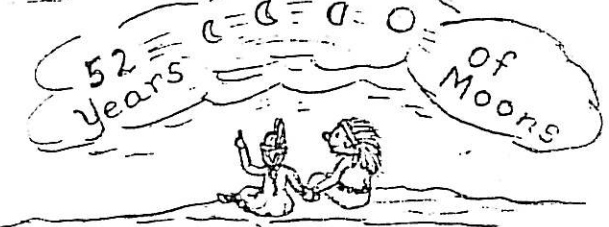


June 22, 1940 - June 22, 1992

"The Indians"

You Chief In-A-Hurry;  
Me Squaw Running-Late.  
Me six steps behind;  
You one who can't wait!  
We share same wigwam  
For many a moon.  
Four papooses to bless us,  
All grow up too soon!  
Now they have papooses,  
Three for each, some now grown,  
With more little papooses,  
Almost six, of their own!  
You Chief Dash-Ahead,  
Up and down hill,  
On warpath or peace pipe;  
Me Jag-Along still!  
Fifty-Two years of moons  
Spanning changes we see,  
And our great tribe expanding  
From just you and me!  
You Chief In-A-Rush;  
Me Squaw Poke-Along.  
You still fret and worry;  
Me still sing a song.  
We good for each other;  
We love birds, we two;  
Still sharing same wigwam;  
Now just me and you!



To Chief of Tribe from Loving Squaw.

On Our 52nd Wedding Anniversary

Chief: Harold Wesley Byland Squaw: Elizabeth Loraine Holloway  
Byland