

note's and

Poems by Cecil Rose
Cedar Bluff VA

Mighty Mo's Moonshine

Moran, my half brother, was just as industrious as our papa and myself. Mo fire bossed at Coalwood mine, run a wedge mill, raised garden, was armed guard at the saw mill, poached Walnut, ran a continuous miner part time, complained that he had nothing to do. He opened an illicit stilling operation, near his back yard, upstream from War Eagle, WV. While not actually caught on the job, he was charged with possession, having beaten a path as slick as a groundhog's run, up to his own back door.

Mo retained Jerome Katz, a Bluefield Barrister of renoun. Katz planned the strategy. Mo was to take the stand, but was not to utter a word. This threw the court into a dither, as Mo went into pantomime, motioning that he was having strictures of the throat, feigned choking. The Lawyer suggested interviewing Mo in Judges Chambers.

Once alone with the Judge Mo became as glib as a widow in a beauty parlor. He went to lengths to explain away these dummy attacks. He related that in the presence of those big detectives his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, saying however, he wasn't afraid of the Judge because he looked like a decent sort. The flattered Judge thanked him. Mo said he was ready to peach.

Noah Bailey was the guy who had put the still on Mo's property Mo told the Judge, who dismissed the case. Now as it turns out, Bailey, Mo's Father-In-Law, had died and been burried while Mo languished in jail. Mo told me that he loved Old Noah better than he did our Pa, but that he prayed it over and knew within his heart that old Noah wouldn't rue the use of his name for such a worthy cause.

Prosperity was taking it's toll on the industrious little man. He was doubling back at Coalwood for Bosses taking long weekends. Walnut logs were being exported to Italy at handsome prices. He bought a powerful car which wasn't eating anything, but then there again it wasn't earning. He consented to make a few runs from Pike County, Kentucky, into Williamson, WV., for \$250.00 per trip. Leaving keys in the car, he was to enter Bulaha Bundy's Bar and ask for a Milky Way, eat the bar slowly and return to his car. Heavenly manna, how could he lose?

On the second trip to the Sedan, he was seized by two officers who opened the trunk and found it filled with moonshine in plastic jugs. The auto was forfeited, araigned in Bluefield, before his former lawyer, **JUDGE** Katz, he couldn't make bond and awaited trial for nearly ninety days. Receiving clemency from Judge Katz, he drew three years probation and a \$1000.00 fine.

While in jail Mo lost the Fire Boss Job. In his absence three sawmill guards had lost their shotguns to sneak thieves. Mill owner offered double pay if Mo would nab the thief, offering to work for free if the culprits were not caught, mo signed on. The owner reneged, because Mo slept atop a desk with the lights on and windows raised, exposing a shotgun to full view.

On the first Saturday's watch while sleeping, the gun fired, blasting a hole in the ceiling. Dousing the lights, Mo ran to the window, emptying both pistols while a fleeing friend begged for a ceasefire. The guns were recovered in short order from the home of the friend.

After receiving his guns, the owner withheld all pay because Mo wouldn't expose the thief. Mo lost the pay but held on to his friend. What the Hell! The mountains were full of high priced Walnut Trees. The sky was his only limit, timbering had always fascinated the lad, so he tooled up for skidding the giant hardwoods. A log of near four feet diameter with a length of twenty feet was hauled to a yard at Big Rock, Kentucky, where its colossal size and semetry made the price phenomonal. After Mo departed, the branding hammer man drove the center far into the log. From the plugged end the buyer kept sawing off two foot encrements until he reached sollid woodl.

Thereafter Mo avoided that yard, hauling his logs further south. Christmas Money has always been evasive along the Tug River, bringing Mo to haul a Load of small logs to the Big Rock dealer on Christmas Eve.. After unloading and scaling, the checker recalled the beautiful log that he once brought, asking if Mo would recognize the log. The yard man showed Mo the remains and asked what he should do about it. Mo said, "Looks like an honest mistake", (despite the plug) and adjustment was made. After recalculation the man said, "You owe me, \$27.50."

