

February 2019

## Series III. Folder 5. Poems, n.d.

Melville Homer Cummings

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A man named Samson was so strong  
Because the hair he wore was long.  
One day this giant chanced to stop-  
'T was at Delilah's Barber Shop.

While there, his flowing locks were shorn  
Which he from infancy had worn.  
This hair cut brought him grief and shame-  
A helpless weakling, he became.  
His enemies now made him blind  
And forced him in the jail to grind.

His hair grew back once more in length  
And that, it seems, increased his strength.  
Foes with their sacrifice and voice  
Met in their temple to rejoice.  
But when they ridiculed his fall,  
He pulled the house down on them all.

\* \* \*

A preacher in the E. U. B.-  
(A good and useful man is he  
He has ability and knowledge)  
One day he saw a barber college  
And so he walked into the shop.  
They cut his hair and peeled his top.  
When he came out, he was a fright-  
His wife could scarce believe the sight.

But as the seasons come and go,  
His hair once more will longer grow.  
A handsome man he'll be again  
*But he will have to wait till then.*

*What is his name?  
Who is this man? I did not say  
No doubt you've guessed it any way  
Well, he will speak to us tonight  
And tell us all about our plight.*

"Eber, Peleg, Rer." - 1 Chronicles 1:25.

The passage of Scripture for our consideration this morning is found in connection with the genealogy of the postdiluvians. It

Her mother was a Savage but later changed her name  
And after matrimony an Adkins she became.  
Maxine, who's rarely happy with matters as they are,  
Went out and married Whitey and now she is a Barr.

If ever in your travels, this person you should meet  
At jobs and occupations, you'll find her hard to beat.  
For saw-mills, she has labored, she's worked behind the plow,  
She's fed the hogs and chickens and she has milked a cow.

She does a little plumbing and under buildings crawls,  
And when she's busy painting, she puts on overalls.  
Insurance, she is selling- fire, accident, and theft  
And life insurance also, for wives who'll be bereft.  
An agent for cosmetics, she has perfume galore;  
It will be more than likely, you'll see her at your door.

If you desire a license for Chevrolet or Nash,  
She'll gladly get it for you, if you produce the cash.  
She has been a detective and watched unruly youth  
As they would use a crow-bar to ~~open up~~ <sup>open up</sup> ~~get~~ coins from a booth.

At home, when she's not spying and looking for more crooks,  
She serves as an accountant and keeps her mother's books.  
She plays for us the organ which we appreciate  
And she is very faithful and ~~rarely~~ <sup>seldom is she</sup> ~~over~~ late.

If you have ever ridden with Mrs. Maxine Barr,  
You'd think she drove an airplane instead of just a car.  
Lyle says she has not paid him for parking on his lot;  
This charge I cannot answer, it may be ~~she has~~ <sup>true or</sup> not.

Yes, she has been a waitress and eggs and bacon fried;  
She tried her hand at nursing until her patient died.  
Last year, she took the census for dear, old Uncle Sam  
And in her face some people, their doors would loudly slam.

She takes a daily paper, "Help Wanted" ads., she reads  
So she can find another position that she needs.  
In analyzing Maxine, we often are perplexed,  
There is no way of telling what she'll be doing next.

She is also a mother, her children number three  
But we are led to wonder, if her they ever see.

Her fingers have been  
Sticky - not mean she stole  
that ~~that~~ ~~she~~ ~~stole~~  
Now don't infer she stole  
It was caused by making  
candy ~~she~~ <sup>did</sup>  
When she each stick would  
roll.

~~Some claim that she is~~  
bashful  
And holds herself aloof  
Yet she has climbed a  
ladder  
And stopped a leaky  
roof.

A tiny mouse would  
scare her  
She's timid and aloof  
But yet she'd climb a ladder  
And stop a leaky roof.

Her mother was a Savage but later changed her name  
By matrimony's process when Adkins she became.  
Maxine, who's rarely happy with matters as they are,  
Went out and married Whitey and she is now a Barr.

