

PS 3537

.M455 E3

1920



Echoes From Flanders

By Gilbert B. Smith

FLANDERS BATTLEFIELD.

*I received an inspiration.
On the field I saw men lying;
Where once was Civilization,
But now a war-swept Nation,
A bloody grave for the dying.
O, Flanders field, where tide has turned,
Men have gone, have not returned,
But Flanders field, you're crowned with fame.
Your dead have carved an honored name,
Fighting for Democracy.*

Copyrighted September 1920
By Gilbert B. Smith

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

OCT -5 1920

© C1A 599237

no 1

1920
Mason
1-20

Author



DEDICATION.

Dedicated to:-

The boys who fought so bravely in the great world war, for the Freedom of the Seas, for the restoration of Belgium and Alsace-Lorraine, for the overthrow of Kaiserism and Militarism, and for the cause of Democracy.

And to the Dear Mothers, who were forced to suffer the many untold hardships, who gave their boys in defense of Our noble Government, that has never known the meaning of defeat, and will never be invaded by blood-thirsty "Boches."

NOW WE'VE RETURNED TO YOU.

We did our parts,
With willing hearts,
 While over the ocean blue;
We ruined with fire,
One great Empire,
 Now we've returned to you.

We started no war,
We fought only for
 Our rights—all which were due;
There's no more land,
Called "Fatherland,"
 Now we've returned to you.

With flag unfurled,
To "Rule the world"
 Was ever the Kaiser's view;
But in the grind,
He changed his mind,
 Now we've returned to you.

We fought with France,
And every chance
 We had to cross the slough;
We broke their line,
They sought the Rhine,
 Now we've returned to you.

Some few Brave sons,
Repulsing the Huns,
 Met death—but brave and true.
But all the rest,
Have done our best,
 Now we've returned to you.

For land that's free,
For Victory—
 The Old Red, White and Blue;
We fought our might,
We won alright,
 Now we've returned to you.

TO ALL ARMY OFFICERS.

If I wear a helmit,
A heavy steel helmit,
 And you wear your old Sam Browne.
If you "Right dress me"
With bricks I'll caress thee,
 When I'm back in my home town.
No more a soldier,
Then I will get bolder,
 No orders from such a clown,
And when you're back with your Sally,
Stay out of the alley,
 Or take off your old "Sam Browne."

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARS.

Tonight, Mister Mars
King of the stars,
 Would you do something for me?
Then go! sail on sail fast and be gone,
 Please hurry and be on your way,
 Sail fast to the U. S. A.
Don't linger, but go before dawn,
 Find my girlie who is over the sea.

Tonight, Mister Mars
King of the stars,
 Have you a message for me?
Then come! speak down from above;
 Was she waiting for my return?
 Please speak I want to learn,
What's that! she has spurned my love?
 Are you sure, Mister Mars, it was she?

Tonight, Mister Mars
King of the stars,
 I have lost the one I adore;
You sailed and brought back the word,
 Causing a heart in France to bleed,
 And now my heart is sad indeed,
It is pierced far deeper than by a sword,
 I have learned the real curse of war.

"COOTIES."

Cooties are here and cooties are there;
First in your clothes, then in your hair;
Biting so deep and they are never done,
Through morning, noon, 'til the set of sun;
Why even they follow you off to your bed;
You'll scratch yourself, until you're red;
Then even while writing to Sister and Ma,
You feel one creeping up close to gnaw;
And while he's biting he gets your goat;
You lose all trace of things you wrote;
Why even the Chaplain, preaching a sermon,
Mixed things up and quoted from Sherman.
That's how hard the bloomin' things bite,
First on your left side, then your right;
One cootie at a time will make you yell,
But when in a bunch, they're simply, well—
Just when they leave their brooding hatch,
Thoughts of cooties will make you scratch.
There were no cooties in Sherman's youth,
But his ideas of war were sure the truth;
Now should these verses the reader doubt,
Go out to the trench, then you'll find out,
That no matter where you chance to roam,
You'll find your body the cooties' home.

THE CAPTAIN'S WORDS.

Watch these Sammies hit that line;
Keep on my lads you're doing fine,
Soon we're bound to cross the Rhine,

Were the Captain's words.

Look, in the distance you will see,
That curling smoke from Trench to Sea,
It's coiling its signal of "Victory,"

Were the Captain's words.