In a high state of frustration Mo settled up, departing in the empty truck on which he had built a stall for his prized skidding mule. He was so befuddled from loss of his Christmas Funds, that he improperly set the PTO which left the winch running. Just across the State line the constantly turning winch pulled the enclosure from the truck, throwing stall and mule off the road, killing the animal. Moe fled to avoid the patrol, but returned after nightfall, finding no harness, he found that the mule had been skinned. Old Santa seldom brought anything but grief along the waters of the Tug.

The huge mule had been a classic, costing \$500.00, he was begat by a Spanish Jack out of a Percheron Mare, on a breeding farm in Ohio. The harness needed, required a lengthy search, costing in time and money, equally as much as the mule.

Mo thought he faced tough sledding living off his pensions: a Black Lung payment, a United Mine Workers Retirement Plan, and with the shortage of qualified mine gas experts, he yet Fire Bosses three "Gopher Hole" mines. in West Virginia, and one one across the Tug in in Old Kentucky. He still swears vengeance on the thief that robbed harness and hide from that prize mule.

I traveled in the Coal Sales Trade for many years. During strikes I scouted the non union fields, keeping my customers supplied. While motoring out of Williamson, I turned off at War Eagle, West Virginia, to visit Mo. He was just emerging from his abode with his Gas Testing Equipment, heading for the Pits. We talked until day, stopping only to "howdy" a few loafers seated about the Peter White Coal Tipple. I noticed that the long conveyor that brought coal from Peter White mine had burned. It's skeletal remains lay rusting away. An oldster with a leg and one arm missing, sensing my interest gave me the fire's date, "Eleven years ago last Easter, the thing went up, Union Treachery they claim. Surance, says I and them throwed out of work. Strip Mining brought a road down, and trucks haul it now. They got 'nough outen hit to build a ramp and now they buys coal form all over a tri-state section," he said.

The following morning at 9:00 a.m. I stood before the desk of the Coke Plant Super, of Dominion Steel's Hamilton, Ontario coking plant. He was a seventy-five year old crummudgeon with a wit as sharp as a straight razor. I asked him, "What percentage of High Volatile, Mid Volatile and Low Volatile do you mix for your Semet Solvay Ovens?" "None of your damn business," he spat.

I had him, I knew! I got on him like ugly on an ape. "Who's damn business is it" I shouted, "Certainly not yours. Your damn coke can't be used for steel making and you sit here on your calloused behind while Pirates sell you the dregs of the United States, and you cry bloody murder to your betters." He softened a bit, "Would you repeat the question?" he meekly said. "I'll rephrase," I said, "what High Vol you using, that's **my** only bizz." "Peter White" he said, shoving a Purchase Order copy at me as if to back his word.

I went into high gear, I talked so fast my teeth were heating, I said, "You are not, you haven't been, and never will be buying Peter White. Peter white was form the War Eagle Seam, you are buying coal from three states, twelve seams, and about a dozen waste dumps. No later than five in the Ayh Emm yesterday, I stopped at your so called Peter White, and found a truck-line-up about half a mile long awaiting to dump. I followed one truck across Johnny Cake Mountain loaded with slate and waste. He stopped at a mine tipple and **iced his cake**, going back to Peter White he dumped there.

Charlie Sieger motioned me to a chair. "Do you drink," he inquired. "Only with friends," I replied. "Let's be friends. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours." He motioned to an elderly female with Catapillar Yellow hair and Royal Purple lips. Faster than a ferret she whipped out a imperial Quart of Royal Amabassador, and sloshed it into three huge mugs. Charley asked weakley, "What coal you pushing today?"

I told him, "Hazard Four." "Do you have that coal's Urinallisis?" I nodded accent. "How are **they**?" he said, glancing slyly toward ole Yellow Hair. "Piss poor," I commented without blinking an eye. "Hunnnnniee one sharp worm has crawled out of the ground today," he said laughingly. She spoke for the first time since my arrival, "I think he might last the race."

