Poems, Ballad and Parody.
Poems, Ballads
—and—
Parodies

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No. .............
Poems
THE PISSING DOG

A farmer’s dog came into town,
His Christian name was Tige;
His mother showed her pedigree,
It was noblesse oblige.

And as he trotted down the street,
It was wonderful to see
Him piss against each corner,
And piss against each tree.

He pissed against each gateway,
And pissed against each post;
For pissing was his specialty,
And pissing was his boast.

The city dogs looked on amazed,
In growing helpless rage;
To see a simple country dog,
The pisser of his age.
Some thought that he a king might be,
Of legend long forgot;
Whose asshole shone like burnished gold,
And smelled like berganot.

Then each one smelled him critically,
They smelled him two by two;
But the country dog in high disdain,
Stood still until they were through.

Then just to show his mettle,
That he did not care a damn,
He trotted to a grocery store,
And pissed upon a ham.

He pissed upon a child's bare leg,
He pissed upon the floor;
Till the grocer with a bull's-eye kick,
Sent him pissing through the door.

Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true,
To start a pissing carnival,
And see the stranger through.
They showed him every pissing place
They had about the town,
And started in with many a wink
To piss the stranger down.

They sent for champion pissers
In training and condition,
Who sometimes did a pissing stunt,
Or pissed for exhibition.

But Tige was pissing merrily,
With hind leg hoisted high;
When most were hoisting legs in bluff,
But pissing mighty dry.

Then Tige sought out new pissing ground,
By piles of scrap and rust;
Till even the boldest pissers there
Pissed a little spurt of dust.

Then followed free hand pissing,
With fancy flirts and flings,
Like "double drop" and "gimlet twist,"
And all those graceful things.

[ 11 ]
So on and on went the pissing dog,
   With shining amber rill,
Till the boldest pisser of them all
   Was pissed to a dead standstill.

But never a wink gave the country dog,
   Nor bark, nor growl, nor grin;
But pissed his journey out of town
   As he came pissing in.

The city dogs, in latin phrase,
   Lost most of their conceitus;
They never dreamed until this day,
   That Tige had diabetes.

I love you much,
   I love you mighty,
I love my pajamas
   Beside your nighty.
Now don’t get excited,
   And don’t be misled,
I mean on the clothes-line
   And not in bed.
FROM HEAVEN TO HELL

HEAVEN
'Twas a summer's night,
'Neath the moon's soft light,
A bed all draped in yellow.
Two rosy lips,
Two snow-white tits.
Oh! What a lucky fellow.

HELL
Nine days have passed.
He heaves a sigh,
It is a sigh of sorrow.
Two pimples pink
Are on his dink,
And there may be more tomorrow.
ASS-HOLES
Pedigred and Otherwise

The dogs once had a meeting,
    They came from near and far,
Some came in automobiles,
    And others came by car.

Before they were allowed inside
    The hall to have a look,
They had to take their assholes off,
    And hang them on a hook.

Now, hardly were they seated,
    Each mother's son and sire,
Before some dirty yellow cur
    Commenced to holler "Fire!"

So out they rushed, all in a bunch,
    They had no time to look.
Each dog at random grabbed an ass
    From off the asshole hook.
They got their assholes all mixed up,
   It made them awful sore,
To have to wear an asshole home
   They had never worn before.

So that's the reason why you see
   As you go down the street,
Each dog will stop to swap a sniff
   With every dog it meets.

And that's the reason why a dog
   Will leave a nice fat bone,
And go to sniff some other dog's ass
   In hopes he'll find his own.

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Stark naked on the bed she lay,
   So fat and fair and chubby.
Stark naked by her side I lay,
   And in each hand I clasped a bubbly.

Oh! She cried, with anxious smile,
Must I take that root and have a child?
The root she took,
   The child she had.
And now she's looking
   For it's dad.
THE CAT-ASS-TROPHY
As Told by the French-Canadian Trapper.

I hunt ze bear, I hunt ze rat,
Sometimes, by Gar, I hunt ze cat.
Last veek I take my axe,
I go to hunt ze skunk pole-cat.

My fren' Bill, he say
Very good fur, same time very good me
So I tell my vife ve get fur coat,
Same time get good eat.

So I walk von, two, tree, four mile,
An' I feel vun awful smell,
An' I think dot skunk she gone an die,
An' de fur coat gone to hell.

