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KHAKI RIMES

A Book of Soldier Verse

BY

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Author of

"Little Rimes of the Garrison," Etc.

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Clarke, Jane B. Comstock (Baxter)
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HONOLULU
PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC
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To all who have followed the flag



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KHAKI BOY

We're returnin' somewhat cocky from our trip to Berlin rocky,
 But of course we aren't hintin' for the smallest kind of scrap;
 Still we'd like to get our hand in at the round up and the brandin'
 Of any vicious mavericks that roam this festive map.
 Since we helped to chase the kaiser 'cross the Marne and Aisne and
 Eiser;
 Chased him till his re-enforcements couldn't fill the bloody gap.
 Now as Uncle Sam's recruitin', if there's apt to be some shootin',
 Why our recent practise put us in the very best o' trim;
 To keep Sammy's house in order from Seattle to the border,
 We've several million trusty guns to turn the trick for him.
 Chase each profiteer and miser as we chased his nibs, the kaiser,
 'Cross the desert and the mountains to the ocean's furthest rim.
 In our dusty suits of khaki, we will mount our broncho's balky;
 Mount our battleships and whippet tanks and giant aircraft, too—
 Have a care, you lazy piker, and you bolshevistic striker;
 Have a care, O foreign brother, it is your red, white and blue!
 Beat it, Pancho Villa's minions, 'cause we're bound to clip your
 pinions;
 It's a cinch that me and Sammy will be lookin' after you!

THE LITTLE TOP

O, there's trouble in the quarters! Sergeant's mad as he kin be,
 And he says that all the company's on the bum.
 There were Privates Jones and Leary slept clean thru the "Reveille,"
 And two corporals from their passes haven't come.
 The captain's lookin' sidewise and pretendin' not to hear,
 As each errin' rookie takes his cussin' out;
 Even young shavetail lieutenant makes his gitaway from here,
 When the angry little sergeant comes about.
 O, there's music in the quarters! You kin hear a violin.
 Sergeant's teachin' of the rookies how to dance;
 The piano is a-helpin' with its workin's from within,
 You kin tell each one is happy at a glance;
 As the tall ones and the short ones, the thick ones and the thin,
 Glide swiftly past upon the barrack floor;
 For the Little Top's a-smilin' as he plays his violin,
 And everything is peaceful-like once more.

WHEN DIXIE PLAYED

The light shone bright on strap and epaulette,
 On ruddy tress of gold and braid of jet,
 On service chevrons proud, and medals won
 On gory fields for deeds of valor done.
 The music echoed wild and thrilling sweet,
 The tripping of a thousand merry feet,
 But one lone heart no lilting song had made;
 You were not there to dance when "Dixie" played!

And many partners sought the hand to claim
 That yearned but yours, nor cared for war's proud fame
 Of added palm on well-earned medal rare,
 But loves the simple chevron that you wear.
 'Twas fate had called you far away that night;
 Had made for you a world of joy and light;
 You could not know how sad a heart was made,
 That night so long ago, when "Dixie" played.

All honor, then, to those your heart holds dear,
 And Heaven guard you close from year to year;
 And teach you, Dear, that battles brave are fought
 In other place than pagan war's foul spot;
 That added strength is given for victory won,
 'Tho medals may not show for deeds well done;
 It may have been a song triumphal made
 Within that lonely heart when "Dixie" played!

SIMPLE SIMON TO DATE

He Meets the "Y" Secretary

Simple Simon met the "Y" man
 Going to the "Y",
 Said Simple Simon of the "Y" man:
 "Gosh, here's that singing guy!"

Said then the "Y" man to Simple Simon:
 "O Soldier, won't you sing?"
 Said Simple Simon to the "Y" man:
 "I do not know a thing."

Then said the "Y" man to Simple Simon:
 "I'll teach you hymns, ere long."
 Said Simple Simon to the "Y" man:
 "I cannot sing a song."

Said then the "Y" man to Simple Simon:

"We'll con these songs by rote."

Said Simple Simon to the "Y" man:

"I'll not sing a gol-durned note!"

He Meets the Padre

Simple Simon met the Skyman,

Coming down the square;

Said Simple Simon to the Skyman:

"O pray for me a prayer!"

Then said the Skyman to Simple Simon:

"But first confess your sins."

Said Simple Simon to the Skyman:

"That's where your guess begins."

"But," said the Skyman to Simple Simon,

"That surely can't be hard."

Said Simple Simon to the Skyman:

"They're huntin' for me, Pard!"

"Ah," said the Skyman to Simple Simon,

"Your soul is lost, I vow!"

Wept Simple Simon to the Skyman:

"Quick! Hide my o-kole-hao!"

He Meets the "C.O."

Simple Simon met the Highman,

Puffing down the line,

Greets Simple Simon thus the Highman:

"Ain't this weather fine!"

Growled back the Highman to Simple Simon:

"Why th'ell don't you salute?"

Smirked Simple Simon to the Highman:

"I think this way is cute."

Sneered then the Highman to Simple Simon:

"Your arguments are nil."

Now Simple Simon wonders why

He's living in the mill!

THE VOLUNTEER BAND

Since I became a Regular, some time in nineteen-two,
 I've changed the rank upon my strap, likewise some points of view.
 I've been Athletic Officer for almost every year;
 And one time in addition had Artillery Engineer,
 Together with the Post Exchange, also Judge Advocate,
 And school official for the kids, and, strangest to relate,
 When to the far off Philippines was sent the Medico,
 I had his property to check, but couldn't name it, tho;
 There being instruments of course I couldn't understand;
 But my saddest undertaking is a Volunteer Band!

The Roman leader small and dark, has ancient pedigree,
 Extending back to Caesar's time in classic Italy.
 Nor vibrant flutes of Uterpe, Pandean pipes of Pan,
 Can trill a note too intricate for his quick ear to scan;
 If but a hairbreadth off the key some dusty lip or throat,
 Comes down his baton with a whack: "You maka da bum note!"
 And gives his pupils such a stare, full agonized and stony,
 "Maka me feel all same," he groans, "hair in da macaroni!"

At this some soldier nearly bursts who'd long suppressed his mirth,
 And drops from classic Mendelssohn back to unclassic earth.
 The trombone growls a sudden stop, then softly swears a tune,
 Awhile their swarthy leader vows his resignation soon.
 Sometimes the bass horn gets a pass and paints the city red,
 And comrades seeking his reform will find a broken head.
 One day a baritone said: "Boys, let's have a little spree,
 And treat the dear professor to a little pleasantry."
 And then they turned the hose upon the bed and music books;
 Now apropos of deluges, this drenching came from Brooks.

Professor said the slide trombone was off the note a beat.
 The slide trombone consigned him to a place of lasting heat.
 One member lost his instrument while doing field day stunts,
 And half the band were marking time within the mill at once.
 The Roman leader passing thence beside their captain said:
 "Academie de Music, Sir," and wagged a scornful head.
 So thus with rag-time artists always changing classic rune,
 To "Play him something nice and slow; play him that Chopin tune;"
 While poor Professor tears his hair and vaguely wonders why
 His band should rather play in jazz "That Lovin' Traumeri,"
 Than the sweet song that Schumann wrote. I've most made up my
 mind

To go on leave and have a rest, the band to stay behind.

So when I strike another post and jobs are passed about,
Just give me anything you wish, but leave the music out.
I'd rather count out any junk that's used in peace or war;
Or anything a medico might use to make or mar;
And if I must have melody, I'd rather have it canned,
Than a scrappy aggregation like a Volunteer Band!

SERGEANT DAVE

He aint no ladies' pet, Dave aint;
And I don't guess Dave's any saint.
He's sporty some, 'twixt you and me,
And likes a good prize fight to see.
A soldier Dave, from head to foot,
And I am sure no khaki suit
E'er held a nobler form than his;
Altho' the scale goes out o' biz
When Dave gets on. His hair's some grey;
His eyes are blue as skies o' May.

If you should meet misfortune grave,
A friend in need you'll find in Dave;
But if you've got a yellow streak,
Don't play no games o' hide and seek
With Dave. He's full up to the brim
O' cuteness. No shell game works him.
He's married, yes. A model, too,
O' husbands; which aint always true
O' soldiers. Being used to roam
They don't take much to cares o' home.

