



POEMS  
*of*  
DU PAGE COUNTY

FRANK EARL HERRICK


ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

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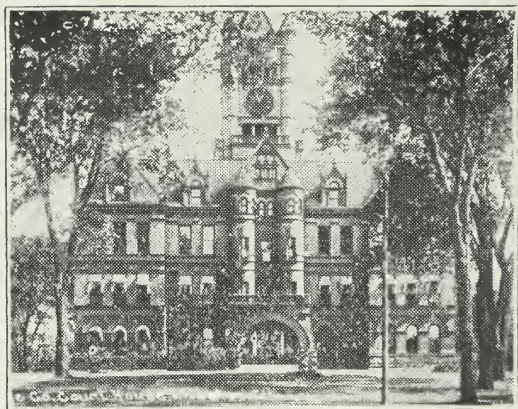
By the Author

Frank Earl Herrick



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“The Temple of DuPage”

—Herrick

POEMS  
of  
DuPage County

by  
FRANK EARL HERRICK  
Wheaton, Illinois

AUTHOR OF:  
Poems of the Great Reform  
Poems of the Great War  
Poems in Verse and Prose  
A Volume of Verse



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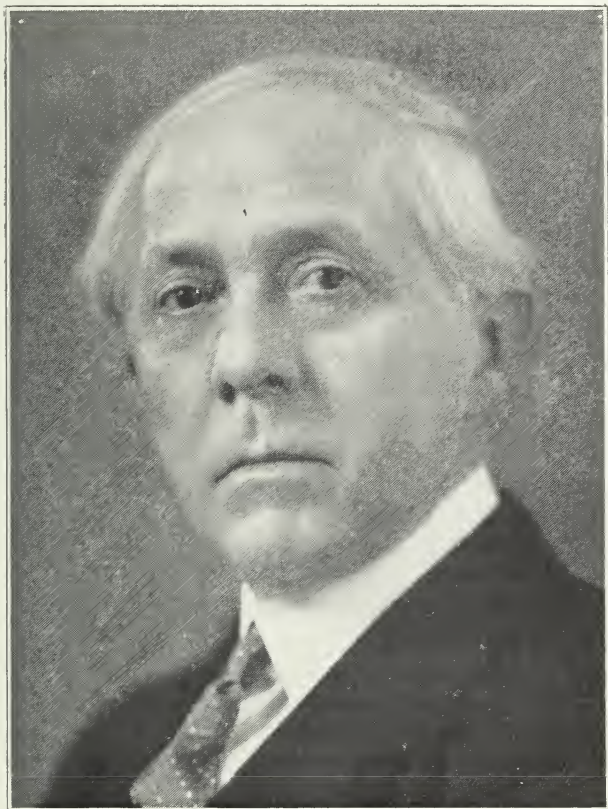




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Ill. Hist.  
Surv.



*Frank Earl Herrick*



## DuPage County

A star upon the breast  
Of great Chicagoland,  
A jewel in the crest  
Of Illinois, the Grand!

A bright and golden seal  
Set on the noble scroll  
Of a great Commonweal  
Of men and mighty soul!

A rose in the lapel  
Of kingly Illinois  
Where goodly people dwell  
In sweet content and joy!

A gentle roll of plain,  
With streams and forests fair,  
And seas of waving grain  
And flowers ev'rywhere!

A precious plot of earth  
By Nature set apart;  
The cradle of my birth  
The homestead of my heart!

## A Psalm of the Flag

The fields of the sky are all blue,  
They are full of beautiful stars,  
The Ensign of the Most High waves there!

The Flag of the Land of the Free  
Is like unto the one above us,  
It is the glory of the whole earth!

The hand of Mercy hath made it white,  
The blood of heroes hath crimsoned it,  
The free breezes lift its sweet folds!

Liberty and Justice have unfurled it,  
Where its shadow fell the land became free,  
It hath healed the scars of mighty wrongs!

The eyes that guard it shall not sleep,  
Nor ever shall the vigilant slumber,  
The clouds and the seas shall be watchmen!

The swift eagles shall be its defenders,  
The alien in our midst shall not tear it,  
Neither shall any nation affront it!

Till the gems in the heavens grow dim  
The stars in the Standard shall shine,  
They shall gladden all eyes forever!

(Flag Day, June 14th, 1935)

# A Song of the Flag

(Tune: "America")

O emblem of the free,  
How beautiful to see  
Thy folds unfurled  
In colors rich and warm,  
Like rainbow's noble form  
Sun-painted on the storm  
Arching the world!

Thy field of beauty vies  
With midnight's starry skies  
Surpassing grand.  
From sunset's rosy glow  
Each blood-red beam doth throw  
Across thy field of snow  
A crimson band!

O banner of the brave  
In splendor thou dost wave  
In Freedom's name;  
With deeds for heroes meet  
Thy story is replete,  
And fort and field and fleet  
Attest thy fame!

Beneath thy lustrous fold  
Of beauties yet untold  
May we abide  
And every ill abate  
That doth reproach a state,  
Or stain a nation, great  
And glorified!

## The Soldiers of Lincoln

Like the swell and the heave of the bosom of Ocean  
When billows rush in from the deep-rolling blue  
Even so is the rise and the surge of emotion  
When the soldiers of Lincoln pass by in review!

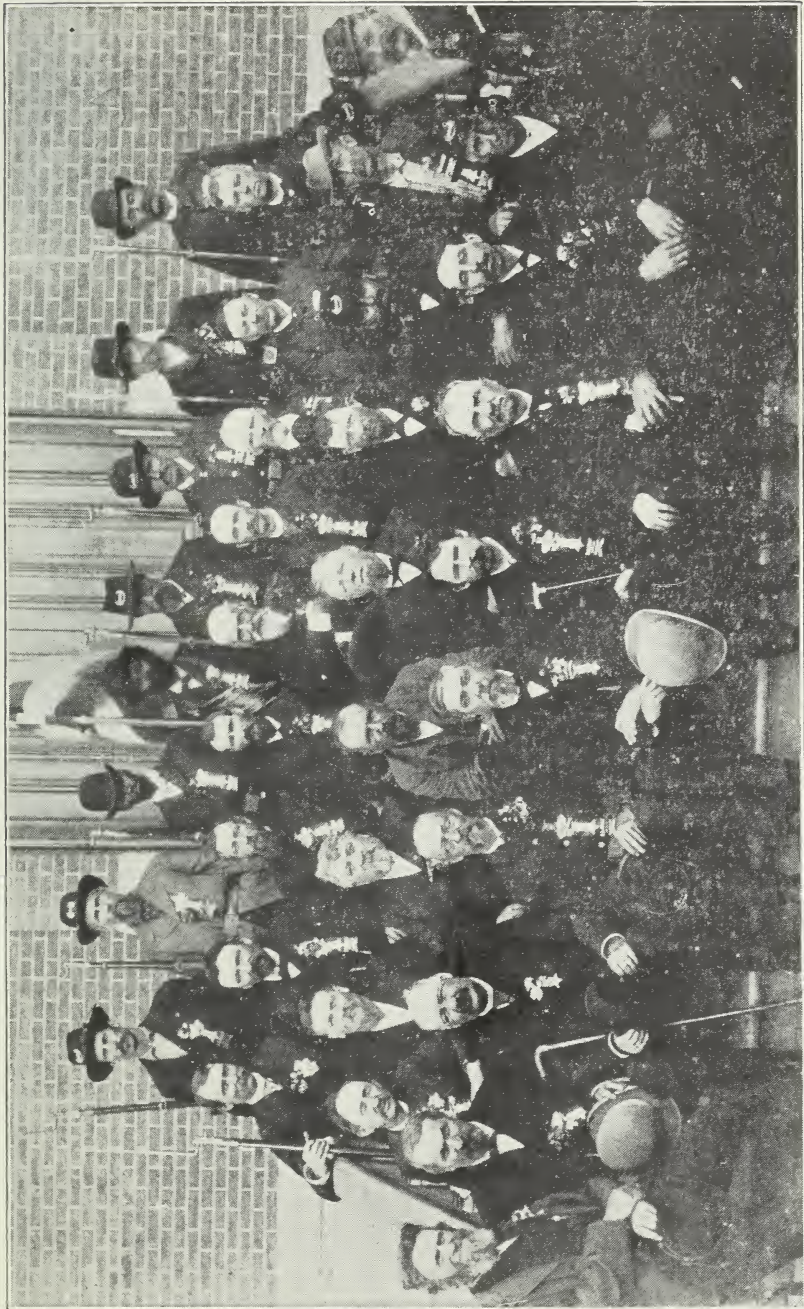
Like a pine tree in Winter snow-mantled and hoary  
With the setting sun glinting its ermine crowned head  
The veterans stand in that time-whitened glory  
When Springtime and Summer and Autumn have fled!

With acclaim and devotion unspeakably tender  
We see the thin ranks of that noble blue line  
That went from the North in spirit and splendor  
Elastic and buoyant and superbly fine!

Grand and serene in Life's Winter season  
Bearing the scars of fierce lightning strokes  
They stand who answered the challenge of treason  
As in the young forests the century oaks!

In love and esteem and proud salutation  
To the soldiers with temples white garlanded now  
In instant accord the right hands of a Nation  
Are lifted as one to each patriot brow!





GROUP OF DU PAGE COUNTY G. A. R.

# The Civil War Tablets

In the DuPage County Courthouse

These plates of bronze are like the sky,  
Thick set with burnished stars;  
DuPage's sons in years gone by  
Who held the Union standard high  
Upon the fields of Mars!

It is a mighty Honor Roll,  
A blazonry Sublime,  
The story of DuPage's soul  
Inscribed upon a stainless scroll  
For men of coming time!

These men leaped up at Sumter's gun  
And joined the deadly strife,  
They answered Lincoln's call as one  
When Treason's dark frown veiled the sun  
And sought the Nation's life!

They poured their blood in ev'ry fray,  
On all the fields of wrath,  
They stood with Meade and Doubleday,  
They cut with Sherman's great array  
A wide and crimson path!

They faced the storm and battle stress  
Of countless days and nights,  
With Grant at Shiloh's red winepress,  
At Vicksburg and the Wilderness,  
And Lookout's flaming heights!



Who cannot now with Fancy's eye  
    See those old soldiers come,  
To martial measures marching by  
With flags and streamers waving high,  
    And hear the fife and drum?

As before shrines we here should kneel  
    Or with bared temples stand  
And through our grateful bosoms feel  
Resurging a new-kindled zeal  
    For our Beloved Land!

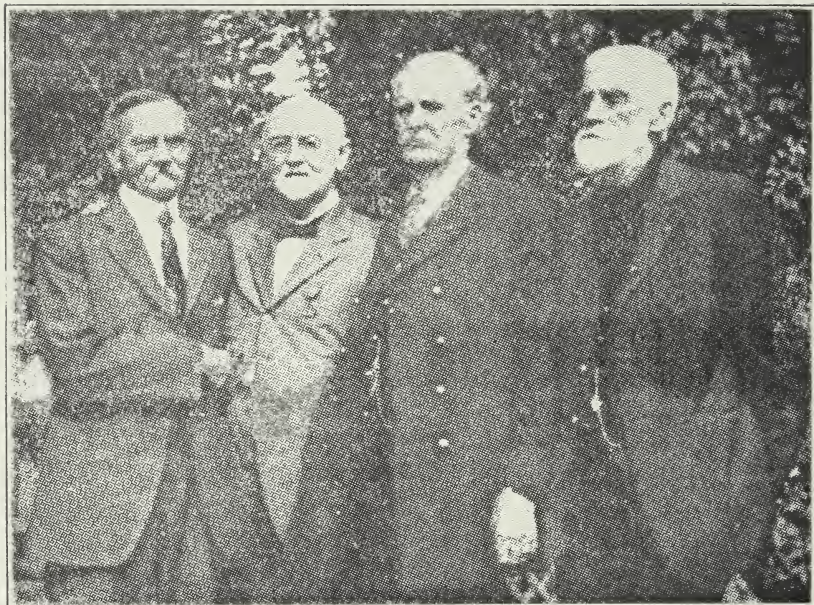
Song For  
**Memorial Day**

(Tune: "America")

Old soldiers, over thee  
The flag is floating free  
    And full of stars;  
Proud of the noble band,  
That gave it to our land,  
Preserved by valor's hand  
    And battle scars!

In smoke and flame it flew  
Above the hosts of blue  
    On fields of war;

## “The Old Blue Line”



Left to right: James A. Congleton, Co. F, 105th Ill. Vol. Inf.; William Irving Phillips, Co. K, 23rd Ill. Vol. Inf.; Stephen Rinehart, Co. C, 12th Ill. Vol. Cavalry; Harrison Blank, Co. K, 36th Ill. Vol. Inf.

Enlisted from DuPage County, Illinois.

Through treason's iron rain  
You bore it without stain  
Upon the crimson plain  
    In days of yore!

Your heads are whitened now  
And time upon your brow  
    Has left its trace,  
And slower now your tread  
Than when the charge was led  
And Freedom's foemen fled  
    Before your face!

Yet in your matchless eye  
As the thinned lines go by  
    We see the gleam  
And spirit as of old  
When clouds of conflict rolled  
To keep the starry fold  
    Without a seam!

In gratitude and love  
Pure as the stars above  
    This day we keep  
For men the world reveres,  
For those who live, our cheers,  
And a great nation's tears  
    For those who sleep!



JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY

Died August 15, 1927

# Judge Elbert H. Gary

(The Steel King)

A lofty Lighthouse by the side  
Of troubled Toil's unresting sea,  
A constant light to warn and guide,  
It stands in kingly majesty!

A shaft of fire in the Night  
To show the wanderers the way  
As Egypt's toilers in their flight  
Were led by the God-kindled ray!

By Day it lifts its mighty form  
Over the reef and treacherous shoal  
Far-seen where in distress and storm  
The heavy freighters lurch and roll!

The wrathful billows in their might  
Lashed by the angry hurricane  
Oft would o'erthrow and quench that light  
But rage and beat and break in vain!

And Industry's great galleys go,  
And Labor's argosies come home,  
And Commerce traffics to and fro  
On all the far-flung fields of foam;

They thread the Narrows to the Deep,  
They safely pass the harbor bar,  
And in their changing courses keep  
Their bearings by this brilliant star!  
Great Lighthouse by the seas of men  
Rising majestic to the skies,  
Keep watch with thine unerring ken  
And kindly light, tranquil and wise!  
July 5, 1925.

(Native son. First Mayor of Wheaton.  
Head of United States Steel Corporation.)

