

Winning Entries in the Parody Competition

A High Standard Attained



OUR Prize Poem Competition this week, which takes the form of a parody of the well known poem by Mr. W. H. Davies, entitled "Leisure," has been an entertaining and successful one. It is gratifying to record the widespread interest that has been evoked, attested by the unusually large number of contributions received.

These were of a high order of merit, in many cases delightfully witty and mirth-provoking, and there was an entire absence of the bathos which sometimes is apparent in the work of the amateur who attempts this form of versification.

The prize of half a guinea is awarded to Edith Daly for "Restraint," which is outstandingly original and amusing. We congratulate the prize-winner on her diverting lines, which we are sure will be appreciated by countless readers.

Also selected for commendation as being in the true spirit of the gentle art of parody is the work sent in by M. W. Sandlant, "Oh, Mack," S. B. Small, V. May Cottrell and W. A. Wilton, while "Betty K" shows versatility in her gay little sparklet of verse addressed to a Baby Austin that wouldn't go. The subject-matter of the entries ranges from Miss Amy Johnson's exploit to

golf, frills of femininity, and the carks and cares of town and country cousins.

One or two contributors, in more serious vein, indulge in philosophical reflection. This, however, is not quite the object of a parody, and therefore their work is not eligible for a place, although we commend the ingenious and attractive efforts of "Greenwich," "Matron" and "Vignette," while "Cowspanker" sends witty monologue of the backblocks, and S.E.D. sings with faith and courage of her "daily life of work and hope."

"Toad"—We like your clever straight-from-the-shoulder lines, although they are hardly calculated to promote an entente cordiale.

"Bonzo" writes an excellent skit anent the exasperation engendered in carless and cursing pedestrian by ubiquitous road hog.

"Crayfish" sends a flapper's lament, and a funny one.

"Stymie" puts plenty of ginger into his lay of the hurried and worried sportsman.

"Geisha"—Not suitable

"Whoopee"—Your verses do not scan.

In the Soup

Why is this soup so full of hare?
Who found the time to put it there?
(Did I say hare?—this nib is bent—
H.A.I.R. is what I meant!)

Some can find time to watch me eat,
Why don't they clear out to the street?

They can find time to stand and stare,
I can find time to growl and swear.

Some can find time to spend your cash—

Debtors whose face you'd like to bash!

Why should you ask for time to stare?

It's not worth staring anywhere.

—S.B.S.

... Restraint ...

*Why are we all so short of cash
We have no time to cut a dash?*

*No time to linger late in bed
Reading what Amy Johnson said*

*No time to wallow in the bath,
Or wander from the narrow path.*

*No time to gloat where posters star
The Sirens of the "Sin"-e-ma.*

*No time to dally with a peach,
And lure her to the dance, or beach.*

*No Leisure—does it ever strike
you?—*

*To do a darn thing that you'd
like to!*

—Edith Daly.

Leisure

What is this life if full of care
We have no time to stand and swear.
No time to curse the motor's blare,
Instead we run with grim despair.

No time to screech and tear our hair,
When one has gone, another's there.
No time to track it to its lair,
For time is money, money rare!

No time our shattered nerves to spare,

Each day is one eternal scare.
Pedestrians! this life's not fair
With devilish engines everywhere.

—M. W. Sandlant

Rushed

*What is this life if full of care
We have no time to comb the air?*

*No time to tune and neighbours vex
The while we search for more DX,*

*No time for speech or music borne
Upon the speakers, cone and horn,*

*No time to hear in broad daylight
The Johnny Leckie-Sarron fight,*

*No time to turn a small control
And roam the world, from Pole to Pole.*

*A poor life this if full of care
We have no time to comb the air.*

—W.A.W.

Lamentation

What use this life if women wear
Long trailing skirts and tousled hair?
No longer may a fellow stare
At silk-clad legs—a bonny pair

No longer do they even bare
Their Adam's apple to the air,
But favour ties—with which they wear
High collars! Oh, so debonair!

And harness waists, I do declare,
In corsets—oh, can this be fair?
A poor life this if women's flair
Is now for woollen underwear!

—Oh, Mack.

Quietude

*What is this life if all the air
Is filled with roar and crash and blare?*

*No time have we to lie and drowse
When sirens shriek the dead to rouse;*

*No time to watch lambs frisk on grass—
At fifty miles an hour we pass;*

*To see the twinkling stars at night
When sky-signs flash like bright sunlight;*

*No time to watch with kindling glance
While Beauty's lure our hearts entrance.*

*A poor life this if all the air
Is filled with crash and roar and blare.*

—V. May Cottrell.