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1919

# War Verses

1917-1918

*by*

STEPHEN PELL



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## WAR VERSES





At-tens en fons de la pa-ti-a = e



*The Tri-Color*



# WAR VERSES

1917-1918

BY

STEPHEN PELL

S. S. U. No. 5-646

U. S. A. A. S.

*(With French Army)*

PS 3531  
E 297 W 3  
1919

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TRANSLATION INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES,  
INCLUDING THE SCANDINAVIAN



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MAY 31 1919

*Handwritten mark or signature*

TO THE SPLENDID WOMEN OF  
MRS. DALY'S UNIT  
ÉQUIPE AMÉRICAINNE  
AUTO. CHIR. NO. 7  
AUX ARMÉES FRANÇAIS  
AND MORE ESPECIALLY THE  
ÉQUIPE DE ANGICOURT

M. N.-D., E. A. F., B. E., D. W., A. F. & E. S.

WHO TURNED, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FOR  
ME A MONTH OF PAIN AND SUFFERING AND  
LONELINESS, INTO ONE OF EASE AND HAPPI-  
NESS, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS MOST GRATE-  
FULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



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## WAR VERSES





## THE TRI-COLOR

The Autumn wind is mellow,  
The fields are brown and yellow,  
And everywhere are poppies, through-  
out the fair expanse.  
Brilliant scarlet poppies,  
Cruel scarlet poppies,  
THEY typify the broken hearts that  
haunt the homes of France.

We see the airplanes soaring,  
We hear the big guns roaring,  
They tell us there is warring in this  
Country of Romance;

4      *War Verses 1917-1918*

And always there are crosses,  
White, pathetic crosses:

The little wooden crosses that fill  
the fields of France.

The blue cornflower growing  
Sedate amidst the sowing,  
The busy, tired Poilu passes by with  
but a glance.

To me they are the maidens,  
The million wistful maidens;  
Who'll never bear a warrior to  
fight the fights of France!

—*St. Nicholas du Port, September, 1917.*

## THE CANADIAN CAPTAIN SPEAKS

There were five of us lived in a dugout,  
Forty feet under the ground.  
We roasted the Kasier and toasted  
the King,  
And passed the bottle around.  
(Two were gassed and one was shot,  
And one of the crowd was drowned.)

There was Jimmy Flagg from Ottawa  
And Kitchin from Sault Marie,  
Parsons, a Yank from the State of  
Maine  
And Bud from the old Countree,

We all came out with the "Princess  
Pats."

(The rest of the Crowd was Me!)

We talked of our girls, we talked of  
our work,

(The oldest was twenty-four)

And we planned the "Getting To-  
gether,"

Back home there, after the War.

All of the crowd are gone but me,

And I'm tired and sick and sore.

For what is the use of the cross I wear,

Or my bars or my Captain's pay,

Or the letter I got from "Pat" herself

For stopping a shell one day,

When the fellows I wanted to play  
with—

Will never be there to play?

For the things one thinks are going  
to count,

They somehow are pretty small,  
When you measure them up with

**THE MIGHT HAVE BEEN,**

And it doesn't seem fair at all,

That they should be buried out there  
in the mud—

Awaiting the Trumpet Call.

—*St. Remi-Aisne, December, 1917.*

## “A TOAST TO THE CHASSEURS”

We've seen the Blue Devils in action,  
We've seen the Blue Devils at play.  
We've seen the Blue Devils go over  
the top,  
Happy and cheerful and gay.

We've seen them come out of the  
trenches,  
Wounded and bleeding and faint;  
With never a cry or a whimper,  
Never a word of complaint.

We've carried them down from the  
abris,  
To hospitals miles in the rear,

Over roads that were shell torn and  
rutted,  
But never a sigh or a tear.

We've seen their dead after a battle,  
With every man's face to the foe,  
And our hearts have gone sick within  
us,  
To see our brave comrades go.

But, a curious fancy comes to me,  
That a Chasseur who dies in a fight,  
Has a wee bit of Heaven that's all  
of his own,  
With gaiety, laughter and light.

Like the Heaven reserved for our  
Red Men,  
(Good hunting and plenty of game)

Where a man who has lived and died  
    like a man,  
Goes on forever the same.

