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WAR VERSES


Allons en fanfa de la pa-tu-e



J. S. 1888

The Tri-Color

WAR VERSES

1917-1918

BY
STEPHEN PELL

S. S. U. No. 5—646

U. S. A. A. S.

(With French Army)

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MAY 31 1919

No. 1.

TO THE SPLENDID WOMEN OF
MRS. DALY'S UNIT
ÉQUIPE AMÉRICAINNE
AUTO. CHIR. NO. 7
AUX ARMÉES FRANÇAIS

AND MORE ESPECIALLY THE
ÉQUIPE DE ANGICOURT

M. N.-D., E. A. F., B. E., D.W., A. F. & E. S.

WHO TURNED, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOR
ME A MONTH OF PAIN AND SUFFERING AND
LONELINESS, INTO ONE OF EASE AND HAPPI-
NESS, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS MOST GRATE-
FULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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WAR VERSES

THE TRI-COLOR

The Autumn wind is mellow,
The fields are brown and yellow,
And everywhere are poppies, through-
out the fair expanse.
Brilliant scarlet poppies,
Cruel scarlet poppies,
THEY typify the broken hearts that
haunt the homes of France.

We see the airplanes soaring,
We hear the big guns roaring,
They tell us there is warring in this
Country of Romance;

4 *War Verses 1917-1918*

And always there are crosses,
White, pathetic crosses:
The little wooden crosses that fill
the fields of France.

The blue cornflower growing
Sedate amidst the sowing,
The busy, tired Poilu passes by with
but a glance.

To me they are the maidens,
The million wistful maidens;
Who'll never bear a warrior to
fight the fights of France!
—*St. Nicholas du Port, September, 1917.*

THE CANADIAN CAPTAIN SPEAKS

There were five of us lived in a dugout,
Forty feet under the ground.

We roasted the Kasier and toasted
the King,

And passed the bottle around.

(Two were gassed and one was shot,
And one of the crowd was drowned.)

There was Jimmy Flagg from Ottawa
And Kitchin from Sault Marie,
Parsons, a Yank from the State of
Maine

And Bud from the old Countree,

We all came out with the "Princess
Pats."

(The rest of the Crowd was Me!)

We talked of our girls, we talked of
our work,

(The oldest was twenty-four)

And we planned the "Getting To-
gether,"

Back home there, after the War.

All of the crowd are gone but me,

And I'm tired and sick and sore.

For what is the use of the cross I wear,

Or my bars or my Captain's pay,

Or the letter I got from "Pat" herself

For stopping a shell one day,

When the fellows I wanted to play
with—

Will never be there to play?

For the things one thinks are going
to count,

They somehow are pretty small,
When you measure them up with

THE MIGHT HAVE BEEN,

And it doesn't seem fair at all,
That they should be buried out there
in the mud—

Awaiting the Trumpet Call.

—*St. Remi-Aisne, December, 1917.*

“A TOAST TO THE CHASSEURS”

We've seen the Blue Devils in action,
We've seen the Blue Devils at play.
We've seen the Blue Devils go over
the top,
Happy and cheerful and gay.

We've seen them come out of the
trenches,
Wounded and bleeding and faint;
With never a cry or a whimper,
Never a word of complaint.

We've carried them down from the
abris,
To hospitals miles in the rear,

Over roads that were shell torn and
rutted,
But never a sigh or a tear.

We've seen their dead after a battle,
With every man's face to the foe,
And our hearts have gone sick within
us,
To see our brave comrades go.

But, a curious fancy comes to me,
That a Chasseur who dies in a fight,
Has a wee bit of Heaven that's all
of his own,
With gaiety, laughter and light.

Like the Heaven reserved for our
Red Men,
(Good hunting and plenty of game)

Where a man who has lived and died
like a man,
Goes on forever the same.

I am proud of my Spanish War
ribbons,
I am proud of my French Four-
ragere,
But the proudest of all my possessions,
Is the little blue "Beret" I wear.

So here's to our Grand Old Division!
Which is "Somewhere Out There
In The Snow";
Here's to the 66th Chasseurs Alpins!
And here's to our General-Brissaud!
—*St. Remi-Aisne, January 1, 1918.*

THE VAILLY ROAD

There's a winding road through
Vailly,
Running up from Braine,
Past the woods of Chassemy
Across the River Aisne,
And up the hill to Hameret—
Out on the Bascule Plain.