By an' by I get up close,
I raise my axe up high.
An' dot god dam skunk, she up an trow
Something—Plunk—right in my eye.
Sacre Bleu! I tink I blind.
   Jese Chris! I cannot see.
An' I run aroun and roun and roun,
   An' I bump in ze god dam tree.

By an' by, I light out for ze shack.
   I tink one million skunks
Climb right up on my back.

My vife, she meet me at ze door,
   She sick on me ze dog.
She say, "You no sleep here no more,
   You go sleep wis ze hog."

So I go out by de hog-pen.
   An' say! What do you sink?
Zat god dam hog no sleep wis me,
   On 'count ze awful stink.

So I no hunt ze skunk no more,
   For to get his fur or meat.
For if his pee she smell like zat,
   Jese Chris! What if he sheet!
'Twas a stormy winter's evening,
And the boys were gathered round
The glowing stove in Murphy's place,
That was known as the "Hole in the Ground"

When in there drifted a hobo,
A ragged and unkempt chap,
With the marks of dissipation
Written all over his map.

He said give us a drink, bartender,
My balls are all covered with sleet.
Don't look at me that way, bartender,
I didn't shit in your seat.

'Twas down in the Lehigh Valley,
Me and my old pal, Lu,
We were pimps there in a whorehouse,
And we were god dam good ones, too.
I had a gal named Nellie,
   She wasn't so awfully tough.
But I had Bright's Disease of the kidneys,
   And I couldn't give her enough.

When along came one of those city chaps,
   One of those oily-assed fiends,
One of those fellows who'll stick his plunger
   In any old dish of pork and beans.

Bartender, he Frenched my Nellie.
   He kissed it and stole her away.
And that's what drove me to drink, boys,
   And that's why I'm here today.

So, give us a drink bartender,
   And I'll be on my way.
   For I'll catch that runt
That stole my cunt,
If it takes me till Doom's Day.
BLANK VERSE

A boy who was standing
Far off on a rock.
He gazed o'er the meadow
And then shook his —
Fist at a policeman,
Who stood by a crick,
Watching a small boy
Who played with his —
Marbles for pastime
As in the days of yore.
A woman close by
Looked to me like a —
Decent young woman.
She lay on the grass.
The wind blew so fiercely,
I saw her big —
Eyes looking at me.
They looked very blunt,
As she gently rolled over
And showed me her —
Fashions in clothing.
As I lit a match
I thought to myself,
She would make a fine ——
Nurse for my children,
So full of fun and frolics.
A man standing by
Had his hand on his ——
Tools. He looked like a duck
He said he was inventing
A new way to ——
Bring up his children,
And teach them to knit
While his sons in the barnyard
Were shoveling the ——
Remains from the horses
To spread on the grass.
I don't know what you call it,
But it comes from the horse's ——
Stables in the spring,
And helps to fertilize the sod.
Now if this isn't poetry,
I don't know none, by God.
BY THE SEASHORE

We wandered on the sandy beach,
    There was a light sea breeze.
He sat down upon a rock,
    And took me on his knees.

He put his arms around my waist,
    And for a kiss did beg,
And then I felt a searching hand
    Go stealing up my leg.

He lifted up my petticoats,
    And laid me on my back.
He shoved his cock as stiff as starch
    Right up my rosy crack.

And then he softly murmured,
    Gee! But I'm in luck.
He was working like a son of a bitch
    To get another fuck.
I remember when we parted,
He hugged me tight and close.
But I wonder what that guy will think
When he finds he's got a dose.

There was a young couple from Twistwith,
They went to the mill some grist with
They fell on the track,
And she lay on her back,
And they connected the things that they pissed with.

And now this young couple from Twistwith
Who connected the things that they pissed with,
She sat on his lap,
And they both had the clapp,
And they cussed with the things that they kissed with.
BULLSHIT

Father, tell me, what is bullshit?
    Asked an eager, anxious lad.
Son, replied the loving father,
    Bullshit means both good and bad.

As a literal translation,
    Bullshit is the dung that's found
In the limits of the stockyards
    Where the cows and steers abound.

But in jesting bar room parlance,
    Bullshit stands for something more,
It is salve to heal the suckers
    Who imagine they are sore.