"Hazard Four will burst my ovens," he quickly returned. "No way," I said, my Hazard Four has a shrinking index, freeing more of your costly Pocahontas, and yielding more desirable by-products. The coal is one of those nonconvorming High Volatiles, shrinking one tenths of one percent, by U.S. Mine Bureau Volumn 16."

Looking completely demoralized, he whined, "I've read it hundreds of times, and **it** and all high volatiles swell when coked." I told him, quick, "You better have your specks changed, Cowboy, it reads minus point one, and then goes on to tout it's nonconformity." He handed the book to the lady, saying, "If this bloke is lying, throw him out. If he's right, I've got a lot Crow to eat."

The lady put the booklet under a large magnifying light and said, "I'll fetch your knife and fork. He's too shure of himself to miss anything as large as a minus sign." She poured again, and we swilled it neat. My night driving and the Scotch were closing my eyes. I put my feet on her desk and folded my arms, saying, "State Rests." She wrote me the second largest purchase order I ever received.

Segeer was also the President of North American Gas Association, custodian of their voluminous data base. His files were my files, for three years we were a close knit piratical trio, he, Yellow Hair, and me, bludgeoning the competition like Harry Morgan pounded Panama City. Old age and booze was breaking up our act. When the old toper died they burried his knowledge in the same pit, retiring Ms. Yellow Hair/Purple Lips, leaving me naked upon the stage. The secret files were off limits to me, pushing me from my seat on the gray train. When Artificial Intelligence in perfected I'll access that alcoholic brain, and by the grace of God, and An Wang, I'll down load old Charlie.

BILL McGUIRE, CONSTABLE

Bill McGuire was a very handsome male. His deep bass voice commanded attention when he sounded off. His wife, Alma, was the envy of the sex starved females. They thought she had it made in the shade. Alma and Bill were an attractive couple. Bill was of a sporting nature, he drank, poked, and sat ringside at the cock fights. Alma was the leading beautician of merit. Bill had one son, Raymond, by a former marriage. Bills popularity caused to give up his "Idiot Stick" for a Constable's Big Iron. Elected, he served the Montcaim J.P.'s Office.

His wife moved her shop to his duty station. They rented a charming chateau from Tom Taylor, the leading landlord/merchant/boozier of the metropolis. Bill's first saturday was spent chauffeuring Taylor about. Both imbibed, but Taylor drank more freely. Tom insisted on crony-cruising to advertise that he had McGuire "in his palm" so to speak. Becoming more volatile as the evening wore thin, Tom refused to alight when Bill tooled the caddy onto Tom's driveway. His ejection from the police cruiser turned into a donnybrook.

Using cramp-ons, Bill slung his land lord in the slammer. Now McGuire **really** needed a drink, and took several, then took lovely Alma to bed. Before dawn, Terrible Tom was sprung. With gun in hand, he entered the bedchamber of the snoozing snugglers. Turned out in night shirts, they sought sanctuary in their empty Matoaka home where Alma reopened shop. The Constable commuted.

Without Alma, Bill was easy prey for conniving women. He bedded many of the live-in-loves, or borrowed broads. He was a divine twat dusting diddler. A fighter he was not. Garnishee collections he spent on replacing lost pistols and entertaining. He was victim of slippery gat grip, and too, coin went by like it was greased.

A concuspicent doxie bedded down with a Rail Conductor. Bill itched for a pitch with the bitch. He was admitted to her boudoir between trains. Her keeper was bully Bear Dog Woods. This Bear Dog had a hound's keen nose, and sniffed out the trysting two-o at tango time. While pistol whipping Woody-Would-Peepers, the lawman near sheared off his own trigger flippin finger, at the distal phalangeal joint. STP was not then marketed, so it must have been the vaseline that sent the slippery side arm soaring. The agile Bear Dog fielded the "fly" and treed the copulating cop in his immobile automobile. Billy's keys were then suspended by his suspenders from the four postered play pen of Passionate Patty.

