FIVE LIMERICKS

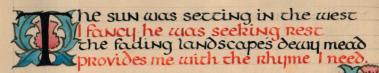
There once was a criminal critter whose language was caustic & bitter who said to his clerk
Im going out for a lark
but he didn't come back did the critter.

An elegant madam named Ayre had a head of extremely tough hair so her maid out of spite extinguished the light and emptied her out of her chair.

If I was composing a song
Id help the crude verses along
by making the tune
sweet as roses in June
and truncate the verses toolong.

I once owned a beautiful dog who startled a big yellow frog but the frog who was plump at once jumped a jump and was lost to the dog in the fog.

Had I a red usig without seam I'd look a most horrible scream on my head I would clap a patent spring trap to capture the mice in my dream.



Ind now the pall of inky black fit should be blue, but blue I lack spreads oer the sky its velvet hue provides me with another queue.

farmhouse small but quite refined you've often seen the other kind half fills the sky, they both are black I must get on another tack.

The farmhouse windows now alight Ino warden said put out that light for this was long before the war were not then particular.

TING SUN

wo silent figures now appear from side and one from rear they enter through the open door did not mention this before?

the one from side was stout the small, she did NOT seem to care at all the other who emerged from rear appeared to me uncommon queer.

cour out of sight they close the door they shut it tight, for once before they left it open, and next day discovered it had malked amay.

he farmhouse lights now disappear. Jand darkness, silent, cold, austere, enfolds the house so still and dead, the ancient couples gone to bed

NONSENSE

hey are not poets, those who write, to satisfy crude appetite for rhyming words, oftimes perverse, which they describe as Nonsense Verse

he poet, made of finer stuff, portrays ideas stout enough to kill depression: raise on high our concept of his minstrelsy.

the Rhymer on the other hand finust be compelled to understand the may not choose in accents neat to muddle up his rhythmic feet. On if he does, we hit him hand, and dub him but a doggnel bard.

hen he gets going on his theme, perchance its fact, or else a dream ne chooses for his rhythmic wit the words which seem most exquisite.

he pattern of his flowing line must be precise, while all the time his hand and eye must also harry the entrails of the dictionary.

POETRY?

is subject be it grave or gay with accents strong or weak: he may iselect or use most any style which seems to make his verse worth while.

to parient friends: not to a crowd who would not listen out of choice to such a melancholy voice.

he nonsense khymer is not tied to common sense, nor is denied some currous words and phrases which would land the Poet in the ditch.

hen he has said all he can say he hopes again another day some further comments will make plain his passion for legerdemain.

e rambles on from A to Z till his muse dies; though in his head another set of verses wait inscription at an early date.

BRAINS

panel of pundits plus one referee, with their quibbles and quips flowing firee from their lips will solve any riddle from you or from me connected with ships or Sunday School trips in fact any problem of land or of sea.

he negular crew who sail the old barge, with their Yo, He, Ho, we're in for a blow" go off to their brunks, put some lubbers an M.P. or so in charge hauled up from below can easily steer her to port "by and large".

ll questions on ART are settled by Clark
with his "Well, but you see
what's vital to me
is terture & colour with tone light & dark
you can't be too free
with critics like me
we've existed you know since the launch
of the Ark."





hen musics in question a Sangent steps with his baton raised high forth and a gleam in his eye for he is a man of remarkable worth, can tell you why D is quite unlike G twould be hard to find one more learned on earth.

ou there's Gould & there's Joad, recollector with answers quite neat and quoter, though hardly complete while one's up to date, the other's remoter both keep to their beat recollect and repeat imitating an old-fashioned silver repeater.

here's Campbell of course, more human than who remembers all right most, a sunrise at night or sea-serpents seen off the Barbary coast a terrible fight but got em all right they're good to eat boiled, but better to roast.

here once was was a sportsman, or sol am told lus basket and rod et out to procure by a dodge very old Or new if you wish For display on a dish catch of expensive and succulent fish le boanded a bus, half empty it was. The passengers stared who some of them glared t the elderly elegant sportsman, because hey thought him a for But at the next scop le captured his catch fon cash, at a shop. hen back at his club: it was late afternoone his pals were surprised For in accents disquised presented a tale which caused them to subon If how he had caught The nice little lot aying aloud his vibrant shallot.

