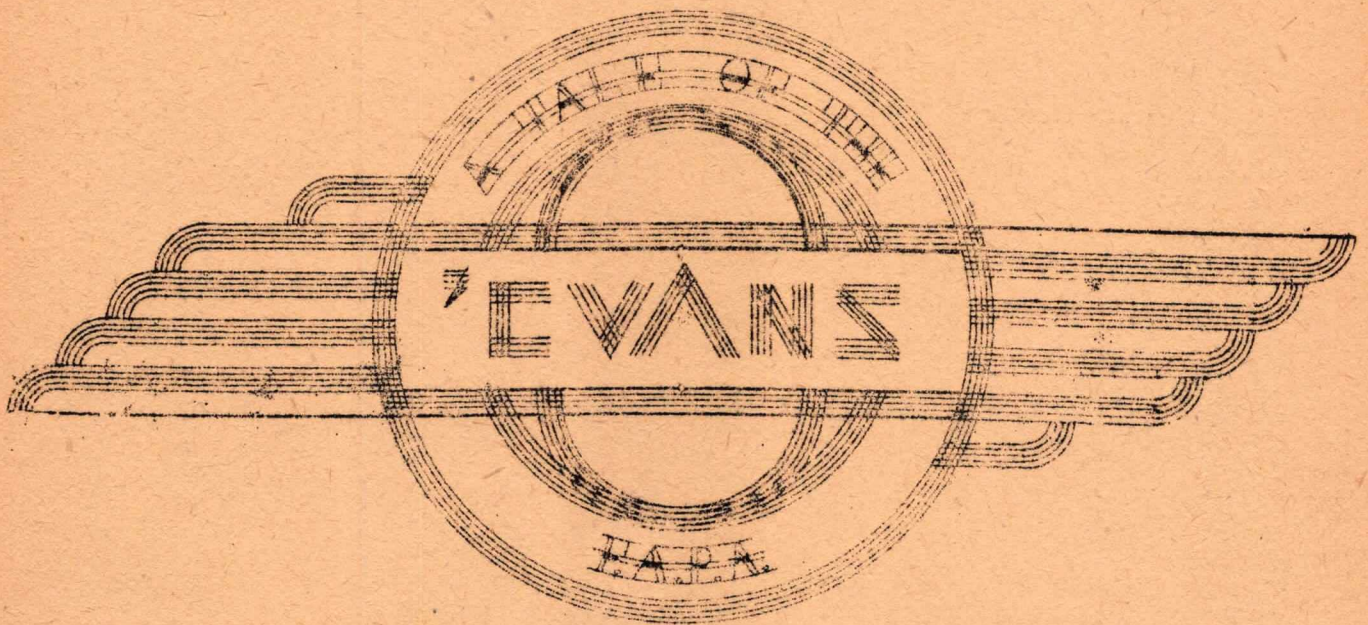


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A Tour of the Evans

Which might be fittingly sub-titled "SOMEONE ONCE SAID 'GO WEST!, OL' MAN EVANS', AND HERE I IS!" For now my address is, as most of you probably already know -- 628 So. Bixel Street, Los Angeles, 14, Calif.

This is in reality VOLUME THREE, NUMBER FOUR, for the FALL F.A.P.A., of the private journal of one E. EVERETT EVANS, entitled "A TALE OF THE 'EVANS". As always, it is your editor's hope that you find herein some moments of pleasure and enjoyment, to which end he continually strives.

WHEREIN I ACHIEVE AN AMBITION OF LONG-STANDING.

For the past twenty-odd years it has been my desire someday to reside in the sunny (!?) land of Southern California. The responsibilities of raising and educating a family have hitherto made that dream impossible of realization. Recently, however, I have felt the conditions were such that I could make the change. Accordingly, for the past several months I have been planning the move, and on Tuesday, July 17th, I started on my journey Westward, Ho!

