

## We Lay A Wreath--

Jim Tibbs isn't with us any longer. The bugle has sounded "taps" and for him life's long, hard road is over.

Jim was a humble character. He wasn't a captain of industry. He shined shoes and he shined them well. Who shall say that a man who shines

shoes for a living and shines them the best he can is not entitled to as much credit as a man who fills a more important position and perhaps doesn't fill it quite as well as he can?

The boys used to make a lot of fun of Jim. He was the butt of innumerable practical jokes and he didn't like it very well. He used to get mad, and the madder he got, the faster came the jokes, but we have an idea that down in his heart he would have missed the rough joking if it had stopped. And all the time he was shining shoes and shining them the best he knew how.

We always used to watch for Jim at the Memorial Day exercises. He was a veteran of the World War and every Memorial Day he blossomed out in his olive drab uniform, all nicely cleaned and pressed and when Old Glory rose to the top of the flagpole, no one stood any straighter or saluted any more sharply than Jim Tibbs. We always thought that Memorial Day was one of the high points of Jim's life. It touched some spring deep down inside of him and made him feel that he had been a part of that vast citizen army which fought for democracy.

Jim Tibbs worked hard all his life. He was the father of a nice family. He filled his niche in the world the best he could. His humble tale is told. Let all men speak well of a brother who did not find life's pathway easy and who trod it bravely.