STORY

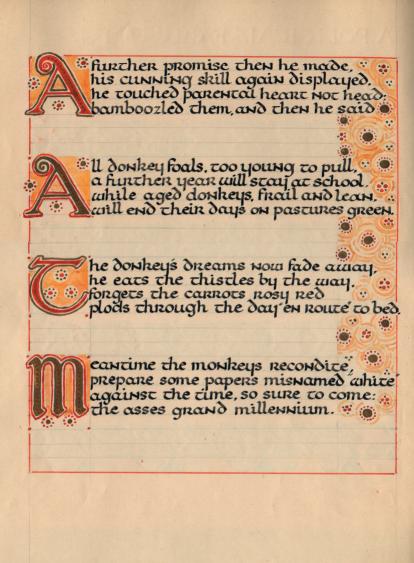
The tale that he told was quite out of date, Aclumsy untruch 6 Distinctly uncouth ad earned for him their undying have De finally confessed hed been fishing with bait hey asked for decails and he mentioned that smalls. Both juicy and faz: Chey all swallowed that ene deadly especially if minus their tails, they were much better hile salt was essential if fishing for whales. o failed to convince them while smoking his brian, Dis answers were quite eyond anything dream t of which so raised their ire. In the vote yes on no ? Chey agreed he must go who promptly arranged for his fineral pyre

THE MONKEYS AND THE DONKEYS



A POLITICAL FABLE OF 1945





Royal Commission would review the thorny question us or you its findings would not be complete till donkey foals were obsolete.

f monkeys there were but fifteen while donkeys eightyfive were keen per centages to understand all the and spread reform through all the land.

cheir rightful claim for constant food, so longer now an idle class for monkey toils as well as ass.

his fable How has reached its end, VV I hope that you may comprehend V that monkeys and that donkeys too may represent both me and you! V

The Philatelist's Dream

Il stamp collectors young or aged are prone to dreaming, when engaged in sorting out their treasures prime:

John Sorting of their treasures prime of their treasures of

he stamp collectors mental screen depicts for him a radiant scene where all alone, perhaps undrest, he lights upon a sailors chest all bound in brass and tarry ropes the chest contains his rosiest hopes.

ith anxious eye his trembling hand undoes the ropes, each brazen band conspires to keep him from his prey but brazen bands wont say him way though solid padlocks may secure and guard the treasures they immure.

o key is here: the ancient Tar has long since gone from here, afar the key lies rotting in the deep beside the sailor in his sleep full twenty fathoms on the bed where lies the saucy "DRAGONSHEAD"

ou to cajole the treasure fine, ensconced within its sacred shrine demands not only strength but skill; no brute force here, but patience till persuasion linked to craft accrue to bring the booty into view.

he sailor, forty years or more had sailed the seas from shore to shore, and though hed served in many boats, his vests and pants and pilot coats all neatly folded, tied with tape, were still within the chest shipshape.

Tut padlock and tain hinges red mich rust defied bamboozled head of stamp collector now dismayed who wished hed learned that subtle trade of picking locks with taisted wire:

This wearied brain began to tire

ubconscious thought rose like a witch the hacksaw was the tool by which hed sever padlock from its hasp, and then within his hand hed grasp the contents which in days of yore had journeyed many oceans o'er.

he oaken lid now stands upright, and painted there in virgin white appears the title sharp and clear, M. Martin Master Mariner:
while lower down in letters neat are Campbeltown and Skipper Street.

the stamp collectors enterprise reveals to his astonished eyes, two pilot coats and shirts both clean two pairs of pants one brown one green: he lifed these and laid them out his eyes lit up: he gave a shout

or crammed together row on row.

were wooden boxes wide and low

cach labelled with a foreign name

some hardly known, some known to fame

the box marked British bore the date

of fortyone to fortyeight.

he British box he opened first, timas packed with letters fit to bust of penny blacks there were five scone, with twopenny blues as many more while minted sheets at penny rate compete with sheets imperforate.

ext came the box marked U.S.A quite full of letters which display the well known face of Mashington, of Franklin and of Jefferson, all printed clear in colours gay: the rare stamps of an earlier day.

The rare stamps of an earlier day.

Mauritius Malta, such as these, with Canada and Newfoundland Australia and Van Diemen's Land, all had their place and others too, when box on box was brought to view.

Three sided Capes and Indian States, Hyderabad and Kelantan get muddled up with Labrian they fast recede, and all that's left the memory of a magic chest.

he clock strikes eight: what is that sound?

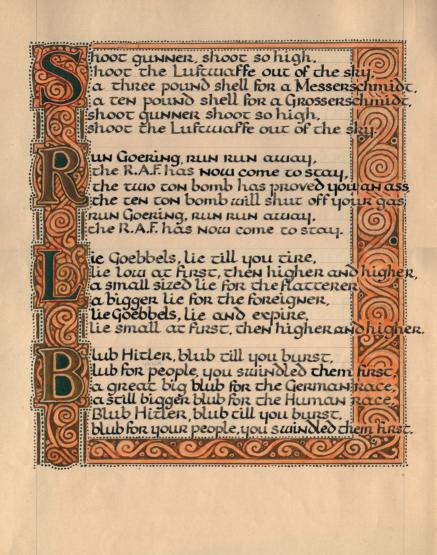
a footstep on the fivozen ground:

the hears the postmans ratat,

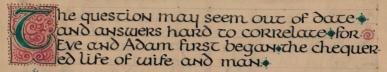
the muffled sound of bantering chat

his steps retreating down the hill,

the postmans left another bill!