When a guy comes up and strings you
    With a story fine and fit,
All about a check that's coming,
    Lad, he's handing you bullshit.
When another guy approaches
   With a lovely tale of woe,
And he mentions that he knew you
   In the buried long ago.

And he edges to you closely
   At the table where you sit,
And about a small loan whispers,
   Son, that there is more bullshit.

Now this flower of stockyard fragrance
   Does not bloom alone for men,
Women use it in their business
   To advantage now and then.

When a lady lax in morals
   Fondly whispers you are it.
While your coin is burning warmly,
   Boy, her talk is all—bullshit.

If you meet a little fairy
   While the lights are burning bright,
And the horse of dawn is riding
   Down the beaten track of night.
And she says it never happened
   In her virgin life before,
And that drink and she were strangers
   Till you butted in the door.

And she tells you of her mamma
   And the things she won’t permit,
Take a hunch, my son, and copper
   All those bets—they’re just bullshit.

As a means of fertilizing
   Lawns and gardens you will find
That this product of the stockyards
   Has the elements beat blind.

But for any other purpose
   Don’t accept it, pass it by.
You may not detect the odor,
   But it works both wet and dry.

It is hard to judge the distance
   Frogs may jump from where they sit.
This may illustrate the meaning
   Of that classic term—Bullshit.
WHAT THE LADIES LIKE

Ladies like it in the morning,
    Some prefer it in the night,
Some love it, oh, so dearly,
    And for it they will fight.
Some take it in their little hands
    And stroke its little head,
Some take it in the cellar,
    Some take it in the bed.
Some take it in their little hands,
    And stroke its silken hair,
To see it swell with passion,
    And spit up in the air.
Some only like to play with it
    With soft and gentle hands,
But so dearly do they love it,
    That they quickly make it stand.
And then to others give it,
    That they may feel the sting.
Oh! Forgive me, gentle reader,
    I forgot to tell you that
The subject of this poem
    Is nothing but a cat.

[ 27 ]
THE FROLICSSOME FLY

A fly flew into a grocery store,
He flew through the transom over the door.
He shit on the ham and pissed on the cheese,
And did many things just such as these.
When the groceryman saw what the fly had done,
He went for his trusty gatling gun.
The clerks got brooms and they were sore,
They chased that fly all over the store.
But he, to show his contempt of them,
He went and did it all over again.
He pissed on the ham and shit on the cheese,
Then wiped his ass on Fleishman's yeast.
Up the lady clerk's leg he took a stroll,
He strolled right into the lady's hole.
The lady, she laughed, and rolled on the floor,
And she cried, Oh tickle, Oh tickle me more.
Then she crossed her legs and took a deep breath,
And the poor little fly was smothered to death.
AN ODE TO JULIUS

A fool there was and he met a belle,
Even as you and I.
He took her to a swell hotel,
Even as you and I.
He thought himself a smart young gink
As he wrote "and Wife" with the pen and ink,
Even as you and I.

He called her Dear and she called him Pet,
Even as you and I.
He smiled as he thought what he was to get,
Even as you and I.
The Jane was Frisco's most beautiful belle,
And Julius was set to give Jane hell,
But when you're past fifty you never can tell,
Even as you and I.

They went up the hallway and into the room,
Even as you and I.
Trying to look like a bride and groom,
Even as you and I.
He gazed on her beautiful form divine,
He put out the light and pulled down the blind,
And thought he was in for a wonderful time,
Even as you and I.
She took off her waist and showed her white breast,
    Even as you and I.
He stripped right down to the hair on his chest,
    Even as you and I.
He jumped into bed with a yearning desire,
His body was feverish, his brain was on fire,
And then he discovered he had a flat tire,
    Oy! Yoy!  Oy! Yoy!  Oy! Yoy!

The fool sat down and he made a prayer,
    Even as you and I.
To a rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair,
    Even as you and I.
For once in his life he prayed on the square,
But the beautiful Jane gave up in despair,
She called in a bellhop and gave Julius the air
    This is between you and I.
CONSERVE THE AMMUNITION

Save your ammunition, boys, don’t waste a single shot.
For some day you may need a little, just as like as not.
Don’t be a fool, and blaze away at everything you see,
Select the best, pass up the rest, and, take it from me,
That game is fine and plentiful, the supply exceeds the demand,
So use a little judgment—keep a fair supply on hand;
For when you run out of lead you might just as well be dead,
And what good’s the inclination when it’s only in your head?
I’m told each man starts out with three thousand rounds, about,
And that he can neither borrow, beg, nor steal, when he runs out;
So it’s up to you, old top, and you’ll find out, too, at last,
That the mill can never grind with water that has passed.

