



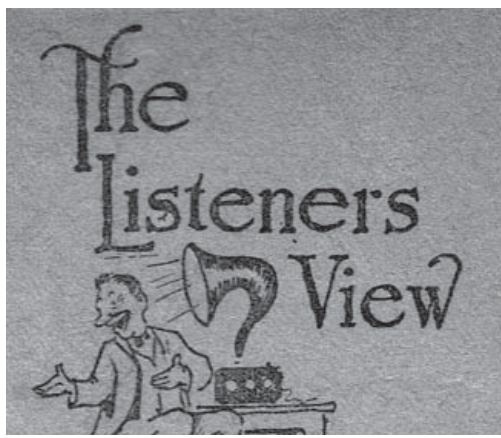
The Zepher

I went to see the train come in,
As I did of yore;
But I was disappointed for -
The train comes in no more.
No hissing steam nor clanging bell,
No smoke arolling down;
No whistles screaming warnings,
That woke up half the town.
No grease, no dirt, no anything
Like in the days gone by;
I stood there like a dummy man -
Could not believe my eye.
A silver shadow drifted past
And stopped without a jar;
A beautiful, fantastic thing,
You wonder where you are?
With wonderment and awe I gazed,
No dust nor any din;
Was I asleep or did I come
To see the train come in?
For there upon the track it stood,
A night club thing on wheels;
A panoramic night life scene
Before your eyes unreels.
And while I gazed in raptured bliss,
The phantom show moved on;
I forged ahead to see it go -
But lo, the thing was gone.
Just like a drifting summer breeze,
I knew not what it meant;
I went to see the train come in -
The Zepher came and went.



Votah, Watch Yore Vote

'lection time am almost heah,
Votah, watch yore vote;
Lots ob folks jest want deir beer,
Votah, watch yore vote.
Some am wet and some am dry,
Doan know which am best to try,
Dat's de way wid you and I.
Votah, watch yore vote.
Seems lak folks doan eben care,
Votah, watch yore vote;
And den dey find dat dey is where?
Votah, watch yore vote.
Den dey has lots to say,
How come things to be dis way,
Lak de things are here today?
Votah, watch yore vote.
Some gits 'lected for de graf',
Votah, watch yore vote;
All we gits is ol' horselaf,
Votah, watch yore vote.
Vote jest lak you want to do,
Find out first jest who am who,
Vote for him and he gits through.
Votah, watch yore vote.



1925 Series Radio

We thank you for the service,
You gave to us each day;
Broadcasting Base Ball classics
We got it play by play.

It was just like being at the games,
It came in loud and clear;
And when you said, "They're yelling",
We could almost hear them here.

And when 'twas cold in Washington,
We shivered with the rest,
Although fifteen hundred miles away,
Out in the Middle West.
Out seats were just like box-seats,
More comfortable, I'd say,
We surely had it on the crowd -
No one in our way.

We saw the umpires working hard
To watch and call them right;
We saw the wind blow piles of dust,
We even saw the fight.
And when it rained the last grim day,
We listened in, you bet
We felt a dozen times to see
If we were getting wet.

We saw Cuyler make the smash,
That settled all the show
We hear and saw all seven games,
Hurrah for radio.
Fifty thousand paid each day
But that's no crowd at all,
About two million "listened in"
And hear and saw it all.