When ADAM delved and EVE span who was then the gentleman?



ut complications soon accrued of although with higher powers endued they kept to lower ones and so thigh aspirations failed to glow.

ince time has counted out the years of the from then till now it still appears of the question's still unsolved by man own at really is a gentleman?

he male who looks along his nose * at of other mens' inferior clothes betrays of inferior complex base * denies superior of mind its place.

nd he who scoffs at sundry stains • 200 acquired by honest toil remains • just of what he is rude man • he's really not a gentleman.

ouve told us now in doubtful verse some traits of gentlemen perverse how then so would you describe the men that you consider gentlemen?

he dictionary's answer charms *A man encitled to bear arms * my answer might not be amiss • if framed and sec down in just like this • "A gentleman by gentle glance devoid of pride and arrogance so treats you as you'd like to be • if he se were you and you were he."

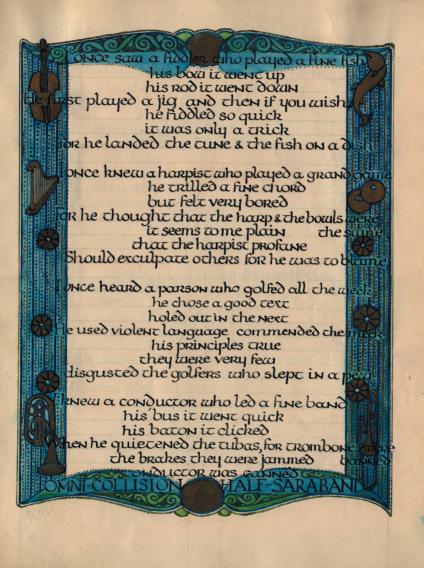
DAFFODIL

was March the winter mild had been and waing flags of greyish green foreshadowed now the sights that thrill the coming of me the daffodil

ven January had disclosed the urging cips before enclosed and rising sap would soon quite fill the crumper of the daffodil on

he gorgeous pageant of her bloom & would fade away alas too soon & and April winds so sharp and shrill destroy the minuming lorious daffodil.

N May and June she lingers on her comlieness already gone but in her bulb she's forming still the buds of next years daffolil





VIEW



PEAR PLUM QUINCE AND APPLE

hen winters stormy blast has gone and vernal zephyrs come anon control then pear and plum-buds now evince their pastel tints with scarlet quince

he budding harbingers of spring forcell the summers blossoming and later still the petals fall gives place to fruit on tree and titall

hen warm Septembers weather comes with it arrives delicious plums but apples wait October sere last pageant of the fading year

he gorgeous quince so slow matures;
Novembers sunshine yet secures
the ripening of its juices fine
conjuring it to spankling wine.

ALLOTMENT

The auxious gardener breaks the clods *
allocments work so long delayed *
demands the use of fork and spade *

hen he has buried compost filth and seeks to get as fine a tilth as his instructors say he needs for onions leeks and other seeds.

nom early morn till setting sunteach surplus hour so hardly wont goes into each expanding croptechaustion only makes him stop...

ach seventh day when lunch is done the listens in to Middleton (Good afternoon" begins his song and ferminates it with solong.

hould you have energy and scrength and time unlimited at length on every day throughout the year your table groans with verdant cheer.

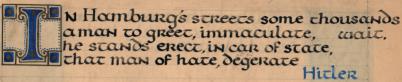
or carrots peas and kohlrabininduding beans and broccolinuill either form a salad goodnor charm your bunnies bounteous broodn

THE RHYMER TOE HIMSEL

here is a lad ye ken him fine whate used tae pent weel in his prime but noo wastes mair than haulf his time in writin silly nonsense rhyme grand whit's made him fley tae innerstand that yin's sae easy tae his haund othe ither's gay near contraband the patterns need tae gar them say just what he's itchin tae conveyed me shair that baith o them united tae gratify his appetite for self-expression or write a delight tae aw what pent or klipe or write a delight tae aw what pent or klipe or write a delight tae are vampin verse baith bitties o the universe of the universe of



HAMBURG 17 DAUGUST 1934.



ou know the man, I know the spot, I had no plan, there was no plot.
I had no gun, therefore no shot rang through the air, that meant a lot to

ad I then known the frend he was, mould I have gained the world's applause if, unobserved I had silently shot, this lunatic bigot, this ersatz zealot,



burly baby heaves in view, a blustering burly baby he, defeed his parents