Those dirty "Boche" are put to flight,
We'll break their lines before the night,
And then our Victory's won alright,

Were the Captain's words.

Watch those treacherous "Heinies" fall;
Caused by the force of our steel and ball;
Those "Boche" have not a chance at all,

Were the Captain's words.

To the left I see re-enforcing Dutch,
But I know we've got them in our clutch,
So that doesn't really amount to much,

Were the Captain's words.

For on our right we have the French,
The English are advancing trench by trench,
The foe can't withstand our avalanche,

Were the Captain's words.

Take these shells, set up your gun,
Our infantry's keeping them on the run,
There'll be naught left of the "Dirty Hun,"

Were the Captain's words.

The enemies fire is near "my Boys,"
They're wasting their shells at our decoys,
Just "hold your own, keep low your voice,"

Were the Captain's words.

Oh God! I'm shot by German shell;
I'm shedding my blood where Heroes fell,
But "Stay in there lads and fight like hell,"

Were the Captain's words.

And while I'm sinking fastly away,
Giving my life for the U. S. A.

Don't slack my lads, "Keep in the fray,"

Were the Captain's words.

JAZZ, BAND JAZZ.

Dizzily jazzing away all day,

Jazzing a spasm of joy.

What fun is in life,

Through sorrow and strife,

Without that Jazz, Oh Boy!

I've got the pep,

I'm rearin' to step,

When I hear that Jazz band Jazz.

That corner cut dip,

That kangaroo flip,

Let me hear that Jazz band Jazz.

A DEDICATION TO WILHELM.

Kaiser, heading Germany's Nation,
Said he'd rule the entire world;
That's a dandy illustration,
Of a "Wild imagination"
Proven by his abdication,
For we find his flag is furled.

Holland, now his destination,
Floats the Red, the White and Blue;
"Watch on Rhine" and isolation,
Both he sings in syncopation,
This is not exaggeration,
For we taught him "Who was who."

Writing through an inspiration,
That derived from "Sauer Kraut,"
We have stopped his speculation,
We have changed his occupation,
Now we send this dedication,
"When your ace ain't paired, stay out."

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

Her cheeks were so red
And also so near,
That what else could I do?
Now don't turn your head,
But please make it clear,
I'm leavin it all to you.

While her cheeks were so near,
So rosy and bright,
Now what would you do?
I can't make it clear,
But she bade me good night,
She'd have done the same to you.

I said now dear girl
"Come on and speak."
I didn't intend to harm you.
I picked up a curl.
And tickled her cheek,
What else could I do?

She gave me a slap
Full force on my head.
What else could she do?
She gave me my cap,
And said "beat it ahead,"
What else could I do?

MY SHACK.

I have travelled over France,
Only in one kind of pants,
And they were khaki.
Oh Dear! my head is swimmin,
Ain't caused by wine nor wimmin,
Cause they are tacky.
I ain't Hungry, don't like Chili,
And eatin Turkey, Greece is silly,
All I want's my shack you see;
So give me my shack in Dixieland,
And leave the rest to me.

I want nothing but my shack,
That is calling me right back
To Dear Old Dixie;
Back home in peaceful lodging,
No shells will I be dodging,
That come from Fritzie.
I am now a lonely chappie,
There's only one time I am happy,
That is when I'm in my shack,
So give me my only heart's desire,
Railroad me to my shack.

When I'm back in my shack,
And my hat is on the rack,
In my shack I'm home you see,
Where the hack made a track,
To the back of the shack,
Oh Lordy! what a grand jubilee;
I will pack all my "jack,"
In a sack, when I'm back,
In my shack, where I long to be;
Where the crack in the shack,
Ever welcomes me back,
To the shack that belongs to-me.

COMPANY M.

Who stood by their guns while black smoke curled?
Who held their ground with their flag unfurled?
What gang caused talk all over the world?

Company M.

What gang never faltered while on the line?
Who dashed with "pep" and fought so fine?
Who drove the "Boche" across the Rhine?

Company M.

Who made a name for themselves in this war,
E'en though each carried a battle scar?
Who gave the Kaiser a H—— of a jar?

Company M.

Who faced the Hun through shell and rain?
Who fought through hardships, toiled in pain?
If another war starts, who'll go again?

Company M.

ON THE ROAD TO OLD ST. JO.

