

The Golliwogg

at the Sea-Side

BY
FLORENCE K.
UPTON.

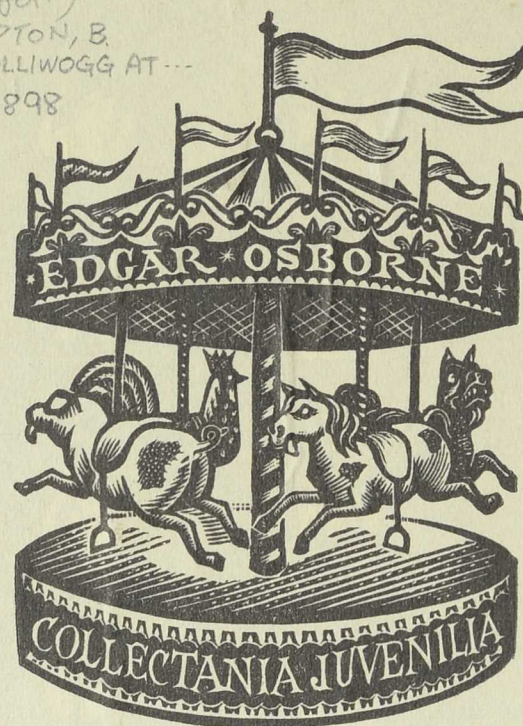


Verses by
Bertha Upton

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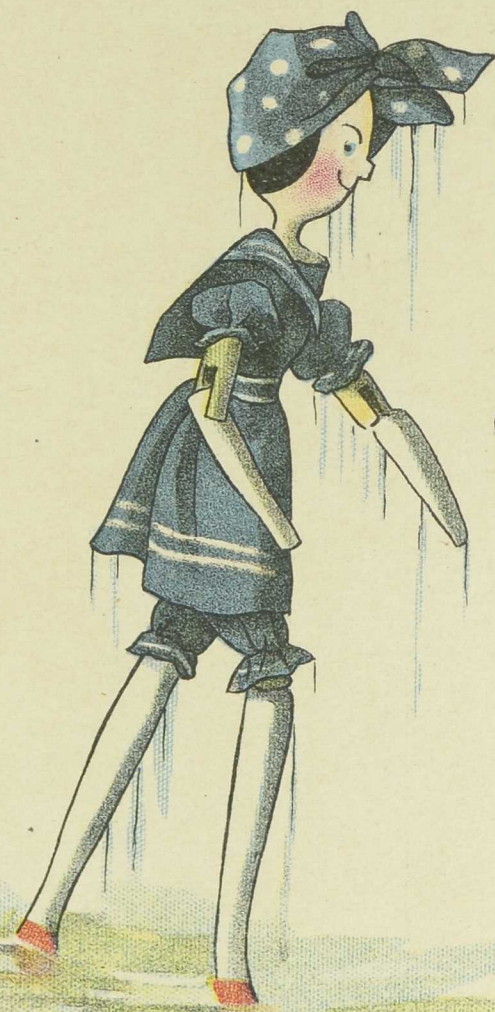
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The Collingwood at the Sea-Side



Pictures by

Flourence C. Upton

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SOME SEA-SIDE FUN

"Ahoy ! Heave Ho ! Now girls press hard,
This packing must be done,
For Sandyville we ought to reach
Ere setting of the sun.

