

John Brown's Cabbage

(Lines inspired by the Amazing Revelations in the October, 1950, Editorial)

John Brown, he was an A.D.O.
of a gardening turn of mind :
he managed to make a cabbage grow—
a very particular kind.

This fact, I much regret to say,
had such an effect on his brain
that he went and wrote an article,
though *said* to be perfectly sane.

The Editor, a kindly chap,
replied with a rueful smile
“ Not up to N.F. quality ”
and put it away in a file.

(Himself a D.O. once, of course,
and files came naturally
as racing to a mettlesome horse
or moss on a forest tree.)

And when years later Brown retired
at a premature forty-five
and, after propping a bar or two,
took ill and so expired,
the world *still* lacked the perfect clue
to making a cabbage thrive.

Now what's this poignant ditty for ?
the moral, I think, is clear :
we ought to humour the Editor
with a couple of gins each year,
for only thus can we hope to spy
our efforts in print before we die.

A.F.B.B.

(Note.—We deeply regret that the President's meteoric ascent into the realms of poesy should be due partly to editorial callousness. Renewed attention—as will have been seen already—has been given to the Presidential productions.—Ed.)