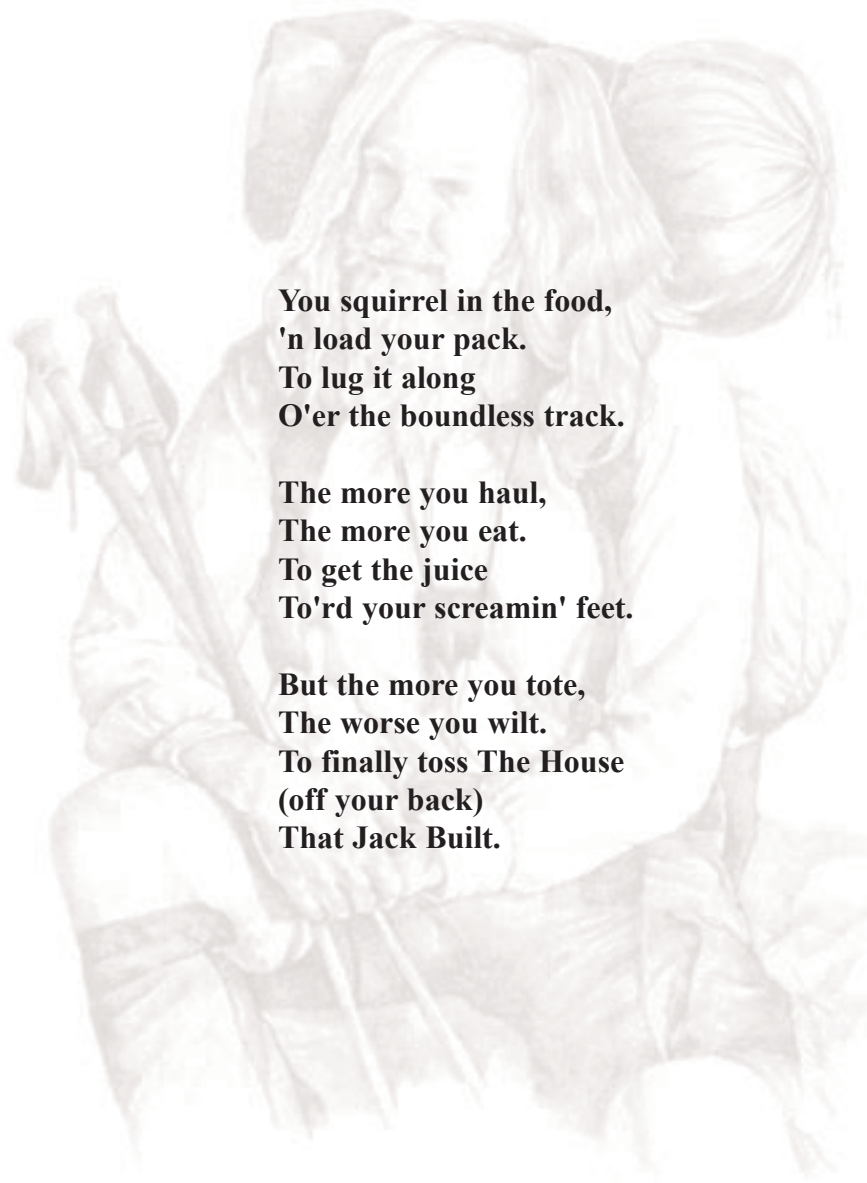


THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT [5-98]



**You squirrel in the food,
'n load your pack.
To lug it along
O'er the boundless track.**

**The more you haul,
The more you eat.
To get the juice
To'rd your screamin' feet.**

**But the more you tote,
The worse you wilt.
To finally toss The House
(off your back)
That Jack Built.**