I knew the road before the war,
That far-off, happy day.
One saw the peasants in the fields,
The children at their play,
The women at the cottage door
Were smiling, cheerful, gay.

And now the road to Vailly
Is rutted, gutted, worn.
The trees that stood on either side
Are battered, tattered, torn.
The little roseclad cottages
Are shattered, scattered, gone.

Along the road to Vailly
Is ruin, waste and wrack,
It's felt the big shells bursting—
It's heard the rifles crack,
As foot by foot we conquered
And forced the vandal back.

I've seen the road at midnight,
Black shadows everywhere,
The great Tanks going forward,

The sudden shocking glare
Of shrapnel bursting overhead,
While gas shells taint the air.

Big guns and ambulances;
Troops marching to the fight,
Long trains of ammunition,
Pack mules to left and right,
And all that feeds an army,
Goes groping through the night.

I've seen the road at dawning,
The wounded like a flood
Came pouring from the battle,
Covered with clay and blood;
In twos and tens and hundreds,
Staggering through the mud.

French "Poilu," English "Tommy,"
Irish and Kilted "Scot,"
Black Senegalese and Arab
Have left their bones to rot
Along the road to Vailly,
And made a hallowed spot.

—*Somewhere in France, December 17,*
1917.

CHEER UP!

In every mile of the trenches,
From Switzerland up to the Sea,
We're getting the Boches' measure,
(He knows it as well as we!)
We're learning to play the Boches'
game
And play it better than he!
So Cheer Up, "Back There."

English, Scotch and Irish,
Frenchmen and Portuguese,
Yanks, Canucks and Welchmen,
Anzacs and Tonkinese,
Belgians, Sikhs and Arabs,
Men from the Seven Seas,
Are at it "Out Here."

We're all of us killing Germans—
 We're getting them two for one.
We know that with time and patience
 We'll have the Boche on the run,
And the World will be safe forever;
 Safe from the Swineish Hun,
 So Buck Up, "Back There."

Don't think that the job is easy,
 To freeze in a trench all night—
To starve in a German Prison—
 To fall from a two-mile height,
To lose a leg or part of your face
 In a long range, big gun fight,
 But, All's Well, "Out Here."

And God! How you long for your
 woman.

(Good or bad, it's all the same!)

The smell of her hair, the feel of her
arms,

To hear her whisper your name!
Chasing lice with a pidgeon lamp,
Is *Our* Principal Indoor Game—
You bathe “Back There.”

What of the fellows we've buried
In mud that was up to the knee?
What of the children and babes at
the breast
Who've died in the open sea?
What of the thousands of cripples
And those who will never see?
We remember “Out Here.”

And think of the women and tender
girls,
Who've felt the feel of the Beast—

Whose bodies were tainted forever,
 When the Carrion met for the feast.
Give heed to their cry for vengeance!
 Give heed to that Cry, at least!
 Remember them “Back
 There.”

Is our work to be all for nothing?
 Our sacrifice all in vain?
Shall they swindle the world with a
 Prussian Peace?
 Can a Treaty remove the Stain
Of Rape and Robbery, Murder and
 Lies,
 'Til they're ready to start again?
 Must our children come “Out
 Here”?

No! This is no time for Parleys
 For he knows as well as we—

That in every mile of the Trenches,
From Switzerland up to the Sea.
We've learned to play the Boches'
game,
And play it better than he!
SO CHEER UP, "BACK
THERE."