## Elbert H. Gary

### A Tribute

Judge Elbert H. Gary, Wheaton's far-famed son, has entered to his rest. The first Mayor of Wheaton and a distinguished member of the bar and an able Judge of DuPage County passes on, ripe in years and rich in accomplishments. He was native here and returns after four-score years of useful life. By his brilliant parts he reflected credit on this City, even as a good son honors his Father and Mother.

The Church that ever felt his interest and sustaining hand and bears with pride his name upon its roll has rendered to his mortal form its final rites. He sleeps in peace within the marble palace in the tranquil courts to which are summoned all who live. Around him now in their last rest are friends of boyhood days, the comrades of the years of youth, the strong men with whom he matched his

strength in life's pursuits. His native soil receives the mighty oak after the buffetings of eighty storm swept years, and where he stood a vast and lonesome silence reigns. It is fitting that he should be here again near the prairies where he roamed carefree, the schools he attended, the College where he studied, the Courts where he presided, the City he once governed.

Judge Gary was one of the giants of our day. In the industrial realm he was a steel Colossus bestriding the wide channels of trade and on whose lofty brow a mighty beacon blazed. He was the Polaris in the firmament that domes the world of toil. By him the captains of industry read their sextants and the mariners on the seas of commerce took their bearings and in relation to him the great constellations of flaming forge and furnaces swept in their orbits unperturbed. In spite of storm and mutiny of crew and shoal and reef and undertow his ships came safely home.

His personal attributes were great mental force and tenacity of will, keen insight and unclouded vision, and energy that knew no rest until now. His intellect was a flawless blade of finely tempered steel. Yet with all his herculean works he found time for generous charities and liberal gifts to Libraries, Colleges, Churches, Universities, Hospitals and endless helps for the betterment of workers' conditions.

His place will not soon be filled. Never before has one man accomplished so much. The workers in the fields of the great industries for many years to come will reap the harvest of his wise husbandry.

His pastors and fellow-men who knew him best recount his social graces and declare his deep, fundamental Christian faith. Wheaton sent him forth and receives him back and honors him as he has honored her.

(From the Wheaton Progressive of August 19, 1927)





JUDGE CHARLES D. CLARK  
Former County Judge of DuPage County



## Judge Charles D. Clark

Judicial poise of soul and mind  
And calm of heaven's starry seas  
Sweet with the gentle Pleiades  
Are in him perfectly combined!

A smiling meadow full of sun  
And flowers is his open face  
Where cheer and joy and Christian grace  
Like laughing streamlets leap and run!

In daily rectitude he goes  
Along the avenues of life  
Amid the tumult and the strife  
And tide of trade that ebbs and flows!

In ev'ry high and righteous fight  
He is a man of mighty arm,  
A foe of all the things that harm,  
A silver trumpet for the right!

The years, with Wisdom's crown, repose  
In splendor on his noble brow  
And Autumn rests upon him now  
Prophetic of the grander snows!

His laurels are the rich reward  
Of valor done on ev'ry field  
Where God's whole armor is the shield  
And where the Spirit is the sword!

Salt of the mighty earth is he,  
The leaven of the living bread,  
He follows in the sandal's tread  
That pressed the shores of Galilee!

## Judge S. L. Rathje

(Former County Judge of DuPage County)

Judge S. L. Rathje, our fellow man of real worth and high esteem, has gone on ahead of us a little way down that mysterious road whose dust has never borne the imprint of returning feet, to that strange port where all the vessels are outbound upon a tideless deep where sea-mews bring no messages and petrels never omen storms; where there are no harbor lights to guide the voyagers back and no piers where welcoming friends await, and whose vast expanse has never seen a sail swelling with a homeward breeze.

His three score years are rich with many kindly deeds like flowers by some wayside in delightful June, but innumerable generous acts were even covertly done and are scarcely known, but DuPage county is sown with hidden

gems from his liberal and unseen hand like yet undiscovered diamond fields. His personality was of a fine fibre, his manner quiet and genteel. He was calm, judicial, deep and clear, unhurried, safe and strong. The bar, the bank and hosts of friends looked to him for guidance like sailors to the polar star.

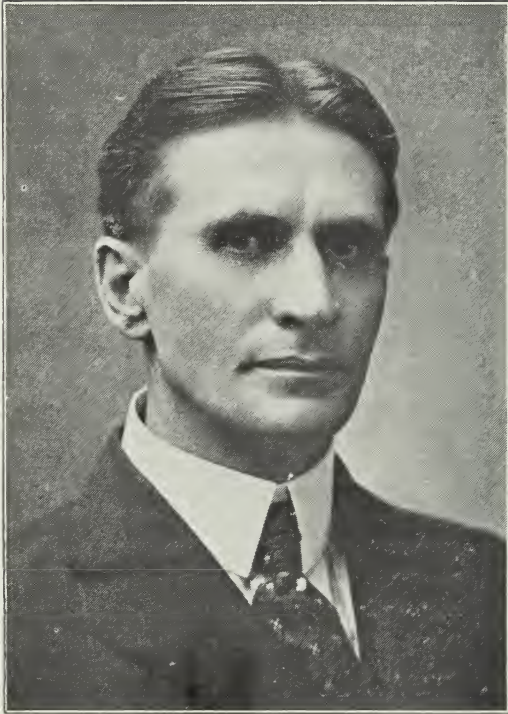
Our county's loss cannot be inventoried now nor a true appraisal of his worth told in words.

A native son of DuPage county has gone, yet left it richer for the worth while life he lived.

He was a pillar in the community, upholding and ornamenting the superstructure by his grace and poise and strength. His hand was on the helm of most of its ventures and its enterprises were guided by the beacons that he set. He seemed to know the stars and seasons and was always safe. On the seas of business, finance and even politics he was the anchor that held many craft from drifting to destruction.

To the great esteem in which he was held, ten thousand lovely flowers sincerely testified at his obsequies, speaking the thoughts that in the busy rush of life we do not stop to utter, although we feel them, leaving their eloquent deliverance till the hour of death. This may be best, for those symbols say so well what we cannot express.

Judge Rathje, as a lawyer and jurist, stood among the quarrels and contentions of men a mighty peacemaker. The stain of preventable litigation is not on his long record. He poured the oil of wise diplomacy on the troubled waters. He had an antidote for every poison passion, a counter balm for every irritant, a softened tone for every strident note. He healed and helped.



JUDGE SYLVANUS L. RATHJE

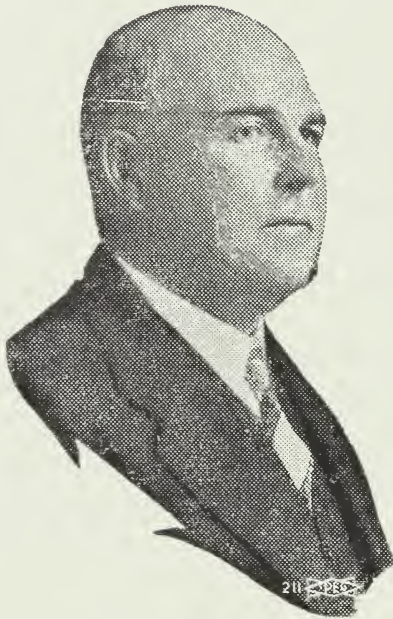
Died November 14, 1929

His activities were ceaseless and the limitations of office hours were not made for him. He was accommodation personified. His social side was democracy itself. In the mathematics of men that man to whom all men are equal can have no superior. So it was with Judge Rathje.

The notes he signed for friends he paid without complaint. No act of men embittered him. Retaliation was not his nature. He knew foes oftentimes become the fastest friends. His faith in man was Lincolnesque. No judgment of his mind was put in force without the hearts approval and consent. He lived upon the plane of men. His head was never in the clouds. He attended the games, followed the fights, read the philosophers and played the violin. He listened to election returns as though it was grand opera, with impresarios and jewelled prima donnas in stellar roles. He was interested in the world.

Among the discordant elements that ever seek lawyers and courts to obtain redress of real or imaginary grievances it was inevitable that in the course of forty years he would make enemies. Against his fair escutcheon envy threw her envenomed barbs, jealousy hurled her javelins and petty rivalries shot their porcupinish quills, but though extremely sensitive, he kept serene. As a lighthouse when the angry ocean dashes its bitter brine in its illuminated face and the tempest howls its wrath and blinded sea birds add their screams and the frothing billows throw their thundering legions against its solid form, so he stood until the subsiding sea and the retreating storm showed him clearer and cleaner than before, his light undimmed, a brother to the rain washed stars that mirrored their unblemished splendor in the tranquil deep.

A kindly Sun has set whose rays were always soft, but its afterglow shall linger long with us. An instrument of gentle chords whose notes were written in the softer scores is still, but its overtones shall murmur long in Memory's fine ear. We are poor as friends but rich as heirs of this good man.



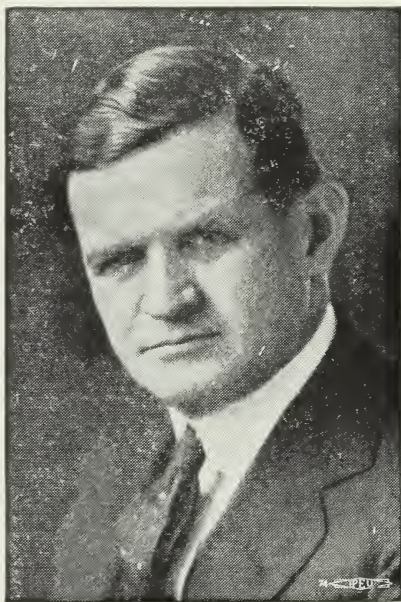
JUDGE JOHN K. NEWHALL  
Circuit Judge

## Judge John K. Newhall

O, able Judge,  
Who ever ruled  
In rectitude  
And laid the law  
To the plumb line  
And did justice  
And equity  
And whose decrees  
And judgments were  
Wise and humane,  
Who sat as a  
Sage Chancellor  
Your Orator  
Will ever pray  
That through the years  
The perquisites  
Of noble acts  
Be rich and sweet  
Emoluments  
The judgment of  
Your fellow men  
Award you their  
Esteem and praise  
And ev'ry deed  
That you shall do  
Be like the faith  
Of Abraham  
Counted to you  
For righteousness,



And may the Court  
Of Last Resort  
That knows all things  
The record says  
And omits, too,  
Without dissent  
Write the entry  
Concise and clear  
"Record approved."



JUDGE WILLIAM J. FULTON  
Circuit Judge



## Judge William J. Fulton

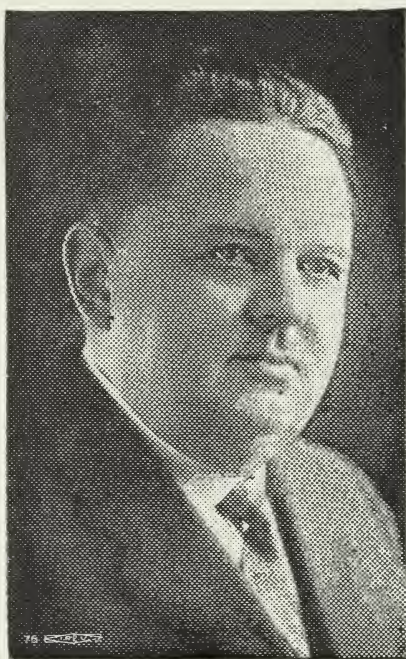
A Weighmaster of Right and Wrong,  
The kindest of men;  
The tributes of a mighty throng  
Arise in love and loyal song  
From lip and tongue and pen!

A noble judge, exceeding sage,  
Clear as the stars that shine  
Above the Temple of DuPage  
When all the stellar legions stage  
The Pageantry Divine!

He holds the trembling beam on high  
Poising the good and ill,  
And where true right and justice lie  
He marks with an unerring eye  
And Heaven-gifted skill!

His heart and brain *en banc* preside,  
His bench, a mercy-seat.  
Justice and Judgment side by side  
Like noble knights in armour ride  
In harmony complete!

We praise the Jurist for his might,  
His honor we esteem,  
His pleasant ways are a delight  
And ev'ry attribute the height  
Of excellence supreme!



JUDGE FRANK W. SHEPHERD

Circuit Judge

## Judge Frank W. Shepherd

The Bench, the Senate and the Bar  
    He has adorned with grace  
As when a lucent Summer star  
With gentle luster shines afar  
    High in the fields of space!

A life clean and immaculate,  
    A fame without a flaw,  
A pillar polished and ornate  
Embellishing the Hall of State  
    And Temple of the Law!

His mind is an alembic where  
    With solvents keen and strong  
He separates the foul and fair  
And with a skill superb and rare  
    Divides the right and wrong!

A Judge of gentle voice and eye  
    And mildly mannered mien  
As tranquil as the azure sky  
When the clouds have drifted by,  
    Leaving all serene!

Within the Temple of DuPage  
    Upon its Scroll of Fame  
Starred with legal light and sage  
And noble Youth and honored Age  
    We shall engross his name!



JUDGE MAX F. ALLABEN

Circuit Judge

## Judge Max F. Allaben

As an eagle keen of ken  
From some rocky height  
Sweeps the plains of mortal men,  
Searching covert, thicket, glen,  
With unerring sight.

So his eyes impartial scan  
The turmoil and strife  
And the wile and craft and plan  
Of the fights of man with man  
On the plains of life!

He is still below the age  
Of Wisdom's whitened hair,  
Yet in legal lore a sage  
Whose clean record is a page  
Immaculately fair!

With quick eye he pierces through  
Fog and mist and smoke  
And gives judgment swift and true  
As the bolt that cleaves the blue  
And the stubborn oak!

Virile Judge, alert and strong,  
Kingly, keen and kind,  
Like the notes of a sweet song  
Quality and tone belong  
To his heart and mind!

November 25th, 1935.



JUDGE WIN G. KNOCH  
County Judge of DuPage County

## Judge Win G. Knoch

“O, wise, young Judge, how I do honor thee”  
—Shakespeare

A youthful Judge, reckoned by age,  
As Nestor wise, Apollo young,  
He stands with dignity among  
His fellow men, modestly sage!

By Reason's noble torch he sees  
And reads the written law aright,  
And by the lamp of kindly light  
He writes his true and just decrees!

With judgment keen and courage strong  
He scans the scales where acts are weighed  
And parts with an unerring blade  
The false and true, the right and wrong!

In Honor's court a shaft of white  
A classic column chaste and fine,  
A pillar set to the plumb line,  
A marble monolith of light!

The Morning sun is on his brow,  
The promise of a noble day  
And glory that no man can say,  
In splendor lies before him now!

He knows the soul's high beacon lights,  
He knows the will-o-wisps of men,  
And he sees with unclouded ken  
The waymarks of the starry nights!

