

THE TRAVELERS

I know a couple, strange to say
She drives her husband every day
To first one thing and then another
And he takes it like a great big brother.
Now don't misunderstand me please
And I'll proceed your mind to ease;
For they're the finest couple ever
And would not disagree - no never.
For traveling is their pleasure fete
And with their outfit all so neat,
He is in sweet accord and pleasure real
For he knows his Sally's at the wheel.

They've wandered 'round this country grand
O'er mountain peaks and through low land.
Three times they've crossed the Rockies high
And feasted their eyes on the ocean so nigh.
Passed great groves whose fragrant bloom
Gave promise of luscious fruit coming so soon.
Through cities great they'd wend their way,
Where 'twould be pleasant for them to stay.
Cross rivers deep and o'er lonesome trail,
Where, if they wish it, no friendly hail.
But serene and calm through "woe or weal"
Sits unafraid, this Pal. for his Sally's at the wheel.

But sometimes comes trouble and they need some repairs,
Things not always easy in this old world of ours.
So they chose a rare climate near children and friends
Where new life and vigor in the elements blend,
And they tarry a while for quiet and rest,
Where the anglers find pleasure in all that is best.
But after a while they'll start out once more
To try out new trails, see sights they'll adore.
And we wish them "God speed" on their way ideal
And feel they'll be safe, for Sally'll be at the wheel.

Age 8 4,

Willie J. Thomas