

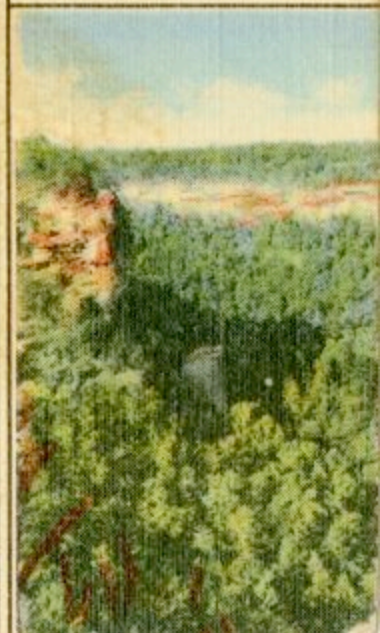


"ALABAMA"

*From thy prairies broad and
fertile,
Where thy snow-white cotton
shines,
To the hills where coal and iron
Hide in thine exhaustless
mines,
Strong-armed miners—sturdy
farmers;
Loyal hearts whate'er we be,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!*

*From thy quarries where the
marble
White as that of Paros gleams
Waiting till thy sculptor's chisel,
Wake to life thy poet's
dreams;
For not only wealth of nature,
Wealth of mind hast thou
to fee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee!*

From State Song by Miss Julia S. Tutwiler



GREETINGS from

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