

An Old-Cimer's Lament

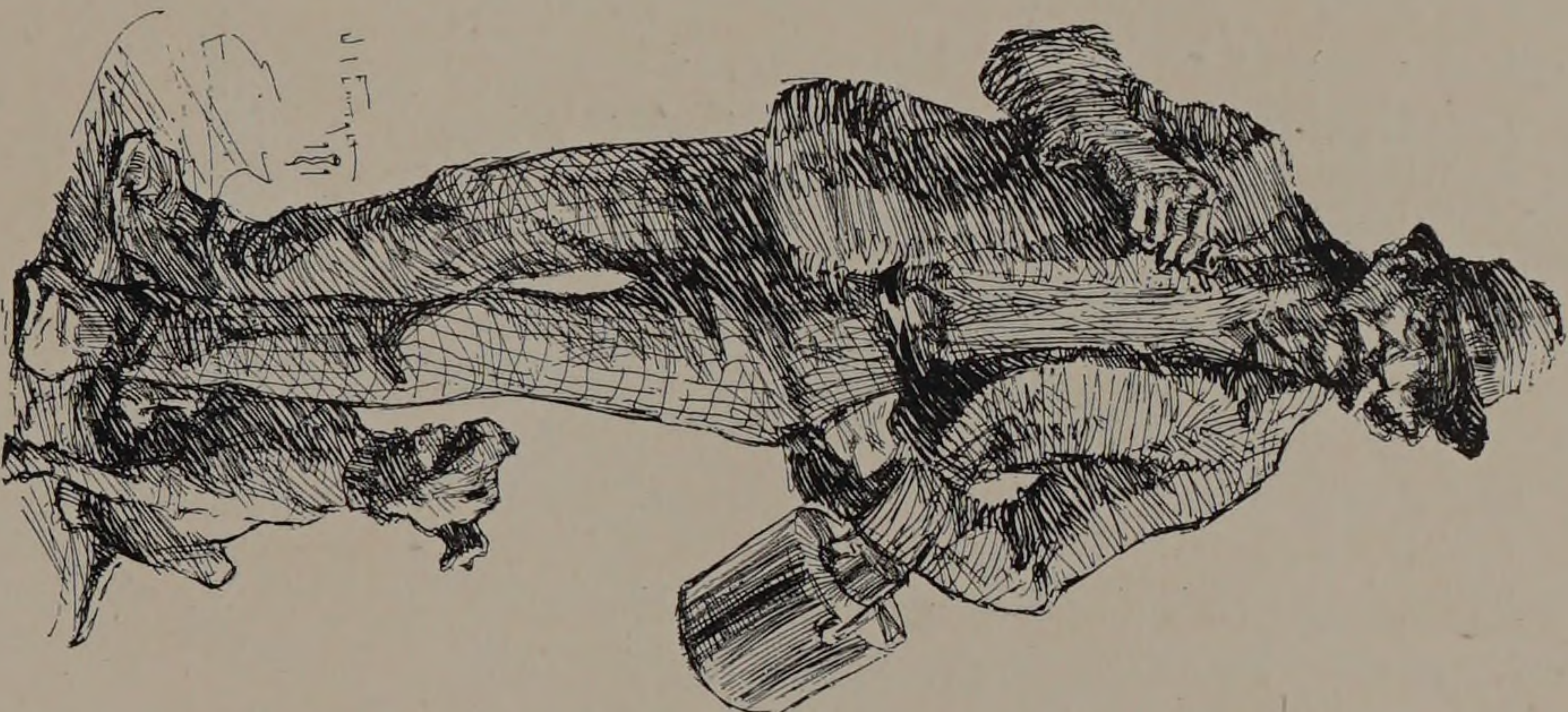
Miva Dunlap



There's no use talkin' about it,
We might just as well give it up;
We're laid on the shelf for a certain;
We've drank the last drap in the cup.
These smart boys with fine eddication,
Are takin' our jobs away;
We might just as well quit a strugglin',
The work that we do now don't pay.

Why, boys, years ago I could tackle
A job that won't last a week now,
And draw four a day all winter,
'Twas a trick all you fellows know how;
But now they git down to fine figgers,
And figgers I allers did hate,
It uster be work was what counted,
But now it is brains. sure as fate.

'Twas only last week that I tackled
A job like a thousand before;
I was fixin' to start on the cuttin',
Not thinkin' of anything more,
When along come the foreman a lookin',
I paid no attention to him—
He's a pale, little, weak-lookin' critter,
With always some kind of a whim.



But he stopped and asked what I was doin',
I told him, just cause he was boss;
He measured, then figgered a minit,
Then he said, "Cut this stuff right across."
I tried to persuade him, but no sir,
He stuck, and he won out the fight;
I did as he told me, and, blame it,
That kid had it figgered just right.

Well, boys, there it is, it's as sartin
As ever the sun shone above,
It's figgers and brains, and not muscle
That counts nowadays in a shove.
I've got a small lad that is growin',
Just as soon as he gits old enough
I'll send him to college, you bet, now
I'll see that he gets the right stuff.

There's no use talkin' about it,
Us old-fashioned fellers are done,
We're beat out by these college rooters,
There's nothin' left under the sun,
But to send all our lads fer a schoolin',
It costs, but it wins, you can bet;
I'm goin' to do it fer my boy,
Then I'll have no cause for regret.