

A DAY WITH FRITZ

(Inspired by E. Fritz's roundelay in the June "Journal" entitled
"The Pot Calls the Kettle Black".)

Emanuel gets up by rote,
Pulls on his pants, but not his coat;
His brawny arms he must leave bare
To wave in circles in the air
Whenever he gets hot and nervous
Because of things the Forest Service
Puts out to "educate" the folks -
Fritz thinks of them as mostly croaks -
Serving just to deepen gloom;
He'd titillate the funny bone,
Personalize the forest trees,
Give out with light and cheer, bejeez!

To fit himself to twist and squirm
Fritz breakfasts on a fuzzy worm.
He broils it on a wormwood fire
And forks it with a red-hot wire;
Washed down with cups of prussic acid,
Leaves Fritz just the reverse of placid.

Fritz goes out now in search of ants
And puts a handful in his pants;
With boutonniere of poison oak
He's now all set to stir up smoke -
(I do not mean a smoke to screen
The industry's poor battered bean;
Oh, no, he counters with attack
And smites the F. S. front and back.)

Emanuel then combs the mail
To see if there's another wail
From pistol-packers lusty power
Who never smile but always glower.
A document rewards his search
Which makes him leap and scream and lurch;
The Annual Report peeps out;
Fritz grabs it with a strident shout;
"This damthing isn't what it seems!" -
The Fritz eye fills with baleful gleams -
"As a report this thing sure stinks
"It's put together by some ginks
"Who merely want to crucify
"The clients of A. F. P. I.
"I could write straighter with my knuckle" -
The Fritz almost emits a chuckle,
But in no time regains his frown
And to his luncheon sits him down.

His midday meal, like that at morn
Is caloried to build up scorn -
Some hard-shell crabs with mustard sauce
And ice cream made of killing frost;
His liquid fare a sulfa drug,
Designed to kill the tolerance bug;
Thus doth he gird for post-noon fray
To seek another fact to slay.

To stimulate the flow of ire
Our Fritz now reads the dope on fire;
"Migawd this author is a liar;
"He ought to tell the customers
"That when the fire just recurs
"On acres that it burned before
"It don't add up to more and more!"

But now we come to climax tears
When Fritz discovers "New Frontiers";
His temples swell, his fingers clench,
He hammers with a monkey wrench;
"It's plain to see those who wrote this
"Just itch to give the old Death-Kiss
"To forestry on private land
"It's plan to see just where they stand;
"It's public ownership they crave,
"They're sure the logger won't behave.
"If private ownership prevails
"It leads to empty dinner pails.
"That little band of willful men
"Who in D. C. wield poison pen
"Are out of tune with rank-and-file
"Who don't approve of all this bile;
"The men who work out in the trees
"Know how to use the axle grease
"They could convert N. I. M. A.
"If just allowed to call the play."

The day is done, but not so Fritz;
He goes into his den and sits;
He wants no supper on his plate
But merely needs regurgitate
And chew again that bitter cud
And fill his eye again with blood;
He will not sleep - just sit and fume
A heluvaway to wipe out gloom!


July 7, 1944.

C.M.G.

Dear

The attached poem by CMG
seemed to me to be so amusing
that I asked him if I might
not send a copy to some of
the RF and Ds. He agreed
so here is yours.

Granger sent a copy directly
to Sam Dana and Fritz.


E.W.L.