Woods was a cool calculating conductor. He thumbed the hammer back, to gain respect, then ordered the tremendously titted trollop to terminate twittering and tote windsome Willy's waistcoat and widgeons downstairs. Bear Dog was a thoughty thinker, holding his fire, he helped his bleeding bedroom "helper" crank the cruiser. Forever forsaking firearms that fouled fingers Bill pocketed his first finger, slinging an automatic from his left thigh. A pilfering pimp pocketed that pistol from his pants while the philandering policeman played push-up in Princeton's posh prostititional playdium.

In the sixth month of his tenure, his house of trulls toppled, he received catastrophic news. When he opened his mail, his brother Bud's image stared at him from a "Wanted Poster". Bud had pulled a heist at Beckley's most prestigious poker parlor. He was well known, had sat in the game often, and his identity was certain. The reward was for Ten Grand, a regal sum in the 1930's. True to the oath he had taken, Bill vowed to capture Bud, collect the reward and use the proceeds to defend Bud, and to repay his own deficit. We watched in amazement as he suited up. Extravagently tailored, he eased into a Cashmere jacket, donned glossy patent leather loafers, and topped out with a Panamanian sky piece.

My criminal catching, still hunting, weatherbeaten sire was fidgetting like a pixolated prossy before a pissoir. Papa coached the Constable. Bill knew Bud was hoarding cash to break the bank in Reno, catching him would be a snap, he'd show the young snip. Dad slipped a squeeze grip gut gun and a sheath of Bennies into the coat of the one-man posse. While the fledgling bounty hunter received wise counselling, the phone rang.

An allspointer from Imperial County Sheriff, in Yuma, California said a youth who refused to identify himself had been gunned from atop a Mexican Border train. Shooting had occurred months ago, living not at the home of the Sheriff he was attending eighth grade. A chance remark about coal mining had narrowed the search. Would some parent claim this missing son of a coal miner? All the starch left the copitulating Constable. Cradling his head he ruined the Panama and wept audibly.

Pictures followed. Rev. R. O. Eller, and a bonding agent came with Bill to assess his mounting shortages. The minister called the Yuma number. Bill's tough son, Raymond, answered. He wilted once he heard the voice of his Papa, and Rev. Eller. A flood of pent emotions flowed. He arrived home by pullman, guest of California's Imperial County. He became a near folk hero as youths gathered to hear him relate his odyssey.

I must reconoiter the Beckley Post Herald's morgue. Bandito Bud may have surfaced while I was asea.

*there will be some of this that
you will not use, Do not Return*

... for all other
... mains at \$8,000.

ong
alestin-
ordan-
PLO ter-

ause
trong
The Is-
so
oliti-
ill not
nat
cu-
t of
l-

ill
1
not
o

ive

Letters to the editor

Dangerous to laugh with Lewis Grizzard

Mr. Lewis Grizzard makes fun of Jesus, speaking of turning water into wine, says he, praise Jesus, "He's done it again."

The margin for blasphemies for Mr. Grizzard may be very slim.

The Bible says to speak a word against the son of man you may be forgiven. But to speak against the Holy Ghost you will not be forgiven in this world or the world to come.

So you see it may be very dangerous even to laugh along with Mr. Grizzard.

I do not see how a newspaper could carry such remarks.

Cecil Rose
Cedar Bluff, Va.

Black Monday 15

To the Editor:

If only Mr. Reagan had used the anti-trust laws, he could have stopped all these mergers and monopolistic takeovers and buyouts of U.S. industries which brought on Black Monday, October 19, 1987.

For the last seven years the stock market people have operated on a level equal to that of Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves. Adding to the catastrophe, Mr. Reagan borrows one billion dollars per day to run the U.S. government.

