

The Giddings News

August 15, 1941

FIFTY-ONE YEARS AGO

From The Giddings News,
August 15, 1890

Those returning from visits: Louis Knox from Komball Co., Willie Neumann from Houston, Mrs. Southern from Darden Springs, Mrs. W. P. Green and daughter from Belton, Mrs. E. A. Burns and children from Rockdale, Sterling Hillsman and wife from Wotten Wells, Mrs. Dunlap and family from Darden Springs, Mrs. Henry Eicke and daughter Lula in Rockdale, Mrs. W. P. Green and daughter from Belton.

Visitors in Giddings: August Miertschin from Serbin, J. J. Peacock of Burnet, Prof. Ross Foster of Warda, Miss Benia Cooper of Belton, Misses Maggie Baker of Ledbetter and Annie Hoffman of Temple. Miss Eula Rasherry of Rockdale with Annie Eicke.

Out of 14 applicants who attended the summer normal certificates to teach school were granted to: J. W. Garner, G. F. Urbantke, Lexington; W. H. Moses, J. H. Pamkey, Dime Box; F. C. Young, West Point; Miss Gussie Rowlett, Susie, Allen, Rockdale; Miss Annie Patton D. I. W. Gill, Wm. E. York, Giddings; E. S. Bryan, Brenham.

The following poem was sent in by a subscriber:

THE SONG OF A RANGER

Come list to a ranger,
You kindhearted stranger.
A song, though a sad one you're
welcome to hear.
We've kept the Comanches,
Away from your ranches,
And drove them far over the
Texas frontier.

We are weary of routing,
Of traveling and scouting
The blood-thirsty foe over prairie
and wood.
No rest for the sinner,
No breakfast, no dinner,
No sleep, only a sleepless bed
in the mud.

No corn, no potatoes,
No beef, no tomatoes.
The jerked beef as dry as the
sole of your shoe.
All day without drinking,
All night without winking,
I'll tell you kind stranger it
never will do.

Those great alligators,
Our state legislators
Are puffing and blowing two-
thirds of their time.
But windy orations,
About rangers and rations,
Never put in our pockets one-
tenth of the dimes.

They do not regard us,
They will not reward us.
Though hungry and haggard
with holes in our coats.
But elections are coming,
And then they'll be drumming
And praising our valor to pur-
chase our votes.

Although it may grieve you,
This ranger is going to leave
you
Exposed to the arrow and knife
of the foe,
To fight your own battle,
And guard your own cattle,
For home to the States I'm de-
termined to go,

To states longer peopled,
Where churches are steepled,
Where laws are more equal
and ladies more kind,
Where worth is regarded,
Where work is rewarded,
Where pumpkins are plenty
and pockets are lined.