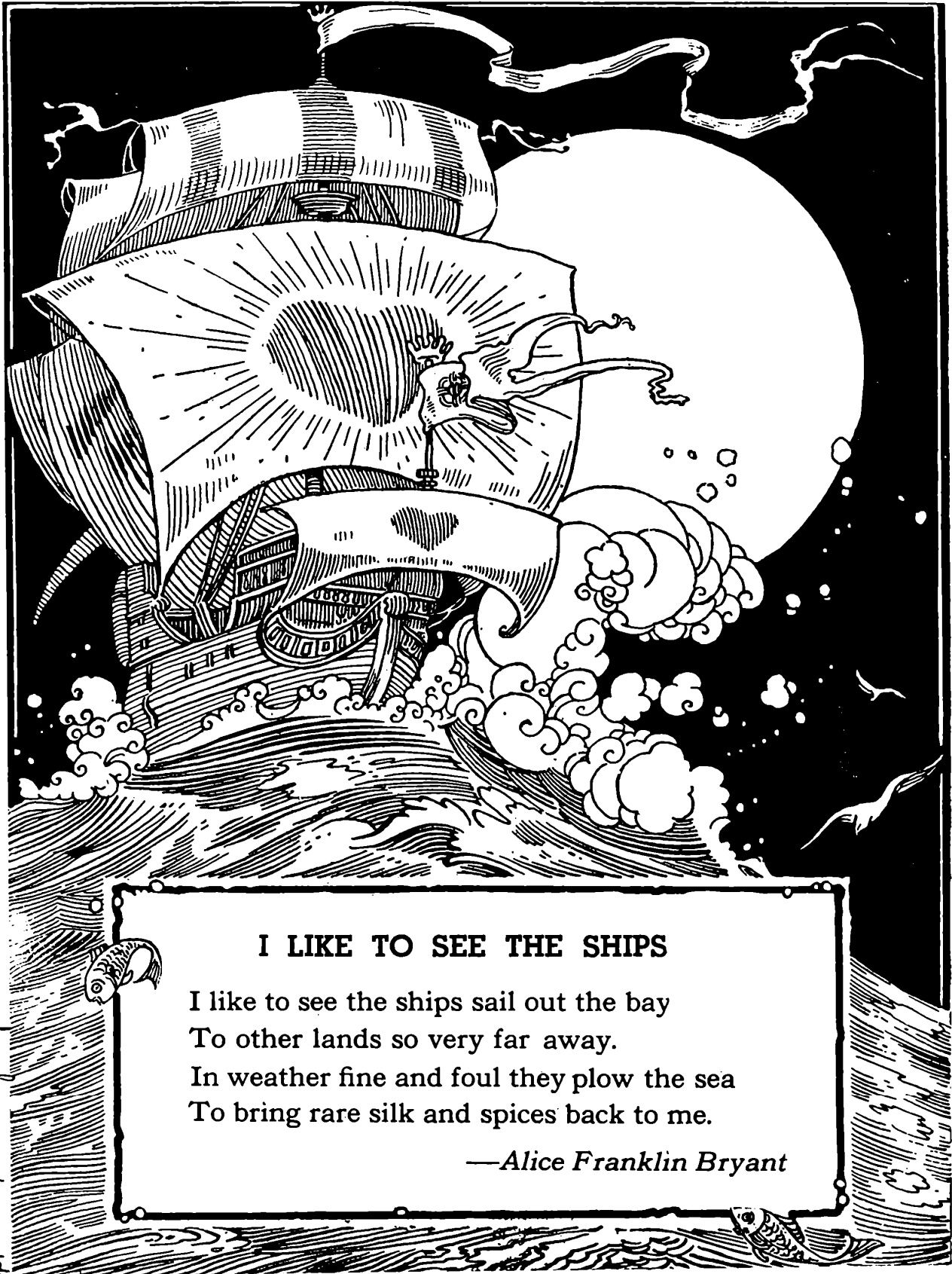


A POEM FOR THIS MONTH



**I LIKE TO SEE THE SHIPS**

I like to see the ships sail out the bay  
To other lands so very far away.  
In weather fine and foul they plow the sea  
To bring rare silk and spices back to me.

—*Alice Franklin Bryant*

*Gift. Dr. Panbaigner*