THE LITTLE VERSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Many who read this paper will remember the Burma Shave signs placed along the major highways of America. I can remember seeing the signs on a straight stretch of Hwy. 67 between Hope and Emmet.

Here is a little history regarding the famous Burma Shave signs. It all started back about 1925 when Clinton Odell developed a brushless shaving cream. This cream could be rubbed on the face and eliminated the need for a shaving mug and brush. His son, Allan Odell came up with the idea of using the roadside signs as a way of advertising the new product. At first his father refused to go along with the idea, but he finally gave in and authorized $200 to be spent on signs. Allan bought some used lumber and cut it into 36 inch strips and thus began one of the most successful advertising gimmicks of all time.

The signs consisted of five or six signs about 200 feet apart along major traveled highways. The first four or five signs contained a rhyming verse and the last sign just said “Burma Shave”. The company paid farmers a small fee for allowing them to place the signs on their land. Soon the advertising began to work and sales of the shaving cream increased rapidly. More signs were built and the company even started a contest where people could send in jingles and be paid $100 if their jingle was chosen.

The signs were a part of American advertising from 1925 until 1963. During that time over 7000 verses were painted on signs and covered 45 states. No signs were placed in Arizona, New Mexico, or Nevada because of low traffic volumes and none were placed in Massachusetts because it was hard to find good locations for the signs on the winding roads. The signs became a diversion for families traveling America’s highways as they read each line of the verse. Some had funny messages and others had serious safety messages for the driver.

The company had a crew of eight trucks which maintained the signs and changed the verses at least once each year and replaced any broken signs. These men called themselves PHD’s (Post Hole Diggers). One of the causes of broken signs was that horses liked to rub against them to scratch themselves so the signs were raised higher to eliminate that problem. Some people also used them for target practice and when they were placed near college towns, many were stolen and placed in dormitory rooms for decoration.

By the mid-1960s travel had become faster and the interstate highways were being built. The Burma Shave company was sold to Gillette, then to American Safety Razor Co., and finally to Phillip Morris. The big companies decided the signs were a silly advertising gimmick and ordered them all removed. The Burma Shave signs had worked well for about forty years and are fondly remember by many older Americans.

Clinton Odell died in 1958 and his son Allan who thought up the idea of the Burma Shave signs died in 1994. Here are few examples from the approximately 7000 verses the company used during that 40 year period of advertising:
THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Henry the Eighth
Prince of Friskers
Lost Five Wives
But Kept His Whiskers
*Burma Shave*

The Whale Put Jonah
Down The Hatch
But Coughed Him Up
Because He Scratched
*Burma Shave*

Around The Curve
Lickety-Split
Beautiful Car
Wasn’t It
*Burma Shave*

Car In Ditch
Driver In Tree
Moon Was Full
And So Was He
*Burma Shave*

Don’t Lose Your Head
To Gain A Minute
You Need Your Head
Your Brains Are In It.
*Burma Shave*

If you dislike
Big traffic fines
Slow down
’Till you
can read these signs
*Burma Shave*

Don’t pass cars
On curve or hill
If the cops
Don’t get you
Morticians will
*Burma Shave*

They missed
The turn
Car was whizz’n
Fault was her’n
Funeral his’n
*Burma Shave*

Don’t stick
Your elbow
Out so far
It might go home
In another car
*Burma Shave*

From
Bar
To Car
To
Gates ajar
*Burma Shave*

If every sip
Fills you
With zip
Then your sipper
Needs a zipper
*Burma Shave*

Approached
A crossing
Without looking
Who will eat
His widow’s cooking?
*Burma Shave*

A girl
Should hold on
To her youth
But not
When he’s driving
*Burma Shave*

Big mistake
Many make
Rely on horn
Instead of
Brake
*Burma Shave*

You can beat
A mile a minute
But there ain’t
No future
In it
*Burma Shave*

Sleep in a chair
Nothing to lose
But a nap
At the wheel
Is a permanent snooze
*Burma Shave*

