"Say It With Flowers"

(Years ago, old timers will remember, Gerpheide's park played an important part in the social life of the city. It was located near the present site of the hospital. The writer does not remember the park but has often heard of it. Let's go.)

REMEMBER 'way back when our town was a village?
(I hope such a thought won't bring on remorse),
When our streets were all paved with hay and ensilage
Instead of confetti—(Irish, of course);
In those days the curfew, each night by its ringing
Woke up all the natives at just about dark,
(I should not say all—except those who were singing
And enjoying themselves at Gerpheide's park);
O, those days before the eighteenth amendment,
The days that we spent at Gerpheide's park.

REMEMBER when this was a typical hick town?
(I mean a real flivver, a tank—please get hep),
A sort of a bowl, pitcher, oil-lamp and wick town,
Where one could cross streets without watching one's step;
In those days the police force, a mighty fine fellow,
At the corners didn't hold you up just as a mark,
But instead, he would join you and proceed to get mellow
When the boys spent a Sunday at Gerpheide's park.
O, those days that knew not of orange crush and grape juice,
Those days that we spent at Gerpheide's park.

REMEMBER the place when it wasn't a city
And the yokels were common and ate with a knife?
(I should have said knives, but that wouldn't sound pretty),
And all was contentment and free from all strife.
In those days we had no bother with street cars,
(I'm using the plural—we have two before dark),
And when walking the traffic didn't give one those feet jars
Unless one had visited Gerpheide's park.
(Now, believe me, that's rhyming: street cars and feet jars).
O, for the days at Gerpheide's park.

BUT now we have changed and taken a new course;
Big industries hum where once grew the sticks;
We have autos and pavements, a regular police force,
(The shell game no longer is worked on the hicks);
With a council that sits up till long after 'leven
While the aldermen fight, bite, yell, growl and bark,
(I suppose they would send their voices to heaven,
But they'll never get passed Gerpheide's park).
O'Donnell, Isselman, Kazda, et cetera:
Would we could meet at Gerpheide's park.

—K. S. E.