I am proud of my Spanish War  
    ribbons,  
I am proud of my French Four-  
    ragere,  
But the proudest of all my possessions,  
    Is the little blue "Beret" I wear.

So here's to our Grand Old Division!  
    Which is "Somewhere Out There  
    In The Snow";  
Here's to the 66th Chasseurs Alpins!  
    And here's to our General-Brissaud!  
—*St. Remi-Aisne, January 1, 1918.*



## THE VAILLY ROAD

There's a winding road through  
Vailly,  
Running up from Braine,  
Past the woods of Chassemy  
Across the River Aisne,  
And up the hill to Hameret—  
Out on the Bascule Plain.

I knew the road before the war,  
That far-off, happy day.  
One saw the peasants in the fields,  
The children at their play,  
The women at the cottage door  
Were smiling, cheerful, gay.

And now the road to Vailly  
Is rutted, gutted, worn.  
The trees that stood on either side  
Are battered, tattered, torn.  
The little roseclad cottages  
Are shattered, scattered, gone.

Along the road to Vailly  
Is ruin, waste and wrack,  
It's felt the big shells bursting—  
It's heard the rifles crack,  
As foot by foot we conquered  
And forced the vandal back.

I've seen the road at midnight,  
Black shadows everywhere,  
The great Tanks going forward,

The sudden shocking glare  
Of shrapnel bursting overhead,  
While gas shells taint the air.

Big guns and ambulances;  
Troops marching to the fight,  
Long trains of ammunition,  
Pack mules to left and right,  
And all that feeds an army,  
Goes groping through the night.

I've seen the road at dawning,  
The wounded like a flood  
Came pouring from the battle,  
Covered with clay and blood;  
In twos and tens and hundreds,  
Staggering through the mud.

French "Poilu," English "Tommy,"  
Irish and Kilted "Scot,"  
Black Senegalese and Arab  
Have left their bones to rot  
Along the road to Vailly,  
And made a hallowed spot.

—*Somewhere in France, December 17,*  
*1917.*

## CHEER UP!

In every mile of the trenches,  
From Switzerland up to the Sea,  
We're getting the Boches' measure,  
(He knows it as well as we!)  
We're learning to play the Boches'  
game  
And play it better than he!  
So Cheer Up, "Back There."

English, Scotch and Irish,  
Frenchmen and Portuguese,  
Yanks, Canucks and Welchmen,  
Anzacs and Tonkinese,  
Belgians, Sikhs and Arabs,  
Men from the Seven Seas,  
Are at it "Out Here."

We're all of us killing Germans—  
    We're getting them two for one.  
We know that with time and patience  
    We'll have the Boche on the run,  
And the World will be safe forever;  
    Safe from the Swineish Hun,  
        So Buck Up, "Back There."

Don't think that the job is easy,  
    To freeze in a trench all night—  
To starve in a German Prison—  
    To fall from a two-mile height,  
To lose a leg or part of your face  
    In a long range, big gun fight,  
        But, All's Well, "Out Here."

And God! How you long for your  
    woman.  
    (Good or bad, it's all the same!)

The smell of her hair, the feel of her  
arms,  
To hear her whisper your name!  
Chasing lice with a pidgeon lamp,  
Is *Our* Principal Indoor Game—  
You bathe “Back There.”

What of the fellows we’ve buried  
In mud that was up to the knee?  
What of the children and babes at  
the breast  
Who’ve died in the open sea?  
What of the thousands of cripples  
And those who will never see?  
We remember “Out Here.”

And think of the women and tender  
girls,  
Who’ve felt the feel of the Beast—

Whose bodies were tainted forever,  
    When the Carrion met for the feast.  
Give heed to their cry for vengeance!  
    Give heed to that Cry, at least!  
        Remember them      “Back  
                                There.”

Is our work to be all for nothing?  
    Our sacrifice all in vain?  
Shall they swindle the world with a  
    Prussian Peace?  
    Can a Treaty remove the Stain  
Of Rape and Robbery, Murder and  
    Lies,  
    'Til they're ready to start again?  
        Must our children come “Out  
                                Here”?

No! This is no time for Parleys  
    For he knows as well as we—



That in every mile of the Trenches,  
From Switzerland up to the Sea.  
We've learned to play the Boches'  
game,

And play it better than he!