—*St. Remi-Aisne.*

GREAT INVENTIONS

The three great inventions the war
has produced

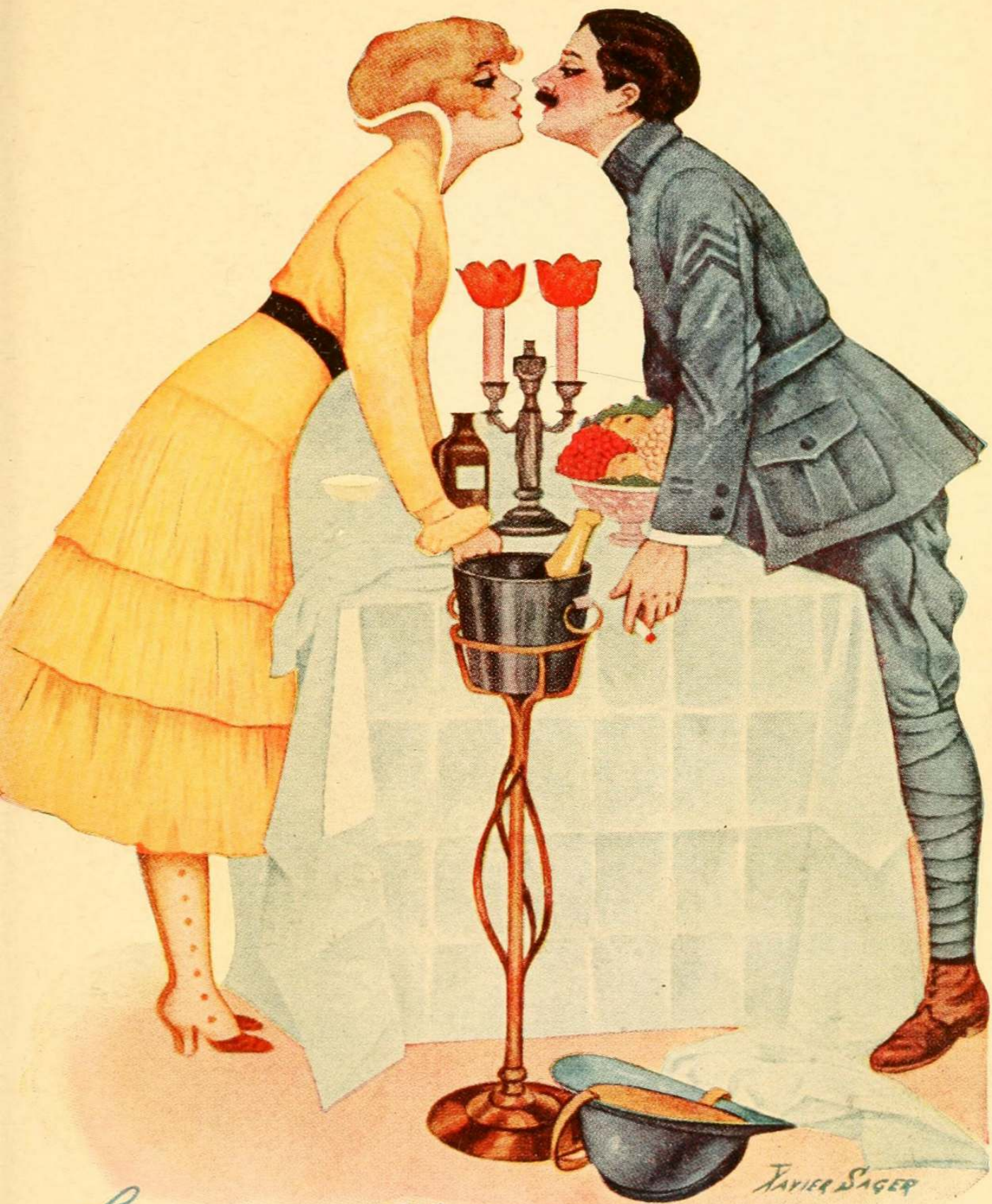
To ease a poor man of his pains,
To keep his morale at one hundred
per cent,

Are Pinard, Permish', and Mar-
raines!

When you come from the trenches
cold, hungry and wet,

Or have driven all night in your car,
There's nothing like putting right
under your belt

A quart (more or less) of Pinard!



Le dessert du filleul!
On "permission"
(Pinard and a Marraine)

Sometimes it's sour and sometimes
it's sweet,
It varies from purple to jet,
But a large cup or two puts new life
into you,
And a bidon full makes you forget!

When you've slept in your clothes for
a fortnight or more,
In a dirty cantonment or shed,
When you've struggled with cooties
and totos and fleas,
You know that "permission's"
ahead.

When you blush every time that you
think of your neck,
Just what keeps you going and
keen?

The thought that next day or next
week or next month,
You'll be rested and mended and
clean!

And when on permission what cheers
you the most?

Is it cocktails or beer or cham-
pagne?

Not at all! It's the girl you've been
dreaming about,

Your Dear Little Angel Marraine!

She gets all your money and most of
your time,

And then sees you off at the train,
With a tear in her eye and your roll
in her sock,

And a prayer that you'll soon come
again!

And that's why each Poilu will swear
on his life,

That the greatest inventions by far,
Evolved in these long years of struggle
and strife,

Are Mairaines, Permish', and
Pinard!