The stainless ermine may he wear  
Till his black tresses shall be snow,  
And he shall be as the years go  
A daily blessing ev'rywhere!

August 6, 1933.

## TO JUDGE KNOCH

(In Hospital)

The upright Judge is now prostrate;  
Like some fine statue fallen prone  
Or noble oak tree overthrown  
He lies beneath the frown of Fate!

But he shall rise after a while,  
As flowers leveled by the storms  
Lift up again their lovely forms  
When the Great Sun sends down his smile!

And he shall stand renewed in health,  
And in the Temple of the State  
A column classic and ornate,  
A pillar of the Commonwealth!

To lift the Jurist to his feet,  
We reach to him the heart's right hand  
And from the flowers of the land  
We send the beautiful and sweet!

From all the borders of DuPage  
A thousand songs arise as one  
In good-will for its native son,  
The strong, intrepid, true and sage!

June 2nd, 1934.



## The Probate Judge

The Probate Judge  
Has on his heart  
And in his hands  
The cause of those  
To whom the fates  
Have been unkind  
And poured the drop  
Of bitter gall  
And wormwood in  
Their cup of life,  
The blighted ones,  
The orphans and  
The minor wards,  
The widows and  
The dependents.  
And he must fight  
The wolf for them  
And slay the bear  
And trap the fox  
And from the hawk  
Guard the dove-cote.  
A wisdom that  
Is more than books  
He sorely needs,  
A lamp whose light  
Comes from the heart  
By whose true flame  
He reads the law.



JUDGE EDGAR F. THOMA  
Probate Judge of DuPage County

## Judge Edgar F. Thoma

The perfect Judge, kindly and sage  
    In mind and soul,  
Whose record is a spotless page,  
    A stainless scroll!

Like the sweet sky without a flaw  
    Serene and blue  
He sweeps the domain of the law  
    With vision true!

A man endowed with heart and brains  
    And wondrous skill  
To help unsnarl the tangled skeins  
    Of human ill!

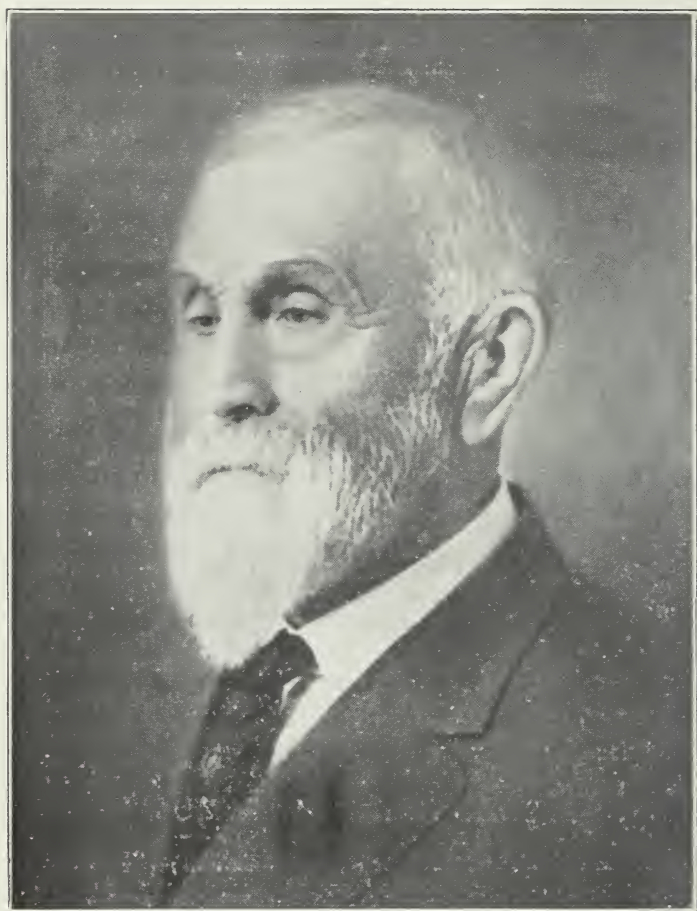
Misfortune's stroke that tears and rends  
    The hopes of men  
With Wisdom's balm he soothes and mends  
    And heals again!

He bends compassion's kindly ear  
    To many woes  
And smites oppression, without fear,  
    With stinging blows!

A new star in judicial skies  
    Above DuPage,  
A Judge whose youthful wisdom vies  
    With snowy age!

In rectitude, a royal palm,  
    A stately pine,  
Standing superb in storm and calm,  
    Lofty and fine!

June 16, 1934.



PROFESSOR ROYAL T. MORGAN  
Ex-Superintendent of Schools

# Professor Royal T. Morgan

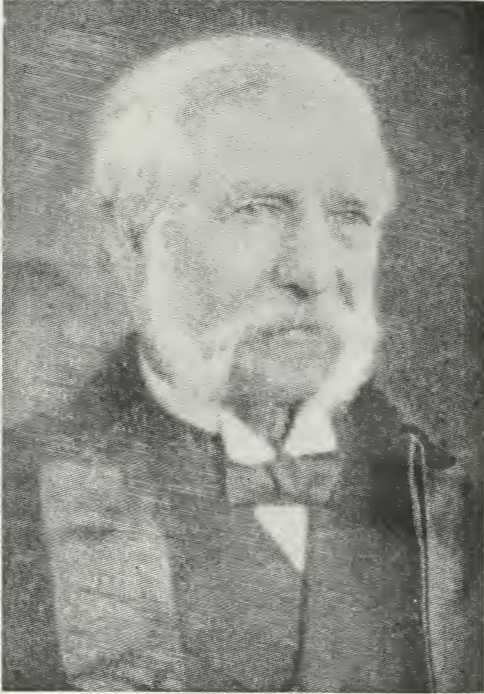
A Schoolman of the Old DuPage,  
One all the world reveres,  
A scholar, soldier, teacher, sage,  
Who walked the school-room as a stage  
For fifty faithful years!

From good DuPage's soil he came,  
Answered to Lincoln's call,  
Of purpose high and noble aim  
He bore through life a stainless name,  
The highest crown of all!

He held the school-house as a shrine,  
A light upon a hill,  
A thing that bore a stamp divine,  
An influence sweet and benign  
Amidst a world of ill!

He rode DuPage's long highways,  
It's by-paths and its lanes,  
And blest its noble yesterdays  
Like the Sun's benignant rays  
And Summer's gentle rains!

Until Life's sea shall cease to roll  
Its never-resting wave  
The good name of this kindly soul  
Shall be writ large on Honor's scroll  
And tablets of the brave!



COLONEL WILLIAM R. PLUM  
Soldier, Lawyer, Author, Nature Lover

## Colonel William R. Plum

“My loved, my honored, much respected  
friend.”—Burns

Here is a true “plumed knight,” indeed,  
A soldier of the sword and pen,  
Framed and fit to grace and lead  
The foremost files of noble men!

A classic figure in the Law,  
An ornate pillar in the State,  
In Court and Forum, without flaw,  
And his life, immaculate!

A gentleness of speech and mien  
With Roman dignity he bears;  
A look benignant and serene  
His inward majesty declares!

He sweeps within his kindly ken,  
With poet mind and artist eye,  
The lowly wild-flowers of the glen  
And beauties of the earth and sky!

He knows the wondrous ways of birds,  
The minstrels of the wandering wing,  
He hears their music without words  
And knows the messages they bring!

Good man, who holds each flower a friend,  
    To whom all the sweet birds belong,  
Accept this petal that I send,  
    This broken fragment of a song,

As tribute of my high regard  
    And great esteem, by words untold,  
My offering of mint and nard  
    And myrrh and frankincense and gold!

A Tribute

COLONEL WILLIAM R. PLUM

Died April 28, 1927

The flowers of Spring that all about us make a glory of the earth have received a kindred spirit to their arms. The violets with tender eyes have for a closer comrade now this kindly man. In a few days the flowers that garland soldiers' graves will spread a counterpane of loveliness above his sleeping form as under a mantle of the Union blue in far off years he bivouacked beneath the stars. The birds he knew—those wandering Troubadours whose homes are bounded only by their tireless wings—will sing above his rest the songs that often thrilled his heart. The Long Roll of the Civil War, that soon will be complete, has added to its burnished list a hero's name.



Col. Plum was a finely-mannered man, decorous and deliberate in all he did and said. There was a rhythm in his speech and mien and lines of beauty in his flowing pen. His imagery and fancy were finely sculptured works of art, polished with care and perfect in proportion. He was a poet in his soul and had an artist's eye. In thought and contemplation he found truth and beauty. The richest things occur in silence. The velvet sandaled feet of Dawn unheard upon the Morning moss usher greater glories in than blaring trumpets ever heralded. The symphonies of setting suns have for the inner ear sweet rhapsodies and jubilates to which the organ thunder and roll of drums are jarring notes. The cadences of falling night; the overture of coming stars are exquisite melodies to such rare souls as Col. Plum's. He loved all these.

But if among the things of silence or of song he loved one beauty more than another it was the world of flowers, the charming children that people Flora's realm. His wonderful lilacs are known throughout the land. They were the pride and labor of his later years. The village where he lived now has them for a legacy and with increasing time its people shall be his debtors more and more. This kingly man has bequeathed to us his coronet set with lovely gems.

In the State he was a noble pillar whose strength was not lessened by its ornament. His loyal tread was in the march of great events in the Nation's life. Atlanta, Sherman, Thomas, Lookout Mountain, were familiar thots. He wrote a history of one branch of the Civil War, in which he served. He was the author of "The Sword and the Soul," a gripping story based on the struggle of the States, in which many think they see a segment of his life clever-

ly concealed by fiction's fragrant leaves. His martial form was seen wherever the old soldiers met and in patriot appeal his eloquence was heard. A white plume of chivalry is gone and misty eyes of old comrades will look in vain for his return.

In scholarship he was one of Yale's most worthy sons, from whose portals he went out to wider fields in search of knowledge and the birds and books and bloom of this and other lands became familiar friends.

In the Temple of the Law he held a place of great esteem, for learning and his own high worth. His record is a spotless scroll.

Col. Plum was a many-sided man and each side good: a clear diamond cut with many facets each shining with unblemished luster. He was a man of poise and calm, unhurried by the haste and noise that mar and blur the finer things. With all the gifts and graces that make the perfect gentleman he was genial, lovable, and rich with sparkling wit that cheered but never hurt. From none he stood aloof but was to all cordial and benignant and a companion rare and choice. His home was a domestic paradise of mutual tenderness and affection.

Like a spring-propheying pine in Winter's wind swept woods with snowy helmet glistening in the sun while in its heart the blood of Summer ran, so he stood at fourscore years, a Youth at time of Yule.

As travelers on a lonely road, where friends grow less with lengthening years, are sad bereft when one departs, so we are all left poor, indeed, except for the rich memory of this splendid man.

# Lewis Ellsworth

(Circuit Clerk of DuPage County)

On His 72nd Birthday, Saturday, June 22, 1929

An Appreciation by Employees at the Court House

Here's a hand to good old "Lou"  
Who is three score ten and two

Smiling like the Setting Sun  
When his daily race is run!

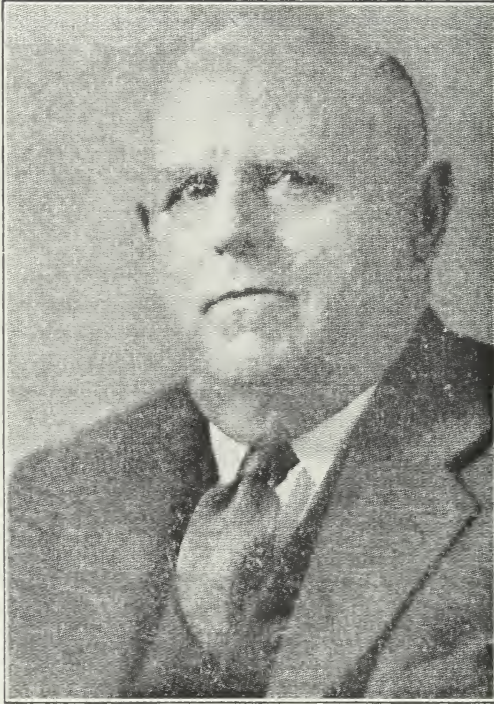
Roly-poly and rotund  
Features fat and rubicund,

Friend of all his fellow men,  
Going strong at three score ten.

As Saint Gabriel on high  
The Recorder in the sky

Enters in his mighty book  
Every act and word and look

So the many deeds of men  
He has noted with his pen



LEWIS ELLSWORTH

Book and page and filing date  
Both the little and the great

So they easily again  
May be found and known of men

All his life has been around  
Matters weighty and profound

Meeting in his many works  
Lawyers, judges, bailiffs, clerks.

Kind, accommodating and  
Lending all a helping hand

Thus his useful days were spent  
Among book and document

Records, orders, entries, pleas,  
Verdicts, judgments and decrees,

We, the jury are, who say  
He has more than earned his pay

And this little gift from us  
At a hundred years, and plus

May he still be using then  
Serving all his fellow men.

This is just a part that's due  
From us all to good old "Lou."



CLARENCE V. WAGEMANN  
County Clerk

# The County Scribe

(Clarence V. Wagemann)

The County Scribe of Great DuPage:-

In time of peace or battle's rage

He did his part

Amid the carnage and the roar

And tumult of the field of War

With loyal heart!

The conflict o'er, war-scarred he came

From Verdun's searing battle flame

And deadly guns

And earned in peace a home and food

To keep and feed his bright-eyed brood

Of little ones!

As loyal in the tasks at home

As on the fields beyond the foam

He does his work,

And careful, accurate and true

Performs the duties that fall to

The County Clerk!

A native of its countryside,

DuPage may feel a mighty pride

In such a one,

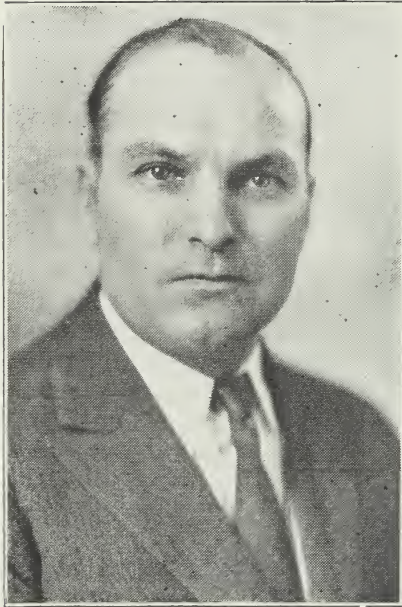
E'en as a father is allowed

A gen'rous leeway to be proud

Of a good son!