SO CHEER UP, "BACK  
THERE."

—*St. Remi-Aisne.*

## GREAT INVENTIONS

The three great inventions the war  
has produced

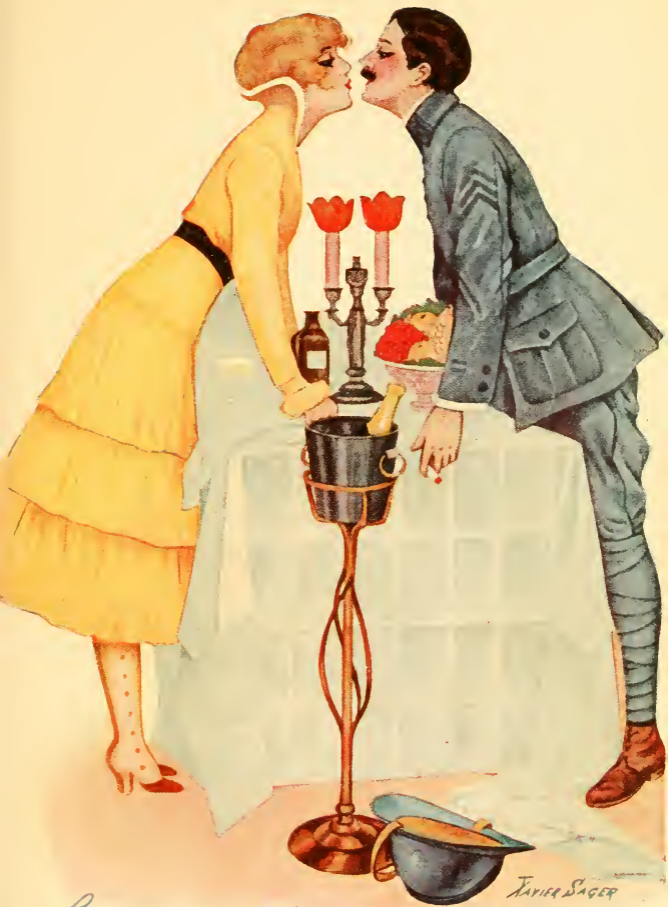
To ease a poor man of his pains,  
To keep his morale at one hundred  
per cent,

Are Pinard, Permish', and Mar-  
raines!

When you come from the trenches  
cold, hungry and wet,

Or have driven all night in your car,  
There's nothing like putting right  
under your belt

A quart (more or less) of Pinard!



XAVIER SAGER

*Le dessert du filleul!*  
On "permission"  
(Pinard and a Marraine)



Sometimes it's sour and sometimes  
it's sweet,  
It varies from purple to jet,  
But a large cup or two puts new life  
into you,  
And a bidon full makes you forget!

When you've slept in your clothes for  
a fortnight or more,  
In a dirty cantonment or shed,  
When you've struggled with cooties  
and totes and fleas,  
You know that "permission's"  
ahead.

When you blush every time that you  
think of your neck,  
Just what keeps you going and  
keen?

The thought that next day or next  
week or next month,  
You'll be rested and mended and  
clean!

And when on permission what cheers  
you the most?  
Is it cocktails or beer or cham-  
pagne?  
Not at all! It's the girl you've been  
dreaming about,  
Your Dear Little Angel Marraine!

She gets all your money and most of  
your time,  
And then sees you off at the train,  
With a tear in her eye and your roll  
in her sock,  
And a prayer that you'll soon come  
again!

And that's why each Poilu will swear  
on his life,

That the greatest inventions by far,  
Evolved in these long years of struggle  
and strife,

Are Marraines, Permish', and  
Pinard!

—*Villette, Marne, January 20, 1919.*

## CHEMIN DES DAMES

Chemin des Dames, "The Ladies'  
Way"

Built by a King of ancient France.  
What memories of a by gone day  
The very name brings into play,  
Of bold intrigue and sweet romance,  
Of Gallants brave and Ladies gay.

Of posting chaise and sedan chair,  
Of waving plume and gleaming  
lance,  
Of paint and patches, powdered hair,  
Of silk and satin, maidens fair,  
And all that went with Royal France  
When King and Queen and Court  
were there!