His rank? He's canteen sergeant. Yes,
He'll stay his thirty years, I guess;
And when his time down here is spent,
With character writ "Excellent,"
He seeks above to re-enlist,
Old Peter just cannot resist;
So havin' looked the veteran o'er,
A-comin' toward the golden shore,
He calls across the waters dark—
'Fore Dave has time to disembark
On Heaven's side the Stygian wave:
"Come on! We're waitin' for ye, Dave!"

JUST PICKLES*

There are several kinds of pickles, namely fifty-seven sorts;
 Unlike a brand much advertised, not bottled up in quarts.
 They are bottled up in quarters, several pickles to a room;
 They view historic Leavenworth with eyes bedimmed with gloom.
 There are pickles small and pickles tall, and pickles slim and stout;
 With eyes of blue, of brown, of black, and shades one can't make out;
 With hair that curls in lovelocks sweet, and hair that's straight as
 strings,
 And some are bad and some are good—you hear the whirr of wings.
 They are sweet, some of these pickles, some are sour as well worked
 wine;
 But great and small, these pickles all are mostly still in brine.

Now this infant pickle bottle has the name of Zoo affixed;
 (This metamorphosed metaphor is like the pickles mixed.)
 There's Mack who spends his days and nights in wait for "dead men's
 shoes,"
 And Tank, who not for anything would take a drop of booze.
 There's Alice dear, in Wonderland, all fairy dreams bedight,
 And Texas in the English class, who says: "Why, ain't that right?"
 "C. D.", the newest pickle, sought to use the Major's phone;
 Dropped in one day from riding when he thought the house alone;
 Thought the Major was the stryker, when in golf clothes he came in.
 Now that pickle is much wiser and he wears a chastened grin.
 There's a pensive little pickle has a sweetheart in the South;
 And waits her letters as the flowers the rainfall after drouth.

In slumbers locked at bunk fatigue, he dreams of letters sweet,
 And rouses up when mail time comes, the postman prompt to greet;
 But failing thus to realize the missive of his sleep;
 The disappointed pickle falls upon his bunk to weep.
 That he should lack in bravery, tho, we would not have you think;
 For when a sentry left his post to get a little drink,
 And doubtless thought our pickle just a harmless, homesick pill,
 He soon saw things more clearly thru the windows of the mill.

A sweet Virginia pickle sought to join the little game
 Of the Colonel and some jovial friends, and seeming somewhat tame,
 Said thus the lonesome pickle as he wistful watched the play:
 "Do you-all want a shavetail come and take your cash away?"
 There's Ignatz thinks instructors all not blessed with too much sense,
 And with the phrase, "I got cher," clinches all his arguments.
 One day a pickle visitor had heard remark his host:

"A fine day for men on fatigue policing up the post."

"Why," said the pickle, in his eyes astonishment most clear:

"With several thousand soldiers, do you have policemen here?"

A short New England pickle, prim, is truly Bostonese.

Another nickname given him is Hortense, if you please.

Why wild west shows are mere child's sport and Buffalo Bill most tame,

Compared with Hortense when he hits the bronco-bustin' game.

There's Dickie went to sleep in class and nearly died of fright,

When asked by his instructor when he retired at night.

"At twelve, Sir," said the culprit, small. Instructor nailed him straight:

"Young man, tonight just see that you go straight to bed at eight!"

And following this tragedy the social column frank,

Records: "A slumber party last night, by Mr. Blank."

Now the anarchistic pickle was a soldier in the ranks;

Regards his grave instructors all, as military cranks.

He loves to bring forth arguments, a thousand in a row.

"Why us men in the ranks," sneers he, "did so, and so, and so."

There's Dudie always loves to prink and prune his plumage fine,

Before he goes to call or hop, or with his friends to dine.

It's manicure and perfume and powder night and day,

Large bills for camouflage are paid to Pinaud and Gallet.

We've an Ancient Lady pickle, makes you toe the mark, all right;

We also have the Skipper, whose decks are cleared for fight.

We've Duke who shaved his mustache off, now herds with the elite,

And here's the doughty Admiral, "Turn out the bloomin' fleet!"

Perhaps you are a pickle, too, of meek and modest mien.

If so, don't let the wise ones have a chance to call you green.

And when your sabre you return, don't jab it thru your cap;

Or if you should, don't be dismayed, for even such mishap.

Don't try to tell the General how to plan some martial feat;

And if on guard, I must advise don't smoke thruout retreat.

So like King Arthur's knights of old, endure in manly quest,

And some day, Son, you too will be a highbrow like the rest!

***Note:**—The class of Second Lieutenants from civil life being trained at Fort Leavenworth are called "Pickles," just as those at Fortress Monroe are called Incubates or "Incs."

TOMMY OF OUR NINE

You don't know Tommy, not at all?
Ain't never seen him pitch a ball?
Well, you sure got a treat in store,
That you ain't never had before.
For Tommy he can throw such curves,
They sure get on a player's nerves;
A circle's just a wobbly line,
When Tommy pitches for our nine.

Now when they strike at that there ball,
The thing's not simply there at all;
And every batter put to rout,
Just gets him quickly down and out;
And throws his club down with a bump,
And then they holler, "Kill the Ump!"
His spitters they are simply fine,
When Tommy pitches for our Nine.

One day we played a college team
With uniforms a perfect dream;
But Tommy he just grinned in glee,
And sorter twisted up his knee,
Brought round his arm with graceful swerve,
And dextrous threw a double curve.

Then biff! With bated breath we wait!
It speeds exactly o'er the plate,
And third goes out with gloomy face
And runners dead on every base.
You bet it makes the Army shine,
When Tommy pitches for our Nine!

And when our Tommy comes to bat
He isn't slow at all at that.
He makes some bases—one, two, three;
Or maybe it's a home run. Gee!
But if you're on the other side,
Poor devil, you will have to slide;
For he's so foxy with the ball
You can't tell where it's gone at all,
Nor on his movements get a line,
When Tommy's battin' for our Nine.

So when at last his schedule done,
 And all of Tommy's bases run,
 A fancied voice from realms sublime,
 Keeps talking baseball all the time;
 We judge at e'en this distance great,
 He's safely landed 'cross the plate;
 Bright may his star forever shine,
 For Tommy of our Army Nine!

WHEN "FIRE CALL" BLOWS

You brag about the recent scrap on Boche-strewn battlefields,
 Where seeds of nurtured hate and greed a ghastly harvest yields;
 You'd better check that memory steed in reminiscent prance;
 There's excitement in the present at a soldier dance!
 If you happen to be waltzin' with your blushing baby Rose,
 You'll change it to a quickstep

If "Fire Call" blows!

I remember once attendin' a jolly soldier hop,
 And settin' next to Sally, gettin' ready for to pop
 The all-important question, when we heard the bugle blow.
 'Twas just a practice "Call to Arms," but each one had to go,
 And by the time we all returned, the ball had reached its close;
 But even "Call to Arms" is tame

When "Fire Call" blows!

You're dancin' with your Tootsie, "Dardanella's" soft refrain,
 When all at once the bugle's sound cuts in with lusty strain.
 Uncanny notes of "Fire Call" go up your spine in creeps,
 And all the frightened wimmen folk are faintin' 'round in heaps!
 You beat it for the open—no livin' human's woes
 Could stop a Reg'lar soldier man

When "Fire Call" blows!

As "Recall" sounds, you run amuck a soldier khaki clad;
 "And did your Tootsie Wootsie faint?" you ask the stalwart lad.
 He gives you one long starin' look that all your courage saps—
 By the fourteen jumpin' tom-cats! There are bars upon his straps!
 Then like a flash you fade away, to go back and propose;
 Explain to Sally why you git,

When "Fire Call" blows!

A BUM BUGLER

A bugler once tried to bugle "Tattoo,"
The bugle was old, but the bugler was new;
The troops were encamped in a wild sylvan glade,
And the echoes played tag with the discord it made.

The Colonel, a jolly old cavalry file,
Thought "Stables" was blowing; aroused with a smile,
Turned sleepily over and murmured: "I guess
That bugler's been drinking again more or less."