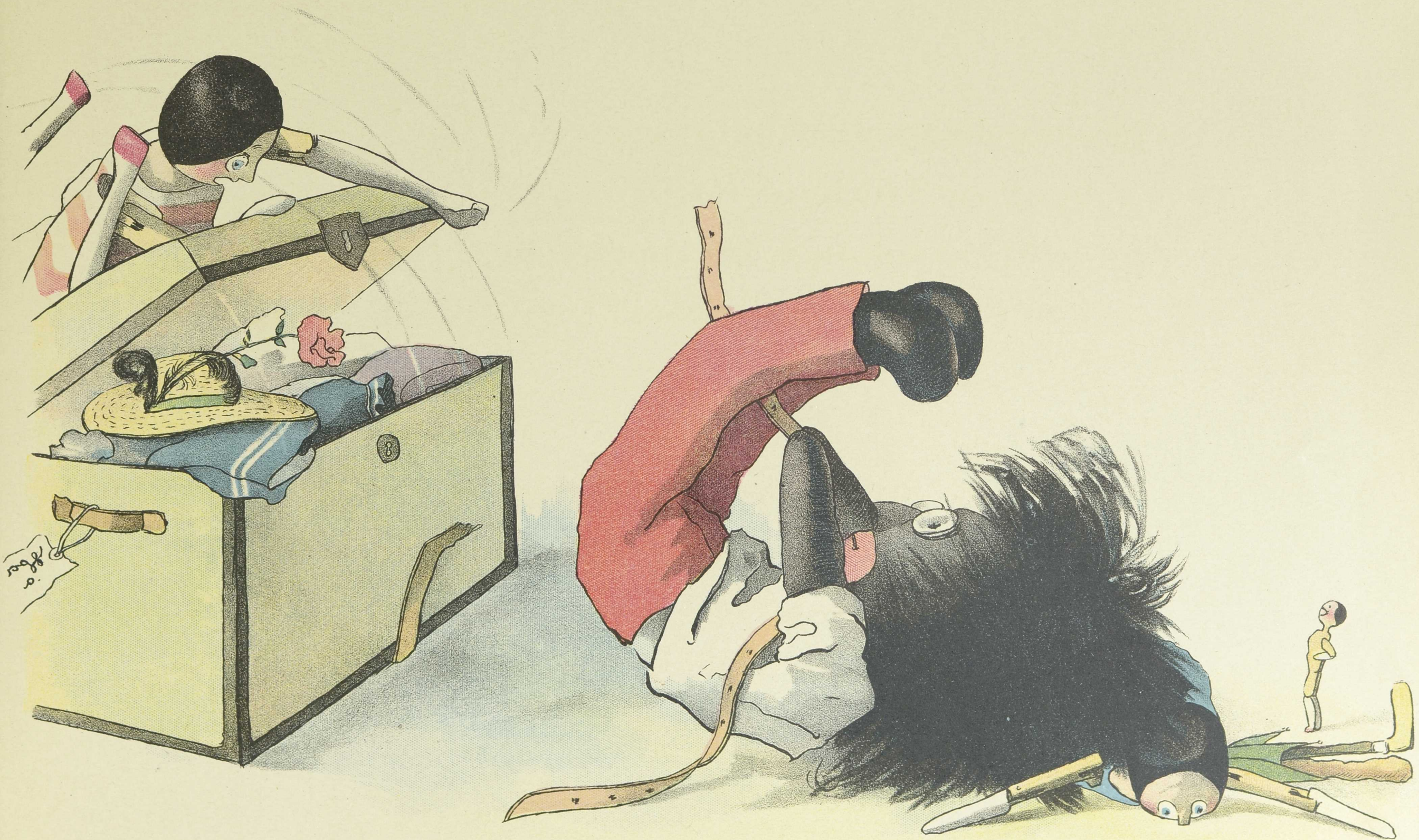


If you had taken fewer clothes,
Much easier work t'would be
So many stylish costumes are
Not needed by the sea.



I never pulled so hard a strap
In all my life before ;
Quick Peg! and push the buckle in,
I can't hold on much more !”

Too late alas! the warning came,
Three anxious girls were spilled ,
And busy little Sarah Jane
Came nigh to getting killed.



"Girls ! How much longer will you be ? "

Cries anxious Golliwogg,

"To reach the station takes one hour,

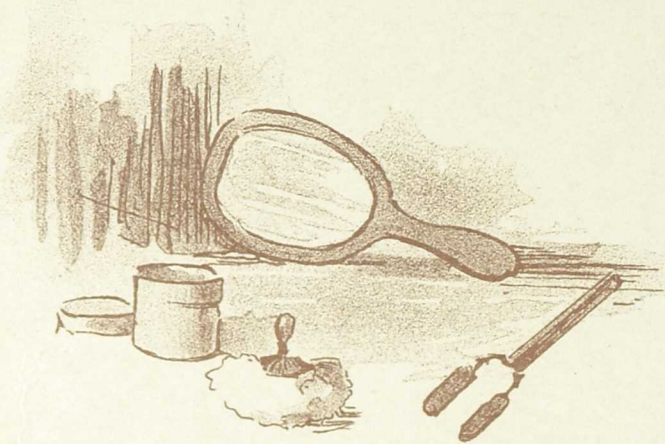
E'en at our quickest jog;

On prinking you must spend less time

If you would early be,--

What stylish rigs you've made to wear

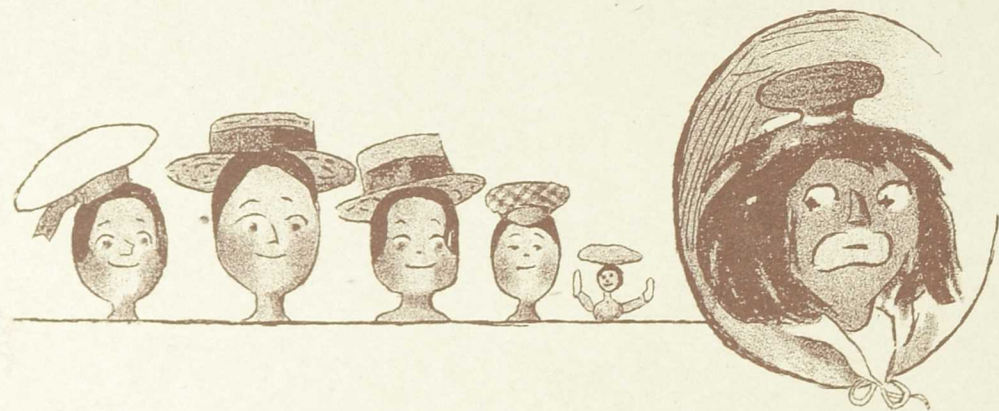
At Sandyville - on - Sea ! "





Then closing quietly the door,
Soliloquizes he ;--
"Five girls all cast in beauty's mould
Eclipse a chap like me.

But with a shop-made sailor suit
I'll challenge all the world:
--Yet pr'aps my cap might better fit
If but my hair were curled !



It seems the fashion nowadays
To use a curling tong,
But with a daily ocean bath
'Twould hardly keep in long.



Such trouble as poor Peggy had
To make a Roman curl,
I did suggest the use of glue
To keep the proper twirl."



