

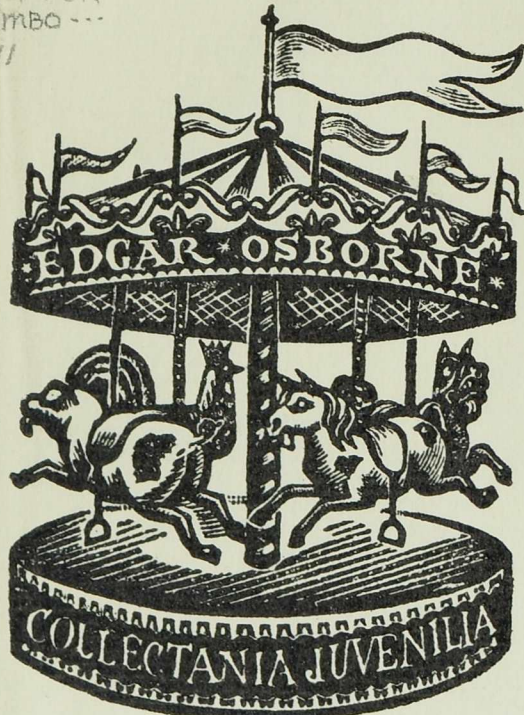
RUMBO·RHYMES
OR·THE·GREAT·COMBINE
A·SATIRE



WRITTEN BY ALFRED C CALMOUR
PICTURED BY WALTER CRANE



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CALMOUR
RUMBO ---
1911



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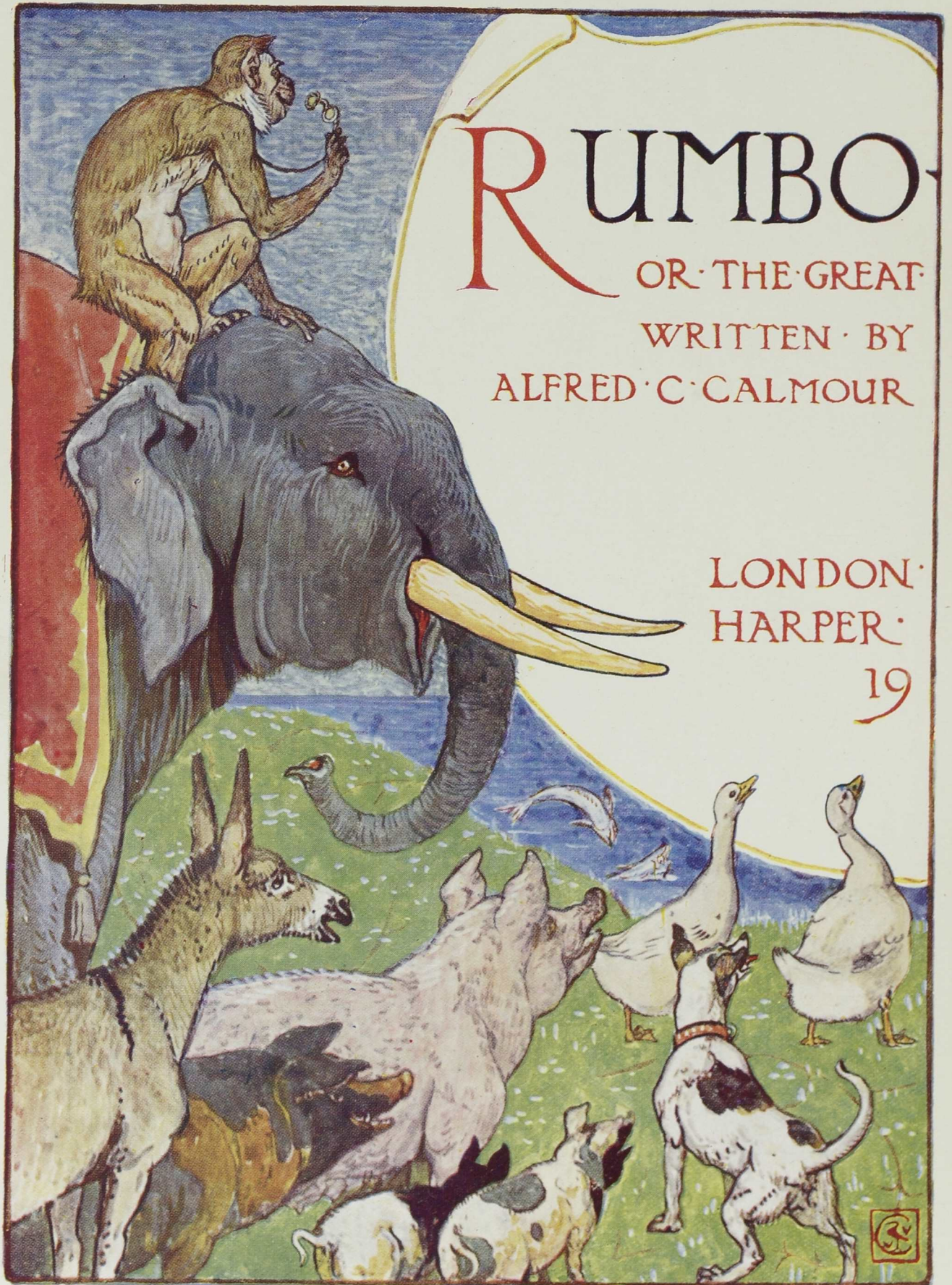
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RUMBO RHYMES
OR, THE GREAT COMBINE

