

FOOLISH ME

I saw a deer
So full of fear
I shed a tear
Is that so queer?

JAMES KIRBY GUERIN—*Fourth Grade*

OPEN COUNTRY

Oh, the open roads of Galeridge,
That's where I love to be.
The open roads of Galeridge,
The place that's best for me.

Oh, the open fields of Galeridge,
With grass above my knee.
The open views of Galeridge
As far as eye can see.

Oh, the open air of Galeridge,
That makes me shout with glee.
The open flowers of Galeridge,
With scents to catch the bee.

Oh, the open throats of Galeridge,
That carol from a tree.
The open joys of Galeridge,
Are mine without a fee.

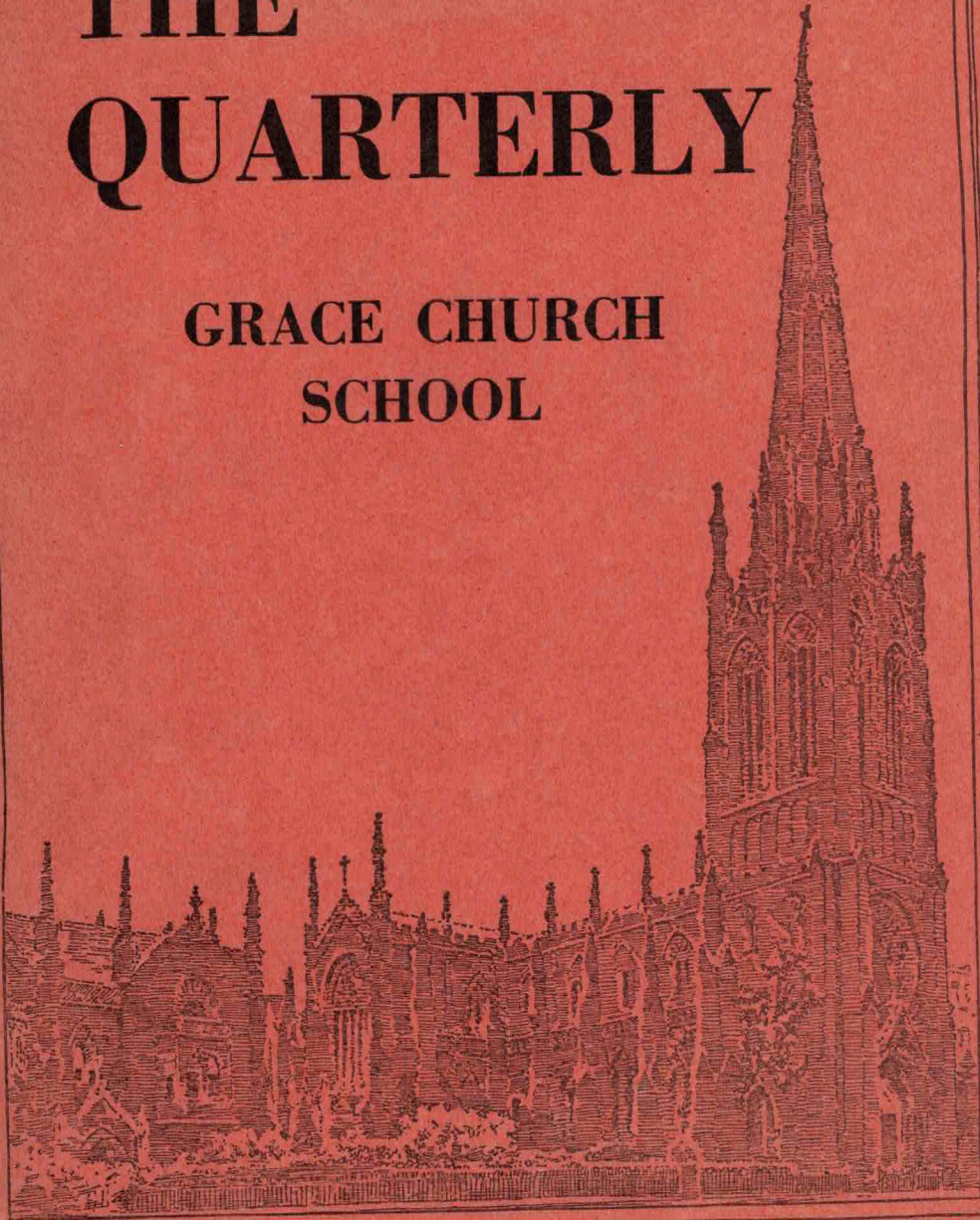
Oh, the open haunts of Galeridge,
Where I can wander free.
The open skies of Galeridge,
A world without a key.

THEODOR HOLM NELSON—*Fourth Grade*

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