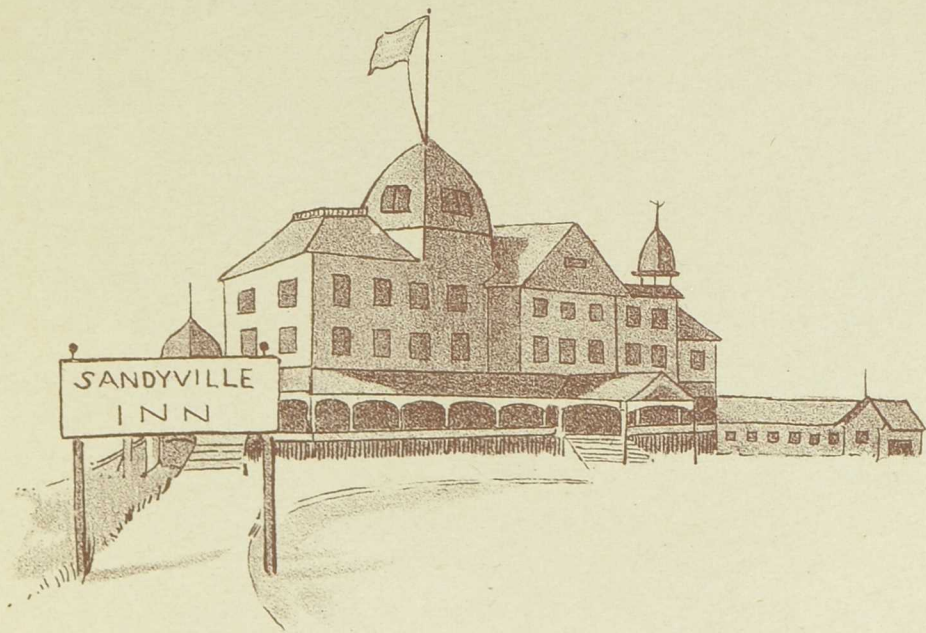
Please Mr. Agent--what's the fare
To Sandyville-on-Sea,
And if you've got a parlor car
'Twould suit us to a T.

My purse is in Miss Deutchland's bag,
For she's our financier:
We'll manage with two chairs I think,
If they are not too dear."



"What name, sah, did you please to say?
Is dis de right hotel?
De gemman don't take foreigners
Unless dey're berry swell:

Oh! you're de prince ob Golliwogg!
Den it must be jes so,
I'll take de ladies up de stairs
And show dem where to go."



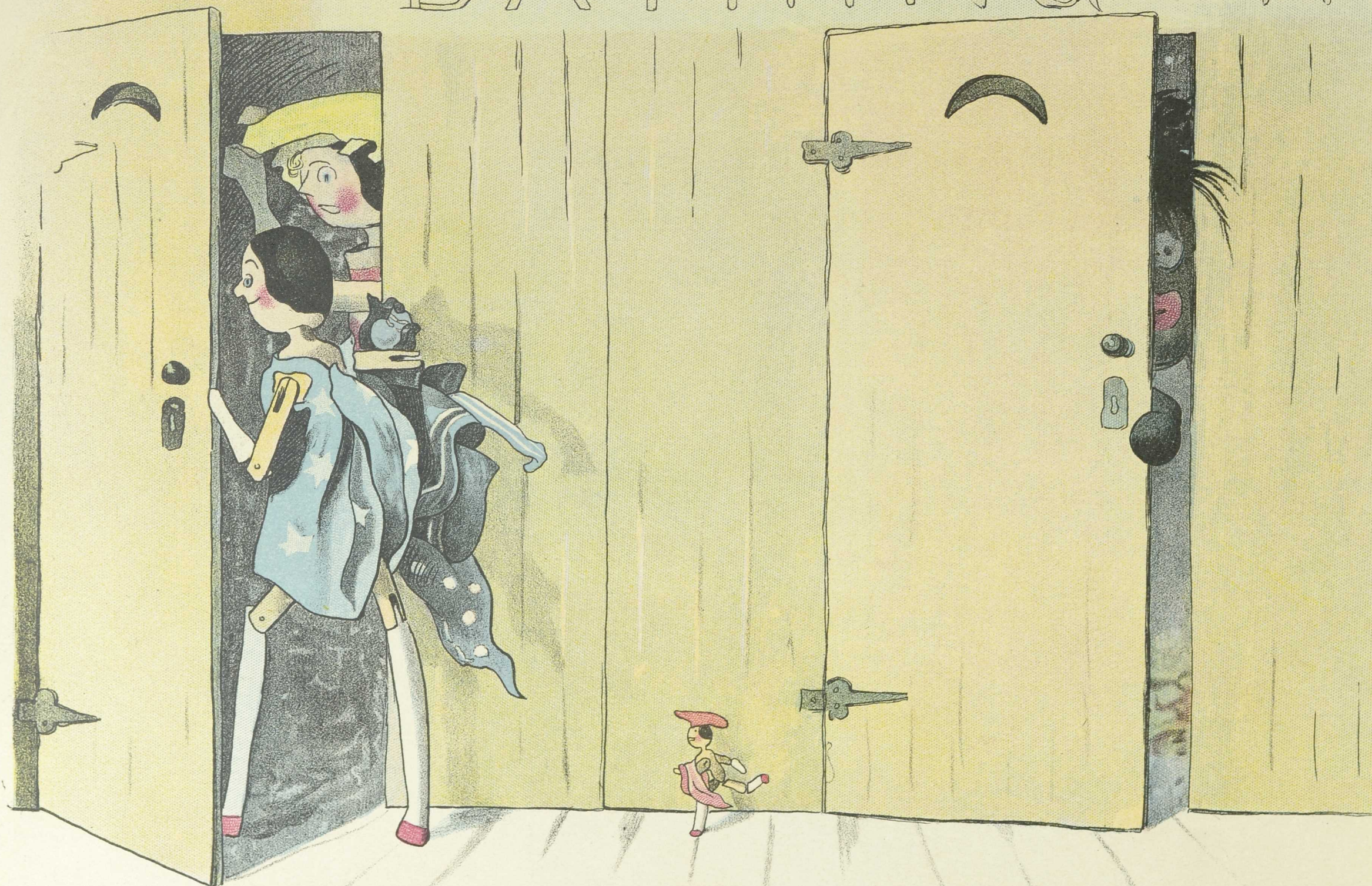


Left to themselves they look around,
For everything is new,
And oftimes little things, they find
Will cause a big ado.