—*Villette, Marne, January 20, 1919.*

CHEMIN DES DAMES

Chemin des Dames, "The Ladies'
Way"

Built by a King of ancient France.
What memories of a by gone day
The very name brings into play,
Of bold intrigue and sweet romance,
Of Gallants brave and Ladies gay.

Of posting chaise and sedan chair,
Of waving plume and gleaming
lance,
Of paint and patches, powdered hair,
Of silk and satin, maidens fair,
And all that went with Royal France
When King and Queen and Court
were there!

From avions giant bombs have
crashed

Upon the road, great tanks have
smashed

And mashed their way across its face

'Til there is hardly left a trace

Of what was once the Ladies' Way.

One scarce can find the road to-day.

Shovel and pick and shot and shell

Have done their work and done it
well.

Chemin des Dames, "The Ladies'
Way,"

Ah! There's a Heritage for France!

The memory will last for aye,

Of those who fought that autumn
day,

When Brissaud's Chasseurs led the
dance

Of Death across the "Ladies' Way."
Through gas and fire and bursting
shell,

A lifting barrage, quick advance.
Zouave and Chasseur charging Hell
O'er trench and wire, ah! Who can
tell

The tale of those who died for France
The day that Fort Malmaison fell!
—*Fisme, Marne, February 1, 1918.*

LE CAFARD. . . .

When you hate the War and you hate
your work,

And you'd welcome a German shell,
That would break at your feet or over
your head

And blow your soul to Hell.

When you hate your Chief and you
hate your Pals

And you curse yourself to sleep,
After smoking a hundred cigarettes,
Or counting a million sheep!

When you hate the sight of a uniform
Or the sound of an aëroplane,
And the thought of a greasy motor car
Just fills your heart with pain.

When you look at the river with long-
ing,

Or sneak for your piece a load,
(Though you know damned well that
in War times

A MAN can't take THAT road).
When you hate the bark of a soixante
quinze

And loathe the sight of a gun,
You can bet ten francs to a demi sou
You've got "Le Cafard" my son!

It generally comes when you're En
Repos,

And you haven't enough to do.
You've hit the Pinard a bit too hard
And it's left you a trifle blue.

The clouds that gather are darker
than dark,

And the day gets blacker than black;

You think of your sins both little and
big,

For a thousand eons back.

The girls you've kissed and the girls
you've missed

Go shooting across your brain.

You long for the sight of a powdered
nose

And an evening gown again.

You're tired of looking at soldiers—

You're sick of the khaki shirt—

You sigh for the sound of a woman's
voice.

And the swish of a silken skirt.

When the things that you've done
that you shouldn't—

And the things that you've left undone.

Are racking your soul into fragments

You've got "Le Cafard" my son!

—*La Villette, February 4, 1918.*

THE PRIEST

I saw him first in the Rue Royale
And was struck by his kind old
face—
With his sable robe and golden cross
And air of delicate grace.
He greeted the poorest girl of the
streets
And the greatest Dame of the land,
With the same sad smile and a gentle
nod
And a friendly wave of the hand.
I thought of the grand old Cardinals
Who lived in the long ago:

Whose stories are part of the Stories
of France—
And their lives in their great
Châteaux.

And then came the fight for Malmai-
son,
I saw my Priest again,
With gas mask and blue steel helmet,
Standing alone in the rain.
He stood at a crowded cross roads
In a mud bespattered gown,
The shells were falling about him
As the wounded came struggling
down.

His own Chasseurs and Poilus,
Arabs and Senegalese,
For each a smile and a cigarette,

And a cheery, "Bonne chance, mon
 fils,"

And a wave to me as I passed him—
 (I was driving an ambulance),
And the thought was always before
 me,

There stands the **SPIRIT OF
FRANCE!**

Simple and brave and courageous,
 Gentle and debonaire,—

The Cause of the Church is surely safe
 With men like Him Out There!

—*La Tilley, February, 1918.*

VILLETTE

A charming little town is Villette,
The houses tumbled down in
Villette,

Our rooms are large and airy—

And of window panes we've nary
Got a one, to keep the rain out in
Villette.

Our quarters they are warm in
Villette,

With friendly fleas they swarm in
Villette.

Arrangements sanitary,

They are primitive. Oh! Very—
And the walk across the garden's
rather wet!

