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AN EYE ON AUTUMN OUT WEST

by Ken Shroyer

Fall—my favorite time of year—a time of welcome in the
Golden West,
The taste of honey, nature's own real sweetener,
The start of school with new friends, excitement, and enthusiasm,
Frosty mornings as we go to jobs, shuck that corn and plant our
wheat crop.
It kicks off with Labor Day and that special period of football for
the local team.

Ah yes, autumn out west has a special meaning; it stirs our taste buds,
To the memories of popcorn around the old player piano,
The hotdogs as we watch our favorite team kick off,
A special time to honor our heritage as we celebrate Columbus Day,
The memories of costumes as we get ready for the Halloween
"Trick or Treat" callers,
The tribute to our folks in the service as we honor the living and dead
On Veterans' Day.

Truly, it's a very special day of Thanksgiving here in the West,
As we feast on Grandmother's favorite cooking,
Dedicated from her kitchen to all the offspring,
It's a time of hunting and sport as we challenge our neighbors out on
Old Route 66.
It's a time of entertainment and fellowship in only a manner the
Western folks know,
The thought of new programs on the big TV screen.

Autumn is the season I really love.
It brings back memories of Pearl Harbor and the time spent during
World War II.
It's an enrichment of life as we exchange stories and pass along
Treasured thoughts.
Just give me a good Fall, and I'll make it through the other three
Seasons in fine condition. ■

KEN SHROYER, whose poetry appears often in the WEATHERFORD DAILY NEWS and in WESTVIEW, and his wife, Reta, make their home in Weatherford.