



Songs
of a
Sergeant

By Sergt Joe Atherton

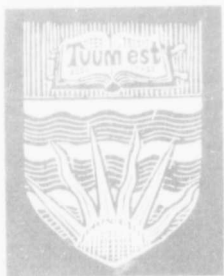


25¢

Camouflage by
The
HSDAVIS

HR
PR9202
T44
S6

THE LIBRARY



THE UNIVERSITY OF
BRITISH COLUMBIA

*The F. W. Howay and R. L. Reid
Collection of Canadiana
The University of British Columbia*



Songs of a Sergeant

AND

HINTS
TO A ROOKIE
On WHEN and
HOW to GAIN
PROMOTION



By SERGEANT JOE ATHERTON
Canadian Expeditionary Forces



Author of "RHYMES OF A ROOKIE," "CARRY ON!"
"OUT YONDER!"



Copyright by the FRANKLIN PRESS, Calgary, Alberta, Canada
Publishers and Sole Canadian Selling Agents



P R E F A C E

In inflicting the following spasms upon a long-suffering public, the author pleads "Guilty," with "First Offence" and need of the dough as extenuating circumstances. Misguided, but well-meaning friends have prevailed upon him to serve up a few of his "jingles" in print; the shame, therefore, be upon their heads. He poses not as a poet—military regulations and long hair not being synonymous in the Canadian Army. He is yet of the opinion that war poets should be shot at sunrise, and is prepared to take his medicine.

For the carping criticisms of the Press he cares not the proverbial "Two Whoops," preferring to believe it has no monopoly on throwing the gentleman bovine.

His efforts have been to please and amuse, and if a modicum of success is thereby achieved he is gratified.

He is also of the opinion that the man who pays two-bits for this little book is the noblest work of creation.

I thank you.

SERGEANT JOE ATHERTON.

Illustrations^{ns} by Pte. H. S. Davis

This great work is sincerely and respectfully dedicated to my old comrade and platoon commander, Lieut. J. W. Mitchell, Secretary of the Great War Veterans' Association of Calgary, Canada, who, in his efficient capacity of Battalion Musketry Officer, taught me in my early days of soldiering how to Shoot—

SEE NEXT PAGE

THE BULL.



- Keep your eye upon your target,
 - Line your sights before you pull,
 - Grip your rifle firm; aim steady
 - At the Bottom of the Bull.
-



THE "CULPRIT"
SERGEANT J. J. ATHERTON, C.E.F.

NOW, WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?

I've wrestled with my grammar book and
dictionary, too,
To try and fix these "Jingles" up with rhyme
and meter true,
I've burned the midnight oil to find a word
which rhymed with civil,
But, darn my luck, the Missus says the only
word is "DRIVEL."



HINTS TO A ROOKIE ON HOW TO GAIN PROMOTION

Show a disregard for cleanliness on parade, and above all do not shave more than once a week. They don't shave in the trenches.

Be original, show initiative. Frinstance: When the sergeant is teaching you how to "Number Off," get away from the mediocre. Use any of the following: "One, deuce, trey, cat, jitney, half-a-dozen, come eleven, pair o' fours, Rise and Shine, Top of the House, Jack, Queen, King." The sergeant will be tickled to death at your nerve, and you will be mentioned in despatches right away.

When the "Fall In" blows, commence to shave immediately. This will get the corporal's goat. All successful business men keep the other fellow sticking around.

If the sergeant gets ratty, speak firmly, but kindly to him. Show him you are not to be trifled with. Napoleon's favorite dish was broiled sergeant.

Be friendly with the Quartermaster. Address him as "The Clutching Hand!" or "Get Rick Quick Wallingford!" He will eat out of your hand after that.

As soon as possible after attesting, dig up the Colonel. Make him feel at home. Slap him familiarly on the back, and ask him: "How his mother is off for soap?" Show him that you are his pal, and offer to give him a knockdown to all the swell dames on your calling list.

Keep your eye on the Adjutant. His is merely an honorary rank, and he has an inflated idea of his own importance. Let him know at your earliest convenience that you are wise to him.