For the preceding several weeks I had been industriously busy packing my various possessions, my lares and penates. It is strange how much stuff a man accumulates during the years, especially when, as I am, he is a collector of things. I have, I find to my dismay when I contemplate the freight charges to be paid, seventeen cases of books and magazines stored in Ed. Counts' garage, waiting for later shipment to me. I had a nice \$46.09 Express bill for seven other cases and packages and boxes of records, clothing, pictures, and various kinds of trivia. And about \$8.00 worth of packages sent out ahead of me by mail. Yet I consider it worth the cost to have these things at hand for my continued enjoyment in the future as they have been in the past. For my collection is made for continued use, not merely for the sake of having a collection.

It seems almost a miracle to me that I was able to begin my anticipated journey not only on the very day, but on the very train on which I had set my departure several months ago. So many things always seem to happen to one who plans far in advance, that until the very last moment I expected something or other to delay me. But the finances were managed, in spite of several vexatious things that for a time seemed about to prevent me; other possible delays cleared as if by magic the last day, and so at 9:23 a.m., on Tuesday, July 17th I boarded the train for the beginning of my journey. The train was even on time -- wonder of wonders!

The good old Michigan Central took me to the great metropolis-- Chicago, home of the shhh! THE CAVES! By the way, what do YOU know of the caves? There I attended to some small items of business, tried a few book stores, only to find that Elsie Janda and Frnkie Robinson and others had cleaned them out of all possible buys in our fantasy line.

Came evening and with it to my hotel, Ron Clyne and Charles McNutt, two boys I had long wished to meet. We gabbed for some time while waiting for the appearance of any of the other Chicago friends

whom I had invited to dinner, but no others appeared. So the boys and I finally decided they were not coming, and the three of us to the big Palmer House for dinner, and very good, too. Then out to Clyne's home where they played for me the Tchaikowsky Second and Third Symphonies, which I do not yet have in my collection and which I had never previously had the pleasure of hearing. I shall, however, get them as soon as possible, for they are grand pieces of music. On the first hearing my preference of the two is for the Second, but later and repeated listenings may make me change, for both are beautiful and magnificently performed pieces of symphonic work.

Our talk was mostly of music and of art, with McNutt very happy to find another who prefers Tchaikowsky to any other classic composer, while Clyne thinks him too sentimental, and prefers such greats as Beethoven, Bach, Mahler and Sibelius.

They showed me samples of their art work, and very excellent I found it. McNutt promised to send me a beautiful Beaumont oil painting of a fantastic scene, while Clyne made me the proud possessor of one of the highly-prized Vassos' books, CONTEMPORE. Thank you, boys, for the splendid gifts. I tried to talk Ron out of his original autographed copy of Merritt's THE SHIP OF ISHTAR, but naturally had no success, the young gentleman not being such a fool as to part with it for either love nor money.

Back, then, to my hotel at midnight, for a short sleep, much in need of the rest, for, lo! the first day had been a strenuous and an exciting one. My only regret was that I missed seeing Janda, Robinson and several others there.

Early the next morning up and breakfasted, then by train to Rockford, and a full day with Th' Youn' Foo, my younger daughter Jonne. We had a grand visit, she showing me the college, the nursery where she is employed part-time, and some of the city. We spent some time at her room where I had a short nap, muchly needed, and met her two charming roommates. For dinner we went to a place where she had obtained reservations for two big, thick juicy steaks -- goshwowboyoboy! At the utterly unearthly hour of 2 a.m. got a bus back to Chicago, sorry not to have been able to stay longer. But another daughter was waiting for me.

So next to Minneapolis, after a very lovely ride through the beautiful Wisconsin scenery, past winding rivers, beautiful lakes and rolling wooded hills, and for many miles alongside the Mississippi River -- Ol' Man River and Ol' Man Evans meeting. Hah!

