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A Book of Poems



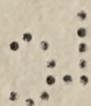
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INTRODUCTION

MY FATHER, WM. KEESEE.

Claims his mother died in the state of Kentucky in 1848. Old mother Brusch came and lived with her grandson Charles Keesee.

She is my father's informant in regards to our relationship to Francis Marion, the swamp-fox of the Revolutionary Wars of America. Old Mother Brusch informed my father, Wm. Keesee, who lives in the Old Soldiers Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., and was a captain under Robert E. Lee, that she was Francis Marion's sister. Wm. Keesee was born April 16, 1836, and is close to 82 years old, April 16, 1918. Charles Keesee, Wm. Keesee's father, died in Kentucky at Lovelaceville at his daughter's home, Nannie E. Dalton. He was a grandson to Francis Marion's sister. John Brush born June 22, 1742 at Georgetown, South Carolina, was made a captain over a squadron of men to drive the Cherokee Indians out of the white settlement.

—By his Brother-in-Law, Francis Marion.

BIOGRAPHY OF WM. KEESEE.

Francis Marion, the Swamp-fox of the Revolutionary wars of America, was born Feb. 22, 1732, at Georgetown, South Carolina, died in Charleston, 1795. Martha Caroline Marion, born in Georgetown, Jan. 19, 1744. Died in the state of Kentucky, 1848. Martha Caroline Marion married John Jacob Brusch in 1759. John Jacob Brusch born June 22, 1742, at Georgetown, died in 1766 at the same place. Adeline Brusch (daughter) was born April 22, 1760 on her uncles farm. Francis Marion named her Adeline after his mother. She married A. John Keesee. He was born in 1760, died in Richmond, Virginia, in 1830. Charles

Keesee, their son, was born Sept. 22, 1799, in Richmond, Virginia. He died in Lovelaceville, Kentucky, May 15, 1892. He had three sisters Martha, Caroline, Adeline and Charity. He married Sallie McGrew, June 18, 1835, in the state of Kentucky. Sallie McGrew was born May 18, 1822, died in 1847 the same place. Their son, William Mathis Keesee, was born April 16, 1836. He was the oldest of eight children. Wm. Keesee married Anna Ritta Hall, Ballard County, state of Kentucky. Anna Ritta Hall's father's right name was Charles Kingsley. He was born in Devonshire, England, died in Trinidad, Colorado, in December 2, 1892. He married Sarah Jane Sloan, old doctor Sloan's daughter in the state of Kentucky in August 15, 1847. Sarah Jane Sloan was born in 1829, married Charles Hall in 1847. Their daughter, Anna Ritta Hall, the oldest of fourteen children was born Aug. 5, 1848. Died at Las Cerrillas, New Mexico, Aug. 14, 1892. She married Mathias Keesee.

Wm. Keesee and Anna Ritta Hall were married August 22, 1866, in the county of Ballard and the state of Kentucky. There was five children born to their union. Alla Mildred Keesee born February 19, 1868 died at Ames, Oklahoma, 1911. Charles Jackson Keesee, born December 22, 1871 in Bland Ville, Kentucky. Mary Vietta Keese born at Pueblo, Colorado, July 22, 1874, died May 2, 1879. Minnie Loretta Keese born at Los Vegas, New Mexico. Mrs. Anna Ritta Keesee, deceased, August 14, 1890 at Las Cerrillas, New Mexico. Lulu Emma Keese born October 12, 1879 at Las Vegas, New Mexico. Virgil Homer Evarts born September 22, 1900 died at Oklahoma City, 1915, of diptheria. Lulu Emma Keesee and John W. Evarts married May 27, 1898 at Oklahoma City by Asa Jones, probate judge of Oklahoma. John W. Evarts born February 19, 1837, died at Oklahoma City, December 2, 1909 of pneumonia. My father, Wm. Keesee was a Lee. Wm. Keesee at one time was owner of val-

uable mines at Las Cerrillos, New Mexico. The King of Spain had some interest in these mines in 1782, confirmed by congress in 1867. In 1881 Wm. Keesee purchased his interests and made his legal filing and shipped the first car-load in 1882 at Las Cerrillos, New Mexico. This was called the Juana Lopez Grant. Wm. Keese sold his interest to S. M. Folsom, president of the Alberquerque National Bank and C. A. Mariner of California. This was recognized by said Folsom and recorded in Santa Fe county, New Mexico, August 25, 1887, book page of deeds pp. 602-304. Wm Keesee, O. L. Haughton, Nazario Gonzales, Fernando Nolan, G. C. Booth and Matt Callhoun obtained their interests from the original owners of the Juana Lopez Grant. Wm. Keesee is well known in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona as an old prospector. The above is simple statement of facts.

