

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s

t u v w x y z

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4

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## Spacing Section:

HHAHOO	HHBHOO
HHCHOO	HHDHOO
HHEHOO	HHFHOO
HHGHOO	HHHHOO
HHIHOO	HHJHOO
HHKHOO	HHLHOO
HHMHOO	HHNHOO
HHOHOO	HHPHOO
HHQHOO	HHRHOO
HHSHOO	HHTHOO
HHUHOO	HHVHOO
HHWHOO	HHXHOO
HHYHOO	HHZHOO
HH.HO.OO	nn.no.oo
HH,HO,OO	nn,no,oo
HH HO OO	nn no oo
HH HO OO	nn no oo
HH HO OO	nnanoo
nnbnoboo	nncnocoo
nndnodoo	nnenoeoo
nnfnofoo	nngnogoo
nnhnohoo	nninoioo
nnjnojoo	nnknokoo
nnlnoloo	nnmnomoo
nnnnonoo	nnonoooo
nnpnopoo	nnqnoqoo
nnrnoroo	nnsnosoo
nntnotoo	nn.n.o.oo
nnunouoo	nnvnovoo
nnwnowoo	nnxnoxoo
nnynoyoo	nnznzoo
HH H O OO	nn n o oo
nn no oo	nn no oo
11011000000	11111100100
11 11 00 00	11 11 00 00
11411400400	11 11 00 00
11 11 00 00	11 11 00 00
11 11 00 00	11 11 00 00

Or Condylectomy Rill An Globalism  
 Damps Messagery 4 Psychicist Dys-  
 spermatism Rummary. Aft En Bas-  
 si Ok Ague Cerebrosuria Blastopor-  
 phyritic, Outspent Smokes Gelders  
 Latrant Thakur Noya t Vela. Bib-  
 liopegistic An Am Linnets, We Flax-  
 tail. Fbi 1 Chromatophil Us Lagered  
 Plan, A Nidus Photostats Apetaloid  
 Bluebook Coony Marvy No eva-  
 sive. Lave Mom Lunts Oat Bardo Bay  
 Plot Dermaptera A Rub Diplomats.

Neuritic Goujon Burning 0 Tows  
 Filemark Endoscopic Woks Am Exect,  
 Electropu cturation. Tidy Albuminous-  
 ness Epic Gosh Ceibos Accretal Any,  
 Peal HEAVY Yule Pons Esq Spo-

## *The Cluck o' the Wheels*

THE FELLERS THAT WRITES aint got 'round to tell  
Of the bullies that battled the gumbo hell,  
And plowed through the muck of the alkali flats,  
—And didn't wear "chaps" and ten-gallon hats—  
But rastled with broncs that was half wild cats,  
And herded them 'long with a single jerk line;  
Blazed their own trails to the camps and the mine—  
They didn't mark trails them days with a sign.

They didn't write of nights by lonely camp fires,  
In a land of far places,—and oak-hearted liars  
That set in the light of the camp's warmin' blaze  
And thrilled of adventure in dim, misty days  
On trails far beyond the blue and the haze  
Where sky-roof meets Earth; of days cold and long  
Of Injun and horse thieves, and the lilt of the song  
In the cluck o' the wheels as they joggled along—

Men now are the oxen and men are the mules,  
And these have but muscle and brawn for their tools;  
And men are the drivers that goad on and spur  
To keep the wheels turning to make the soft purr  
That comes when they cluck in the road's muck and stir;  
For these were the fitted to trade and to gain,  
And theirs were the string teams that crossed the great plain,  
And these hooked their fellow men strong to the chain.

Dead, too, are the camp fires along the freight trail,  
The freighter has gone and gone is his tale;  
Not one hooks the swing teams strong to the chain\*  
To pull the vast cargoes across the wide plain,  
For the cluck o' the wheels we listen in vain.  
But string teams will always be trudgin' the road,  
And there'll always be drivers to prod and to goad  
The dumb, sweating creatures that pull on the load.

\*The teams working anywhere between the wheelers and the lead horses.

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