



THE adage we a grin should wear has come down through the ages; that burdens we should blithely bear, e'en though they cut our wages; a kindly word for fellow man, and on our face a smile, and kind deeds do whene'er we can, and happy be the while. . . . If trouble comes don't show you care, don't think it is a curse; instead of wailing in despair, just say it could be worse. And so I say this world's immense, good fortune to us close is; though wheat brings but thirty cents, the smile on my map froze is. . . . We've not much cause for feeling sad, to the future look with fun, what matters it if things seemed bad, this ends old Thirty-one. If folks elsewhere sadly pined, at us cast poignant glances, the reason was not hard to find, 'twas cause we lived in Kansas. . . . We raised a crop of wheat and corn and loudly did we tell it, the price did not make us forlorn — we did not have to sell it. What mattered it if price went down and fortune seemed but dregs? Kansas folks did wear no frown — they still raised ham and eggs. . . . And so we smile with princely grace and cheer up every neighbor, though those same smiles may sprain our face, while at our daily labor. And now good times are headed back, with happy smiles we'll greet them — we need not moan, alas, alack, but be on hand to meet them. . . .

Much wealth, good health, and friends most dear,
A toast I send to you — For you and yours,
This coming year of Nineteen Thirty-two.

Great Bend, Kansas

Will Townsley