

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### SHEEP

BY WILLIAM MACDERMOTT

[*Bookman*]

For one brief moment  
The traffic slows  
While a tide of fleece  
Through the city flows.

Dogs bark and run  
And the sheepmen shout  
Till the mild-faced sheep  
Are a surging rout.

Strong blows they bear  
And each pitiful face  
In seeming dreams  
Of another place:

Where a woman stood  
Silent and still  
While the drovers took  
Her dears from the hill:

Where a woman watched  
In the Western light  
A cloud of dust  
That went to the night.

### A THOUGHT

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Collected Poems. Second Series*]

WHEN I look into a glass,  
Myself 's my only care;  
But I look into a pool  
For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass,  
I see a fool:  
But I see a wise man  
When I look into a pool.

### THE COLD WINDS' HAVOC

BY TOMFOOL

[*Daily Herald*]

['Many chestnut trees in London, which were in the height of their glory a week ago, have fallen victims to the cold winds.' — DAILY PAPER.]

THE old sun, the gold sun,  
With lovely May returning,  
Went among the chestnut trees  
And set their candles burning.

The cold winds, the bold winds,  
Came down like Goths and Vandals,  
And went among the chestnut trees  
Blowing out their candles.

### ASPENS IN DROUGHT

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

THE aspens all along the lane  
Shake greenly with shy leaves aslant  
That make a sound like sudden rain  
To mock the dry earth's want.

Ten thousand tiny hands are clapped,  
Ten thousand tiny ripples race  
Over the bitter branches wrapped  
Within the wind's embrace.

With their smooth boughs the air is  
brushed  
By Wind, their lover. They remain  
Scarce half one fleeting moment hushed  
Before they move again,

With that fair sound of phantom drops  
To mock the thirsting earth and raise  
The hedger's eyes where in the copse  
He shelters from the blaze.

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### ALAS, POOR MAX!

'MAX has never given us a better show,' says Desmond McCarthy in the radical *New Statesman*, and, conversely, in all the awful condemnation of italics: '*They are assuredly in the worst possible taste,*' says Sir Claude Phillips roundly in the conservative *Daily Telegraph*. Between those two opinions and inclining to the latter, range the art critics of the London press, and their subject is none other than Max Beerbohm — Max the irrepressible, Max the light of touch, the gay, the airy, the inimitable, the insouciant, and — once too often — the impertinent. For Max has had another show of his cartoons at the Leicester Galleries, and he has dared to lay a flippant pencil upon the sacred person of British Royalty itself. It is too much. The pundits of the London press rally to the defense of their harassed monarch, while only a few wicked journalists of the Labor papers venture to chuckle in public; but it is worth recollecting that only a year ago there were alarums and excursions because a Beerbohm cartoon ridiculed the Labor Party.

The offending drawings deal with two generations of the House of Windsor, though not with King George himself. King Edward VII and his grandson, the Prince of Wales, are the victims, though the king is obviously beyond speaking for himself and the prince maintains a discreet silence. The cartoons of King Edward are presented as 'Proposed Illustrations for Sir Sidney Lee's Forthcoming Biography,' and consist of a series of caricatures of the king, beginning with his earliest youth and ending with a somewhat majestic angel, haloed and playing on the harp. Tucked away with

delicate malice in each picture is a lady in the fashionable garb of the decade represented in the royal life.

'Downright vulgar and far from diverting,' says Sir Claude of the cartoon which satirizes the Prince of Wales's unwillingness to marry. This is called 'Long Choosing and Beginning Late.' The cartoon represents a very old man, whose features are characteristic of the royal House of Windsor, being married in a registry office. An imaginary Bolshevik revolution has taken place, and the Throne has been abolished. The legend has occasioned a good share of the offense: —

(Extract from the Times — November 10, 1972.)

An interesting wedding was quietly celebrated yesterday at the Ealing Registry Office, when Mr. Edward Windsor was united to Miss Flossie Pearson. The bridegroom, as many of our elder readers will recall, was at one time well known as 'heir-apparent' of the late 'King' George. He has for some years been residing at 'Balmoral,' 85, Acacia Terrace, Lenin Avenue, Ealing; and his bride is the only daughter of his landlady. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair traveled to Rams gate, where the honeymoon will be spent. Interviewed later in the day by a *Times* man, the aged mother-in-law confessed that she had all along been opposed to the union, because of the disparity between the ages of the two parties — the bride being still on the sunny side of forty. 'I had always,' she said, 'hoped that my Flossie was destined to make a brilliant match.' Now that the knot was tied, however, the old lady was evidently resigned to the *fait accompli*. 'I believe,' she said, 'that Mr. Windsor will make a good husband for my girl, for I must say that a nicer, quieter gentleman, or a more pleasant-spoken, never lodged under my roof.'