A SATIRE

Billing & Sons, Ltd.
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RUMBO

OR THE GREAT

WRITTEN BY


ALFRED C CALMOUR

LONDON ·
HARPER ·

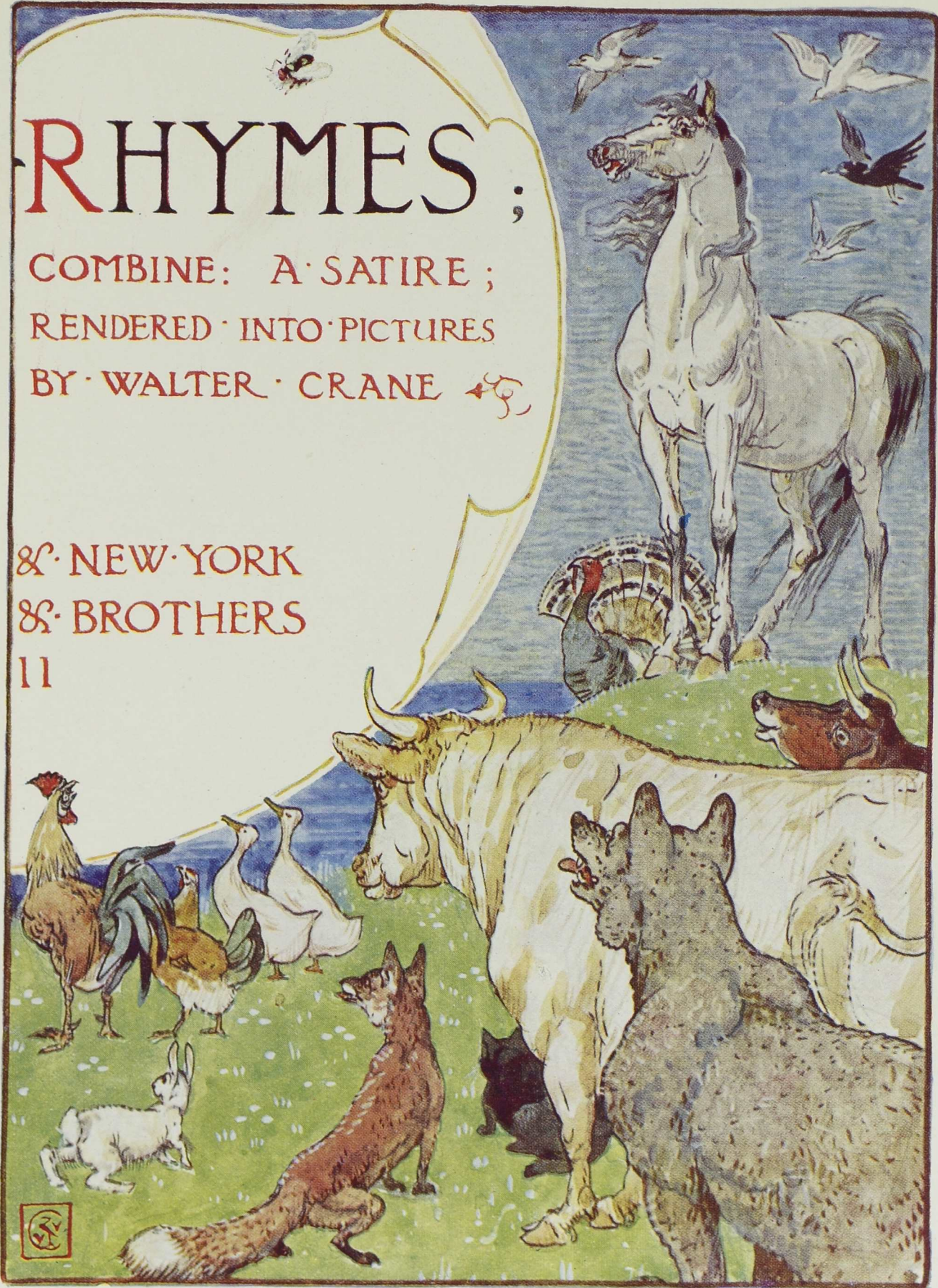
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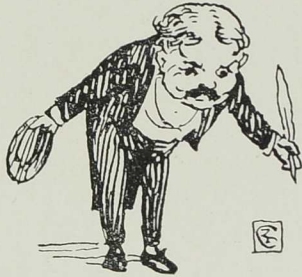


RHYMES ;

COMBINE: A SATIRE ;
RENDERED INTO PICTURES
BY WALTER CRANE 

& NEW YORK
& BROTHERS
11





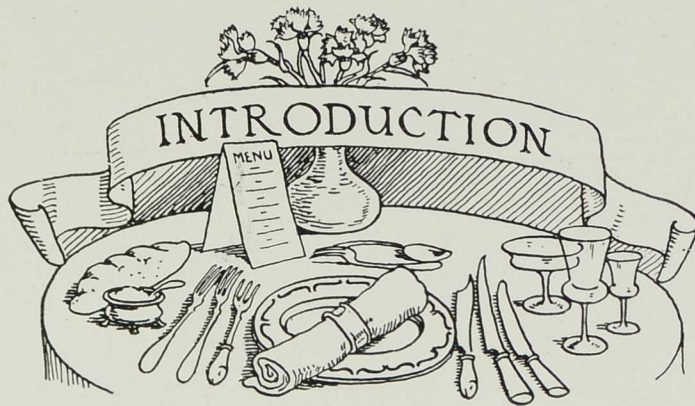
DEDICATION

To all the kin of fowl and beast
Whom I have eaten at a feast.
To aunts and cousins of those fish
Who made for me a toothsome dish.
To relatives of gnat and flea
I've basely slain for biting me:
I *Dedicate* these "Rumbo Rhymes"
To expiate my awful crimes.

ALFRED C. CALMOUR



"The kingdom of the Earth's for man—
At least he acts upon that plan."



A GREAT philosopher has said

—A fellow who has long been dead—

“That what seems pink or green to you

May look to me dark brown or blue:

That right or wrong, that false or true,

Depends upon the point of view.”

To which no sane man on reflection

Can surely offer an objection.

The Kingdom of the Earth's for man—

At least, he acts upon that plan ;

Ignoring all the hopes and wishes

Of birds and beasts, crabs, eels and
fishes,

Which he has found make dainty dishes.

