And tasks that we left undone.

Kind words that we left unspoken,  
And lived to rue and regret,  
Some things we cherish forever,  
Some things we fain would forget.

Vile rumors we sped, swift winging  
With speed of carrier dove;  
Wounds we left raw and bleeding,  
In hearts of those that we love.

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And known for a little while.  
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Over many a weary mile.

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If you'll help me thru the turnstile,  
I guess I'll be on my way.

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Light from the heavens has flown,  
I'll shoulder again my burden,  
Travel the last mile alone.

With family and friends around me,  
The last fond farewells are said.  
I drift through the vale of shadows,  
To the valley of silent dead.

And come to the seat of justice,  
Will the deep toned voice of God,  
Pronounce these words in my judgment,  
As I pass beneath the rod:

'Mid sounds of great rejoicing,  
And chant of heavenly horde—  
"Well done good faithful servant,  
Enter the joy of the Lord."

●  
Tuberculosis attacks people of all ages but middle-aged and older men are its most frequent victims in Canada.

●  
Realism will at length be found to surpass imagination, and to suit and savor all literature.

—Mary Baker Eddy



Title: *SUPPLICATION*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“Give me light where all is darkness”

# SUPPLICATION.

Dear Lord, in Thy boundless mercy-  
Deliver me from Thy wrath;  
Direct my faltering footsteps,  
In the straight and narrow path.

Place a small lamp in the window,  
Where I may see its rays,  
That I may not miss the turning-  
At the parting of the ways.

Thou knowest mine every weakness,  
Thou knowest mine every need,  
Oh how gladly would I follow,  
In the path where Thou wouldst lead.

Give me light where all is darkness,  
Give me warmth where all is cold,  
Let me rest with Thee my Shepherd,  
In the shelter of Thy fold.

## Supplication

Oh Lord, in Thy boundless mercy,  
Deliver me from Thy wrath,  
Direct my faltering footsteps  
In the straight and narrow path.

Place the light of heaven <sup>to show</sup>  
Where I may see its rays, "  
That I may <sup>not</sup> ~~know~~ <sup>miss</sup> the turning "  
At the "parting of the ways".

Thou knowest mine every weakness,  
Thou knowest mine every need;  
<sup>Oh!</sup> How gladly wouldst I follow <sup>to show</sup>  
In the path where Thou wouldst lead.

Give me light where all is darkness,  
Give me warmth where all is cold,  
Let me rest with Thee, my shepherd,  
In the shelter of Thy fold.

Finitis

Title: *THE BETTER HALF*

Format: • Typed



“It’s wisest to obey her.”

Laura Milan, nee McGhee



THE BETTER HALF.

We married men in secret yen,  
To be the lord and master;  
We grin and gloat, and rock the boat  
In face of dire disaster;

But women's wiles, have cramped our styles  
And fouled our fondest wishes,  
We fume and fret and swear and sweat,  
But still we wash the dishes.

The same old jokes, on married folks,  
Have tied us up in stitches,  
But just the same, the little dame,  
Still wears the same old britches.

Since Adam ate, the apple bait-  
That hairy old betrayer.  
The world around, all men have found,  
Its wisest to obey her.

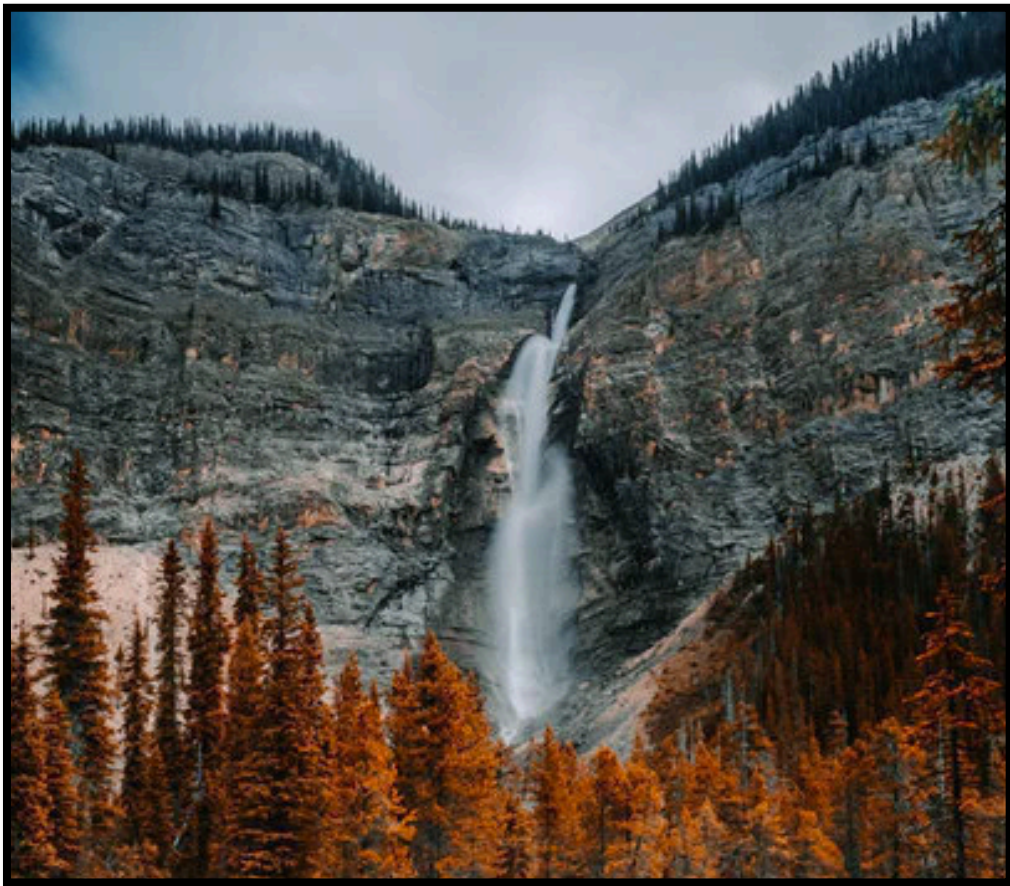
We rant and rave And slur and slave,  
No matter how we flout her,  
With all her sins, she always wins;  
We cannot do without her.

She pouts and purrs, in silks and furs,  
There's no man can outguess her.  
She rolls her eyes and sobs and sighs,  
Ah what's the use, God bless her.

-----

Title: *THE CALL OF THE CANYON*

Format: • Typed



“I hear the cascade’s might roar”

## THE CALL OF THE CANYON.

I hear the call of the canyon  
And the whisper of glade and glen,  
The thunder of avalanches,  
That echo and echo again.

I hear the cascade's mighty roar,  
As it spues from a cavern's gloom  
And dashed in shimmering rainbows,  
In a welter of spray and spume.

*I can*  
And I hear strange haunting music  
Of the wind in the alpine trees;  
The lure of a mystic valley,  
With its treasure of mysteries.

I hear the call of the canyon,  
Through the wind, the rain and the mist,  
Like a hand that ever beckons,  
A voice I can never resist.

I am going back to the mountains,  
Where ragged foothill and dome,  
Speaks in a language familiar,  
A language of boyhood and home.

Title: *THE DESERTED RANCH*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“The old chuckwagon seems to brood”

## THE DESERTED RANCH.

The ranch house is drear and lonely,  
Dust on the window panes;  
The grass grows long in the roadways,  
The pathways and the lanes;

The weeds grow 'round the bunkhouse door,  
The heart with sadness fills,  
As songs of vanished cowboys seem  
To echo from the hills.

The old blacksmith shop is silent,  
The anvil rings no more;  
The ground squirrel digs his burrow there,  
Beneath the earthen floor.

The swallows build their mudded nests,  
Under the sagging eaves,  
A garter snake glides silently  
Among the fallen leaves.

The rude corrals are empty now,  
Where once the cattle milled,  
The dust has long since settled  
And all is strangely stilled;

The rusted branding irons hang,  
Along the stable wall,  
A weathered bridle on a peg  
Within an empty stall;

A riding boot, a broken spur  
Upon the littered floor,  
A buffalo skull with horn horns,  
Above the open door.

The old chuckwagon seems to brood,  
Beneath the leafless trees,  
The tattered remnants of its top,  
Caressed by every breeze,

To brood of Autumn roundup days,  
When busy day was done  
And wranglers 'round the campfire,  
Tales of adventure spun;

Tales of the grim old stagecoach days,  
When life was rude and raw,  
When the man who lived the longest,  
Was quickest on the draw;

When the range was wide and open,  
The Indians roamed at will,  
And his council fires at twilight,  
Shone from a distant hill.

Where are the ones who labored here?  
Those rangeland pioneers.  
Who blazed the rutted, winding trails,  
That lead to yesteryears.

They grazed their herds on wild frontiers,  
(An Empire un surveyed.)  
From the Rockies sheltered foothills,  
To the busy marts of trade.

They wrote the saga of their quest,  
Upon our history's page,  
Bequeathed to those who followed,  
A priceless heritage.



The Deserted Ranch.

No 1

The old house is drear and lonely  
Dust on the window panes  
The grass grows long in the roadways  
The pathways and the lanes.

---

The weeds grow round the bunkhouse door  
The heart with sadness fills  
As songs of vanished wranglers seems  
To echo from the hills

---

The old blacksmith's shop is silent  
The anvil rings no more  
The ground squirrel digs his burrow there  
Beneath the hard packed floor

---

The swallows build their mudded nests  
Under the sagging eaves  
The garter snake glides silently  
Among the fallen leaves

✓ The rude coralls are empty now  
Where once wild dogies milled  
The dust has long since settled  
And all is strangely stilled.

---

The rusted branding irons hang  
Along the bunkhouse wall  
No longer do the cowboys hear  
The angles breakfast call

---

The old chuck wagon seems to brood  
Beneath the leafless trees  
The tattered remnants of its top  
✓ Carressed by every breeze

---

Broods of past autumn times ✓  
When busy day was done  
When <sup>the</sup> old cowhands 'round the campfire  
Tales of adventure spun

The Deserted Ranch. Page 3.  
Grim tales of the stage coach days,  
When life was rude and raw,  
When the man who lived the longest  
was quickest on the draw.

---

When the range was wide and open.  
The Red Skins roamed at will,  
Where his council fires at twilight,  
Shone from a distant hill.

---

Where are the souls who labored here—  
(Strong hearted pioneers)  
They blazed the rutted, winding trails,  
That lead to yesteryears?

---

Their herds they drove across the plains—  
(An empire unsurveyed.)  
To the Rockies sheltered foothills  
To the busy marts of trade



Title: *THE FORGOTTEN GRAVEYARD*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“Peace be with each silent sleeper”

W. Arthur Milan’s paternal uncle,  
William Milan, D. 1908  
Waumandee, Wisconsin

## THE FORGOTTEN GRAVEYARD.

Who sleeps beneath these sunken mounds?  
These long forgotten graves-  
Are they the tombs of ones beloved,  
Or sepulchres of slaves?

Where are the hearts that once here mourned,  
Who once knelt here in prayer?  
Have other loves usurped their place,  
That they no longer care?

While backward, forward, slowly swings  
The creaking iron gate-  
Like the wail of some lost spirit,  
Who searches for his mate.

A spider idly spins his web  
Across the Book of Life,  
Atop a leaning stone that marks  
The grave of once loved wife;

The broken palings of the fence,  
Once 'round this plot aligned,  
Are like vows once truly spoken-  
How soon are lost to mind.

And there among the tangled growth,  
Where dank vines interlace,  
A tiny mound by weeds o'er grown  
With naught to mark its place,

Save a lonely weeping willow  
Whose branches unconfined,  
Seems not to weep for those who sleep,  
But for those left behind.

And here amid these shambles stands  
A shaft of purest white,  
Like some fair flower that dares to bloom  
Where vengeance wreaks its spite;

'Round its base bright flowers,  
Enshrines this hallowed tomb  
And to share with those less favored,  
The fragrance of their bloom.

Beyond a sunken mound is seen,  
In contrast with the other,  
A dim inscription can be read-  
"Memory of our Mother."

Upon a fallen cross that lies  
Aslant a moss grown mound,  
Like some sad mourner who weeps  
Face downward on the ground.

And here close by this sorry plot,  
A new made grave roughcast,  
Bespeaks new sorrow for some heart,  
Where late some soul has passed.

