

My fiftieth anniversary Sept. 19-15
On the nineteenth day of September
In eighteen sixty five
Soon after the close of the great war
A blue-eyed babe much alive

Came to bless the home of Daniel
And Deborah his wife so fair
They called him, Alva Elwood.
Fat and rosy his little cheeks were

His legs were fat and chubby.
His cheeks were ruddy and round.
And at the age of just three months^{Sir}
His weight was twenty two pounds.

His living was plain & simple
And luxuries few did he get.
But this little chert grew to neighborhood
And now he's a whopper, you bet.

Of mischief and fun he had plenty
Boring holes to see sister's brass.

On walking the farm acrossed fars
He'd think it, O yes mother knows.

A fine pair of oxen we had sir
O yes, father made them a yoke
And one day while coming through ^{Plautsville}
He fell in a tub of soft soap.
Life surely was happy & gay then
Our cousins we took for a ride
But Lion he scared at old Janey
And we surely had a landslide.

This young lad grew to his manhood
And finally a bride did he take
Eleanor the daughter of Isaac ^{make}
And she surely some pie could he
God blessed this happy union
And children he gave them five
Four boys and one sweet lassie
The surest that heaven could give
Do you wonder today that I'm happy
Not because of my money to spare
But because of these four bright boys ^{her}
And Nellie Marie so fair.

~~May somehow the world be brighter
To life for any life that stay
I see this world of sin & sorrow
When I shall have passed away~~
This was written last Sept. the 19th
on Sunday while Nellie was
getting dinner, I corrected some
afterwards