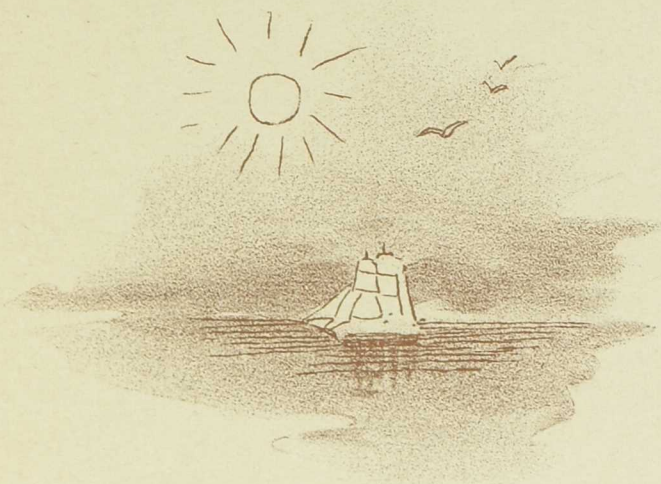
For you must know, electric bells
They'd never seen before,
And "PUSH" they do for all they're worth,
Ringing up maids galore.



BATHING H



That night they slept a restful sleep
Till morn rose bright and gay,
And to the beach with tripping steps
They blithely made their way.



The bathing houses soon are hired,
In one the girls all crowd,
While cries of admiration show
Their costumes make them proud.



Reaching the beach, the ocean vast
They calmly contemplate;
But, though she stands so brave and stiff,
---Peg dreads her coming fate.

The water looks so very deep,
As many a foaming wave
Comes rushing in with roar and din
Their shrinking feet to lave:



"Come now! be brave!" says Golliwogg,
"Much calmer in the sea;
Keep near the rope dear Meg and Weg
While Peggy stays by me."

As usual, Sarah Jane is bold,
The Midget's laugh rings clear,
Peg winces at the water chill
And almost faints with fear.



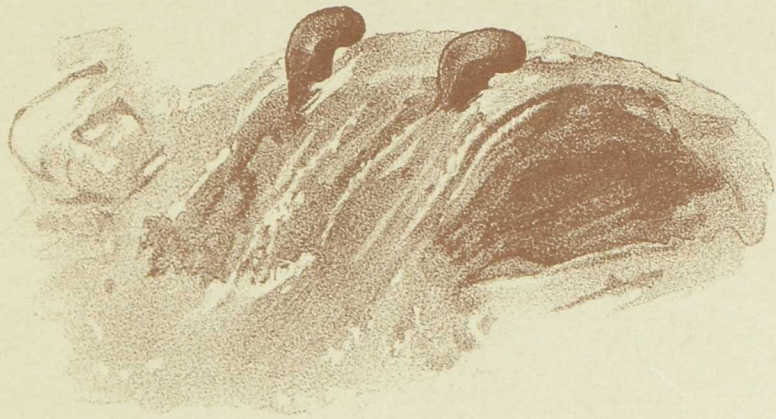
"Quick ! hold your breath ! here comes a wave ,
Stand firm and jump like me,
I never thought 'twould be so rough
At Sandyville-on-Sea .

Don't howl so loud--you're light as corks
And you'll float easily ;
Now then ! here goes ! one, two, three, jump !"
-- O cruel rolling sea !



It took them up like floating corks
And whirled them round and round,
And left the party high and dry
Upon the rising ground.

Did I say 'dry'? -- no they were wet
And breathless for a while,
But very soon recovering
They found that they could smile;



Aye, laugh aloud, as Golliwogg
Took them in one by one
And jumped them o'er each mighty wave
Until they liked the fun.

The Midget scampered like a crab
From each approaching swirl,
And laughingly told Golliwogg
His hair was out of curl.





Practice makes perfect as you see,
Not long had they been there
When waves as nothing were to them
So much they'd do and dare.

Like wooden mermaid Peggy seemed,
So gracefully she'd rise,
And little Sarah's swimming feats
Might well have earned a prize.





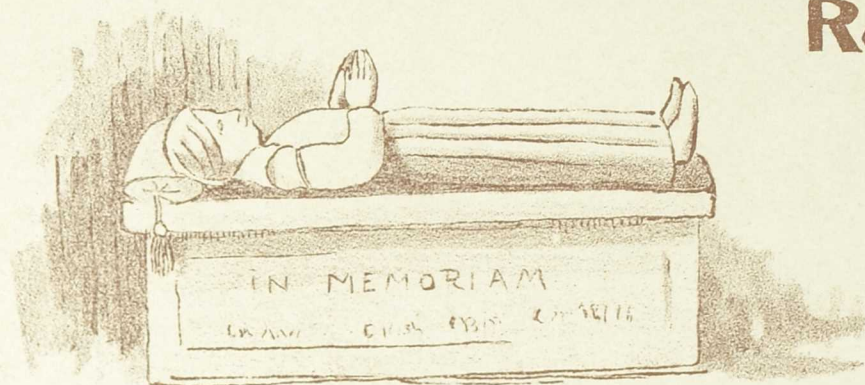
In water tolerably calm
Peggy resolves to swim
Upheld by patient Golliwogg,
Who feels she trusts to him:

Puffing and blowing she strikes out
Her bathing cap awry,
Her wooden legs upraised in air
As if to keep them dry.



And when with wild exertions worn
She lies upon the beach,
Like lady fair on ancient tomb
Her lips are closed to speech.

From here, alas ! my simile
Will hold no longer good,
Since snores, unheard from throats of stone
Resound through lips of wood.





And all this while the scorching sun
His work was doing well
---Perhaps you know what sunburn is,
So I shan't need to tell.

A brilliant party sought their room
And lathered with cold cream,
On shutters closed, two forms reposed
Of next day's fun to dream.





