

Of the victim, Major Small.
Enough to say that Kyle was punished
For every crime that you could think,
He was always doing pack drill,
He was always in the clink
Till his crime-sheet was a record
That grew graver day by day,
And the fines they heaped upon him
Ate up all of Johnny's pay.
And the clink and fines and pack drill
Isn't all that I could tell,
That boy done two months in Wands-
worth,
In that awful hole of hell.

After that, when he rejoined us,
He seemed different—hardly sane—
Don't know what they did to tame him,
But they must have wrecked his brain.
He was moody, queer and quiet,
Wouldn't hardly talk at all,
And he had a way of watching
For the O. C., Major Small.
Almost seemed that he forgave him,
Seemed they had his spirit broke;
He could whine and look submissive
When maybe the major spoke.
But I read a different purpose,
When at last we got our chance,
And the most of our outfit
Joined a draft to go to France.
When along with getting ready,