Two nights and day day with my elder daughter, Virginia, whom Dunk calls Th' Middl' Foo, and her husband. We saw many beautiful sights in each others' company. They took me to the U. of Minn. to see and talk to some of the C.O.'s who are undergoing fatigue tests to get them into approximately the same state of mal-nutrition and collapse as many of the peoples of Europe, so that the doctors can study the best methods of diet and cures needed to put the European people most quickly back into the best possible physical and mental conditions. The boys were almost as badly emaciated as those pictures shown of men released from concentration camps, and in the days yet to follow of their tests would become wholly so. Yet their courage and cheerfulness was high, and they were delighted to think that their sufferings would be of aid and assistance to their unfortunate brothers and sisters over the sea. I acclaim those C.O.'s as truly heroes; their country should, also!

Saturday morning, and entrained again, this time for Fargo, N.D., and my first meeting with the lovely Lorraine Dunkelberger. Of course I had to see HM, too, but that was a mere incidental -- one of those hideous things one puts up with for the greater pleasure of something worthwhile. (Kidding aside, which I do continually about them, these Dunkelbergers are two of the swellest people anyone can wish to meet, a statement which will be completely endorsed by any one who knows either or both of them.)

By some mischance, when I arrived at Fargo no one was there to meet me, even though I had telegraphed ahead the time of my arrival. After looking about the platform for some minutes, I went inside the station to see about my tickets and reservations for the next stage of my trip. Being through with that business, I returned to the platform and looked hopefully about me, but still no welcoming committee. Then I took a taxi to Dunk's home, and was greeted by Lorraine and several of the Four J's.

I found then that the boys (for Art Saha was also in Fargo for a visit), had gone to the other station to meet me, I having some months previously mentioned that railroad, and neglecting to tell of the later change in my routing. Also, it developed that while I was in the station seeing about my tickets, the boys had been to that station and looked around, but missed me. However, we finally all got together, and a most glorious week-end was enjoyed by all and sundry.

There was entirely too much going on for me to detail it all in this article, along with all the other things I have to tell. Suffice it to say that it was a typical fan-gathering, attended by the Dunks, Saha, Roy Pactzke, K. Martin Carlson, Dan Olson, and some others who were not strictly fans, but welcome additions to the gathering. We had photos taken, we listened to music, we gabbed, we ate, we played a game Liebscher won't like to have me mention, we gabbed, we ate, we looked at books, mags and originals, we gabbed, we ate, we worked on mags and signed cards and stencils and programs, we gabbed, we ate, we had a marvellous time. Somehow or other, we even managed to get in a wee bit of sleep.

Dunk has told of the fire, so I won't go into that, except that it created a bit of excitement, and thankfulness that it happened before the theatre was opened, rather than when it was packed with an audience which, on the first show Sunday afternoon, would probably be largely composed of children.

((Re-reading what I have just written, I see that I failed to recount my meeting, in Minneapolis, with Clifford Simak, well-known SF pro-writer of many fine tales. He is a very entertaining talked, and intensely interested in fandom. Was so sorry that we could not have had more than the half-hour together we did. I also tried to get in touch with Manse Brackney, but he was at work, and I was bust at other things during the evening when I might have contacted him.))

Came Monday morning, and very reluctantly I pried myself away to the train on the next part of my trip. But I want again to state that one of the greatest high-lights of my trip was that stay in Fargo, and any fan who gets near enough for a visit with those grand people and doesn't do it, deserves the regrets that will always be his for such neglect.

One of the boys who had considered coming to Fargo was Walter A.

Coslet of Helena, Mont. However, circumstances made it impossible for him to make the trip. Therefore when I found that I was routed thru his city, I wired ahead and he met me for the ten minutes or so that the train was there. He is not yet well-known in fandom, but is making plans to remedy that situation shortly. He is much interested, and interesting, and should soon have a real place with us.