There is very muchly sighin'
There is no use in denyin'

All these facts are pure and simple, pals you know;
When you hear your cars a-leavin'
That's your cue to start a-grievin'
Cause your cattle start to humpin'
Rails galore the train starts jumpin'
On the road to old St. Jo.

Inner rebellions start creatin'
Bumps and thumps start congregatin'

This is Hell on earth now people ain't it so?
When you hear the Brakey fussin'
Ain't no good to start to cussin'
When you hear a constant rattle,
Howls and bellows from your cattle,
On the road to old St. Jo.

When you hear the brakes a-smashin'
When you feel your bones a-crashin'

All the strong parts in your stomach as you go;
This is all in God's creation,
That's the only consolation;
Boot-legged gin, jamaica ginger,
Are two things that will not injure,
On the road to old St. Jo.

'Cept a capsized racin' Mercer,
There is nothin' that is worsen,

Than is ridin' out a train to old St. Jo.
Knock him for a hot tamale,
This is pleasure, yes by golly,
When you dream that you're in contact,
With the guy that wrote your contract,
On the road to old St. Jo.

VISIONS OF DIXIE.

Listen to the old cow lowing in the lane.
Watch her switch her tail and swing it back again.
Listen to the doggie with the curlie hair,
Just got kicked by our one-eyed mare.
Listen to the rooster in the new mown hay,
While the hen looks on with nothing to say.
In the land of the plains where the buzzards sore,
O, how this heart longs for home once more.
Where the moon never fades, where one never hates
The music so sweet when the calf ever blates.
Listen to the drummer in the old bandstand,
Makes me dippy when I hear that band.
Happiness there is plain to see.
It comes in visions in memory
Of the dear old place where I long to be,
In Sunny Dixieland.

FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR BOY.

Let that wine glass be my boy,
Take heed my boy take heed.
Please don't take that drink my boy,
Please don't my boy I plead.

A sadness flashed across his face,
Then trinkled down the tears;
His son, his boy, his only one,
He'd raised him all these years.

I am your grey-haired father,
Don't take that drink my boy,
A silence quelled the noisy crowd,
The old man wept with joy.

The wine glass dropped upon the floor,
The crowd stood in amaze;
The poor old grey-haired father,
Raised up his voice in praise.

Look boy through the window,
Look and you may see;
Your dear old mother my boy,
Lies resting 'neath that tree.

The boy then rose up slowly,
A soft tear dimmed each eye;
I've been a cowardly sinner,
But my aim now is "To try."

The father of this sinful lad,
Wept and cried with joy;
Oh, how glad, so very glad,
I've saved my only boy.

The moon came stealing o'er the hill,
Then came the stars so bright;
The plains were all in flowers,
That was a peaceful night.

But in the stillness of the night,
The dogs began to bark;
A flashing lightning chilled the air,
And thundered in the dark.

Then all was dark and dreary,
The moon glared not a ray;
A storm had changed a peaceful night,
There was no sign of day.

A voice was heard from Heaven,
A low and tender one;
The Father sat there, eyes upcast,
And arms around his son.

Now can't you see my Laddie,
You understand, my boy;
Now let's give thanks my Laddie,
My old heart's filled with joy.

Then daylight came so slowly,
That was a greatful day;
For to that City paved with gold,
The Father went on his way.

Now the boy was left alone,
But a God he has possessed;
From that day on the sinful boy,
Was always praised and blessed.

He resumed work in the village,
And there he settled down;
He goes back to his little home,
On the lane so near to town.

Sorrow turns to gladness,
When entering his little home;
He married his youthful sweetheart,
So now he's not alone.

But in the graveyard side by side,
Lie his parents, filled with joy;
They left this earth in gladness,
Because they saved their boy.

* * * *

And in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

A LAW'S A LAW FOR A' THAT.

No Sunday shows,
The Law says close,
A Law's a Law for a' that.
O, why our pleasures do they mar?
No place to buy a wee cigar;
Who wants to ride an old street car,
Yet a Law's a Law for a' that.

No chewing gum,
That's going some,
A Law's a Law for a' that;
Many things are not allowed,
So watch your step while with your crowd,
You might get fined for talking loud,
But a Law's a Law for a' that.

Now all the stores,
Have closed their doors,
A Law's a Law for a' that.
Mayhap they won't allow us to sing;
They're hanging crepe on everything,
O, death, pray tell where is thy sting?
Still a Law's a Law for a' that.

NOW THAT YOU'RE TIRED OF ME.