Across a low hedge still beyond-  
In damp unhallowed ground,  
Lone outcasts from their fellowmen  
The friendless poor are found;

No grandiose requiem said,  
When these low tombs were sealed;  
No grand monument is raised  
To those in Potter's Field;

They lived, they loved, they lost, they died  
And dying left behind,  
No legacy of pounds or pence-  
False passport of mankind.

They needs must sleep in place apart,  
Lest they contaminate  
The very earth wherein there lies-  
The bones of self-styled great.

Here lie the bones of loved ones gone,  
Across the Great Divide,  
The rich, the poor are numbered here  
And sleeping side by side-

Dream not of Earth's vile riches,  
Or trophies of the chase,  
Nor yet of high position gained  
Or worth of power or place.

No longer find they need of these  
Rude symbols of man's lust,  
But silently in dreamless sleep,  
They moulder into dust.

Blood brothers in a common lot,  
Beneath a common sod-  
The petty barriers of caste,  
Can find no place with God.

Life the giver, Death the reaper-  
Man is but a shambling clod.  
Peace be with each silent sleeper,  
Till his soul returns to God.

-----



## The Forgotten Graveyard. 1

Who sleeps beneath these sunken mounds,  
These long forgotten graves?  
Are these the tombs of ones beloved,  
Or sepulchers of slaves?

---

Where are the hearts that once have mourned,  
Who once knelt here in prayer?  
Have other loves usurped their place  
That they no longer care?

---

While backward slowly swings  
The creaking iron gate,  
Like the wail of some lost spirit,  
Who searches for his mate.

---

a spider idly spins his web,  
Across the Book of Life,  
Atop a leaning stone that marks  
The grave of once loved wife.

2.

The broken palings of the fence,  
Once 'round this plot alinged,  
Are like vows once truly spoken,  
Now soon are lost to mind.

---

And there among the tangled growth,  
Where dark vines interlace,  
A tiny mound by weeds overgrown,  
With naught to mark its place.

---

Save one lone weeping willow,  
Whose branches unconfined,  
Seems not to weep, for those who sleep,  
But for those left behind.

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A shaft of purest white,  
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 To those in Potters field.

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 And dying left behind,  
 No legacy of pounds or pence,  
 \* False passport of mankind.

They needs must lie in space apart,  
 Lest they contaminate,  
 The very earth wherein there lies,  
 The bones of self styled great.

Here rest the bones of loved ones gone,  
Across the "Great Divide;"  
The rich, the poor are numbered here  
and sleeping side by side,

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Dream not of earth's vile riches, nor  
of trophies of the chase,  
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Beneath a common sod,  
The petty barriers of caste,  
Can find no place with God.

---

Title: *THE HALL OF FAME*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“A circle of silent figures”

RAF Bomber Command Memorial,  
London, UK



## The Hall of Fame

May 20, 1921.

There stands in the nation's capital  
In a place apart, alone,  
A circle of silent figures  
In models of silent stone.

The nation's idles here enshrined,  
Around whose stainless names are twined  
The laurels of an honored place  
Among the heroes of the race.

In silent council there, they stand,  
Grave sentinels of their native land,  
Whose likeness lives in sculptor's art,  
Whose memory lived in the nation's heart.

Whose falcon eyes no longer see,  
Yet guide us in our destiny,  
Who left, in passing from this earth,  
A heritage of priceless worth;

Whose deeds are writ on history's page,  
These guardians of a passing age,  
Whose noble efforts, whose honored name,  
Hath placed them in the Hall of Fame.

## The Hall of Fame

May 20, 1921.

There stands in the nation's capital,  
In a place apart, alone,  
A circle of silent figures  
In models of living stone.

The nation's idols here enshrined,  
Around whose stainless names are twined  
The laurels of an honored place  
Among the heroes of the race,

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Grave sentinels of their native land,  
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Whose falcon eyes no longer see,  
Yet guide us in our destiny,  
Who left, in passing from this earth,  
A heritage of priceless worth;

Whose deeds are writ on history's page—  
These guardians of a passing age,  
Whose noble efforts whose, honored name  
Hath placed them in the Hall of Fame.

Title: *THE MENACE*

Original Title: *THE JOYS OF SATAN*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“Let each grasp the hand of his neighbor”

James, Robert and Clifford Milan

-----  
Have you ever stopped to ponder,  
As you hurry on your way,  
Just what's the cause or reason,  
Of the world's unrest to-day ?

It's only the same old reason  
That caused the fall of man,  
Down through the long past ages,  
Here since the world began.

It saps at the strength of the nations,  
It weakens the hearts of the brave;  
From the innocent games of childhood  
It follows us on to the grave.

Man was created master,  
And given his own free will;  
All the blessings of earth are his  
To have and enjoy his fill.

All men were created equal,  
In the eyes of an all wise Host,  
But in these strenuous days of modern times  
The original plan is lost.

Each man is judged and classified  
In the modern world to-day,  
By the amount of gold he's gathered,  
From his neighbors along the way.

And ever as the world rolls onward,  
Each man grabs what he can,  
While we dream of a glorious future,  
And the brotherhood of man !

Each man owes to his neighbor  
A debt that he must repay;  
But while he forces his weaker brother down,  
He forgets there's a judgement day.

He forgets the honest toilers,  
Who have helped him to gain his hold,  
He has reached the "seats of the mighty", -  
Forgot are his friends of old !

He crushes the lives of his fellowmen,  
In his greed to reach his goal, -  
"What profiteth a man if he gain the world  
And lose his immortal soul ?

We raise up our golden idols  
On the altars of pride and vice,  
While the lives of our innocent children  
Are offered in sacrifice.

The sins of the wilful father  
Descend to the innocent son;  
He suffers in his generation  
For what a past generation has done.

The words of the loving Master  
Fall upon deafened ears,  
While the world rolls on in mockery,  
On through the passing years.



"Love thy neighbor as thyself";-  
The Tides of our lives ebb fast,  
But the tinkle of golden cymbals drown,  
The living Voice of the past.

We curse in our hours of anger  
To find that our gold is dross;  
We forget the hours of agony,  
That were suffered on Calvary's cross.

We build up our gilded temples,  
And point with the finger of pride  
To the monuments to our religious,  
And feel that we're sanctified;

But the wail of the widowed mother,  
As she weeps at the bier of her dead,  
The cries of the homeless children  
Forgotten, alone and unfed,

Bring back to our deadened conscience  
The memories of deeds undone,  
While we wasted the golden hours  
With our work only just begun.

We boast of our civilization,  
We live by our man made laws,  
While the world lies torn and bleeding  
In the grip of the demon's claws.

The flower of the nations manhood fell  
At the point of the enemy's lance;  
Many a mother's son was left  
On the blood-soaked fields of France.

Five long years they fought and fell,  
That the nations might be free:  
Five long years in the pits of hell,  
They fought for "Democracy" (?)

Millions of lives were given,  
Countless lie cold and still,  
While a message rings down the ages.  
"Remember thou shalt not kill".

The solution seems hard to master,-  
While the wise men of every land  
Are searching, the key lies hidden  
In the hollow of each man's hand !

What is this terrible menace.  
That darkens the sun in our skies,  
That takes as a toll in its passing  
The brightness from out of our lives ?

Sin is the craven monster,  
Who crawls from his darkened den,  
To slaughter the angels of mercy,  
While he scourges the souls of men !

He stands at the bars of justice,  
He smiles at the dooming knell,  
And scoffs at the fallen sinner,  
As he's dragged to his dungen cell.

He fawns at the feet of the nations king,  
As he sits on his gilded throne;  
He jostles the arm of the toiler,  
As he sits in his humble home.



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He lurks at the side of the maiden,  
As she blossoms to womanhood,  
And laughs with the joy of Satan,  
As she falls from the ways of the good.

He takes God's fairest virgins  
From the homes of tenderest care,  
From the arms of their loving mothers,  
To be drowned in the pits of despair.

He enters the homes of the nations,  
Parting its husbands and wives,  
Blasting the lives of its children,  
On the weakness of man He survives,--

Breaking the sacred promise  
That was given for better or worse,  
Until death do us part, was it spoken,  
Only to end in a curse.

That has shattered the homes of the nations,  
That has crushed with a terrible force.  
In the law that was sanctioned by Satan,--  
In the law that is known as divorce!

The commands of the heavenly Father  
Down through the ages ring,  
While the golden god of Mammon  
Reigns as our sovereign king !

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,  
But they grind exceedingly small",--  
The roads to our goal are many,  
But the end is the same for us all.

Let us open the shutters of wisdom,  
Let the "Light of the World" shine in,  
Let us list to the voice of conscience,  
Which knows not the way of sin.

Let each grasp the hand of his neighbor,  
And lead to a better way:  
Then the riddles of earth are ended -  
Solved in a single day !

-----

## The Menace

Have you ever stopped to ponder,  
As you hurry on your way,  
Just what's the cause or reason  
Of the world's unrest to-day?

It's only the same old reason  
That caused the fall of man,  
Down through the long past ages,  
Here since the world began.

It saps at the strength of the nations,  
It weakens the hearts of the brave;  
From the innocent games of childhood  
It follows us on to the grave.

Man was created master,  
And given his own free will;  
All the blessings of earth are his  
To have and enjoy his fill

All men were created equal,  
In the eyes of an all-wise Host,  
But in these strenuous days of modern times  
The original plan is lost.

Each man is judged and classified  
In the modern world to-day,  
By the amount of gold he's gathered  
From his neighbors along the way.

And ever as the world rolls onward,  
Each man grabs what he can,  
While we dream of a glorious future,  
And the brotherhood of man!

Each man owes to his neighbor  
A debt that he must repay;  
But while he forces his weaker brother down,  
He forgets there's a judgement day.

He forgets the honest toilers  
Who have helped him to gain his hold;  
He has reached the "seats of the mighty,"—  
Forgot are his friends of old!

He crushes the lives of his fellowmen  
In his greed to reach his goal,—  
"What profiteth a man if he gain the world  
And lose his immortal soul?"



We raise up our golden idols  
 On the altars of pride and vice,  
 While the lives of our innocent children  
 Are offered in sacrifice.

The sins of the wilful father  
 Descend to the innocent son:  
 He suffers in his generation  
 For what a past generation has done.

The words of the loving Master  
 Fall upon deafened ears,  
 While the world rolls on in mockery,  
 On through the passing years.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself,"  
 The tides of our lives ebb fast,  
 But the tinkle of golden cymbals drown  
 The living Voice of the past.

We curse in our hours of anger  
 To find that our gold is dross;  
 We forget the hours of agony  
 That were suffered on Calvary's cross.

We build up our gilded temples,  
 And point with the finger of pride  
 To the monuments to our religions,  
 And feel that we're sanctified;

But the wail of the widowed mother,  
 As she weeps at the bier of her dead,  
 The cries of the homeless children  
 Forgotten, alone and unfed,

Bring back to our deadened conscience  
 The memories of deeds undone,  
 While we wasted the golden hours  
 With our work only just begun.

We boast of our civilization,  
 We live by our man made laws,  
 While the world lies torn and bleeding  
 In the grip of the demon's claws.

The flower of the nations manhood fell  
 At the point of the enemy's lance;  
 Many a mother's son was left  
 On the blood-soaked fields of France.



Five long years they fought and fell,  
 That the nations might be free:  
 Five long years in the pits of hell  
 They fought for "Democracy" (?)

Millions of lives were given,  
 Countless lie cold and still,  
 While a message rings down the ages:  
 "Remember thou shalt not kill."

The solution seems hard to master,  
 While the wise men of every land  
 Are searching, the key lies hidden  
 In the hollow of each man's hand!

What is this terrible menace,  
 That darkens the sun in our skies,  
 That takes as a toll in its passing  
 The brightness from out of our lives?

Sin is the craven monster,  
 Who crawls from his darkened den  
 To slaughter the angels of mercy,  
 While he scourges the souls of men!

