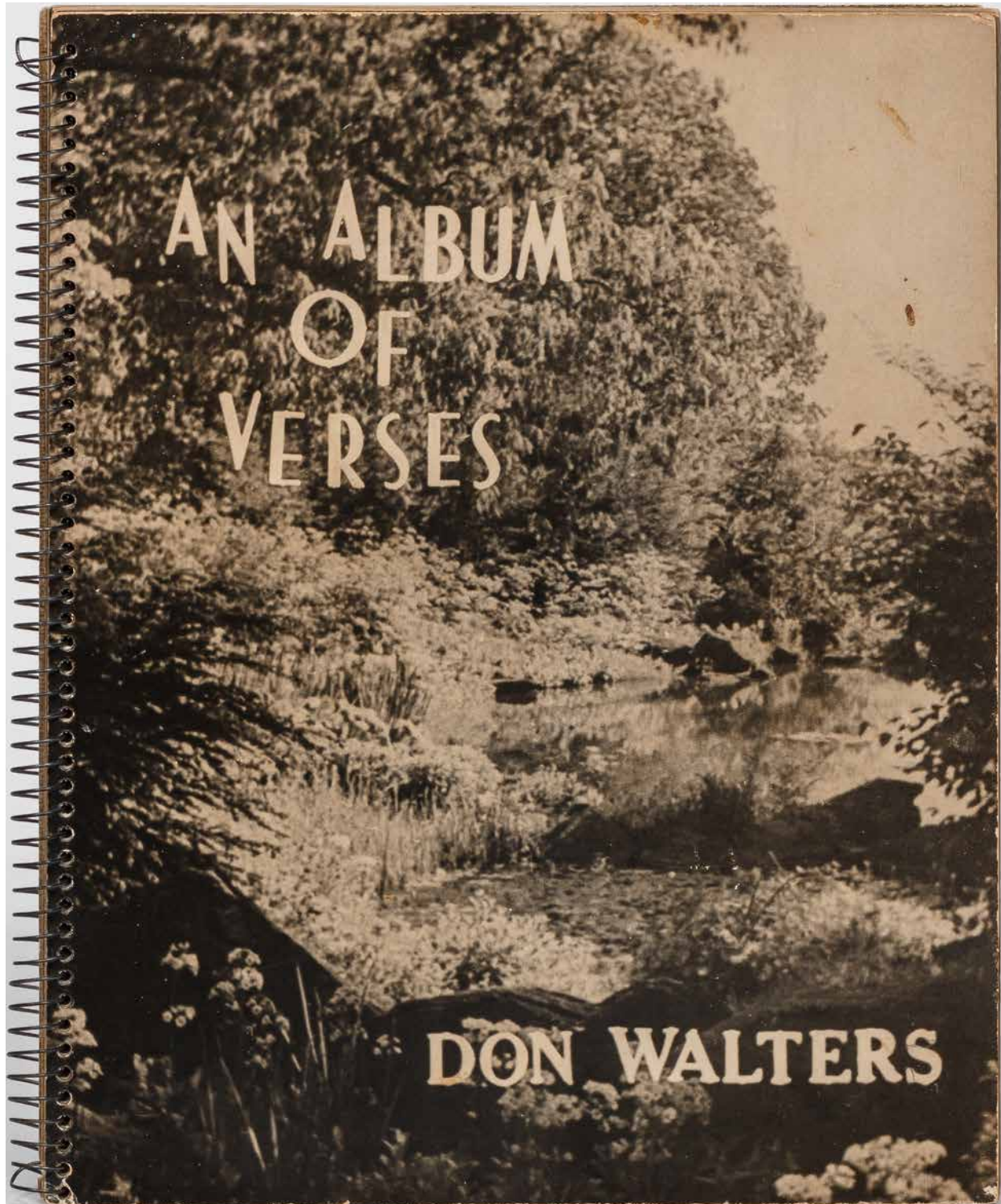


Don Walters

An Album of Verses

[No place]: Don Walters [no date - circa 1935]

\$300



First (presumed only) edition. Quarto. Spiral bound printed photographic pages in photographically illustrated photographic card wrappers. Very good or better. Inscribed by the author. A very unusual book of poetry printed on gelatin silver photographs. *OCLC* locates no copies. [\[BTC#424009\]](#)



ICONOCLAST

The pagan to his gods of clay doth bow;-
With unfeined reverence pays to earth his vow.
Lacks he that greater wisdom which is thine,
Or is he, mayhap, wiser yet than thou?

Scorn, if you will, his idols from the ground;
Pity his search which leaves the truth unfound;
But know that reverence where e'er bestowed,
Is ever worthy of respect profound.