Through most of the journey after leaving Fargo I had been doing a lot of looking at scenery. It being my first trip through the mountains (although I have crossed the Eastern mountains several times, and did see some on my trip to Denver), and being such a guy as it a great lover of the outdoors (when seen from the comfort of an observation car on a fast train), I spent most of my waking hours in said observation car observing the mountains and other scenery as it passed in review. And I was vastly thrilled as we climbed higher and higher towards the Continental Divide, with the peaks growing higher and yet higher than even the high points of the roadbed. It was a beautiful journey that will linger long in my memory.

So we reached Butte, home of the "richest hill on earth". Ah, I says to myself, says I, "here is virgin territory. Let us hope there are bookshops here. for here I should find treasure indeed!" So in spite of the heat, I hied me into town and found me a bookstore. Not a large one, but it should have been adequate. So I went in and began browsing around. The proprietor soon came up and asked if I was looking for something special. Dissembling as best I might, I casually inquired if he had any books by Taine? No, he hadn't seen any for several years. Did he have any Merritt? asked I, holding my breath and hoping. Oh, says he, you're one of those Fantasy collectors, are you. I merely turned on my heel and left the shop without a word. What chance has a poor collector when even in such non-fan places the dealers know about us? Oh, whoa is I!

A lunch, then, and soon the train for Salt Lake City. A fairly good night on the sleeper, and the next morning in the beautiful valley running alongside the Wasatch Range of mountains. Beautiful country! So into Ogden and Salt Lake City. This latter is the cleanest and most lovely city I have ever seen. Wide streets, well-kept and splendid business buildings, besides the great Mormon Temple, Tabernacle and other buildings. ~~They were~~ working on the great organ in the Tabernacle, whether testing, tuning or repairing I do not know. So I heard only occasional notes on it, and no concert or other playing.

Found one fine bookstore there, and while the proprietor knew of our clan, he merely happened to be out of the books I especially wanted, but I did pick up several fine volumes, including Andivius Hedulio of Edward Lucan White, which I was most anxious to find. Also an extra copy of his Unwilling Vestal. Later I get another copy of An.. He.. (I refuse to try to spell it twice), so now I have a copy of each for trading purposes. Wanna trade?

The following morning, I was once more on my way. My greatest regret from my visit at SLC was that I was unable to go south to Nephi to visit newfan Florence Stephenson, and that she was unable to come up to SLC to see me. But I did phone her, and have hopes that sometime before too long we may be able to meet.

Another long stretch of riding brought me into Oakland, California. I should state that I had no trouble at any time getting on the trains I wanted, only that some of the jumps I could not get Pullman

and had to travel by coach. Yet these were all but once the new type of high-backed reclining chairs, and one can sleep comfortably therein. Yet since I spent most of my time in the smoking room or clubcar, it didn't matter so much what form of car I was in, and I enjoyed my whole trip immensely. The only hitch came on the last leg of the trip as you shall later learn.

In Oakland I called the home of newfan Lillian Schneider, and her mother said she was even then on her way home from downtown, and that I should come right out. I taxied there, and found her mother a very charming lady, who also reads Fantasy and enjoys it, as does the entire family. Lillian soon arrived, and we had a couple of hours of enjoyable chat about fanning. She is quite a collector, and has been rapidly completing her collection of pros, being by now, I should judge off-hand, about 75% complete. She gave me directions for locating her favorite store, which shows how inexperienced she is, thus to give away her secrets before she had completely milked them. I am almost ashamed to tell her that I there picked up 15 old Cavaliers, and a Black Cat of 1904, besides some Terror, Horror and Strange which will make me good trading material. Anyone wanna trade?

Evening coming on, I had dinner (another steak), and then out to Alameda to the home of the Psmiths. There I met Louis and Lorraine, and thither later came wee willie the watson, and George Ebey, the latter just back from a trip around the world in the Merchant Marine. How our boys do get around.