He stands at the bars of justice,  
He smiles at the dooming knell,  
And scoffs at the fallen sinner,  
As he's dragged to his dungeon cell;

He fawns at the feet of the nation's king,  
As he sits on his gilded throne;  
He jostles the arm of the toiler  
As he sits in his humble home;

He lurks at the side of the maiden,  
As she blossoms to womanhood,  
And laughs with the joy of Satan,  
As she falls from the ways of the good;

He takes God's fairest virgins  
From the homes of tenderest care,  
From the arms of their loving mothers,  
To be drowned in the pits of despair;

He enters the houses of the nations,  
Parting its husbands and wives,  
Blasting the lives of its children:  
On the weakness of man He survives,-

Breaking the sacred promise  
 That was given for better or worse  
 Until death do us part, was it spoken  
 Only to end in a curse

That has shattered the homes of the nations,  
 That has crushed with a terrible force  
 In the law that was sanctioned by Satan,  
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 Down through the ages ring,  
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 The roads to our goal are many,  
 But the end is the same for us all.

Let us open the shutters of wisdom,  
 Let the "Light of the World" shine in,  
 Let us list to the voice of conscience  
 Which knows not the way of sin;



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And lead to a better way;  
Then the riddles of earth are ended—  
Solved in a single day!

# The Joya of Satan

Rhythm mixed

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Forgotten, alone and unaided,



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The memories of deeds ~~not~~ undone,  
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We live, by our man made laws,  
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At the point of the enemy's lance,  
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On the blood-soaked fields of France.

Five long years they fought and fell,  
That the nations might be free.  
Five long years in the pits of hell  
They fought for "Democracy"?

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Countless lay cold and still,  
While a message rings down through the ages,  
Remember; "Thou shalt not kill."

The solution seems hard to master, -  
While the wise men of every land  
Are searching, the key lies hidden  
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 As he sits on his gilded throne;  
 He jostles the arm of the toiler,  
 As he sits in his humble home.

He lurks at the side of the maiden,  
 As she blossoms to womanhood;  
 And laughs with the joys of Satan,  
 As she falls from the ways of the good.

He takes God's fairest virgins  
 From the homes of tenderest care,  
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Let the "Light of the World" shine in,  
Let us list to the voice of conscience  
Which knows not the ways of sin;

Let each grasp the hand of his neighbor,  
And lead to a better way —  
Then the riddles of earth will be ended,  
Solved in a single day.

Title: *THE OLD BOYS*

Format: 

- Typed
- Published



“The whirr of a long lariat”

Baillie and Tanner Milan,  
great-grandsons of Lou Milan  
Lou was W. Arthur Milan’s younger brother

THE OLD BOYS.

"Howdy," boys of the ranges,  
Fresh from the wide lonely ways;  
You bring us a breath of the prairie  
We knew in the olden days.

You stir up embers of memory  
Quickened the heart in its beat  
At sight of your chaps and sombreros  
The clink of your spurs on the street.

You bring back old recollections,  
When the range was as wide as the view  
In fancy again we travel  
Back o'er the old trails we knew.

The pitch of an unbroken bronco,  
The dust in the wake of the herd,  
The clatter of hooves on gravel  
And the songs of the prairie bird.

The lure of the Autumn roundup,  
The bunch at the big corral,  
The wave a battered Stetson  
In the hand of a faithful pal.

The sheen of the peaks at sunset,  
The old pinto mare and her foal,  
The days we loitered together  
In camp by the big water hole.

The work at the branding fire  
Its measure of frolic and fun,  
The measure of vengeance or justice  
In the bark of an old sixgun.

The sight of the old chuck wagon,  
The aroma of bacon and beans,  
The clang of the angle at sunup,  
The home trail, and all that it means.

The charge of a bull in the offing,  
The whirr of a long lariat,  
The odor of sweat and leather  
Are things we can never forget.

We'll be at the show with the Mrs.  
So ride 'em straight up like a man,  
Go down in the dust if you have to,  
But stick 'em as long as you can.

We give you the glad hand of welcome ;  
There's room for your horse in the shed ;  
There's always a loaf in the grub box  
And somewhere we'll fix you a bed.



## Poetry

### THE OLD BOYS

Howdy! boys from the ranges,  
Fresh from the wide lonely ways;  
You bring us a breath of the prairie  
We knew in the olden days.

You stir up the embers of memory,  
And quicken the heart in its beat  
At sight of your chaps and som-  
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The clink of your spurs on the street.

You bring back the old recollections  
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And in fancy again we will travel  
Back o'er the old trails we knew.

The pitch of an unbroken broncho,  
The dust in the wake of the herd,  
The clatter of hoofs on the gravel,  
The songs of the prairie bird.

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The wave of a battered Stetson  
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The days that we loitered together  
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With its measure of frolic and fun,  
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The sight of the old chuck wagon,  
The aroma of bacon and beans,  
The clang of the angle at sunup,  
The horse trail,—and all that it  
means.

The charge of a bull in the offing,  
The whirl of the long lariat,  
The odor of sweat and new leather:  
These are things we can never forget.

We'll be at the show with the Missis,  
So ride 'em straight up like a man,  
Go down in the dust if you have to,  
But stick 'em as long as you can.

We give you the glad hand of wel-  
come;  
There's room for your horse in the  
shed;  
There's always a loaf in the grub  
box,  
And somewhere we'll fix you a bed.

W. A. MILAN.

Title: *THE OLD TRAIL*

Format:

- Typed
- Script
- Published
- Music Video



“There’s an old trail through the pasture”

## THE OLD TRAIL.

There's an old trail through the pasture  
Where remains the virgin sod,  
A segment of the long, long trail  
Over which our pioneers trod;

These rugged souls who passed this way,  
Whose ranks are thinning fast,  
In memory pass in swift review  
Like some pageant of the past.

Ah how many recollections  
That old trail brings to mind  
Of the struggles and the victories  
And the hopes long left behind;

I can see the old trail blazer  
As he climbs the distant grade,  
I can see the hosts that follow  
In the track that he has made.

I can see the scarlet rider,  
Clear upon my memory's scroll  
As he rides into the sunset  
On his lonely, long patrol.

Here the old chuckwagon rattled  
To some distant rendezvous,  
To the dip tanks and the roundup  
On the range that we knew;

Where the cowboys from the ranches  
Vied in feats we can't forget  
In the smoke of branding fire  
And the whirr of lariat.

I can see the youth just starting  
Out along life's many trips,  
Still his mother's kiss at parting  
Seems to linger on his lips,

Sacred blessings that she gave him,  
Every mother's son once knew  
When the ties of home were severed,  
For adventure strange and new.

I can see the youthful bridegroom  
Journeying homeward with his bride,  
To his homestead and his cabin,  
Far across the countryside.

Fairy castles they are building,  
As they slowly wend their way,  
Have their castles been dismantled,  
Have they fallen in decay?

Ah how often I in fancy,  
Live again these scenes long past  
And recall to mind the faces  
Who along that trail have passed.

But enough of these sad reveries,  
Let us sing in lighter vein,  
We'll turn the dark clouds insideout  
And laugh as we laughed again.

Let's journey back down memory's lane  
And relive familiar scenes,  
A whiff of the open prairie,  
Of coffee, bacon and beans.

Let us dance again in the kitchen;  
Who is the one to forget?  
How we raced to get a partner  
When they called the minuett.

The wail of the oldtime fiddle,  
The twang of the old banjo,  
The vibrant voice of the caller,  
The lilt of the heel and toe.

Remember the long horned ox team  
Who busted the virgin sod,  
The muttered imprecation  
You sounded at every rod?

Remember the heelfly season,  
When water was in the slough  
Where the oxen wiled the hours away  
While you cursed the long day through?

The time you hauled your first wheat out,  
When trails were rutted and rough  
And the wreck that was your budget  
When it graded six and tough?

The whine of the bleak nor'wester,  
The crunch of wheels in the snow,  
The way you bragged of your drivers  
And your flapjacks of sour dough?

The old soupbone you loaned your friend  
When larder was lean and small  
And by his wanton cussedness,  
'Twas ruined beyond recall?

You mind the time the preacher came  
For three Sundays in a row  
How it almost wrought disaster,  
When your grub was getting low?

But you killed the old red rooster  
And molded a huge croquette  
And sometimes when you gently burp  
The taste seems to linger yet.

The old black sow that ate the eggs  
The time she jumped the fence,  
Only a few days left to hatch  
And they cost you thirty cents?

"The good old days of the homestead."  
What memories these words recall,  
The rough hewn shack with addled roof,  
Where the weeds grew over all

And when the rains of summer came,  
The water came trickling through,  
Here and there over bed and board  
It hammered its mad tattoo.

The freighting days, the stopping house  
And dinner at Paddy Springs,  
The open fire beside the trail;  
Old bygones that memory brings.



Time rolls relentlessly onward,  
Taking each year of its toll,  
Like actors we pass from the picture  
In one last scene of our role.

Neighbors we loved and respected,  
Friends that were long tried and true,  
Pals whom we weighed in the balance,  
Proved to be gold through and through;

Friends that stood by in our sorrow,  
Gained from grip of their hands  
New strength to meet the tomorrow  
No matter what the demands.

Down through the years we have journeyed,  
Oft-times the trail was in doubt,  
Still, when the way was the darkest,  
Always the latching string was out,

A loaf was there in the grub box,  
"Welcome." was there on the mat,  
Room for your horse in the stable;  
Home, where you hung up your hat.

Old trails, now lost and forgotten  
You builded this empire of wheat,  
You knew the language of wagon wheels,  
The rhythm of marching feet.

I may travel o'er grand super highways,  
Over plain, over mountain and lee,  
But that old crooked trail through the pasture  
Will have sweetest memories for me.

-----  
W.A. MILAN.

# 1. The Old Trail.

There's an old trail thru the pasture  
Where remains the virgin sod  
A segment of the long, long trail  
Over which our pioneers trod.

These pioneers who came this way  
Whose ranks are thinning fast  
In memory pass in swift review  
Like some pageant of the past

Ah how many recollections  
This old trail brings to mind  
Of the struggles and the victories  
Of the hopes long left behind

I can see the old trail blazer  
As he climbs the distant grade  
I can see the hoets that follow  
In the track that he has made

I can see the scarlet rider  
Clear upon my memory's scroll  
As he rides into the sunset  
On his lonely, long patrol.

2.

Here the old chuckwagon rattled  
To some distant rendezvous  
To the dip tanks and the roundup  
and the ranges that we knew

Where the cowboys from the ranches  
Wied in games we can't forget  
'Mid the smoke of branding fire  
And the whirr of lariat.

I can see the youth just starting  
Out along life's many trips  
Still his mother's kiss at parting  
Seems to linger on his lips

Sacred blessings that she gave him  
Every mother's son once knew  
When the ties of home were severed  
For adventure strange and new.

I can see the youthful bridegroom  
Journeying homeward with his bride  
To his homestead and his cabin  
Far across the countryside.

3.

Dairy castles they are building  
As they slowly wend their way  
Have they long since been dismantled  
Have they fallen in decay.

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Live again these scenes long past  
And recall again the faces  
Who along this trail have passed

But enough of these sad reveries  
Let us sing in lighter vein  
We'll turn the dark clouds inside out  
And laugh as we laughed again

Let's journey back down memory's lane  
and recast familiar scenes  
a whiff of the open prairie  
Of coffee, bacon and beans  
a bite of a luscious dough god  
(Hard as the knobs of Nades)  
He-man stuff and damnably tough  
Apologies to the ladies.



4. Let us dance again in the kitchen  
Who is the one to forget  
How we raced to grab a partner  
When they called the minuet

The wail of the oldtime fiddle  
The twang of the old banjo  
The vibrant voice of the caller  
The lilt of the heel and toe

Remember the longhorned ox team  
Who busted the virgin sod  
The muttered imprecation  
You saunded at every rod

Remember the heefly season  
When water was in the slough  
Where the oxen wiled the hours away  
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The time you hauled your first wheat out  
When traibes were rutted and rough  
And the wreck that was your budget  
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5  
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And it almost spelled disaster  
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But you killed the old red rooster  
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And sometimes when you gently burp  
The taste seems to linger yet

The old black sow that ate the eggs  
The time she jumped the fence  
Only a few days left to hatch  
and they cost you thirty cents

6. "The good old days of the homestead!"  
What memories those words recall  
The rough hewn shack with sodded roof  
Where the weeds grew over all

And when the rains of summer came  
The water came trickling thru  
Here and there over bed and board  
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The freighting days the stopping house  
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The open fire beside the trail  
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Neighbors we loved and respected  
Friends that were long tried and true  
Pals whom we weighed in the balance  
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1. Friend that stood by in our sorrow  
~~the~~ gained from the grip of their hands  
New strength to meet the to-morrow  
No matter ~~how~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~stern~~ the demands.