It might be when they're boiled or roast,

Or served up on some buttered toast,

They would prefer another way

Of passing to the timeless day—

It may be so—I cannot say.

Though in a pudding or a pie,

Or in a stew or tasty fry,

It may be beautiful to die,

No man was ever known to try—

I think we know the reason why.

When you take up that precious book

Which teaches many ways to cook,

What do you seek? To find some dish

To gratify a gourmet's wish—

It may be meat or fowl or fish.

Do you once give a single thought
 To the poor creatures you have
 caught
Or been presented with or bought,
 Whose death with agony is fraught?
Of course you don't, but then you ought.

Men in their purblind selfish dream
 Say, "We are Gods, divine, supreme,
You lower creatures are for us,
 To eat, enjoy, *de gustibus*;
Accept that fact, don't make a fuss."



“The victims of the pot and pan—
Went forth against the tyrant man.”



“Snakes, locusts, snails, worms, owls and bats,
The feline race--stoats, weasels, rats.”

In sum, that is the view of man,

And so he acts upon that plan ;

And has done since the world began :

Or since his present graceless shape
Was modified from Father Ape.

The time has come when he must learn,

Though *man* may be condemned to
burn,

That fish and fowl and pigs and kine

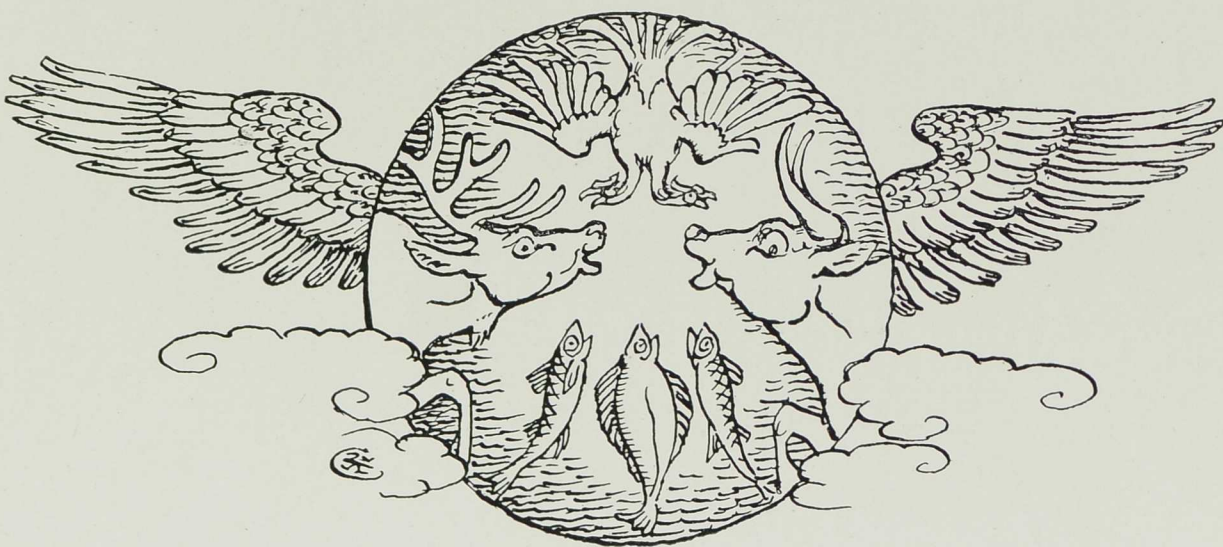
—Since they have formed a big

“combine”—

This doubtful honour must decline.

Let man then grasp this simple fact,
And in the future try to act
Not from his selfish point of view
Which is not honest, right or true,
But from the point of view of others
Who may not be his aunts or
brothers.

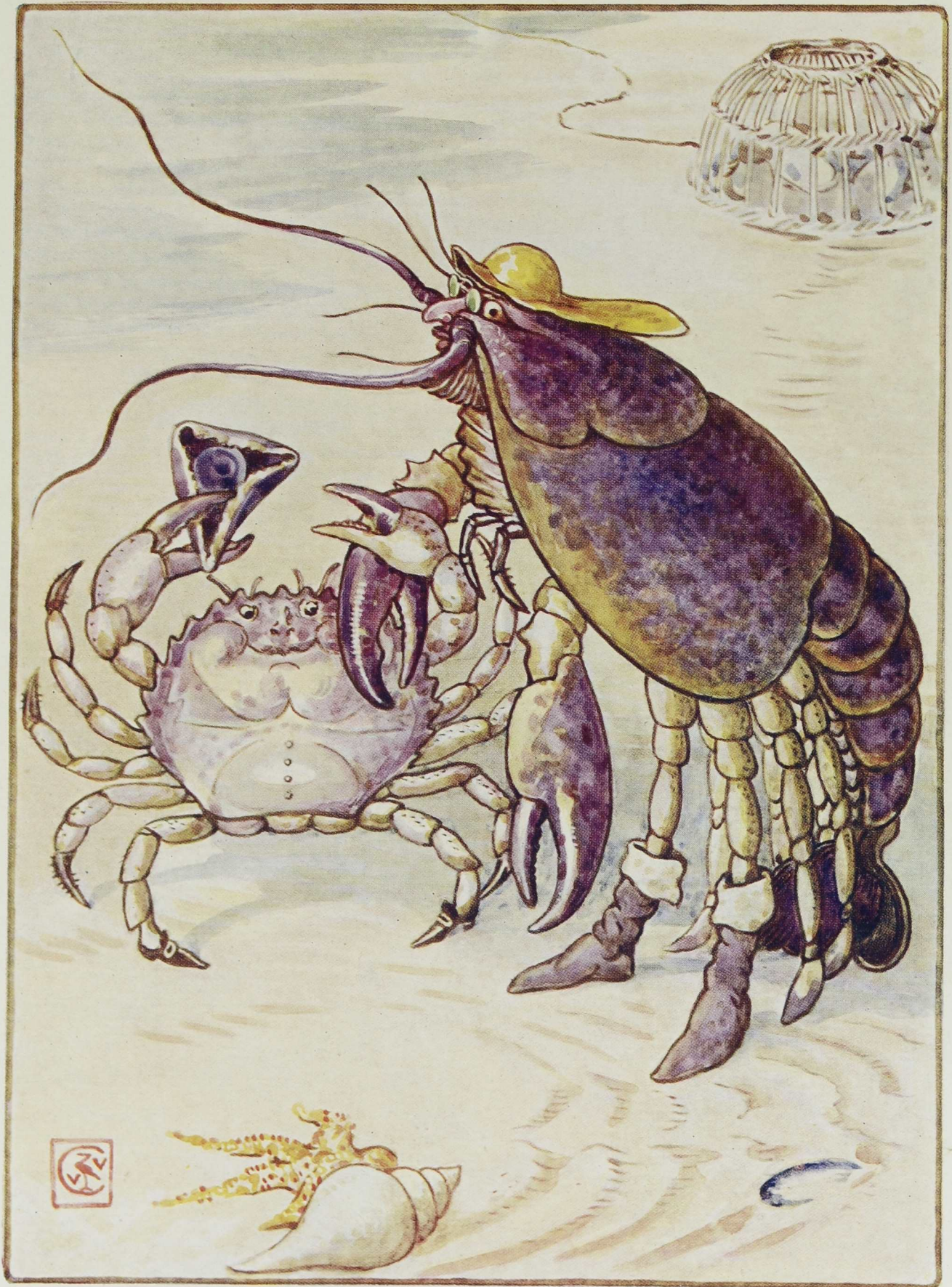
If he demurs, we have a plan
Will play the very deuce with man.
What that plan is—its “cons and pros”—
The Universal Conference shows:
It's war or peace, soft words or blows.