From avions giant bombs have  
crashed

Upon the road, great tanks have  
smashed

And mashed their way across its face  
'Til there is hardly left a trace

Of what was once the Ladies' Way.

One scarce can find the road to-day.

Shovel and pick and shot and shell

Have done their work and done it  
well.

Chemin des Dames, "The Ladies'  
Way,"

Ah! There's a Heritage for France!

The memory will last for aye,

Of those who fought that autumn  
day,

When Brissaud's Chasseurs led the  
    dance

    Of Death across the "Ladies' Way."

Through gas and fire and bursting  
    shell,

    A lifting barrage, quick advance.

Zouave and Chasseur charging Hell

    O'er trench and wire, ah! Who can  
    tell

The tale of those who died for France

    The day that Fort Malmaison fell!

—*Fisme, Marne, February 1, 1918.*

## LE CAFARD. . . .

When you hate the War and you hate  
your work,

And you'd welcome a German shell,  
That would break at your feet or over  
your head

And blow your soul to Hell.

When you hate your Chief and you  
hate your Pals

And you curse yourself to sleep,  
After smoking a hundred cigarettes,  
Or counting a million sheep!

When you hate the sight of a uniform  
Or the sound of an aëroplane,  
And the thought of a greasy motor car  
Just fills your heart with pain.

When you look at the river with long-  
ing,

Or sneak for your piece a load,  
(Though you know damned well that  
in War times

A MAN can't take THAT road).  
When you hate the bark of a soixante  
quinze

And loathe the sight of a gun,  
You can bet ten francs to a demi sou  
You've got "Le Cafard" my son!

It generally comes when you're En  
Repos,

And you haven't enough to do.  
You've hit the Pinard a bit too hard  
And it's left you a trifle blue.

The clouds that gather are darker  
than dark,

And the day gets blacker than black;

You think of your sins both little and  
big,

For a thousand eons back.

The girls you've kissed and the girls  
you've missed

Go shooting across your brain.

You long for the sight of a powdered  
nose

And an evening gown again.

You're tired of looking at soldiers—

You're sick of the khaki shirt—

You sigh for the sound of a woman's  
voice.

And the swish of a silken skirt.

When the things that you've done  
that you shouldn't—

And the things that you've left undone.

Are racking your soul into fragments

You've got "Le Cafard" my son!

—*La Villette, February 4, 1918.*

## THE PRIEST

I saw him first in the Rue Royale  
And was struck by his kind old  
face—  
With his sable robe and golden cross  
And air of delicate grace.  
He greeted the poorest girl of the  
streets  
And the greatest Dame of the land,  
With the same sad smile and a gentle  
nod  
And a friendly wave of the hand.  
I thought of the grand old Cardinals  
Who lived in the long ago:

Whose stories are part of the Stories  
of France—  
And their lives in their great  
Châteaux.

And then came the fight for Malmai-  
son,  
I saw my Priest again,  
With gas mask and blue steel helmet,  
Standing alone in the rain.  
He stood at a crowded cross roads  
In a mud bespattered gown,  
The shells were falling about him  
As the wounded came struggling  
down.

His own Chasseurs and Poilus,  
Arabs and Senegalese,  
For each a smile and a cigarette,

And a cheery, "Bonne chance, mon  
    fils,"

And a wave to me as I passed him—  
    (I was driving an ambulance),

And the thought was always before  
    me,

    There stands the SPIRIT OF  
    FRANCE!

Simple and brave and courageous,  
    Gentle and debonaire,—

The Cause of the Church is surely safe  
    With men like Him Out There!

—*La Tilley, February, 1918.*



## VILLETTE

A charming little town is Villette,  
The houses tumbled down in  
Villette,

Our rooms are large and airy—

And of window panes we've nary  
Got a one, to keep the rain out in  
Villette.

Our quarters they are warm in  
Villette,

With friendly fleas they swarm in  
Villette.

Arrangements sanitary,

They are primitive. Oh! Very—  
And the walk across the garden's  
rather wet!

Life is very, very quiet in Villette,  
A call would cause a riot in Villette.  
We eat and sleep and rest  
And do our level best,  
Not to overwork ourselves in Villette.

The streets are very dirty in Villette,  
The "Jeune Filles" they are flirty  
in Villette.

