

An interminable Ode.

I remember, I remember the place where "Parks" was born  
The dirty wind where ~~xxxxxx~~ no sun came creeping in at morn  
Yet 9 never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day  
For working under J.B.H. was less like work than play.

There were Maxwell, Byshe and Johnson and good F.H.W.  
Wise A.K. and witty F.V. and quiet M.B. too.  
There were piles and piles of dusty files about leases, lots and land  
Way back when business was ~~so~~ polite and memos were writ by hand

Soon in slipped Howard Courtice with a manner quiet and wary  
Like "The Last of the Bison" seeking a quiet sanctuary  
Then Spero came and Dora B both young alert and bright  
(She knew who paid their bills in Banff and who went hunting at night)

And every day as we felt our way we saw how big was the job  
Something to make for Canada's sake, and we set to work by ~~god~~ God  
Poor J.B. ruffled his thick brown hair (there was enough to ruffle ~~the~~ then)  
And he groaned, "I took Parks for an easy life, must I be a slave ~~again~~

(A true, true work, though spoken in jest, for from that earliest day  
He never had a moments rest, and never a holiday)  
But he cried Gadzooks! to his waiting staff, "Ye must shoulder spade

and axe  
The House is full of Scotsmen, we must hit them hard with facts!  
Get facts bedad (with none to be had for who knew of Park's existence?  
But a newspaper life is as good as a wife to stiffen a man's persistence)  
ce)

So he drove us forth, east, west, south, north, with noses close to  
the ground  
Hard on the trail of the Lonesome Facts and at last one fact was found  
But J.B. cried, "By the Buffalo's hide" one fact is enough for me  
'Tis a great deal more than I had of yore when I wrote politically.

And out of that small and modest fact, with the single yeast of his ~~own~~ mind  
He fashioned a Tourist Gospel that struck those Scotsmen blind.  
Till even Mr. Meighen said, "That Harkin man is a honey" ~~This is far~~  
This is far less painful than taxes, let us give the lad some money!

And once we had the stuff to spend there soon was the Heather Pamph  
(Poor Mr. Knechtel down on his knees gathering sprigs at Banff)  
And so it went from year to year like a snowball getting bigger  
And some of us lost our hair at last and some of us lost our finger  
Then others came to join us, Ethel Allen, merry and pretty,  
And ~~both~~ eyed Edith who feared at first leaving Lands was a pity  
And Bertha B. with the keen, keen nose for the rare and costly book  
Getting it too if the Auditor G. at the price tag didn't look

So many years, such happy years, under a leader kind  
Broad visioned, wise and generous and tolerant of mind  
Who never sought for fame or pelf, advancing others not himself!

over



## An Interminable Ode, date unknown

### Transcription / Additional Information

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[pagebreak]

But history will record his share in building up a land more fair  
Praising his dream of man's release through contact with Nature's peace  
And men unborn will better be because his heart and mind could see  
That though one half of us be clod, through Beauty we rise to God.

(Read to J.B. at a party given by some of the old staff of Parks.)