

## Gram Says:

Note: The following article was sent in back during the dry weather, but due to the crowded condition of The Journal it had been laid back from week to week until this week.—Editor.

There sits granddad, with his feet stretched out on a stool in front of him, and a book in his hand and I think of the song "Let the World Go By."

Just when we began to think "It haint a-going to rain no more", a loud clap of thunder was the signal which opened the gates above and sent us an inch of moisture, and today we are still being showered with that much needed rain.

Looking across the valley, the bleached fields have taken on new carpets of green.

Yes, it's our much loved "autumn", the season marking the end of harvest and the beginning of nature's rest period.

It's Fall, fall of the leaves, Indian Summer, and soon it will be time to watch our wonderful change as nature takes her brush in hand and displays her masterpiece of colors strewn over the chilling hills and valleys.

The skies become that heavenly blue, plastered with fleecy white wisps of cotton clouds and it seems the earth is at peace.

Streams gurgle toward their beds, golden rod mark the road sides and again we remember—

**"The Golden Rod is yellow,  
The Corn is turning brown and the  
trees in Apple Orchards, with fruit  
are bending down."**

So again we see in these Ozarks, the farmers busying themselves. Fields will be made ready for fall plantings.

The children are again in school, and I look back over those summer vacations and truly say it was a relief to be back on schedule.

Now after our 90-degree weather, maybe we can have cooler days and a restful period for us that are in the fall of our years.

So take it easy and dream awhile.

Gram—S. E. B.