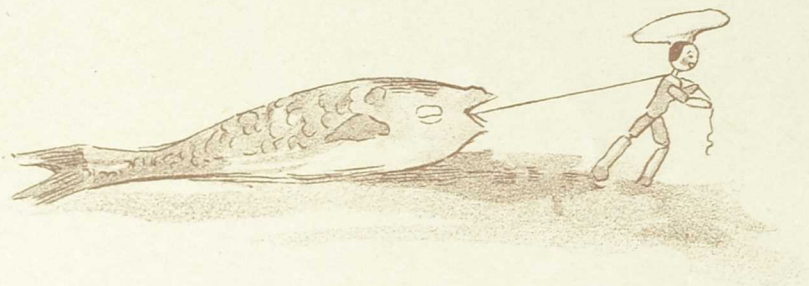
And careful plans were soon matured,
Complexions fair to save ;
The green umbrella was a boon
And restful shadow gave .

The tide was low, the breeze was soft
As in the yellow sand
The children houses built, and forts
And quite a city planned .



One morning when the tide was right,
A fishing they would go
With rods and hooks and bait complete
A watchful, anxious row:

"Help! help! make way! pull hard, I say"
The Midget cried in glee
I must have caught the biggest fish
That ever swam the sea!"





The fish was caught and landed safe
By their united aid,
Importance swelled the Midget's breast,
Such compliments were paid.

That night for Sandyville's grand ball
The fair ones dress with care,
And radiant in evening gowns
Descend the hotel stair.



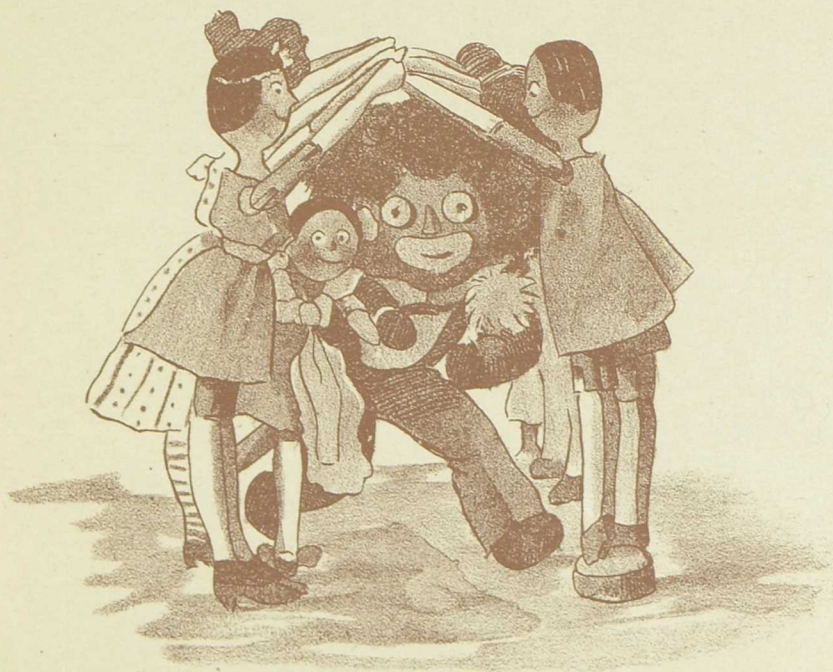
The Golliwogg with frizzled locks
Comes smilingly along:
(It took them all the afternoon
To use the curling tong.)

Peg's dancing shoes were bought in haste,
The heels were sadly high,
Yet rather than be out of style,
All comfort she'd defy.



Upon the ball-room floor she hoped
Triumphantly to glide,
It's polished surface offered her
Grand chances for a slide.

Said Sarah Jane, "Simplicity
Is what I most adore!"
And so upon her shining hair
A rose was all she wore.





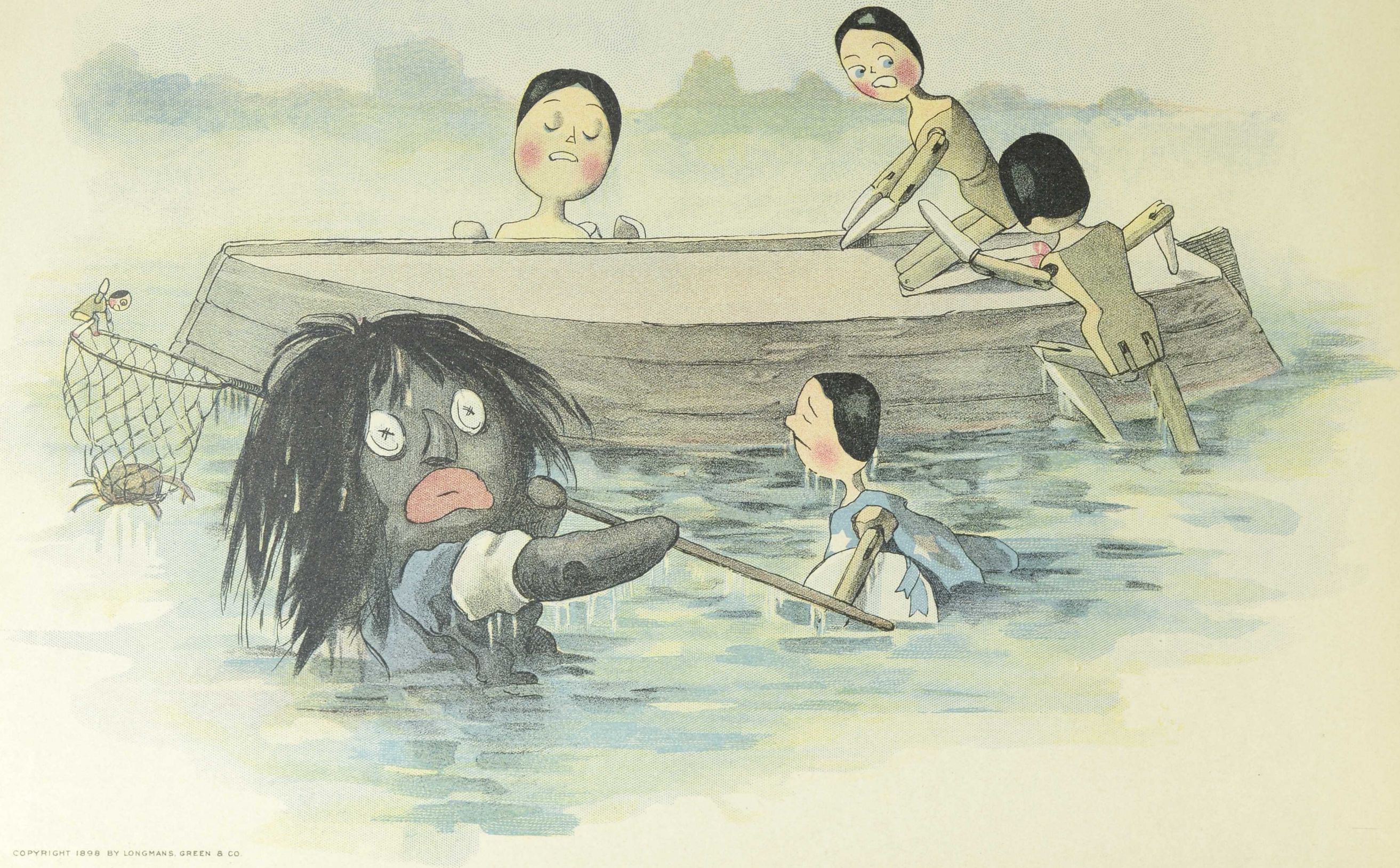
"Now for some fun!" cries Colliwogg,
A crabbing let us go;
With boat and nets tis easy work
And very safe I know;