June 12th, 1934.





LAWRENCE HATTENDORF

Recorder of Deeds and former Sheriff of  
DuPage County



# Lawrence Hattendorf

The gentleman de luxe is he  
Of the Courthouse purlieus,  
Refined almost to the degree  
Of modest petals that we see  
Fresh with the morning dews!

A man of kindly countenance  
And mild and gentle ways,  
Of winning smile and pleasant glance  
And under ev'ry circumstance  
A man to love and praise!

A product of DuPage's ground,  
A son of honored stock  
And heir to virtues stern and sound  
As the strong merits that are found  
In firm, unyielding rock!

A public servant tried and true,  
A Sheriff and a Clerk  
And Keeper of the Records, too,  
With industry and skill to do  
Correct and honest work!

As a fine statue that may grace  
Some noble niche of art,  
His pleasant voice and comely face  
And manly mien hold a high place  
In DuPage County's heart!



LEWIS V. MORGAN  
Superintendent of Schools, DuPage County

## Lewis V. Morgan

A man of thought more than of word  
And fluent phrase,  
A stream that goes almost unheard  
Its quiet ways

With leaf and lily on its tide  
Moving along  
And to the banks on either side  
Crooning a song!

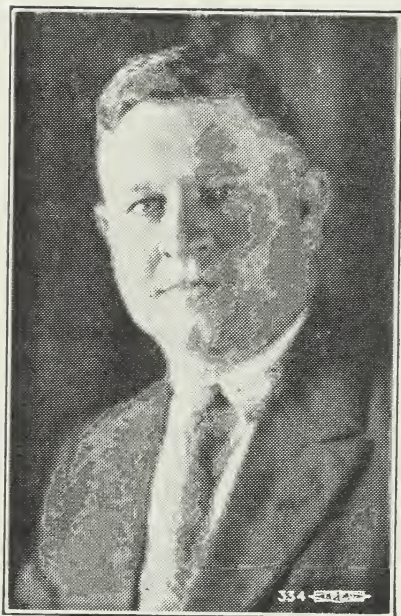
(His father was a man of schools  
In years gone by,  
Reflecting peace as Summer pools  
Mirror the sky!)

The rural flowers sweet and frail  
And wondrous fair  
In schools that dot the hill and vale  
Are in his care!

To him the country children are  
A sacred trust,  
High over all as some blue star  
Above the dust!

These priceless jewels of the land  
Of worth untold  
DuPage commits to his wise hand  
To guard and hold!

August 2nd, 1934.



BERNARD M. LONG  
Probate Clerk

## Bernard M. Long

Good Barney Long is the Glad Hand  
Of all DuPage,  
A sparkling cup of some fine brand  
Mellowed by age!

A care-free ship upon Life's sea  
He sails along  
With laughter, wit and merry glee  
And happy song!

A beam of sun where'er he goes,  
A star at night,  
A Yule-log warmth amid the snows,  
A kindly light!

A sympathy true and sincere,  
A lifting arm,  
And lips that speak words of good cheer  
And never harm!

His open hand and heart and face  
And soul of sun  
Make him beloved in ev'ry place  
By ev'ry one!

June 14th, 1934.



FREDERICK C. HARBOUR

# Frederick C. Harbour

(Candidate for Probate Judge)

Judge-aspirant, exceeding sage,  
Pride of the bar,  
And in the sky of Great DuPage  
A lustrous star!

A royal scion of Blackstone  
In direct line,  
He holds his title to the throne  
By right divine!

A noble head, a lion's mane,  
A crest of white,  
An eagle's eye, a savant's brain  
A voice of might!

As in the deep-veined hills we find  
The golden ore  
The far recesses of his mind  
Are rich in lore!

Integrity is in his blood  
And Justice part  
And parcel of the crimson flood  
That feeds his heart!

With eye impartial he surveys  
With care and skill  
The balance in which Judgment weighs  
The good and ill!

With ermine and judicial gown  
For service done  
Would proud and grateful DuPage crown  
Her honored son!



BENJAMIN LEVERING



# Benjamin Levering

(Candidate for County Judge)

A gentleman of the Old School,  
A noble type;  
In lore of precedent and rule  
And learning, ripe!

An ornament to Bench and Bar,  
A light to grace  
The realms of law as some bright star  
The realms of space!

A man in ev'ry move and mien  
Gently refined,  
A lawyer studious and keen  
With seasoned mind!

**En banc** the heart and brain preside  
Over his court,  
An equal Forum standing wide  
To ev'ry sort!

As a great river moves along  
Devoid of noise  
His tenor is a quiet, strong  
Judicial poise!

E'en as a flawless solitaire  
Adorns a crown  
So would he grace the Judge's chair  
And ermine gown!

June 25th, 1934.



**CHARLES W. HADLEY**

Former States Attorney

DuPage County and

Assistant Attorney General of Illinois

# Charles W. Hadley

(On retiring from the State's Attorneyship)

A long apprenticeship is o'er  
For one who years before the mast  
Has sailed the ocean deep and vast  
And learned its secrets and its lore!

A steady hand, a head that knows,  
A practiced vision keen and clear,  
A knowledge that dispels all fear  
Of every adverse wind that blows!

A great, new ship lies at the pier,  
Her bright prow pointing to the tide,  
Waiting a Master skilled to guide,  
To hold the course or tack and veer;

A Master and a Pilot wise  
Who knows the zones of calm and breeze,  
The trade winds of the Seven Seas  
And all the tides that fall and rise;

Who knows the shallow outer bars,  
The hidden rock and sunken reef,  
The headlands high in bold relief,  
The lighthouse and the gleaming stars!

Here is the ship. There is the sea,  
O seasoned seaman take command,  
The helm awaits your guiding hand,  
The great deep beckons unto thee!

So YOU who swept the law's vast realm  
That touches all the isles of men,  
With bolder heart and keener ken  
To greater seas must turn your helm!

You know the landmarks and the lights  
The law has set where breakers roar,  
You know along the far-flung shore  
The haven of all human rights!

You know the goodly vessel's heart,  
Each spar and boom and gaff and yard,  
The many-pointed compass-card  
And pinholes on her pilot chart!

Great honors are in store for you;  
In halls of Justice and of State  
The ermine and the toga wait,—  
Stretch forth your hand and take your due!

December 14th, 1920.

## Charles W. Hadley

(Candidate for Attorney General of Illinois)

A seasoned soldier takes the field,  
Gray-templed by the sweep of Time  
Yet stronger now with lance and shield  
Than in the sinews of his prime!

He grips with his firm buckler hand  
The mighty aegis of the Law,  
And in his right a flaming brand  
Holds ev'ry foe in fear and awe!

Old Illinois, the strong and great,  
Hath need of his good sword to win  
Against the foe without the gate  
And the more vicious foe within!

Before his index finger quail  
The criminals, now bold no more,  
And the official thieves turn pale  
Like cravens at the cannon's roar!

Wheaton extols its lawyer son,  
DuPage acclaims its farm-born boy,  
They hail him as the ablest one  
To grace and guide great Illinois!

January 4th, 1936



WILLIAM V. HOPF, D.D.S.  
Dental Surgeon, Coroner, Politician,  
Supervisor and Commissioner

## “Doc” Hopf

The great man of whom I sing  
Needs no minstrel's twanging string  
Or a noisy drum-corps or a booming gun  
To proclaim a mighty deed,  
Even as there is no need  
Of a herald to announce the glory of the Sun!

I impale upon my pen  
And hold up before all men  
The wonder-man of Wheaton and the wizard of DuPage,  
Our Bill Nye and Mark Twain  
Known from Downers Grove to Wayne  
And honored both by budding youth and hoary headed age!

He has logic true and sound  
And philosophy profound,  
And the silver eloquence of Burke and Peel and Pitt,  
And the overflowing bowl  
Never cheered a thirsty soul  
Like the genial Doctor's sparkling wine of wit!

We can learn, dear Doc, from you,  
Roses are more sweet than rue  
And kindly words are just the honey they distill;  
To carry cheer upon our lips,  
Not in flasks upon our hips,  
To sweeten our bitter days and lighten human ill!

Blessed is the man whose mirth  
Adds a ray of joy to earth  
Like a sunbeam streaming through the rifted cloud,  
And tenfold more worth is he  
Who dispenses wholesome glee  
Than all the solemn featured and the sombre browed!

May the sunshine and the dew  
Build great rainbows over you  
That shall shine in splendor for a thousand years  
As you travel on your way  
Making Winter seem like May,  
Thou jocund, jovial jester in a world of tears!

Then when the sure day shall come  
As solemn as a muffled drum  
When the windows darken and the oil has run  
From Life's little, fragile lamp,  
You can meet John Henry Kampp  
As serenely as the sunset when the day is done!

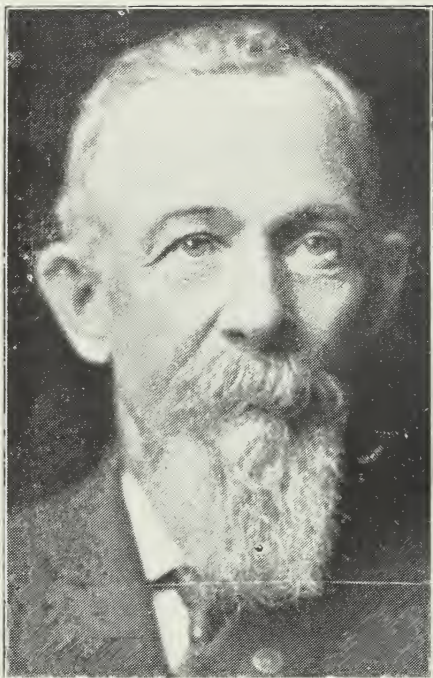
Read at the annual Banquet of the Wheaton Business  
Men's Association in the Masonic Temple, December 9,  
1920.





AMOS CHURCHILL

As First Lieutenant Co. H, 141 Vol. Inf., June, 1864



AMOS CHURCHILL

G. A. R. Commander, President of Glen Ellyn and  
Board of Education and Supervisors

## Amos Churchill

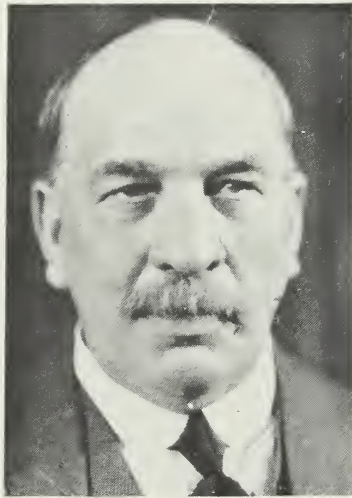
Served in Co. D and Co. M, 8th Illinois Cavalry  
1st Lieutenant Co. H, 141 Illinois Volunteer Infantry

He was a true-born son of DuPage County's heart  
Its soul and soil were finely fibered in his frame,  
In war and peace he bore a high and splendid part  
And added to the luster of DuPage's name!

A prairie pioneer, in manhood's morning day  
He answered the Great Call with steed and spur and sword  
And rode the crimson fields of the fierce Civil fray  
Against the wrath and hate of Treason's rebel horde!

And when the wild Red Sea resumed its loyal blue  
He bravely served in peace as on the plains of strife,  
A citizen devoted who stood stalwart and true  
For all the high ideals and better things of life!

He sleeps in peace beneath DuPage's kindly skies  
Under its friendly flowers and its grateful stars,  
Full of fadeless honors, decked with valor's prize,  
Crowned with civic bays and rich in battle scars!



WILLIAM HAMMERSCHMIDT  
Former Chairman Board of Supervisors

A Memorial Tribute

## William Hammerschmidt

“There were giants in those days”

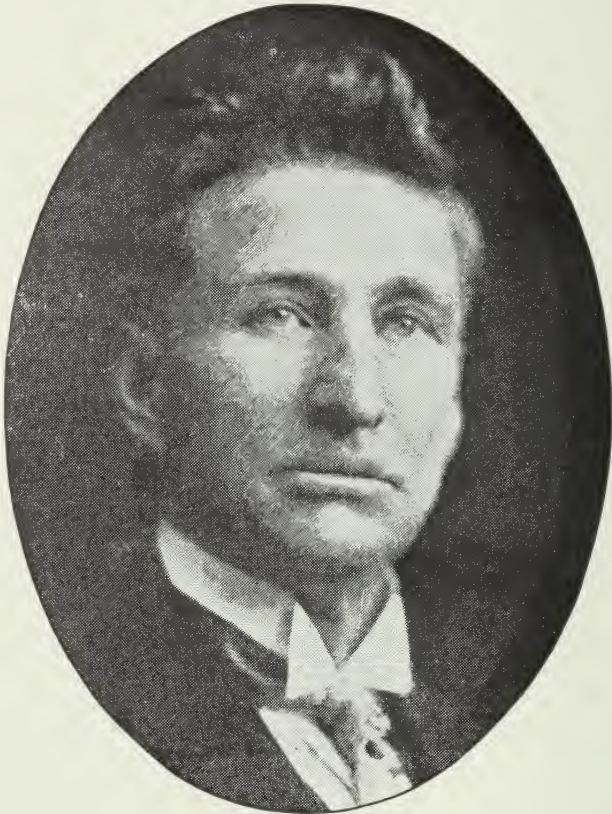
Here was a real man, indeed,  
Like Bismark, big in head and frame,  
The glory of the German breed  
Of sturdy sons and honored name!

It was my privilege to know  
This rugged soul of sterling worth,  
To see him striding to and fro  
And listen to his roaring mirth!

A servant of his fellow men,  
In judgment, just, in wisdom, sage,  
With eyes keen as the eagle's ken  
He watched the welfare of DuPage!

With flowers of a great esteem  
I weave my little crown of bays—  
A chaplet of respect supreme—  
For this good giant of old days!

December 24th, 1935.



WILLIAM W. STEVEN

Supervisor, Postmaster

## William W. Steven

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine”

To this good friend  
We all extend  
The glad and merry mitt  
And thank him for  
His goodly store  
Of mirth and jolly wit!

At the dark state  
Of adverse fate  
He laugheth long and loud  
And silvers o'er  
By magic lore  
The linings of the cloud!