But alas! How very sad,  
Rumor says they are "malade,"  
So, it's EYES FRONT! FORWARD  
MARCH! in Villette.

When Michel goes on Permish' from  
Villette.

How we curse at every dish in  
Villette,  
At camouflaging meat  
He is very hard to beat,  
And Golly! How we eat in Villette.

Twice a week we have a drill in  
Villette.

It helps the time to kill in Villette.  
We hold our sides and laugh

At our non-commissioned staff,  
And the orders that they give in  
Villette.

We would gladly say farewell to  
Villette.

To the dirt and fleas and smell of  
Villette.

We should like to have a chance

At some other Villes of France,  
Than "St. Remy by the Sewer" and  
Villette.

—*La Villette, February, 1917.*

## THE RAVITAILLEMENT MAN

In all the bloomin' Army that's a  
fightin' of the Boche.

All the way from General Petain  
down to me,

There's none whose work is harder  
than the Ravitaillement Man—  
And no one does a better job than  
he!

He wears a dented helmet and a gas  
mask round his neck,  
And a faded uniform that once was  
blue,—



*A Ravitaillement Man*



But he gets the ammunition to the  
popping Mitraillease,  
And he gets the steamin' soup to  
me and you!

His work is mostly after dark along  
a crowded road,  
With the shadows from the star  
shells fallin' strange,  
And he doesn't show a light as he  
struggles through the night,  
For he knows the sneakin' Boche  
has got his range!

When éclat's fallin' round us and  
some fellow hollers "Gas"!  
We "heroes" dust for cover as a  
rule,

But there ain't no friendlyabri for the  
Ravitaillement Man—  
He's got to stay and 'tend a kickin'  
mule!

And it ain't no cheery picnic to be  
sittin' in the rain,  
With a ton of high explosives for a  
seat,  
And shrapnel burstin' over and an  
ammunition train,  
Explodin' up the road, a hundred  
feet!

And so I doffs my chapeau to the  
Ravitaillement Man,  
For all the way from Petain down  
to me,



(Exceptin' of the Poilu in the very  
front line trench)

There's no one does a better job  
than he!

—*La Villette, February 16, 1918.*

## THE CHASSEURS

Would that I could paint a picture,  
Of the Chasseur as we know him,  
The Chasseur in the trenches  
Midst the mud and ice and snow.  
The Chasseurs we have carried  
Torn and shattered from the battle.  
The Chasseur on permission,  
The Chasseur en repos'.

It takes a better pen than mine  
To really tell the story  
Of the gallant Chasseur Alpin,  
Tender, brave, and debonaire.  
Laughing as he leaves the trenches  
On the path that leads to glory,

Facing gas and shell and wire,  
Croix de Bois, or Croix de Guerre!

In the crowded first aid abri  
Lying on his blood soaked stretcher,  
Cold and wet and black with powder,  
Worn and faint with wound and  
burn.

Waiting for the tired surgeons  
(Bare of arm and splashed with  
scarlet),  
Cheery whispers to each other,  
Jesting when it comes their turn!

Cut and slashed and patched and  
bandaged,  
Packed into our ambulances  
Over shell holes, ruts and débris,  
(Would that we could ease their  
way).

“Arrives” are falling round us  
    Making flashes in the darkness,  
Passing troops and guns and wagons—  
    Praying for the light of day.

When we reach our destination  
    (Some have died and some are  
    dying)  
Lift them gently from the stretchers,  
    Wish the conscious ones “Bonne  
    Chance.”

Not a word of blame or censure—  
    Just a stricken hero sighing.

When you try to show your pity,  
    “Mais Monsieur, c’est pour la  
    France.”

When the big attack is over,  
    “Holding” troops come to the  
    trenches—

And the weary, fighting Chasseurs  
    (Bearded filthy, caked with clay),  
March away for rest and patching  
    (Comrades gone are soon forgotten!),  
Pinard, games and songs and laughter,  
    Turn the night-time into day.

*Never finished*

TO "X" . . .

I found a violet near a trench to-day,  
A Boche plane soaring proudly in  
the sky  
Tells me that Fear and Hate and  
Death are nigh,  
Tells me that War is not so far away.

In front the constant booming of the  
guns,  
Behind are peasants sowing fields  
of grain,  
And all about is struggle, striving,  
strain—  
The Sense of War one's better na-  
ture stuns.