Respectfully,
Wm. Keesee.

Wm. Keese, the well known pioneer of this camp claims the honor of being the first discovery of Anthricite coal in this vicinity. As an operator he formed the Keesee Coal Company which he informs us is on a solid footing and can be regarded as one of the most responsible companies in the territory of New Mexico. This Company mines for market. The best grades of both Anthricite and Bituminous coal.

Mr. Keesee used to be in the blacksmith business at Deming, New Mexico. His shop was at Williams and Casey, old stand on Gold Avenue. General Wagon and blacksmith work, horse shoeing a specialty. All work guaranteed. He was a prosperous farmer and owned several farms in Kentucky before coming west. Wm. Keesee sold out his mining interests to S. M. Folsom, who dispose dof his interests to the Santa Fe Railroad.

Trinidad, Colo., Aug. 30, 1890.

(Care of the Dead.)

Wm. Keesee was in this city engaged in the sad task of removing the remains of his little daughter from the old West Side grave yard, to the Odd Fellows Cemetery at Trinidad. Mrs. Anna Keesee the wife to whom he had been married for twenty years, died on the 14th of August and was buried at this city. Mrs. Keesee was injured on a train and for several years was a confirmed invalid. Prior to her death, other sisters and brothers had died and been buried at Trinidad. A daughter of Wm. Keesee had been burried over thirteen at Elmoro. Another daughter had been buried at Las Vegas, New Mexico ten years ago. The remains of all those loved ones, Mr. Wm. Keesee, has just gathered together and had them interred in his family lot. The daughter, Mary Vietta, a tenement of the tomb thirteen years, was found in an unusual condition of preservation. She was as natural as the day she was interred in the tomb. The very velvet on the casket not being even broken or soiled. The other daughter burried at Las Vegas, New Mexico, had suffered the common fate of the dead. Little was left of the once loved form. But the beautiful hair, this had not been changed by the passing years. Mr. and Mrs. Keesee were a resident of Las Vegas, New Mexico for many years. Having come here before the railroad. And their many friends in this city and in their old Kentucky home will be pleased to learn of Mr. Keesee's pious care for the repose of his loved ones in the same resting place.

WHEN WOMEN GET TO VOTE.

Written December 14, 1917.

In her simple gown
She goes to town
When she sells her butter.
She always wears a frown,
In her high heels
She feels very proud;
But sometimes
They make her keel.

With warts on her nose
And corns on her toes
She limps everywhere she goes.
She cares not for rings
And such things,
She loves to dance and sing
And sell her butter.

And would go five miles further
If it was n't for her corns
And such things,
She likes to go to town
And take in the shows,
And see the bull fights
And see the women get their rights.

And hopes to see the day,
When women get their rights
If they will get wise
They can get to vote
And wear pants
And tumble down the hill
And laugh at Kaiser Bill.

THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE

Written August, 1917.

Tis Just a few roses,
Left blooming alone
Tis just a few roses
I'll cherish most dear,
But now in their beauty
Soon will they perish—
The beautiful roses I cherish.

MY TRUE LOVE.

BY LULU EVARTS.

I shall not forget the day,
My true love was laid to rest
With a rose on her breast
It was in the month of June
When roses were in bloom.
Oh! the tears I couldn't hide
When I pressed my lips
To her cold finger tips.

Oh! the grief, the sorrows we must endure
When we bid our loved ones farewell.
Though we have hope for the spirit that's gone
to dwell
In the Promised Land
Where we are told that Angels
In robes so white
Will bid our loved ones
A welcome to a home above,
Where love, music and song
Shall be a delight to their ear.

