

Of the work in the sun  
By gingo I'd do it right now.

—\*—

It just gets my goat  
I get dry in the throat  
When I take my wit down from the shelf,  
And pen you a line  
Which you say looks just fine  
Just to have you add, "Do that yourself?"

—\*—

"Well shiver my timbers"  
Then he did;  
The voice hardly stirs  
When heeded.

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### WHERE'S SPRING?

If the roses on this Isle  
Were suddenly to bloom;  
If the sunshine of your smile  
Were here to fill my room;  
If the cold winds would stop blowing  
And the rain would cease to fall;  
Then the gloom around me growing  
Wouldn't bother me at all.

CHOYA

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### MUSIC HATH CHARMS

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Perhaps you have, on occasion, been addressed in somewhat the following fashion: "Isn't that a beautiful piece of music?" An estatic force, indicative of a mind shrouded in the vapours of C sharps and B flats, clouded quickly like a freak summer storm, if you expressed a contrary opinion. My sympathies are with you, friend, because such an approach may succeed in shutting the door forever to the mysteries of music.

"Slow and sure wins the race," is a sound maxim in music circles.

To the music neophyte, a light, but satisfying menu, perhaps a composition such as the "Warsaw Concerto" as the main course, and a little Strauss as an entree would make a good start.

Undoubtedly there are semi-clasiscal selections which you know and enjoy already; these provide us with a common ground on