A veteran Captain, who'd heard war's alarms,
Sprang into his trousers and yelled out: "To arms!"
The sky-pilot, robed in pajamas of white,
Said: "Why's that darn 'Church Call' a-blowin' tonight?"

The Medico, late from a man that had snakes,
Thinks "Sick Call" is blowing and suddenly wakes,
And utters some swear words—I fear eight or ten,
And vows he "'lows Grady has got 'em again!"

A shavetail Lieutenant, just out of the Point,
With chills in his gizzard and aches in each joint,
Thinks "Mess Call" is blowing and suddenly shoots
Full out of his blankets and into his boots.

Top Sergeant rolled out as a deluge splashed o'er,
And snatched up his blankets from out of the pour,
As a Corporal near him thought "Fire Call" blew,
And would fain quench the blaze with a bucket or two.

Then a man just turned in from his quarterly spree
Fell out of his blankets and cursed "Reveille,"
While a rook, just enlisted, with thoughts homeward bent,
Thought sure 'twas the "General" and pulled down his tent!

In the meantime, the Bugler that caused the uproar
Went back to the guard-tent and bugled once more;
And tried as he smoothed his curly red pate
To think what had kicked up the rumpus so great.

But the regiment's baby, a few tents away,
Snugged closer to mother to sleepily say:
"What's 'at call, Mother dear, soundin' such noise?
I sh'd think they'd know better'n to wake little boys!"
But mother says: "Hush-a-bye, Baby dear, do;
It's just a bum bugler a-blowing 'Tattoo!'"

THE PASSING OF THE BLUE

No more the tents gleam snowy white beneath the starry skies;
 Blent with the khaki atmosphere the walls of khaki rise;
 While marching round the khaki camp are khaki soldiers, too,
 And I, their poet, sadly note the passing of the blue!
 The passing of the blue, my lads, the passing of the blue;
 And I, their poet, sadly note the passing of the blue!

The khaki bugler blows "First Call" 'neath khaki morning skies,
 And from his khaki blankets watch each khaki figure rise,
 And following some khaki words you see a khaki shoe,
 And I, their poet, sorely grieve the passing of the blue!
 The passing of the blue, my lads, the passing of the blue;
 And I, their poet, sorely grieve the passing of the blue!

The khaki colonel, mounted well upon his khaki steed,
 Proceeds to drill these khaki forms in khaki stunts they need;
 So thus with khaki orders filled, they're khaki thru and thru,
 And I, their poet, weep and weep, the passing of the blue!
 The passing of the blue, my lads, the passing of the blue;
 And I, their poet, weep and weep, the passing of the blue!

But when on khaki battle fields these khaki soldiers scrap,
 The khaki enemy cannot pick out each stripe and shoulder strap;
 My khaki Captain looks just like his khaki soldiers do;
 Then I, their poet, loud applaud the passing of the blue!
 The passing of the blue, my lads, the passing of the blue;
 Then I, their poet, loud applaud the passing of the blue!

MY VALENTINE

My valentine's a soldier fair,
 With rifts of ruddy, curling hair.
 His eyes are of deep sapphire blue;
 I'm sure they're like their color, true.
 Sometimes he's stern and sometimes gay;
 On pass he whiles his time away
 At dances and the matinee.

He's fond of other girls, I see,
 And sometimes doesn't notice me;
 But when he does, my heart's aflame
 At smallest mention of my name.
 No use to try my love to smother;
 I never could love any other,
 My own, my sweet, for I'm—his mother!

“LONG BOY’S” RETURN

Gee, fellers! I’m goin’ home!
 Tho’ I didn’t pull off any hero stuff,
 Still I think that we’ve called old Heinie’s bluff;
 For we charged his trench with our Indian yell,
 And we paid him off with our shrapnel shell
 And gas and fire and general hell;
 Now I’m goin’ home!

Gee, fellers! I’m goin’ home!
 Tho’ it ain’t as I thought before the scrap,
 When I came to Europe to change the map,
 And the mugs of the Kaiser’s hosts to mar
 And relate the horrors of this here war;
 For I didn’t get even a tiny scar,
 Or chevron or cootie or shoulder bar;
 But I’m goin’ home!

Gee, fellers! I’m goin’ home!
 Tho’ most of our friends are gone with flu,
 And Father is feelin’ pretty blue;
 And my purse like a cast off bandolier,
 And I’ve lost my job and there’s no more beer,
 And I ain’t a wearin’ a War Cross here,
 And my girl has married a profiteer;
 There are Mother’s pies and her heart o’ cheer,
 And I’m goin’ home!

“LONG BOY” RE-ENLISTS

Say, fellers! I’m goin’ back!
 Tho’ I didn’t think when I sailed away
 That I’d be makin’ so short a stay
 In the home town here in my native state;
 But I tell you, fellers, that soldierin’s great,
 And I’m goin’ to re-up as sure as fate;
 Yes, I’m goin’ back.

Say, fellers! I’m goin’ back!
 For I’ve seen the corn all growin’ green,
 With the squash vines trailin’ along between;
 I’ve followed all day at the tail of the plow;

I've curried the mule and milked the cow,
And gathered the eggs from the old haymow;
But everything seems to be changed, somehow,
And I'm goin' back!

Say, fellers! I'm goin' back!
For I miss the durned old bugle. Gee!
How I cursed "Fatigue" and "Reveille"!
And expendin' of extra elbow grease,
On scrubbin' floors and kitchen police,
And wonderin' when the war would cease;
Still hopin' we wouldn't sign for peace
Till we'd grabbed some portion of Heinie's fleece,
Now I'm goin' back.

Say, fellers! I'm goin' back!
It's the life I'm longin' for, I guess,
With its drill and guard and Army mess,
And the polishin' guns and growlin', why
A feller can't always have milk and pie
With his chow, but I'd can the sigh
If the Top was cross or the Old Man nigh.
Seems I couldn't see how hard they'd try
To keep all their doughboys fed and dry;
So again I'm biddin' the folks good-bye,
'Cause I want to 'list for a Regular guy,
And I'm goin' back!

MRS. CASEY'S PROPOSAL

Mrs. Casey, a blonde and fair to see,
Was in age perhaps some forty-three,
From her window watched in her trim door yard,
Corporal O'Grady doing old guard.

"It's leap year, Dinnis O'Grady, see!
Arrah, my dear, will yez marry me?"
The corporal can scarce believe his ears
As the widow's full rich brogue he hears.

Then looks toward her in meek surprise,
Somewhat of doubt in his clear grey eyes:
"Faith, it's sure I would, and most happy be,
But I be married already!" said he.

SOLDIER AND GENTLEMAN

There has been some controversy
 From Seattle to New Jersey,
 As to whether he that helps the ranks of Uncle Sam to swell,
 Being thus a soldier 'listed,
 If temptation he resisted,
 Could not also be a soldier and a gentleman as well?

Now you all agree that liquor
 In excess—let us not bicker—
 Disgraces any uniform that to this vice is sunk;
 Denotes lack of gentle breeding,
 And from best impulse receding;
 Is any man a gentleman if he is beastly drunk?

You perhaps will think it shocking,
 And accuse me, too, of knocking,
 When I tell you what the sergeant told a bunch of drunks at "Taps;"
 "There are gentlemen that's born thus,
 Others made by act o' congrus,
 But it ain't a case o' chevrons or a case o' shoulder straps."

It's not up to me the starting
 From old Service customs parting;
 But now why not solve the riddle with a bit of common sense,
 And if one just does his duty
 With a love of order's beauty,
 May not all the men be gentlemen, who fight in Right's defense?"

THE BUGLER'S VALENTINE

The Bugler wrote a valentine to Mary Ann, the cook;
 I'd hate to speak of all his work and all the time it took.
 There were roses all around it and cupids by the score
 And there must have been "I love you's" at least a dozen more;
 And when anon her answer came, it took him off his feet,
 He almost dropped the bugle while blowing the "Retreat."