Our country just could not stand another depression equal to that of the 1930's. We would have a blood bath.

Madison Avenue has done a unique job covering Mr. Reagan's trail. It will be interesting to listen to their propaganda now.

As of late, Mr. Reagan has been concerned about his place in history on Black Monday, October 19, 1987. He quietly slipped in bed

with Herbert Hoover. His place in history is secure.

Among American Presidents his record is unequalled; he has seen the free enterprise system go down the tube as far as the small businessman is concerned. He saw the federal government go broke. He also saw the stock market CRASH. He has seen hundreds of banks limp into mergers. It's impossible to number the bankruptcy of farms in the last seven years.

Mr. Reagan has stood by and done nothing while the so called Wall Street wrecking crew has brought the economy of the world to its knees.

On the contrary, Mr. Reagan could have been one of the best presidents in the history of the United States if he had only knew how to use the anti-trust laws and put a stop to these culprits.

Wouldn't it stagger even the great minds of

the world if they found out that our large federal deficit was a commodity that was intentionally engineered to bring congress to a point where they would have no other alternative than to kill all the social programs.

And likewise, Black Monday was some how intentionally engineered through computer programming to further the job.

Here is an example of what has been going on in the last seven years.

We have one hospital chain, one railroad, one telephone company, one electric company. The oil company's have bought out ALL of the coal company's and also the atomic fuel outlets too.

These culprits have dominated the market until it is impossible for the small businessman to operate a small grocery store or a small gas station. Reagan can share his part of the blame for what I've just

stated. Really congress with the help of the lobbyists are the real culprits.

It's quite possible a world wide depression on the level of the 1930's would see half of the world's population starve to death. It's impossible for the mind to comprehend such a catastrophe, the turmoil, the chaos, not to mention the vandalism.

After Black Monday, to ask one to vote Republican would be like asking a frying chicken to vote for Col. Sanders.

So much of this is characteristic of the Republican Party. Legend has it that in 1929 Herbert Hoover made a speech under a chestnut tree in Big Stone, Virginia. By sundown every chestnut tree east of the Mississippi River was dead.

Let Paul Havery tell the rest of the story.

Sincerely,
Cecil Rose
Richlands

If only Mr. Reagan had used the anti-trust laws, he could have stopped all these mergers and monopolistic takeovers and buyouts of U.S. industries which brought on Black Monday, October 19, 1987.

For the last seven years the stock market people have operated on a level equal to that of Ali-Baba and the Forty Thieves. Adding to the catastrophe, Mr. Reagan borrows one billion dollars per day to run the U.S. government.

Our country just could not stand another depression equal to that of the 1930's. We would have a blood bath.

Madison Avenue has done a unique job covering Mr. Reagan's trail. It will be interesting to listen to their propaganda now.

As of late, Mr. Reagan has been concerned about his place in history on Black Monday, October 19, 1987. He quietly slipped in bed

with Herbert Hoover. His place in history is secure.

Among American Presidents his record is unequalled; he has seen the free enterprise system go down the tube as far as the small businessman is concerned. He saw the federal government go broke. He also saw the stock market CRASH. He has seen hundreds of banks limp into mergers. It's impossible to number the bankruptcy of farms in the last seven years.

Mr. Reagan has stood by and done nothing while the so called Wall Street wrecking crew has brought the economy of the world to its knees.

On the contrary, Mr. Reagan could have been one of the best presidents in the history of the United States if he had only knew how to use the anti-trust laws and put a stop to these culprits.

Wouldn't it stagger even the great minds of

the world if they found out that our large federal deficit was a commodity that was intentionally engineered to bring congress to a point where they would have no other alternative than to kill all the social programs.

And likewise, Black Monday was some how intentionally engineered through computer programming to further the job.

Here is an example of what has been going on in the last seven years. We have one hospital chain, one railroad, one telephone company, one electric company. The oil company's have bought out ALL of the coal company's and also the atomic fuel outlets too.