After you've roamed this whole wide world,
After you're tired of me.
After you've witnessed life's routines,
Rode in costly limousones,
Gone with fellows here and there,
Chancing life in Satan's snare,
While you are tired of me.

After you've gone with different boys,
When you are tired of me.
I think you'll find I did my best,
Because you put me through the test,
Still you may think my love a lie,
But that's not so, 'twill never die,
Though you are tired of me.

I've found my love was spent in vain,
Since you are tired of me.
But dear, my tender heart doth burn,
'Twas caused by your desire to spurn
My love, although my heart's in pain,
You know I'll take you back again,
E'en though you're tired of me.

BLOW YE WINDS.

Blow ye winds across the sea,
Blow back to my mother;
Tell her I love her sincerely
As I do no other.
O, winds of the sea float on,
Blow back to my mother;
Tell her dusk has shaddowed dawn,
Go back to my mother.

Are ye winds from o'er the sea?
Surely from mother.
Was she well, did she ask of me?
Oh, God, how I love her.
Did she worry when you left her?
My dear mother;
Did you tell her I was ill?
Blow back to my mother.

Were ye winds fresh with laughter,
Blown from the lips of mother?
Did she seem to know we're after
The enemy of Mother?
Blow back ye winds and tell her,
Speak down from skies above her.
Tell her my wound was for her,
Blow back to my mother.

WHY GET SORE AT THE BUGLER?

Why get mad at the Bugler,
When he is human too?
He was dressed in khaki,
Helping just like you.
He had to blow that bugle,
He had his orders you see;
It made him sore the same as you,
To wake at Reveille.
Sure it made you mighty sore,
To hear him sound out "Taps"
Just when you were enjoying
Your social game of craps.
He made you angry when he blew
Drill call, O, My! such ills.
You tried to answer "sick call"
To get your salts and pills.
He made you sore quite often,
To this we must confess;
But then he pleased you sounding
"Payday, Recall and Mess."

FACTS.

It takes manners in society,
It takes courage to do right;
It takes patience to go out fishing,
And nerve to go and fight.
It takes dollars to go touring,
It takes lots of strength to carry,
Hesitation to kiss some ladies,
And lots of cash to marry.

TEXAS.

I'd like to plant my feet on Texas soil;
When I get there how my blood will boil.
I'll never forget those good old days,
I had them all in a thousand ways,
Where the gleaming sun sent glaring rays,
On that dear old Texas soil.

I'd like to hear the sparrow's voice,
For dear Old Texas is my only choice.
I'd like to be there at the club,
Where Oliver beat my five straight clubs,
I could sit and chat with all my dubs,
In a sociable game with the boys.

But nothing is stirring here like that,
Of course we soldiers sit and chat,
But Texas is where I long to be,
It's the grandest place from Sea to Sea,
If I could have my way, you see,
That's where I'd hang my hat.

IN HONOR OF A DEPARTED SOUL.

(In memory of the Dear, Brave General, John E. Stevens, who lost his life in France defending his native land, that he loved so well. His Brigade was made by his untiring efforts, second to none in efficiency in the entire American Expeditionary Forces.)

What is that o'er the sky-line,
Floating half-mast on the pole?
It's the Dear American Banner,
Honoring a departed soul.

The White, the Blue and the stars,
Together with the Red,
Is a signal drawn into the air
To show that a Comrade is dead.

The leader of Sixty-first Brigade,
And a leader in the States,
Lies in silent, peaceful waiting,
To enter the Golden Gates.

We know that he will enter,
Because he was kind and true;
He always loved America,
And the Old Red, White and Blue.

He left a Brigade of Soldiers
To mourn with faces pale;
He led a life of example,
And in Heaven he will never fail.

Although he's gone forever,
Departed to Heaven above;
His spirit, his works, his guidance,
Will forever bind our love.

DEATH.

Death is a mystery great and brave,
How the lifeless body lies;
Both hands folded across the breast,
And eyes cast towards the skies.
The speechless lips in the casket lie,
Ignorant of every sound.
The pale, thin cheeks and deadened heart
Will soon enter the ground.
Then a day, when they're forgotten,
No flowers strewn over the grave.
But the question, "Were you ready to die"
When you entered that darkened cave.
But, friends, there comes no answer.
The lips are dead, heart no longer beats.
And this soul either of God or Satan,
No longer parades these earthly streets.
The pain from death is very sad,
There are many tender hearts.
You hear the weeps and cries of friends,
When the lifeless soul departs.
The rich and poor are all alike,
God pities not a soul.
And to enter the Kingdom of Heaven,
You'll fight to gain the goal.