This will never
Come to pass--
A backseat driver
Out of gas.
*Burma Shave*

Road
Was slippery
Curve was sharp
White robe, halo
Wings and harp
*Burma Shave*

Speed
Was high
Weather was not
Tires were thin
X marks the spot
*Burma Shave*

Highways are
No place
To sleep
Stop your car
To count your sheep
*Burma Shave*

The minutes
Some folks
Save through speed
They never even
Live to need
*Burma Shave*

At school zones
Heed instructions!
Protect
our little
Tax deductions
*Burma Shave*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Little Bo-Peep</th>
<th>He tried</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Has lost her Jeep</td>
<td>To cross</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It struck</td>
<td>As fast train neared</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A truck</td>
<td>Death didn't draft him</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When she went to sleep</td>
<td>He volunteered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A man</th>
<th>Her chariot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A miss</td>
<td>Raced 80 per</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A car--a curve</td>
<td>They hauled away</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He kissed the miss</td>
<td>What had</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And missed the curve</td>
<td>Ben Her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>He saw</th>
<th>Train approaching</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The train</td>
<td>Whistle squealing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And tried to duck it</td>
<td>Pause!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kicked first the gas</td>
<td>Avoid that</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And then the bucket</td>
<td>Rundown feeling!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>When frisky</th>
<th>Proper</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>With whiskey</td>
<td>Distance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't drive</td>
<td>To him was bunk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Cause it's risky</td>
<td>They pulled him out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Of some guy's trunk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Twinkle, twinkle</th>
<th>Is he</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One-eyed car</td>
<td>Lonesome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We all wonder</td>
<td>Or just blind--</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHERE</td>
<td>This guy who drives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You are</td>
<td>So close behind?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>On curves ahead</th>
<th>Heaven's</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Remember, sonny</td>
<td>Latest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That rabbit's foot</td>
<td>Neophyte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Didn't save</td>
<td>Signaled left</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The bunny</td>
<td>Then turned right</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Violets are blue</th>
<th>Why is it</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roses are pink</td>
<td>When you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On graves</td>
<td>Try to pass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of those</td>
<td>The guy in front</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who drive and drink</td>
<td>Goes twice as fast?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No matter</th>
<th>The price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>No matter how new</td>
<td>The best safety device</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In your car is you</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The safest rule</th>
<th>No ifs or buts</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Just drive</td>
<td>Like every one else</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is nuts!</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cattle crossing</th>
<th>Means go slow</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>That old bull</td>
<td>Is some</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cow's beau</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Don't</th>
<th>Try passing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>On a slope</td>
<td>Unless you have</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A periscope</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dim your lights</th>
<th>Behind a car</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Let folks see</td>
<td>How bright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YOU are</td>
<td>Burma-Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Statistics prove</th>
<th>Near and far</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>That folks who</td>
<td>Drive like crazy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drive like crazy</td>
<td>Are!!!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burma Shave</td>
<td>Burma Shave</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mr. V. Osborne of this city, “the man without a coat” is celebrating his 73rd birthday anniversary.

About 46 years ago he bought a coat, a navy blue garment cut in what was then the latest style. He got to wear it at his wedding. He has worn it only three times since then, two of the occasions being subsequent weddings, and the third being “the coldest night he ever saw” eleven years ago. In his entire life he has not worn out more than two coats. “The next time I wear a coat, I will wear it a long time” is the grim determination expressed by Osborne.

The following are some reasons why Osborne is entitled to be called “the most eccentric man in Arkansas”.

He never removes his hat except when going to bed and when eating with strangers. His hat is the first thing he puts on in the morning.

He hasn’t worn an overshirt but a dozen times in the last twenty years.

He drinks no intoxicants.

He has chewed tobacco for 65 years.

He never smokes.

He drinks black coffee and eats “hog and cornbread”.