These culprits have dominated the market until it is impossible for the small businessman to operate a small grocery store or a small gas station. Reagan can share his part of the blame for what I've just

stated. Really congress with the help of the lobbyists are the real culprits.

It's quite possible a world wide depression on the level of the 1930's would see half of the world's population starve to death. It's impossible for the mind to comprehend such a catastrophe, the turmoil, the chaos, not to mention the vandalism.

After Black Monday, to ask one to vote Republican would be like asking a frying chicken to vote for Col. Sanders.

So much of this is characteristic of the Republican Party. Legend has it that in 1929 Herbert Hoover made a speech under a chestnut tree in Big Stone, Virginia. By sundown every chestnut tree east of the Mississippi River was dead.

Let Paul Havery tell the rest of the story.

Where did the MONEY GO
LARGER MONEY GO
Reagan was a (Deficit) than all Presidents.
in the Rich mans Pocket
Who announced it so I just work 20 hrs a week (CANT make it on)

DAY of infamy

We may have additional reason to characterize December 7 as a day that will live in infamy.

The week of Dec. 7, 1987 Mikhail Gorbachev enjoyed the hospitality of the President and signed an arms reduction treaty.

No doubt—routinely as ever the Kremlin will send orders to its communist insurgents in Afghanistan, South American, Africa, and the Middle East to murder, to intimidate, and to jail; as the President and Mr. Gorbachev sign their treaty, in the back

of Gorbachev's mind there surely must be a realization of the fact that the communists have enough atomic submarines on the east and west coast of the United States to do us in.

When it comes to keeping agreements the communists have a poor track record.

Whether it's Ho Chi Min, Lenin, Stalin, Chairman-Mao or Gorbachev.

Its quiet obvious they are of the same character. They come from the same mold.

It is a well documented fact that Stalin sent

20 million people to Siberian exile and death in the 1930s.

With such a trail of death behind him, it may have been easy for Stalin to kill 4,143 young Polish officers, all shot in the back of the neck with a pistol. On April 13, 1943 the bodies were found at Katyn Forst—12 deep.

Today the Kremlin has a plan of terror that would dwarf anything that Stalin could have dreamed up.

For the past 40 years the communists have advocated and supported a world-wide plan of terrorism from the floor

of the United Nations.

Harry S. Truman lived to see the Kremlin break all of the WW II agreements.

Whether it's a snipers bullet across the DMZ, the downing of a Korean passenger jet, a simple hand shake on the Ellbe River, or a treaty signed by Mikhail Gorbachev, these culprits all share the same philosophy.

Richard Nixon put it quiet bluntly when he said these people, somehow have a tendency to believe their own lies.

(one trillion dollars was TOTAL Cost of W.W.II WALL STREET = too)
(HEO HAS Friends ON)

at the end of the Reagan years, He has a deficit of one Trillion Dollars = in fact 1.2 trillion. = F.D.R. only spent one trillion to stop "Hitler" "Where Did The money go" (in the Pocket of the Rich)

an appala cheian view of
the

assassination of a President

this ~~ass~~ assumption is based
on ~~logic~~ logic

by Cecil Rose
Cedar Bluff VA

I Page 1 Poem

you can ^{may} coexist with the
devil and double cross a
friend.

But to manipulate the
big man, Brother he won't
Bend

you can read your play
boy magazine.
while you drink the
finest blend.

But to manipulate the
big man Brother he won't
bend

you can tolerate the
"soaps", the news media, the
cult, or any other fend,

But to manipulate the big
man he just won't Bend

Each day you will meet 100
conspirators controlled and
dominated by those that have sined
But to manipulate the big man
Brother he just will not Bend

page 1 poem

truth is the key to salvation
although you can fool a
friend,

But to manipulate the
big man, He just won't Bend

are you in trouble with
the cocaine connection,
Has it broke up your
marriage or took the life
of some of your kind.

ask Jesus christ to save
your ~~code~~ soul
under such circumstance
the Big man has been
known to Bend

TO THE HONORABLE

Problems of today 1988 :

Dear Sir:

A short stay in the hospital will cost \$60,000.00. A new car could cost as much as \$20,000.00.