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE.

Make some fellow's life worth while,
Cheer him up with a tender smile.
Don't drag him down the "failing slough"
When just a smile might help him through.
Don't fail these thoughts nor duty shun,
Play the game square until it is done,
Think to yourself, "He's some mother's son,
And help him along with a smile.

Make that maiden's life worth while,
The world is her home, so render a smile.
Don't drag her down cast out in disgrace,
Aid and keep her in a maiden's place.
She's but a maiden young and fair,
She has a heart so keep it there,
Don't let her fall in Satan's snare,
But help her along with a smile.

Make your own short life worth while.
Amid your hardships, laugh and smile.
The world is the stage set for the scene,
Play your part well and keep life clean.
Don't hang back, there's duty to do.
It may seem hard and trying to you,
But leave it to God, He'll pull you through,
Go on with your task with a smile.

THE CONVICT.

I'm sitting in the prison cell,
Thinking of the past;
When I saw my sister,
And darling mother last.
The birds are all at liberty,
Circling, singing in the sky;
Everyone is happy tonight,
But my prison mates and I.
Just take an old convict's advice,
Don't get in this prison cell;
For the nasty work they do here,
Is worse than the fire in hell.
I'm guilty of an awful crime,
'Twas caused by alcohol;
This deadly stuff has prisoned
Many men behind this wall.
My brother is in heaven,
One could hear the convict cry;
And I'm going there sometime,
Or at least I'm going to try.
I'm a batter man by far right now,
Carrying chain and ball;
And when I leave this earthly hell,
I'll never touch alcohol.
The Warden stepped into the cell,
And spoke to the convict within;
You are free to go at liberty,
But don't get in here again.
The convict spoke in great surprise,
Who bought me from this place?
When he looked from in the cell,
He saw his father's face.
How can you do it, Father?
To save a poor beast like me;
But I will be forgiven,
You mark my word and see.
His time was bought, but some too late,
For when he reached his home
He thought to himself, then he said,
The parting time has come.
The convict was once happy,
But he's grievous now instead;
For when he returned to his little home
He found his mother dead.
So take this as example,
When you hear the death bell call.
One way to lessen tragedies,
Is to leave off alcohol.

THE KNOCKER.

I can't roam aroun' de creek,
Dat ust tu run aroun',
Case de groun' am level now,
Dey is bildin' up a town.

Dey cut de tree I tried to clim',
De day I tored muh pants;
I can't see our meetin' place,
Dey sez wuz full o' hants.

But stead o' all doze little tings,
Dat ust tu be heah den,
Am bein' replaced by udder tings,
An' dey'll nebber be seed again.

Cause Si's ole barn has caven in,
And so hez Hank's ole well;
And my ole store I ust tu own,
I guess is now in H——.

Ye cud nebber count de bildin's,
So yu'd jest as well tu quit;
If Si cud only see dis town,
I know he'd have a fit.

I can't grow a garden now,
Case de groun' am full o' brick.
Doggone it all, dat's a shame,
I'se show got room to kick.

I ust to own a thousand acres
Of all the finest land;
I ust tu own a little home,
But it's now in annudder's hand.

I didn't pay no taxes den,
But dey'll break a feller now;
I has tu pay on ebery ting,
Frum de doggie tu de cow.

De dingbusted autogobubbles,
Come zizzin' down de street;
Whar dere ust tu be a little lane,
Whar us skule kids ust tu meet.

I lost mu land, I lost mu wife,
And I lost mu dog by heck;
If I cud find de gink dat started dat,
I'd break de critter's neck.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

(Written Oct. 6th, 1918.)