Throughout the world, a bitter cry
Of fish, flesh, fowl and other fry,
From Russia, Lapland, Greece, Japan,
—The victims of the pot and pan—
Went forth against the tyrant, man.

The upshot of this tribulation
Was to convene a convocation—
Long word, which means they called a
meeting
Where man could not indulge in
eating
Or any of their aims defeating.

From hill and dale, from sea and skies
Came birds, and beast and fish and
flies,
Crustaceans, lizards, beetles, fleas,
Mosquitos—things that sting and
tease—
The brainy ant and swarms of bees.



"The lobster with his cousin crab
Came dressed in purple trimmed with drab."



“The salmon, sole, the plaice and pike –
In short, all sorts of fish men like.”

Snakes, locusts, snails, worms, owls and
bats,

The feline race—stoats, weasels, rats ;
The leopard, lions, bears and foxes—

The absentees had votes by proxies,
But all were free from orthodoxies.

The boar and wolf were there, of course,
So were the lynx, the mule and horse ;

The lobster with his cousin crab
Came dressed in purple trimmed with
drab,

No longer fearing man would grab.

The salmon, sole, the plaice and pike—
In short, all kinds of fish men like—
The shark came too, so did the whale,
A fine display of fin and tail,
But none of them were up for sale.

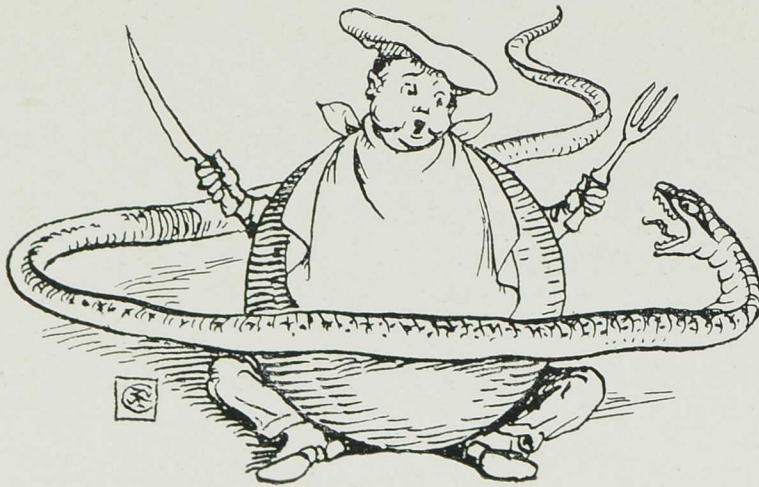
And there were cows and sheep and pigs
Grown fat with truffles, mash and figs;
Domestic birds—the duck and goose,
Who just for once were on the loose,
And so for them pray make excuse.

Of every sort, from every clime,

They came with reason and with
rhyme,

To formulate a common plan

To circumvent the gourmand man,
And on his eating put a ban.



The "chair" was taken by an ape,

A human Ourang from the Cape ;

The "vice" deputed was a fox—

A cunning one at bars and locks—

Though votes were given for the ox.

The speakers had no time to waste,

And set to work in double haste ;

When *man* was mentioned, beasts and
fowls

Broke out in loud discordant howls—

A deafening din of grunts and growls.



“The ‘chair’ was taken by an Ape,
A human Ourang from the Cape.”



“ And all of them obeyed the speaker,
Except an Irish porcine squeaker.”

To put an end to this disorder

The "Chair" and "Vice" called
"Order, Order!"

And all of them obeyed the speaker

Except an Irish porcine squeaker,
And no one thought he could be meeker.

A well-bred horse was first to speak

In nods and neighs which would be
Greek

To many of those round the table,

But for exemption from the fable
Which punished man for building Babel.

With power and passion and with grief
He pleaded hard for swift relief
From those who had control at races,
Who regulated all their paces,
And loaded them with dire disgraces.

When they were racing to the full
A jockey—bribed—would slyly “pull,”
Or in a circle near the “rail”
Where the poor horse must surely
fail
And so be beaten by a tail.