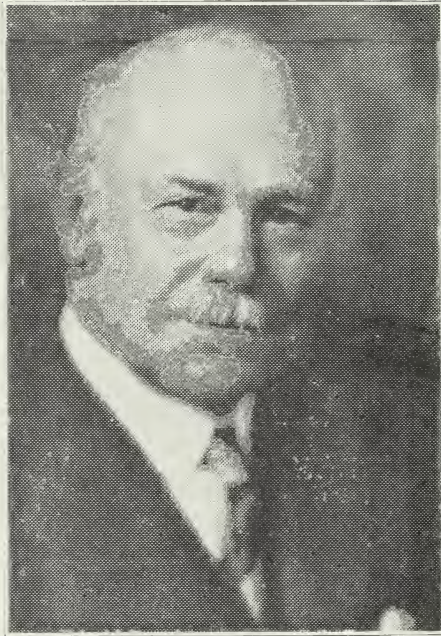
In spite of care  
And Time's gray hair  
He walks the fields of June  
Where on gay wings  
The laverock sings  
His glad and gleeful tune!

By jest and joke  
The heavy yoke  
Of Life he makes more light  
As Dawn uplifts  
And lightning rifts  
The blackness of the Night!

His faults, tho few,  
Are hid from view  
By his congenial ways  
As ivies hide  
The crannied side  
Of towers from our gaze!



To him we sing  
"Long live the King"  
Repeating the refrain  
And may his sway  
Be every day  
A merry monarch's reign!



NEWTON E. MATTER

Editor, Alderman, Coroner, Supervisor, City Clerk,  
County Treasurer



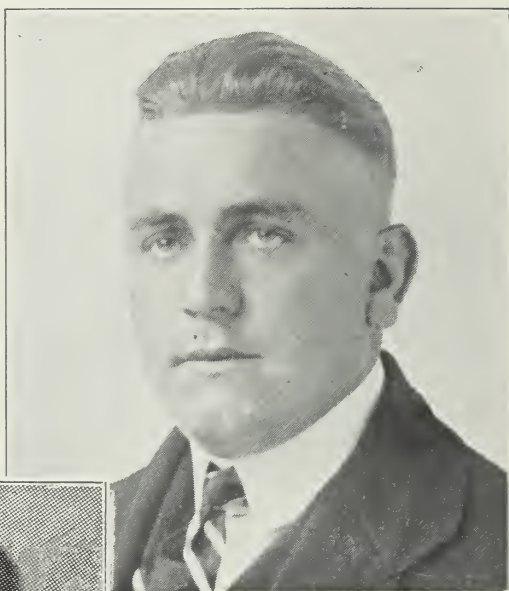
## Newton E. Matter

An Editor with ready pen,  
Alert and sage,  
He chronicled the deeds of men  
In good DuPage!

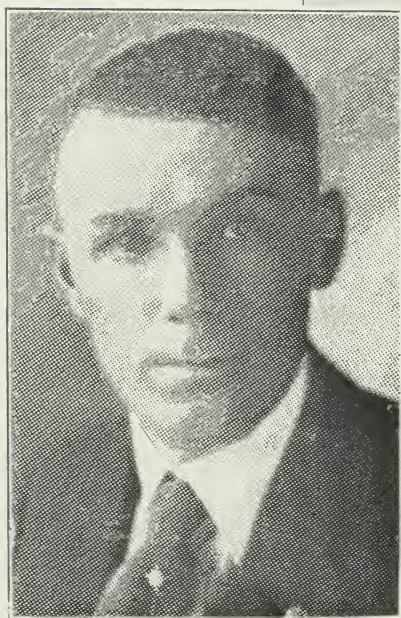
A public servant all his days  
With loyal soul,  
His record is a word of praise  
On a clean scroll!

He wrought with an unflagging zeal  
And constant flame  
For old DuPage's outward weal  
And its good name!

And in its annals he shall be  
A faithful son  
Famed for his fine fidelity  
And duty done!



RALPH M. HOY



GORDON LEONARD

# The Broken Columns

Two fair and stately pillars broke  
    Before the tempest, surnamed Death  
That levels flower, reed and oak  
    Alike with its resistless breath!

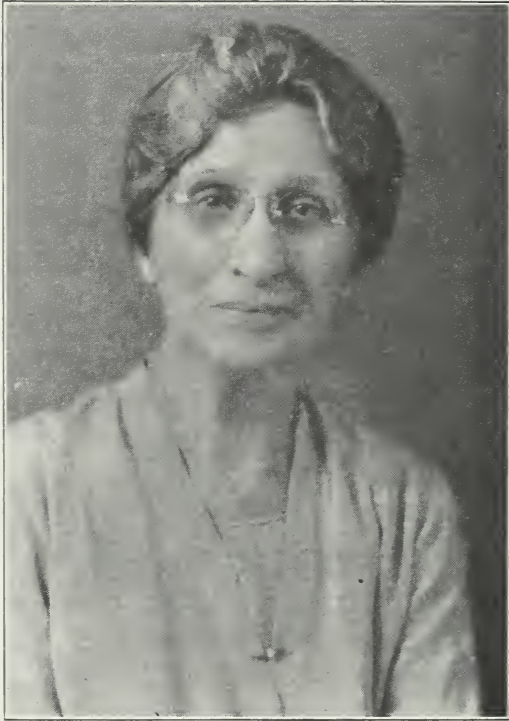
As if the Midnight's inky pall  
    Fell on a sunny field at noon  
And closed the flowers one and all  
    And stilled the songsters' happy tune,

So shadows overwhelm the heart  
    When Manhood so untimely dies  
And clouds we cannot rift apart,  
    And somber mists, bedim the eyes!

But at the shrines where we shall bow  
    In Memory's many templed land  
These noble columns, prostrate now,  
    In flawless majesty shall stand!

Oct. 4, 1929

On the death of Deputy Sheriffs Gordon Leonard and Ralph M. Hoy,  
accidentally killed in the line of duty.



MISS ROSE WEIDMAN

## Miss Rose Weidman

If my thoughts were blossoms  
And my wishes flowers  
Sparkling with the freshness  
    Of the morning dew,  
They would bear a message  
Language cannot utter,  
Like a lovely nosegay  
    Picked and tossed to you!

Down the Past's long pathway,  
By Life's dusty roadside,  
In the daisied meadows  
    Of the vanished years  
Mem'ry's multicolored  
Flowers spread their beauty  
Making a bright Eden  
    Of this "vale or tears,"

All because a gracious  
Friend of gentle nature  
Laughed and smiled benignly  
    As she walked along  
Kind and unobtrusive  
Filling all with gladness  
As the world is sweetened  
    By a passing song!

Through the heat of Summer,  
Through the weary Winter,  
When the tempest lowered  
    Or the sky was clear  
By your hand were showered  
Kindnesses unnumbered  
As when crystal snowflakes  
    Fill the atmosphere!

As you made for others  
Many pleasant hours  
By your cheerful spirit  
    And your goodly ways  
May the fleeting present  
And the years to follow  
Be a path of golden  
    Comfort-laden days!

Peace be with you truly,  
Inward joy delight you  
And each noble spirit  
    Be a loyal friend.  
Hope be your attendant,  
Mercy your companion,  
Faith that never faileth  
    Keep you till the end!

August, 1928.

# Fifty Years of Duty

(To Rose Weidman)

Like a rose in all the splendor  
Of the Spring  
Is the tribute sweet and tender  
That we bring

To this noble friend of ours  
Grandly fair  
With a soul of sun and flowers  
Wond'rous rare!

Like a hawthorne in the whiteness  
Of its May  
And the sweet sun in the brightness  
Of noon-day

She has been a daily blessing  
All the while  
With a charm beyond expressing  
In her style!

Like the maple's golden glory  
In the Fall  
So has been her life's bright story  
To us all!

Ever jolly, wise and gracious,  
She is true  
As the stars in Heaven's spacious  
Dome of blue!

All her goodnesses indwelling  
Softly sing  
Like the gentle waters welling  
From a spring,

And they make a music sweeter  
Than the chimes  
Or the poet's flowing meter  
And his rhymes!

And we crown her with the beauty  
Of the earth  
For her fifty years of duty  
And her worth!

1932.

## Miss Carrie B. Ashley

Bird Ashley has  
The sweetest face  
In the Court House,  
(Where many fair  
And beautiful  
Do much abound)  
Despite the sad



Disfigurement  
Of cruel Fate  
That smote her with  
A searing brand!  
    More than the charm  
That Beauty hath  
A finer type  
Of winsomeness  
Belongs to her  
For from her heart  
Where goodness dwells  
And where the warm  
And genial sun  
Of kindness  
Forever shines  
A light of rare  
Exquisiteness  
Arises and  
Illuminates  
Her countenance  
With a benign  
Efulgency.

    The genuine  
Has set its seal  
On every poise  
And word and look  
And rare good sense  
And modesty  
And wisdom add  
To worthiness



MISS CARRIE B. ASHLEY  
Chief Deputy Recorder of  
Deeds

A triple crown  
Of excellence.

Light from within  
And from without  
Plays on her face  
Suffusing it  
With such a wealth  
Of pleasantness  
It hides all scars  
Unconsciously  
In that sweet way  
That flowers hide  
A crannied wall  
With loveliness.

Her helping hand,  
Her laughter like  
A lively peal  
Of merry bells  
In minor key,  
Her cheerfulness  
Like a bright cup  
Of mirth and glee  
That overflows  
Its crystal brim  
In sparkling floods  
Of merriment,  
All mark her as  
Exceedingly  
Superlative,  
And so she is.



ALMA WAGEMANN HUTCHINS  
Deputy County Clerk

# Miss Alma Wagemann

(Now Mrs. Frank Hutchins)

Lady who was once a lass,  
A bud and now a flower,  
Growing as the seasons pass  
Fairer with each hour!

In the bloom of Womanhood  
Like a lily standing,  
As, mayhaps, an Empress stood,  
Stately and commanding!

Large and limpid, lucent eyes,  
Yet so kindly tender,  
Blue and clear as azure skies  
In their flawless splendor!

As some great catalpa tree  
Sheds its showy flowers,  
Fortune's fairest fall on thee  
In abundant showers!

May the Future's sky be blue  
With unclouded brightness  
Till the Yule of Life crowns you  
With its ermine whiteness!

And the Sunset only lead  
To sweet stars adorning  
A brief Night that shall precede  
An Eternal Morning!



MISS CATHERINE G. BROWN  
"Winsome Clerk in Morgan's Office"

# Miss Catherine G. Brown

Blue-eyed Miss Brown  
From lovely Glen  
That splendid town  
Of splendid men!

As flowers fair  
And colors gay  
Make up a rare  
And rich bouquet

All good things meet  
And merge and blend  
To make this sweet  
And precious friend!

The gentle grace  
Of Summer days  
Is in her face  
And kindly ways!

The songs of birds  
Are in her choice  
And gladsome words  
And pleasant voice!

Something divine  
And yet of earth  
Is in her fine  
And wholesome mirth!

With gems replete  
The Court House crown  
Rests upon sweet  
Blue-eyed Miss Brown!

April 22nd, 1934.

# Ella Stegen

(Now Mrs. C. W. Reed)

During her vacation from Court House

Like an empty flower-vase  
Is the whilom pleasant place  
    She was wont to be;  
A melancholy spot, at best,  
Like a bird-abandoned nest  
    In a leafless tree!

And the days without a Sun  
Their diurnal courses run  
    Dull and drab and drear,  
And the tapers of the Night  
Send a faint and sickly light  
    Through the atmosphere!

Gone the winsome mignonette,  
Gone the gentle violet  
    Queen of lovely Spring,  
And the lark and linnet gay  
At the dusk and dawn of day  
    Have refused to sing!

Modest maid of genteel mien,  
Lady, every inch a queen  
    From her head to feet,  
Dignified, unique and rare,  
Delicate, exquisite, fair,  
    And demurely sweet!



Face as fresh as morning dew,  
Wondrous eyes of hazel hue  
    And delightful brown,  
Here as welcome she shall be  
As a breeze from off the sea  
    To a desert town!

But a better day shall break  
And the singing birds awake  
    And the flowerets ope  
All their bright and lovely eyes  
And a rainbow span the skies  
    With an arch of Hope!

Soon she shall return, and then  
Shall the great world start again  
    Its majestic sweep,  
And the rivers roll along  
Crooning a contented song  
    To the mighty deep!

1926.



Anna Ella Sullivan  
Secretary to States Attorney

# Anna Ella Sullivan

(A Court House Estimate)

A matron wise  
In mother-ways  
With kindly eyes  
And gentle gaze!

A heart-kindness  
And inward grace  
Mark their impress  
In her good face!

A brow that tells  
A thoughtful mind  
Where wisdom dwells  
Rich and refined!

A countenance  
That doth express  
In every glance  
True goodliness!

In her combine  
In a grand way  
The strong and fine,  
Sober and gay!

To her belong  
In high degree  
Deep thought and song,  
Reserve and glee!

The calm serene  
Of the clear sky  
Is in her mien  
And face and eye!

These petals gay  
Tiny and fine  
In a bouquet  
We wreath and twine,

And in a vase  
With blessings meet  
We gently place  
Them at her feet!

September 29th, 1934.

# Esther Tuthill Langan

(On Leaving DuPage County Farm Bureau Service)

The sunburned arms  
Of a thousand farms  
Are lifted high for you  
And calloused hands  
From harvest lands  
Bring in the tribute due!

The youth and age  
Of all DuPage  
That live by husbandry  
Are all for you,  
A truer blue  
Than either sky or sea!

With you we'll go  
Thru sleet and snow  
And fire, rain and hail  
From Pleasant Hill  
To Naperville,  
From Lace to Cloverdale!

You told us how  
To disk and plow  
And spread phosphate and lime  
To cut bad weeds  
And sow all seeds  
Just at the proper time!



MRS. ESTHER TUTHILL LANGAN  
Secretary of DuPage Farm Bureau

To plant soy beans,  
And the right means  
To keep our seed corn dry,  
To put in wheat  
So as to beat  
The hungry Hessian fly!

You showed the way  
To make hens lay  
By giving proper feed,  
How to prepare  
And when and where  
To sow alfalfa seed!

To spray our trees  
And care for bees  
And keep the farm boys home  
And how to treat  
The clay and peat  
And black and sandy loam!

We learned from you  
Just what to do  
If crops are light and thin  
If pumpkins spoil  
Or if the soil  
Has too much acid in!

Of you shall be  
Our thoughts when we  
Behold our lordly flocks

And the grain in  
The golden bin  
And the corn in the shocks!

As time shall fly  
When you go by  
In Winter, Fall or Spring,  
Then open wide  
To come inside  
The farmer's gates shall swing!

And to their guest  
They'll give the best  
Of cherry, peach and plum,  
And they shall be  
O'erwhelmed with glee  
And proud to have you come!

For they who sow  
Pay what they owe  
Like honest sons of toil,  
And they'll pay you  
In measure true  
According to old Hoyle!

And often yet  
Some farm lad's pet  
And creatures that excel  
Shall bear a name  
Of love and fame  
And be called "Esther L."



