

# WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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## THEY ALWAYS COME BACK TO NEBRASKA

He had listened to the siren as she sang from further west  
Till her music stirred within him and he felt a strange unrest.  
So he wandered to Alberta and to Winnipeg, B. C.,  
Lured along by glowing promise of some fertile acres free.  
And he left behind his kindred, and he quit Nebraska land  
To grab off some chilblain acres where it snows to beat the  
band.  
And he froze his toes and fingers, and he starved awhile—  
and then  
Turned his eyes back to Nebraska, and he's safe at home  
again.

He had listened to the music of the men with golden bricks  
Till he felt he could do better if he turned some newer tricks;  
So he wandered up to Puget and to Brownville on the coast,  
And he alternated freezing with the hottest kind of roast.  
Then he dreamed of old Nebraska and her blooming, fertile  
fields,  
Where the soil laughs into harvest with Dame Nature's richest  
yields—  
Then he turned his face towards her and he took his home-  
ward way,  
And he's back here in Nebraska—and, you bet, he's going to  
stay.

They may talk of better countries till their throats are parched  
and sore,  
But the one that beats Nebraska is upon the Golden Shore.  
They may talk of better climate, but Nebraska can't be beat  
Till with harps we are parading up the Golden City's street.  
They may talk of lands more fertile till they fairly gasp for  
breath  
But Nebraska has the garden of Old Eden skinned to death.  
And the man who leaves Nebraska, thinking better lands to  
find,  
Needs to pause and brush the cobwebs from the attic of his  
mind.

## THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

Nebraska has Sixteen Million Acres of virgin soil, as fertile as any the sun shines upon. The duty of the hour is to people these fertile acres with homemakers and state builders.

Nebraska raises a wealth of raw material that is shipped east to be worked up. The duty of the hour is to build manufacturing plants in Nebraska to finish up Nebraska raw material.

Nebraska has five counties without a mile of railroad, two with less than ten miles each, and three with less than thirty miles each. The duty of the hour is to secure more branch railroads for developing this great expanse of territory.

Nebraska has unlimited water power at her command—enough to turn the wheels of mammoth industries. The duty of the hour is to develop this power and harness it to industry's wheels.

Let this be the slogan of loyal Nebraskans: "Two million population in 1920, every man a producer and every woman a homebuilder!"