THE ARMY'S POETS

"LITTLE MOTHER"

I am writing this little poem
To the mother I left behind,
And it tells of my longing for her
Over here in the daily grind.

I am often alone and lonely
On a post out in No Man's Land,
But my thoughts they go floating homeward
To my mother in dreams so grand.

I dream of you again, dear mother,
As you bade me that last goodbye,
And I marched, a proud Yankee soldier,
For my country to do or die.

Countless days have passed since we parted,
Weary days of hard toil and pain,
But my visions of you have cheered me
As I fancy your face again.

How I long for your smiles of gladness
That are haunting my mem'ry still,
And the love in your eyes beseeching
Even now makes my pulses thrill.

How you held me with hands so gentle,
Closely pressed to your throbbing breast;
In that last fond embrace I promised
To live true through the crucial test.

The caress of your hair, soft silver,
On my cheek how I fain would feel,
And from lips that are soft as roses,
A sweet kiss I would like to steal.

Little mother, for you there's burning
A deep love that will never die,
Spurring on to the fight before us
Where the Angel of Death doth fly.

Oh, it may be that only in Heaven
I will meet you again, mother, dear,
But it matters not what befalls me—
The bright star of your love shines clear.

R. C. KYLE.

REVEILLE

Get up, get up, you sleepy head,
And drop your nightie now;
Get up, get up, get out of bed,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, get up, you carrion beast,
Get up and dig for chow;
It doesn't matter what you think,
You're in the Army now.

Get up and powder, rouge and curl
And dress—no matter how—
But don't be late for reveille,
You're in the Army now.

Get up, you foozle, ninny, boob,
There's eggs and cheese and ham
(For officers) and slum for you,
You slave of Uncle Sam.

But don't you fret or don't you fume,
For honest injun! How
Would you have felt if you were not
In Uncle's Army now?

RAY L. HUFF, Base Hosp. ——.

THE SWEETEST SONG

Across the wide, stern, troubled sea,
The woodland thrush sings long for me:
Along the road, upon the hill,
The woodland echoes answer shrill,
But I hear not the thrush's tone,
Abiding here in France, alone.

Afar from the whip-poor-will
Sends out his brave, querulous thrill;
But here in France I do not hear
The night bird calling shrill and clear,
Nor hear the tall pines in reply
Give such a deep toned, weighty sigh.

But oft in dreams I catch a note
Escaping from some sweetened throat,
And be it robin, lark, or wren,
From open field or forest den,
I know the music is a strain
That comes to me from home again.

It is not birdsong, that alone,
With such true accent and rich tone,
That comes across the troubled sea
To find a resting place in me:
But Mother's song afar away,
Just praying for her boys today.

—Sgt. ERNEST SCHULTZ, Engrs.

A KICK

Oh, you at the front in the fighting line,
Taking the one great chance,
Crouched in your trenches grimly,
Watching the foe seen dimly,
Through the battle fog of France;
Envy us not, though it seems our lot
Is an easy one indeed,
For we must work, and we dare not shirk,
Lest you lack the stuff you need.

You'll fight, and you'll die, if need be,
Gamely, with no regret,
And yours will be the glory
To live in song and story
As ne'er men's deeds did yet.
And we will cheer, we of the rear,
When your brave fight is won—
You shall not lack, when we all get back,
Our praise for the work you've done.

But we've only one thing to ask you,
Merely the one request—
When you tell of battles gory,
Where you all won fame and glory,
Tell them we did our best.
It's not our choice, and we have no voice
In the orders that keep us here;
We'd rather fight, and it's no delight
To stay and work in the rear.

But war is war, and there must be
Someone to stay and do
The work unsung, unheeded,
Shipping the stuff so needed
To help the fighters through.
We're men like you, red-blooded, too,
And it's tough to have no chance
To fight like hell, or die as well,
As the lads at the front in France.

Corp. F. B. CURRAN, Co. G, — Engrs.

PARODIES

"My Little Girl"

Old U.S.A., of you I'm dreaming,
And I long for you each day.
The clear bright lights,
I see them gleaming,
Tho' they're many miles away.
I see the States across the ocean,
Where we promised to be true,
Old U.S.A., for you we're fighting,
And we're going back to you.

"Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"

If you don't like the privates in your outfit,
Don't try to crab ev'rything they do,
'Cause they helped you where you are,
And the days might not be far
When they will be over you.
If you don't like the K.P. work they're doing,
If you don't like the way they clean the rooms,
Why, never try to dog a private,
'Cause he's a man as well as you.

Corp. MARTIN P. SHEEHAN, Aero Squadron.

ODE TO A BATH TUB

In days gone by in civil life
We all were bright and gay,
And all of us could get a bath
At any time of day.

But now we're in the trenches
And the weather's pretty cold,
And water for a real good wash
Is worth its weight in gold.