[31]
So conserve your ammunition while you are young and strong,
Remember, you are agin', getting pretty well along—
And should you meet a worthy foe, that foe would jeer and scoff,
If ’twere found you had an old gun you couldn’t fire off.

I find when men grow old, with ammunition meager.
They lose enthusiasm and are never quite so eager
As when young and full of vigor, and it’s tough to hear them say,
“He had a good supply of lead, but shot it all away.”

Don’t boast of what you used to do, way back years long ago,
For that makes people tired, and what they want to know
Is—Can you turn the trick today? If not you’re in the ranks
With those who do no damage and fire only harmless blanks.
The successful athlete depends upon his strength and skill,
The pugilist must have a punch that he can land at will;
'Tis so in every walk of life. If you don't possess the stuff
You'll have to take a gambler's chance of winning out through bluff.

To be entirely out of lead, you might as well be down in Hades;
You can fool a bunch of men, but you cannot fool the ladies,
Who are keen and quite observing—'tis instinct makes them so—
They're cool, calculating Missourians, whom you've got to show.
Ballads
THE SERVANT MAID'S LAMENT

When I was but a serving girl
Way down in New Orleans,
I had a mysterious happening
That brought me to my shame.

I met up with a sailor
Who just came back from sea,
And that was the beginning
Of all my misery.

He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed.
He asked me for a handkerchief
To tie around his head.

And like a foolish maiden,
Not thinking it no harm,
I jumped into that sailor's bed
To keep him nice and warm.
He put his arms around me,
And kissed me there in bed,
Then with his nine-inch Johnson bar,
He broke my maiden head.

Early in the morning,
When that sailor boy awoke,
He reached into his pocket
And handed me a note.

You take this, my darling,
For the wrong that I have done,
For in nine months you're going to have
A daughter or a son.

And if it is a little girl,
Just rock her on your knee.
But if it is a little boy,
Why, send him out to sea.

With his bell-bottomed trousers,
And his jumpers made of blue,
And let him climb the masthead,
Like his daddy used to do.
Now all ye pretty maidens,
A warning take from me,
Never let a sailor put
His hand above your knee.

For I did it once
And you can plainly see
He went away and left me
With a baby on my knee.
THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL

Oh! I'm tired of picking cotton
And I'm poor as a snail,
And I'm going to punching cattle
On the old Chisholm Trail.

CHORUS
Coma Ti Yi Yuppa
Yupa Ya Yuppa Ya
Coma Ti Yi Yuppa Yuppa Ya

I hit Butte, Montana,
On July the third,
And on the Fourth
I couldn't shit a dry tird.

(Chorus)

NOTE—The chorus of this famous old song of the cattle trails is sung differently in various parts of the west, one version being: Coma Ta O Buckaroo sung after every second line, but the chorus given here is the one most generally accepted as being the original.—Editor.
I was there six weeks
   Before I set sail.
A-pulling for Texas
   On the old Chisholm Trail.

They fed us on sow belly
   And the work was mighy hard,
And for sixteen weeks
   I shit pure lard.

They called me one morning
   To go on guard;
It was cold as hell,
   And raining mighty hard.

It was cold as hell.
   And coming on to rain;
And my damned old slickers
   In the wagon again.

With my feet in the stirrups
   And my ass in the saddle,
I swore and I wrestled
   With them long horned cattle.
Says I, old boss,
    I may look like a fool
But really this weather
    Is too damn cool.

I went to the foreman
    To figure out my roll,
He figured it out,
    Twenty bucks in the hole.

I jumped on my pony,
    And I let out a yell,
Says I, old boss,
    You can go to hell.

You can go to hell,
    Says I to the boss,
I’m the best damn cowboy
    That ever rode a hoss.

I’m going to town
    To see my Honey;
I’m going to town
    To spend my money.
I'm on my best pony
And a-coming on the run.
The best damn cowboy
That ever pulled a gun.