A London cart-horse without blinker
 Deplored the noisy motor stinker,
Which belched forth such a fearful smell
 That if one were not brought up
 well
Might make you wish them all in H—l.

Of course with beings so refined

 The latter word was in the mind;
For language which they knew was coarse

 A man might use, but not a horse—
Which shows the “diff” ’twixt brain and
 force.

After a moment's pause and lull
Which seemed by contrast deadly
dull,
The smaller fry, their hearts to ease,
Called for the ants, and flies and
bees,
Long known to mind their Q's and P's.

But all were of a single mind
That someone nearer human kind
Should state the case before the house.
Loud cries were called for cat and
mouse,
While vulgar bookworms shouted "louse"!



"A well-bred horse was first to speak
In nods and neighs which would be Greek."



“ But up there rose with grace and ease,
The sprightly Sultan of the fleas.”

But up there rose with grace and ease
The sprightly Sultan of the fleas,
Exclaiming with a thrice armed might
Which only comes with truth and
right,

“I will recount our daily fight!

“The Cockneys come with song and band
To foul our homes upon the sand;
With dance and shriek the air is rent
Where all before was sweet content
Until their money has been spent.

“So all these raucous blatant curs
We bite and stab with two-heeled
spurs!”

At this there was a mighty roar
Such as was never heard before,
Some learned in French cried out
“Encore!”

Then there uprose a common fly
Who lately was condemned to die,
And had been called a fearful pest
Because he fed with keener zest
On some bald pate where food was best.

“Why don't men place some dainties
nice——”

“Some toasted cheese!” exclaimed
the mice.

“For that flies do not care a rap,
It might do for a mouse's trap;
But we are wise—ha, ha!—*verb sap*.”

“Besides, men spread such horrid lies
About diseases brought by flies;
All our complaints we catch from men
Who take a bath but now and then
And live in homes more like a den.”

“ For man to think he is supreme
Is but a shallow braggart’s dream.
The smallest atom in his eye
Will make him curse and howl and
cry
And think that he is going to die.

“ Man is supreme in tricks and lies,
Which one and all of us despise ;
The only thing he shows a zest in
Is when he has a friend or guest in
Whom he can cheat and get the best in.



“ It might do for a mouse’s trap,
But we are wise—ha-ha—‘ verb-sap.’ ”



“ But as he still would try to speak,
A starling took him in his beak.”

“ His one design in doing trade

Is how much profit can be made.

He'll sell the public stock and share,

He'd sell his mother if he dare,

And 'cheek' to him is *savoir faire*.”

Now, deadly jealous of the fly,

Who only stopped through being dry,

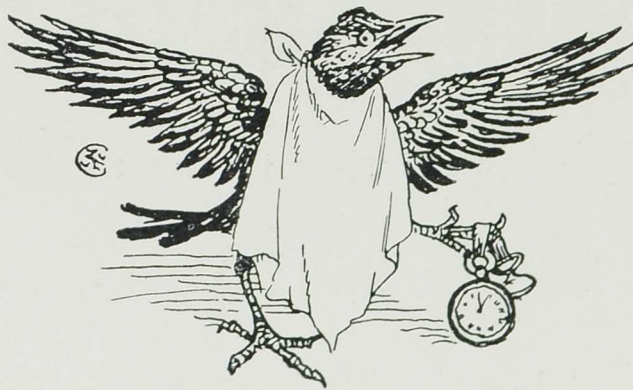
There rose to move, by way of rider,

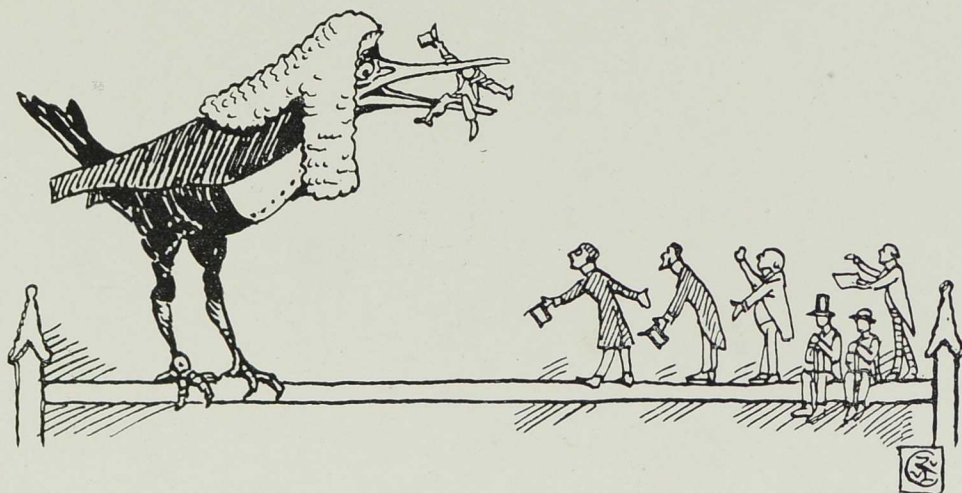
A little upstart money-spider ;

But all cried, “ Down ! down, down, out-
sider !”

But as he still would try to speak,
A starling took him in his beak,
And then, forgetful of good breeding
—The Chairman's ruling never
heeding—

He thought the time had come for feeding.





When all of them had gained composure
From witnessing this drastic “closure”
—Which might be used four days a week
When M.P.’s in the Commons
speak—
This application of the beak.

For there each member thinks of self,
And all strive hard for place and
pelf;

While some tomfool exploits a notion—
Some plan to regulate the ocean
Or stop a famine with a lotion.

The crab exclaimed, “O, what disgrace,
That we of a more ancient race
Should be the sport and food of man
Who, built upon a shoddy plan,
Was ‘plasm’ when our life began!”



“The crab exclaimed ‘O what disgrace,
That we of a more ancient race—’”



“ An elephant declared that he
Would always be man's enemy.”

“ Was ‘ plasm ’ then—is ‘ plasm ’ still,

Without free thought, without free
will.