The Epistolic Church

1. It was a joyful church
2. It was a united church
3. It was a Spirit-filled church
4. It was an average-litric church
5. It was a God-fearing church
6. It was a friendly church
7. It was a joyful church
8. It was a growing church

32- 293R- 208

306  
Pudlow

Though Frankel calls her honey and Whitey thinks she's sweet,  
For jobs and occupations, she's mighty hard to beat.  
At saw-mills, she has labored, she's worked behind the plow;  
She's fed the hogs and chickens and learned to milk a cow.

Insurance, she is selling- fire, accident, and theft;  
And life insurance also for wives who'll be bereft.  
An agent for cosmetics, she has perfume galore;  
It will be more than likely, you'll see her at your door.

If you desire a license for Chevrolet or Nash,  
She'll gladly get it for you if you produce the cash.  
She has been a detective and watched unruly youths  
As they would use a crow-bar to steal coins from phone booths.

She plays for us the organ which we appreciate  
And she is very faithful and rarely ever late.  
If you have ever ridden with Mrs. Maxine Barr,  
You'd think she drove an airplane instead of just a car.

~~Yes, she has been a waitress and has prepared hot dogs,  
Hamburgers, beans, and onions, and legs of leaping frogs.  
Last year, she took the census for dear, old Uncle Sam  
When homes she'd seek to enter - sometimes the doors they'd slam~~

Yes, she has been a waitress and eggs and bacon fried;  
She tried her hand at nursing until her patient died.  
Last year, she took the census for dear, old Uncle Sam  
And in her face some people, the door would madly slam.

She takes a daily paper, "Help Wanted" ads. she reads  
So she can find another position that she needs.  
In analyzing Maxine, we often are perplexed,  
There is no way of telling what she'll be doing next.

at home when she's not spying and looking for more  
crumbs,  
She serves as an accountant and keeps her mother's books.  
Her mother was a Swager, who  
quickly changed her name  
when she was wed to Adkins  
of Wayne and Cabell fame.

conglomeration

deploration

lamentation

depredation

eradication

~~provocation~~

Midnight Opal

Silver Diamond (hair)

Tanzanite Spray

High Noon

Profiterol

Rapid Tan

IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN

The Republican seed- it sprouted and grew  
In the simple minds of quite a few,  
And many a man has busted a dyke  
And made up his mind to vote for Ike.

They've promised a lot, and they'll promise more.  
Let's look and see what they did before.  
Twenty years have passed and yet  
Those Hoover days I'll never forget .

When Hoover was in, I lived on a farm,  
A dollar bill looked as long as my arm.  
I did not see then a ten dollar bill-  
And if Ike is elected, I doubt if I will.

When Hoover was in, things were really tight.  
The rabbits were scarce and the fish wouldn't bite.  
The men were too ragged to go anywhere  
And the women <sup>wore</sup> flour-sack underwear.

Remember, men, when you cast your vote,  
If you vote for Ike you'll cut your throat.  
Would you rather have a life of ease,  
Or hard-time gravy and black-eyed peas?

Ever since nineteen hundred and thirty-two  
The Republican Party has been in a stew.  
They've called the Democrats nasty names,  
But the banks have stayed open just the same.

*"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." Ps. 100:2.*

GLASGOW METHODIST CHURCH

M. HOMER CUMMINGS, PASTOR

Glasgow, West Virginia

October 20, 1952

The Ralph M.

*"For when the one Great Scorer comes to write against your name, He writes - not that you won or lost, but how you played the game"*

IF THIS SHOULD HAPPEN

The Republican seed- it sprouted and grew  
In the simple minds of quite a few,  
And many a man has busted a dyke  
And made up his mind to vote for Ike.

They've promised a lot, and they'll promise more.  
Let's look and see what they did before.  
Twenty years have passed and yet  
Those Hoover days I'll never forget.

When Hoover was in, I lived on a farm,  
A dollar bill looked as long as my arm.  
I never saw a ten dollar bill-  
And if Ike is elected, I doubt if I will!

When Hoover was in, things were really tight.  
The rabbits were scarce and the fish wouldn't bite.  
The men were too ragged to go anywhere,  
And the women wore flour-sack underwear.

Remember, men, when you cast your vote,  
If you vote for Ike, you'll cut your throat.  
Would you rather have a life of ease  
Or water gravy and black-eyed peas?

Ever since nineteen hundred and thirty-two  
The Republican Party has been in a stew.  
They called the Democrats nasty names  
But the banks stayed open just the same.