Down thru the years we have journeyed  
Oft-times the trail was in doubt  
Still when way was the darkest  
Always the latchstring was out

A loaf was there in the grub box  
"Welcome" was there on the mat  
Room for your horse in the stable  
Home where you hung up your hat

Old trails now lost and forgotten  
You builded this empire of wheat  
You knew the language of wagon wheels.  
The rythm of marching feet.

I may travel o'er grand super highways  
Over plain, over mountain and sea  
But that old crooked trail through the pasture  
Will always hold memories for me.

Ed. A. Milan



## ✓ "The Old Trail"

There's an old trail that goes winding  
Down across the pasture lot, -

A fragment of the long, long trail,  
O'er which ~~the~~ pioneers brought

~~their~~ <sup>your</sup> meager household furnishings  
~~and their~~ <sup>your</sup> farming tools and teams,  
~~their~~ <sup>your</sup> optimistic outlook  
And ~~these~~ <sup>your</sup> boundless future dreams;

Threading out across the prairie  
To the homes just new begun:  
Eastward to the blue horizon,  
Westward to the setting sun;

Out where all is new and open,  
Unsullied by the hands of men,  
With its wealth of grass and flowers  
Decking every hill and glen;

Out ~~to~~ where the soul, unfettered,  
X worships ~~at~~ <sup>some</sup> nature's shrine,  
Where the ~~fragrant~~ <sup>sweet</sup> breath of the prairie  
Is like draughts of rarest wine;

Where the sun springs from his <sup>(one syl.)</sup> ~~grassy~~ bed  
X To herald the birth of day,  
Where the song-bird greets the morning  
With ever his sweetest lay;

Where the shadows of the evening  
X Fall across the sleeping plain,  
Wrapping all in peace and silence  
Till the day returns again.—

Silence, save for hoot of nightowl,  
Or a wail, when twilight fades,  
Of some hungry coyote slinking  
But a shadow 'mong the shades;



Where the myriad stars at nightfall  
Their ceaseless vigil keep, (one more syl)  
Like sentinels who guard the gates  
Where heaven's angels sleep; (one more syl)

Where the night wind croons a lullaby,  
Gently soothing all to rest,  
When the soft Chinook is wafted  
O'er the towering Rockies crest;

Bringing tidings of the summer  
Joyous on his way he goes, (who is he?)  
Whispering love tales to the flowers  
Who sleep beneath the snow. (one more syl)

Where the meadow lark's loud chortle  
Proclaims the dawn of spring, (one more syl)  
And winter's fleecy mantle  
Seems to fall from everything;

And the sleeping grass and flowers  
Wake to welcome spring their queen,  
And to cover all the prairie  
With a carpet soft and green;

Where the prairie cockerel booms  
His message o'er the plain, <sup>one morning</sup>  
Telling all the feathered world  
It is mating time again;

Where the loud hoik of the wild goose  
Breaks the silence of the night,  
<sup>Never</sup> Rests he on his journey  
Until hunger stops his flight,

Where the cawing of the old black crow  
Calls black sheep of the fold—  
To <sup>the</sup> stranger in the new land  
Sounds like voice of friend from old;

Where the settler round his cabin  
Whistles o'er some menial task,  
~~Where future holds the promise future~~  
~~Holds~~ all his heart would ask; (one more syl)

And through the open window,  
Where the curtains fall apart,  
A breath of song is wafted  
From the wellspring of a heart;

~~Wherein the busy housewife toils~~  
~~Wherein toils the busy housewife~~ (one more syl)  
Happily minding her pans and pots, " " "  
While she cooks their frugal dinner,  
~~while she~~ minds their little tots; (one more syl)

Where the little wren sings merrily,  
In <sup>soft</sup> notes of sweetest chime, (one more syl)  
Of the happy hours of mating  
And the ~~days~~ of nesting time;

21

Where the snow capped crags in summer  
Piled against the western sky,  
Seem shimmering in the distance  
Like white clouds drifting by; one more syl.

22.

And through the ~~mountain stillness~~  
Where loud and clear at noon-day one more syl.  
Comes the curlew's clarion call,  
And like a <sup>holy</sup> benediction one more syl.  
Falls the sunshine over all;

23.

Where the first frosts of the autumn  
Turn the prairie's green to gold,  
And the mantle of the spring-time  
Is <sup>bedraggled</sup> ~~mottled~~, worn and old; one more syl.

24.

Where ~~the~~ sea-gulls journeying southward  
From their erstwhile nesting ground,  
Look <sup>much</sup> like <sup>giant</sup> master snowflakes, (?) one more syl.  
As they circle round and round;



there

25.

Above the fresh turned furrow, <sup>one more syl</sup>  
In <sup>their</sup> quest of luscious bite,  
To <sup>quell the pang of hunger</sup> satisfy their <sup>ravish</sup> hungering  
E'er they resume their flight; " " "

26

~~And~~ The groundmole early foraging <sup>es</sup>  
For <sup>port</sup> moss to deck his bed; <sup>one more syl</sup>  
And like a jet star in the sky  
The black hawk hangs o'erhead; <sup>one more syl</sup>

27.

And down along the little creek,  
Where ~~the~~ goldeyes dart and dash, <sup>one more syl</sup>  
~~the myrtles twinkle~~ <sup>busily</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>one more syl</sup>  
To build his winter cache; " " "

28

Where freedom's breadth <sup>is</sup> was boundless,  
Where the heart knows naught of fear,  
Where the servant <sup>is</sup> was the master  
And ~~he~~ called no man his peer; <sup>one more syl</sup>



29.  
Where each man knows equality  
Where every man ~~is~~ equal, <sup>no more</sup> ~~no more~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~equal~~  
Where caste <sup>can</sup> hold no place;  
Bound <sup>from</sup> by bonds of fellowship  
~~There~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> of every race.

30.

Here the immigrant new landed  
From some teeming foreign shore,  
~~He~~ <sup>sees</sup> within his heart the freedom  
He had never known before.

Here the youth from home <sup>31</sup> ~~departed~~  
Can see the youth just starting  
Out along life's many trips.  
His mother's kiss at parting  
Seems to linger on his lips.

32

And the blessings that she gave him  
Every mother's son once knew,  
When the ties of home were severed  
And the old gave place to new,  
For adventure strange and new

33.

revise

I can see <sup>an old man passing</sup> the aged couple  
<sup>with his bride of other years</sup> passing on their long, long track,  
 With the remnants of their fortune  
 They have salvaged from the wreck,

34

Jogging <sup>down</sup> on life's road together,  
 Filled with faith that ever lives  
 In <sup>quest</sup> pursuit of future ventures,  
 Born of hope the new land gives.

35.

Long years they in patience labored  
 On the old land side by side.  
 Now life's evening finds them nobly  
 Striving for what life denied.

36

I can see the youthful bridegroom  
 Journeying homeward with his bride,  
 To his homestead and his cabin  
 Somewhere on the countryside.

37.

~~The~~ castles that ~~they~~ builded,  
 As they ~~wiled~~ the hours away,  
 Have ~~long~~ since ~~all~~ been ~~all~~ dismantled,  
 And ~~have~~ ~~they~~ fallen in decay.

38.

I can see the widowed Mother  
 Passing on to home unmade.  
 Nobly bears she on the burden  
 Which upon her death has laid.

39

Breasting from the soil its treasures,  
 Stared by countless years of mold,  
 Dreams she of the future blessings  
 Gleaned from waving fields of gold.

40

Have her dreams and aspirations  
 Borne the fruit the buds foretold?  
 Have the fires of her ambitions  
 Burned to ashes gray and cold?



41.

I can see the old trail blazer  
 As he climbs the distant grade. ✓  
 I can see the spots that follow  
 In the track that he has made.

42.

I can see the long procession  
 Winding o'er the virgin sod,  
 Listening to the voice of Nature  
 Whispering to their souls of God.

43.

Ah! how often I, in fancy,  
 Live amid the scenes long past,  
 And see ~~again~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~faces~~ <sup>faces</sup> ✓  
 Who along that trail have passed!

44

Ah! how many recollections  
 The old trail brings to mind ✓  
 Of the struggles and the victories  
 And the hopes long left behind!

45

Deep rutted by the wheels of progress,  
 Lost amid the fields thy ways,  
 Gone the spirit of the campfire  
 And the songs of other days.

46

When I think of ~~the~~ old times and places 10  
 Of the old days once that we knew, 8  
 When I think of the old friends and faces, 10  
 And the hours we loitered with you; 8

47

When the flood of these memories unfold me,  
 Salt tears to my eyes <sup>do</sup> ever start,  
 And a feeling of sadness is centred 2 exp. 10  
 Deep in the core of my heart.

48.

New faces we meet in life's journey,  
 New friendships are sealed in life's game,  
 But somehow the old friends are dearest,  
 And new friends are not quite <sup>just</sup> the same

(finis.)



**MILAN, Arthur**  
by Mr. Arthur Milan

**THE OLD TRAIL**

There's an old trail thru the pasture,  
Where remains the virgin sod -  
A segment of the long, long trail  
Over which our pioneers trod.

These pioneers who came this way,  
Whose ranks are thinning fast,  
In memory pass in swift review -  
Like some pageant of the past.

Ah! how many recollections  
This old trail brings to mind,  
Of the struggles and the victories,  
Of the hopes long left behind.

I can see the old trail blazer  
As he climbs the distant grade.  
I can see the hosts that follow  
In the track that he has made.

I can see the scarlet rider,  
Clear upon my memory's scroll,  
As he rides into the sunset  
On his lonely, long patrol.

Here the old chuckwagon rattled  
To some distant rendezvous,  
To the diptanks and the round-up  
And the ranges that we knew.

Where the cowboys from the ranches  
Vied in games we can't forget,  
'Mid the smoke of branding fires,  
And the whirl of lariat.

I can see the youth just starting  
Out along life's many trips,  
Still his mother's kiss at parting  
Seems to linger on his lips

Sacred blessings that she gave him,  
Every mother's son once knew,  
When the ties of home were severed  
For adventures strange and new.

I can see the youthful bridegroom  
Journeying homeward with his bride,  
To his homestead and his cabin  
Far across the countryside.

Fairy castles they are building  
As they slowly wend their way.  
Have they long since been dismantled?  
Have they fallen in decay?

Ah! how often I, in fancy  
See again these scenes long past,

And recall again the faces  
Who along the trail have passed.

Let's journey back down memory's lane  
And recast familiar scenes;  
A whiff of the open prairie,  
Of coffee, bacon and beans.

Let us dance again in the kitchen.  
Who is the one to forget  
How we raced to grab a partner  
When they called the minuets?

The wail of the old-time fiddle,  
The twang of the old banjo,  
The vibrant voice of the caller,  
The lilt of the Heel-and-Toe.

"The good old days of the homestead".  
What memories those words recall -  
The rough hewn shack with sodded roof,  
Where the weeds grew over all.

And when the rains of summer came  
The water came trickling thru,  
Here and there o'er bed and board,  
It hammered its mad tatoo.

The freighting days, the stopping house,  
And dinner at Paddy Springs,  
The open fire beside the trail,  
Just bygones that memory brings.

Time rolls relentlessly onward -  
Taking each year of its toll -  
Like actors we pass from the picture  
In one last scene of our role.

Neighbors we loved and respected, -  
Friends that were long tried and true -  
Pals whom we weighed in the balance -  
Proved to be gold through and through.

Friends who stood by in our sorrow -  
We gained from the grip of their hands  
New strength to meet the tomorrow,  
No matter how stern the demands.

Down thru the years we have journeyed  
Oft-times the trail was in doubt,  
Still when way was the darkest -  
Always the latch-string was out.

A loaf was there in the grub-box,  
"Welcome" was there on the mat,  
Room for your horse in the stable,  
Home-where you hung up your hat.

Old trails now lost and forgotten,-  
They builded this empire of wheat.

They knew the language of wagon wheels,  
The rhythm of marching feet.

I may travel o'er grand super highways, -  
Over plain, over mountain and lea, -  
But the old crooked trail thru the pasture  
Will always hold memories for me.

