

Young Authors' Club

FLORITA COOK, Editor

JUNIOR DAY

KNIGHTS' FIGHT

Original by Philip Disk

Sir Morgan, knight of long ago,
Knew just how to fight.
Each day he took his sword
And hunted for another knight.
But leave Sir Morgan lived just
where

Another knight was very rare,
Now far beyond the moat that ran
Around Sir Morgan's castle.
There lived a knight, Sir George
Byname, and he was in one's neck.
When George stood roaring at
his opponent.

The townsfolk hid inside their
basements.

One day when taking off his sword,
(He had been shopping at a store),
Sir George looked through his front
window.

And saw a stranger at his door!
Sir George picked up a handy
rock.

And waited for the knight to
knock.

The knight was Sir Morgan
who,

Had gone to every village
In search of some brave to fight!
And something more to pling.
Sir Morgan waved his sword and
cried.

"Come out, you, hiding there
inside!"

Sir Morgan got no answer, so
He raised his voice and said,
"Come out and fight me, George,
And I shall cleave apart your
head!"

Sir George while searching for
his spear
Yelled back, "Don't try to get in
here!"

Sir Morgan being very brave,
And not afraid at all,
Yelled, "Sure, I'll smash your door,
And fight you in your own
hall!"

Sir George put on his suit of tin,
And said, "All right, I'll let you
in."

They buried poor Sir Morgan,
When they found him in the street,
With his shield all bucked to pieces,
And his helmet at his feet.
And when they asked Sir George
If he had anything to say,
He told them when Sir Morgan
died,
He was very far away.

(There was a period in literature when knight errants came in for considerable ridicule, Que Venise probably subscribed in the period. This poem contains the same dry humor of some of the work that has come down from that day. Come a time when folk didn't take their swashbuckling legends so seriously. I find this poem entertaining, and the rhyme scheme well handled. I think, as a whole, it deserved better treatment than it received in line two, stanza three. The "also" part appears to be there for easy rhyming purposes. Something like "And loving life was worth a heve," for instance, might be more in

keeping. "He, Sir George, was far away" would clarify the final line. This is all I had to file, Philip. I would like to hear about your new school, and your activities there. Continue to write, if possible.)

CREDIT LINE

Six credits for Philip Disk
Oct. 27, 1942.

Aunt Flo
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