The coal companies have sold out to the oil companies.

In order to eliminate competition in the market place the corporate rich man has manipulated, monopolized, merged and conspired to the point where he can set his own price.

It will be interesting to see what will happen when the health insurance companies close shop. With the high cost of hospital care this will surely come.

No one in the free world should ever mention such a word as nationalization. But when the health insurance companies pull out socialized medicine may be the only answer.

Incidentally the courts are handing down judgements on the homes of some of the poor folks right now.

There has to be something done to stop this conspiracy.

Folks between the ages of eighteen and sixty two, and in most cases with very large families, just cannot afford hospital insurance. They find it impossible to pay such enormous fees.

We have the world's best medical technology and the finest doctors. It is ironic that here in the United States the lives of some of our poor people parallel those of the third world nations.

The politicians that have conspired with the lobbyists to create this problem should be impeached.

I call for the Anti-Trust Laws to be used at once to break up this hospital monopoly. If this trend continues this hospital chain will own all of our homes!

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Cecil Rose

I Jesus coming Down
Tratis and choroacteristic equal to that of noah's
day dominates Twentieth century man.

Its like a melancholy wind a misty
View of time,

The ending of an age, The coming
of another block of time.

There is Glory in the Father and
Power in the Son.

Take a walk with Jesus and see
The work he's done

There will be a super-natural Movement,

a super natural sound

a pheosomerel time on earth

With Jesus coming down.

Celestial movement-A

Celestial movement-B

jesus christ the King will set the captivate
free.

as he moved upon the water with
power in his nome

He healed the broken hearted as he
stood among the flame

Jesus Christ the King will set the captivate
free.

Jesus Christ the King will lift the curse from
thee.

A Band of angels now, a Band of angels
then will sound the glorious Victor beyond
the ^{trials} throws of sin.

I read this in the prophets, also in his
hand.

That he'd return again some day
and claim a group from man.
He'll move with great compaction with
power in his name.

So take a walk with Jesus,
and you'll never be the same.

a supernatural moment a
a supernatural sound.

Don't sleep too long my Friend
with Jesus coming DOWN.

Celestial movement A Celestial movement - B
Jesus Christ the King will set the
captivate free, Praise His Holy Name,
Praise His Holy Name.

Just touch the Hand of Jesus and
you'll never be the same.

1987 - Bits and pieces of the Twentieth century

Speaking of Twentieth century man,
It's been quite a thrill to stand in the
side wings and see a supernatural people pass
by."

Their success and achievements has
been no less than phenomenal.

In the years to come we might see
their equal. But I doubt if their superior
will ever come this way again,

not till Jesus comes,

old time radio, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse,
and Eve Arden.

Sam Erwin's Watergate, Jerry Ford
with Richard Nixon's pardon,

I took a walk with Roosevelt, Heard a
Crosby sing,

Saw Truman on the Bridge just
before he dropped the thing.

Twentieth gave us, Edison, Einstein
Nucleus Fission atomic DEBUT,

~~Hoover, Hoover~~
Hoover, Nixon, Reagan, and also

Spiro agnew

Glen Miller, Paul White man, and the

Glen Miller, Paul Whiteman, and the
Benny Goodman swing.

Neal Armstrong, Sally Ride,
Jim Thorpe with a great big thank you
King.

The Brake dance, Rock music with
its insane flutter.

Republicans, Commodities with
abundant supply of cheese and Butter,

who knows 88 may push a
youth fully ROBB,

But for now, Pete Rose is out
to get Ty COBB.

In 1912 Jim Thorpe, received the Olympian Gold
from the King of Sweden,

with a great -Big thank you King