Ghost Pine Community Group.  
The Spirit of Ghost Pine,  
Friesen Printers, 1990, pp. 94-95



## *The Old Trail*

### Music Video



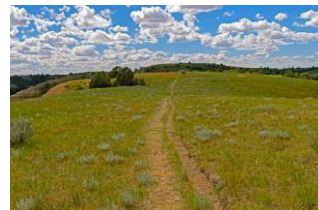
Norman Milan is a singer songwriter from Calgary Alberta, the son of Dan and Marie Milan.

Norman commented, “My grandfather, Arthur Milan, wrote this poem in the 1940’s chronicling his recollections as an early 20<sup>th</sup> century homesteader, farmer, friend and family man on the Alberta prairie.”

Approximately eighty years after Arthur Milan penned the poem, *The Old Trail*, Norman put it to music creating a video and picture montage, which he posted on YouTube for all to enjoy.

“Let’s journey back down memory lane”

Norman Milan



Click on photo to open  
*The Old Trail Music Video*

Title:

*THE SECOND HONEYMOON*

Format:

- Transcribed
- Script



“Just my sweetheart wife and I”

Wedding of W. Arthur Milan and Laura McGhee  
January 29, 1913

## The Second Honeymoon

The summer breezes are calling  
And all nature is in tune  
We'll leave the city far behind  
And go on a honeymoon.

We'll travel light and travel long  
And forget our social bonds  
We'll travel back to pioneer days  
And just live like vagabonds.

We'll search for a verdant valley  
Where, beside some silver stream,  
We'll lie upon a mossy bank  
And just dream, and dream, and dream.

We'll make our bed of balsam boughs  
Out under the azure blue  
And count the twinkling stars at night  
And our dreams will all come true.

Bathe in wine of a crystal pool  
Where the willows bend and sway  
Down our river of golden dreams  
Our troubles will drift away.

We'll follow some bright babbling brook  
To its source in hinterland  
I will whisper, "Pal I love"  
As we wander hand in hand.

We'll scale some towering rocky crag  
Far up to its rugged crest  
Up where the scented breezes blow  
Where the eagle builds her nest.



We'll wonder through the fragrant pines  
And across a grassy lea  
We'll share the joy of feathered friends  
In their woodland symphony.

We'll find again a trysting place  
At the sleep river's bend  
We'll plight anew our troth dear heart  
On out to our journey's end.

We'll lie upon a grassy sward  
And watch the clouds drift by  
Through the lazy rays of summer  
Just my sweetheart wife and I.

## The Second Honeymoon

The summer breezes are calling  
~~Let us load the old gale~~  
And all nature is in tune  
We'll leave the city far behind  
and go on a honey-moon

We'll travel light and travel long  
and forget our social bonds  
We'll travel back to pioneer days  
And just live like vagabonds.

We'll search for a verdant valley  
where beside some silver stream  
We'll lie upon a mossy bank  
and just dream and dream and dream

We'll make our bed of balm boughs  
out under the azure blue  
And count the twinkling stars at night  
And our dreams will all come true

~~We'll~~ Bath in wine of a crystal pool  
~~where the willows bend and sway~~  
~~down your river of golden dreams~~  
~~so our cares will drift away~~  
our troubles will drift away

Bright babbling  
We'll follow some ~~meandering~~ brook  
to its source in hinterland  
I will whisper "Pal I love you"  
as we wander hand in hand

We'll scale some towering rocky crag  
Far up to its rugged crest  
Up where the scented breezes blow  
where the eagles build <sup>her</sup> nest

We'll wander through the ~~scented~~ <sup>fragrant</sup> pines  
And across its grassy lea  
We'll <sup>share</sup> know the joy of feathered friends  
In their woodland symphony.

We'll find again a trysting place  
at ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> sleepy rivers bend  
We'll plight anew our troth dear heart  
On out <sup>to</sup> our journey's end.

We'll lie upon the grassy sward  
and watch the clouds drift by  
Through the lazy days of summer  
Just my sweetheart wife and I.



Title: *THE SIMPLE JOYS OF LIVING*

Original Title: *JUST JOYS OF LIVING*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“The laughter of happy children”

James Milan berry picking with the McGhees



## THE SIMPLE JOYS OF LIVING.

A garden of gorgeous blossoms-  
The drone of a homing bee,  
The quiet hours of evening,  
Strains of an old melody.

Opening buds in springtime-  
Fog on the crest of a hill,  
The tinkle of running water,  
The call of the whip-poor-will.

Whispering leaves of the forest-  
Stars in the heavens above,  
The velvet green of a meadow,  
Voices of those that we love.

The laughter of happy children,  
The welcome shade of a tree,  
Ever changing hues of sunset,  
And the woodland symphony.

Patter of rain on the shingles,  
The clasp of a friendly hand,  
The echo across the valley,  
The break of waves on the sand,

The will to be up and doing,  
The thought of a task well done,  
Rest at the end of the furrow,  
The knowledge of victory won.

Good, that we find in each other,  
The fruits that our efforts bring,  
Just the simple joys of living,  
We can find in everything.

-----

JUST JOYS OF LIVING

W. A. Milan.

A garden of beautiful flowers,  
The drone of a homing bee,  
The quiet hours of evening,  
The strains of an old melody.

The opening buds of springtime,  
The view from the crest of a hill,  
The tinkle of running water,  
The call of the whip-poor-will.

The whispering leaves of the forest,  
The stars in the heavens above,  
Just the green of the meadows,  
The voices of those that we love.

The laughter of happy children,  
The shade of a wide spreading tree,  
The changing hues of sunset,  
The woodland symphony.

The patter of rain on the shingles,  
The clasp of a friendly hand,  
~~The draught from a spring at the wayside~~  
The break of the waves on the sand.

The will to be up and doing,  
The thought of a task well done,  
The rest at the end of the furrow,  
The knowledge of victory won.

The good that we find in each other,  
The fruits that our efforts will bring,  
The myriad joys of living,  
That we find in everything.

"Just The Joys of Living."

A garden of <sup>surgeons</sup> beautiful flowers,  
The drone of a homing bee,  
The quiet hours of evening,  
The strains of an ~~old~~ melody;

The opening buds of springtime,  
~~The view~~ <sup>gaze on the</sup> from the crest of a hill,  
The tinkle of running water,  
The call of the whip-poor-will;

~~The~~ whispering leaves of the forest,  
~~The~~ stars in the heavens above,  
~~Just~~ the <sup>silver</sup> green of the meadows,  
The voices of those <sup>ones</sup> that we love;

The laughter of happy children,  
The <sup>welcome</sup> ~~shade~~ of a wide spreading tree,  
The changing hues of <sup>the</sup> sunset,  
<sup>and</sup> The woodland symphony;

The patter of rain on the shingles,  
The clasp of a friendly hand,  
~~The echo across the valley,~~  
The draught from a spring at the wayside,  
The break of ~~the~~ waves on the sand;

The will to be up and doing,  
The thought of a task well done,  
~~The~~ rest at the end of the furrow,  
The knowledge of victory won;

~~The~~ good that we find in each other,  
The fruits that our efforts ~~will~~ bring,—  
The myriad joys of living  
We ~~can~~ find in every thing.

"Finis"

Title: *TO MOTHER*

Format: • Typed



“Your tender care we’ve known”

Laura and W. Arthur with children,  
Nora, Clifford and James Milan



To Mother.

You gave us life, you gave us faith;

Your tender care we've known.

The tendrils of your motherlove,

Around our hearts have grown.

Through youthful years, you guided us,

Our toddling footsteps led;

We see your face in dreams again,

Above our trundle bed.

Your toilworn hands have labored long,

To make our lives replete;

Your strength of heart and will ne'er knew

The meaning of defeat.

The beloved wrinkles of your brow,

That care alone bestows,

The lonely vigils that you kept,

Only a mother knows.

God grant no act of ours shall mar,

The ideals that you sought,

Nor lessen by the merest tithe

The joys that time has brought.

The years have come and gone dearheart,

Our thoughts return to pay,

The homage that is ever yours,

Forever and a day.

Title: *TO OUR FOREFATHERS*

Format: • Typed



“They came, these hearty Irishmen”

W. Arthur Milan’s father-in-law,  
Wyatt Woodruff McGhee

TO OUR FOREFATHERS.

There's a far off little valley,  
'Mid Wisconsin's hazy hills,  
Where our forefathers settled  
'Mong its sheltered rocks and rills.

The red men called it Waumandee,  
The choice of an Indian maid,  
A name to be long remembered,  
Like music when softly played.

Like overture softly muted,  
When the maestro takes his cue,  
The curtains of Time are parted,  
On scenes our forefathers knew.

A haven for souls o'er burdened,  
This valley of virgin sod,  
Where evergreen of the forest  
Was fresh from the hand of God.

They came, these hearty Irishmen,  
To this goal of dreamful quest,  
The Hogans and the Tierneys,  
And the Milans and the rest.

Staunch hearts that willed to victory,  
The seed of a virile race,  
Who toiled at their simple labors,  
Nor vied they for power or place.

Content in their new found freedom-  
The lot of the common man.  
The salt of the earth's vast millions,  
Since time and the world began.

Rough hands that were ever ready,  
To aid in a neighbors need;  
Strong arms that were sure and steady,  
In defence of clan or creed.

They lived in ignorance, unschooled,  
By the measure of our time,  
Yet, who can say in his wisdom,  
That they lived not lives sublime.

They earned but a meager pittance,  
But meted each one his share;  
They gave of their meager hardings  
Oft when their cupboard was bare.

They knelt in the field and roadway,  
When Angelus bells were rung;  
Their hearts were weighted with sorrow,  
When Requiem mass was sung.

They founded an inland empire,  
With cradles, axes and plows;  
Labored to earn their daily bread,  
In sweat of their honest brows.

The ancient implements they wrought,  
Are long moldered and laid away,  
Like the rugged hands that bore them,  
Through struggles of yesterday.

To their memory, highest honors;  
To their suffering, surcease;  
To their bones, be rest eternal;  
To their souls, forever peace.

-----

Title: *TWO STANDARDS*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“Some fragile flower that’s lost its bloom  
And, trampled ‘neath the hurrying feet”



## Two Standards

Dec. 1921

Along life's pathway oft' we meet,  
In the glare of noon or the darkest street,  
Some fragile flower that's lost its bloom  
And, trampled 'neath the hurrying feet  
Of Virtue, waits its doom.

In the garden of some mother's heart  
She grew to maidenhood apart,  
To bloom beneath some sheltered ledge  
Back from the thorns of life's rough hedge,  
A model of Dame Nature's art.

Perhaps some scion of noble breed  
Hath lured her to her thoughtless deed,  
By plighted word or hell born schemes,  
This idol of her girlhood dreams  
To shun her in her hour of need.

Bowed beneath the wastrel's yoke,  
(The bonds of love and friendship broke)  
The laurels of a mother's pride  
The joys of motherhood denied,  
On Slander's cross are crucified.

Across the desert of life's span  
She struggles on how e'er she can,  
The prey of every soulless brute,  
Branded as a prostitute,  
With faith nor trust in any man.

Though beats within a heart sublime,  
Chained by the shackles of his crime,  
Stunned by the blows of Virtue's fist,  
Her soul within doth writhes and twist;  
No chance for her can e'er exist.

When low on Mercy's throne she kneels,  
She her shrinking shoulder feels  
The hand of Worldly Judgment laid;  
And cowering in her fear afraid,  
The fountain of her hope he seals  
Because she was a hopeless maid!

No beacon light her course to guide  
A derelict on life's surging tide,  
She sinks beneath the social wave  
To darkness and a nameless grave  
This victim of a wanton knave.

While he in all his craven power,  
To sate the lust of an idle hour,  
Upon the altar of his vice  
Hath lead her to the sacrifice,  
Beneath tendrils of Love's bower.

And tiring of his erstwhile mate,  
Upon the jagged rocks of Hate  
He hurls her from his warm embrace,  
From heights of his exalted place,  
Among the shadows of Disgrace.

And gloating or his wanton deed,  
Like buzzards, in their hunger, feed  
Upon the carrion of their breed,  
Gorged upon his ghoulish feast,  
The demons on his soul unleashed.

He turns to pastures still unshorn,  
His heart by basest Passion torn,  
Along the grooves by Time deep worn,  
To the portals of a palace great  
Where Innocence doth rule in state,  
Her sanctity to desecrate.

Yet he may rise to the Heights of Fame,  
No breath of censure mars his name,  
Forgot, the past, his nameless child  
The shrine of Innocence defiled,  
The victor in a man's own game.

