



39. OCTOPUS, NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

COPR. N. Y. ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Once more the merry fishers sit in annual conclave here,
Knowing full well that when 'tis o'er they'll tap a keg of beer.

Our lawyer President, Pete Glick, will soon give up his job
To fat Joe Roberts, who, 'tis said, bossed the whole damned mob.
For Vice-President, well-trimmed and pressed, and ready for his act,
We have a man, all Taylor-made, a fellow full of tact.

When Willard Shaner quits his books, and Kandle does his bit,
The minutes should show a radiant glow, for Kandles can be lit.
Now Frankie Jacobs once again will handle all the coin
Of those who are good members now, and future ones that join.

And Einwachter and Gardner, too, sitting on the board,
Will meet the other Directors and help along discord.
While Bos and Elmer once a year will travel up the beach
And at the great Surf Anglers' meet the other guys will teach.

Right now we'll quit the officers, and tell about the stunts
Of the individual members, on whom will rest the brunts.

For ten long years a builder has been waiting for a break,
He had the modern tackle bought, but was afraid to take
A chance upon the finny tribe, but when at last he tried,
He caught his first fish in ten years, and Elmer swelled with pride.

A sea bass got on Gardner's hook, and Harry strained his back
Playing it as it took the line and reeling up the slack.
With might and main he pulled it in—perhaps I may be wrong—
For when he gazed upon the bass it was just one inch long.

The fish before June twenty-third were acting rather shy,
But Fitz arrived here on that date, so that's the reason why
They didn't want the baited hook the amateurs threw out,
But waited till they knew that Fishing Fitz was round about.

From head to foot an artist he—that's Maggie Shaner, boys;
He never needs environment to add to his own joys,
And when he saw all those stuffed birds a-sitting here and there,
He said: "I'll change them, for they have a discontented air."

Hurrah! Hurrah! What's this I hear? It cheers and makes one gay—
Wachy, the fishless wonder, caught two fish within one day.

The night was dark, he'd lost his way; three times he tried to find
The new home he had just moved to, but fate was not too kind;
So Bernie Levy ran his car almost the live-long night,
And tried this place, and tried that place, but none of them were right.
Then, when dawn was just a-breaking, and birds were singing sweet,
Bernie found that his new home was just across the street.

Fishermen are a funny lot, and here's a little tale:
The boys can drink a lot of beer, but they get sick on ale.
Then with Mamie at the spigot and drawing lots of froth,
The fellows get a little drink, also a little wroth.

But they are all a jolly gang—have a hell of a time,
And if that didn't happen, I couldn't write this rhyme.

Since when has Ness been eating heads of fish that he has hooked?
I couldn't find another case in every book I looked.
Perhaps it was a grand mistake he made that Saturday,
When he kept the head for frying, and threw the rest away.

Then there's the Major, smiling, bland; a cane within his hand;
He views each day the fish we catch, this man born to command.
Then off he goes to movie shows, a gay, good guy is he—
He tells us jokes and weird tales, too; he's danged good company.

Before I close I want to add a word to what's writ here,
To let us give a kindly thought to one of yesteryear;
Tonight there is a vacant chair, a friend from us has gone,
A man who had no enemy, a man who did no wrong—
The memory of Wesley Cline will in our hearts outlast
Each thought, each deed that haps tonight that too soon will have passed.

And now my rhyme for thirty-four must come to a sad end,
But next year I will try again, on that you can depend.

HENRY BOSSERT.