We had a most enjoyable gabfest on this and that, looked over the Smith collection, such as was not packed away, and enjoyed ourselves immensely. I get a great kick out of the cynicisms and alleged ultra-sophistication of the willie, knowing so well that a few more years of maturity will cure him of much of that. (And will that statement make him mad!! Hah!)

Later, over to San Francisco to watson's apartment, where I made some very fine book purchases at exceptionally reasonable prices. (By the way, willie, I sold two of those books, you can guess which ones, for \$30.00 the day after I got to LA, even before they had arrived in the mail.)

Leaving the boys after midnight, I wended my way back to Oakland, and here enjoyed the most discomfort of all my trip. For I was wrongly directed, and once back to the Oakland Pier, found there was no hotel or rooming place anywhere near there, and was too tired to go 'way back to town, so sat and dozed on hardwood benches until morning. I took a ferry ride to San Francisco and back just to pass the time, even though it was too foggy to see much, except some good views of the bridges.

Also, I was unable to get a reservation on the Coastal Daylight, nor would have been able to get one for five more days. Therefore, as I was lucky enough to find that they had one seat left on the Valley train, I hurriedly took that, and so got to Los Angeles on the very day I had planned, several months before, but four hours late, since the Valley train was that much slower. But we did have some more marvellous scenery, and I went around the famous Loop bend, where the engine passes above the tail-end of the train (our train was not quite long enough, but freights cover the entire loop.)

And so, about 10:00 p.m., Saturday, July 28th, came at last to the City of the Angels, and was met in person by one of them, together with

two accompanying demons. In proper personae, Virginia (Jim-E) Daugherty, with Walter Daigherty and Forrest J (no period) Ackerman, stylishly dressed in the new khaki suiting so much in vogue at present. I was, as you may well-understand, joyed greatly to meet my two old pals and friends, and to meet Walt's very charming and beautiful bride. We finally extricated ourselves from the station and its crowds, and by street-car (no taxis available) to the Daughtery apartment.

There we gabbed until after midnight, and then I was escorted to my own apartment at the renowned Tendril Towers, 628 So Bixelstrasse, where I met Jimmy Kepner and Alva (Red) Rogers, the others being properly asleep.

Thus arrived I at my haven of dreams. I am now a resident of the golden land of Southern California, where I have for so long wished to live. And now, ten days or so later, I can truthfully say that I am more than ever glad that I have moved out here. The weather thus far has been delightful, and I have been enjoying every crammed-full minute.

I would be more than an ungrateful ass did I not end this little account of my journey with a sincere tribute to the great and whole-hearted generosity of friendships bestowed upon me by fans all along my route. They have gone out of their way to give me every assistance possible and to add to my pleasure in every imaginable way.

And especially must I pay tribute to the fans here in Los Angeles. They have not just made me welcome, they have gone all-out to get me settled and acclimated. The Daughterys gave me the use of their address to which I could have my mail, parcels post packages and express sent until such time as I had my own address. The boys at Tendril Towers and Daugherty rented in advance for me the rooms which I occupy, so that I would have my own place as soon as I arrived. The first days of my stay, did I so much as mention that I had to go and perform some sort of errand, one or more of the boys would jump up and not merely tell me where to go, but accompany me to see that I found the place easily and without delay.

It has been the finest demonstration of practical and applied friendship one could ever imagine. It shows conclusively that I have been correct all along in my beliefs and preachments as to the great feeling of friendship that prevails among fans everywhere. It is something that I shall cherish all my life.

My sincere and humble thanks to all of you, you fine and wonderful people.

They laughed when I said "People are the swellest people!" I have once more proved it to my entire satisfaction.

Truly, I am one of the happiest and most blessed of men!

POETRY VS. VERSE.

There has been quite a bit of discussion recently in FAPA, and elsewhere in Fandom concerning the different types of poetry -- being called forth more particularly by those who are devotees of the older, classic forms, as against those who like best the newer, the more modernistic forms, as printed in the Watson-Ebey mag, and others.