Make complaints at every opportunity. This will keep the orderly officer keyed up. It will also add to your popularity, besides demonstrating in a practical manner that you are on to your job.



Be zealous at all times. If in doubt as to saluting, salute with both hands.

If you see an officer talking to a lady friend, butt right in. Esprit de corps is one of the main essentials of army life.

Encourage the Chaplain to "Carry On!" Christian Science on the men's appetites whilst in the trenches is a modern miracle.

Keep up an animated conversation with your right and left files. This will take the minds of your comrades from the tragedy of the battlefield.

If challenged by the sentry after "Lights Out," illustrate by movements that you have a bottle on your hip. It pays to advertise.

If the Sergeant-Major gets fresh, tell him to "Get off your lip, as you want to spit." Sergeant-Majors and Top Sergeants are unnecessary evils who have no apology coming for their existence.

Be friendly with your Captain. Address him as "Cappy," "Old Buddy Wax," "Corkalorum," and the like. He will see that you are promoted to Sanitary, or Kitchen Police right away.

Don't be caught chewing in the ranks. Juggling juice is a fine art and should be thoroughly mastered before attempting.

If the instructor at musketry lesson asks you: "How many kinds of fire there are?" tell him three—"Coal, Coke and Weed." Timely wit is a great asset and is much appreciated by the instructors.

Be sure and have a cork in the bottle at range practise, otherwise great difficulty is experienced in lying down.

Never purchase a cleaning kit. Your comrades are usually well fixed.

Wear "Jazz" hosiery on parade, and be sure to turn your pants up at the bottoms.

Be the spokesman for your comrades at mess. On the command "Any Complaints," rise smartly to "Attention" and say: "Hebrews 13 and 8." At the same time point significantly to the Mulligan Stew.



HELP! HELP!

There was a mean gink at Peru,
Who with War Funds had failed to "come
through,"
So the "Vigilantes" there, trussed him up in
a chair,
- Went through him, and now he's Nap-Poo!

If the officer remarks: "It is perfectly good soup," get back at him by telling him it is supposed to be tea. He will be greatly edified, and will make a note of your originality.

Bashfulness in the army will get you nowhere. Tell your comrades of their defects and extoll your own virtues.

If the Colonel appears cranky on parade, step smartly out of the ranks and tell him to "Fergit it," and get on with the war.

"Absent Without Leave" is a crime which may be overcome by explaining that you are circumventing your next furlough by the instalment plan.

If you fail to get the word of command accurately, ask the Adjutant to "spell it out." Be thorough.

If you have an alleged tenor voice, be sure and regale your bunkies with your entire repertoire after "Lights Out."

Never miss a Pay Parade.

Shoe shining is wasted energy and should not be encouraged.

Never read your Army Manual or Drill Book. You joined the Army to Fight—not Read.

Leave all your dirty linen lying around. This will impress your comrades with the fact that you owned a valet de chambre in civil life.

Be a chronic grouch, and your joy will be complete.



**ME,
I,
MINESELLUF
UND
GOTT!**

Der's ME and Mineselluf—Oh, und gott and I;
Yah, I, und gott and MINESELLUF,
Der place in der Sun, all kerjumbled in One,
Der Church und der State und der Kingdom
Come,

I lick der contemptible House of der Guelph,
ME, Wilhelm, ME, I und MINESELLUF.

I tremble all same as der Aspen leaf,
Yah, ME und MINESELLUF, mitt gott—
To tink I am I, Oh ME and Oh My,
Der Universe und der Stars und der Sky,
Der Sea und der Land, und der Whole Tam Lot,
ME, Wilhelm, ME, I und MINESELLUF.

Der Dipper, der Pole, und der Milky Way,
Are Slaves to MINESELLUF, mitt gott.
I waken sometimes at der Dead of Night
Und sweat at der Thought of My Terrible
Might,

Yah, sweat at der Thought, of WHAT I AM
NOT!

ME, Wilhelm, ME, I und MINESELLUF.

• • •



PINCHED ON PRINCIPLE

There once was a Dub of Consistence,
Who refused to give War Funds assistance,
He pleaded "No Cash,"—but it proved he was
rash,
To be "Vaggged" for "No Means of Subsist-
ence."