Somewhere in France in battle,
Doing his bit each day,
Is a soldier boy from Texas,
Defending the U. S. A.
His spirit is ripe and tender,
Though in his eyes are tears.
Not that he's a coward,
He's thinking of former years;
Thinking of that old homestead,
That will be his bye and bye.
No wonder he's in sorrow,
Tears trinkling from each eye.
He's lying in trenches, anxiously
Waiting his turn to shell;
Thereby sending storms of shrapnel,
Meaning, Heaven, Hoboken or Hell;
But time will settle trouble,
Again great Peace will reign;
If the Victory's won he's after,
That will release the world of pain.
He's but a soldier fighting,
Not that it is his choice;
But he's heeding to the calling,
Of an influential voice.
He was not forced to enlist,
To fight for his country's sake;
He volunteered for example,
To raise the more able to wake;
For this is no time for shirking,
No time for man to shirk;
Although there are hardships,
And every man has to work;
In that Civil War in America,
On one particular night,
He recalls what General Sherman said,
And surely he was right.
But in his dreams he hears,
Off on the American shore,
The voice of his dear Mother;
That's whom he's fighting for.
He doesn't begrudge his hardships,
For when Peace sends out her dove,
He will come back, he'll be happy,
He defended those he loved.
There's a little girlie waiting,
Who surely had his heart;
There were many weeps and heartaches,
When from each they had to part;
The last words he remembered,
When he left her there to cry,
Were "Goodbye, Boy, God bless you,
Do your bit or die";
So he is out here fighting,
Through sunshine, shell and rain,
Defending those he left behind,
With a love he can't explain.

THE LATEST STYLES.

I can't see, for the life of me,
How Ladies can wear such hats;
A great big thing, an ugly thing,
Sitting upon their rats.
With ornaments small, plumes so tall,
She goes to the choir to sing;
A man sits down, with an ugly frown,
Because he can't see a thing.
She has small feet, Oh gee, she's sweet,
She has on the finest hose;
The choir sings, the hat swings,
The plume struck the man on his nose.
Cut it out, he said, take that off your head,
You stuck me with a pin;
Shut up, she said, why move your head,
For you might get stuck again.
The singing o'er, she walked out the door,
On the steps she caught a fall;
Ha, Ha! said he, as he laughed in glee,
I see your hobble's too small.

A LOVER'S DREAM.

The only real girl I ever loved is you.
Because there is not another as sweet, that's true.
Before you came my heart no love e'er knew,
Because the only girl I ever loved is you.
I remember those days we spent together,
Regardless of bright or rainy weather,
My heart was light as a young sparrow's feather,
Still I remember those days we spent together.
The old style home in a little chair,
Was enough to convince that love was there,
One could guess we were a happy pair,
Sitting together in that little chair.
The old oak seat in our little log church,
The winding path from the spreading birch,
Where Sundays we would always perch,
To hear the parson in the old log church,
Have vanished far away in the past, my dear,
And I have spent many miserable year,
When I think of those days I shed a tear,
I long to see my sweetheart dear.
But death has entered that little home,
She has ascended that Celestial Dome;
I seem to hear her saying "Come."
Some day we'll meet in our Heavenly home.

THE HEIGHTH OF FOLLY.

Just climb a building anywhere,
While climbing just be jolly.
Then when you get there you will swear,
"This is the life" well I'll declare,
This is the heighth of folly.

Then light a tallow candle there,
Be sure you do not crum it.
Then cramp yourself all in a hump,
Hold your candle, take a jump
And think you're Haley's comet.

SUCCESS.

Success is the thing that is best of all;
If you don't have that, you are bound to fall.

Don't be a failure, when success is so near,
Don't be a quitter and lag at the rear.

Just make up your mind to do what you can,
I'm willing to say, you'll become a great man.

Leave off the alcohol, also the slang,
Try to stay sober, while out with the gang.

If your clothes are ragged, I'll promise to you,
Shame will not conquer, if you've always been true.

Master the situation, you've been told time again
And if you'll do that, you are bound to win.

Success is a blessing, but failure's a curse;
That's why I say what I do in my verse.

The road to succes is easy to find,
If you'll drop old failure and leave it behind.

To be poor is awful, I know that is true,
But be honest at that, whatever you do;

If you've always been good, e'en though you are poor,
God will answer your knock at the door.

Be kind to your friends and do your best,
Then while in Heaven, you will be blessed

Keep your mind steady, have success or none;
Then the hardest battle of life is won.

There are lots of good words, but it's an even guess,
That the best of them all is that word "Success."

THE SMILING 133RD.

The first two years of dreary war,
Had kept us out of the fray;
We knew not of its meaning,
Until one fateful day.

We thought of France and Belgium
Who in a snare were caught;
We thought of Old Great Britain,
And the cause for which she fought;

The breaking of neutrality,
For the Freedom of the Seas,
The Lusitania sinking,
Cast Old Glory to the breeze.