And every mile  
From Wayne to Lisle  
And Frontenac to Swift  
And from Hinsdale  
To the Army Trail  
We hand you as a gift!

And yours in fee  
Shall DuPage be  
And as its roads you roam  
Where'er you are  
Just park your car  
And you will be at home!

Where'er you go  
May clover grow  
Beneath your faithful feet,  
The fine alsike  
So silken like  
And redolently sweet!

We say, Good-Bye,  
With misty eye  
And yet we know and see  
'Tis a fine thing  
When cage doors swing  
And set a song-bird free!

1928.



MISS JANE A. GASPARO  
Head Draftsman, Map Department

# Jane's Jaunt

(A Travelogue)

Bon Voyage of Court House Friends  
to Jane A. Gasparo on Trip to Europe

To Jane, the Great,  
Our Court House mate  
We say a short adieu  
And wish her well  
Upon the swell  
And on the rolling blue!

To stately Jane  
May the great main  
Be mighty nice and good  
And tossing wave  
And wind behave  
Exactly as they should!

And in fine shape  
May she escape  
The awful mal de mer  
And the whole trip  
On train and ship  
Be a delight to her!

May Aetna's crown  
Just quiet down  
With all the fires out,  
And old Vesuve.  
Attempt to prove  
Himself a royal scout!

And Naple's Bay  
Be calm the day  
Her anchor touches ground

And from her romp  
Through buried Pomp.  
May she come safe and sound

And mighty Rome  
With Catacomb  
And things that Caesar knew  
And Lateran  
And Vatican  
Delight her thru and thru!

And the tall Alps  
With ermine scalps  
Watch over her with care  
So she won't get  
Her poor feet wet  
In Venice' thoroughfare!

And Florence greet  
Her pilgrim feet  
Where Dante's soul of flame  
Gave to the town  
The deathless crown  
Of his immortal name!

Then Bill Tell's land  
Reach the glad hand.  
And lofty Matterhorn  
And fair Jungfrau  
With snowy brow  
Salute her night and morn!

May she have fun  
Among the Hun  
Beyond the haunted Rhine

Where Germans pour  
The beer, galore,  
From tall and foaming stein!

Then as she hikes  
Along the dikes  
Of Wilhelmina's land  
Those big windmills  
Shall give her thrills  
To beat the Navy band!

Paris shall be  
An ecstasy  
Of beauty and of art—  
The noble theme  
Of song and dream,  
The charm of eye and heart!

England, the grand,  
Her mother's land  
And mistress of the main  
Shall take and hold  
With chains of gold  
Her Yankee daughter—Jane!

And Wren's St. Paul  
And Strand and Mall  
And old Threadneedle Street  
Shall give full sway  
And right of way  
To her half English feet!

And she shall stand  
In that dear land  
Beloved by Bobbie Burns  
And Highland air  
Blow through her hair  
Before her step returns!

From London's roar,  
From Britain's shore  
Begirt by seething foam  
A ship shall sweep  
Across the deep  
And bring her safely home!

Back to old Glen,  
And then—and THEN  
To the Court House once more  
Where we shall stand  
With outstretched hand  
To greet her at the door!

1931.



LOTTIE HOLMAN O'NEILL

DuPage County's Representative, Illinois Legislature

## Lottie Holman O'Neill

A noble woman keen as steel,  
    A Mother militant and strong,  
A spirit gracious and genteel,  
    A soul keyed to a martial song!

A daughter of a great domain  
    Whose starry splendors never set,  
A flower of its far-flung plain,  
    A jewel in its coronet!

A clear light in the halls of State,  
    A heart true to a high emprise,  
A guide in council and debate,  
    An eye to pierce the web of lies!

A mind well-poised to judge aright,  
    A wisdom to discern the sin—  
The subtle poison and the blight—  
    Of foes without and foes within!

This gifted woman, wise and sweet,  
    O Illinois, we give to thee,  
To sit where thy law-givers meet,  
    Among thy noble chivalry!



CHAUNCEY W. REED  
Congressman from DuPage County



An Appeal  
to  
Chauncey W. Reed

You have been placed upon a height,  
A pinnacle that gives your ken  
A wider scope and clearer sight  
Than that accorded other men!

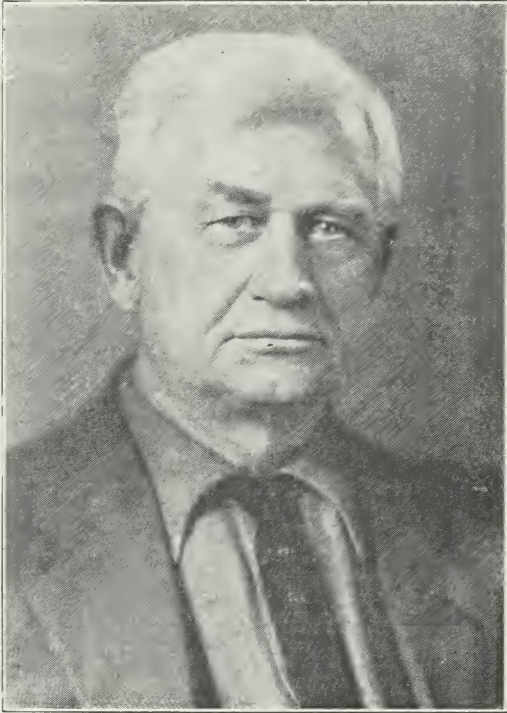
You are a Lookout on the prow  
Of our beloved Ship of State  
And on your faithful vigil now  
Depends her Fortune or her Fate!

As soldiers sealed in slumber sweet  
Trust in the ever-wakeful eye  
Of him who walks the lonely beat  
Under the star-bespangled sky

So you hold this great Commonweal  
Its good and gain, its ill and woe,  
Upon your keen and fearless steel  
And voice that warns of ev'ry foe!

Oh, Watchman from great Illinois,  
Guard this dear Land from foam to foam  
From those who would smite and destroy,  
And make it truly Freedom's home!

January 26th, 1936.



JACOB HUNT  
Court House Janitor

## Jacob Hunt

On His Sixty-Ninth Birthday, Jan. 7, 1929

(From Court House Girls)

“Dad” Jacob Hunt, you are a “dear,”  
And getting better every year!

More than our tongues can tell  
We all like you, and mighty well!

We’re glad to see you going fine  
And full of “pep” at Sixty-nine,

And when a century rolls around  
May you still be above the ground,

(Mayhaps above the land and main  
And piloting an air-o-plane.)

As the sweet Sun that warms the earth  
So is your genial, kindly mirth.

From your good heart there bubbles up  
A cordial and refreshing cup

That cheers the wayfarer along  
And makes his fainting purpose strong!

We like your good, whole-hearted glee,  
We like your wit and repartee,

We like to have you ’round and hear  
Your flow of never-failing cheer,

Your ever-ready helping hands  
That take our wishes as commands!

You do kind things so fine and nice  
And give such sage and sound advice!

We like your hale and hearty laugh  
That drives away the dust and chaff

And only leaves the clean and sweet  
And bright and finely winnowed wheat!

Take thou the love, O Kingly man,  
Of Florence, Evelyn and Nan,

Of Catherine and Margaret  
And winsome blonde and bright brunette,

And receive life's sweetest word  
From Lily, Rose and Babe and Bird

Hang 'round your neck a golden chain  
From Alma, Helen, Olive, Jane!

And the good wishes of the rest  
Shall be a crown upon your crest.

A many jewelled diadem  
From 'us' and 'they' and 'those' and 'them'!

The whole Court House like a heart  
Reverberates through every part

From basement dim to iron bell  
And all its throbbing pulses tell

The mighty love that we all feel  
But have no language to reveal!

We wish you all good things, and more,  
O, dear "Dad" Hunt, whom we adore!

# Golden Wedding Greetings

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Lawrence  
December 18, 1878, December 18, 1928

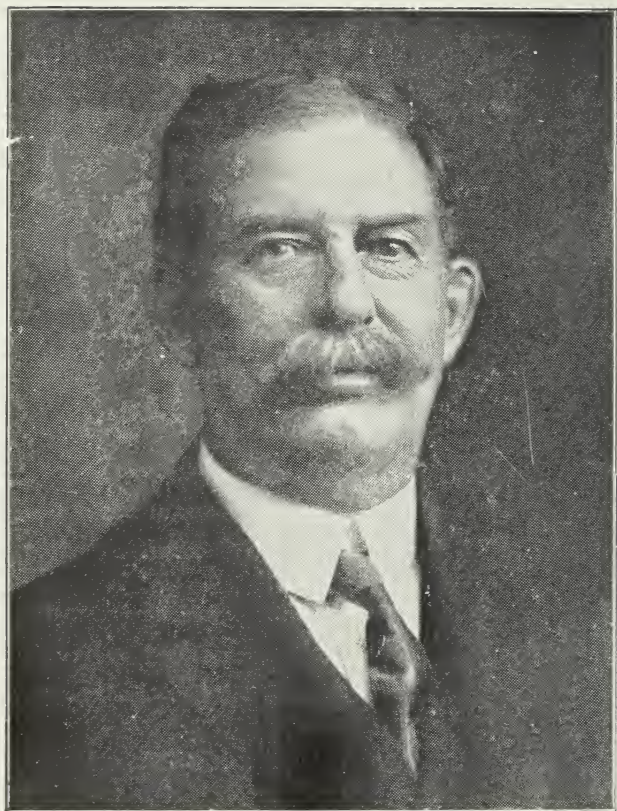
Fifty lovely chimes have rung  
The matins of your bridal day  
And fifty vespers have been sung  
As evening twilight ebbed away!

And fifty Yuletides with their cheers  
Have beheld you come and go  
Together through the checkered years  
From blossom time to Winter's snow!

Between that happy day and now  
All of the years that intervene  
Are royal jewels on your brow  
O, kindly king and gracious queen!

Like attar of the orange spray  
The winds of Memory waft to you  
Delicious fragrance of that day  
And golden years pass in review!

Perennial and always young  
And fresh as flowers of the Spring  
Your spirits be, as when among  
The orchard bloom the sweet birds sing!



HENRY F. LAWRENCE

Former County Clerk

A thousand friends give you their hands  
A thousand hearts beat love supreme  
And wishes like uncounted sands  
Declare to you their high esteem!

May Wisdom, Time's full-ripened grain,  
And Peace, that good hearts only know,  
And Hope be with you and sustain  
While many years yet ebb and flow!

## The New King

To Nick Lies on his election as Chairman of the  
Board of Supervisors of DuPage County

Unto the King of Great DuPage,  
Tried and trusted, safe and sage,  
We sing aloud;  
A native son, a Prince, is he  
Whose title deeds are simple fee  
Without a cloud!

Of this great realm he is a part,  
In soul and sinew, thought and heart,  
In blood and bone,



NICK LIES

Chairman Board of Supervisors DuPage County



Son of the soil, supremely fit,  
By more than right divine, to sit  
    Upon the throne!

The wants and needs of field and farm,  
The things that help, the things that harm  
    The farmer's woes,  
The killing tax, the payless toil,  
The pests that prey on seed and soil,  
    He sees and knows!

He gives his time and ripe, good sense  
Without a thought of recompense  
    With noble zeal  
To all details of state affairs  
And ever on his heart he bears  
    The public weal!

Upon his head we place the crown  
Of sovereign of farm and town  
    And proudly sing  
In rolling chorus clear and strong  
DuFage's coronation song—  
    "Nick Lies, the King!"

1933.



DU PAGE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS—1936

## MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

Left to right—first (bottom) row: Claude F. Jones, Charles L. Gary, Jonas R. Foster, Nick W. Lies, Theodore F. Hammerschmidt, Adam W. Kohley, Frank J. Bogan, Anton Dudek.

Second (middle) row: William Senf, Seymour Waterfall, Jr., Donald R. Murray, Harold P. Dunton, Joseph F. Yackley, Lewis F. Meehan, John J. Kelly.

Third (top) row: Harry B. Davies, Henry H. Zaininger, A. H. Beckman, Frank W. McCabe, Walter R. Youngberg, Clarence V. Wagemann (Clerk), Charles C. Kautz, John H. Horstman.

Absent: Lloyd C. Harner, Herman C. Schultz and Glen Mount.

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## G. A. R. GROUP

Picture on Page 11

Left to right—first (bottom) row: Philo W. Stacy, William Johnson, Lewis C. Stover, Capt. William Penrose, Capt. J. J. Cole, Luther L. Hiatt, Robert W. Gates, William Patterson, Jonathan G. Vallette, Irving Ingrham.

Second row: Allan S. Landon, G. B. Durland, Frank Hull, Daniel Compton, ———, ———, Jacob Laier, James Roe.

Third row: Noah E. Gary, Louis Schmidt, Amos Churchill, Levi Casselman, Capt. M. E. Jones, William H. Luther, ———, Capt. Thomas Watson, Earl W. Fisher.

Fourth (top) row: Alonzo Ackerman, Miles Ackerman, Dave Saunders, Charles Beaner, William H. Myers, ———, ———, ———.

# The Flag Unfurled

A city unfurls to the breeze  
The blended beauties of the Day  
Of azure skies and tranquil seas  
And starry Night's serene array!

The crimson pennants of the morn  
Stream o'er the fields immaculate  
Of the stainless and untorn  
And seamless emblem of the State!

It is a Nation's open scroll  
In might and majesty unfurled,  
The voice of an unfettered soul  
Proclaiming Freedom to the world!

Swift our screaming eagle band  
Shall bear it to the clouds of war  
Where stronger storms shall but expand  
Its flaming colors more and more!

Let us who see it in the sky  
Or by our brothers borne along  
Lift loyal heart and hand and eye  
With meet salute and shout and song!

(Written for the Wheaton, Illinois, flag-raising on July 4, 1917.)

## The Khaki Hosts

Today the tramp to the trenches starts  
And a tread that shall shake the world  
Begins today  
As they march away  
With the star-set flags unfurled!

The stalwart, sinewy sons of the soil  
The pillars of peace and war,  
From a thousand farms  
Bare their bronzed arms  
For the fields of the battle's fore!

From learning's lordly halls they come  
With red blood pulsing free,  
A nation's pride  
To lead and guide  
The strife of the days to be!

Their strong heart-beats are battle drums  
That shall fill the foe with fear  
Ere he shall feel  
The keen, cold steel  
When the khaki hosts draw near!

Honor and cheers for those who go  
In the glory of youth's estate,  
And heart and hand  
To the loyal band  
That holds Columbia's fate!

September 19, 1917.

(For the DuPage County farewell reception  
to the camp-bound soldiers.)

