

When we've crushed their Stonewall Jackson,  
And held up their Robert E. Lee!

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### THE IRON CROSS

I'm going to write these verses for  
My friends the Red Cross ladies:  
A German ghost went down the stairs  
And reached the doors of Hades.  
Satan ambled forth and said:

"This sight my spirit shocks.  
Where'd you git that sleepin' shirt?  
Where DID you git them socks?

"Where did you get that jar of plums?  
They ripened in some still grove.  
I figure that this dainty comes  
From some nice girl near Millgrove!  
These raspberries!—some pretty maid  
To pick them dared disaster.  
She got them in a thorny glade  
Somewhere near Ancaster.

"These peaches!—Yum—taste awful good;  
My spirits they do rally.  
They grew—the only place they could—  
Down in the Dundas Valley.  
Fam'd Rockton grew these apples;  
They ripened 'mid the rocks.