Then what a glorious sight,
If the story be true.
That our loved ones in robes so white
Will see the golden gates stand ajar
And hear the glad tidings of the angels,
To bid them a welcome to a mansion in the sky
Where they'll never say good-bye.

Quotation from Robert Burns:

“But pleasures are like poppies spread
You sieze the flower
It's bloom is shed.

—Robert Burns.

BY LULU EVARTS

Hoard up not your gold
To canker and to rust
For you cannot take it with you
When you return to dust.

ON A BALMY NIGHT IN MAY.

Written October 1, 1917.

BY LULU EVARTS.

On one balmy night in May,
I shall not forget the day
That I promised you sweetheart
To be true for ever and a day.

Oh, I love you, sweetheart
And from you I hate to part
For you are the sweetest girl of them all;
Oh, my pretty dove, your other name is love.

Say now my pretty dove, whose name is love,
Don't be so captious
And fitty about my jesting
For you are my own true love.

Pretty dove, I love you,
Tell it again, tell it again,
There's a beautiful girl, she's got my heart
And from her I hate to part.

IN RAPTURE SUBLIME.

Dedicated to little Volney.

Sweet little Volney, has a sweet little face,
And eyes of azure blue,
An agile form full of grace,
A heart ever fond and true,
And a head of silken curls,
That every one first exclaims:
"Oh! What a pretty little girl!"
Because the face wears a smile of bloom,
The fact of the matter is:
The little silken head is a boy
And with his childish prattle
Is his mother's pride and joy.

WRECKED ON BOARD THE BARK OF
LOVE

BY GEORGE W. GILBERT,
Son of J. B. Gilbert.

Cast upon life's stormy sea,
Wrecked on board the bark of love,
Are there no joys for me,
Until I reach my home above?
Alas, I'm sad and forlorn,
From my loved ones cast away;
Ah! How good never to have been born
To meet sad disappointment and sore dismay.
'Ere life shall cross death's dark glen,
My loved ones to be more kind,
And permit me to be with them,
And in their joys and pleasures mingle,
To rest my aching heart,
To hear their merry laugh that tingles,
All these sad hours we are apart.

Go crazy, Preacher, and to pale Cynthia howl,
And be answered by the screeching owl,
You make God hideous with your fearful hells.
For what it is and where it is, you ne'er pretend
to tell.

—BY J. B. GILBERT,
First school teacher to Buffalo Bill (Col.
Cody).

By J. B. Gilbert

If I be a doctor, I must break my rest and
stand the cold,
To obtain the shining gold,
If I be a lawyer, I must lie and cheat,
For an honest lawyer has no bread to eat.

—First school teacher of Buffalo Bill.

THE LITTLE CHINA DOLL.

February 14, 1918, at Snyder, Okla.

Once upon a time
I had a little china doll,
The prettiest ever seen
Her eyes were soft and blue,
Her hair was black and curly
That clustered round
Her forehead fair.
She had a winsome face,
Her frock was trimmed in lace,
And I feel quite sure she would please^o
Any king or queen
If they could see my dolly
When she hung upon the wall.
One day my poor dolly
Had a big fall,
And don't you know little girls and boys
That was grief to me, I'll tell you why
Poor dolly fell and broke her head.

Don't you feel sorry for me,
Poor dolly is dead.
I am sitting and sighing,
But Mamma is so good and kind
She tries to kiss away my tears
And tells me to forget my troubles.
And run and play and some day
She'll buy me a doll
With natural curly hair,
One that has hair that I can comb and brush
And whose eyes will shut and open.
The sleeping beauty doll.
But I am here to tell you
The sleeping beauty doll
Can never take the place
Of my little china doll,
Who had such a fall
When she hung upon the wall.
Her hair wasn't like
The sleeping beauty doll,
Her eyes didn't close or open,
But the sleeping beauty doll
Can never take the place
Of my little china doll
That hung upon the wall.

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LOVE'S SWEET DREAM.

Written August 1, 1917, at Okla. City.

BY LULU EVARTS.

On one balmy night in May
When the stars shone bright,
I promised you, my sweet heart,
To be true for ever and a day.

I shall not forget the night,
The stars were shining bright,
I kissed two rosy lips good-bye—
I cannot forget the look he gave me.