# A DuPage County Boy

ROGER WILLIAM PHILLIPS

(Grandson of Dr. W. V. Hopf)

This little King  
To whom I bring  
    This small bouquet  
Shall wear a crown  
Of great renown  
    Some future day!

A royal boy  
Of pride and joy  
    Who soon shall stand  
A noble man  
To think and plan  
    And bless the land!

A lucky lad  
With a wise Dad  
    And Mother sweet;  
May Fortune rest  
Upon his crest  
    And guide his feet,

And the sweet tune  
Of sunny June

With gentle key  
Be his life's song  
Joyous and strong  
And full of glee!

The sweet perfume  
Of clover bloom  
And lovely rose  
Regale his way  
From break of day  
Until its close!

May all that lies  
Under the skies  
Smile on this Boy  
And bring him health  
And fame and wealth  
And peace and joy!

## The Girl Scouts

The Girl Scouts are the flowers fair  
And delicate and prim,  
The jonquils and the roses rare,  
And tulips tall and slim,

The daffodils that dance in glee,  
The winsome mignonettes,  
The fragile, pink anemone  
And blue-eyed violets!

They grow like lilies tall and straight  
In gorgeous glory dressed,  
They stand decorous and sedate  
With modest beauty blest!

They are the bloom beside Life's Way,  
That waves in ev'ry breeze—  
An ever-living, fresh bouquet  
To cheer and charm and please!

October 28th, 1935.

(Girl Scout Week)



# A Psalm of May

## In DuPage County

The Springtime comes like a man who is singing  
And the earth is full of the fragrance of orchards.

The robin has built his nest in the maples  
And the tulips are soldiers in beautiful turbans!

The new plowed ground gives a tang to the nostrils  
And the meadow lark's song is an outburst of rapture.

The fields of the farmers are beautiful billows  
As the grain undulates when the wind bloweth.

The wild flowers carpet the floors of the forests  
They pave the earth with charming mosaics.

The bob-white's whistle is heard in the meadows  
And the plum and the cherry are dressed in white samite.

Blest is the man who sees the delightful  
Whose soul is in tune with beauty's sweet music!

# A Psalm of October

In DuPage County

Now is the sweet smile of Nature,  
Loveliness lies on all branches  
And the boughs are bending with beauty!

The Almighty has breathed on the landscape,  
The Frost and the Sun are His artists  
Their paintings are super-exquisite!

The Earth is a gorgeous mosaic,  
A carpet inlaid with bright flowers  
Of gold and deep blue and scarlet!

The forests are great Masterpieces  
Spread out by the Infinite Artist  
On the earth's elaborate canvas!

With gold the maples are covered,  
The oak leaves are tinted with crimson,  
The sumacs are hosts with red banners!

October is Color's grand choral,  
The extravaganza of Beauty,  
The Chant Sublime of the Seasons!

October 13, 1935.

# Elmhurst

## ELMHURST CENTENNIAL ODE

Thou City of ten thousand elms  
Verdantly sweet,  
The branches of whose leafy realms  
Arch ev'ry street!

Pavilioned in these tents divine  
Pitched on the earth  
There dwells a race of honored line  
And noble birth!

As oak tree to the violet  
To us you stand  
A monarch with a coronet  
Royally grand!

A century is on your brow,  
And yet, in truth,  
You have the strength and spirit  
now  
Of virile Youth!

Esteem and fealty and cheers  
To you we bring  
And crown you, with your hundred  
years,  
DU PAGE'S KING!

## Downers Grove

I tip my hat to Downers town,  
I set a gem in Downers' crown,  
    A superb solitaire,  
I love its fresh and refined views  
Its long and tree-lined avenues  
    And vistas really rare!

I love it in Spring's showy gown,  
I love its winter's snowy crown,  
    Its Autumn's gorgeous dress,  
Its people of enlightened soul,  
Its record like a whitened scroll,  
    Its gentle winsomeness!

Sweet flower on DuPage's breast,  
With kindly hearts and sages blest,  
    I kneel before your shrines  
As an adorer dutiful  
And offer to the Beautiful  
    The incense of my lines!

## Hinsdale

Little sylvan-cloistered City  
    Calm and still,  
Take this light and limpid ditty  
    From my quill!

Home of charming folks and flowers,  
    Wondrous fair,  
Sunny plots and shady bowers  
    Ev'rywhere!

Glorious its far-expanding  
    Leafy realms  
And its stately and commanding  
    Kingly elms!

In apparel and in station  
    Like a great  
Noble queen in coronation  
    Robes of state!

Much I love the fine and splendid  
    Pleasant views  
Down its wide and far-extended  
    Avenues

When delightful and exquisite  
    Leaf and wing  
Come with each recurring visit  
    Of the Spring

And May tells the sweetest story  
    Earth has told  
And Fall is a book of glory  
    Bound in gold!

Like a jewel scintilating  
    In a crown  
Is this sweet and captivating  
    Lovely town!

## Glen Ellyn

Glen Ellyn is  
The fairest spot  
In all DuPage.  
It is the queen  
Of all suburbs  
In beauty and  
In charm of sweet  
Exquisiteness  
So rare and fine  
That words are vain  
To picture it.  
A queen, indeed.  
Rich-mantled with  
A flowing robe  
Of pattern and  
Gorgeous design  
None can describe,  
An ensemble  
Of loveliness  
That is the most  
Extravagant  
Creation of  
That mighty Loom  
Where Nature weaves  
Her wondrous robes,  
Whose spindles are  
The breath of Spring  
Whose shuttles are  
The leaves of Fall  
Whose warp and woof  
Are threads of gold  
Woven among  
The samite and  
Delightful silk.  
Its hem is trimmed

With violets  
And wild blood-root  
And velvet moss,  
Upon it are  
Bright spangles of  
Hepaticae  
And trilliums  
And pansy beds,  
And its zone is  
Encinctured by  
A girdle of  
Roses and vines  
Wherein are set  
Sweet corsages  
Of lilacs and  
Syringa sprays  
And golden bells,  
Its shoulders are  
As white as snow  
With hawthorn bloom;  
And worn upon  
Her stately form  
It has no peer  
For beauty and  
Delightfulness  
In all the world!

The domain of  
This winsome queen  
Is a great realm  
Of forest trees  
And sylvan dells  
And marsh and moor  
With willow clumps  
Of red and gray  
And yellow bark,  
And deep ravines  
And terraced hills

And winding drives  
Where every turn  
Opens a new  
Vista of charm.  
A tranquil lake  
Sequestered in  
The wooded hills  
Reflects the tall  
Majestic trees  
Along its shore,  
Inverting them,  
And mirrors in  
Its breast of peace  
The azure skies  
The fleecy clouds  
The silver moon  
And noble stars!  
Glen Ellyn is  
A lavalier  
Of loveliness  
On Nature's throat,  
A solitaire  
Among the gems  
In her rich crown,  
The crest of her  
Bright coat of arms.  
Its flowers are  
A symphony  
Of gentleness,  
A rhapsody  
In softer scores,  
A jubilate  
In minor keys,  
And ballads sung  
In sotto voice  
And undertones  
Of confidence



Heard only by  
The inner ear.  
In imagery  
Glen Ellyn is  
A poet's dream  
Of clover fields  
Of wide expanse  
And forests full  
Of delicate  
And fragile bloom  
From which the bees  
Of Fancy can  
Extract a most  
Delicious dew  
More sweet than all  
The honey of  
The Hybla hives!

A thousand homes  
Are nestled in  
Among its trees  
Like birds that build  
Amid the bloom  
Of apple and  
The cherry boughs  
And castles crown  
Its graceful heights  
Sweetness stands by  
Each wayside walk  
And Beauty dwells  
In ev'ry nook  
And Loveliness  
Is ev'rywhere  
About her courts.  
Upon this town  
Are showered all  
The glory of  
Matronly grace,

The winsomeness  
Of maidenhood,  
The buoyancy  
And glee of youth.  
    In Memory  
And retrospect  
Glen Ellyn is  
To me a place  
Elysian-like  
Because of things  
In years gone by  
Too delicate  
And exquisite  
To be portrayed,  
Those things for which  
There are no words;  
The beauty of  
The Western sky  
At sunset time  
Is ever in  
The thought of it,  
The fragrance of  
The vernal woods  
The glory of  
Orchards in May  
The Summer's gold  
And moonlit nights  
The grandeur of  
October's leaves  
The pure and chaste  
Enchantment of  
The Winter's snow  
Are in it all  
And make it sweet!  
    Much I adore  
This splendid town  
Made glorious

By Nature's hand,  
Rich-gifted with  
Far-seeing men  
With artist eyes  
Who know the worth  
Of flowers and  
Delightful birds,  
Whose souls are full  
Of music like  
The rhythm and  
The cadences  
Of Nature's songs.  
I bare my head  
In homage to  
Its honored past,  
I curtsy to  
Its elegance  
And refinement,  
Its taste and tone  
Entrances me  
And by its smile  
Of winsomeness  
I am spell-bound!  
    Wheaton salutes  
His fair sister  
Nearest his heart  
In place and thought,  
So beautiful  
So full of charm  
So superb and  
Apparelled in  
Such lovely robes,  
The most sweet one  
In all the House  
Of Great DuPage  
Whose daughters all  
Are wondrous fair!

## Naperville Centennial

Last week a century plant burst into bloom along the West Branch of the DuPage River and held entranced the countless thousands who looked upon its beauty. Naperville became not just a place on the map—a town of streets and houses. It was a spirit become visible. Its glorious past was re-embodied once again and its long silent tongues spoke eloquently. By artists apt and thoroughly inspired the Centennial was a great portrayal of a City's soul. The pioneer revisited his early haunts, the winds swept the heroic harp of days gone by, the pipes of the past brought back silver tones.

The Star of Empire sweeping westward threw off brilliant coruscations along its path and one of its radiant missiles fell beside the fair DuPage. It was a diamond of pure and lucent spark, rough cut at first, but by the shifting years brought to the luster of its present lovely ray.

Naperville is a city devotedly loved by a loyal people with an affection wholesome and genuine. The very fabric of its being is of pure spun texture, the work of looms whose spindles and shuttles wove honor, like golden threads, into the warp and woof of everything. The city's spirit kindled by the Centennial occasion elicited the unstinted praise of all beholders. It rose to splendid heights. In contrast to events sometimes celebrated by carnivals, fairs and cheap features, the Naperville Centennial was a worthwhile pageant and exhibit of good taste and lofty tone. There was no hollow boasting, but a just pride in noble ancestry and brave deeds.

A hundred rigorous Winters followed by a hundred fragrant Springs find the City with Youth's warm heart and

Manhood's strength and the Wisdom of the years. The inevitable goodly harvest of a goodly seed stands in golden fields before us now. The shout that broke the silence of the woods, the prairie and the stream has swelled into a chorus strong and great. In it are the hum of trade, the tramp and songs of soldiers, the schoolbells and the churches' chimes, that rolled, like some grand organ in full diapason, in the great Centennial crescendo of a thousand drums, a thousand bugles, ten thousand marching feet and fluttering flags and countless beating hearts, all paying tribute to the valor of its past and its heroic present.

In admiration without alloy Wheaton extends congratulations to its noble elder brother on the South and rejoices in the kinship of so fine a relative.

June 7, 1931.

## Wheaton—My City

(Tune: America)

My city and my home,  
Fair as the vaulted dome  
    Of starry night;  
Set in the richest plains  
Columbia contains  
Within her broad domains  
    Of peace and light!

I love thy men of old,  
Souls of heroic mold,  
    Thy pioneers  
Of high heart-beat and thought,  
Thy men who toiled and taught,  
Who wisely planned and wrought  
    In thy young years!

I love thy pleasant views,  
Thy tree-lined avenues,  
    Tranquil and sweet;  
I love thy welcome shade  
Where stately elms have made  
A leafy colonnade  
    Whose branches meet!

O little kingdom where  
A princely people wear  
    The diadems;  
O Christian templed town,  
Whose schools of far renown  
Adorn thee like a crown  
    Of precious gems!

Let all thy children come  
Like soldiers when the drum  
    Beats reveille,  
Full panoplied to do  
Deeds of allegiance true,  
And loyal soul and thew  
    Pledge unto thee!

Written for the Wheaton, Illinois, Home-  
coming, July 4, 1916.

## A Psalm of Wheaton

Wheaton is a City of many beauties,  
It is replete with Christian temples  
And great towers of Learning adorn it!

Its streets are lined with living pillars  
And its avenues with verdant columns,  
The people pass beneath leafy arches!

Brave forebears laid its foundations  
And true hearts established its borders,  
From strong souls came this inheritance!

I have written its praises in rhythm,  
In meter have I measured its greatness  
And crowned its fine people with poems!

It is full of the daughters of music,  
Divines and teachers have graced it,  
Its children are like fields of flowers!

I love this place with great passion,  
The cords of the Past bind me to it,  
I have anchored my ship in this haven!

July 16th, 1935.

# Lombard

## "Lilacia"

Sweet Lilac Park  
Is Lombard's crown,  
The symbol of  
Her sceptered sway  
In beauty's realm,  
The trumpet of  
Her royalty  
To all the world,  
At whose approach  
The lovers of  
'The Beautiful  
Curtsy and bow  
And shout acclaim.  
And as her rich  
Caparisoned  
And royal train  
In fine review  
Moves grandly by  
It is a thrill  
That defies words!

## "Lilacia"

Has now become  
A synonym  
For loveliness  
And beauty in  
Its thousand forms  
And color in  
Its varied hues  
And fragrance in  
Its rapturous  
Delightfulness



Surpassing speech  
And all the rare  
Rich attributes  
Of refinement  
And all that is  
Delectable  
And pleasing to  
The finer sense!

Lombard has crowned  
Herself with a  
Rich diadem  
Of greater worth  
Than precious stones  
And garlanded  
Herself with wreaths  
Of loveliness  
(The circlet that  
Wise Nature puts  
Upon the heads  
Of her choice queens,)  
More delicate  
And charming than  
The soulless gems  
That deck the crowns  
Of mortal kings!

It was as though  
Good Colonel Plum  
When he passed from  
His earthly realm  
Had taken off  
His coronet  
That glittered with  
The Beautiful  
And with his kind

And gentle hands  
Had laid it on  
The village green  
As a bequest  
From his fine soul  
To fair Lombard!