WITH MALICE toward None; with Charity for all;
with Firmness in the Right as GOD gave us to
to see the Fight-- let us strive on to finish
the work we are in; to bind up a Nation's
Wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle,
and for his widow and orphan; to do all which may achieve
and cherish a just and lasting peace.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS.

"In Flanders' Fields" was written in 1917
by the late Colonel John McCrae, of Guelph,
Ontario, Canada. The subjoined verses are
by the author of this little book.

* * *

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

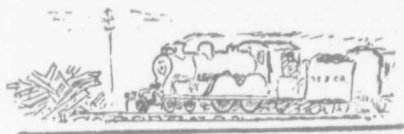
In Flanders' Fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
Scarcely heard amidst the guns below.
The larks, still singing, bravely fly,
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved. And now we lie
In Flanders' Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.

THE SERGEANT'S ANSWER

Sleep, sleep in peace, O Flanders' dead;
Rest, rest, brave souls who nobly bled;
Sing on, sweet birds, true faith we keep
With those brave souls now lulled to sleep
By poppies waving overhead.
Where his red blood was nobly shed,
Stands there a cross to mark his bed,
Loved and are loved; O, rest in peace
In Flanders' Fields.

Fear not that ye have died in vain,
From drooping hands we catch again
The torch, and point it to the sky
With vow that freedom's light shall never die,
And plight our troth to those lie slain
In Flanders' Fields.



THE CONTINENTAL EXPRESS.

(Authors Note.—A few hours before war was officially declared on Germany by England, the French Premier was rushed back to France from England, where he was on State business. German spies endeavored to wreck the train conveying him to the Channel port.) The story is told by the Engineer of the Express.

How did I do it? Well, sit down, if you've
got ten minutes to spare,
And I'll tell you the tale how it happened to
me, to me and my mate out there.
Don't put it all down to my boast and brag,
for I'll take my oath we try—
Us engine fellows, to stick to the rails, though
we happen to live or die.
It isn't because with filth and grease we are
covered from head to foot—
We ain't got no pluck, like a soldier man, in
his trim little khaki suit.
We ain't got no bands to tootle to us, no
women, nor mates to cheer,
We march to the shout of "All Aboard," and
the scream of the wind in our ear.
But we have gals to love us, and children, too,
who cling to the face and neck,
Though never called to the grand parade, or
marched to the hurricane deck.
A man's a man if he does his work—well, it
may be more or less—
But in these strenuous times you must say
your prayers while driving the Dover
Express.
We started off on that clear summer night,
and the beautiful moon shone bright
Through the silent glass of the depot, when
the "Guard" gave the tip of all right.
Away we went at a splendid pace, till we
coupled and left Herne Hill.
Behind was the roar of the city on fire, in front
was the country still.
Then we came to a point where we always
turn, and we mutter a sort of a prayer
For the wife and the young 'uns asleep in
the town, from us men in the engine's
glare.
But it wasn't like that in the train, I bet, did
anyone trouble a rap?



The Premier he was locked in fast, and the
others were playing at Nap.
Papers, smoking, gossip and chaff, does it ever
strike them that a nerve
Is required from the men who must drive in
the dark an Express round the Chatham
curve?
I looked at my watch, we were well up to time,
and the engine leapt and sped
To the river, we crossed, as it runs to the sea,
with the Rochester lights ahead.
I often think of the train behind, and the
passengers fast asleep,
As we slow on the pace, just to tackle the curve
round Stroud and Rochester Keep.
It puzzles them foreigner chaps, who cross,
where the river in silence flows—
With the Castle one minute miles away, and
the next right under your nose.
You have felt that jerk—well that is no odds—
maybe you'd have felt more odd
With a mate at your side at the engine fire,
who suddenly cried, "My God!
There's something ahead on the six-foot way,
look there," and I held my breath,
A something—but what?—on the rails ahead—
WE must drive for our lives or death.
There wasn't a second to pause or think, though
I saw by the lights of the train
The river, the viaduct—scenes of home I should
never see again.
"What shall we do?" Then turning, I saw
Tom's piteous face—so sad.
What shall I do? Hold fast my lad, I'll cram
on the pace like mad.
Off with the brake, and shove on the steam—
in a second, a CRASH—a LEAP—
Right into the iron the engine tore—and the
passengers fast asleep.
It reeled at the shock did their Hunnish snare,
to the rush and the roar and the beat.
In front was dear life, and the light, and the
air—behind was the dust of defeat.
Away to the rear flew Rochester town, its
danger, its storm and strife.
We had taken a pledge, and we kept it, Sir, in
saving the Premier's life.