It is not my intention to enter hereinto that discussion, but to call attention to still a third type of versification which has not yet been especially mentioned, and of which I have perhaps as good and complete a knowledge as any other person in Fandom. That is the distinct and separate verse known as "Newspaper Verse". This is the type of thing so well exemplified in the work of Eddie Guest, and many others.

Newspaper Verse calls for a different approach than that usually found in the work of either the new or the older poets. It may be written in either the classic or the modernistic form, for it is in the CONTENT of the verse that the main differentiation appears, not in the FORM itself.

This type of versification is for the consumption of those who look within it for a distinct message. It must be topical, flavored with the things of importance of the day and age. It must usually have a cheerful message of hope and gaiety that will uplift the spirits in the beginning of the day. It must also usually point a moral that is thought-provoking and at the same time worthy of emulation.

In the truest sense, it is not poetry, although it adheres to the form of poetry. And yet in another sense, it is poetry of the best type. Newspaper Verse must be something that will give a new hope to those who are doleful or discouraged; it must give pleasure to those who are sad; and it must give an added smile of joy and of gladness to those already happy with the prospect of another bright day of labor and pleasure.

To speak of myself, I have written, and had published, well over 400 pieces of verse. Of these, perhaps a dozen could really be termed pure poetry. The rest were Newspaper Verse, pure and unadulterated "drivel" though they may seem to some so-called sophisticated intellectuals.

They are written about the little homey things of life; about the topics of the day; about the foibles and fears and hopes and aspirations of the common people; about the writer's own life, family, children and doings.

For instance, here is one from my scrapbook about one of our most prized and loved holidays:

THANKSGIVING?

Prepare the turkey, noble bird,
With dressing rich surround it;
Bake pies and cakes -- forth goes the word
And let no one confound it.
Thanksgiving day is drawing near
And we must eat, be merry,
And spend the day in festal cheer,
Nor stingy be, nor chary.

Heap high the plate with victuals fine
And loud your thanks be giving;
What's mine is yours and yours is mine
To show we're glad we're living.
We'll eat the whole long list of things
And think what we're enjoying,
(Nor mind the pains dyspepsia brings,
Nor other ills annoying.)

Ah, Man, you boast of how you've scaled
The heights of civ'lization,
Yet gourmandizing has prevailed --
You eat for celebration.
So long as there is grub enough
You care not what the day means;
Your thanks are all for food and stuff . . .
Who, me? Yes, I'll take more beans!

A hunk of verse like this not only brings a grin, but underneath it there is a solid message that will make some of its readers do a bit of solid thinking. So, too, another sample from the old scrap-book, about elections, politicians, and our duties as citizens:

ELECTIONS.

Now election day is over,
Office holders are in clover,
And the winning politicians bright and gay;
With the dying of the thunder,
One is forced to stop and wonder --
Will they think of us before next voting day?

Oh, the promises they utter,
(Tho who knows what 'tis they mutter),
As they come around and ask us for their votes;
'Tis for us alone they labor;
They, to us, are friend and neighbor,
Why, to aid us they would gladly give their coats!

Yes, they're full of protestations:
They'll protect our habitations
And will put our taxes down the lowest yet;
And, altho we know they're fooling,
Such has so far been our schooling,
That we give them just the jobs they're out to get.

Another distinct type of Newspaper Verse is the uplifting, optimistic, what-a-wonderful-world-this-is sort of thing. Perhaps no one has quite so well done this sort of verse as the Eddie Guest I mentioned. Altho he is often looked-down upon by those who claim he is no poet, his detractors entirely overlook the fact that Guest, himself, never claims he is. Those who have heard him on the radio or at banquets or lectures where he has spoken have not heard him speak of his "poetry" -- he usually says "this little bit of mine", or "something I wrote recently". For Guest all too well realizes that he is a Newspaper Versifier -- and yet he has written some grand poems that will live long and long. I don't claim to be in Eddie Guest's class, but here is one of my own that exemplifies this particular type:

P R O G R E S S

Day by day the world grows better,
Finer things may we command;
Gone are many a chain and fetter
Which held back our mind and hand.
We have luxuries unnumbered
That our fathers never knew;
We are free where they were cumbered;
Do great things they could not do.