You've only got to trim the boat
While I stand at her prow,
Two girls this side and two on that
Is all I can allow."



"Ah, now I see a monster crab,
Keep still and do not move;
My skill in catching anything
I very soon will prove."

'Twas sad! his words were lost beneath
The water's chilly blue:
He tipped the boat a bit too far
And spilled her merry crew.



"I wish your skill were not so great,
Or that you weren't so vain;
Pray practise what you preach, next time"
Cried frightened Sarah Jane:

"You 'caught a crab'! that's very sure,
But this one in your net
Is just as dead as dead can be,
So, Midget, don't you fret:





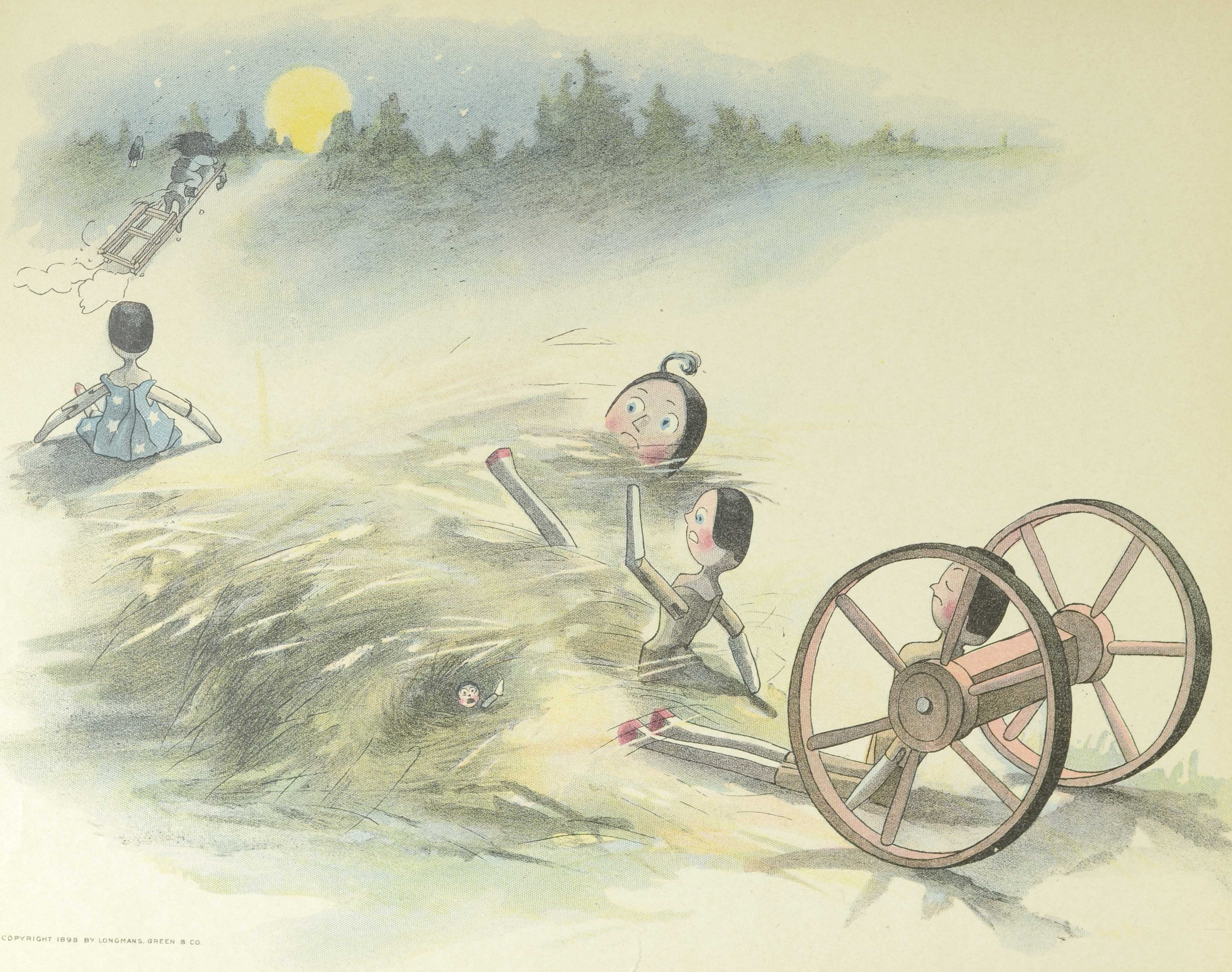
Collect your nets and all your traps,
I'll take the boat in tow,
The water's very shallow here
Now that the tide is low.