The immortal laws of God defied,  
The hands of Justice firmly tied,  
He chooses for himself, a bride  
Some virgin in her soulful pride,  
Who loves to linger by his side  
In the shadow of Love crucified.

The world smiles on this ghastly sight;  
The man in all his sovereign might  
Doth reign the victor in the fight,  
And writes his verdict in his laws  
To loose the grip of Justice's claws.

The standard of his creed or clan  
Is not to shun, to bar or ban,  
But grants to him his chosen place  
Among the freemen of his race,  
Because he was a man!

Into the world a child is born,  
Cradled in the lap of scorn,  
Suckled on the breast of hate,  
Crushed between the cogs of fate,  
In the dawn of life's young morn.

Denied the ties of blood or kin,  
Conceived within the gates of sin,  
A father's curse, a mother's shame;  
Her soul deep seared by passion's flame,  
A pawn in life's remorseless game,  
Adrift upon the winds of chance,  
With these for her inheritance,  
Because she's born without a name.

Finis

## Two Standards

Dec. 1921.

Along life's pathway oft we meet,  
In the glare of noon or the darkest street,  
Some fragile flower that's lost its bloom  
And, trampled 'neath the hurrying feet  
Of Virtue, waits its doom.

In the garden of some mother's heart  
She grew to maidenhood apart,  
To bloom beneath some sheltered ledge  
Back from the thorns of life's rough hedge,  
A model of Dame Nature's art.

Perchance some scion of a noble breed  
Hath lured her to her thoughtless deed,  
By plighted word or hell born schemes,—  
This idol of her girlhood dreams—  
To shun her in her hour of need.

Bowed beneath the wastrel's yoke,  
(The bonds of love and friendship broke)  
The laurels of a mother's pride  
The joys of motherhood denied,  
Upon slander's cross are crucified.

Across the desert of life's span  
 She struggles on how e'er she can,  
 The prey of every soulless brute,  
 Branded as a prostitute,  
 With faith nor trust in any man.

Though beats within a heart sublime,—  
 Chained by the shackles of his crime,  
 Stunned by the blows of Virtue's fist,  
 Her soul within ~~to~~<sup>ath</sup> wrethes and twist;  
 No chance for her can e'er exist.

When low at Mercy's throne she kneels,  
~~Upon~~<sup>she</sup> her shrinking shoulder feels  
 The hand of Worldly Judgement laid;  
 And cowering in her fear afraid,  
 The fountain of her hope he seals  
 Because she was a helpless maid!

No beacon light her course to guide,  
 A derelict on life's <sup>(one syllable)</sup> surging tide,  
 She sinks beneath the social wave  
 To darkness and a nameless grave—  
 This victim of a wanton knave.



While he in all his craven power,  
To sate the lust of <sup>two syllables</sup> (an idle) hour,  
Upon the altars of his vice  
Hath led her to the sacrifice,  
Beneath the tendrils of Love's bower.

And tiring of his erstwhile mate,  
Upon the jagged rocks of Hate  
He hurled her from his warm embrace,  
From heights of his exalted place,  
Among the shadows of Disgrace.

And gloating o'er his wanton deed,  
Like buzzards, in their hunger, feed  
Upon the carrion of their breed,  
Forged upon his ghoulish feast,  
The demons of his soul unleashed,

He turns to pastures still unshorn,  
His heart by basest Passion torn,  
Along the grooves by Time deep worn,  
To portals of a palace great  
Where Innocence doth rule in state,  
Her sanctity to desecrate.

Yet he <sup>may</sup> rises to the Heights of Fame, —  
 No breath of censure mars his name;  
 Forget, the past, his nameless child  
 The shrine of Innocence defiled, —  
 This victor in a man's own game.

The im<sup>m</sup>ortal laws of God defied,  
 The hands of justice firmly tied,  
 He chooses for himself, a bride —  
 Some Virgin in her soulful pride,  
 Who loves to linger by his side  
 On the shadow of Love crucified.

The World smiles on this ghastly sight;  
 For man in all his sovereign might  
 Reigns the victor in the fight,  
 And writes his verdict in his laws  
 To loose the grip of Justice's claws.

The standard of his creed or clan  
 Do not to shun, to bar or ban,  
 But grants to him his chosen place  
 Among the freemen of his race,  
 Because he was a man!

5

5

Into the world a child is born,—  
Cradled in the lap of scorn,  
Suckled on the breast of hate,  
Crushed between the cogs of fate,  
In the dawn of life's young morn;

Denied the ties of blood or kin,  
Conceived within the gates of sin,  
A father's curse, a mother's shame;  
Her soul deep seared by passions' flame,  
A pawn in life's remorseless game,  
Adrift upon the winds of chance,—  
With there for her inheritance,  
Because she's born without a name.

Finis



Title: *WAUMANDEE*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“O Waumandee, my Waumandee,  
What music is thy name.”

Irish Valley, Waumandee, Wisconsin  
Site of the Milan Farm

## WAUMANDEE.

O Waumandee, my Waumandee,  
What music is in thy name;  
The choice of a tribal chieftain  
Before the paleface came.

I hear the wind in the maples,  
The brown leaves fluttering fall,  
The rushing of swollen waters,  
The Jackanipe's piping call;

The chant of painted warriors  
In their age old tribal dance,  
The twang of a loosened bowstring,  
The swish of a speeding lance;

The whisper of dusky lovers  
Down a shady corridor, --  
The rhythm of dancing shadows  
On the leafstrewn forest floor;

I hear the cry of the wolfpack  
In a starless winter night,  
The lonely honk of wild geese  
In hurrying, homeward flight;

The rustle of stealthy footfalls,  
When the cougar stalks his prey  
And the rasp of labored breathing  
Of a wounded stag at bay.

I hear the dip of a paddle  
Where the laughing water spills,  
The rumble of distant thunder  
And its echo through the hills--

Like music of muted tom toms,  
The code of primitive man  
That sounded through cave and grotto,  
For the calling of the clan.

I can hear the brook's loud chatter,  
The lilt of a wild bird's song,  
Whistle of quail in the bracken  
When evening shadows are long.

I hear the voices of minstrels  
In a wild sweet symphony,  
When your hallowed name is spoken,  
Waumandee, my Waumandee.

-----

June 1947.



WAUMANDEE.

O Waumandee, my Waumandee,  
What music is in thy name;  
The choice of a tribal chieftain,  
Before the ~~Red~~ *Red* Face came.

I hear the wind in the maples,  
The brown leaves fluttering fall,  
The rushing of swollen waters,  
The Jacksnipe's piping call;

The chant of painted warriors  
In their age old tribal dance,  
The twang of a loosened bowstring,  
The swish of a speeding lance;

The whisper of dusky lovers  
In a shady corridor,  
The rhythm of dancing shadows,  
On the leaf strewn forest floor;

*I hear the*  
~~The~~ curdling cry of the wolfpack  
In a starless winter night,  
The lonely honk of wild geese  
In hurrying, homeward flight;

The rustle of stealthy footfalls,  
When the cougar stalks his prey  
And the rasp of labored breathing,  
Of a wounded stag at bay.

I hear the dip of a paddle  
Where the laughing water spills,  
The rumble of distant thunder  
And its echo through the hills,

Like music of muted tom toms--  
The code of primitive man.  
That sounded through cave and grotto,  
For the ~~gathering~~ *gathering* of the clan;

*I can hear the brook and the*  
The chatter of a stony rill,  
The lilt of a wild bird's song;  
Whistle of quail in the bracken,  
When evening shadows are long.

I hear the voices of minstrels  
In a wild sweet symphony,  
When your hallowed name is spoken,  
Waumandee, my Waumandee.

## Wauwauwau.

Oh Wauwauwau my Wauwauwau

What music is in thy name

The choice of a tribal chieftan

Before the white ~~feather~~ <sup>feather</sup> came.

I hear the wind in the ~~ripar~~ <sup>ripar</sup>

The brown leaves fluttering fall

The ~~murmur~~ <sup>rushing</sup> of swollen waters,

The jack snipe's piping call.

The chant of painted warriors

In their age old tribal dance

The twang of a loosened bowstring

The swish of a speeding lance,

The whisper of dusky lovers

Down a shady corridor

The rhythm of dancing shadows

On the leaf strewn farthest floor.

I hear the ~~chatter~~ <sup>chatter</sup> of a ~~stony~~ <sup>stony</sup> rill

The lilt of a wild birds song

~~The~~ whistle of gull in the bracken

When evening shadows are long.

The moose's bellowing challenge  
From edge of a sheltered brake  
His rivals answering call ✓  
Across a fog haunted lake  
The rustle of stealthy footfalls  
When the cougar stalks his prey  
And the rasp of labored breathing  
Of a wounded stag at bay.  
The dip of a <sup>gleaming</sup> glistening paddle  
Where the laughing water spills  
The rumble of distant thunder  
And its echo through the hills  
Like music of muted tom toms—  
The code of primitive man  
That sounded through caves & grotto  
For the calling of the clan.  
The curdling cry of the wolf pack  
In a starless winter night—  
The lonely honk of wild geese  
In hurrying homeward flight.  
I hear the voices of minstrels  
In a wild sweet symphony  
When your hallowed name is spoken  
Baumandee my Baumandee

Title: *WAYNE KING AND HIS  
KITCHEN TROUBADOURS\*\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Now folks I want you to meet a little lady who has brought with her, her boarderino an ancient instrument in an entirely new role.”

Gladys Milan



## Wayne King and his Kitchen Troubadours

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, this is radio station X.M.A.S. broadcasting our annual request program. I am glad to see so many here in the studio tonight as we have a real treat for you and the folks out on the air for we have with us a number of guest artists of world renown along with our regular studio orchestra in one grand colossal and stupendous combination of soul stirring harmony and rhythm.

1.

Our first celebrity of international fame who has delighted the hearts of thousands in the capitals of Europe and Africa with the static like strains and moaning melodies, ladies and gentlemen,  
Hank Ricbiscoff.

2

And now I take great pleasure in presenting to you a great American character who took the country by storm in the past and who is still considered something of a whirlwind. He will bring to you strains of melody and harmony of syncopation and prostration, which is seldom heard out side of the most exclusive circle. You will remember Alexander's Rag Time Band? Well this is Alex himself,  
Alex Alexander.

3.

The next artist is that notable sounder and expounder of ancient and classical music. He was unable to bring his piano with him so has kindly consented to do his pounding on the drum. I might say this is a specially made instrument and gives forth a most pleasing tone,  
Mr. Paderrurski

4.

We also have with us here in the studio another great artist of international fame who has gladdened the hearts of the nation with his music. He needs no introduction from me. If I am not mistaken he wrote that fine old ballad, If you Knew Susie, As I Knew Susie,  
Philip Sousa



5.

Now folks I want you to meet a little lady who has brought with her her boarderino an ancient instrument in an entirely new role. It has been played upon for ages and its music has caused our mothers and grandmothers many a heartache and backache. Ladies and gentleman,  
Shirley Temple.

6.

Our next artist is one whom you will all recognize, a local product, a home brew as it were. One who is accomplished in many lines of music and entertainment, who has kept us from our beds and awakened us in the spirit of by gone days. Our old friend,  
Si Hopkins

7.

We have a large number of requests, which have come in since our last broadcast and regret that we will not have time to play them all but will do the best we can with the time at our disposal.

Miss Eli Spry of Regina requests, "Where is my wandering boy tonight". This number has also been requested by Mrs. Jane Anderson, Mrs. Geo. Andrews, and Mrs. Arvidson, all of the city of Calgary. We regret that we have been unable to get the orchestration of this number and will have to substitute with one that comes from Andrew Anderson entitles, "My Swiss miss misses me." Never mid Andy she'll be coming round the mountain.  
Play Boys

8.

Charles Cook of Hollywood California requests, Oh Lord if you can help me for goodness sake don't help that bear. A friend requested I can't dance (pause) I got ants in my pants and dedicates it to Oscar Arvidson. Mrs. Floyd Price requests, The Old Bay horse ain't what he use to be. I am sorry but our time is getting short we will combine these request in that rollicking two step Red Wing.

Play Boys

L.J. Milan of the Sarcee Reservation requests, that little log cabin on the plain. Dedicated to Albert Amell. This number has also been requested by Henry Potts of Lethbridge and dedicated to Jack Hill and Orville Write. Here she comes.