Nowadays each humble toiler
May have joys undreamed of old;
Things no king or great despoiler
Could have bought with all his gold;
Creature comforts for his pleasure
That would drive Lucullus mad;
Modern marvels without measure --
Have we reason to feel sad?

We can span, in one day's journey,
Distances that took a year;
Sit and see a play or tourney
Held a thousand miles from here;
Talk with friends across the ocean;
Fly at will throughout the air;
Gratify our slightest notion --
Is there reason to despair?

Why more restless than our fathers,
Less content, for all our luck;
Do we find more trifling bothers;
Have we less of faith and pluck?
We may be, but this I'm doubting
As I study by-gone ways,
So I, gleefully, am shouting --
Never were there better days!

And then there are the out and out sermons in verse; bits of advice given the readers about the topics of the day or the things that are being discussed throughout the land. Here the Newspaper Versifier blissfully "walks where angels fear to tread" in his little essays and sermons into realms where he has -- if he has a following at all -- his greatest opportunity to do something worthwhile for the race. That he actually does have a beneficent effect on a lot of people is easily verifiable by anyone who will take time to study the matter carefully. Again I dig into the scrapbook for one of my own bits that quite a number of people wrote or told me was of help to them:

F U T I L I T Y

O futile man! O foolish, heedless man,
Who builds great telescopes with which to scan
The heavens, search the secrets of each far-
off nebulae, each moon, each star;
Or studies, 'neath a microscopic eye,
The structure of the atom; sees cells die
And ponders how they are re-born again --
Are not these profound lessons learned in vain?

What tho the distant stars be homes for men
Whose science reaches far beyond our ken?
What tho upon the atom small may dwell
True entities who, live by Nature's spell?
These things are fine to know, and yet
They never can, on earth, a race beget
Who could possess the glory that God meant
When He made man His living complement.

What good is all our knowledge and our lore
About the deeps of science, when before
Our eyes lies clear the story of ill-health
And misery, that fills the world by stealth
Because we will not heed the things we've learned,
And all of Life's great truths have idly spurned?
Live what you've learned, O Man, if you would be
The god-like man God meant this world to see!
Forget your wars, think only of the good,
And seek the goodly ways of Brotherhood!

Another, and far from least, is the purely personalized verse that tells your readers, whom you hope are your friends through the things you have said to them in the past, of the little or the big events of your life; of the things you do from day to day, presented in either a serious or a humorous manner. You tell them of your courtship and marriage, of deaths in the family, of old friends met again. Or, for instance, something like this little bit published many Springs ago:

AT LAST

There's a twinge in every muscle,
There's an ache in every bone;
Gone is all my pep and hustle --
Rather would I sit and groan.
I've been through an awful tussle,
Quite the worst I've ever known --
BUT, I've got my garden spaded up at last!

In the winter time 'twas jolly
Fun to brag about the plan
For THE garden that, by golly,
Would be worthy any man.
Now I'm paying for that folly --
Though I'm shirking when I can --
BUT, at least my garden's spaded up at last!

Now the seeds I must be sowing,
And there's shrubs to be set out;
Soon I'll have to start the mowing
Of my lawn, without a doubt.
Still, I have one cause for crowing,
So please pardon while I shout --
BOY, I've got my garden spaded up at last!

Here, of course, the male reader at least, put's himself in the poet's place, for this is something he has felt and known, said in a different way that he would probably express it.