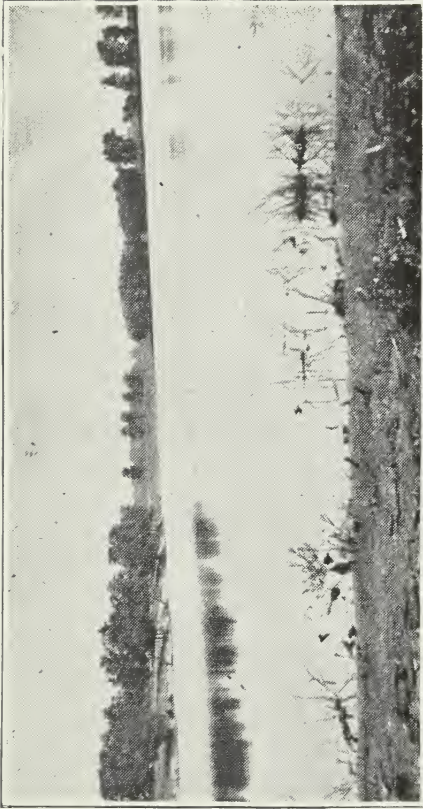
Upon this gem  
Of glory lies  
The good man's smile.  
The reflex of  
His countenance  
Is printed there.  
The music of  
His speech is in  
The breezes that  
Caress and kiss  
The lilac boughs,  
And attars rich  
And redolent  
Are like the sweet  
Outpourings of  
His benign soul.  
The birds that were  
This true man's joy,  
Those minstrels of  
Exquisite plume  
And wing and voice  
That wander up  
And down the land  
Are visitors  
To this choice place  
In countless hosts  
And linger long  
As though they sought

To glimpse again  
His kindly face!

The grace of his  
Rich language is  
Seen in the sway  
Of willow wands  
That bend and bow  
In rhythmic time  
When gentle winds  
Pass through the park.  
His eloquence  
Is in the bloom  
Of noble trees  
Full rounded by  
The period  
Of splendor when  
The sun shines on  
The silver of  
The aspen tree,  
That monarch of  
This kingly realm.  
His poetry  
Is in the flow  
Of fountains that  
Leap up and laugh  
In merry glee  
And in the ferns  
And tiny moss  
And violets  
That cling close to  
The mother earth  
Where they can hear  
Her lullabies  
And gentle songs!

Lilacia,—  
A sunbeam that  
Has strayed away  
From Paradise;  
A star that fell  
From Beauty's crown;  
A sunburst on  
The bosom of  
Chicagoland;  
A shrine to which  
The lovers of  
The Beautiful  
Shall wear a path  
In coming years  
And where they shall  
Devoutly kneel  
And worship her  
And rise and go  
Away in peace  
Refreshed in soul  
Like men of faith  
Returning from  
A pilgrimage!

Lombard is now  
A precious place  
For Beauty and  
For Memory!



**HERRICK LAKE**

In DuPage County Forest Preserve No. 12

## DuPage County Forest Preserves

The Forest Preserves are spangles of splendor

    Upon the rich raiment of DuPage, the Fair,  
Like dewey-eyed daisies limpid and tender  
    Sewed upon samite priceless and rare!

True men have framed these pictures of glory

    And gave them as gifts to the years yet to be  
Depicting the charm of Nature's sweet story  
    Of lake and of river and flower and tree!

They built these fair havens for delicate flowers

    And exquisite things surpassing all words,  
These glens and thickets and umbrageous bowers  
    And safe Sanctuaries for beautiful birds!

They fought for the Fair, like chivalry's warriors,

    They faced the foe on the forefront of duty,  
They stayed the hands of the vandal destroyers  
    And the feet that trampled and disfigured beauty!

These leafy pavilions in splendor unceasing

    Shall grow in charm as years shall sweep by,  
A grace and a glory forever increasing  
    The rapture of soul and spirit and eye!

## About the Author





## A Native Son

It is my pride  
To be a son  
Of Old DuPage,  
My father, too,  
Here had his birth  
And my grandsire  
Took up his claim  
When the red-men  
Yet roamed the land.  
Here was I born  
Upon a farm  
In Winfield Town  
But a stone's throw  
From Milton line  
Close by the Lake  
That bears my name.  
I tilled the soil  
As boy and youth  
For twenty years  
And well I know  
Its joys and woes  
Its harvest heat  
And winter cold  
And endless toil  
When roads were poor  
And comforts few  
And luxuries  
Were things not known.

## Early Impressions

The Civil War  
Between the States  
Was over and  
But nine short years  
Were wholly gone  
When I was born.  
In all my youth  
And boyhood days  
The land was full  
Of Union Blue  
Whose mighty files  
Stretched league on league  
On public days  
With fife and drum  
And foaming horse  
That reared and plunged  
And gnashed the bit  
Mad with the thrill  
Of trump and tread  
That filled the hearts  
Of man and steed  
With fever heat.  
I saw men there  
With wounds not healed  
With pallor of  
The prison pen  
And hospitals  
Not wholly gone,  
With the disease  
Of fen and swamp  
Yet in their blood,  
Agues and chills  
And every rheum,  
With wooden stump

And empty sleeve  
Reminders of  
The Wilderness  
And Antietam.  
And men marched by  
Who stood with Grant  
In Shiloh's Woods,  
Who went with him  
And took Vicksburg  
And set again  
The River free  
To flow unvexed  
Down to the deep,  
Who swept the crest  
Of Mission Ridge  
And scaled the heights  
Of Lookout with  
Joe Hooker's men,  
Who faced the foe  
At Gettysburg  
And stood upon  
That roaring crown  
With Doubleday  
And tore to shreds  
Rebellion's flag  
And all its hopes,  
Who cut a swath  
Of crimson hue  
Down to the sea  
With Sherman's host,  
Who at the Rock  
Of Destiny  
With Thomas stood  
And held the foe,  
Or on a horse  
Rode in the raids  
With Sheridan,

Heroic men  
Of every race,  
Of Mulligan's  
Irish Brigade,  
And Germans of  
Franz Sigel's corps,  
Who marched with Schurz,  
And saved the day  
On many fields.  
And there I saw  
With a great thrill  
Men of the famed  
Eighth Illinois  
Who rode their steeds  
And measured swords  
With Mosby's men,  
And matched their spurs  
With Early's and  
Jeb Stuart's hordes.  
I saw the great  
Hundred and Fifth  
DuPage's pride  
Who fought their way,  
Three Hundred miles  
Through Georgia  
And stormed the heights  
Of Kenesaw  
And the wild hills  
Of Resaca  
And pushed on through  
Altoona Pass  
To Atlanta  
And left its pride  
An ashen heap  
And swept in might  
Down to the main.  
All these I saw

But over all  
Unheard, unseen,  
Though keenly felt  
A spirit stood  
Sublime and grand,  
Gentle and strong,  
Above him waved  
A seamless flag  
Whose clustered stars  
Were all within  
One lovely field,  
And in one hand  
Were broken chains  
Of men made free  
The other laid  
In healing on  
A nation's wounds,  
And in his face  
A light divine  
And peace was on  
His grief-plowed brow  
As then upon  
The fields of war.  
And all these things  
Gave a firm bent  
To all my life.  
The bugler Time  
Has sounded taps  
For most of them  
Of that blue line  
But I shall see  
That mighty host  
And hear its tread  
And feel its pulse  
Until I die.

## Wheaton

The City fair  
That is my home  
The County Seat  
Of old DuPage  
Has been the love  
Of all my life.  
Its people are  
As kings and queens  
Whom I delight  
To sing about.  
For them I sang  
A hundred songs  
And tuned my harp  
To noble strains  
In praise of them,  
The wise, the true,  
The beautiful,  
The business man,  
The sage, the wit,  
The young athlete,  
Loved teachers and  
Great clergymen,  
The patriarchs  
And newlyweds,  
Matrons and maids.  
I saw her youths  
Go forth to war  
In khaki clad  
In multitudes  
Like Autumn's brown  
Wind-driven leaves  
The praise and pride  
Of many homes.

I traced them close  
In training camp  
On land and sea,  
Beside the Meuse  
Along the Aisne,  
Upon the Marne  
At Cantigny  
At Chipley Ridge  
In the Argonne  
At dark Sedan  
In Belleau Wood  
At red Verdun  
Chateau Thierry  
And fierce Soissons  
In trench and field  
Mid shell and fumes  
Shot down in air  
Dismembered by  
The cannon-bolt  
And choked with gas.  
I saw them come  
Back home again  
With service bars  
And Croix de Guerre  
Pinned on their breasts  
With wounds and scars,  
And some, alas,  
Flag-wrapped and still,  
The stars of gold.  
I wrote a book  
Of their great deeds,  
A history  
Of Wheaton's sons  
A book of verse,  
"The Khaki Hosts"  
Which all may read.

## My Estate

All the lovely stars I see  
I hold the title to in fee!

And ev'ry day I am made proud  
To own a glory-gilded cloud!

The rich rainbows that are thrown  
Across the sky I also own!

All the fields of gold and green  
Are waving over my demesne!

In joint tenancy I hold  
The Morning and the Sunset gold!

And all the flowers of the plain  
Are mine by eminent domain!

June 1st, 1935.



## Myself

I am a man  
Of flesh and blood  
And not at all  
Of dreams compact,  
I have regrets  
And appetites,  
I feel sharp pain  
When I am stung,  
I do not walk  
With downcast eyes  
And fail to greet  
The passer by  
With words of cheer.  
But all about  
I revel in  
The beauties of  
The mighty world  
All which I hold  
By title deeds  
Joint tenant with  
My fellow men.  
Sunsets I own  
The stars are mine  
The Spring brings me  
Its violets  
And May its bloom,  
The Summer is  
My granary

Of golden grain  
And Autumn paints  
The woods for me,  
Boreal night  
Shoots its bright shafts  
Of glory to  
The Northern skies,  
The Dawn and dusk  
And twilight are  
Part of my wealth,  
And I have friends  
More dear than all  
The splendors of  
The Universe.  
I am not moved  
To bitterness  
By any act  
Of erring man.  
The world is sweet  
And Hope is both  
My Morning star  
And Hesper in  
The fading West.

The Song of DuPage County



There's a Spirit fine and gentle  
Who goes with me night and morning  
Who surrounds me with his presence  
As the vine enwraps the oak tree  
As the bark around the willow  
Who responds to do my bidding  
Like the genii to Aladdin:  
And he reigns o'er DuPage County  
As the elfins, sprites and fairies  
Rule in the enchanted woodlands:  
And he whispers secrets to me  
As the oak leaves talk together  
When the breezes sway the forests,  
And he tells me all the stories  
All the lore and all the legends  
Of DuPage and its good people,  
And this light and happy spirit  
Wanders over all the prairies  
Mimicking the Bobwhite's whistle  
Imitating all the song birds,  
Wanders thru the woods in Winter  
Shakes the snow-encumbered branches  
And laughs at the crystal showers,  
In the Springtime shakes the hawthorn  
Till its blossoms fall like snow-flakes,  
And he walks its lanes and highways  
Walks the streets of its fine cities,  
Singing ever of its greatness  
Ever telling of its glories.

And he knows all DuPage County  
Like an Indian the forest

Like Huck Finn and young Tom Sawyer  
Knew the rivers and the woodlands,  
Knew the alleys of their village;  
Knows the cross-ways and the highways  
Clear from Signal Hill to Bartlett  
From Lake Street to Copenhagen  
From the Airport down to Downers  
From the Army Trail to Ogden.  
And he knows all of its cities  
All its villages and hamlets,  
Knows Roselle, Nick Lies' kingdom,  
And he knows all West Chicago  
(Little replica of Dublin)  
With its railroads and its freight yards;  
Knows most Beautiful Glen Ellyn  
The great home of politicians,  
Home of Judges, Clerks and Sheriffs,  
Masters and Investigators  
And the two cub States Attorneys,  
Bailiffs and good looking lawyers  
Flowers fair and fairer women;  
Knows great Elmhurst and its lordly  
Avenues of shade and beauty  
Green in Springtime, gold in Autumn,  
The Goliath of the county;  
And he knows Lombard, the Splendid,  
Lombard and its lovely lilacs,  
Where in golden days now vanished  
In the days when there were giants,  
Lived Great Hammerschmidt, the Mighty,

Lived York township's good King William,  
Held in memory and honor,  
Father of a line of princes;  
Knows Hinsdale, of kingly glory,  
Great estates and trees and landscapes  
And refined and cultured people;  
Knows the many spots of beauty  
That adorn all DuPage County,  
Rocky Glen and leafy Wooddale  
Herrick Lake and the Bird Refuge  
And Glen Ellyn's crystal mirror  
Sylvan cloistered, flower bordered  
With a rim of green in Springtime  
With a frame of gold in Autumn,  
And a frame of brown and russet,  
In the moon when leaves are falling;  
And great Morton Arboretum  
Paradise of trees and flowers  
From all places under Heaven,  
A crown jewel of the Nation.  
And he knows all of the others,  
Westmont, wide awake and coming,  
Winfield, in its Sleepy Hollow,  
Wayne, a wild rose on the prairie,  
Downers Grove, the twice blest Village,  
Blessed with beauty, blessed with Wisdom,  
Smile and sunshine of the County,  
Decked with fame and crowned with honor;  
Knows Lisle township's rural beauty,  
Adam Kohley's lovely country;

Warrenville, the grand old rustic  
Of the river, woods and prairie;  
Naperville, renowned in legends,  
And the lore of the old timers,  
And those other prairie flowers,  
Scattered over the great meadows.  
Warrenhurst and Swift and Belmont,  
Bensenville and small Eola,  
Frontenac and Lace and Granger,  
Cloverdale and Lisle and Ardmore,  
Addison and fair Itasca  
And young Villa Park, the giant.

For a thousand years henceforward  
May this DuPage County Spirit  
Watch and keep our noble homestead  
Keep it clean and sweet and wholesome  
As its meadows fresh with clover  
As the attar of its roses  
As the fragrance of its flowers,  
Chaste and pure as its prairies  
When the Winter robed in samite  
Dressed in white and snowy chiffon  
Covers it with stainless ermine!

1934.



## APOLOGIA

I owe a great apology to countless DuPage men  
    And to many wondrous women beautiful and fine  
Whom I have not saluted with my flowing pen  
    Or given in this book the tribute of a line!

For this delightful County is like a jewel tray  
    In a lapidary's store of scintilating gems  
Full of precious stones of every lucent ray  
    And lustrous as the stars in midnights' diadems!

As I cannot at once put all in my wee purse  
    Or name the hosts of light that sweep the lovely skies  
E'en so I cannot set in one small book of verse  
    All of DuPage's people whom I love and prize!

But unmentioned ones are just as choice and rare  
    As those of whom this booklet's little pages tell,  
And the unnoted flowers are equally as fair  
    As those I chance to pick and pin on my lapel!



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POEMS OF DUPAGE COUNTY WHEATON, ILL.



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