For Mary Ann, the worldly wise, had made a valentine,
 A wondrous cake of monstrous size, with candy cupids fine;
 (She knew, the minx, the pathway whereby man's heart to reach;
 And surely his love garden had found its growing peach!)
 The cake was stuffed with good things, the best upon the shelf;
 And then the bugler up and went and offered her *Himself!*

ARMY FEVER

When your first long hitch is over and you've cashed your finals few,
 And a "Reveille" and breakfast are all that's left for you,
 And you toy with your collar as you don your suit of cits,
 While your bunkie sitting near you has the bluest kind of fits;
 You are bubbling o'er with pleasure at the thought of going out;
 The friends at home will welcome you, of that there's not a doubt;
 But it never seems to strike you that you've made a beaten track,
 In these years you've been a soldier—

That you might come back!

So you hasten out as "Recall" blows—last call you've had to stand—
 And you bid farewell to comrades, and you wave a parting hand;
 "First Call" for drill is sounding from the bugle's throat of gold
 But you are free—don't have to stand no drills in heat and cold;
 Although you get to wondering as these scenes fade from sight,
 If drilling really was so bad and walking post at night?
 You think of course, when first discharged one feels just sort o' sad;
 But it's Army Fever symptoms—

And you've got 'em bad!

You're in business on the outside and you're making good, it seems;
 But the bugle keeps a-callin' and a-callin' thru your dreams.
 Then some day you meet a soldier out on furlough for a week,
 And you think it's only friendly to go up to him and speak;
 Soon you find you know his brother or his cousin or his friend,
 And your job upon the outside has found a sudden end;
 For a longing fierce comes o'er you that your soul cannot resist—
 It's the crisis of the fever—

And you re-enlist!

LEAP YEAR

L is Lieutenants, bachelors gruff,
E ncamped in quarters lonesome enough.
A is the Army, a place of wrath;
P the privilege that rank hath.

Y for the year when ladies propose,
E ntrapping those bachelors, gruff, morose;
A nd here's to the girls—may they take this tip:
R hat rack on Leap Year, should H. I. P.!*

* Rank hath its privileges.

THE ABANDONED GARRISON

She sits beside the summer sea
 With idly folded hands,
The moonlight shimmering fitfully,
 Across her shifting sands.
Her barrack windows, lonely eyes,
 Gaze sadly toward the west;
Nor boom of morn or evening gun,
 Disturbs her unsought rest.

No blare of bugle's lusty notes
 Call lagging limbs to haste;
Nor sound of martial music floats
 Across the water's waste.
Deserted, too, her empty docks
 Creep white into the bay,
And lying fast at other piers
 Her ships of yesterday.

No more her starry Flag unfurls,
 Caressed by morning breeze;
Nor smoke mist from her fire upcurls
 Above the swaying trees.
Her lonely flagstaff, tall and bare,
 Funereal column white;
Stands an accusing specter stark
 Against the brooding night.

Her batteries in silence sleep;
 No frowning war guns grim,
Above her ramparts bristling leap,
 To sweep the ocean's rim.
Like muzzled war-dogs ever bound
 Within their kennels fast,
In silence they must answer still
 The bugle's battle blast.

Deserted one, we give to you
 Our sympathy indeed;
Until a nation brave and true,
 Wakes to its direst need!

FATE'S FOIBLES

My lady gay, on her dapple grey
Rode down thru the cedars at close of day.
The sun had sunk in the crimson west,
His couch in royal splendor drest
Behind rode the orderly staunch and grim,
On a coal-black charger, fleet of limb.

Her tresses were yellow as ripened wheat;
His short locks, black as his charger fleet.
Her eyes were as blue as the tropic sea,
Her skin as of coral and ivory;
His eyes were dark as the darkest deep,
Dark his skin where the olive and blush-rose sleep.

And he loved her so! One could tell it fair,
By his gentle look and his tender care.
But they couldn't get married at all! Oh, no!
Such things in the Army wouldn't go!
A captain's daughter of high degree
Could never wed with the orderly!

A few years older is each today;
Black hair and ruddy has threads of grey.
Tho youth's glad beauty, perhaps is gone,
Each face has a gentler charm its own;
And his eyes so dark, and her eyes so blue
Are saying sweet things as eyes will do.

His cook is the orderly's daughter, who bakes
Such edible pies and toothsome cakes.
Still smiling, she goes to her work each day,
Dreaming sometimes of the far away
War with its changes, heartaches and tears,
When her father was Captain of Volunteers,
And she rode thru the cedars so glad and free,
With a Captain who then was but orderly.

And she loves him still! You can tell it fair;
The blue eyes follow him everywhere.
Still they may not marry at all! Ah, me!
Such things in the army cannot be,
For he, a Captain of high degree,
Couldn't wed the child of the orderly!

WINTER IN THE OLD FORT

It is winter in the garrison. The silver moon so bright,
 Across the snowy ramparts sheds its glow;
 Ancient prison caves, where summer scatters thick her daisies white,
 Lie half hidden in their winding sheet of snow.

The grim old walls rise upward from the moat of times gone by,
 Where have gaily bloomed the flowers of many a June;
 While beyond, the frowning port-holes, each a sunken, sinister eye,
 Mark the dungeons in the grey old demilune.

The bristling guns look outward toward the twinkling harbor light,
 That points the pilots brave, where breakers lie;
 While the fisher boats rock briskly in the chilly winter night,
 Silhouetted dark against the frosty sky.

Human sounds break not the silence, save the sentry's echoing tread,
 As he walks his lonely post so still and white,
 But he knows the tour's ending toward a haven fair is led,
 Where his welcome gleams from barrack windows bright.

PILIKIA*

There's a bogie man a-waiting for each trusting raw recruit,
 And you get his final rating when you don that sky-blue suit.
 You forgot to turn the poster where the pretty soldiers ride,
 And 'tis said a pick and shovel ornament its other side.
 So you came to your first station with your famous football run;
 Couldn't wait to draw a ration, and a lovely shining gun.
 And with mighty fuss and hitchin' you discard civilian duds;
 Then your first detail, the kitchen—peelin' spuds!

But of course you're optimistic, and this must be some mistake,
 And you won't be bolshevistic, have a horrid tummy ache;
 So you bear your troubles bravely as a jolly soldier should,
 Till the provost bubbles naively that you chop some wood!
 Then you're sure it's Pilikia with his cloven hoof and horns,
 As you stop to pull the sandspurs and the algaroba thorns;
 But again the day is ended and you dream of baseball fans,
 Till the sunrise finds you blended with ten acres of tin cans!

Pilikia, Pilikia, this is surely his domain!
 And you vow that when you're once discharged you won't re-up again.
 So you buy an ukulele, drink some strong o-kole-hao;
 Swear in oaths of pure kanaka that you'll find some leisure now!

*"Pilikia," Hawaiian for trouble.

And you find it in the guardhouse, and you find it playin' hard
 With a rake and hoe and shovel in the Missus C.O.'s yard;
 And each angry madam orders you to do a dozen stunts,
 While every woman on the line wants her yard mowed at once!

So you've made a new discovery, that there's still worse than K. P.
 And you vow on your recovery that you'll choke this Pilikia,
 With the sticks of wood you'll bat him, shower the spuds on him like
 hail;

Tie those acres ten of tin cans to old Pilikia's tail!
 Since you've grown a full-fledged soldier, rookie days seem far behind;
 Since each eve bring recreation as each morning brings its grind;
 Since there's swimming and athletics, since there's movies and the "Y";
 Since a soldier is a soldier 'cause he's bound to be that guy!

WHEN THE BIG GUNS SHOOT

I've done a hitch or two myself at soldierin' around,
 In Honolulu, Hampton Roads, 'Frisco, Puget Sound,
 And out near Salt Lake City upon the mountain shelf,
 Was with the 22d Field and liked to spread myself
 A-doin' stunts at monkey drill to make the fellers hoot;
 But them small field guns ain't nothin' when the Big Guns shoot!

You are in a snug range station, a-takin' splash and time,
 When up to see the war display, observe the ladies climb!
 It's fun to see them hold their ears so tight whene'er the guns
 Are climbing into battery, in weight some fifty tons;
 A-feelin' scared for them to fire and then begin to scoot,
 For you'd think creation busted when the Big Guns shoot!

The twelve-inch gun's a beauty! It's a great sight, you can bet,
 To see her come in battery above the parapet,
 A-belchin' forth her fire and smoke in one great awful flash!
 Then you look out toward the target, where you see a geyser splash,
 And out beyond another; it's a ricochet to boot.
 Things are goin' some at soldierin' when the Big Gun shoot!