Men from city, town and village,
Whom the words of war had heard,
Were massed together, forming
The "Smiling One Thirty-Third."

Alas! we left our homeland,
Mid cheers of stirring manner;
Inspired by echoes in-land,
Of the Grand Star-Spangled Banner;

The regiment left in laughter,
It was gay to get a chance,
To fight the "Boche" in Flanders,
And lend its aid to France;

Embarking on the transport,
The statue of Liberty
Gave forth her faithful meaning,
That Our Land is strong and free.

There were tears of joy streaming,
When the Transport floated on;
Taking with her manly soldiers,
Realizing why they're gone;

And while the Calamares,
Rode the waves and tossed the foam,
There were shouts of joy abundant,
As the Band played Home Sweet Home.

Harmony reigned aboard the ship,
Each man thought of the land,
That gave him birth and happiness,
(That's the land for which he'll stand)

Inner rebellions were numerous
While the boat rocked through the gales,
The foodstuffs that were wasted,
Served a thousand hungry whales.

Then soon a joyous day sprang forth,
That found us over in France;
The heart of every single man,
Was pierced as by a lance.

It learned the meaning of kultur,
And it caused the heart to bleed;
Alsace-Lorraine and Belgium,
By our aid, would soon be freed.

Our Regiment left the sea-side,
Passing by Napoleons fort;
Where we found the vacant rest camp,
For Troops direct from port;

There the Peasants congregated,
Dressed in black and shoes of wood;
Refugees from smoke and battle,
Seeking shelter where they could;

Every man from "Buck" to Colonel,
Of smiling one thirty-third,
Desired to aid the Peasants,
For our loyal hearts were stirred.

We thought of Rheims Cathedral,
Shattered from the German line;
How Babes were torn from Mothers,
By the "Beasts" across the Rhine.

The atrocities of the Kaiser,
While invading neutral soil;
The thoughts of ravaged maidens,
Caused our heated blood to boil.

We left the rest camp vacant,
When we heard the word "Depart"
To leave directly for the front,
Each mouth contained a heart.

We loaded in some box cars,
And we packed them to the limit;
Something similar to sardines,
Only, Sardines were not in it.

We only landed shortly,
In Redon, out by the Canal;
Relieved of cramps and miseries,
Sustained while in corral.

We left that place one evening,
To practice firing guns;
We thought we'd use some happy days,
To help pursue the Huns.

But all our plans were shattered,
We remained there on that spot;
We heard they signed the Armistice,
(No chance to fire a shot).

Every single heart was wounded;
Every man stood there surprised;
Our dreams of intervening,
Were not materialized.

We never killed a single Hun,
For we never reached the line;
But should we have the dirty "Boche"
Would have earlier sought the Rhine;

We do not boast nor brag of fame,
Yet the Call of Arms we heard;
We joined to help "Old Glory",
The Smiling One-Thirty-Third.

TO MRS. MILIE WELLS HUDGENS.

I never did know what a friend you have been,
Till I went away;
There'll never be a dearer comrade again,
To whom this I can say.
Your ways are admiring,
Clean works are inspiring,
By you I'm desiring
To pattern my way.
My home looks deserted, the Village is bare,
I've gone away;
But to you through life my love I'll share,
Until my last day;
The long days are dreary,
Through them I am weary,
But I hope you are cheery,
Since I am away.

The road is not open to joy my friend,
Since I am away,
And should I not see you before the end,
In sadness I'll stay;
The blue sky may hover,
Above the true lover,
But there'll be no other,
To enlighten the day.
I miss the teachings, the cautions and things,
You had in sway;
But all through life there'll be such stings,
To sadden the day;
So think of tomorrow,
Forget the past horror,
Now don't be in sorrow,
Cheer up and be gay.

KAISER.

K—It stands for Kultur, Kraut and Krupp guns,
A—Alsace-Lorraine, atrocities;
I—Is for a ruler's Isolation,
S—For Submarines in Neutral Seas.
E—Is for the Eyes of Allied Nations,
R—For Rights, that found our Flags unfurled;
When these are together, they spell "Kaiser,"
The Brute who tried to rule the world.

A THORN BETWEEN TWO ROSES.

