

11-4-47

The Lake
by
Robert Traver

Sometimes in the summer in the nighttime
When there is a moon and there is a mist
The fields look like a lake.

Now in the sleepless summer it is nighttime
And I lie there and I wonder and I ponder
If these fields are not really a lake?

Tonight I must arise and go out
And ^{plunge into} ~~swim in~~ my beautiful lake;
In the moonlight I must swim
strongly to the distant shore,
Before bitter dawn comes and I
can swim no more.

4/7/40.

A man that needed killing, Tott
A man in whom kind impulses were not
To do an act that served no selfish end —
No, always to his own sense his thro' did bend

At this time, now, at this time —
When ~~was~~ wars are ^{waged} fought because past wars
were ^{not} fought
When ^{starving} death and ^{is} ⁱⁿ ^{short} pillage all come to naught.
What is this power of the dead?

"My flag! My country! General Blank!"

~~When patriotic Gendrop!~~
"Remember ^{Colonel Gendrop!} ~~the~~ ~~name~~ — ^{like} ^a ^{turning} ^{crank}"
"Let's save the world from ^{useful} foreign dread
What is this thing — the power of the dead?"

When hate becomes a ^{national} hymn
When love ~~the~~ ^{full of dread} ~~ferocious~~ soldier ~~in his~~ ^{leave}
Rumble war O ~~Rumble~~ O Blast and Boom
What for this ^{partia} ~~parade~~ of the dead?
We must vindicate ~~the~~ ^{but our} ~~honor~~ ^{hollowness} of the dead

~~The field battle~~ ^{the} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~long~~
When at least the ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~man~~ ^{man} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~earth~~ ^{earth} ~~has~~ ^{has} ~~dropped~~
And all the clocks on earth are stopped
And ^{great} Black birds ~~flap~~ ^{flap} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~upon~~ ^{upon} ~~desert~~ ^{desert} ~~thrones~~

'We are the chosen people of the world!
'My flag! My country! in defiance hurled
'Let save the world ^{again} ~~from~~ ~~total~~ ~~foreign~~ ~~deal!~~
What is this ~~foreign~~ form of the dead

The Power of the Dead

At this time, now, at this time of dread
when ^{new} wars are waged ^{against} ~~because~~ ^{of} ~~past~~ wars were fought,
when ~~strong~~ ^{against} death is ~~now~~ ^{as} all come to naught -
What is this power of the dead?

February 6, 1946.

Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th Street
New York 19, New York

Gentlemen:

Some current aspects of life on this planet
move me to enclose my first venture at poetry. This
is it:

H A T E
by
Robert Traver

Hate builds a callous for a heart,
Wet slate for an eye;
Hate sears *a* world apart,
O when will Love draw nigh?

* * *

If this is cornier than I think, just
discard like tissue and I'll return to drafting
indictments.

Sincerely yours,

Jan 9, 1946

4 please

Review of Reviews

When reviewers hail works as but brightly "sympathetic,"
Frail jerks like me grow as but slightly apathetic;
Yes - a mild failing more ridiculous,
Is their wild flailing of "meticulous";
But an even ~~and somewhat~~ more flagrant affair,
Is this prose they find "lean" and "aware."
While those slaves to trick phrases in French,
Send out waves and thick hazes of stench;
But their knavery, lo! is most discreditable,
In their slavery, lo! to "inevitable!"

John S. Volker
Shipman, Mich

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

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John D. Voelker

Ishpeming, Michigan

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John D. Voelker

Ishpeming, Michigan

1st
Jan 19, 1946

Animal Kingdom, Inc. and the Atom

Animal Fable & the
Atom

Trumpor the Elephant

It was midnight in the
forest. Trumpor the elephant ^{ambled} ~~tramped~~
silently ^{along} ~~through~~ the misty, moon-
drenched ~~forest~~ forest floor,
hurrying to the meeting. "I hope
I'm not ^{too} late," Trumpor worried. "Here
Din wai president of Animal
Kingdom, Inc. — and Din late
for our first great interatomic
convention... er... conference, I
think they're now called. "My, my."

On the cars it said Navy Yard
Pearl Harbor. Catch on?

Douglas Johnson
16.48

Pants

The 79th. Div. is lousy!

All the girls in Baraga!

A note assuming ^{all} transients
that ~~out~~ the girls ^{in town} ~~are~~
horizontally hospitable.

Cyprus

mi

5267
1648

ROBERT Q. ARCHIBALD
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

MARQUETTE COUNTY

NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN

Reverse

*1000 yds
from mt.
at base of
parade*

It appears that
if people lack
adequate vision,
they will remain
bound earth-bound
to atomic fusion.
As now is the
time for a very
great decision

collusion

Jan 28, 1946.

