

# WILL MAUPIN'S WEEKLY

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## THE LITTLE WEEKLY PAPER FROM THE OLD HOME TOWN

*With the Writer's Best Wishes for "Deacon" David P. Dobyms,  
for Nearly Forty Years Editor of The Sentinel at Oregon, Mo.*

It's just like getting a letter from home,  
This little old sheet from the town I was  
born in;

A message of cheer wherever I roam  
That says to me weekly "Th' top o' th'  
mornin'!"

It brings to vision a picture complete  
Of streets and of nooks and of cool, shady  
places;  
From out of its pages it seems that I meet  
The smile and the cheer of the old friendly  
faces.

It's not a journal of national fame,  
This six-column sheet from the town of my  
boyhood;

But week after week I long, just the same,  
To have it bring back to me scenes of youth's  
joyhood.

Right there is the name of of an old school chum  
Who with me has wandered the miles without  
number.

Ah, where are the others? Some lips are long  
dumb,  
And under the blossoms of springtime they  
slumber.

Those friends of boyhood—like me they've  
grown old,  
And like me have wandered the earth's further  
places.

And wouldn't we give of silver and gold  
To smile once again into each other's faces?

Each time I get it and scan every line  
It seems when I'm done like I'd just spent a  
week in

The presence of those dear old friends of mine,  
The chums of my boyhood, and Tom and the  
"Deacon."

I hear once again the clang of the press,  
And memory brings back the days long de-  
parted;

Days when I knew naught of sorrow and stress—  
A boy in the old town, carefree and light-  
hearted.

They may have bigger, and better, perhaps,  
Than these little sheets from the towns we  
were born in;

But none of them pleases us wandering chaps  
Like papers from home with their "Top o' th'  
mornin'!"

And week after week we eagerly look  
For names of the friends of the days long be-  
hind us—

An hour a week in some cool, quiet nook  
With the welcome old sheet to of old days re-  
mind us.

—From The Commoner.

State Historical Society