Compounded of a Chemist’s shop,

With here a solid, there a drop !”

The weasel cried out with a pop.

An elephant declared that he

Would always be man’s enemy.

He found that every kind of work

The lazy wretch would skimp and
shirk

And spend his time in pub or kirk.

Man only took the fullest measure

In doing things that gave him
pleasure ;

For every other blessed day

He knocked off work and went to
play

While "striking" for a rise in pay.

Why should they be the tool and slave

Of such a selfish, boastful knave,

Who would have all of them believe

His "Pa" was Adam, "Ma" was
Eve,

While he was laughing up his sleeve ?

“ We know the garden where they dwelt ! ”

Exclaimed a little frisky smelt.

“ Know it, indeed, ” broke out the mole,

“ My kindred lived there in a hole
Before mankind had heard of coal. ”

A wild duck said that in the sky

'Twas now impossible to fly.

A thing they called an aeroplane,

Or something like it, made of cane,

Was causing them a lot of pain.

A cumbrous thing of wheels and spars,
Of wings and rings and bolts and
bars.

They had no haunt to "bill" and love
When down beneath or up above
Were shouts of "Hold on!" "Lift her!"
"Shove!"

They did not mind the old balloon,
Because to grief it came quite soon.
Besides, it never could be steered
—The sport of every wind that
veered—

But this new thing was strange and weird.



"A wild duck said that in the sky
'Twas now impossible to fly."



"Said pretty Polly, as she woke,
'He-haw—that's true!' exclaimed the moke."

No element was safe from man,
Who must receive the meeting's ban.
To this they one and all agreed,
And spoke of ways they could be
freed
From this obnoxious hateful breed.

Some views were given by the rat,
And by his quondam foe the cat.
The former said that since the raid
To move about he was afraid,
Or eat the poisoned morsels laid.

Against their base inanity,

 Their selfishness and vanity,

Railed possum, sable, ermin, mink,

 A Russian lamb as black as ink

Which gave "one furiously to think."

"For us," cried one, "they do not care,

 They take our skins and leave us

 bare :

Decked out like 'pampered popinjays

 In low-necked frocks and tight-laced

 stays

They passed their time in wicked ways."

Who has not of the proverb heard :

“ Fine feathers make a handsome
bird ?”

“ They take our wings for hat and toque,”

Said pretty Polly, as she woke.

“ He-haw—that true !” exclaimed the
moke.

It was the universal wish

That they should hear the views of
fish.

Some species man preferred to eat

When tired of pheasant, fowl, or
meat :

And so a sole performed the feat.

With soulful sigh the sole began :

“ Our common enemy is man——”

He spoke no more although he tried,

Quite overcome, he only cried,

And thought of kindred boiled and fried.

The salmon, turbot, brill and pike,

Declared at man they all must strike.

So thought the cod, the trout and whiting.