O, it's fine to be a soldier! Why man, don't you enlist?
 It's money in your pockets, and it's better, I insist,
 Than huntin' 'round to find a job when none ain't to be had,
 And your pay is always comin' whether times are good or bad.
 You can see most all your country; you can't vegetate, take root;
 Uncle Sammy keeps you movin' where his Big Guns shoot!

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER*

The little tin soldier marched off to the wars,
From the village where he was born,
His fair face turned to the Stripes and Stars;
Loud sounded each drum and horn.

The little tin soldier had curls of gold
And they vied with his buttons bright,
His eyes were blue and his heart so bold
Feared naught of the coming fight.

So crowded the streets with the gathered throng,
And so warm shone the morning sun!
Loud cheers were heard as he passed along,
Red shone the rose in his gun.

Then he sang to his comrades when camp was made,
Of their mothers and sweethearts dear;
Tho his own dear mother, his comrades said,
Was in Heaven this many a year.

The one little child of the regiment
Embraced him with baby hands,
As he sang in the twilight before his tent
Of the fairies of by-low lands.

It was ever his soft voice, sweet and low,
At the close of a gory day,
Seemed somehow to bring from the camp fire's glow
Dream faces from far away.

Fate came when the bugles rang shrill and clear,
With the notes of the call "To Arms!"
And he followed the Flag through the jungle drear,
To the scene of its dread alarms.

A bullet swift sped from the hidden foe
Forever the strong heart stilled;
No more was the twilight's deepening glow
With the charm of his music filled.

So the little Tin Soldier came home from the wars;
Soft and low was the music played.
His form wrapped close in the Stripes and Stars,
In a hero's grave was laid.

The volley was fired when prayers were said,
 And the "Taps" sobbed a last farewell;
 White the roses heaped on his narrow bed,
 By the comrades who mourned him well.

O little Tin Soldier, we loved you so,
 Nor in vain was your life's endeavor,
 For the songs that you sang in the camp fire's glow
 Shall live in our hearts forever!

WAR'S AFTERMATH

It seems somewhat enigmatic, in this country democratic,
 Where both officers and soldiers brave, upheld a sacred cause;
 When they crushed that Hun fanatic horde of Attila the Attic,
 With no thought for fame or glory, or their country's loud applause;
 That scarce home their way they'd taken with the Hohenzollern bacon,
 Ere the countryside was shaken by their "statesmen" picking flaws.

Now with atmosphere erratic, one is bound to get some static—
 Since both soldiers and their officers are cast in human mould;
 Hence we grieve that some phlegmatic, ringboned, spavined old
 rheumatic,
 Should insinuate a moment that both aren't mostly gold.
 Prove it! Glance at late citations; Valor had no limitations
 In this clash with vandal nations. Never can the half be told!

Yet with words epigrammatic, motives doubtless morganic,
 They are telling how some officer abused his sacred rights;
 And with voices operatic, gestures growing more dramatic;
 "No, they wouldn't let our boys go out to see their girls o' nights!"
 They were sick without attendance! In a war for independence,
 Victory's star in the ascendance, fortitude is his who fights!

So with hopes again pneumatic, we may dream our dreams prismatic;
 With our dear men coming back to us, doughboy, marine and tar;
 Tho' our welcome is aquatic, it is still no less emphatic;
 We will cherish them in honor, reverence each battle scar;
 Turn from legions bolshevistic back to regions altruistic,
 Mass for peace our powers linguistic—peace that's peaceful after
 war!

*Note:—"Tin soldier" is a term applied by the old Regular to soldiers of National Guard and Volunteer organizations.

THE BABY BUGLER

He awakens when "Reveille" heralds the morn,
 And he blows all the calls on his own little horn.
 The men call him "Buster," and 'most every day
 Begs his daddy to go to the barracks to play.

To attend all formations his duty he feels,
 And he comes to attention and cracks his small heels,
 And with ringlets uncovered, clasps cap to his breast,
 As "Retreat" booms salute to the sun in the west;

And the Flag is swift lowered, still statue-like stands
 Till the last note is sounded, then waves his small hands,
 And calling his dog, how they race o'er parade,
 And make good for the couple of minutes that strayed!

Then it's back to his quarters where motherling keeps
 A watch as her baby boy quietly sleeps;
 And the lady moon peeps o'er the ramparts so grim,
 And the "Tattoo" sounds faintly his lullaby hymn.

"CHARACTER FAIR"

Have pity, O judges! Don't kick him out yet!
 Let him have one more chance to reform;
 For the way is most rough,
 And the times pretty tough
 To turn him adrift in life's storm!

And you, whose pathway in this journey here,
 In life's pleasant places is set;
 May not judge him full fair,
 Who was born to life's care,
 With its endless worry and fret.

You say many previous convictions he's had,
 And the Service's custom says: "Go!"
 Yes, go, man, but where?
 To fall deep in sin's snare,
 Stain darker his soul in his woe!

Enlist him once more for the flag that he loves,
 And be sure he'll make good and reform;
 For the way is most rough,
 And the times pretty tough;
 Don't turn him adrift in life's storm!

THE CONTROVERSY

The Turkey and the Eagle
Had a scrap.
Said the Eagle to the Turk,
With a smirk:
"You're a little bit too fat,
And you're not a diplomat;
I'm sure of that."

Said the Turkey with a smile
Full of guile;
To the Eagle in his pride:
"I'll confide
You adorn the Coat-of-Arms;
Underneath coats I have charms—
And some alarms."

Said the Eagle: "You're so vain
It gives pain;
With your endless gobbling strut,
Such a mut!"
But the Turk replied in scorn:
"You have screamed since you were born,
Admit the corn!"

"And I further, too, will say
You're okeh
When on July Fourth you scream,
But I deem
That you surely must remember,
'Tho you lord it in July
When you're soaring fairly high,
That I for my Country *Die*,
In November!"

PINCHED

A soldier his home post once neared,
In an auto car very high geared;
Tried to pass an M. P.
But soon found it N. G.
Now that ride with his Dear is all queered!

For he's takin' life too easy as he drives them prisoners out,
And he needs some fresh amusements 'at will last,
Like a-chasin' kids from mischief in the casemates round about;
And a-makin' like to mill 'em,
If they don't run fast!

RESCUED

A wreck of a soldier, named Teddy,
Once slipped from his moorings unsteady;
From the dock a fall took,
Was fished up with a hook,
And for new sorts of stunts is now ready!

GUARD-HOUSE TOM

Guard-house Tom is grim and gray,
He's been a prisoner many a day;
And he's a scrapper, that I know,
Because I've seen him fighting so!
Oh, my! Such swear-words he did use!
No one could stand for such abuse;
And it was such an awful fight,
I'm sure Tom saw some stars all right!

And Tom's a thief, I hate to say;
He stole some fish and ran away
From children fishing on the dock.
I fear we'll need a stronger lock,
Or increased sentries doing guard,
For Tom each day gets still more hard;
Tho no one seems to care for that,
For Tom is just the guard-house cat!

THE SPRINT OF THE SPRINTER.

There once was a soldier a sprinter,
Who caught his big toe on a splinter;
Now the words of that sprint
Would not do to print
In the printed print of the printer.

* Provost sergeant—Police sergeant. † Casemate—Room in old fort.
‡ C.O.—The Commanding Officer.
§ Stryker—A soldier employed as helper in the family of an officer.
¶ Mill 'em—Put them in the guard-house.

“MESS CALL”

I love to hear the bugle call. Its silvery notes so clear,
Seem always like a lovin' voice a-callin' in my ear.
But that ain't so of “Reveille”, it busts my sleep in two;
And “Drill Call” gets so tiresome! I like to hear “Tattoo;”
And “Recall's” a prime favorite, but it ain't hard to guess
The call that I love most of all—

It's “Soupie,” known as “Mess”!

Perhaps you're drillin' rookies green. You'd love to turn 'em in.
You've drilled and sweat and cussed a streak, and then begun again,
And faced 'em round and faced 'em back, and ordered: “Forward,
March!”

You wished they'd ginger up a bit and get a little starch;
But like a worn-out dish-rag each is slouching more or less;
The rookies learn one thing right quick,

And that's the call “To Mess!”