Life is very, very quiet in Villetette,
A call would cause a riot in Villetette.
We eat and sleep and rest
And do our level best,
Not to overwork ourselves in Villetette.

The streets are very dirty in Villetette,
The "Jeunne Filles" they are flirty
in Villetette.

But alas! How very sad,
Rumor says they are "malade,"
So, it's **EYES FRONT! FORWARD
MARCH!** in Villetette.

When Michel goes on Permish' from
Villetette.

How we curse at every dish in
Villetette,
At camouflaging meat
He is very hard to beat,
And Golly! How we eat in Villetette.

Twice a week we have a drill in
Villette.

It helps the time to kill in Villette.
We hold our sides and laugh
At our non-commissioned staff,
And the orders that they give in
Villette.

We would gladly say farewell to
Villette.

To the dirt and fleas and smell of
Villette.

We should like to have a chance
At some other Villes of France,
Than "St. Remy by the Sewer" and
Villette.

—*La Villette, February, 1917.*

THE RAVITAILLEMENT MAN

In all the bloomin' Army that's a
fightin' of the Boche.

All the way from General Petain
down to me,

There's none whose work is harder
than the Ravitaillement Man—

And no one does a better job than
he!

He wears a dented helmet and a gas
mask round his neck,

And a faded uniform that once was
blue,—



Em. Dupuis
La Grue de Février
1915

A Ravitaillement Man

But he gets the ammunition to the
popping Mitrailleur,
And he gets the steamin' soup to
me and you!

His work is mostly after dark along
a crowded road,
With the shadows from the star
shells fallin' strange,
And he doesn't show a light as he
struggles through the night,
For he knows the sneakin' Boche
has got his range!

When éclat's fallin' round us and
some fellow hollers "Gas"!
We "heroes" dust for cover as a
rule,

But there ain't no friendlyabri for the
Ravitaillement Man—
He's got to stay and 'tend a kickin'
mule!

And it ain't no cheery picnic to be
sittin' in the rain,
With a ton of high explosives for a
seat,
And shrapnel burstin' over and an
ammunition train,
Explodin' up the road, a hundred
feet!

And so I doffs my chapeau to the
Ravitaillement Man,
For all the way from Petain down
to me,

(Exceptin' of the Poilu in the very
front line trench)

There's no one does a better job
than he!

—*La Villette, February 16, 1918.*

THE CHASSEURS

Would that I could paint a picture,
Of the Chasseur as we know him,
The Chasseur in the trenches
Midst the mud and ice and snow.
The Chasseurs we have carried
Torn and shattered from the battle.
The Chasseur on permission,
The Chasseur en repos'.

It takes a better pen than mine
To really tell the story
Of the gallant Chasseur Alpin,
Tender, brave, and debonaire.
Laughing as he leaves the trenches
On the path that leads to glory,

Facing gas and shell and wire,
Croix de Bois, or Croix de Guerre!

In the crowded first aid abri
Lying on his blood soaked stretcher,
Cold and wet and black with powder,
Worn and faint with wound and
burn.

Waiting for the tired surgeons
(Bare of arm and splashed with
scarlet),
Cheery whispers to each other,
Jesting when it comes their turn!

Cut and slashed and patched and
bandaged,
Packed into our ambulances
Over shell holes, ruts and débris,
(Would that we could ease their
way).

“Arrives” are falling round us
Making flashes in the darkness,
Passing troops and guns and wagons—
Praying for the light of day.

When we reach our destination
(Some have died and some are
dying)

Lift them gently from the stretchers,
Wish the conscious ones “Bonne
Chance.”

Not a word of blame or censure—
Just a stricken hero sighing.

When you try to show your pity,
“Mais Monsieur, c’est pour la
France.”

When the big attack is over,
“Holding” troops come to the
trenches—

And the weary, fighting Chasseurs
 (Bearded filthy, caked with clay),
March away for rest and patching
 (Comrades gone are soon forgot-
 ten!),
Pinard, games and songs and laughter,
 Turn the night-time into day.

Never finished

TO "X" . . .

I found a violet near a trench to-day,
A Boche plane soaring proudly in
the sky
Tells me that Fear and Hate and
Death are nigh,
Tells me that War is not so far away.

In front the constant booming of the
guns,
Behind are peasants sowing fields
of grain,
And all about is struggle, striving,
strain—
The Sense of War one's better na-
ture stuns.