Osborne is a carpenter born in Jasper County, Tennessee and has lived in Arkansas since before the war. He talks freely about his customs. His sole reason for going coatless, he says, is that he considers the garment unnecessary. He says he is healthier than he would be if he wore a coat. He has never had a headache and no fever since 1862. He says he never feels “tough” after arising in the morning. He eats three meals a day and isn’t faddish concerning his food except it must be simple fare. Osborne’s fourth wife died last July 4th. He is the father of a boy baby two and a half years old.

From The Nevada News (March 4, 1915)

A meeting of the South Nevada County Medical Association was held. Physicians attending were: from Prescott- Drs. Reeder, Hesterly, Chastain, Rice, Buchanan (Al), Buchanan (Gill), and Cox; from Bodcaw- Dr. Garner; from Sutton- Dr. Sutton; from Bluff City- Dr. Pool; from Emmet- Dr. Sandlin; from Cale- Dr. Tompkins; from Laneburg- Dr. Nelms

Other physicians who were absent because of being too busy to attend were: Dr. Mendenhall from Rosston, Dr. Brandon from Rosston, Dr. Shell from Caney, and Dr. Horton from Willisville.
BLUFF CITY GIRL’S TEAM OF 1929

Left to right: (1) Cora Starnes (Bolls); (2) Inita Henry (Gillespie); (3) Sula Nichols (Robinson); (4) Marie Hildebrand (Pruitt); (5) Gladys Hildebrand (Harvey); (6) _________; (7) Azell McGee; (8) _________; (9) Gladys Morgan (Nelson); (10) Ethel Gillespie Moore; (11) Carlene Robinson; (12) _________; (13) Helen Harvey (Robinson); (14) Brodie Kirk (Knight); (15) Dorothy Latimer, Teacher (Notice all the wrist watches and stylish tennis shoes)

(from the Prescott Daily News - March 13, 1909)

In 1906, William A. Gilcher of Ohio, purchased land near Delight at a nominal price and started raising peanuts. A year later the great diamond discoveries began to attract the attention of the whole world to Pike County after George Kunz, the noted diamond expert, disclosed that the diamonds rivaled South African gems. A boom started and the price of Gilcher’s land soared.

No diamonds have been found upon the land as yet, but the diamond boom was on all around him. Gilcher went on calmly and raised a crop of peanuts. After picking them, he started in to look for diamonds. He gave the land a thorough plowing, searching every piece of earth. As a result, he found several diamonds. The price of his land went up more and he is thinking of giving up peanut farming and becoming a diamond farmer.
THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THE WORDS UNSAID
by Florence Jones Hadley
Published in The Camden Evening News June 21, 1927

How often, how often, O heart of mine,
Have we sat at the close of day
And looking backward been glad, so glad,
Of the words we did not say.

For words are easy to say, you know,
And they crowd the door of the lips
Unless the warden, Love, is close by
To see that no wrong word slips.

Like a crafty foe, through the open door,
For when he once gains the day
He will never, no never, go back again,
But a victor, he becomes to stay.

The words that we use so easily
Of our lives are a very part;
They can bring glad smiles to a tear-wet face
Or add grief to a burdened heart.

Then let us take heed, O heart of mine,
That the end of each coming day
May find us glad, when we backward look,
For the words that we did not said.

BANANA SPLIT CAKE

INGREDIENTS

1 16 oz. pkg. vanilla wafers (crushed)
1 cup margarine (melted)
1 20 oz. can crushed pineapple (drained)
6 bananas
1 8 oz. package cream cheese
2 cups confectioners sugar (softened)
1 12 oz. container of Cool Whip (thawed)
1/4 cup chopped nuts
8 maraschino cherries

Combine the crushed vanilla wafers and melted margarine. Pat into the bottom of one 9 X 13 inch pan.

Beat the cream cheese and confectioners sugar together until light and fluffy. Spread over the top of the vanilla wafer crust. Spoon crushed pineapple over the cream cheese layer. Then layer sliced bananas over the pineapple. Cover with the whipped topping and sprinkle top with chopped nuts and maraschino cherries.