I hit Fort Worth, Texas,
With two hundred plunks,
And I went on a bunt
With a damn swell cunt.

Now Miss Sal Johnson
Is a mighty nice squaw,
And she lives on the banks
Of the great Mushataw.

The hair on her head
Was a piss-burnt color,
And the crabs on her ass
Kept a-fucking one another.

She had bubbies on her breast
Like a four-leaf table,
And her cunt it was stretched
From her ass to her navel.
I asked her to fuck her
   And I offered her a quarter.
Says she, Mister Man,
   I'm a decent man's daughter.

When Sal Johnson died,
   I shed no tears,
I said to the tender,
   Gimme forty-nine beers.

It was damn fine doings
   But I ran it too close,
And I wound up
   With a hell of a dose.

I went to the doctor,
   He said I had the clapp.
He gave me a little bag
   So my dingus wouldn't flap.

I went to a surgeon;
   He said I had the siph.
A hell of a dose
   For a damned old stiff.

[ 44 ]
I was there six weeks
    Before they turned me loose,
And I had to soak my cock
    In tobacco juice.

With my feet in the saddle
    And my ass in the sky,
I’ll quit punching cattle
    In the sweet bye and bye.
THE WORST IS YET TO COME

There was an old lady in Wheeling,
She had a hell of a feeling.
    She lay on her back,
    And opened her crack,
And pissed all over the ceiling.

CHORUS

Oh, the worst is yet to come,
The worst is yet to come.
    Hi! Oh! The cherri oh!
The worst is yet to come.

There was an old lady, God damn her,
She fucked herself with a hammer.
    The hammer was blunt,
    And so was her cunt,
And out came a kid with a hop, skip and jump.

(Chorus)

There was an old maid in Nantucket,
Had a bustle as big as a bucket.
    She filled it with oats
    And an old billy goat
He snuck up behind and he took it.
There was an old man in Nantucket,
Had a cock so long he could suck it.
    He said, with a grunt,
If my ear was a cunt,
I'd sit right down here and I'd fuck it.
And now this old man from Nantucket,
He went down the well in a bucket.
    The neighbors came round,
And they thought he was drowned,
Till he stuck up his cock and said, suck it.
There was a young man from Bulgair,
He fucked his girl in a chair.
    On the thirty-fourth stroke
The furniture broke,
And the poor bastard shot off in the air.
There was a young man from Bombay,
He made him a cunt out of clay.
    The heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
And he wore all his foreskin away.
There was an old man from near here,
Got awfully drunk upon beer.
    He fell in the ditch
And a son of a bitch
0f a bull dog fucked him in the ear.

[ 47 ]
THE JOLLY FIDDLER

I'm a jolly fiddler,
    And I came from France,
I came to America,
    To fiddle, fuck and dance.

CHORUS

With my long limber, stiff timber
Bladder stretcher, baby fetcher,
Hanging down to my knees.

The ship that I came over in,
    The ladies they were few,
So I rammed it up the captain,
    And the whole damn crew.

(Chorus)

We had an awful storm one night,
    The ship sank like a rock;
And so I went to hell, you see,
    And took along my cock.

[ 48 ]
It's good morning, Mr. Devil,
And it's damn your soul,
Let me exercise my bolicks
On your bloody asshole.

So I rammed it in the devil,
And I crammed it in the imps;
I knocked up all the whores there
And buggared all the pimps.

Then up jumped a she devil,
Up against the wall.
Hollering, throw him out, Mr. Devil,
He's come down to fuck us all.
Parodies
YOU’RE GOING TO LEAVE THE OLD HOME TOWN

You’re going to leave the old whore-house, tonight you’re going away;
You’re going among those 'Frisco cunts to dwell.
Thus spoke a tall blonde whore to her pimp one summer’s day.
If you’re mind’s made up that way, I wish you well.
But when syphilis overtakes you,
When them God damn whores forsake you,
When the bottoms of your shoes are shot to hell.
When of money you haven’t any,
But of crabs you have a-plenty,
Remember, there’s a tall blonde whore awaiting you at home, sweet home.
THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where between her fat legs I could see
  A little brown spot,
With the hair in a knot,
It certainly looked good to me.
I asked her as I tickled her tit,
If she thought my big thing would fit.
  She said it would do,
So we had a good screw,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

In the shade of the old apple tree,
I got all that was coming to me;
  In the soft, dewy grass,
I had a fine piece of ass,
From a maiden that was fine to see.
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
As he sunk his grub hooks into me.
  Her ass it was fine,
But you ought to see mine,
In the shade of the old apple tree.
ARRAH WANNA

On the wild and wooly prairie,
   Lived an Indian lass;
All the braves for miles around
   Said, "Heap fine piece of ass."
Then there came an Indian warrior,
   "Big Cock" was his name;
What he did to Arrah Wanna
   Was a dirty, measly shame.