"Rehearsal for Wedding"

SRL

Bess Clark

Deem Bates

Mr. Burman

Judge Star

Art Farrell

Macmillan

Duell, Sloan & Pearce

Putnam's

A D R E A M ?

by

ROBERT TRAVER

Last night a distant bell did ring

With clear and lonely peal;

"Join hands, join hands," it seemed to sing,

"For mankind's common-weal."

All diabolical? 14

^{by}
ROBERT TRAVER 13

Last night a distant bell
with clear and lonely peal;

With clear and lonely peal;

"Join hands, join hands," it seemed to sing,

"For mankind's common-weal."

July 18, 1947.

JUNGLE-COATED

~~One sleepless~~ night a
distant bell did ring,
With clear and warming
peal.
The woods were jingle-thick,
dense, jingle-thick.

~~Strangely~~ midnight
One night I heard a bell ring,

A clear and warming peal,
"Join hands, join hands," it
famously
seemed to sing,

"For mankind's common-weal."

A DREAM?

Last night a distant bell did ring
with clear and lonely peal;

"Join hands, join hands," it seemed to
sing,

"For mankind's common-weal."

6/26/34.

For Dan Spencer.

DAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE

1.

My name is Dan from Silver Lake;
A little dram I like to take
When my bones get hard and start to ache,
And I can't sleep, but lie awake.

2.

Now a little drink is just the stuff
To keep you feeling up to snuff
When youre feeling blue and kinda tough ---
But you got to know when you got enough!

3.

If right here now was a gallon of moon
I'm sure I'd up an' leave the room
An' come right back with a table-spoon;
For I don't guzzle like a crazy loon.

4.

But since there ain't, I'll just fill this glass
An' open my mouth as wide as a bass;
Now don't you worry that I'll fall on my ass;
'Cause my old guts is made out of brass!!

THANK YOU TOO MUCH -- YOU'RE WELCOME!!

GENUIS

All animals are strictly dumb,
They haven't even the atom bomb.
Yet man with all ^{his} vaunted brains,
Just sits and awaits the atomic rains.

Robert Traver

Written by:

etc

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They haven't even the atom bomb.
Yet man with all his vaunted brains,
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Robert Traver

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

Harpers Oct 27, 1949.

11-27-49
1st.

Mr. The Genius Man

All animals are strictly dumb,
They've ~~not~~ ^{never} even ~~the~~ ^{heard} the atom bomb.

Get
Best man with all his wretched brains
Just sits and awaits ^{the} atomic rains.

Re-copy.

allan...
...
JRL

BARUMPH PLAN

I've got a plan
To end all war,

Hell's bells, it's easy--
Just have one more.

Robert Traver
~~11-27-49~~

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

[11 Nov 1949]

Barrington Plan

~~You ask how can we
Abolish war?~~

~~Hell's bells, it's easy --
Just have one more.~~

I've got a plan
To end all war.

Hell's bells, it's easy --
Just have one more.

Barunsh Plan
You ask how can we
finish
abolish war?

Wells' bells - its' song -
Just have one more.

Panacea

1st.
Oct. 27, 1949

We got a ^{2nd} plan to end
all war.

Wells' bill, it's easy -
Just have one more

If I could send these
contacts return this
and send these to me
please

[1948]

ROBERT Q. ARCHIBALD
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY
MARQUETTE COUNTY
NEGAUNEE, MICHIGAN

Jacks & Jubb &
a member of Skills

Coffey Tank

2nd. 90
14/28/03

PERPLEXED

by
Robert Traver

I hate the left, I hate the right,
And everything in the middle,
I loathe ~~the~~ extremes and ^{all} in between;
What I like beside me is a riddle.

BANUMPH PLAN

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To end all war,

Hell's bells, it's easy--
Just have one more.

Robert Traver
11-27-49

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

Written by:

John D. Volker
Isipemung, Michigan

PERPLEXED

by
Robert Traver

I hate the left, I hate the right
And everything in the middle;
I loathe extremes and in betweens;
What I like beside me is a riddle.

11/28/63

PERPLEXED

~~Adjusted~~

I hate the Left, I hate the Right,
And everything in the middle;
I loathe extremes and in between;
~~I like -- but that's the riddle.~~
~~What I like is quite a riddle~~
I like -- but that's a riddle.

But I like me -- the rest's a riddle.

Beside liking me the rest's a riddle

What I like beside me is a riddle.

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

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In their slavery, lo! to "inevitable"!

John D. Voelker

Ishpeming, Michigan

Jan. 14, 1943

No Trumpets Blew

by Robert Traver

No trumpets blew at Worldsend,
No song did fill the air;
No trumpets blew, no angels sang,
There was no din, no blare.

