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Echoes from Old Glory

8/29/2014

2 Comments

[This was written in the early 1950's and was first published in *Southwest Labor* in 1956 and later published in my book of poetry, *In the Shadow of the Hills* in 1963.]

I fly from the highest staffs....guard the world's greatest ships...adorn the walls of countless schoolrooms and I am etched in the heart of every American.

I have seen many things since I was first created. The birth and growth of a great Nation; a Nation divided in a great civil conflict; and that nation united in two World Wars, when foreign lands were stained red with the blood of America's youth.

Mine eyes have seen grief and joy, hate and love, success and failure. Wars have saddened me, peace has gladdened my spirit, prosperity has strengthened me and depression has darkened the sun which enshrines me.

Men have betrayed the trust I have placed in them. They have abused the freedoms which I represent. But I look not for the bad, I see not defeat. That is why I fly from such lofty heights, so that I may see the good about me and look over horizons and see a future which my subjects cannot vision.

At the close of each day when I am lowered from my staff, my proud body bows down and I give a prayer of thanks to Almighty God, for without His guidance, i could not have survived the troubled past and I need Him to guide me through the ever changing future.

The rich and poor are humbled alike when I pass by. I hear the voices of many tongues, see faces of many colors and listened to the songs of many religions, yet I hold no barriers...to me they are equal.

I am strong, all powerful, yet I wave a greeting to everyone who passes by. Great words have been written about me by the greatest statesmen, yet the words I cherish the most come from the lips of a small child as h or she gives their first pledge of allegiance to me and to that for which I stand. Faltering as their words may be, they are the future of America.

I stand guard over the graves of those who have protected me in the past. I must forever be on guard in the future for there are those who would destroy this great nation, which has been carved from virgin sod by men and women of many creeds and colors.

Tho I may be soaked by rain, covered by dust, and torn by misuse, i will not perish, for I am strong. I am the heart of America.

Source: *A Bit of History* by Virgil Talbot, page 174.

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A Bit of History Blog

*Bits of History from
NE Oklahoma &
NW Arkansas*

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What's in a name? Talbot Library and Museum....

8/17/2014

2 Comments



Virgil Talbot, Founder's Speech - June 2, 1990

Excerpt from Founder's Speech by Virgil Talbot, Dedication of the Talbot Library & Museum, Colcord, OK, June 2, 1990

"...There are those who say I am self-serving and I suppose it is because I insisted that this be *The Talbot Library and Museum*. I am proud of that name and perhaps more so than most because I came into this world with out right or title to a family name and for sixty years I never knew the identity of my natural father. Mine was no joyous moment of birth---there was no proud father waiting, nor caring mother. But there was someone willing to take me into their arms and into their heart and call me their own. That person was *James A. Talbot*, better known as *Jim*. He gave me the *Talbot* name

and I have proudly borne it ever since.

In a sense he traded a valuable piece of property in downtown Long Beach, California for the possession of me. I hope he never regretted this deal. So today, the name "*Talbot*" is up there on that building, not as a tribute to me but to a man who was born on Cowskin Prairie near Grove, OK, of ancestry reaching back to the Norman coast of France, and beyond that to the Norsemen from the far north; whose people came over the long Trail of Tears and settled in this country some 150 years ago; a man who loved history and passed that love on to me; who loved to read and gave me that love. Just the other day Creel Philpott told me that one thing he remembered best about my Dad was that he loved to read. I think that is a good thing to remember a man by. So to "Daddy", and to all the *Talbots* before him who had a tradition of "Centuries of Service", and to all of you, I pledge to you that I will do all within my ability to assure that the *Talbot Library and Museum* will be here for generations to come."

Source: *TL&M Genealogy Magazine, Volume XVIII, Number One, 2010, Page 14*

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Museum Hours:
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
8:00AM - 4:00PM
Friday
8:00AM-2:00PM
(or other days by appointment for research)
Phone: 918-326-4532

Email: talbotlibrary@earthlink.net



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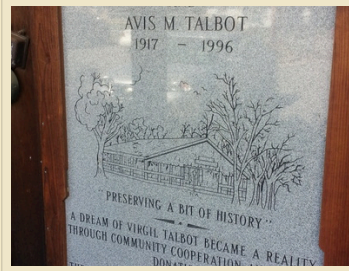
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