

December 18, 1961

N A S A 's MANNED SPACECRAFT CENTER  
HAMPTON, Virginia

Attention: Associated Press

Gentlemen:

The author of the following "three quatrains and a couplet" has expressed a desire to forward a copy for your possible interest and use. A copy has also been submitted to the "Reader's Digest". We, here, are more than just proud of Mr. Slay's 79 years and hope that you will agree that alertness of mind has no age limit.

Very truly yours,

THE LAVIN PLAN, Inc.

WO/i

Walt Oliver

Director, Public Relations

THE ROUNDING CHIMP

By W.G. Slay, age 79

When they boosted Enos out in space  
He circled the globe at a terrific pace  
He circled it twice then came back home  
Without a scratch or a broken bone.

For this, his astounding feat  
Which no other creature has tried to beat,  
A bust of Enos that bears his name  
Should soon be placed in the Hall of Fame.

And all the chances that Enos took  
Should be recorded in a gold bound book  
And passed on down thru the ages that come  
To tell the world what a chimp has done.

Note the award to Enos by this great nation  
Was a jungle bride and a banana plantation.

I'm an old man, feeble and gray  
Who's lived long enough, to get that way!

My eyes are dim, I can hardly see  
But that's not all, the matter with me!

My tonsils are out, my appendix too.  
I asked my doctor what he could do.  
He checked me over with a stethoscope,  
and said to me, "Where there's life,  
there's hope".

And I think you should be in bed,  
Or it won't be long, 'fore you'll be dead.  
I said, "Doctor, if that is true  
What, on earth, am I going to do?"

"I have no money and no friend,  
So you can see the fix I'M in".  
Then the doctor said, "If that's the case,  
Here's a fact you must face".

If you have no money, as you just said,  
You'd be better off, if you were dead.  
So, there's nothing more I can do,  
Except my advice I'll give to you.

Seek the Lord,  
And ask his Grace  
To take your soul  
To its resting place.

By: W. G. Slay

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There's a great day coming,  
In the future, by and by,  
When Space-men, from earth  
Will invade the starry sky.

First, they will take the moon  
And use it as a base,  
To further the crazy idea  
To conquer Outer Space.

Then, the Lord in his Glory,  
Will stop this silly show  
And call all for Judgment  
And Time shall be no more.

So put your house in order  
And cast your sins away,  
And keep yourself all ready  
For the coming Judgment Day.

By: W. G. Slay

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If I were Mr. Davis,  
With his wealth and great renown,  
I'd buy a thousand acres,  
And build a little town.

I'd give homes to worthy old folks,  
So they could settle down  
With their old-age pittande,  
And a little piece of ground.

Where they could live in comfort,  
and not be pushed around,  
Till their twilight days were over,  
And the sun of Life went down.

By: W. G. Slay

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"Hi, Bill, you want to go fishin'?  
Hurry up, don't stand there wishin'.  
Grab your tackle and get in the flivver,  
And we'll drive out to the Biloxi River.

We'll rent a boat, and hire a guide  
Who will take us out where the river is wide.  
Bait our hooks and cast way out,  
It won't be long, 'fore we land a trout.

But, whether it's trout or pompano  
Or some other species we don't know,  
If we go out when the tide is right  
And use live bait, the fish will bite.

And, the ones we catch will all be bigger  
When they're caught in the Biloxi River.  
So, hurry up, don't stand there wishin',  
Get your line, and let's go fishin'!"

By: W. G. Slay

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Boating with an Evinrude can make my present  
sport or hobby more fun because:

My hobby is fishing  
    And when I get the mood  
I hurry to the waters  
    With my Evinrude.

I quickly clamp it  
    To the stern of my boat  
And soon be ready  
    For full fun afloat.

There's no waiting  
    And no prelude  
There's more fun boating  
    With an Evinrude.

By: W. G. Slay

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Where I'd Like to Go  
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I'd like to visit Jerusalem and the Holy  
Land to see,  
Where Jesus walked and taught, along the  
road to Galilee.

I'd like to see old Jordan, as it looks  
today,  
Where Jesus was anointed, and often  
knelt to pray,

I'd like to see it's Temples and hear the  
stories told  
How Jesus, in His glory, his miracles did  
unfold.

I'd like to see the places where Jesus  
used to dwell  
And visit the ancient city, where He made  
the Leper well.

I'd like to see the Roman Road, where  
Jesus walked before  
On His many, many journeys to the town of  
Jericho.

I'd like to see the place where the lowly  
manger stood  
Where God gave to Mary, the Holy Christ  
so good.

I'd bow my head in reverence, and offer  
up a prayer  
That, someday, I'd join the Savior, who  
had my cross to bear.

By: W. G. Slay

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