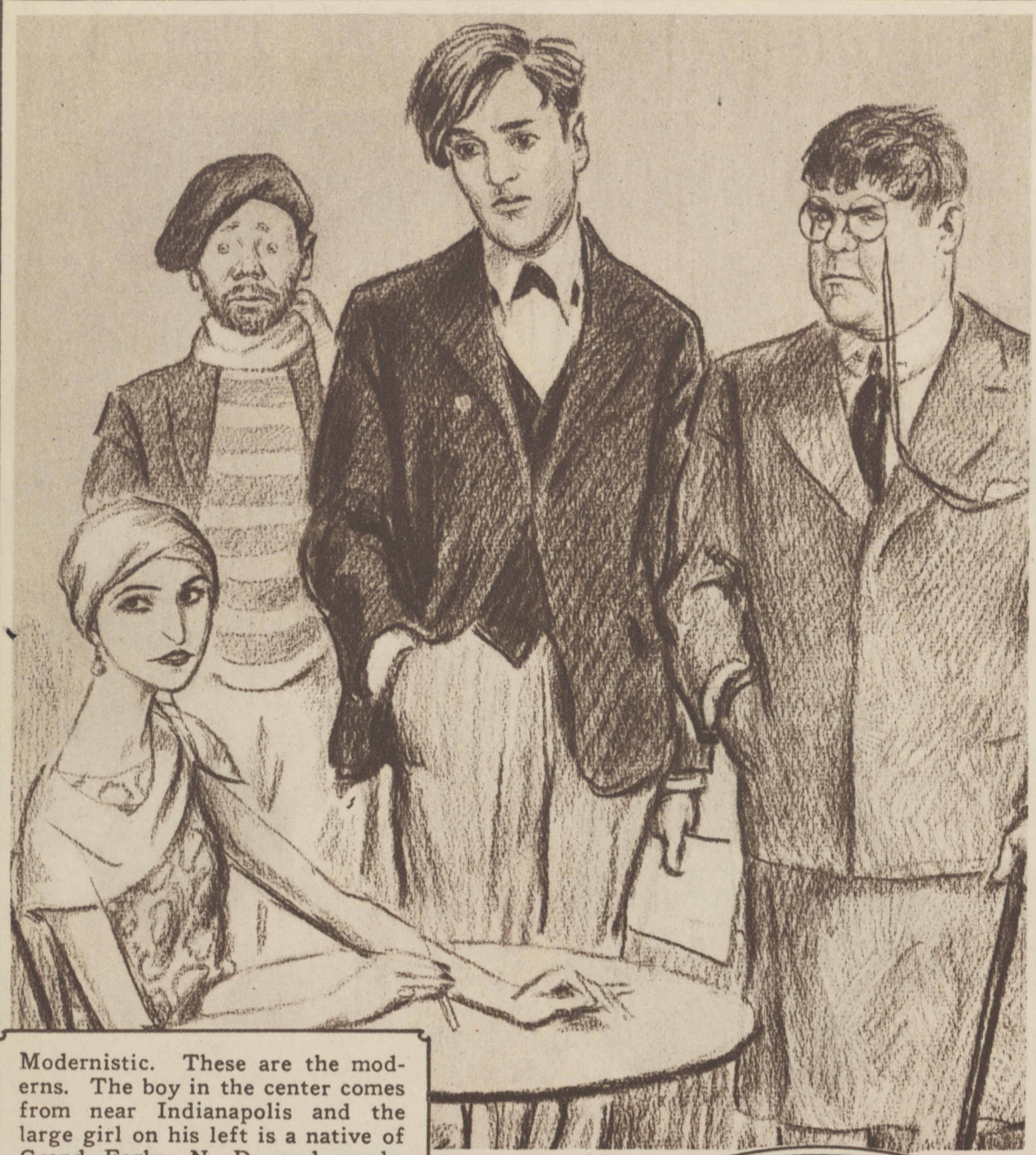


Our Native Poets

By W. E. Hill

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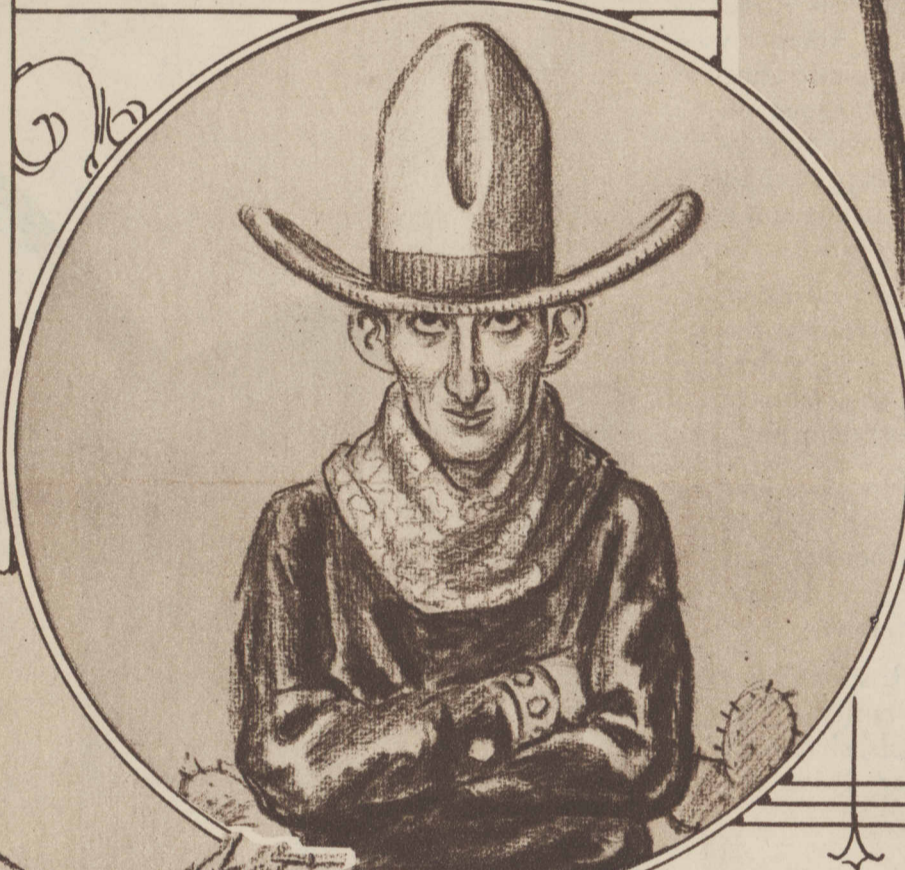
Modernistic. These are the moderns. The boy in the center comes from near Indianapolis and the large girl on his left is a native of Grand Forks, N. D., and maybe their respective towns won't get out the band when they sail back from Paris and the left bank of the Seine. The young girl seated at the table doesn't write, but her resemblance to the kind of girl Matisse draws gets her into artistic circles. The girl from Grand Forks is writing expressionistic verse, and has gone all the moderns one better. Not only leaves out punctuation and capitals, but runs her words together, which makes a very pretty sound when read audibly, as is not often done. The boy in the beret and the jersey is writing a drama in blank verse about Saul. It is in eleven acts, seven of which are played on a dark stage.



The Nature Poet. Old Daddy Finnanahaddy is really a hangover from the Victorian era, and most of his best work was done when the school of E. P. Willis was in the ascendant. Daddy's love of nature is very keen. Lived for two years in a cave with three bears studying their habits, their growls and their inhibitions. The bears were very sorry to see him go at the end of the two years and cried bitterly. Daddy's best friend is his little dog, "Japhet."



The Column Contributor. Jeane writes couplets and triolets and rondels about all her experiences and sends them in to the newspaper columns. She almost never goes to the same person twice for material and that is why, she explains, her experiences are so varied. "If I didn't live, I couldn't write things like the one in yesterday's column," Jeane will tell you, "the one beginning: 'Harold's kisses are curds and whey, And Sidney's lips are like biscuit glue.'"