But, Spring is here and I would fain
forget

The awful crash and rattle of the
fight,

And only think of play and youth
and light,—

And of my Heart's Desire, my love,
and yet—

How can I take myself away from me?

I have my duty here, my work to
do,

But know, Dear Child, my thoughts
are all of you

And nothing else seems aught but
travesty.

But, Peace will come at last and then,
perchance,

We two may take our Love and run
away—

To some Fair spot where we may
 idly stray,
 Forgetting all that war has meant
 to France—
And meant to us who've given of our
 best
 To play our part in this Great
 Tragedy,
Let's seek forgetfulness in Arcady
 Where we may love and in our Love
 find rest.

THE "EMBUSQUE"

He never heard a mitrailleuse,
He never heard a shell,
He never heard a Boche plane over-
head.

He never saw a barrage
And he never knew the Hell,
Of sorting out the wounded from
the dead.

He never knew how shrapnel breaks,
Or how a bullet sings—
He never got a whiff of poison gas.
But, in a Captain's uniform,
With braid and bars and things,
See better men Salute him as they
pass!

He never saw a front line trench,
With mud and slush and ice,
Or slept in inky abris, foul with dirt,
With fifty sweating Poilus.
Where you fight with fleas and lice,
And pick the merry Toto from your
shirt.

He never drove a motor car,
Along a shell-swept road,
He never saw a star shell shining
bright,
But, he struts the streets of Paris,
In a service uniform,
And he eats a corking dinner every
night.

The Girl He Left Behind Him,
Wears proudly near her heart,
A picture of her Hero far away.

She think he's in the trenches
Playing well a soldier's part,
And killing slews of Germans every
day.

I wonder if she'll ever know,
That he was in the rear,
That he was safe in Paris doing work
That any clever girl could do.
I wonder if she'll hear
That he was but a blooming Office
Clerk.

For when the War is over,
And the fighting men go Home,
He'll surely march as proudly as the
rest,
With a sword (he's never carried)
And a pistol (never used)
And a "Foreign Service Medal" on
his breast.

So, three cheers for the Embusque,
 (God knows! I'd like to boot him)
Of all our war time slackers, he's the
 worst.

 He dresses like a soldier,
While better men salute him,
 And never guess his Motto!

SAFETY FIRST!

—*La Villette, April 17, 1918.*

THE HEART OF THE COLONEL.

I watched an avion in flight,
It seemed a giant dragon fly,
And then I saw a shrapnel burst,
And fluttering downward from the
sky.

It came to Earth a Broken Thing,
A mass of flame and smoke and
fire—

Of blistering paint and crumbling
wing,
Of cracking frame and snapping
wire.

It fell beyond our furthest line,
In No-Man's Land, where none
may fare,

And there it lies wrecked, smashed
supine

And all my heart is lying there.
For what is left in Life for me

When Faith and Hope and Love
are done?

When, burned and mangled over
there,

Lies what was once my only Son.

I have my work, my part to play.

The welfare of my Regiment,
And I must show a smiling face

And only sorrow in my tent—
For 'tis my fate to be of those

Poor mortals singled out by Chance
To stand erect and proudly say,

“I've given of my all, **FOR
FRANCE**”!

—*La Villette, April 20, 1918.*

THE CATHEDRAL OF SOISSONS

Above the sleepy city.

Dreaming not of its fate,
It stood throughout the ages
Splendid, inviolate.

It had heard the prayers of Saint
Louis,

It had felt the bended knee
Of the Virgin Maid of Orleans
In her proud humility.

Siege and storm and battle,
And the withering Hand of Time,
But mellowed its ancient grandeur
And left it serene, sublime.

Then! Then came the German
 Armies,
 The "Chosen People of God"!
And one of Christ's great Temples
 Died at the Kaiser's nod!

Battered by bomb and bullet,
 Scarred by fire and shell,
Roof tree and arches broken
 And lying just as they fell,
Golden glass and mosaic,
 Marble and plaster and slate,—
Crowding the vaulted Chancel,
 A symbol of Prussian Hate.