* * *

They are sending the hat round—thank you,
Sir—for me and my mate, you say,
Well, the money will come in handy like, when
we are laid on the shelf some day.
But we don't want money for what we've done,
there's something far better than gain.



If a man could but earn a Victoria Cross whilst
driving a railway train.
If a man can prove he has plenty of pluck—is
thoroughly British made—
Either in front of an engine fire or in front
of a bold brigade.
I'll give your money up, every cent, and the
moment I'll gladly bless—
When you bring me the villain who tried to
wreck our lives on the Dover Express.



THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

Anxious hearts and eager eyes, are watching,
waiting for the mail;
At every door the Postman knocks, each sound
denotes a different tale.
To one a joy, to one a sorrow, to one hopes
for a brighter morrow,
To one is borne a fearful shock; O, Mystery
of the Postman's Knock.

In poignant grief a Mother stands
Within the threshold of her door;
A letter flutters from her hands—
She reels; falls lifeless to the floor.

With bounding heart a Mother learns—
Her darling boy, her only son—
For bravery, he distinction earns,
And clasps the medal he has won.

With trembling heart a Mother reads—
Her son in battle has been slain.
Who now to care for Mother's needs?
Who now to soothe the Mother's pain?

With cheerful heart the Mother learns—
Her boy mates to the girl he loves.
Her heart for both now madly yearns,
And longs to greet the turtle doves.

O, Mothers! We are proud of you—
Proud to call ourselves your son.
Heroes! Every one of you!
Steadfast, till the Fight is Won.



THE REASON WHY.

Do you want to know why I enlisted, my boy?
Do you want to know why I fight?
Well, stand at your ease, it's like shelling peas,
"I am mating the RIGHT with MIGHT!"
I am sick of the sugary "pipe of peace,"
Sick of the soft-drawled whine;
Tired of the Slackers, and all yellow-backers,
Fed up; so I'm off up the line.

I'm through with their yapping, and want to
go scrapping,
I want to get close up to Fritz.
I MUST take a crack, just to get my own back,
If I have to return all in bits.
I must fight for the field that yields me bread;
For the woman that I love best;
I'll flirt with my life to protect my dear wife
And the infant at her breast.

I must fight for the fire which warms my feet,
For the roof which covers my head;
And, O, I must fight with a two-fold might
For Canada's glorious Dead.
I must fight for my bed, I must fight for my
board,
I must fight for my kith and kin;
There is work to be done 'ere we clean up the
Hun,
So I'll fight, and I'll fight, till we win.

There's a big, armed bully across the seas
Who's making wry faces at me;
I can't do it all, but I've answered the call,
And he will regret it—you'll see.
We'll thrash that plundering Potsdam gang;
We'll shatter with shot and shell;
We'll bash 'em and mash 'em, we'll slash 'em
and thrash 'em,
And slip 'em our dope:

HELL FOR HELL!



TOO OLD TO FIGHT.

With apologies to Harold Begbie.

Old fellows of Fifty, come tune up with me,
And sing to the Young 'Uns we nursed at our
knee,

A song to our lads, who by land, air and sea,
Keep Fritz from disturbing their Dads at their
tea!

We old chaps of fifty are finished and done;
We can't join our boys any more in their fun;
We must take a back seat, and call Fritzie a
"Hun,"

Whilst we leave the world's battle to YOUNG
TWENTY-ONE.

Their manhood took most of us clean unawares:
Their toys are yet packed away somewhere
upstairs,

And it's only like yesterday Mother declares
She was up in the Nursery hearing their
prayers.

They would sit round the fire till their bedtime
was nigh,

Sucking candies, and talking of Wagner and
Ty.

