FOUND IN A DERELICT: "QUEEN OF THE NIGHT" AND OTHER POEMS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649408429

Found in a Derelict: "Queen of the Night" and Other Poems by George Hugh Banning

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

GEORGE HUGH BANNING

FOUND IN A DERELICT: "QUEEN OF THE NIGHT" AND OTHER POEMS





9 = =

FOUND IN A DERELICT:

"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT"

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

GEORGE HUGH BANNING

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
LOREN ROBERTA BARTON



NINETEEN NINETEEN
THE MURRELL PRINTING CO.
LOS ANGELES

Copyright, 1919
By
CEORGE HUGH BANNING
Los Angeles

air, author

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

To My Mother

FOREWORD

TO learn from the experiences of others is an art few can sincerely boast of. The things we are taught while bouncing over the rough spots here and there are perhaps the very things Grandfather could have told us had we shown a willingness to listen. Still it is this impetus, this innate and mute initiative, that not only dominates but becomes intricate and pervasive in youth. It was not until late introspection that I was impelled to realize that the motives of my venture-the venture that frames the setting of this book-were not the motives that I had laid down before my inquisitors. Had I told them the true reasons. I should have admitted that about myself which perhaps they had outgrown, that which they could have no sympathy with, but that which constructs the elemental substance and soul of youth. And so I subconsciously fashioned an ultramotive and refused to admit, even to myself, that it was not intrinsic. Thus disguised, I passed the censors and stepped into a new world.

I was a sailor!—a long-haired, tar-dobbed, hickory-clad, sun-blacked, "sea-dog"! I was destined to cross the ocean before the mast of a "wind-jammer," to visit strange lands, strange seas, and strange people; to encounter destructive winds, fires, and mutiny; in short, I was to become acquainted with the real life of the sea. Here I learned that the stories we read of such an existence are not the mere pages of a book, nor the creative genius of Stevenson, Conrad, and Masefield; nay, the romance of the sea is immortal, its powers—unconquerable, and its story is never told.

In the following pages I have taken much from the life as I have found it. "QUEEN OF THE NIGHT" was roughly outlined and many fragmentary sections were written in just that part of the globe the verses describe. In fact, the greater part of the experiences are true! Of