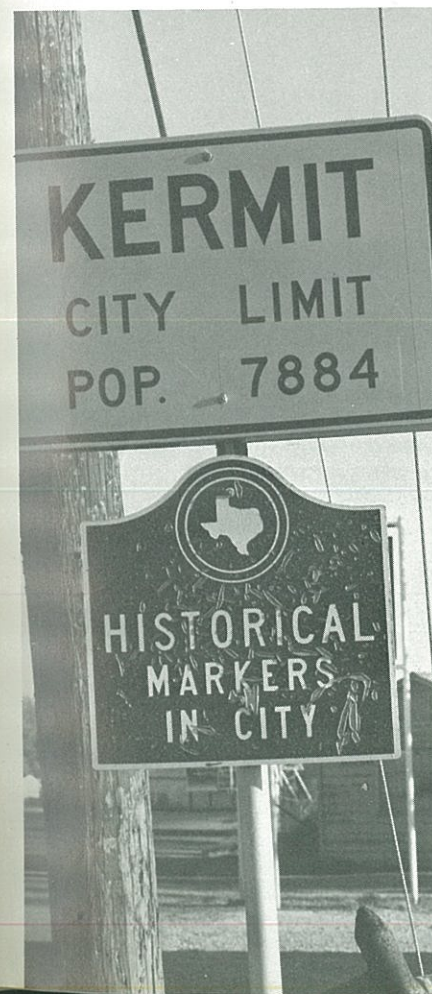
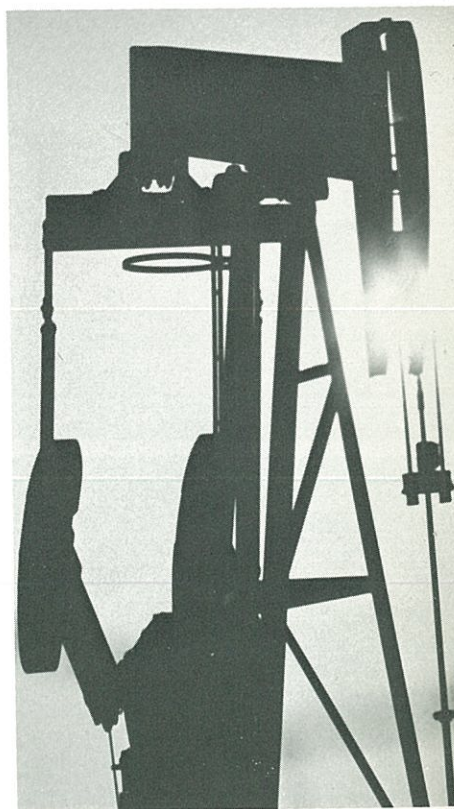
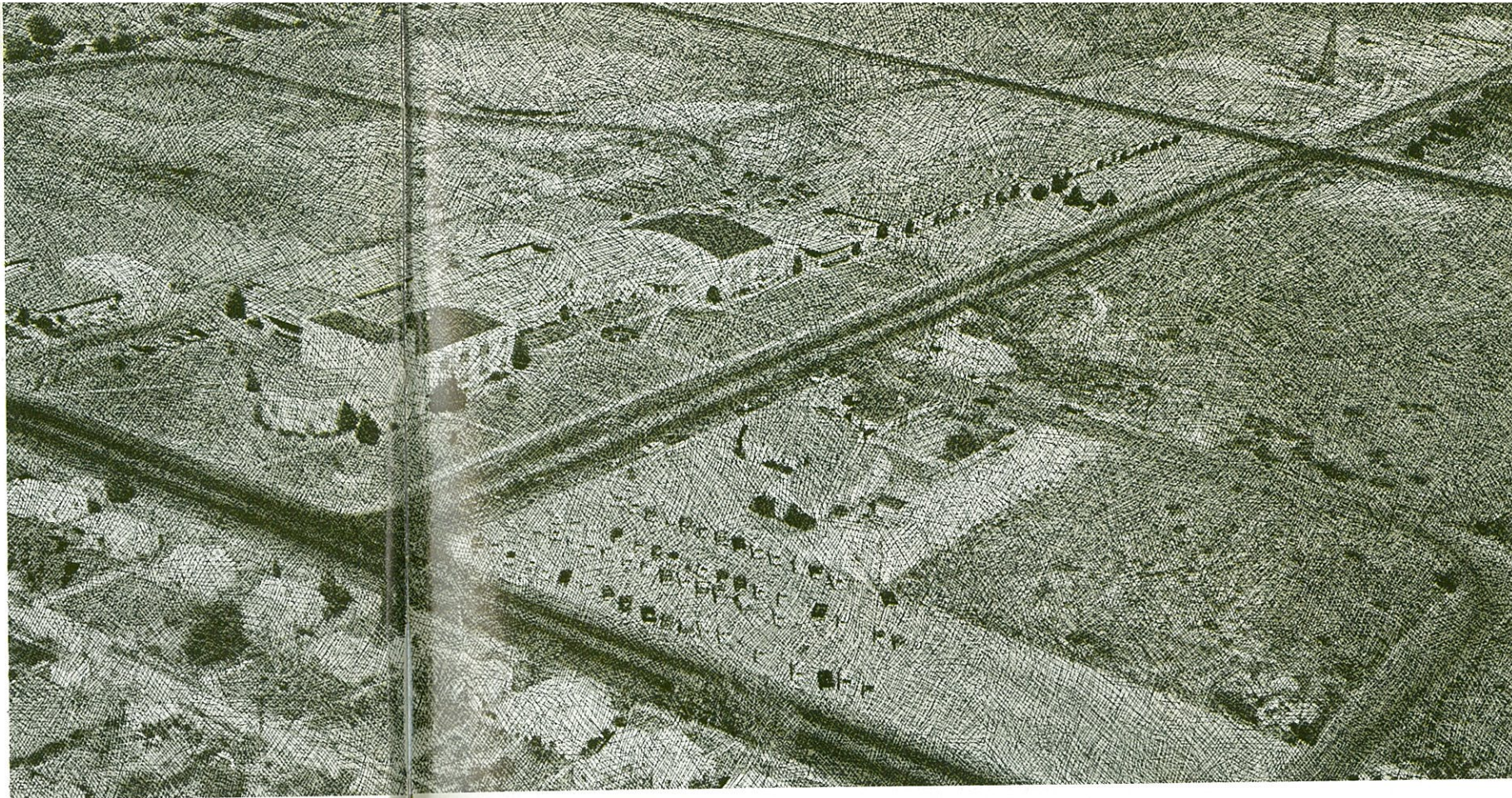
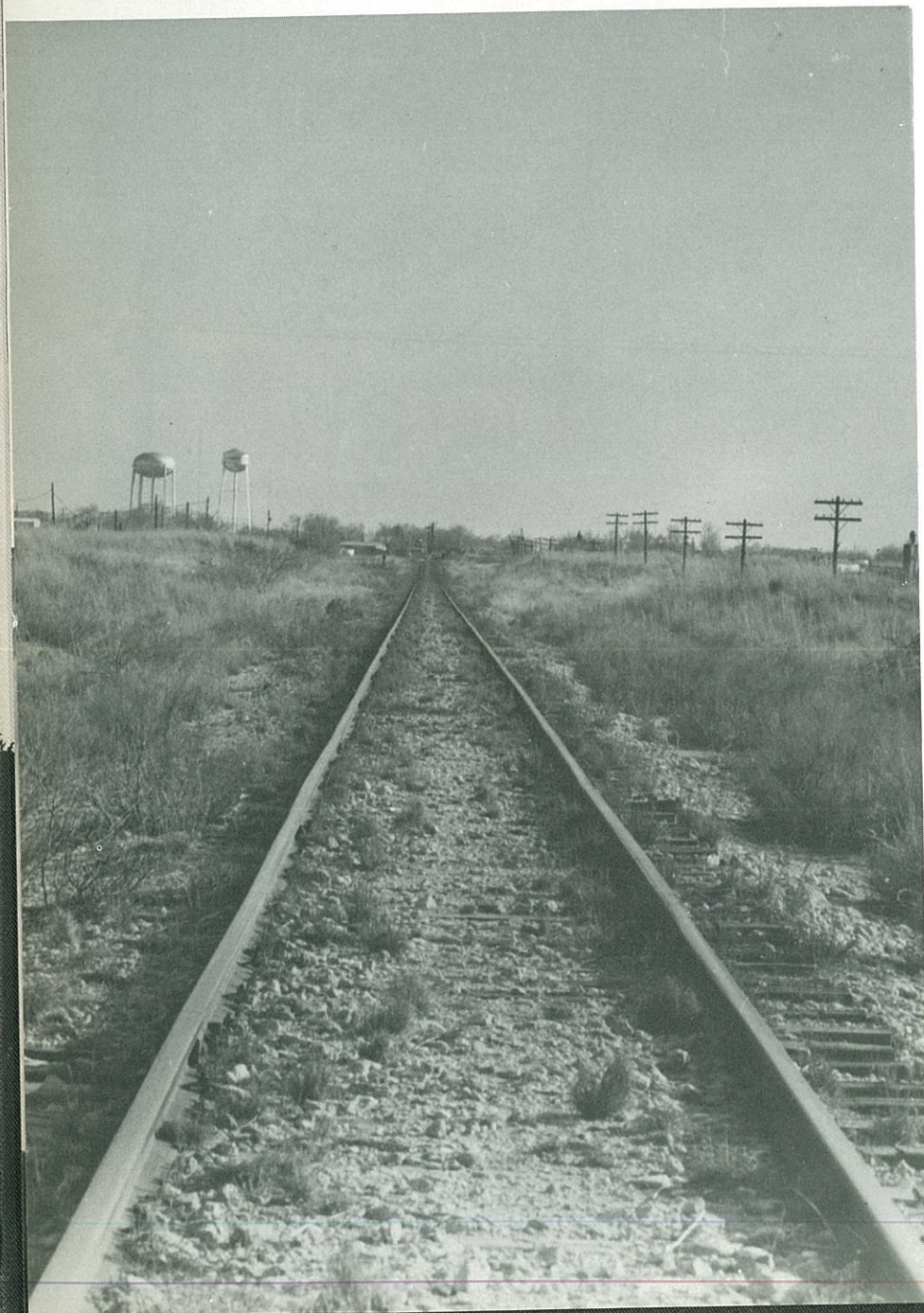


*There's a musty perfume  
To each yellowing page  
With visions again  
Of a long-ago Age*



*And fond recollection  
Come showering down  
A memory sweet  
Of the old oil field town.*