Or still another type of personalized verse, in which the writer takes the reader into his confidence, and tells him what he is trying to do, what he hopes to accomplish, and what the reader is to

look for in his (the writer's) daily effusions. Such as:

THE POET'S PRAYER

Lord, may I daily bring a smile
To some soul, distressed by trial;
Take his troubles and his care,
Brighten them, 'til they seem fair;
Take each little lowly thing,
Show its beauty as I sing
That the splendid things of life
Shall reward all toil and strife.

By some wise decree of Fate,
Humble souls are often great,
For simplicity of mind
Marks the man sincere and kind.
Make my nature one of joy --
Brain of Man, yet Heart of Boy,
That I may, with cheerful creed,
Bring relief from grasping greed.

If I e'er attain to fame,
Keep my impulse still the same;
Let me not grow vain, nor proud,
Feeling far above the crowd.
Wilt thou ever bless my pen
That it bring more cheer to men;
Keep me steadfast at my task --
This, O Lord, is all I ask.

Another distinct form of Newspaper Verseification is the purely humorous type; the verse with the trick ending designed (and hoped) to bring a chuckle from the reader. I am reminded of one I thought not too bad:

R E G R E T S

Each night as I lay with the dreams
Of the things in my life worth while,
The brightest spot of all, it seems,
Was the way you could make me smile.
But the dream is tinged with sadness
As I think how I cast you off,
And I know now 'twas summer madness
That led me, at you, to scoff.

If you knew how oft I've lamented
For throwing my love away;
How I've realized I was demented,
And have long to atone for that day,
I am sure that you would remember
How I held you next to my heart
In those cold, bleak days of December --
How I swore that we ne'er should part.

I know I deserve no pity,
And I hope that you still are near,
There's so much coldness in the city,
And I need your dear warmth and cheer.

So I pray we'll be re-united --
I hope 'twill occur before frost;
Then I know I'll be, O so delighted,
For without my wool "heavies" I'm lost!

There are innumerable other types of Newspaper Verse, which is, as I have said, not real poetry at all in one sense, and yet is a true poetry form of its own, as important in a way as any other type. It conforms to a pattern (not a verse-form, remember); it brings to the reader a message, or a smile, or a glow; and it does fill a distinct need in the lives of countless thousands of readers. (Else hard-headed newspaper editors and publishers would not pay out good money to have this feature regularly in their issues.)

A good newspaper versifier must be ready at any time to dash off a bit of sentimental and eulogizing verse honoring some Great Man who has just passed on; or some other great event that has just occurred. He must be ready at the drop of a hat to work up a pome about the delights and marvels of his own particular city or state or country, when the Chamber of Commerce calls, or something for the schools or churches when they so request.

At the same time, he soon begins to build up enough of a personal following of those who like his stuff, so that he can occasionally, if, as and when the urge strikes him, give out with something he considers real POETRY, and know that they will accept it and appreciate it.

One such bit of mine has been used time and again in various ways, and makes me rather proud that I once did manage to have a thought expressed so well that it was worthy of continued life. I hope you, too, may get a bit of pleasure and profit from this little sonnetical philosophy:

A U T U M N

Grieve not, that in the Autumn of the year
The flowers fade, and Nature, day by day,
Shows grim, relentless progress towards decay
That all too well proclaims that Winter's near;
Nor grieve that Youth, and all that Youth holds dear
Gives way to Age, which, too, must pass away
Along the march of Time's inexorable sway --
Grieve not, nor view these happenings with fear.

For, lo! the trees know death is not in vain,
And deck themselves in colors gay and bold;
And Man's maturity is filled with pride
That still reflects Youth's buoyant, braggart stride.
For after Winter, Spring. 'Tis life retold --
We only die, that we may live again!

DEAR FELLOW FAPANS:

Sorry not to have a MAILING MUSINGS this time. The vicissitudes of moving, and the fact that my Mailing disappeared under the most peculiar circumstances, and that I have not received the pre- or the post-mailings, makes it rather impossible for me to review them. So sorry, 'scuse it, pliz!