

The Binford Times

BINFORD, North Dakota

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The Bin Readalits in 1926.

How well do I remember,
In days of long ago,
The "Bin Read a Lit" society
Which used to be all the go.
We met each Friday evening
At the home of some member,
Where an interesting program
Kept us laughing and in stir.
There were essays and mock trials,
Spelling matches, a debate,
Songs, recitations and dialogues,
And readings until quite late.
After the business matters,
Candy was served to us all,
Then with a good night to our hostess,
We passed quietly out of the hall.
Fifteen years have passed since then;
Time has dismembered our band.
One by one we left dear old Binford,
And are scattered o'er the land
Mrs. West, our worthy president,
With her husband and her son,
In Montana, a big chicken ranch
Is proving to them some fun.
In Turkey, as consul to U. S.,
Gus Evers is right at home:
With Allie, jolly story-teller,
He is seldom heard to moan.
Laura to a rich banker
Has been married happily.
And around their hearth-stone is gathered
A large jolly family.
In sunny California
Where the western roses grow,
Mr. Buchheit and wife enjoy life
In a pretty bungalow.
The newly-weds of Binford

Buy their stoves and their dish-pans
From H-lmer Hanson hardware merchant
Owner of extensive lands,

Binford lost its best auctioneer
When Lewis' went to Washington,
Where Fred sits as postmaster-general,
Aided by his own stalwart son.

Theo. Smogard now lives
With a blue-eyed wifey dear,
On a claim in western Montana,
Happier than he was here.

With E. D. Washburn of Hope.
Greenland entered politics;
And to Washington as senator
Moved with his family of six.

In a city's palatial home
Mildred Pomeroy reigns supreme,
The wife of an eminent doctor
She is worshipped like a queen.

The broad fields of Retzlaff's farm
Are yellow with waving grain
Which Oddie will bring to the Monarch
In a mammoth aeroplane.

Louie Larson's beautiful voice
Is heard in Grand Opera now,
And the Binford people rejoice
Whene'er he comes out to bow.

Marie Herlick's name is famous
As a leader of suffragette;
She's worked hard but has not succeeded
To get the women to vote yet.

Mary Bowe, zealous "Rebecca,"
Leaves Frank to batch all alone;
She is president of the "Assembly,"
So she seldom is at home.

Emily Reid is very proud
Of a cute little fat grandson,
And she often visits her daughter
With the boy to have lots of fun.

Caroline's a skilled pianist,
She studied abroad one year.
Now teaches the young of Binford, altho
She's soon to be married I hear.

Norman is a famous artist,
Celebrated o'er land and sea.
His pictures are in every art gallery,
Very proud of him are we.

Mrs. Pritz still lives in Binford
With daughters three, full of knowledge
She is very proud of her bright girls
Who have been away to college.

Zella Metcalf lives in splendor
In a mansion in Tennessee,
As a wife of a politician,
A sweet little hostess is she.

And now, to conclude, just a word
Of the Pattersons, I will say.
They still "live on love in a cottage"
By the depot over the way.—P.

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