But, Spring is here and I would fain  
forget

The awful crash and rattle of the  
fight,

And only think of play and youth  
and light,—

And of my Heart's Desire, my love,  
and yet—

How can I take myself away from me?

I have my duty here, my work to  
do,

But know, Dear Child, my thoughts  
are all of you

And nothing else seems aught but  
travesty.

But, Peace will come at last and then,  
perchance,

We two may take our Love and run  
away—

To some Fair spot where we may  
    idly stray,  
    Forgetting all that war has meant  
    to France—  
And meant to us who've given of our  
    best  
    To play our part in this Great  
    Tragedy,  
Let's seek forgetfulness in Arcady  
    Where we may love and in our Love  
    find rest.



## THE "EMBUSQUE"

He never heard a mitrailleuse,  
He never heard a shell,  
He never heard a Boche plane over-  
head.

He never saw a barrage  
And he never knew the Hell,  
Of sorting out the wounded from  
the dead.

He never knew how shrapnel breaks,  
Or how a bullet sings—

He never got a whiff of poison gas.

But, in a Captain's uniform,  
With braid and bars and things,  
See better men Salute him as they  
pass!

He never saw a front line trench,  
    With mud and slush and ice,  
Or slept in inky abris, foul with dirt,  
    With fifty sweating Poilus.  
Where you fight with fleas and lice,  
    And pick the merry Toto from your  
    shirt.

He never drove a motor car,  
    Along a shell-swept road,  
He never saw a star shell shining  
    bright,  
    But, he struts the streets of Paris,  
In a service uniform,  
    And he eats a corking dinner every  
    night.

The Girl He Left Behind Him,  
    Wears proudly near her heart,  
A picture of her Hero far away.

She think he's in the trenches  
Playing well a soldier's part,  
And killing slews of Germans every  
day.

I wonder if she'll ever know,  
That he was in the rear,  
That he was safe in Paris doing work  
That any clever girl could do.  
I wonder if she'll hear  
That he was but a blooming Office  
Clerk.

For when the War is over,  
And the fighting men go Home,  
He'll surely march as proudly as the  
rest,  
With a sword (he's never carried)  
And a pistol (never used)  
And a "Foreign Service Medal" on  
his breast.

So, three cheers for the Embusque,  
    (God knows! I'd like to boot him)  
Of all our war time slackers, he's the  
    worst.

He dresses like a soldier,  
While better men salute him,  
And never guess his Motto!

**SAFETY FIRST!**

—*La Villette, April 17, 1918.*

## THE HEART OF THE COLONEL.

I watched an avion in flight,  
It seemed a giant dragon fly,  
And then I saw a shrapnel burst,  
And fluttering downward from the  
sky.

It came to Earth a Broken Thing,  
A mass of flame and smoke and  
fire—

Of blistering paint and crumbling  
wing,  
Of cracking frame and snapping  
wire.

It fell beyond our furthest line,  
In No-Man's Land, where none  
may fare,

And there it lies wrecked, smashed  
supine

And all my heart is lying there.  
For what is left in Life for me

When Faith and Hope and Love  
are done?

When, burned and mangled over  
there,

Lies what was once my only Son.

I have my work, my part to play.

The welfare of my Regiment,  
And I must show a smiling face

And only sorrow in my tent—  
For 'tis my fate to be of those

Poor mortals singled out by Chance  
To stand erect and proudly say,

“I've given of my all, **FOR**  
**FRANCE**”!

—*La Villette, April 20, 1918.*

## THE CATHEDRAL OF SOISSONS

Above the sleepy city.

Dreaming not of its fate,  
It stood throughout the ages  
Splendid, inviolate.

It had heard the prayers of Saint  
Louis,

It had felt the bended knee  
Of the Virgin Maid of Orleans  
In her proud humility.

Siege and storm and battle,  
And the withering Hand of Time,  
But mellowed its ancient grandeur  
And left it serene, sublime.

Then! Then came the German  
    Armies,  
    The "Chosen People of God"!  
And one of Christ's great Temples  
    Died at the Kaiser's nod!

