

28 THE MAN YOU NEVER SEE.

Our great Pacific boasts of men, the best from
many quarters,
Who go down to the sea in ships for business
in deep waters.
We know that in the Pilot-house the best of
men are found,
But what about the oily cuss who makes the
wheels go round?

No matter what he thinks he wants, your
captain rings a bell,
And wonders why the engineer consigns him
straight to—church.
He doesn't care a cigarette how much he makes
her pound;
There's nothing else to do below but make the
wheels go round!

He neither asks for golden braid nor sings
McAndrew's hymn,
But sweating, cursing, down below, amongst
the death-traps grim,
Half-choked with gas, and deaf with roar,
yet 'live to every sound,
A great, big heart, in a greasy coat, he makes
the wheels go round!

Feb, 1916.