It's queer how soldiers kick on mess! You'd think 'em skin and bones,
And dyin' with the tummy ache to hear their growls and groans;
If Captain also buys his grub from out the company store,
They'll swear he gets the outside fruit and leaves them but the core.
O, yes! The cook gets knocked on, too, and even I confess
For double pay I wouldn't be

The steward of that mess!

The Non-coms don't escape their share and each one gets a rap;
So when the kitchen you police, just do it up with snap;
Be sure they ain't no angleworms or centipedes or bugs,
A-lurkin' in them vegetables! Be sure to peel the spuds,
And when above the Army range to fix the fire you stoop,
Don't scatter coal and cinders in the pot of Army soup;
And helpin' thus to make things right, your buddies all will bless
That soldier and musician man

Who wrote that call “To Mess.”

DOING TIME

In April a soldier named Ober
Was chucked in the mill to get sober;
At some passing recruits,
Tossed a rock and his boots;
His time will be up in October!

A JOKE ON THE PARSON*

There was once a Regular Army son
 At a minister's table sat;
 Where the Thanksgiving dainties were spread around
 The turkey huge and fat.

The feast had progressed to the mince pie stage,
 And the boy had been served a share;
 It was flavored with brandy, its bursting crust
 Dispensing a fragrance fair.

But the lad had been reared as his parents were,
 And his daddie was temperance straight—
 Tho the Army is rumored by those outside,
 To be hitting a terrible gait.

With a smile the child to his hostess said,
 As he halted and blushed a minute:
 "You'll excuse me, please, but I can't eat this;
 I don't like the brandy in it."

Then the maid was sent for some pumpkin pie,
 As the parson smiled a bit:
 "The joke's on the Church this time, dear lad,
 And the Army scores a hit!"

ACROSTIC TO THE FLAG

A starry emblem greets our eyes,
 that marked a wondrous nation's rise.
 'M id drizzling showers and beaming sun,
 it waved o'er victories proudly won.
 E mblem of Hope and Truth full strong;
 of Right triumphant over wrong.
 R olled thy soft waves on breezes light,
 to bless the dying hero's sight.
 I n days of gloom each rosy band,
 like sunrise glory kissed the land.
 C an aught inglorious stain thy bars,
 or brand of tyrant quench thy stars?
 A h no! In triumph thou shall wave,
 o'er victor's home, o'er hero's grave!

* A true incident.

ORDERS

Captain's got a change of station and he's hurryin' fit to bust,
And the Missus Captain shares his hasty views,
For she's pullin' down the curtains and a-raisin' such a dust,
With the pictures, bonnets, books and baby shoes.

And the cook has left the kitchen in confusion and alarm;
Captain's order is a good excuse to change;
So the plucky Missus Captain with the baby on her arm,
Wrests a dinner from the wiley Army range.

While in shirt sleeves Papa Captain is a-nailin' up the crate,
That was unpacked but a short three months ago;
And the noisy, joyful kiddies think that movin' time is great,
As they dance on packing boxes in a row.

There's an extra rush of parties; friends must speed the parting guest,
Missus Captain has a thousand stunts to do;
As she lengthens Sister's dresses and sews buttons for the rest,
For the little trip—a thousand miles or two.

She must find a home for Fido, a new mistress for the cat,
And perhaps the saddle horses must be sold;
If perchance she owns an auto, she must make her plans for that,
And to discard useless furnishings or old.

Has she orders for the Islands? Missus Captain doesn't weep;
Packs in mothball children's woolen clothes, alack!
All forgetful of how stealthily old Father Time does creep.
That the clothes will be outgrown when she comes back!

If she's ordered to Alaska, Missus Captain's busy then,
Buyin' heaps of shoes and warmest winter clothes;
And she gets assorted sizes, buys 'em six and eight and ten,
For imprisonment in Arctic ice and snows.

Missus Captain's always cheerful, with her smile and bit of fun;
Says: "I'd like to own a simple vine-clad hut;
Uncle Sammy's sort of naughty tho, to keep us on the run,
Guess he's scared for fear we'll get into a rut."

Here's to plucky Missus Captain, and her kiddies—one, two, three;
May she draw a station with a children's school;
May they flourish in transplanting as the graceful cedar tree,
Whether fanned by tropic breezes or by cool!

May she find enough companions for a friendly game of bridge;
 For a sewing bee and jolly hop again;
 In her home beyond the ocean, or the snow-capped mountains' ridge;
 For she's of the bravest of our Uncle Sammy's men!

PLANTIN' MINES

It's early in the summertime, that's when the fun begins,
 And keeps you steppin' lively till you wish yourself was twins;
 And you hustle out the yawl boats, notin' of the water's looks,
 Get your mines and buoys and anchors, cable coils and sister hooks,
 As you wait the tide incomin', then to each his work assigns;
 But it's often strenuous business when you're

Plantin' mines.

You're aboard the big mine-planter and the waves are runnin' high;
 And you're gettin' awful seasick, wonderin' if you're goin' to die;
 And your brain has got all tangled, and you lose your old-time spunk,
 And you wonder what in thunder is the use of all this junk;
 But you've 'listed for your country, to protect its vast confines,
 Even if you heave up Jonah, while you're

Plantin' mines.

Now you realize in wintertime, when outside work is done,
 And you see a cleaner wrestlin' with the snow on some big gun;
 When you're gathered at Thanksgiving round the groaning festal board,
 That for joys of this same season, you can very well afford
 To spend the fleetin' summer days with ropes and heavin' lines,
 For the pleasant winter season after

Plantin' mines.

DISAPPOINTED

A film of Annette was once shown
 In a far island garrison lone;
 At the charmingest view
 The film broke in two.
 All the soldiers emitted a groan.

TO SERGEANT FERRY, NINETY-SEVENTH CO., C. A. C.

On His Retirement after thirty years' faithful and honorable service.

There's a sergeant in our company and it's Ferry is his name;

And he's wearin' nary medal or a cross;

But I think his name's recorded in war's bloody hall of fame,

Tho his face recruitin' posters don't emboss.

For within our little garrison there's merit to be won

Even in this strenuous peaceful time;

It's the women do be praisin' him for valiant deeds he's done;

It's Himself's the conquerin' hero of this rime

For 'twas Ferry once was boat guard, when the childer went to school,

Suicidal seemed each small boy's sole intent;

Hanging by their toes in mid-air o'er the luring waters cool,

Every urchin of 'em deep on mischief bent

But the sergeant snatched them safely from a wet and early grave,

Laughing loud he dried each baby face of tears;

'Tis the medals of their friendship shall award his actions brave,

And shall decorate the mantle of his years.

It's some childer has the sergeant, yes some six or eight or ten;

There are shoes and trousers small that must be bought;

And it's wisdom has he also; as becomin' Christian men,

He some help of good St. Anthony besought.

Still beknowin' 'tho was Ferry that the blessin's of thim saints

Is upon the head of him who helps himself;

So instead of naggin' Heaven with his weepin' and complaints,

Sets him out to get a bit of honest pelf.

Buys himself a bunch o' chickens, and some milch coos, three or four,

For 'tis Ferry scents a bargain miles away;

Then he hies him to an auction and he buys a few coos more,

And a horse and wagon just to close the day.

He's so wiley is the sergeant with his gentle-uttered swear,

Faith, you'll find it useless cheatin' him in trade;

Sure you'll find it's better business if your dealin's on the square

Or belike you'll rue the bargain you have made.

Here's a toast to Sergeant Ferry and his childer large and small;

And his faithful partner of earth's joy and strife;

Be his efforts now rewarded in the peace that comes to all,

Who have given to the Flag the best of life;

And when "Call to Quarters" sounding from the bugle in the sky,

Fill the gathering serried ranks of broken gaps;

And he hears its golden summons sounding clearly from on high,

He will not be absent when it's time for "Taps."

WHEN MY DADDIE MADE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT

Target Practise from the Small Soldier's Viewpoint.

"You know my Daddie? He's C.O. Let all your Daddie's fade;
 'Cause all the papers got the news about the score he made,
 A-firing at a target that was towed four miles away!
 Guess your Pa couldn't shoot a gun to score a hundred—Say!
 My Pa he's just as proud as proud, as anyone can be,
 And every night he reads about hisself to Ma and me;
 And Ma says as she kisses him: 'We'll put it all in rime,'
 And then I cuddle closer up and ask him for a dime;
 Then Mother winks and laughs again. Gee, but it's lots of fun,
 When my Daddie makes a hundred with the eight-inch gun!"