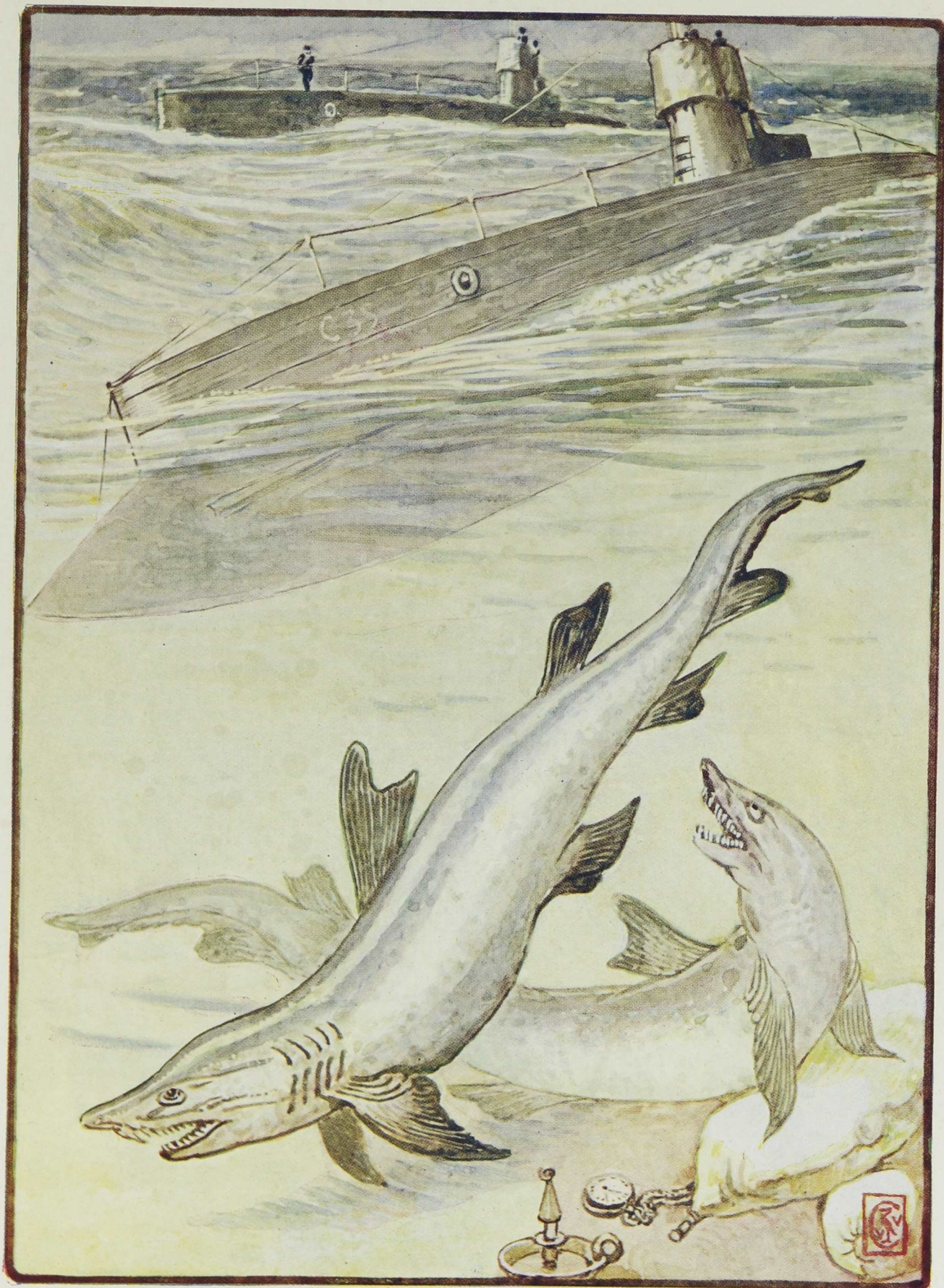
And other fish that men delight in

Said for their lives they must be

fighting.



“ With soulful sigh he thus began,
‘ Our common enemy is man.’ ”



“His submarines now plough the deep,
And wake us when we try to sleep.”

While writhing as he spoke, the eel
Said, "Man, if skinned, *perhaps* might
feel."

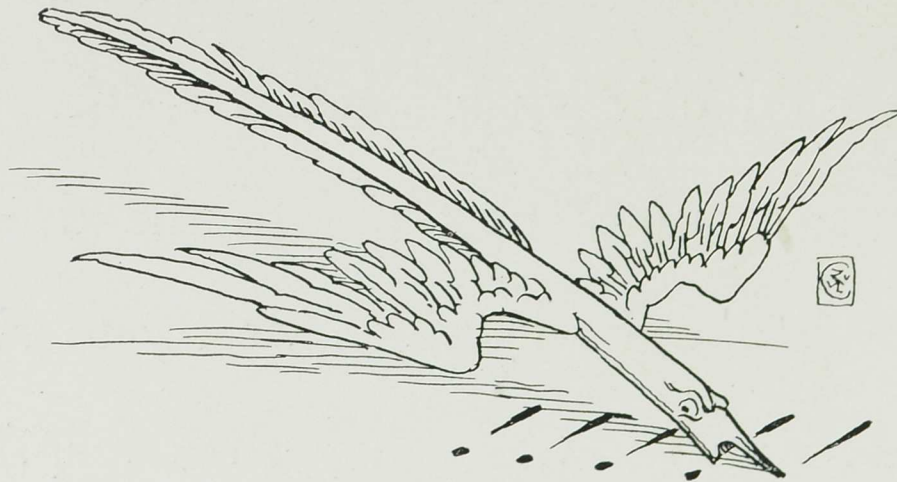
"Feel!" cried the lobster, turning hot,
"He might when boiling in a pot,
Or else he will not care a jot!"

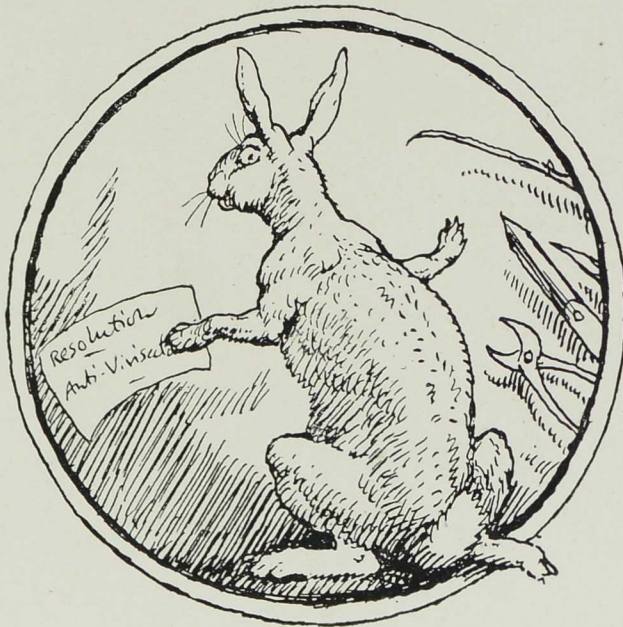
"Mankind," began an angry shark,
"Of chivalry has not a spark.
His submarines now plough the deep
And wake us when we try to sleep,
But as men sow, so they shall reap."

The Chairman next called on a bird,
And said 'twas time they should be
heard.

A turkey, goose and guinea-hen,
Affirmed their troubles came from
men

In language which defies the pen.





A rabbit said he had objection

To taste the joys of vivisection :

If man would save his precious skin

Let him dissect his nearest kin,

And probe their nerves from heel to chin.

Or if a white man they did lack

 Their "serums" they should make
 from black.

From brother-black whom they would
 teach

 That Christians practise what they
 preach

And pain is pleasure though you screech.