The dinner bell must long have rung,
And ravenous I feel,
For crabbing seems to make you want
To eat a solid meal."



That night they courted drier sport
And on a load of hay,
Just as the moon had reached the full
The party rode away :

Through country lanes, past quiet lakes
And by the silvery sea,
They talked and laughed and sang gay songs
As merry as could be .



In fact their spirits reached a height
So positively wild,
The horse was urged to flying pace
By moonbeams bright beguiled.

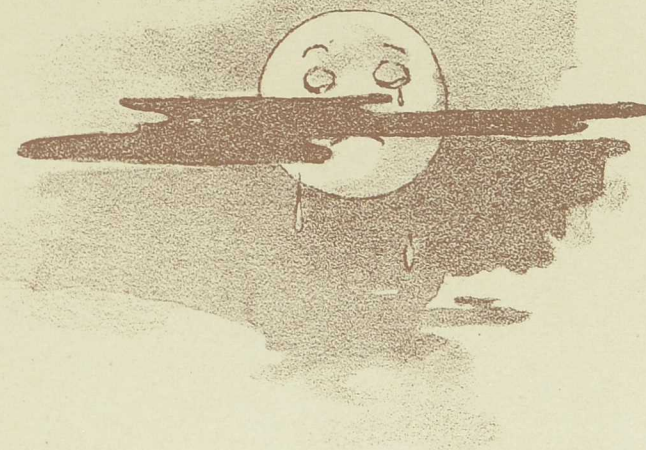
A farmer to the market bound
Just then was passing by,
He raised the ladies tenderly
And begged them not to cry.

At early morn a sadder man
And wiser too I'm sure,
On limping horse with bumping cart
Brought bruises home to cure.





"O big moon sailing in the sky
I pray you tell me true,
Which is the happier, you or I?
-- I'm sure it can't be you!

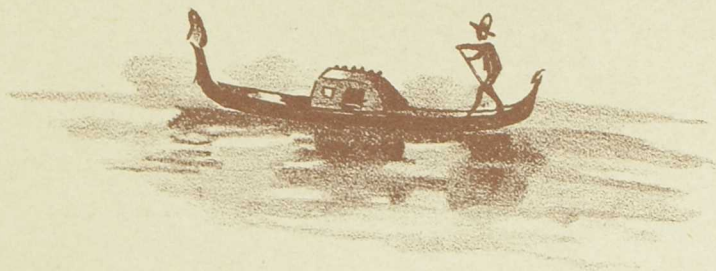


For you are sailing all alone
With not a man in sight,
While I to lovely woman sing
In your enchanting light!"



The wind dropped dead! the sail fell flat
The boat stopped in midstream,
The minstrel had to rouse himself
From his too happy dream.

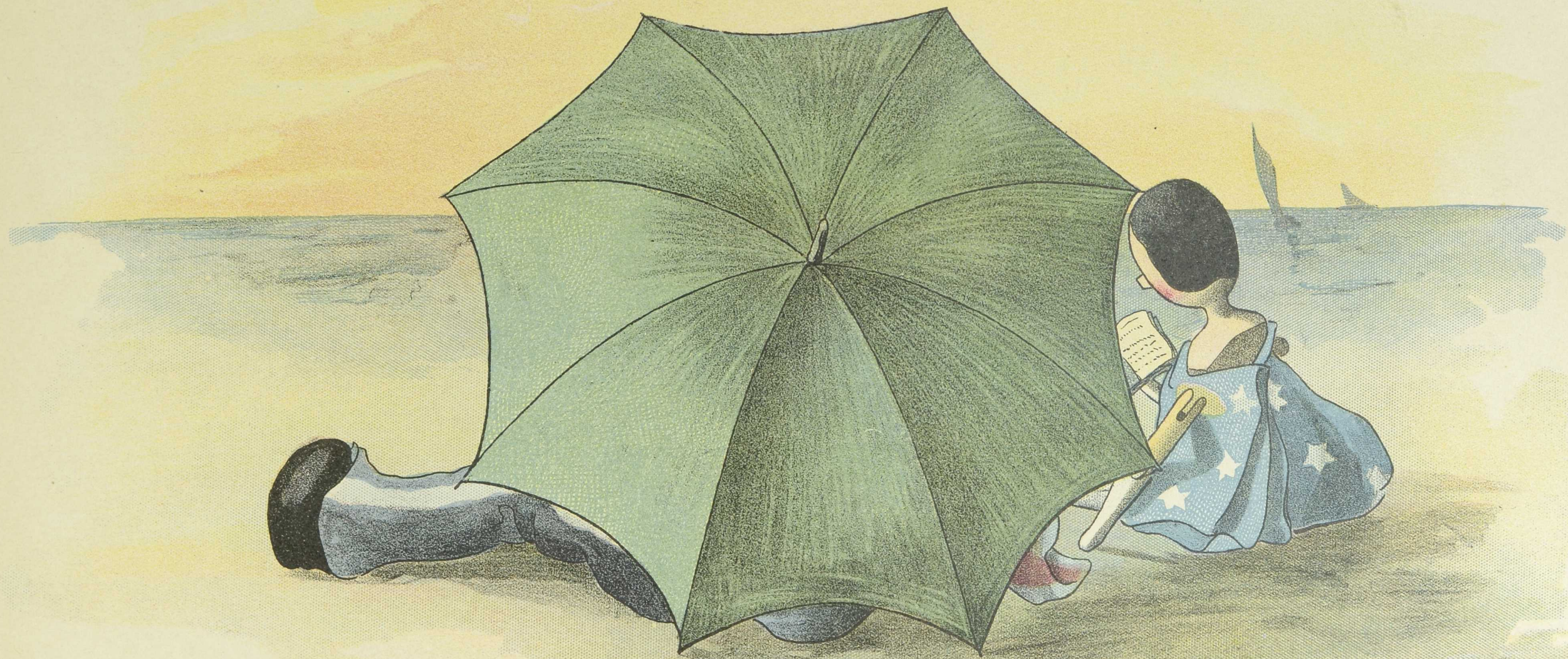
"How quite Venetian!" sighed the girls,
"And so romantic too!"
"I call it more a *Pole-ish* scene
With lots of work to do."