Not only are we dirty
And don't undress at night,
But we get our flesh to bleeding
When we scratch where cooties bite

If we find a spot that's sunny
In this land of rainy France,
The first things that we boys remove
Are blouses, shirts and pants.

And when the other things are off
We rub ourselves with soap,
And put the first things on again,
And hope and hope and hope.

We hope we won't be chilly,
That the itch will stop as well,
And that the Kaiser and his gang
Will all be shot to hell.

For we want this war to finish
So we'll have the aftermath,
Of spending Sunday mornings
In a good old U.S. bath.

P. G. WHITTIER,
Battery E, — F.A.

TAKEN FROM THE HUN

[Photographed by S.C., A.E.F.

Rear view of liquid fire throwers, operated by means of a hose and nozzle attached to the portable tank

FABLE OF THE DAME WHO MEANT REAL WELL

But Even the Stoutest Heart Must Quail When Sister Susie Starts Singing Songs for Soldiers

A certain Dame desired to take a Jaunt to the Cantonment in which her Devoted Brother (Class 1) was confined.

A Cantonment is a Place in which the Government Incarcerates Young Men for the Crime of being Somewhere between the Ages of Twenty-one and Thirty-one and in Reasonably Good Health.

The Devoted Brother, having enjoyed the Privileges of a Human Being for some Twenty-three Summers, and being a Perfect Physical Specimen except for a Cerise Dome (which Defect is no Ground for Exemption) was in the Cantonment, building his Body up on Beans so as to be Able to Live under the same Conditions as an Uncovered Gas Main during a continuous Fourth of July Fireworks celebration.

The Dame Got a Hunch that it would be Awfully Nice to Do Her Bit by Singing to the Boys and helping them pass away the Dull Hours. So One Sunday she Coaxed her little Bounceabout out of its comfortable little Home in the Backyard and Argued it into taking Her to the Cantonment.

The Public Buildings

The Devoted Brother, dressed in a Bilious looking suit of Clothes, technically known as "Blouse and Trousers O.D. (Service)," met her and dragged her around the City, directing her Lamps towards the Public Buildings (including the Mess Hall, Headquarters, Y.M.C.A. Shack and the Guardhouse).

She wanted to take a Slant at the Firing Line, but the only line at Home that Day was the one on which the Weekly Wash was performing Difficult Acrobatic Stunts in the Breeze.

The Devoted Brother pointed out to her a Gang of K.P.s mutilating some Innocent Spuds. A K.P. is a Buck Private who hath forgotten that he hath no Rights, and is therefore deprived of even those which he Hath, and Spuds are Things which K.P.s always Peel. In order that there shall be no Waste, the Spuds are eaten by the Soldiers after the K.P.s have no further Use for them.

"But," said the Baby Doll, "I want to do Something to amuse the Boys."

So the Devoted Brother steered her to the Y.M.C.A. Hut.

The Y.M.C.A. is an Organization which Tries to make Soldiers Happy and which, for some Strange Reason, is allowed by the Army to pursue that Business.

Inside this Y.M.C.A. Hut were several Young Men Hanging over a Piano, singing Popular Songs and Having a Hell of a Good Time.

But the Dame wanted to amuse them and Help them While away the Heavy Time, so they Reluctantly Gave Up the Piano Stool to Her and she sat down and Let her Lily White Fingers Fondle the Triggers of the Musical Battery and Released her Sweet Breath in the Strains of "Mother Machree," "Just a wearyin' for You," and Other Touching Ballads.

But her Larynx was Deformed. Her Windpipe was Twisted. Her Tonsils Clogged up her Throat. In other words, she Had no Voice. But Otherwise She was a Good Singer.

The Young Men were Nice Fellows. They had been trained to Endure Hardships. And she watched them closely. So only a Few Escaped.

How He Knew

When she Finished "A Perfect Day," one of the Young Men said: "That is a Pretty Song."

"Oh," said the Dame Gushingly, "Do you think so? Have you ever Heard it Before?"

"Yes," said the Young Man, "that's How I know it's pretty."

The Devoted Brother was somewhat peeved. The Dame did not seem at all Pleased. So She arose, and picking up her Grey Suede Gloves, said: "I must be going."

"'Must' is the right word," said the Young Man without a smile.

The Red Hair of the Devoted Brother Jumped up and down upon his Dome like the Tongues of Flame on a Burning Log. The Young Man was getting Himself disliked. But the Dame controlled Herself and started toward the Door.

This Way Out

"Can I get out this way?" she asked as Sweetly as Possible.

"I hope so," said the Unkind Young Man.

This was the last piece of Alfalfa. There was a streak of Crimson across the Room, a few Terrible Sounds, several Blood-curdling Cries, two or three Dull, Sickening Thuds, a Woman's Scream and the Heavy Tread of an M.P.

