



P.S.—PERSONAL
AND PRIVATE

*YOU the boys of blades and swords,
Experts in alert review,
May demand: "Why spinning words
When there's desperate work to do?"
Well, there's explanation due,
'Spesh-ly to a fighting lad.
I knew work, but never knew
Much of Politics, bedad!*

*I could always show my face
In the tunnel, field or flood.
And at putting piers in place
Wasn't reckoned any "dud."
But a gink of good red blood
Couldn't touch the dubs who had
Nerve to wallow in the mud
Of their politics, bedad!*

*I tried Meighen, Bennett—all,
(Sam had said, "I like his shape,
But . . .") burst cash and pride and gall
Stumbling through their measly tape.
Well! I sickened—acting ape,
Pull would drive a Moses mad,
Blast them! Well—I'm wearing crape,
Just through politics, bedad!*