No harps were played, no people prayed,
No wolves prowled city street;
No dead men talked nor rose nor walked,
The lamb had ceased its bleat.

For all the earth had turned to ice,
A deep and frigid blight;
All men and things gripped in the sheath
Of its vast, eternal night.

The Northern Lights were all that shone,
'Cross land and frozen sea,
In great and dripping organ pipes
Of silent melody.

No God was there at Worldsend;
Nor Sun, as there was before
They'd turned old eyes away from Earth
Where men were again at War.

(Written by John D. Voelker, Ishpeming, Mich.)

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Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Mich.

AARDVARK TO MAKE IT RHYME

by

Robert Traver

When Noah had finished a-building his Ark,
And paired it with everything from the Lion to a Lark,
And his purser started [was] checking each guest with his mark--
"Say, Boss," he exclaimed, "where's the bloomin' Aardvark?" *

*Alternative closing line: "we forgot the Aardvark!"

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~~by~~
~~Robert Traver~~ *

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* John D. Voelker

Ishpeming, Michigan

5

NIGHT
12/2/77

Lady Unforgettable

I'll never ever forget what's ^{her} ^{name} ^{is}.
my God, what a ^{sublime} dame!

And aint' it all a blawmin' shame

^{simply} ^{sublime} ^{wonderful}
I can't ^{quite} ^{recall} ~~remember~~ the name of that
dame I can't ^{will} ^{can} ^{never} ~~forget~~?

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John D. Voelker

Ishpeming, Michigan

[1946]

The Trust.

1: Paul looks for a job. ----
Christian Hancock case as nurse.
gets job with company lawyers.
Arnoldini ----

Morse = School. ----

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

(This should be effective if recited in a dull monotone by a tall, thin "comic" lawyer with brown glasses and a purple nose)

Young Larry McCloopus was a dim-wit,
With visions of glory at law,
He hied him a fine set of text books,
A gift of his dear old pa pa.

Equity appeared as a nightmare,
A disease of the chancellor's hoof,
His concept of habeas corpus,
Removed any lien from the roof.

Torts to him were a tasty, to be eaten
with jelly, you know,
Corp'rations a device of the devil,
To toss widows out in the snow.

Yet Larry today is a "statesman",
With an aura of considerable stench,
And 'tis rumored along the Rialto
That he'll soon be put on the bench.

OLE PETE BATEESE

Ole Pete Bateese got chase one night
By wolf up by de Soo.
Dese wolf dey t'ree, four in de pack
And dey scare him tru and tru.

Pretty soon ole Pete climb up a tree;
He t'ink he stay awhile.
Dese wolf dey sit down in de snow
And lick dere chops and smile.

Pretty quick two wolf go trot away;
Pete t'ink de rest soon go.
Pretty quick dese wolf come right straight back;
Pete's spirits dey sink low.

For w'at you t'ink dese wolf dey got?
Big beaver--one? No--two!
Dey set dem down beside dat tree
And say, "By gar, now chew."

Dose beaver start in chew dat tree;
Dey chew like beat de band.
Pete t'ink he soon be on de groun'
Unless he take a hand.

So Pete pull out his one-quart hooch
And let it run out slow.
It trickle down de trunk to where
Dose beaver chew below.

Dose beaver dey got drunk, by gar.
Dey don't see none too good.
Dey make mistake and chew de wolf
Instead of chew de wood.

Dose wolf run 'way, and Pete climb down
And sit down in de snow.
And cry and cry to t'ink for where
His one-quart hooch she go.

EATON'S
CORRASABLE
BOND

'Twas night before Christmas in dis Finnish house
and nuttin vas stirrin' - not even da mouse
Da rest of da family vas all fast asleep
wit visions of pasties delivered by Jeep

Da vorkboots vas hung by da chimbley wit care
in hopes dat St. Nikkula soon would be dere
and in da f4r corner vas lovely to see
da Stroh's cans and cabbage dat hung from da tree

Ma home from da Empire and me outta yail
had yust hit da hay for some pre-Christmas tail
Den all of a sudden da house starts to shudder
some nut's on da roof and he's broke da rain gutter

He yumps down da chimbley and swears 'cause it's tight
as I hide behind beer cases, way outta sight
He lands in da fireplace scorching his hair
on a busted-up orange crate still burning in dere

He climbs out da fireblaca and I take a look
he's yust like dey show him in my coloring book
wit Vodka-glazed eyes and da stomach like bubble
a five-day-old beard and dere's soot on da stubble

His teeth when he smile look like Grampa's swede saw
he wears tennis shoes big as grizzly bear's paw
Dis old Finnish elf gives me nuttin to fear
ven he heads for da kitchen for cookies and beer!