Till, one day, all was changed, and the past
was put by—

Life for them had one calling, and that was "to
fly."

Oh, they laugh as they start on their dare-devil
trips,

They joke as they crash into trenches and
ships;

Their lives may go down, but their tail never
dips,

And they die with a smile, and "Good Luck" on
their lips.

Let's talk till we dote of the dangers they've
shaved—

Of the modest and chivalrous way they've be-
haved;

Of the Death and Destruction that TWENTY-
ONE braved—

And the freedom of Britain which SEVEN-
TEEN saved.

God help the poor mother, with hell in her
breast,

And grant her kind sleep as she lies down to
rest;

And give her great courage to hope for the
best—

And bring her brave youngsters safe home to
the nest.



GROUCH! BUT CARRY ON.

When you're named for the Draft, and you're
feeling nigh daft,

At the way that the Lance-Jacks all treat
you,

Why, stick out your chest, and you'll find it is
best,

For the guy with the lone stripe can't eat you.
Gee! it does seem a shame, but it's all in the
game;

Buck up, throw your weight on your chin
strap;

He's the whole blooming hog with his little
"lone dog,"

But a lead-swinging guy as a trench chap.

When you're warned for a "Guard," sure I
know it's damned hard,

'Cos you've done more "guards" now than
you oughter,

Give your buttons a lick, and you'll grab the
"clean stick,"

And your jig will be cushy and shorter.

When you're down for a picquet, why, darn it,
just stick it,

The job won't take more than the day,

Just grin, and you'll like it, go to it, and smite
it,

Say, Kid, that's the more pleasant way.

When you're "C.B.'d" for seven, well, your
lucky 'taint 'leven,

Just laugh, and say "Damn it, I earned it."

If you're taking it blue, why, the Serg. will
"get you,"

So you might as well grin and bear it.

At "Defaulters' Parade," don't start a tirade

And give the Non-Coms chance to bawl,

You can be a Defaulter, and stay with your
halter,

So long as you answer the "Call."

When you're slipped "up the line," and you feel
none to fine,

And your stomach ain't acting just right,

Ram your teeth in your gum, and just fancy
it's Rum,

It sure will help keep down your fright.

When you feel that you're stuck, well, just
trust to your luck,



Bear in mind, Kid, that Fritzie's scared, too.
You can bet in the morning a better day's
dawning,
So, buck up, and quit feeling blue.

When you stop a swell Blighty, go steady, go
lightly,

You are in for the time of your life,
You'll be fondled and feted, and cuddled and
treated,

By all the swell dames, plus your wife.
Now, remember, I told yer, my fine little
soldier—

Don't burn up your coin in Par-ee.
Steer clear of the "Shallers," the wine and
the "La La's,"

Go slow! Have a heart! Think of ME!

* * *

WHAT WILL YOU FOR THE SOLDIER DO?

When you've finished slamming Hindenburg,
and paid respects to Bill,
And bottled all the Germans—WITH YOUR
JAW,

Come down to earth a minute, and let's talk
some common sense,

'Cos there's trouble loomin' up Apres le
Guerre.

There's a lot of boys in khaki, who are coming
home some day,

And we may as well get busy first as last,
There are Tommies, Jacks and Sammies, and
they're coming home to stay,

So we'd better get a MOVE ON pretty fast.

They've had HELL enough for breakfast, and
they've had the same for tea,
And they're wondering pretty hard what we
will do,

So, we'd better start a thinkin' and a plannin'
things, you see,

'Cos there's trouble if we don't, for ME and
YOU.

Ain't they done their share of scrapping?
Ain't they staying with it still?

No, they're not a BUNCH OF PIKERS, you
can bet,

For they'll see it to the FINISH—till they
finish Crazy Bill—

Yep, but—WHAT ARE ALL MY SOLDIER
PALS TO GET?



So, if you are in earnest, you're a PAL OF
MINE for keeps,
And if you are, you've surely got to DIG,
You've got to Dig for Dollars, and you've got
to Dig for Jobs,
'Cos they've got AMBITIONS now what's
mighty BIG.
Will you call them "Crazy Rummies," and
forget to foot the bill,
Will you fight 'em, and forget they fought for
YOU?
Let's do the job up handsome, now, for Sammy,
Jack and Tom;
Let's get a WIGGLE ON, and start to DO!