"Last night they had his picture in an Army magazine,
 And lots of things my Pa had said about his being keen
 On blending powder so each load would be exactly right;
 So one charge wouldn't underweigh the leastest tinty might;
 And how some soldiers fit in place like paper on the wall,
 While others tho thy try and try, can't point a gun at all.
 Yes, you can bet my Pa is proud he's earned such honest fame;
 Our band professor made a march and called it my Pa's name.
 I'm just so proud that he's my Pa and I'm his loving son,
 Since my Daddie made a hundred with the eight-inch gun!"

"The picture man came here from town, to make more pictures, too;
 And everywhere those eight-inch shots had pierced the target thru,
 My Daddie put a little flag to show the very place.
 The soldiers of his company all stood around the base,
 And I upon the very top. That picture it was swell!
 He'll soon get rich, the picture man, with scenes like that to sell.
 And so my Daddie's all puffed up, and I'll not be surprised,
 If every other post we live he'll get well advertised;
 He'll be so proud to show the powers just how this war game's won—
 Since my Daddie made a hundred with the eight-inch gun!"

"OVER THE HILL"

There was once in the service a gunner,
 At hitting the target a stunner;
 But after a lark,
 Hit a four-masted barque,
 And has since proved a very good runner!

FROM A PRIVATE'S JOLONEL

There once was an old army colonel,
 Whose wit was a well spring etolonel;
 But for those who would shirk
 From their authorized work,
 His language was something infolonel!

"OVERCOATS!"

Whene'er I hear "First Call" a-sounding,
 Its echoes sweet and clear resounding
 Thru the crispy, wintry atmosphere,
 From out the bugle's golden throat,
 There's something missing in its note,
 Unless attached unto its ending,
 These bars the morning frosts a-rending:
 "Overcoats! Overcoats! Overcoats!"

Sometimes its "Guard Mount," "First Call" warning,
 So clear and freezing cold the morning!
 And the soldiers all, both young and old,
 Unmindful of the ice afloat,
 Within the grim old fortress moat,
 Are listening for the strain that's ending,
 Upon this chilly day befriending:
 "Overcoats! Overcoats! Overcoats!"

Perhaps "Retreat," "First Call" arousing
 From bunk fatigue so sweet a-drowsing,
 The soldier springs upon his feet;
 As breaking thru his dreams remote,
 He hears the "First Call's" lusty note,
 And listens close to hear its ending,
 These added chords a sweet charm blending:
 "Overcoats! Overcoats! Overcoats!"

RIGHTEOUSLY INDIGNANT

There once was a sergeant named Aaron,
 Who was not addicted to swearon;
 But when rookies paraded
 With mien worn and jaded,
 Then Aaron was rearon' and tearon'!

SALLY AND THE SENTRY

Sweet Sally by the window stands, some dainty china washing;
 The ice gems on the window panes bright sunset jewels flashing;
 The Sentry goes his evening rounds adown the snowy alley,
 And, coming past the window, smiles and doffs his cap to Sally.
 Sweet Sally's eyes are hazel brown, her dark hair soft and shining
 With saucy ringlets hanging down about her small ears twining.
 Her smile it sparkles like the sun on frostwork passamenterie,
 And true love's ways quite smoothly run for

Sally and the Sentry.

The sentry's shoulder, broad and strong, his burnished gun is holding,
 With overcoat of olive drab and cartridge belt enfolding;
 His keen grey eyes look brightly out 'neath cap so warm and furry,
 While stray some wavy locks about, white flecked with snowflake's
 flurry.

He's trim and neat, and snug and warm, while Sally's smile so cheery
 Has made him happy as a king, despite the winter dreary.
 That kitchen is enchanted land, that window port of entry,
 And youth the beach's shining strand, for

Sally and the Sentry.

He walks his rounds with tireless feet, nor heeds the darkness gloomy;
 The shade drawn back, a bright light shines from out the kitchen
 roomy;

A song floats out upon the night in sweet-voiced music ringing;
 The soldier dreams of childhood bright and mother's voice a-singing;
 And Sally knows that shortly now the Sentry's tour is over,
 And thru the frosty window pane takes sly peeps at her lover;
 And even in your high estate, among the "landed gentry,"
 You're half a mind to envy her—

Sweet Sally and her Sentry!

THE LAUNCHING

Once a man at Ford Island I knew,
 Who built a small sea craft for two;
 At its launching 'twas laden
 With him and one maiden;
 And 'twas christened the Shorty Maru!

LEFT BEHIND

There was once known a soldier to brag on,
How he St. George could fight or the dragon;
 But his car steamed away,
 Left him there that cold day,
With his beautiful red and green jag on!
(Then he rode in the hurry-up wagon.)

FORTRESS MONROE

A grim old fortress stands beside the sea,
It tells of valiant deeds to you and me;
 Of great ironclads contending
 In a battle fierce, and ending
For our nation in a glorious victory.

This grim old fortress tales of labor knows;
Of weary slaves that toiled thru suns and snows;
 Toiled like Pharaoh's slaves of old;
 Built the bastions strong and bold,
That they might withstand a nation's million foes.

O fortress gray! Beneath thy ivied towers,
Magnolia scented, moonlit fairy bowers,
 Where tiny fledgling sparrows sleep,
 There lovers true, their vigils keep;
The Southern night wreaths magic in her hours!

O fortress brave! O sentry grim and bold!
A nation's honor hast thou in thy hold;
 And freed men brave, her minion's sons,
 Have helped to man thy bristling guns,
And died beneath her banner's crimson fold!

STUB'S REQUEST

"Don't play no 'Taps' above my grave,"
 Said Stub, the orderly;
"When you plant me, I want it done
 To the sound of 'Reveille';
Thus doing my last bunk fatigue,
 Old Glory close wrapped o'er,
A-thru my dreams the bugle calls:
 'I can't get 'em up no more!'"

MAROONED

There was once a Major named Harrison,
Sent out to command a small garrison;
 And they say he did roast
 That small island post
With adjectives slow of comparison!

THE SOLDIER'S NEW YEAR

Fare you well, O pretty lasses!
We have overstayed our passes,
And we're sure to get restricted and a fine;
 So we'll drink another bout,
 As we watch the old year out,
"O' kindness for days o' auld lang syne."

And we'll sing our final song
As we hurry fast along,
For the Glad New Year has now replaced the old;
 And we'll go back with a will,
 Do our sentence in the mill,
Lest our resolutions freeze out in the cold.

For the bravest battles fought
Are not always on the spot
Where the fiery shrapnel rains down far and wide;
 But where voices from within
 Seem to urge your soul to sin,
And your spirit wins a victory inside!

Howls outside the winter storm,
In the barrack snug and warm,
Curl the smoke wreaths from our spacious cozy den;
 With the old Red, White and Blue,
 Pledged for faith and valor, too,
In the ranks of Uncle Sammy's fighting men!

REJECTED

A soldier once had an affinity
For a wondrously fair young divinity;
 But she in her store,
 Had lovers galore,
So told him to go to—infinity!

THE FATE O' SHANNON

There once was a rookie, O'Shannon,
 Who looked down the mouth of a cannon;
 But that cannon was fired,
 And the gunners, tho tired,
 Still hunt souvenirs of O'Shannon!

A CHRISTMAS TOAST TO THE NINTH MINE COMPANY

O we've hauled the anchor in
 And detached the shackle pin;
 Stored the cable, mines and buoys all away;
 And the mine caps strung along
 On the iron girders strong,
 Hang like bells to chime the gladsome Christmas day!

Safe is each torpedo yawl—
 Hark! I hear the bugle call,
 To the toothsome feast and fragrant Christmas pipes!
 Here's a toast, dear friends, to you
 Of the old days sweet and true—
 Merry Christmas 'neath the glorious Stars and Stripes!

ENVIRONMENT

"What are you playing, Dear?" I asked
 The Captain's tiny son.
 One wee hand carried rake and hoe,
 And one his small toy gun.