He kills off a six-pack, den belches and smirks
den reaches in 'tato sack, ready to vork
Now under da tree he is startin' to set
da most beautiful presents us Finlanders get

Dere's new pasty-matic, a shovel for brudder
A jonsereds chain-saw, a pick-axe for Mudder
some mud flaps and CB for my new 4-wheeler,
a helmet and night shirt dat say "Pittsburgh Steelers"

He closes da sack and yumps back in da coals
and hollering, "YOUCH!" up da chimbley he rose
He grunted and groused as he tossed out his bag
and cracked such a beer fart I'm startin' to gag!

I must watch him leave, so I rushes outside
and looks up da roof while in bushes I hide
And vat does I see ven I looks tru da tvigs?
but dis old vooden garbage-cart pulled by eight pigs!

Santala yump in and give 'em all hell:
"Let's go all youse pigs, don't yust sit dere and smell!
ON EIINO! ON TAISTO! ON LEMPPII! ON JOE!
and alla youse udders what names I dunno!"

"Fly over Negaunee and turn to da right
We'll make Houghton/Hancock before I get tight!"
Da pigs oinked and squealed as dey vent on dere way
No vunder he never shows up Christmas day!

I stood dere dumbfounded and vatched for avhile
and realized some guys yust have different style.
Den I hear him exclaim wit a cynical sneer

"Pull in at dat Stroh's sign - I ran outta beer!"

OLE PETE BATEESE

Ole Pete Bateese got chase one night
By wolf up by de Soc.
Dese wolf dey t'ree, four in de pack
And dey scare him tru and tru.

Pretty soon ole Pete climb up a tree;
He t'ink he stay awhile.
Dese wolf dey sit down in de snow
And lick dere chops and smile.

Pretty quick ^{de same} two wolf go trot away;
Pete t'ink de rest soon go.
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From E. C. Beck

"Lore of the Lumber Camps."

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JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor, on the summer air;
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way.
Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour,
Many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er:
Oh! I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

I long for Jeanie with the day dawn smile,
Radiant in gladness, warm with winning guile;
I hear her melodies, like joys gone by,
Sighing round my heart o'er the fond hopes that die:
Sighing like the night wind and sobbing like the rain,
Wailing for the lost one that comes not again:
Oh! I long for Jeanie and my heart bows low,
Nevermore to find her where the bright waters flow.

I sigh for Jeanie, but her light form strayed
Far from the fond hearts round her native glad;
Her smiles have vanished and her sweet songs flown,
Flitting like the dreams that have cheered us and gone.
Now the nodding wild flow'rs may wither on the shore,
While her gentle fingers will cull them no more;
Oh! I sigh for Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Floating, like a vapor, on the soft summer air.

3/27/34.

And Our Thrifty Mayor.

1.

This is a story of a sad affair
Concerning Regaunce's plumber-mayor;
Also a lumberjack bold is he
As you shall now be pleased to see.

2.

The Norway pine is a noble tree;
To get its growth takes a century.
Now these fine trees did once abound
In Regaunce's hallowed burial ground.

3.

'Till one fine day the Mayor did lamp
A site for building a hunting camp,
Right on the rise above the gorge;
A pretty ^{spot right by} ~~place,~~ they call Lake George.

4.

"Let's see," he said, "some planks I'll need."
And at that time was sown the seed
Of a bold idea to save some dough.
"By gar!" he cried, "those pines must go!"

5.

Now the Mayor's own purse he did not tax—
He got the city to wield the axe;
Ordering trucks and men and tools
To descend upon those trees like ghouls.

6.

Trees that had taken years to grow
Were shorn down with a single blow,
And made into some yellow planks,
And carted to Lake George's banks.

7.

A city truck the Mayor did "hire,"
To wallow through the mud and mire;
But loaded to the hilt, the truck
Just settled in the muck and stuck.

8.

So more ^{city} men and tools ~~and trucks~~ did run,
To join in on this burst of fun.
They heaved and groaned and sweat and swore,
And lo! they reached Lake George's shore

9.

Never ^{again} more will the wayward breeze
Whistle through those mighty trees.

They now adorn Lake George's banks;
They furnished poor Jimmy's camp with planks.

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Unless he take a hand.

So Pete pull out his one-quart hooch
And let it run out slow.
It trickle down de trunk to where
Dose beaver chew balow.

Dose beaver dey got drunk, by gar.
Dey don't see none too good.
Dey make mistake and chew de wolf
Instead of chew de wood.

Dose wolf run 'way, and Pete climb down
And sit down in de snow.
And cry and cry to t'ink for where
His one-quart hooch she go.