

MY FIRST LOVE

We met a few years ago,
Right then we fell in
love.

She was wandering
around high and low
Like something sent
from above.

There is no prettier
girl in town.
Her skin is white as
milk,
Her eyes are liquid
brown
And her hair as fine
as silk.

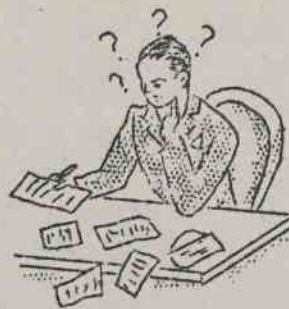
We're always together.
She's my best gal,
Cause no matter what
the weather
She's still my pal.

We play around the
pond.
We dance in the sum-
mer wind.
We romp the whole day
long
Until the night begins.

A happy couple are we
When tramping through
the bog.
As you can plainly
see,
She is Poochie, my dog,
JT

A RAINY DAY

The rain comes down
all 'round;
It falls on roofs and
trees.
It makes a noisy,
sleepy sound
Like the hum of bees.
But later 'tis the mud
I find,
That sticks fast to
the ground
That causes my mother
to lose her mind,
When my shoes tell
what I've found. P.J.F.



SCRIBBLING SCRIBES

Nature's Call

First comes the bud,
Then comes the flower;
And with the sun
Comes the summer show-
er.

The Fruit is ripe,
It's taste so sweet;
This is the call
Of Nature to eat.
Adolph Brantley

MY APPRECIATION

From each of my
school years I have
reaped a different
crop. My mind as the
soil and my teachers
as the sowers who have
tried to sow good seed
have helped to make my
fruit. The weeds in
my crop were the hard
and unpleasant things
of life. So thankful
am I for the influence
the sowers gave in
helping weed out these
problems. Into each
year some rain has
fallen to make me
grow; however rays of
sunlight fell too.

My crop was cheap be-
cause my seeds were
paid for by the tax of
North Carolina. In
return the least I can
do is to be a good
citizen. J.G.

IF
IT
IS

GAS

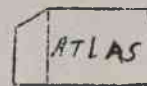


OIL



OR

BATTERIES



YOU ARE LOOKING,
VISIT US FIRST.

BAILEY SERVICE
STATION

BAILEY,

N.C.