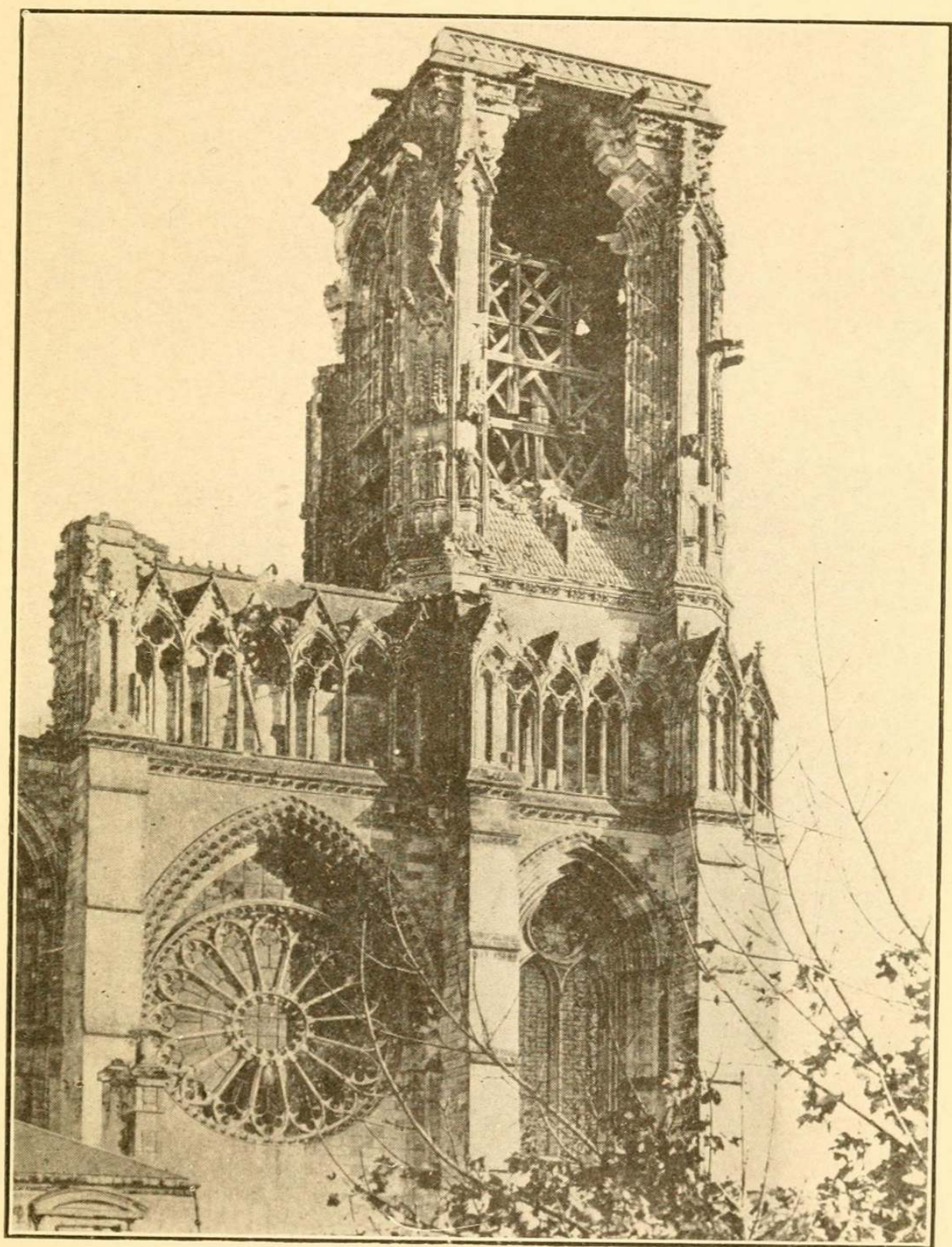
It fills one's brain with sorrow,
 It fills one's heart with pain—
To feel that the Great Cathedral
 Never will rise again.

But, above the wreck and the ruin,
Tall and straight as a lance
The tower is looming proudly—
Proud as the Soul of France!

It stands erect in its Glory,
Shattered and tattered and torn,
To tell to the World the story,
To tell to the still Unborn,
The Tale of the Hate of the Vandal—
The Tale of the Hate of the Hun,
For all that is written in beauty.
And He asks for a "Place in the
Sun"!

He who in wilful envy,
He who in vulgar spite,
Is robbing the world of its treasures
He asks for a place "In the Light"!

Drive him back to the Darkness—
The Darkness from whence he came
There to nourish his Malice,
To wallow there in his Shame!
—*Fontenoy, Aisne, May 1, 1918.*



The Ruins of the Cathedral at Soissons

MIMA AND CARLOTTA

We sat in the back of the Colonel's
car,
A slip of a girl and I,
While the big bombs crashed, the
cannon flashed,
And shrapnel broke in the sky.