CHORUS
Arrah Wanna lost her honor
   On a feather bed,
   He broke her maiden head.
She was kissed and squeezed and screwed
   Until her ass was black and blue.
   But all the braves they say,
Well, Arrah Wanna lost her honor,
   In a business way.
STYLES
(Smiles)

There are styles that show the ankle,
There are styles that show the knee;
There are styles that make the people wonder,
What the women think the men can’t see;
There are styles that have a naughty meaning
That make the hula dancer dance with glee;
But the styles that Eve wore in the garden,
Are the styles that appeal to me.

THE OLD GREY BUSTLE
(Old Grey Bonnet)

Put on your old grey bustle
And get out and hustle,
    For the room rent’s almost due.
If you love your honey
Go out and fuck for money,
    If you can’t get five, take two.
MARY'S CAT

Mary had a little cat
  With curly short black hair,
And everywhere that Mary went
  The puss was always there.
Now there are many naughty boys,
  But Mary knew the brats,
Who, with their little squirt guns,
  Are always shooting cats.
But Mary kept her cat well hid
  Beneath her underskirt,
And so it did escape the boys,
  And seldom got a squirt.
Now Mary has a nice young beau,
  Who, like all other beaux,
Has one of these same squirt guns,
  Concealed beneath his clothes.
As he was courting her one night,
  And she beside him sat,
He reached beneath her petticoat
  And caught her by the cat.
Did Mary yell, or scream, or holler?
Not she! She let him play with it,
  And charged him half a dollar.
CASEY JONES

Come gather around me if you want to hear
The story about a brave engineer.
Casey Jones, was the rounder’s name,
On a four-posted bedstead, boys, he won his fame.
The lady called Casey at half-past four;
When he woke up, she said she wanted some more.
So he mounted to the mattress with his organ in his hand,
And he steered his Uncle Thomas to the promised land.

Chorus
Casey Jones! Mounted to the mattress.
Casey Jones! With his organ in his hand.
Casey Jones! Mounted to the mattress.
And he steered his Uncle Thomas to the promised land.

[ 58 ]
He put his hand on her pussy; she was rearing to go;  
He felt of her motion; it was steady and slow.  
The neighbors knew by her cries and groans  
The man in the bushes was Casey Jones.  
Casey fucked till he’d had his fill;  
When he looked up he got an awful thrill.  
He said, Oh, boy! I’m going to leave this place,  
For the young lady’s husband stared him right in the face.  
Casey said, Boys, I’m going to jump,  
For there’s a soft-nosed bullet that’s a-going to bump.

Chorus

Casey Jones! There’s a soft-nosed bullet.  
Casey Jones! Is going to jump.  
Casey Jones! There’s a soft-nosed bullet.  
For there’s a soft-nosed bullet that’s a-going to bump.
Casey said just before he died,
Well, there's two more whores that I'd like to ride.
His fireman said, Who can they be?
Oh! It's Evelyn Nesbitt and Cavalieri.
Casey's wife when she heard the news,
Took a drink from a bottle of booze.
She said, cheer up, children, and don't you whine,
For you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line.

Chorus
Casey Jones! Got another papa.
Casey Jones! On the Salt Lake Line.
Casey Jones! Got another papa.
For you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line.
Green card (?), title in gold, green cloth spine.
This copy was in the Parke Bernet sale of 1971 in a lot with a copy of Immortality. It probably came from the collection of a friend of Clement Wood's together with a typescript volume of Wood's letters which was sold to G. Bayman. The bookseller J.B. Rush of NY has added a note on a seal to the inside front cover, "Published in Detroit, 1928. Written by Clement Wood?"
It would be interesting to know more about the publisher or Cluey.

Jan 3/2/35