"Why don't you know?" he said, and smiled
 With quaint and childish charm;
 "Today I'm playing that I am
 Lieutenant of a farm."

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH (BOARD)

There was once a casemate electrician
 Came off pass in a state of contrition;
 And so nearly he dozed,
 As the wrong switch he closed,
 He is now staying with his physician.

THE RECRUIT

To the Sergeant's Baby.
 Have you heard about the last recruit,
 That 'listed t'other day?
 He isn't very big. I'm 'fraid
 He'll scarcely draw his pay.
 He's good at doing bunk fatigue
 And kicking, too, I guess,
 But, unlike other soldiers, he
 Don't kick about the mess.
 The ladies think he's just as sweet,
 And call him "Dear" and "Dove"!
 Indeed, he must be Cupid's own,
 His daddie's name is Love.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

In New York, a soldier named Bisco,
 Bent on re-enlistment in his Co.,
 Awoke aboard ship
 On a war-hunting trip.
 He'd 'listed Marine, out in 'Frisco!

HER REASONS

Went Mildred to the Philippines
 With Uncle Doctor Jay,
 And cholera being bad that year,
 The wee one might not play
 With small brown pickaninnies,
 Or touch the fruit so fair,
 Or anything unsterilized,
 Lest dread disease lurked there.
 "Why don't you play with native kids?"
 Her uncle's friend advised.
 "I tan't," said Mildred, "p'ay wif 'em,
 Tause 'ey 're not sterilized!"

SOME LOST CHEVRONS

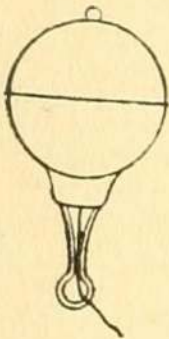
There once was a corporal much trusted,
 Whose morals became somewhat rusted,
 Who on one fateful night
 Threw a cat at the light,
 And now that poor corporal is busted.

THE ENGINEER'S CHRISTMAS DREAM

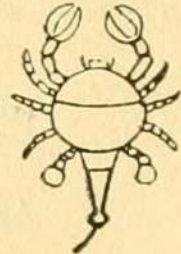
The artillery engineer sat in his den,
 Writing away with his big stub pen.
 The "Call to Quarters" was softly sounding,
 The breakers rough on the rocks were pounding;
 His hair was unkempt and his face was gray
 With the grime of work he had done that day;
 While great spots of grease bespattered his clothes,
 And the smoke from his cigarette arose
 In pale blue rings to the girders flung,
 Where, like huge black bells, the mine caps hung;
 And mines recumbent and mines afloat
 Made ready for wars, near or remote.



Block and Tackle.



Ground Mine
Buoy.



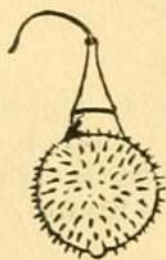
"A Mine Buoy
Crab."

There were heaps of buoys and chains and shackles;
 Turks' heads, anchors, and blocks and tackles;
 There were hydraulic jacks and shears and jin,
 And a tank for keeping the cable in;
 There was cable enough to reach Japan
 To explode the ships of his brother man.
 It was Christmas eve! How long it had seemed,
 As he sat at his desk and dreamed and dreamed
 Of his boyhood's tree,—oh, so long ago!—
 And a stocking stuffed full from top to toe,
 With heaps of new toys so queer and so quaint
 Brought down in the night by the Christmas Saint!

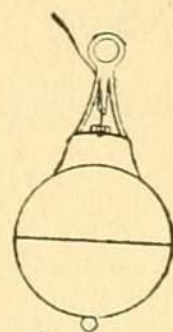
But what is that looms from the corner there!
 Can it be a tree so huge and fair?
 And is that a stocking that hangs beside?
 He starts, and his eyes grow so big and wide!
 No! Yes! He'd mistaken a year or so,
 For the stocking was stuffed from top to toe
 With queer-looking things that wiggled about;
 And, yes! One was actually crawling out!



Anchor.

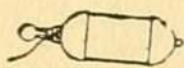


With Spines All
 Over Him
 . Sticking Out

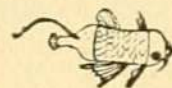


Boyant Mine,
 Small.

"What! A mine buoy crab, oh, yes, I see!"
 He had heard there were queer things in the sea;
 Then a creature much larger crawled about,
 There were spines all over him sticking out;
 And one larger than he, with fins and scales,
 And they all had such long, thin, snaky tails!
 Then one that came crawling along the ground
 Was shaped like a gigantic biscuit round
 And black and ugly with saucer eyes,
 While last reserved, most horrible surprise,
 Came one from whose center radiated
 Fierce, long black tentacles unsated.



Buoyant Mine,
 Large.



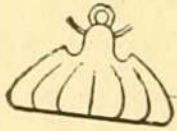
"One Larger,
 with Fins and
 Scales."

This ugly old cuttle came creeping o'er
 The edge of the stocking, dropped to the floor
 And straight for the engineer crawling came,

While his small black eyes had a wicked flame;
 But just as a long black coil he flung out
 To enwrap his scared victim close about,
 A loud crash was heard and then sounds of glee;
 'Twas the gun and the Christmas "Reveille"!



Keg Buoy.



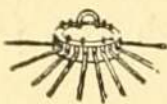
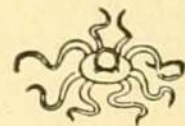
Ground Mine.



"Was Shaped
 Like a
 Gigantic Biscuit
 Round."

Awakening, our engineer saw with dismay
 He'd slept in the storehouse till break of day.
 The torpedo materials lying about
 Were the creatures crawled from the stocking out;
 And the mines with their lengthy cable tails
 Were the horrible things with fins and scales
 And with saucer eyes and such ugly shape,
 From which he was glad he had made escape;
 While the cuttle that caused him such terrible shocks
 Was only a distribution-box.

So he crept to his quarters in time to see
 His little ones dance 'round their Christmas-tree,
 And to help their mother distribute gifts,
 Till the sunshine came in its golden rifts
 Of the Christmas morning so bright and fair,
 Dispensing peace and good-will everywhere

Distribution
Box.

"His Small Black
 Eyes Had a
 Wicked Flame."

GOING UP

There once was a laddie, a flier,
Called his Moana Maid to admire,
 But his plane came to grief,
 Down on Waikiki reef;
When released he will doubtless fly higher!

OUT OF SIGHT!

“Aha!” sneered a Thanksgiving turkey,
And held up his head very perky;
 As a soldier he spied,
 With a gun at his side,
“I’ll beat it. The prospect looks murky!”

DISCOVERED

There once was a prisoner who fain
His freedom once more would regain;
 So he cut out his way
 Thru the guardhouse, one day,
And he now sports a ball and a chain!

IN THE MINE COMPANY

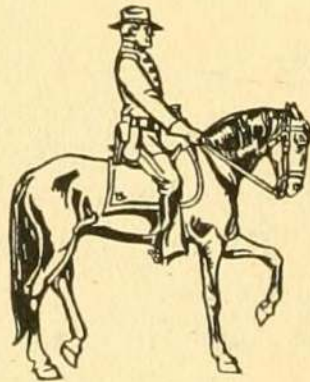
Young Lieutenant MacPherson Van Tyne
Sat down on a new loaded mine
 Said he: “By my whittle,
 I’ll rock it a little!”
No caisson and flags for Van Tyne!

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Comrade, farewell! 'Tis here the parting lies.
'Tho distance may not sever friendship's ties.
Tomorrow's gun booms out the "Reveille,"
The sun beams cold across the wintry sea;
The sweet-voiced bugle's notes a discord play,
Since you are going, Comrade, far away.

Tomorrow's "Guard Mount" finds not all in place;
Gone from the ranks is one familiar face.
So at "Retreat's" formation you are missed;
The flag, swift lowered, by the sunset kissed,
Floats downward toward the amber-glowing bay,
Where rock the fisher boats at close of day.

The "Tattoo's" echoing notes ring sweet and clear;
The barrack lights are out, you are not here;
The "Call to Quarters" blows and faint and far
The moonlight falls across the harbor bar;
Your empty bunk a tale of parting tells,
And "Taps" is calling softly last farewells!





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Hanks
Lincoln
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