When he said, "I love you, sweetheart,
And from you I hate to part,
For you are the sweetest girl of all—
Oh! My pretty dame I love you!"
Come to my arms sweetheart.
As I gaze into my campfire bright,
Watching each ember as it slowly dies
In the dim light that glowed.

O'er me vigils seem to keep
When I fall fast asleep.
'Tis the image of a beautiful girl,
She's got my heart
And none can give it back but you.

THE BAREFOOTED BOY.

Written October 1, 1917.

BY LULU EVARTS

Many days I've squandered,
Sitting on the river-banks
In the years of long ago.

Happy and contented I was
When I rambled mid the wild woods,
Where Robin Red Breast sang.
At home sat Mother dear in her easy chair,
With her specks on her eyes
And who looked rather wise
When she said
Jim, you Kate and May,
Are your fathers pride and joy.
But now that I am a man
My only pleasures are thinking of home and
Mother.
And seeking once more the loved spot.
That brings memories of other days around me.

When Mother often said
With sister Kate and May,
They hoped they'd never see the day
When Jim must go away.
But here's the scene
That brings to my view
Memories of childhood's happy days.
Paint this picture if you can:
There's the old homestead,
There's the little red school house
Standing on the hill,
Where the bell swung to and fro
Mid the forest fresh and green;
There's the old mill stream
Where we used to play—
My sister Kate and May;
There's the water-lilies and the vines
That came to cheer us each and every day.
Farewell to childhood's happy days,
There's my mother and two sisters,
There's my father, old and gray,
We parted in the long ago.

THE NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

Written August 5, 1917.

Here's a pair
Whose hair has turned to silver gray,
They are thinking of happy days gone by,
When they were young, happy and spry.
But contented are they now
As they sit side by side
Watching the silver moon
As it creeps o'er the hill tops far away.
Then with claspt hands,
In silent prayer,
They listen to the New Year's bells,
For many a story will it tell
As the old year goes out
And the New comes in.
Then let the old and young
Bow their heads in prayer,
For soon the Bells may toll
And the hours draw nigh
When some dear father or mother
Must soon say good-bye to the old arm chair.

VIETTA DREAM

—Or, The Patter of Little Feet.

Written December 15, 1917.

What is it that comes near
My dreaming ear
'Tis little voices kind and sweet,
'Tis the patter of little feet,
As they softly creep
And surround me
With kisses everywhere,
In my fortress
They hold me fast.
And when I grab them by their frocks
Away they run tee-hee, tee-hee,
'Tis the children's hour.
They like to play hide and seek.
And blind man's buff,
But soon to bed they tumble,
Two little curly heads
And soon are fast asleep,
But wide awake
At the dawn of day
They like to run and play.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Written October 28, 1917.

BY LULU EVARTS

Mother, dear, you often said
When a child, I kneeled in prayer,
You hoped you'd never see the day
Your darling boy to war must go away.

The pleading, if to war you must go
Be a marquis soldier boy
Fight for your country and honor too
But remember you are your mother's joy.

If upon the battle-field
My dear boy, you should be slain
Remember I'll seek you in vain
But don't forget your mother's prayer.

Mother dear, I hope some day
If by fate I fall in the fray
Don't forget me mother
For I was your pride and joy.

To war I'll go and be a soldier brave
And should I fill the warrior's grave
Don't forget me mother
For I am still your soldier boy.

“WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.”

BY LULU EVARTS.

Set to Music by Raymond Browne, New York City.

There's many hearts will beat with joy—when
war is o'er;
To welcome back a soldier boy—when the war is
o'er;
Beneath the Stars and Stripes, so true;
In gallant uniform of blue;
Come marching back to me and you—when the
war is o're.

CHORUS

When the war is o'er—when the war is o'er;
And our victories are won;
We will cheer our boys; yes, we'll cheer our boys,
For the splendid work they've done
Beneath our colors—the Red, White and Blue;
when the war is o'er.

Old Glory it will proudly wave—when the war
is o'er;
Above the homes of our own brave—when the
war is o'er;
And all the boys that made us free;
Yes, made our land of liberty;
Will all come back to you and me—when the
war is o'er.