In a northern City of America,
The place of song and jest,
Is residing a beautiful girlie,
The one I thought was best;
But then, in my home in Texas,
I met another girl;
She has a sweet disposition,
And her hair is in a curl.
I went to see this former girl,
Enjoyed myself quite well;
It seemed as though my memory
Had raked sweet words to tell.
I told her how I loved her,
In return she told the same;
I then thought the time had come,
That she could change her name;
We planned and had things ready,
When I met this Texas friend;
I went to see this girlie,
So this was not the end;
She showed me everything in town,
In her Hudson-Super-Six;
She made me drink a thousand drinks,
In each were a thousand kicks.
I thought my love was then for her,
So there I fell in love;
But all the time while with her,
I thought of my Texas Dove.
I went out walking with her,
In her car we took a whirl;
But while out walking on the beach,
We met this Texas Girl;
Gee, golly bum, what a pickle;
I thought my nerves were loose;
I tried to think of some d—m lie,
But Oh, H—l, what's the use.
So there I was with both of them,
Way out on that lonely beach;
A thorn between two roses,
My love was great for each;
But what in H—l was I to do,
Each hanging by my side?
I whispered love to each of them,
And knew d—m well I'd lied.
But later on I lost them both,
With this the story closes;
But I had fun while with them,
A thorn between two roses.

ADMIRATION.

I love with a love that is deeper than life,
Would you care should I tell you this?
Would you sigh, would you cry, would you try
To resist, should I only try to kiss?
You smile with a smile, that is more than a smile,
In my dreams I see only you;
Still I love with a love, true as Heaven above,
These words I will tell you are true.

A TRIBUTE TO FRANCE

"Viva La France" is shouted throughout the world today,
It is cheering the hearts of feeble and the strong;
The source from whom are Patriots, dressed in battle array,
Realizing it their duty remaining a courageous throng;
E'en though the battle is spreading, fiercely raging,
Every Hamlet, Village and even the woods are shelled with
gas,

They are mastering their intentions, giving their all, en-
gaging

In war's tragedy; longing for that future day a pass—
Entitling them to privileges—to be at freedom, where
They may visit the war-swept regions of France.

While she has in waiting her outstretched arms there,
Eager and anxious to get her longed-for chance,
To convince the American Sammie, unexcelled as man or
soldier,

That old France did fight for him in former years;
When each Frenchman placed his musket on his shoulder,
A weapon causing hardships, heartaches, pangs and tears;
Then realizing the aid from some strong country was needed,
Our France was called upon for aid, this she gave;

She placed on the field every available man; she heeded
To our calling, while our conditions were sad and grave;
Since those former days have been hardships, and even now
While France is war-stricken, we are defending them.

(Though suffering, yet not slacking, with a sweat-stained
brow).

Not halting, not delaying, we are saluting the Francaise
Anthem.

America owes great debts to France, Our Sister, in this
Universe,

She aided us not begrudging, taking it all upon herself;
Although it be impossible to write our fullest praise in verse,
We have an unlimited library, concerning France, upon our
shelf.

It constantly revises those deeds of France, in memories,
Of those dark and dreary, sad and mournful frontier days
of old,

Yet our spirit is ripe, there is shouting in all of our Cities,
Glad of the chance to repay France, in human lives and gold.
Existing in France and America, in each heart there is lying,
Far more tenderness, love and respect than any man can
explain;

For each other—sharing together—in that Great War we
were dying,

'Twas for the other we were fighting, indulging in strife
and pain.

Now a great World War has found its greatly welcomed
ending,

And it means, "That the World is reconstructed and is Free,"
And with France, Friendship prevailing, still greater love
is pending,

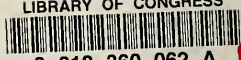
For the men who shed their blood across the briny sea.
France paved our way to a Victory, every man took up his
arms;

Then for Love—she gave to us that great gigantic structure.
That "Statue" stands, representing minds not wanting to
harm,
Nor to allow inhuman atrocities to enter, neither kultur.
Though a Nation, strong with German blood and contented,
Has in these indulged, and France is the Victim of their
onslaught,
All caused mainly by the German Kaiser, the Brute who
intended
To destroy the world, invade and torture until all were
caught.
He desired to claim this whole wide scattered territory
For his very own; for his aim was to rule the entire world.
But alas! That glorious day has come with a different story,
There replace the Kaiser's claimings, "Tri-colors" of France

AWAKE.

Awake, let the Eagle defend us,
Awake, let the Rifle save.
Awake, let the Grand Old Banner float,
O'er the Land of the Free and the Brave.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 360 062 A