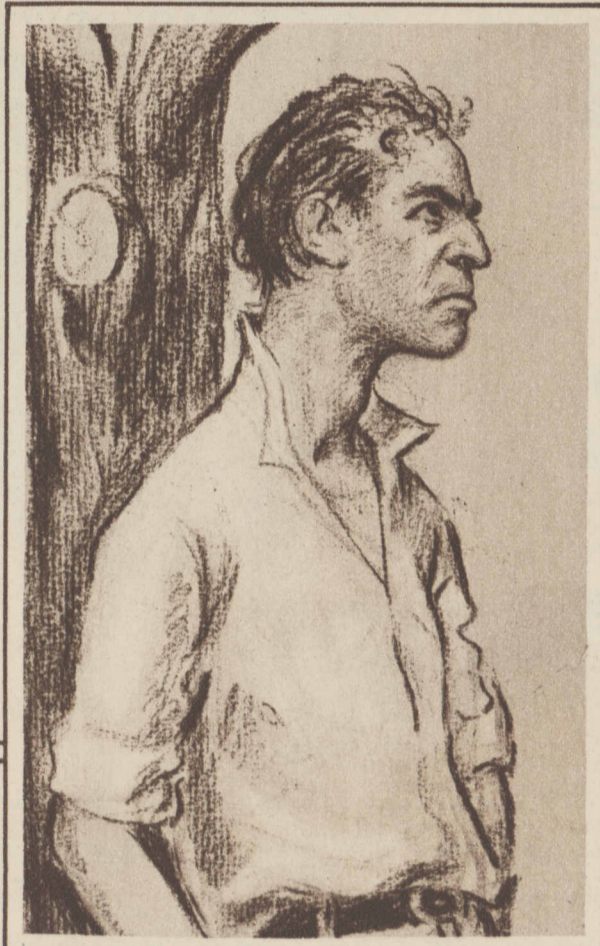
The Cactus Poet. Meet Howard, the breath from the Arizona desert where the poets sing of rattlesnakes rattling, adobe mud, and Cenichinita la Fonda of the desert and her Mexican lover.



Mechanistic. Benjamin Franklin Growl has definitely allied himself with all labor movements, and writes feelingly of sweat, garbled, twisted limbs toiling hither and yon, smelting furnaces and grime, till you can almost smell the leather belting and the piston rods!



The Depressant. Mabel Figureva writes on very sad subjects. Loneliness in New York, Suicide by Poison, Living Death, Clawing Remorse and Clutching Hunger, till it seems as though there's nothing to do but go up to the morgue and have a good cry.



The New England Poet. People who see Minns Wrench for the first time immediately say, "Ah, a humorist," but the gloomy look is only skin deep. Minns is very jovial really, and will recite for you hour after hour from his latest work, "Black Surf," which tells all about the rock bound coast of Maine and how the oyster pickers around Marblehead, Mass., go out and sometimes get imbedded in the huge masses of oysters in the bay and never return.



Tin Pan Alley. Bernie packs 'em in and gets the coin all right, so he must be good. Writes the rhymes for the jazzy tunes you hear over the radio. Now and then Bernie does some sob lyrics that are a big wow, as the boys in the business say. "I'm Glad I Struck You, 'Cause It Brought Me Nearer to You," is his latest.



Privately Printed. Mrs. Katherine Kennel Ration writes hundreds of poems during the year, to the delight of Mr. Horace Kennel Ration, who is inordinately proud of his wife, and has, from time to time, little hand tooled vellum brochures printed which are given away to friends, acquaintances, poor relations, and even enemies at Christmas, New Year's, Lincoln's birthday, Flag Day, Michaelmas, Yom Kippur, and Fourth of July. No one is safe. Mrs. Kennel Ration can write at all times about anything, but give her a good war, and she does herself proud. "Odes to Our Flag," "To the Dear Lads in Khaki," "Hail to the Dawning Hour," show what the last war did for Mrs. Kennel Ration. Mrs. Kennel Ration will give readings for charity at the drop of a hat.