Play. Play.

And now folks while the orchestra is enjoying a short rest, I take great pleasure in introducing our guest soloist, that well-known artist of screen and radio,

Kate Smith

There have been so many requests for the following number that time will not permit me to read them but I am sure you will all enjoy this rendition of, There's a Tavern in the Town.

Play Boys Play

I regret that we have time for only one more number and I have chosen Mr. Orville Wright's request. We want, "Whiskey In the Jug" and dedicates it to Norm McLeod and Art Milan on the anniversary of their 64<sup>th</sup> birthday. Congratulations boys. O.K. Orville your order coming up,  
"Whiskey in the Jug".

You have been listening to radio station X.M.A.S. broadcasting their annual request program from their studios in Mt. Vernon building on a wave band of 1600 kilocycles. We will be in the air again at this same time next year. Good night and a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

Wayne King and His Kitchen Troubadours

Good evening ladies and gentlemen  
This is radio station K.M.A.S. broad-  
casting our annual request programme.  
I am glad to see so many here  
in the studio tonight as we have  
a real treat for you and the folks  
out on the air for we have with us  
a number of guest artists of world  
renown along with our regular  
studio orchestra in one grand  
colossal and stupendous  
combination of soul stirring  
harmony and rhythm.

Our first celebrity of international  
fame who has delighted the hearts  
of thousands in the capitals of  
Europe and Africa with the static-  
like strains and moaning  
melodies of his violin  
Ladies and gentlemen

Nano Rubioff.

2.

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Alex Alexander.

3.

The next artist is that notable composer and expounder of ancient and classical music; He was unable to bring his piano with him so has kindly consented to do his pounding on the drum. I might say this is a specially made instrument and gives forth

a most pleasing tone

Mr Paderewski

4.

We also have with us here in the studio another great artist of international fame who has gladdened the hearts of the nation with his music. He needs no introduction from me. If I am not mistaken, he wrote that fine old ballad. If you knew Lucie as I know Susie

Phillip Sousa

5

Now folks I want you all to meet a little lady who has brought with her her boarderino an ancient instrument in an entirely new role. It has been played upon for ages and its music has caused our mothers and grandmothers many a headache and backache. Ladies and gentlemen

Charles Temple



6.

Our next artist is one whom you will all recognize a local product, a home brew as it were. One who is accomplished in many lines of music and entertainment, who has kept us from our beds and awakened in us the spirit of by gone days our old friend  
Si Hopkins

We have a large number of requests which have come in since our last broadcast and regret that we will not have time to play them all but will do the best we can ~~with~~ in the time at our disposal.

Mrs Eli Spry of Regina requests "There is my wandering boy to-night". This number has also been requested by Mrs Jane Anderson. Mrs Geo. Andrews and Mrs. Arvidson all of the city of Calgary. We regret that we have been unable to

get the orchestration of this number  
and will have to substitute with one  
that comes from Andrew Anderson.  
entitled My Swiss Miss Missions me.  
Never mind Andy she'll be coming  
round the mountain.

Play Boys. Q

~~Charles~~ Charles Cook of Hollywood California  
requests. Oh Lord if you can help me  
for goodness sake don't help that bear.

A friend requests I can't dance ~~cause~~  
I ~~found~~ <sup>got</sup> ants in my pants and  
dedicates it to Oscar Davidson.

Mrs Floyd Price requests. The Old  
Bay horse ain't what he used to be  
I am sorry but as ~~our~~ our time is  
getting short we will combine these  
requests in that rollicking two step  
red wing. Q Play Boys.

L. J. Milan of Sarcee Reservation requests That little old log cabin on the plain. Dedicated to Albert Amell. This number has also been requested by Henry Potto of Lethbridge and dedicated to Jack Hill and Duile Wite. Here she comes. Play Play.

And now folks while the orchestra is enjoying a short rest I take great pleasure in introducing our guest soloist that well known artist of screen and radio Kate Smith.

There has been so many requests for the following number that time will not permit me to read them but I am sure you will ~~enjoy~~ all enjoy this rendition. *The Lovers in the Town*  
Play Boys Play

~~Can~~ I regret that we have time for only one more number and I have chosen Mr Orville Wright's request. He wants "Whiskey in the jug" and dedicates it to Norm. McLeod and Art Milan on the anniversary of their 64<sup>th</sup> birthday. Congratulations boys. O. K. Orville your order coming up.

( "Whiskey in the Jug."

You have been listening to radio station XMAS broadcasting their annual request programme from their studios in Mt. Vernon building on a wave band of 1600 Kilocycles. It will be on the air again at this same time next year. Good night and a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

Title: *WELCOME STRANGER*

Format: • Typed



“ “Hi cowboy”, we’re glad to see you”

Baillie Milan, great-grandson of Lou Milan,  
W. Arthur Milan’s younger brother



WELCOME STRANGER.

"Hi Cowboy." we're glad to see you,  
You'r welcome no doubt about that;  
The jangle of spurs on the pavement,  
Your boots and your ten gallon hat.

You bring a breath of the prairies,  
Of the hills and deep sheltered dales,  
The echo of crag and canyon,  
The vista of long winding trails;

Of long days we spent in the saddle,  
Aroma of bacon and beans,  
Of evenings we spent 'round the campfire,  
Of friendship and all that it means.

You bring back dim memories, forgotten,  
Of ranges as wide as the view,  
You bring back old days of the roundup,  
And faces and places we knew.

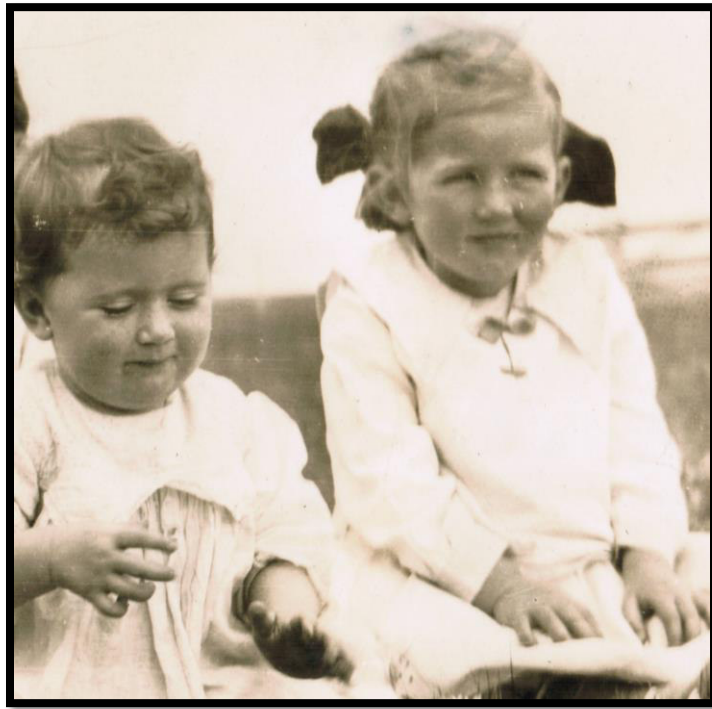
The old bunkhouse door swings open,  
And the corral gate is ajar,  
Just ride in and welcome stranger,  
We know we have ridden afar.

----- -- CALGARY STAMPED.  
1945.

Title: *WHAT DOES HOME MEAN TO YOU?*

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“The laughter of children, too?”

Gladys and Nora Milan

## What Does Home Mean To You?

What is the meaning of home to you?  
What does the word convey?  
Is it the place you long to be  
At the end of a dreary day?

Or is it a peg where you hang your hat  
To wait, when the darkness comes?  
Is it a mansion somewhere on the heights  
Or a hovel somewhere in the slums?

Or is it just a number  
In some crowded tenement,  
Yet holds your sweetest treasures,  
Where life's best hours are spent?

Does it mean the love a faithful wife?  
The laughter of children, too?  
The only rift in a clouded sky  
Where the sun is shining through?

Or is it a room in a boarding house,  
With ceiling dark and low,  
Where you wend you weary footsteps,  
When there is no place else to go?

Does it mean the love of a mother,  
Who listens throughout the years,  
For the sound of a step that never comes,  
With eyes that are dimmed with tears?

Or is it only a vision  
A memory of long ago;  
That burns through the years as a vestal light,  
With a tender and constant glow?

"What Does Home Mean To You"?

*mixed metre*  
What is the meaning of home to you?  
What does the word convey?  
Is it a place where you long to be  
At the end of a weary day?

Or is it a peg where you hang your hat  
To wait, when the darkness comes?  
Is it a mansion somewhere on the heights?  
Or a hovel somewhere in the slums?

Or is it just a number  
In some crowded tenement,  
Yet holds your sweetest treasures,  
Where life's best hours are spent?

Does it mean the love of a faithful wife?  
The laughter of children, too? —  
The only rift in a clouded sky  
Where the sun is shining through?

Or is it a room in a boarding house,  
With ceiling dark and low,  
Where you wend your weary footsteps,  
When there's no place else to go?

Does it mean the love of a mother,  
Who listens throughout the years,  
For the sound of a step that never comes,  
With eyes that are dimmed with tears

Or is it only a vision -  
A memory of long ago;  
That burns through the years as a vestal light,  
With a tender and constant glow?

Finito



Title: WHAT IS HOME?

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“Home is a haven of perfect rest,  
If we give our best in its making,”

W. Arthur and Laura Milan at their farm  
with Arthur's mother, Anna Milan,  
and seven of their children

## What is Home?

Home is a house with walls and roof,  
Ever it means what we make it,  
A haven of rest or sweatshop of toil,  
It can only mean how we take it.

Home is a yoke with galling chains,  
Binds with fetters of duty,  
If our cross is an irksome load,  
Were blind to its blessings and beauty.

Home is a garden of wonderful soil,  
Where the fruits of the future are growing,  
Whatever the yield when harvest comes,  
Is gauged by the seeds we are sowing.

Home is a haven of perfect rest,  
If we give of our best in its making,  
A beacon that lightens the darkest path,  
As the sun through the fog banks breaking.

Home is an anchor with chain of gold,  
That is forged by faithful hands,  
Which holds us safe in the harbor of love,  
Though the wild waves beat the strands.

## "What is Home?"

mixed metre

Home is a house with walls and roof, — 8  
~~It~~ ever it means ~~just~~ what we make it, 9  
~~a~~ haven of rest ~~or a~~ sweatshop of toil, — 11  
It <sup>can only mean</sup> ~~all depends~~ how we take it. 8

Home is a yoke with galling chains, 8  
~~That~~ binds with ~~the~~ fetters of duty, 9  
If ~~we~~ ~~view~~ our cross is an irksome load, 10  
~~And~~ <sup>were</sup> are blind to its blessings and beauty. 10

Home is a garden of <sup>wonderful</sup> fertile soil, 9  
Where the fruits of the future are growing, 10  
Whatever the yield when the harvest comes, 10  
Is gauged by the seeds we are sowing. 10

Home is a haven of perfect rest, 9  
If we give of our best in its making, — 10  
A beacon that lightens the darkest path, 10  
As the sun through the fog banks breaking. 9

Home is an anchor with <sup>chains of gold</sup> golden chains, 9  
That ~~is~~ forged by faithful hands, 8  
Which holds us safe in the harbour of love, 10  
Though the wild waves beat the strands. 1

Title: *WHEN LOVE IS DEAD*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“We oftimes find upon the sod  
The rarest jewels o’er which we trod.”

A day on W. Arthur Milan’s farm



## WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

We strive for what the future holds,  
Close wrapped beneath her shining folds.  
When fortune knocks we quick respond,  
To mistic lure of things beyond;  
And buckling on our sword and shield,  
Full armoured for the battlefield  
We swiftly follow in her train  
And blinded by our lust for gain,  
Too oft' she leads to desert lands  
And lost among the shifting sands  
Of selfishness and discontent,  
Our priceless years of youth illspent,  
We pause, and slowly turning back  
Along the once alluring track,  
We oftimes find upon the sod  
The rarest jewels o'er which we trod.  
The angel of Contentment weeps  
Beside the bier of Love who sleeps

Nor wakens at our touch, to life, -  
We reap the bitter fruits of strife.  
For what is Life if not were Love  
In all the world or e'en above?  
We walk with weighted feet of lead  
Behind the bier of Love, when dead  
And weeping o'er her tomb salt tears,  
Alone we journey down the years,  
And searching o'er the world and o'er  
We find Contentment nevermore;  
Our happiness, our joy profound,  
Lies buried deep in Love's green mound.