Wise Sarah Jane on learning bent
Has bought a little book
Upon the habits of the fish,
With notes on bait and hook:

She hopes that at some future time
A fortune they can make
When to dear Doll-land they return
And live by Mirror Lake;

For in the shop from which they came
A fish-pond she had seen
With pasteboard fish arranged in rows,
A piscatorial dream.



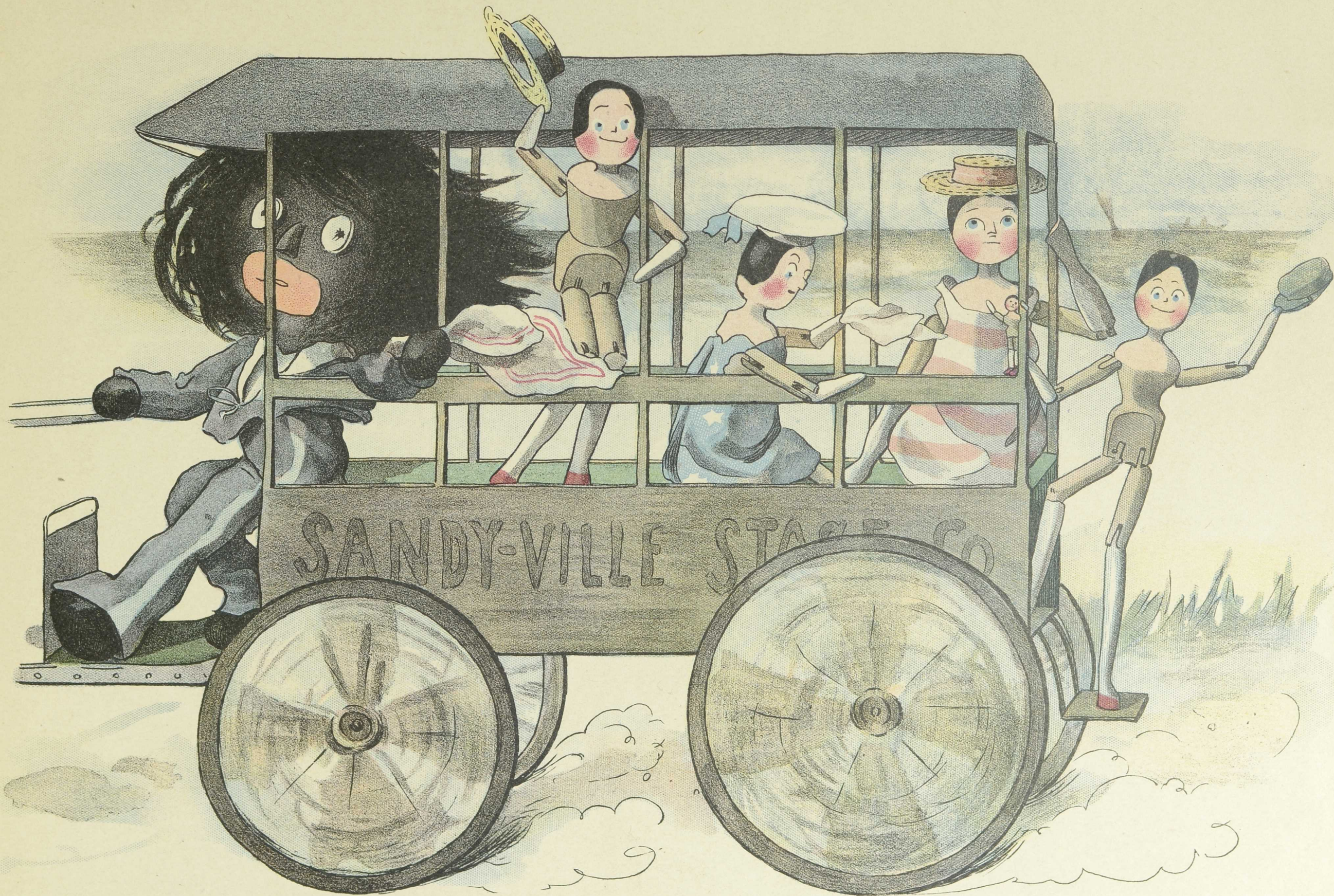
"Now come and make a lovely group,
Poetic as you please,
And when you look your prettiest,
That moment I will seize

To snap my Kodak on you all,
That we may not forget
This happy month in Sandyville
Where health with pleasure met."



At last the parting moment comes,
The country stage arrives,
Regretful looks the elders wear,
And Golliwoggie drives.

"Farewell! O lovely Sandyville,
Your merry days are o'er,
But we shall visit you again
And revel as before."



Ah! now they've gone and left a blank
Which you and I deplore,
But somewhere on life's ocean calm
We'll sight their bark once more.

Bertha Upton