It's hard to give up the things I've got,  
A home, a car, two chickens in the pot.  
I'm not going to throw them away

If Ike is elected, I'll move to the farm,  
I'll plant some 'taters behind the barn.  
I'll borrow my neighbors roasting ears  
And try to get by for four more years.

"It's time to change," the Republicans say,  
Change back, they mean, to the <sup>same</sup> ~~same~~ old way.  
Before you fall for all their wooing-  
Just ask yourself- "Say, boy, how am I doing?"

"I even told my passenger (Gen. Patton) of the time I yelled "G. D." in the office at Grosvenor Square. "General Eisenhower buzzed me right away," I told Patton, "and asked where I had acquired such shocking language. He smiled weakly when I said from Dwight D. Eisenhower."

Thank Josephine Thale

And you seek for the animal  
In confidence may find  
And make them follow at your call,  
If you are always kind.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"  
The organ children say.  
"O Mary love the lamb, you know,"  
The teacher did reply.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"

Then he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he said, "I'm not afraid -  
You'll keep me from all harm."

And so the teacher turned him out,  
But still he waited near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.

Mrs. B.S. Thorne  
113.00 Rd

658  
460  
198  
136  
620

If you are looking for a car  
In which to travel near and far,  
Let me commend to you the Nash-  
Its pick-up, get-away, and dash.  
Not only has it pep and speed  
But all the features that you need.

It does not use much oil and gas.

And ~~It~~ has no equal in its class.

You'll like its style, its beauty rare,  
Its durability and wear.

~~It~~ is an easy car to steer,

Its windows furnish vision clear.

Tho' light or heavy be the load,

You'll ride in comfort on the road.

And you will find where'er you go,

Its operating costs are low.

When night arrives, you'll have a bed

On which to rest your weary head.

~~So go today.~~

~~Do not delay but go today~~

~~And buy a Nash and drive away.~~

~~or~~

Come, buy a Nash, do not delay

And you will proudly drive away.

33.2  
2242.35  
25.90  
18.45  
19.85  
66.45

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2373.00  
103.50

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2476.50  
1400.00

Jude

Balance

---

1076.50



(1)

Well, Maxine thinks we ought to hang  
A certain member of our gang;  
But there is David Allen Smith  
That we have got to reckon with-  
He says that we had better shoot  
The one he wants to execute.  
Lyle Clark suggests another plan,  
That we had better gas this man.

We'd like to hear from each of you  
The proper thing for us to do.

Since I'm his pastor and his friend,  
This person, I shall now defend.  
It would be well to know the crime  
He has committed at this time.  
What has he done so bad that he  
Should pay this awful penalty?  
Was it because he went away  
And from us for awhile did stay?

'T is true he left us no address-  
Just where he was, we'll have to guess.  
Down there, 't is said he did not preach  
*But he was seen upon a beach!*  
Such rumors should arouse our ire-  
For "where there's smoke, there always fire."

Do you believe that it is so  
That to such places he would go?  
I can't accept these charges grave;  
Ah, who would think he'd misbehave?

Since he is on six months' probation,  
Don't complicate the situation.  
(I do not say my watch he stole  
*For that would forfeit his parole!*)  
What he has done, we do not know;  
So, mercy to him, let us show.  
Another half-year, we shall wait  
While Maxine tries to keep him straight,  
And Lelia with her eagle eyes  
Upon his actions closely spies.

And Leo, I'll confess to you,  
There is some work for you to do.

Watch Maxine Barr, hold her in check!  
And Lelia, keep her on the deck  
For fear old Zion's ship she'll wreck.

To David Smith, what shall I say?  
They tell me while he was away,  
He'd turn the hose upon the grass  
Whene'er the pretty girls would pass.

Now, David, I am warning you  
And giving you advice that's true:  
*You'd better stay in jail for life  
Than take unto yourself a wife-  
There is no way for you to win  
The battle of the rolling pin.  
Hard is the lot, great is the cost  
When man is nagged, hen-pecked, and bossed.*

\* \* \*

Well, Leo, what we've said and done  
You understand was all in fun.  
"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

We wish the very best in life  
For you, your family, and wife.

My memory is very brief,  
 But would it give me joy or grief  
 If I could go back to life's brink  
 And ascertain what infants think?

