

Brother Stout announced his candidacy for
20 years in Looking up. the Chancellorship
Hyperoptomism I just learned
 that he is the author of

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stor'd,
 He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
 His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

Value of Team Work.

2--

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
 Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"
 Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
 The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
 I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Team vs Individual

Don Budge The Red Head
Dave Shirk The Brunette

3--

Way down upon de Swanee River, Far, far away,
 Dere's wha my heart is turning ever, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation, Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
 One little hut among de bushes, One that I love,
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a humming all roun' de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?

4--

Carry me back to old Virginny, There's where the cotton and the corn
 and taters grow,
 There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
 There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
 There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
 Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
 No place on earth do I love more sincerely
 Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

afraid = Fear
N.P. A Project
Grand Canyon of Arizona

5--

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
 When on the world the mists began to fall,
 Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
 Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
 And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
 Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Let the other fellows worry
Father - Daughter

6--

Faith of our fathers! living still
 In spite of dungeon, fire and sword
 O how our hearts beat high with joy
 When e'er we hear that glorious word!
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fathers! we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife:
 And preach thee, too as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life:
 Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
 We will be true to thee till death!

Identity of Suggestions
Aloha
Traveling Man Forced to take
an upper 3 consecutive times
suggested to Pullman Co. that
they build more cars and
that they name the next
Pullman Annapkah

Car operation
Team work