

TIP SAMS OF KENTUCKY  
PATRIOT

BY  
J. T. COTTON NOE, Litt.D.  
*Poet Laureate of Kentucky*

"Cotton Noe's Character sketches are as fine poetry, reflecting American scenes and characteristics, as can be found in space and time. They form a lasting contribution of great value to American literature."—George Steele Seymour in the Step Ladder, organ of the National Order of Bookfellows.

165 North Carson Road  
Beverly Hills, California

I  
1920

Tip Sams had twins  
And a razor-back sow,  
Five dogs and a mule  
And an old roan cow;  
A bone-spavined filly  
And a one-room house,  
And a little wrinkled woman  
Just as meek as a mouse.  
Old Tip raised tobacco  
And he trafficked in skins,  
For he had seven sons  
In addition to the twins,  
And every mother's son,  
And the little mammy Jude,  
Smoked a pipe all day  
And the twins both chewed.  
But Tip kept a-digging  
And he never lost heart  
For the dogs hunted rabbits  
And they caught a right smart;  
And the bone-spavined filly  
And the mule pulled a plow,  
And they lived off the givings  
Of the old roan cow,  
And the acorn-fattened farrow  
Of the razor-back sow.  
But here the story closes  
Of my little romance,  
For the seven sons are sleeping  
On the battlefields of France;  
But their daddy grows tobacco  
And trafficks still in skins,  
And the little wrinkled mammy  
Has another pair of twins.



*Right*

II

1941

Tip Sams' second twins  
Are twenty-one today,  
And the little wrinkled mammy  
Is feeble now and gray;  
The older twins enlisted young  
And one was lost at sea;  
The other's in the army now  
Way out in Hawaii.  
Old Tip himself is tottery,  
But he still carries on,  
Though the bone-spavined filly  
And the mule are both gone.  
He tries to raise tobacco,  
And he trafficks some in skins,  
But it's hard to make the raffle  
With the help of both the twins.  
The dogs that hunted rabbits  
And caught them in the snow,  
Passed on to other hunting  
In the happy long ago.  
Tip still gets the givings  
Of an old roan cow,  
And he has some scrawny farrow  
Of a razor-back sow.  
But the mast each year is lighter  
And the pigs are mighty thin,  
And with varmints ever fewer,  
How much longer can he win?  
His muscles now are flabby,  
And Time has dimmed his sight,  
But oh, what a tragedy  
If he should lose the fight!—  
The fight with dire poverty  
In a country rich in gold,  
This hero of great battlefields,  
Now growing frail and old,—  
This patriot who gave his all  
To save democracy,—  
His weary toil, his seven sons  
Who sleep beyond the sea;  
Yet worships still the precious flag  
Unfurled in Freedom's air,  
And prays his God with bleeding heart  
To keep it ever there!

*A. Trout*

*3/29/69*

*18630*

Kentucky Library WKU

Originally as "fast as greased lightning,"  
now slowing down a bit.

Very truly yours,

*Clifton Rose*

Tip II published in the Step Ladder in Dec  
ber , and there have been so many requests  
for copy, I just had to have this printed  
to supply them.

*Ky. Bedg.  
MS  
SC 1021*