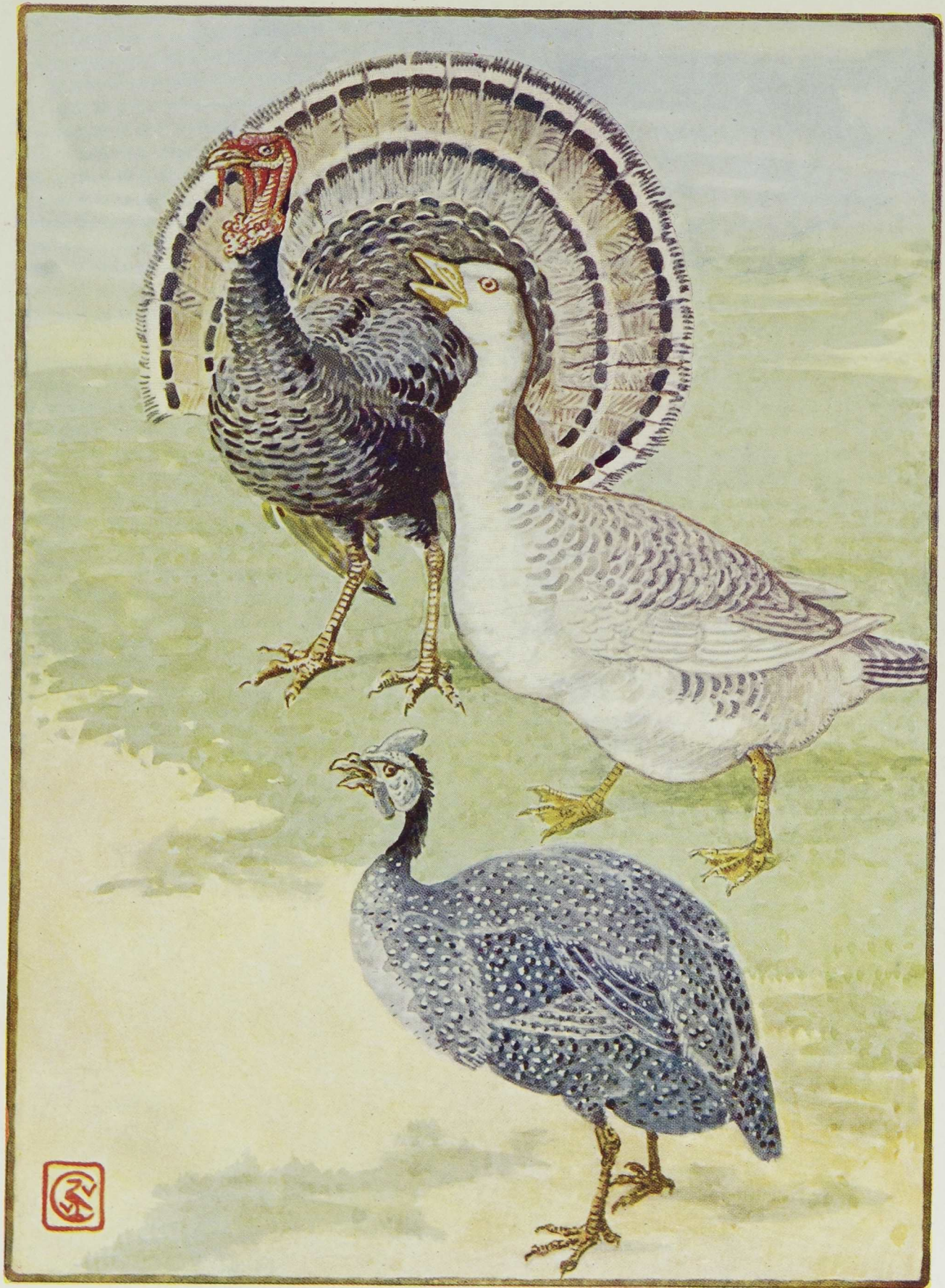
A lion, roaring in his rage,

 Suggested hot irons and a cage:

Which tiger, wolf, and grizzly bear

 Acclaimed as just and only fair

On those who plunged them in despair.



"A turkey, goose and guinea hen
Affirmed their troubles came from men."



"A lion roaring in his rage,
Suggested hot irons and a cage."

“ Without a doubt it's very plain

The human thinks we have no
brain.

Or just enough to 'loop the loop,'

And with a wretched circus troupe
Go fooling through a paper hoop.”

The ape then called upon the worm,

And thus he spoke in accents firm:

“ Man is a monster filled with pride,

A decadent we should deride
Who only worships his inside.”

“ He ‘ worships ’ self ! ” exclaimed the snail,
Who, with the whelk, began to rail
And curse the very name of man—
While wondering in Creation’s plan
What use he was—this “ Calaban.”

The worm not only turned, but shook ;
And squirmed as if upon a hook.
In turn there spoke the oyster, frog,
The shrimp, the limpit, and the hog.
Man had no friend—except the dog.

The dog, not only at this meeting
Forgot the kicks and daily beating,
But said that man was not so bad—
“Eccentric—p'raps—a little mad,
And too much prone to whim and fad.

“But still, you know, he might be worse.”

The rest was drowned in howl and
curse.

The “Chair” and “Vice” for order cried—

That no one's views must they deride.

The faithful “bow-wow” only sighed.

When order reigned, the Chairman spoke

And said: "We have not met to
joke.

We are assembled here *en masse*

To chastise that inflated ass

We know as man—but let that pass.

"In consultation with the 'Vice'

I have evolved a plan so nice

That one and all you will agree

To try it and be once more free

To eat and drink when on the spree."



“ The worm not only turned but shook,
And squirmed as if upon a hook.”



“Man had no friend except the dog.”



The ape received a hearty greeting :

Then silence fell upon the meeting
As thus he told his simple plan

To bring to reason selfish man—
Who heeding not should feel the ban.

“ Our microbe and bacilli hordes

We'll send among their noble lords;
Among their peasants, priests and princes,
And sicken them with pills and
minces

When they cry out for grapes and quinces.

“ We'll rack their bones, enlarge their liver ;
We'll scald and gall and make them
shiver.

With headache, toothache, gumboils, gout,
We'll make them howl and rave and
shout,

Not knowing what they are about.

“ In every blessed thing they eat
Of fish or fowl or butcher’s meat,
They shall perceive a hidden foe—
Some deadly germ to lay them low
And kill them at a single blow.

“ We’ll make them see their wicked ways
And teach them self-love never
pays.

We’ll fill their hearts with deadly fears
And poison all their wines and beers,
Not heeding groans or sighs or tears.

“ Their appetites we’ll take away,
They shall not have the wish to
play ;
Inside and out we’ll scratch and tease
And only give them peace and ease
When we have brought them to their
knees.

“ So, man, beware—we give you warning,
The time has passed for sneer and
scorning ;
Be merciful to fleas and flies,
The man who heeds not, simply
dies—
‘ Hic jacet ’ marking where he lies.”



“The man who heeds not simply dies,
‘Hic jacet’ marking where he lies.”





