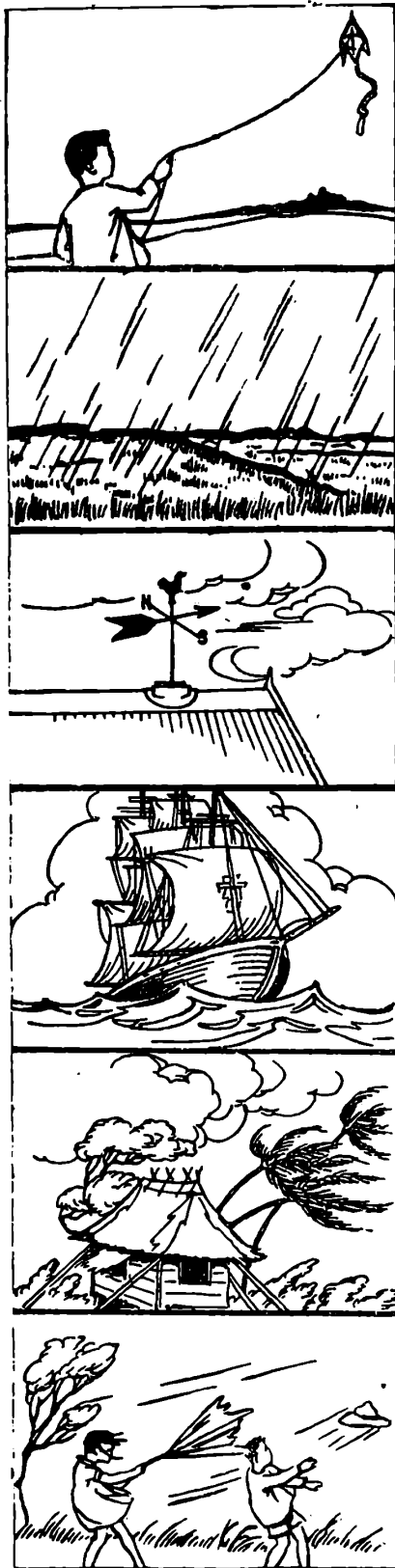


A POEM FOR THIS MONTH



THE WIND

By ANGEL V. CAMPOY

The wind is a friend that children love
Because he flies their kites high above.

He carries the clouds that bring the rain
To water the plants that give the grain.

He turns the weathercock above the house
To tell us all where'er the wind blows.

He fans you and me on a hot summer day
And cools us down after work and play.

He gives the sailors abundant joy and ease
By making them sail where'er they please.

The wind is a foe that comes tearing down
The trees and houses of the town.

The umbrellas of the girls he destroys
And blows far away the hats of the boys.

The wind is a friend as well as foe,
For he causes ruin and helps us too.