She looked like a Nun in her nurse's
gown,
Blue veil and cross of red,
As the mitrailleuse popped right and
left,
At an avion overhead.

We should have been safe in an abri,
 But the moon was shining bright,
And she wanted a glimpse at the Ger-
 man planes
 Which were somewhere there in the
 night.

So we chatted of frills in Anglo-
 French,
 Of Women and Work and War,
But, alas! She was only a slip of a
 girl,
 And I was Forty-Four!

Over the trenches the star shells flared
 As we watched the searchlights
 play—
And all the while I was many a mile—
 And twenty years away!

I was sitting beneath a big palm tree,
With a tiny slip of a girl,
The moon on the Bay was gold and
grey,
And the sky was Mother of Pearl.

We laughed at the lights from the
battle fleet,
Which was anchored close to the
shore,
And little we cared for the Rules of
the Game,
And little we cared for the War!

I should have been safe on my ship
that night,
She shouldn't have been with me!
But her eyes shone bright in the pale
moonlight,
And there was the big palm tree!

We watched the signals flash through
the dark,
And watched the searchlights play,
And laughed when the bugles sounded
Taps,
And laughed at Reveille!

For in Anglo-Spanish we whispered
there,
Of Women and Work and Frills!
'Til the Moon sank deep in the west-
ern sky,
And the Dawn came over the Hills!

L'ENVOI

A Moon is a Moon and a Girl is a Girl,
And a War is always a War,
But, Oh! The different point of view,
Of Twenty and Forty-Four!

—*Royalieu, May 20, 1918.*

PANSEMENTS

I do not like the creepy sound,
Of bullets as they sing,
And bits of éclat falling round
Are not a pleasant thing.
I do not like the noise of shells
When bursting overhead,
I do not like the awful smells
Of Boche and horses dead.
I do not like the mustard gas
That makes you sneeze and cry,
I do not like the sight of wounds,
I hate to see men die.

But worst of all are "pansements,"
Those cruel, wicked "pansements."

They put you on a table, where you
yell and scream with pain,
And as they cut and slash you,
And slice and pound and mash you,
You hear the surgeon saying: "I
think it's going to rain."

I do not like the winter's mud,
I do not like the cold,
I do not like the sight of blood,
Or dead men, ten days old.
I do not like the little fleas
That bite you on the back,
The lice that crawl about your knees,
The totos small and black,
I do not like the snow and ice,
I think I've had my share,
In fact, there isn't much that's nice
About this blooming Guerre.

ABONDANCE DE SOINS NE NUIT PAS!



ME in the hospital at Angicourt

But worse of all are "pansements,"
Those tearing, painful "pansements."

Your shirt is up around your neck;
the nurse says: "That's all
right."

And as they rip and hack you,
And with red pepper pack you,
You hear her softly murmur: "I'm
dining out to-night."

—*In hospital at Angicourt, August,
1918.*

“AWAITING TRANSPORTA- TION”

We live in a leaky barrack,
With mud half way to the knees,
And those who haven't got cooties,
Are scratching themselves with
fleas.

We're afraid to look at our "unders"
We daren't look at our comb,
But nobody cares a blinking damn,
We're all of us bound for Home!

So pack your kit and mess gear,
And kiss your girl good-bye,
The trooper's in the harbor,
Bébé don't you cry!

Three hundred men on the chow line,
It straggles up the hill,
We stand in the rain for an hour
And the stuff we get is swill.
The *Vin* we buy is watered,
The beer is mostly foam,
But nobody cares a blinking damn,
We're all of us bound for Home!

Our Adjutant's a shave-tail,
A bomb-proof *embusque*,
He raises hell with the soldier man,
For that's the bomb-proof way.
The washing we do is sketchy,
In water the color of loam,
But nobody cares a blinking damn,
We're all of us bound for Home!

There are some of us time-expired,
And some of us furloughed men,

And some are Class D wounded,
And two are bound for the pen.
And every man in the barrack,
Swears that he'll never roam,
Again away from the U. S. A.,
If they'll only send us **HOME!**

So pack your kit and mess gear,
And kiss your girl good-bye,
The trooper's in the harbor,
Bébé don't you cry!
—*Fort Bouguen, Brest, December, 1918.*



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