Let's start to get a Pension Board—a Pension
Board what's square;
Let's start to fix the boys up on a Farm;
Let's get right down to brass tacks, and come
down from out the clouds;
Let's get busy whilst the goin's good and calm.
I've got a hunch they're coming, and they're
coming mighty quick,
So, I'm damned if they'll be handed a "cold
deck,"
Ain't it time you started somethin'? Let me
put it square to you—
Are they goin' to get it straight, or, IN THE
NECK?



WHAT'S CAMOUFLAGE?

Camouflage is a 20th century miracle; the
ninth wonder of the world. It is supposed to be
a war invention to deceive the enemy into be-
lieving that SOMETHING is NOTHING, as
for example, Near-Beer and Union Govern-
ments. 'Frinstance, the following is alleged
to be "poetry."

When you meet a young damsel, all dolled up
to kill,
Through the heat her complexion is beginning
to spill,
Get ready to grab her, she's going to faint,
She's faked her complexion what wasn't nor
aint—

By Camouflage.



FAGS AND RUM OR KINGDOM COME?

When you're shaking like a jelly, and your
foot is on the step,
And you're sure a drop of rum would help
you out,
Just murmur "PROHIBITION!" It will fill you
full of PEP,
'Cos you'd kill the guys what brought the
stunt about.

When your lying in a shell-hole, and your
thoughts are far from sweet,
And you're soaked from Hell to Breakfast
to your skin,
Get up and suck your fingers, boys, and give
yourself a treat,
But PASS THE RUM JAR UP—'cos that's
a SIN.

When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your
feet are dead as stones,
And your knees begin to wobble with your
fright;
When the cold is making ice-cream with the
marrow of your bones,
Just TURN THE RUM JAR DOWN—'cos that
ain't right.

When your spine is all a-shiver, and your
stomach's on the bum,
And your system's full of blooming pains
and aches,
Why, that's the time to chuck it, and prepare
for Kingdom Come,
'Cos Fags and Rum are Nap-Poo! Simply
Fakes.

When the gas alarm is sounding, and the shells
begin to whine,
And Fritz is coming over with a rush,
Just murmur "PROHIBITION," and you'll sure
be feeling fine,
But if that won't brace you up, just try the
MUSH.



GETTING YOUR OWN BACK.

When you hear "Reveille" sounding, "Show a leg," its getting late,

And the Sergeant starts a-pounding with his stick,

I'll tell you how to fix him, and to queer his "Morning State,"

Why, lack the part, and say "You're going Sick."

When you hear the "Cook-house" calling, and you've got to fetch the stew,

And "Pick-em-Up" has sounded with a rush, If the Corporal gets ratty, and starts handing guff to you,

Just swipe the choicest bits and slip him mush.

When the "Fall In" has been sounded, and you've heard 'em "number off",

And you have to make your sneak in on the flanks,

If the Corporal gets nasty and your Serge begins to scoff,

Why, show you're goed and mad, and leave the ranks,

When you're out upon a route march, and your pack feels like a ton,

And you've got to "Cover Off" and keep your course,

If the Sergeant tells you parvish-like to slope your blooming gun,

Why, quit the job right there—you ain't a Horse.

When you're up before the Captain, and he's handing you a bunch,

And he sends you down for seven, just for luck,

Why tell him that's "Dead Easy," and you'll quickly get a hunch

That he'll slip another dose before you duck.

When you're crossing o'er the ocean, and you're feeling pretty tough,

And you lie around just like a poisoned pup, Sure you'll get advice a-plenty, and they'll hand it kind o' rough,

But, have your own way, kiddo, bring it up.



When you get to France in billets, and the
cooties make you sad,
And the Sergeant takes your "Mam'selle"
to flirt,
That's the time to fix him, and to get him
good and mad,
Just mooze along and swipe his "cootless"
shirt.
When you're lying in a shell hole, and the
shrapnel's bursting fast,
And you're out to do a job that must be
done,
Why, that's the time to SOLDIER, and forget
the rotten past,
You can get your blooming own back on the
HUN.



