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AN EVENING WITH THE PHILATELIC POETS.

[BY CANADENSIS.]

Apparently poetry has come to stay with philately. The stamp poet is a fixture and no amount of abuse will drive him from his pursuit of dreamy effusions in Elysian fields. For my own part, although guilty of the unpardonable offence of writing so-called poetry, or rather doggerel rhyming. I disclaim any pretext to be classed as one who thinks his rhyme is *AU FAIT*. I have started a philatelic poetry album, and in it will be found the gems from all the well-known authors. My first page starts off with a composition given in the October 2. C. P. and written by myself:—

Summers may come and winters may go,
But never another will be, I know,
So full of poetry, glory and gaities,
So laden with errors and many rarities,
So full of surcharges, intangible lore.
Ah! there was never summer like this before.

—Canadensis.

Of the regular writers the two leading claimants to philatelic laureateship are Guy W. Green and Roy F. Green. They have both composed enough to fill several pages of my album, and it is a "toss up" who is the best. "Billy McGee's Sad Fate," by Guy W. is one of his best efforts, It portrays a boy who started to collect stamps with such enthusiasm that he grew weary and ill. The last verse tells the tale:—

Out on the hill is a new-made grave,
And sadly one reads on the stone;
"Here lies in his youth, a boy who in truth
Succumbed to Philately alone.

Guy W. is not very old, being born in 1873, but he has been a success as the editor of the "PHILATELIC FRAUD REPORTER. His "Philatelic Fairie's Revelry" and "Ode to an old Album" are fair samples of his poetry. One of his latest productions is entitled "My Phantasy" depicting a collector who apparently had a good supper late at night then got a "Jag" on and went to bed. It says:—

I dreamed of an album, whose covers
With myriad figures were traced;
Of demons, hobgoblins and witches
Who swift over their surfaces raced.