\* \* \*

A tiny, helpless babe was I;  
 I could not talk but I could cry  
 And though I was not very shrewd,  
 Perhaps I also laughed and cooed.

Since I had come to earth to live,  
 A name to me they had to give;  
 They called me Homer and, you see,  
 A poet I was deigned to be!

It may be yet ere I am dead,  
 Like Homer, I'll be begging bread.  
 Kind Providence upon me smiled  
 And I was born the seventh child.

When old enough, I went to school,  
 The teachers taught the 3-R rule  
 Of reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic,  
 Augmented with the hickory stick.

Then, for awhile, I left Monroe  
 And to the southland I did go.  
 While living down in Tennessee,  
 James O. McClurkin licensed me  
 To preach the gospel of God's love  
 And point men to that home above.

The year was Nineteen-Hundred-Seven-  
 The subject of my sermon "Heaven."  
 That night I tried as best I could  
 To urge my hearers to be good,  
 To give up sin and live for God  
 And walk the path that Jesus trod.

One person deep conviction felt  
 And to the altar came and knelt;  
 While he was praying, he believed  
 And life eternal, he received.

From then until the present hour,  
 I've asked the Lord for strength and power  
 Salvation's message to proclaim  
 To souls in darkness, sin and shame.

No doubt some thought Wolfe should  
arrange

For Ravenswood to have a change  
And send another pastor here  
To preach for you this coming year  
But he and Bishop James H. Straughan  
Decided I should carry on

~~And so~~  
So they assigned me to this work  
And hoped that none of us would shirk

Let us all labor, pray, and strive  
To keep this church awake and live  
That precious souls in sin astray  
May come to Christ, the Truth, the Way.

The grain is ripe, the reapers few  
And there is much for you to do  
The Lord is calling you today  
His message heed, His voice obey

And when our race on earth is  
run  
I may we hear Him say, "well done."

The Bow

# WALTON MEMORIAL METHODIST CHURCH

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1944

ORGAN PRELUDE. The people in devout meditation.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP.

HYMN No. 1—"Holy, Holy, Holy."—The People Standing.

THE APOSTLES' CREED, repeated by all, the people still standing.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, repeated by all, the people seated and bowed, or kneeling.

ANTHEM.

RESPONSIVE READING, Fortieth Sunday, "The Divine Upholding."—The people standing.

GLORIA PATRI.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

PRESENTATION OF TITHES AND OFFERINGS.

INVOCATION.

SERMON.

HYMN No. 235—"Close To Thee."—The People Standing.

BENEDICTION.

DOXOLOGY.

ORGAN POSTLUDE.

## REGULAR SERVICES

Sunday school, 9:30 A. M., Leo R. Tucker, superintendent; morning worship service, 10:45; evening worship service, 7:30, conducted by the young people; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLEASE DO NOT MISS A SINGLE SERVICE!

SELF-CENTERED

Everybody has heard of the old man who made this prayer:

Lord, bless me and my wife,  
My son John and his wife,  
Us four and no more.

Farther down the street was a childless couple who prayed:

Lord, bless us two,  
And that will do.

Around the corner lived an old bachelor whose prayer was:

Lord, bless only me,  
That's as far as I can see.

Another has given us the substance of selfishness in this poem:

I gave a little tea party this afternoon for three.  
'T was very small, three guests in all -  
I, myself, and me.  
Myself ate up the sandwiches while I drank all the tea  
'T was also I who ate the pie and passed the cake for me.

Text. "Eber, Peleg, Reu." - Chron. 1:25.

This passage of Scripture is taken from the genealogy of the patriarchs and it is the shortest verse in the Old Testament. It contains 3 words and 12 letters. It represents three generations - the grandfather, the father, and son. This is true of all ages.

Names. Their derivation. Johnson, etc. Occupations. Miller, Smith, workman, Carpenter - In Bible-times

1. Eber - regions beyond. Selfishness is one of the dominating characteristics of human nature - Self centered. The Jews. The regions beyond. Lord, let me live, etc.
2. Peleg - division.
  - (1) Frictions. Church at Smith, Mr. Jeffrey Rendell
  2. Rightly dividing the word of truth
3. Reu - friend of God. Enoch. Can two walk together, except they be agreed? Ye are my friends, etc.