LET 'EM ALL COME!

From India's coral strand they come,
From Afric's sunny shore,
The Kangaroos, the N.Z. boys,
The Jap, the Chink, the Boer.

The Czechslovaks, the Poilus,
And the gallant Portuguese,
With Johnny Bull and Jack Canuck,
To drag 'em to their knees.

They've come from every country,
And from every clime and pole,
And now they've turned the final trick,
THE ACE THAT'S IN THE HOLE!

For, they've shipped a million Sammy boys
Across the briny sea,
And they've mailed the Bill of Lading
To "B-E-R-L-I-N, G-E-R-M-A-N-E-E!"



THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE AGAINST THE HUN.

Sons of Fighting Sires of the English-speaking
race,

"To Arms!" "To Arms!" lest you fill a vassal's
place;

Forward, press forward, Sons, beneath the flag
of Right;

Lay the proud usurper low, supplant the
Tyrant' might.

Strike the blow for Liberty until the Fight is
won—

O' English-speaking Sons array your might
against the Hun.

Aye, gone are our sires of the fighting Old
Brigade,

Fighting sires of days of yore who fighting
history made,

But whose brave sons are now espousing
Freedom's Cause,

Fighting, valiant Sons of Sires of Freedom's
bygone wars.

Pierce the foeman's armor, and until the task
is done—

O, English-speaking Sons array your might
against the Hun.

Sons of Fighting Sires, Awake; for know the
German race,

The Teuton tongue they would endow, and
yours they would efface.

O, speakers of the Mother Tongue, on whom
the Sun ne'er sets,

Arise as one to crush the Hun—nor live for
vain regrets.

Then, forward, onward to the fray, each
English-speaking son,

Array your youth, your strength, your zeal,
your lives against the Hun.



A LETTER FROM HOME!

Say, listen, my friends, I've a word to impart—
A straight from the shoulder, a real "heart to heart."

I want to get wise to what's holding you back
From writing that long-promised letter to Jack.

Oh, "HEAVEN" it means to my comrades "out there,"

"A LETTER FROM HOME!" with a pat and a cheer,

Now picture the anguish when letters don't come—

Why, it's Hell-with-the-lid-off for every one.

And it's Hell-with-the-door-shut from morning till night,

Sleepless, unshaven, unkempt and a "sight,"
Dog-tired and lousy, and smothered in gore,
Some change from the "Sissy," eh, you knew before?

He's holding a man's job over in France,
Flirting with Death, with a mighty slim chance.
Looks like a Hobo, and feels like a Bum,
Not caring "TWO WHOOPS" if the love letters come.

He's grimy and "cootie," and sweaty and sore;
He chums with the Rats, and his Doss is the Floor;

Cobwebs in his whiskers, and wheels in his dome,

But what does he care if the Folks WRITE FROM HOME?

He's out at a Listening Post somewhere to-night,

Or charging to scare Mr. Fritzie to flight;
Sure a whale-of-a-time he is having right there,

But a helluva time when NO LETTERS APPEAR.

You say that you'll do it? You're calling my Bluff?

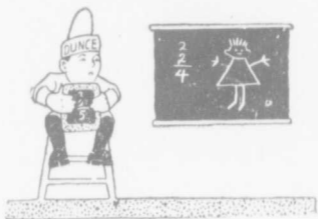
Ataboy! Atagirl!! Atadad!!! Atastuff!!!!

Now, write him a long 'un, and tell him the News,

Put the soft pedal hard on the dope with the blues,

Tell him—oh, all of it—gossip and chaff,
Get him kihootin', and coax him to laugh.

Get him to smile again, get him to holler,
Tell him we're "Jake" to the LAST MAN and DOLLAR.



HE'S A DEVIL

There once was a kid at our school,
Who got the job steady as "fool,"
Now, according to Fritz, on the place where
he sits
He can land 'em, and discount a mule.



"Will get him yet!"





PRINTED AT THE OFFICE
OF THE FRANKLIN PRESS
CALGARY - - CANADA