The Devoted Brother and the Young Man are now peeling Spuds.

Moral:—If you are drafted, have Red Hair and are Devoted to a Sister who cannot Sing, do not let her Amuse the Boys unless you are Very Fond of Domestic Duties.

F. A. M., Jr.

YANKEE CHAPLAIN PLAYS "I SPY" GAME

Mystery of Lighted Belfry Solved Even if Boche Didn't Light It

There are spy hunts and spy hunts. And there are mare's nests and mare's nests. Thereby hangs a tale.

The chaplain of a certain artillery regiment—he is well known in the Army—believes, and rightly, in living well. He is like "the friar of orders grey" who chants:

"What bishop or squire or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as the holy friar?"

Also, he takes seriously the first part of the scriptural injunction to "Watch and pray." Consequently, when he is not "praying to beat hell" (as most chaplains are between times) he is out watching—watching for spies.

Word came to him that lights had been seen flashing at night from the steeple of a church in the town where he was quartered behind the lines. It was pointed out to him, that, though the town was shelled daily, no shell ever hit the church.

Thereupon the padre, of course, decided to ambush the signaller, if there was one. But just before sallying forth that evening, he reflected that the Earl of Verulam did not say—but might well have said—that good eating maketh a full man.

"Jerry," he said to his orderly, "I see a lot of fat pigeons around here. I wonder if you could buy us enough for a pot pie tomorrow."

Jerry saluted and walked off. The padre girt himself with a web belt and pistol in lieu of the conventional rope and beads, climbed the ladder into the church tower, squeezed his ample and genial self into a dark corner, and waited. The church in the old tower had long since been put *hors de combat*, but the chaplain's wrist watch showed it was after 10 o'clock.

His limbs, furthermore, told him he had been waiting some hours when he heard cautious steps on the ladder. He gripped his pistol as the trapdoor swung open. He held his breath as a dim figure climbed through.

For a moment it didn't move. Then came a sudden beam of light. Aha, thought the Good Man, he is signalling to the Boche!

With that the chaplain sprang on the intruder.

"My Gawd!" shouted a familiar voice.

"Jerry!" severely exclaimed the chaplain, as if to call him down for the profanity. But that moment—

Two—only two—frightened pigeons flew out the belfry window!

"Aw, yer reverence," pleaded Jerry, "I was on'y lookin' out fer the pigeon pot pie!"

TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT, WANTS TO BE MASCOT

Joe McGillicuddy, Relative of Connie Mack, Sends Appeal to Marines

Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine years old, believes that an American boy would make a better mascot for a regiment of leathernecks than a dog or a goat. Here is Joe's argument in his own favor, seconded by Corp. Francis G. Burns of a certain U.S.M.C. regiment in the A.E.F., who writes:

"Back home in the good old U.S.A., there seems to be no age limit to patriotism, as, judging from a letter I received from a little boy neighbor of mine, Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine years old, of 1 Kenilworth Road, Roxbuxy, Mass., the boys of the nation are as eager to do their parts as their big brothers.

"Joseph told me in his letter that he desired to become mascot for the Marine Corps and go over the top with them and the rest of the boys in their division.

"'I have spoken to Sergeant Howell, at the recruiting station, every day on my way to school, but I can not get him to make me the mascot. The Army and the Marines should have a mascot, and I'm the boy for the job with the Marines,' declared the youthful enemy of the Kaiser. 'I'd like to kill some of those wicked Germans myself. Anyway, I think that a little boy like me would make a better mascot than a dog or a goat. I want to go to France. Gee, you must have a great racket over there.'

"One of the arguments used by the young lad in his letter was that he was related to Connie Mack of the Athletics. He asserted that a regiment of Marines needed a mascot much more than only a team of ball players."

THAT TOUL WEATHER

There are places in the world where the weather has been better the last few weeks than in the American sector northwest of Toul, but the prevailing dampness never even tarnished the American sense of humor.

The colonel of a regiment, making a night tour of the trenches, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

"Who's there?" said the sentry.

"Friend," replied his colonel.

"Welcome to our mist," said the sentry. And the most serious thing the colonel did was to laugh.

ONLY THING TO DO

George Washington Jones, late of Atlanta, was making his first trip frontward on a supply wagon—with not much farther to go—when, from the side of the road, a camouflaged American battery broke forth thunderously, sending a few 300-pound tokens over the line to Fritz. The ground trembled from the salvo, but not any more than George as he jumped from his high seat to the road.

The American artillery officer in charge of the battery crossed over to the road.

"Scared?" he demanded.

"Well," said George, "Ah was slightly agitated at fust. Ah suttingly was. But keep right on. Dat's de only way to win dis wah—fiah dem guns."

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