## SUPERANNUATION

By M. Homer Cummings

Old Father Time decreed that I  
Had grown too old to even try  
To serve a circuit or a station  
But live in superannuation —  
And mostly out of circulation.

No charge have I this year to keep;  
I am no shepherd of the sheep.

Although I'm not a vegetarian,  
I am a septuagenarian;  
And while I am discarded  
And more or less retarded,  
I do not think that I am junk  
But just a spare back in the trunk;  
And I am waiting at this juncture  
For blow-outs, slow leaks or a puncture.

Sometimes a parson goes away  
And sends for me that Sabbath day  
To "baby-sit" in his pulpit  
Till he returns from his brief stay.

When I receive his S. O. S.  
With all the strength that I possess,  
I try to keep his members quiet  
And feed them on a "tasty" diet  
Of poems, jokes, and anecdotes  
And soothing sermons without notes.

\* \* \* \*

Like autumn leaves that fade and fall  
The end will come to one and all.

One night when I was sorry for myself  
Because I had been placed upon the shelf,  
I felt that I was down and out and done  
And that my weary race on earth was run,  
I went to hear the SINGING CARAVAN  
And, in this group, there was a man  
Who sang the number, "Until Then,"  
It gave me hope and cheer again.  
Oh, how the chorus clearly rang  
As he that night so sweetly sang!  
"But until then my heart will go on singing,  
Until then with joy I'll carry on,  
Until the day my eyes behold the city—  
Until the day God calls me home."

I listened and my eyes with tears were filled  
And every portion of my being thrilled.  
I cried, "O Father, can it be  
That there is still a place for me?  
The end will come, I know not when  
BUT I'LL KEEP WORKING UNTIL THEN!

M. HOMER CUMMINGS

RETIRED MINISTER

130 Cedar Street

Huntington, W. Va. 25705

Phone 525-6202

June 23, 1971

Dear Laura & Grace:

It seems that it never rains but what it pours.

Owing to my blurred vision and the intense pain in my head, eyes, ears, throat, ~~ears~~, chest, etc, I am not permitted to drive. My car has been taken from me. How I miss it! I can no longer come and go as I please. I am at the mercy of others.

But my great worry has been Marge and Homer, Jr. — Marge's health and Homer's responsibilities. He is on his own now. Both of the Dr. Crouse are gone. Homer has bought the building and equipment.

THE REPUBLICAN WAIL

Dwight Eisenhower vilifies  
And pulls his hair that's left and cries  
And uses words almost inhuman  
In criticising Harry Truman;  
But when the President replies,  
The G. O. P. screams to the skies  
In tones so loud that all can hear,  
*"It is a low and dirty smear!"*

No one today may dare to say,  
"Republicans killed O. P. A."  
Or mention Nixon's extra pay  
Or Joe McCarthy's reckless way  
Of making charges without proof-  
From these things, we must keep aloof  
For, if we don't, their wail we hear,  
*"It is a vile and vicious smear!"*

Republicans denounce as Red  
Each one who wants the hungry fed  
And those who labor ev'ry day  
To get the worker better pay.  
They ridicule the "welfare state,"  
The New and Fair Deals, they berate.  
But when we answer them, they jeer:  
*"It is a Communistic smear!"*

What has the Grand Old Party done  
For any one beneath the sun  
Except the rich and favored few?  
They never even think of you.  
They've naught at which to point with pride;  
Their shameful record, they must hide.  
To cover up, they snort and sneer:  
*"It is a mean and nasty smear!"*

THE REPUBLICAN WAIL

Dwight Eisenhower vilifies  
And pulls his hair that's left and cries  
And ~~uses words that's~~

What demagog would seize the power  
That now belongs to Eisenhower?

Who seems to have it in his head  
That he's the only one not Red?

Who acts as tho' the President  
And his top men are Kremlin bent?

Who, in his effort to deceive  
Would try to make us all believe  
Civil war in the Pentagon

To Communists are ~~holding~~ <sup>holding</sup> on?

Who charges without reason  
The Democrats with treason?

Who has no sense of guilt or shame  
When he defames another's name?

Who has a record dark and swartly?  
What is his name? Is it \_\_\_\_\_?