

I took my lunch and sat down to eat  
 Here came a squirrel  
 I raised up my gun and it went boom.  
 Down came the squirrel and hit in  
                                   my spoon.

He was so big and about to run off,  
 I stomped him until he coughed.  
 I took him home and had him for  
                                   supper,  
 He was so good I went after another.  
                                   Sixth Grade

### Leaves

The leaves will soon be falling  
                                   down,  
 Turning colors of red and brown.  
 Hickory nuts are falling too.  
 So cold of weather there is no dew.  
 Bye and bye snow will be falling  
 Covering leaves upon the ground.  
 The trees soon will be bare of leaves  
 And they will be blowing through  
                                   all the trees.  
 -Buddy Thompson - Lewis Dendy,  
                                   Seventh Grade

### Would You Be Scared

If you were out in the woods at  
                                   night  
 And a big white thing were to come  
                                   in sight,  
 Would you be scared?  
 And if you went walking down the  
                                   road  
 And were to look and see a toad,  
 Would you be scared?

If you were up in a big airplane  
 And something went wrong with  
                                   that thing,  
 Would you be scared?

Just suppose you should hear a groan  
 A voice that said, "You better go  
                                   home,"  
 Would you be scared?

If you were to see a great mad dog,  
 Just the other side of a hollow  
                                   log,  
 Would you be scared?

But if that mad dog were to bite,  
 Before you could get out of sight,  
 You - would - be - scared.  
                                   -Wenona Vinson,  
                                   Seventh Grade

### School Days

I'm glad school days are here again  
 Vacation days are past,  
 And I must work instead of play.  
 But how I love each busy day,  
 And all my school mates too.  
 The nicest days of all are those  
 When you have something to do.  
 Each year of school I've thought  
                                   was best,  
 And that teacher the nicest yet  
 But this year's going to be the be.  
 The teacher, too, I bet.  
                                   -Lolita Holt,  
                                   Seventh Grade

### An Ode to My Cat

Our cat had kittens yesterday.  
 We put them in their house to stay,  
 But their mother said, "No,  
 I can't have my kittens catching  
                                   cold  
 Out here in this old house,  
 Where I can't even find a mouse!"  
 So she gathers them up in her mouth  
 And takes them up to my playhouse.  
 She puts them on my little bed.  
 There they will stay until they  
                                   are dead  
 Or scampering about on my bed.  
                                   - Maxie Lee Wright,  
                                   Seventh Grade

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The Sunday School teacher asked  
 the children to write down the  
 names of their favorite hymns.  
 One little girl wrote down, "Willie  
 Smith."

Doctor: I would recommend  
 Colorado Springs for your  
 rheumatism.

Louise: Very well, Doctor, I  
 will have some put on my bed at  
 once.