

And perhaps we resent it a little that you add to our daily
"fatigue"—

Or is it the ration candle and the dug-out draught are in league
To make such a job of the reading of these simple letters from
you—

To make them blurry and smudgy—to make us just a bit blue?
Yet I'd swear there's something else in it—I'd hate to ask any
chap,

But I bet if I yelled "Cry-Baby!" there's some one would collar
the cap!

Yes, they're simple enough, your letters, yet they say the deuce
of a lot,

And we smother that frog-in-the-throat by making the tongue
say "Rot!"

You see, we're just doing our job, dears—don't make it the
harder to do

By saying such nice things about us in the letters that come
from you.

We're just doing our silly old job here—a giddy old daily round
Of fatigue and patrol and etceteras such as "getting to know
your ground;"

With just now and then a spasm—you might almost call it a
thrill—

Which takes us out of the common-or-garden grind of the mill.
And makes us one with the star-shell—disembodied, radiant,
clean,

Till we come back to earth like a dud, with a prayer that we
haven't been seen

By some fool who's just as foolish as ourselves in his "crowded
hour,"

And just as wise as we are when it's the other man's turn to
"tower."

So don't make us one of the heroes, the johnnies the sages sing—
Why! all of us love our fooling and the chance to have our fling.
To play at this glorified "footer," to get just the fun we need—
Still—a letter each week, if you can, dears—never mind if they're
hard to read!