-----



✓ "When Love is Dead"

We strive for what the future holds  
<sup>close</sup> Wrapped beneath her shining folds.  
~~Fortune~~ calls, we quick respond  
To majestic lure of things beyond;  
And buckling on our sword and shield,  
~~Strong~~ <sup>we</sup> ventured for the battlefield, <sup>one more eye</sup>  
~~Swiftly~~ <sup>we</sup> follow in her train,  
~~but~~ blinded by our lust for gain.  
Too oft she leads to desert lands,  
And, lost among the shifting sands  
Of selfishness and discontent,  
Our priceless years of youth ill spent,  
We pause, and slowly turning back  
Along the once alluring track,  
~~We~~ <sup>often</sup> find upon the sod  
The rarest jewels o'er which we trod.  
The angel of Contentment weeps  
Beside the bier of Love who sleeps,  
Nor wakens at our touch to life,—  
We reap the bitter fruits of strife.

For what is life if not were love  
In all the earth or e'en above?  
We walk with weighted feet of lead  
~~Behind the bier of love~~ when dead  
When love is dead;  
And, weeping o'er her tomb salt tears,  
Alone we journey through the years,  
Searching o'er the world and o'er  
We find contentment never more;  
Our happiness, our joy profound,  
Lies buried deep in Love's green mound.

"Hinis"  
Correct

Title:

*WHEN YOUR WIFE IS CROSS*

Format:

- Typed
- Script



“When she greets you with a loving little smile”

Laura and Robert Milan



WHEN YOUR WIFE IS CROSS

Don't the day seem long and weary,  
And your life seem dull and dreary,  
When the woman that you married is cross?  
When her brow is drawn and wrinkled  
And her hair all mussed and crinkled;  
It makes a fellow figure up his loss.

Don't the sunshine lose its luster-----  
And the reason seems is just her  
And great big thistles grow along your path.  
Don't your soul just seem to shrivel,  
And you feel just like the "divil,"  
When you're the object of her righteous wrath?

And don't life seem warm and rosy,  
And your home seem bright and cozy  
And everything seems surely worth your while,  
For you know how much you miss her,  
And you just can't help but kiss her,  
When she greets you with a loving little smile.

-----

"When Your Wife Is Cross."

Don't the day seem long and weary,  
And your life seem dull and dreary,

When your wife is cross? <sup>to show</sup>

When her brow is drawn and wrinkled,  
And her hair all mussed and crinkled,  
Kind'a makes a fellow figure up his loss.

Don't the sunshine lose its lustre,

And the reason seems is just her,

And there's nothing but big thistles 'long your path.

Don't your soul just seem to shrivel,

And you feel just like the "devil"

When you are the object of her righteous wrath?

And don't life seem warm and rosy,

And your home seem bright and cozy,

And everything seem surely worth your while?

For you know how much you miss her,

And you just can't help but kiss her,

When she greets you with her old time happy smile.

Finis.

Title: *WHY*

Format: 

- Typed
- Script



“Why do we stand with idle hands  
At the side of life’s rough road”

W. Arthur Milan’s one cylinder tractor

# WHY.

Is it our pride of possession,  
Or is it our lust for gold,  
That drives in a maddening race,  
With eyes unseeing and cold?

Is it ambition's flaming fires  
In our hearts, that burn and haunt?  
Is it the demon jealousy?  
Or the nameless fear of want?

Instinct of self preservation,  
Inborn in each clan and creed?  
Or the mirthless joy of conquest,  
Or is it our soulless greed?

Why do we stand with idle hands  
At the side of life's rough road  
And idly watch while our neighbor  
Is bowed 'neath his overload?

Why do we sneer at his weakness?  
Deny him strength we could share?  
Look on his woes with indifference,  
Leave him alone in despair?

Why do we leave his bones to bleach  
Upon failure's shifting sands?  
And why do we leave his loved ones  
To mercy of alien hands?

Can this be our vaunted liberty,  
The theme of a freeman's boast?  
Is this the civilization  
We tend to the savage host?

Does errors lie in the system?  
Is it ourselves that are wrong?  
"We scorn the weak in his struggle,  
While glory goes to the strong"!

In the scheme of world creation  
Were all things thus decreed?  
Have we stilled the voice of conscience  
In worship of Mammon's creed?

Are all our actions foreordained?  
Are our efforts all in vain?  
We but pawns in the game of life,  
And moved by a master brain?

WHY. (cont'd.)

We hoard up our golden treasures,  
We dole with a miser's hand,  
While the grim, gaunt form of hunger,  
Still stalks through our favored land.

What profit, these hoarded fortunes  
At the dawn of judgment day?  
Think you that your deeds are reckoned  
By treasure you've stored away?

"Store up thy treasures in heaven,  
Where thou canst forever feel  
That moth nor rust can e'er corrupt,  
Nor can thieves break through and steal".

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# Why

Is it our pride of possession,  
Or is it our lust for gold,  
That drives us on in this maddening race  
With hearts that are cruel and cold?

Is it ambition's <sup>flaming</sup> ~~holy~~ fires  
In our hearts, that burn and haunt,  
Or is it just man's jealousy,  
Or the nameless fear of want?

Is it the instinct of self preservation  
Of every clan and creed,  
The merciless joy of conquest,  
Or just our soulless greed?

Why do we stand with idle hands  
At the side of life's rough road,  
Why do we sneer at our neighbour  
As he staggers beneath his load?

Why do we watch till he sinks and falls  
At the end of his weary day?  
Why do we gather around his form  
Like vultures around their prey?

We hoard up our golden treasures,  
We dole with a miser's hand,  
While the grim gaunt form of hunger  
Stalks through our favored land.

What profit in these hoarded fortunes  
At the dawn of the judgment day?  
Think you that our deeds are reckoned  
By the gold we have stored away?

Store up thy treasures in heaven,  
Where thou canst ever feel  
That moth and rust can ne'er corrupt  
Nor thieves break thru and steal.

✓ "Why?"

mixed metre

Is it our pride of possession,  
Or is it our lust for gold,  
That drives us ~~on~~ in this maddening race,  
With <sup>eyes unseeing</sup> ~~hearts~~ that are cruel and cold?

Is it ambition's flaming fires  
In our hearts, that burn and haunt?  
~~Or is it the demon~~  
~~Or is it just our~~ jealousy?  
Or the nameless fear of want?

~~Is it~~ instinct of self preservation  
~~in every~~ <sup>in each</sup> claw and creed?  
~~Or~~ The virthless joy of conquest?  
Or <sup>is for</sup> ~~just~~ our soulless greed?

Why do we stand with idle hands  
At the side of life's rough road?  
And idly watch while our  
Why do we laugh at our neighbor  
As he staggers beneath his load?  
So bowed beneath his overload



Why do we sneer at his weakness  
Deny him strength we could spare  
Look on his woes with indifference  
Leave him alone in despair

X

Why do we watch <sup>while</sup> till he sinks and falls,  
At ~~the~~ end of ~~his~~ weary day?

Why do we gather around his form  
Like vultures around their prey?

Why do we leave his bones to bleach  
<sup>up</sup> On failure's shifting sands?

<sup>And</sup> Why do we leave his loved ones  
~~at the~~ mercy of alien hands?

Is this the meaning of liberty,—  
The theme of a freeman's boast?  
Is this the civilization  
We tend to the savage host?

Does the error lie in the system  
Or ~~is it~~ <sup>but</sup> ourselves that are wrong?—  
"While" we scorn the weak in his struggle,  
~~The~~ <sup>all</sup> glory ~~goes~~ to the strong!"



In the scheme of ~~the~~ world's creation  
Were all <sup>these</sup> things thus decreed?

~~We~~ have we stilled the voice of conscience,  
In ~~the~~ worship of manna's creed?

Are all our actions foreordained?

~~And~~ Our efforts all in vain?

~~Are~~ we but pawns in the game of life,  
~~And~~ Moved by a Master brain?

We hoard up our golden treasures,  
We dole with a miser's hand,  
While the grim, gaunt form of hunger  
<sup>still</sup> stalks through our favored land.

What profit these hoarded fortunes  
At ~~the~~ dawn of the judgment day?

Think you <sup>that</sup> our deeds are reckoned  
By ~~the~~ gold we have stored away?

"Store up thy treasures in heaven,  
Where thou canst ~~forever~~ feel

That moth and rust can ne'er corrupt,  
Nor <sup>can</sup> thieves break through and steal."

Title: *WILFRED EVANS AND  
EVELYN JONES\**

Format: • Typed



“Will you take this gay prince charming  
And assist him with his farming”

W. Arthur Milan on his farm

Wilfred:

Will you take this winsome lassie,  
And be mindful of her chassis,  
To have, to hold, to cherish evermore;  
Always guide and guard and fend her--  
Never go forth on a bender--  
Nor break the midnight stillness with your snore?

Will you keep on bill and cooin'  
When you bank roll is in ruin,  
And thorns among the feathers of your nest,  
When each morning you awaken  
To the same old eggs and bacon--  
To things your tummy never would digest?

Will you think you have a bargain  
While you harken to her jargon,  
Harping, always harping, on her clothes?  
Will you love her in September,  
Through the bleak days of December,  
E'en though she have a pimple on her nose?

Though you are nerved to take this chance  
Of losing both your shirt and pants,  
I think your awfully foolish on the whole.  
I will marry you with pleasure,  
Leave you to repent at leisure,  
And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

Evelyn:

Will you take this gay prince charming,  
And assist him with his farming--  
Will you nourish, will you cherish and obey?  
Will you curry, comb, and clean him,  
Promise you will never bean him,  
And sometimes you will let him have his say.

Promise that you'll toe the line,  
And keep you cold feet off his spine  
No matter is its forty-two below!  
You'll mend his overalls and smocks,  
And keep the budget off the rocks,  
And never, never ask him for his dough.

That you'll be gentle, kind, and meek,  
And feed him hash but once a week,  
E'en though his system craves for mutton stew.  
You'll never be an Amazon,  
But make him keep his 'jamas on--  
No matter if the atmosphere is blue.

Keep his picture in your locket,  
Keep your hand out of his pocket;  
And let him keep on eating with his knife.  
If you think that you can stand him,  
(Now that you at last did land him,)  
I'll take a chance, and make you man and wife!

Title: *WINTER'S GLISTENING LANDSCAPE\**

Format: 

- Transcribed
- Script



“When snow lies over all”

W. Arthur and Clifford Milan

Winter's Glistening Landscape.

I love winter's glistening landscape  
Its silver starlight sheen  
When snow lies over all  
When the moon is riding high

I love winter's glistening landscape  
Moonlight, a million gems  
That sparkle from field and hedgerow  
Like fairy diadems.



I love ~~the~~ winters glittering landscape  
Its silver starlit sheen

When snow lies over all

When the moon is riding high

I love winters of glittering landscape  
Moonlight, a million gems  
That sparkle from field & hedgerow  
Like fairy diadems.

Title: *YESTERDAYS*

Format: • Typed



“To open that old kitchen door  
And holler ‘Mom what’s cookin’.”

Nora and Phyllis Milan

## YESTERDAYS.

Oh just to be a boy again,  
To be back in Mother's kitchen  
The cooky jar on lowly shelf,  
Where I could always help myself,  
No danger of a switchin'.

To open that old kitchen door  
And holler 'Mom what's cookin'.'  
Yet by the sweetness of its smell,  
Why I could nearly always tell  
Without the job of lookin'.

To see again that old brown jar  
And the big white beans asoakin';  
Home cured bacon in the spider,  
Big fat jug of apple cider,  
Them were the days no yokin'.

Home made butter and crusty bread;  
I can feel my mouth adreolin',  
Strawberry shortcake, brable jam,  
Apple dumplings and spicy ham,  
Them were the days no foolin'.

I've sampled the food of many lands,  
Prepared by chefs and by rookies  
From 'Frisco to Liechester Square,  
There's never a one who can compare  
With Mother's cakes and cookies.

## FINIS



“The wail of the old time fiddle,  
The twang of the old banjo,”

*The Old Trail*

W. Arthur Milan’s violin and bow  
Restored by his granddaughter,  
Betty Coxworth, nee Milan