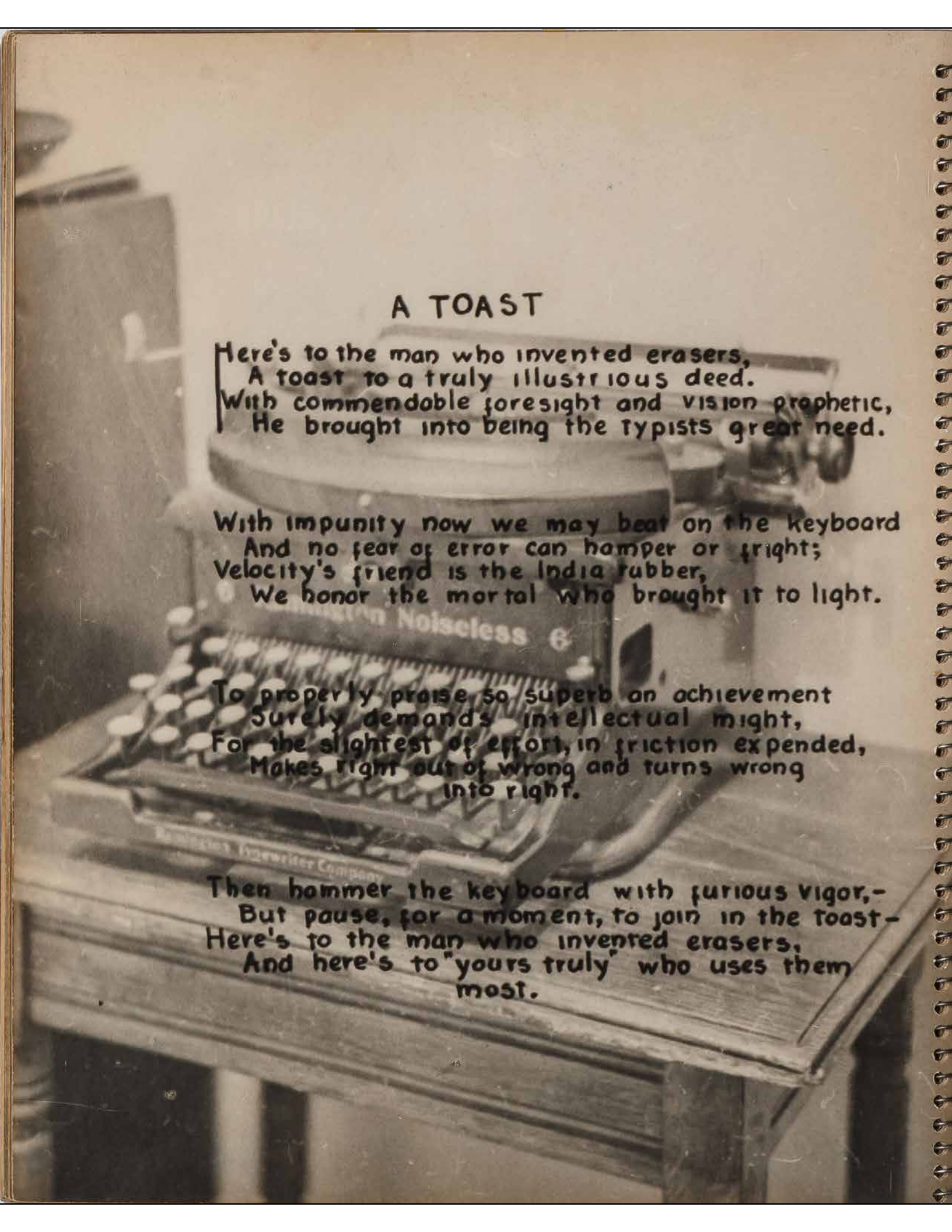
For, if in idle mockery, you break
The image which he worships, you but take,-
And nothing gain,- the highest sentiment
That God within the human heart can wake.

THREE CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

No 1

I have pored over volumes of learning
On a futile and endless trail;
And the midnight oil has been burning
But still it's of no avail.
I have sought the counsel of wisdom
For advice that would help me out;
And still I am none the wiser,
And ever I'm left in doubt.
Then I turned to the crystal gazers
To see what their lore might bring.
They went into trances and spasms,
But couldn't tell me a thing.

And so it's like this, Uncle Walter:-
I'm passing the problem on.
Could you buy some sort of a present,
And say, "I got it from Don?"
He wished me a Merry Christmas
And plenty of cheer, forsooth!
If you tell them that, Uncle Walter,
You'll sure be telling the truth.

A vintage typewriter, likely a Remington model, is shown on a wooden desk. The typewriter has a keyboard with white keys and a dark carriage. The text of a poem is overlaid on the image, centered around the typewriter. The poem is titled "A TOAST" and consists of several stanzas. The typewriter is a dark color, possibly black or dark grey, and the desk is made of light-colored wood. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

A TOAST

Here's to the man who invented erasers,
A toast to a truly illustrious deed.
With commendable foresight and vision prophetic,
He brought into being the typists great need.

With impunity now we may beat on the keyboard
And no fear of error can hamper or fright;
Velocity's friend is the India rubber,
We honor the mortal who brought it to light.

To properly praise so superb an achievement
Surely demands intellectual might,
For the slightest of effort, in friction expended,
Makes right out of wrong and turns wrong
into right.

Then hammer the keyboard with furious vigor,-
But pause, for a moment, to join in the toast-
Here's to the man who invented erasers,
And here's to "yours truly" who uses them
most.