Battered by bomb and bullet,  
    Scarred by fire and shell,  
Roof tree and arches broken  
    And lying just as they fell,  
Golden glass and mosaic,  
    Marble and plaster and slate,—  
Crowding the vaulted Chancel,  
    A symbol of Prussian Hate.

It fills one's brain with sorrow,  
    It fills one's heart with pain—  
To feel that the Great Cathedral  
    Never will rise again.

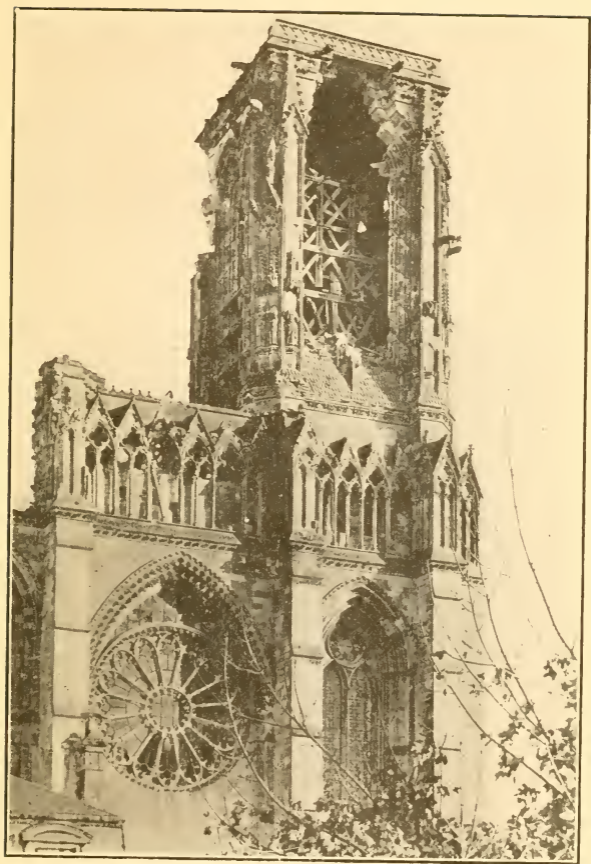


But, above the wreck and the ruin,  
Tall and straight as a lance  
The tower is looming proudly—  
Proud as the Soul of France!

It stands erect in its Glory,  
Shattered and tattered and torn,  
To tell to the World the story,  
To tell to the still Unborn,  
The Tale of the Hate of the Vandal—  
The Tale of the Hate of the Hun,  
For all that is written in beauty.  
And He asks for a "Place in the  
Sun"!

He who in wilful envy,  
He who in vulgar spite,  
Is robbing the world of its treasures  
He asks for a place "In the Light"!

Drive him back to the Darkness—  
    The Darkness from whence he came  
There to nourish his Malice,  
    To wallow there in his Shame!  
—*Fontenoy, Aisne, May 1, 1918.*



*The Ruins of the Cathedral at Soissons*



## MIMA AND CARLOTTA

We sat in the back of the Colonel's  
car,  
A slip of a girl and I,  
While the big bombs crashed, the  
cannon flashed,  
And shrapnel broke in the sky.

She looked like a Nun in her nurse's  
gown,  
Blue veil and cross of red,  
As the mitrailleuse popped right and  
left,  
At an avion overhead.

We should have been safe in an abri,  
    But the moon was shining bright,  
And she wanted a glimpse at the Ger-  
    man planes  
    Which were somewhere there in the  
    night.

So we chatted of frills in Anglo-  
    French,  
    Of Women and Work and War,  
But, alas! She was only a slip of a  
    girl,  
    And I was Forty-Four!

Over the trenches the star shells flared  
    As we watched the searchlights  
    play—  
And all the while I was many a mile—  
    And twenty years away!

I was sitting beneath a big palm tree,  
    With a tiny slip of a girl,  
The moon on the Bay was gold and  
    grey,  
    And the sky was Mother of Pearl.

We laughed at the lights from the  
    battle fleet,  
    Which was anchored close to the  
    shore,  
And little we cared for the Rules of  
    the Game,  
    And little we cared for the War!

I should have been safe on my ship  
    that night,  
    She shouldn't have been with me!  
But her eyes shone bright in the pale  
    moonlight,  
    And there was the big palm tree!

We watched the signals flash through  
the dark,

And watched the searchlights play,  
And laughed when the bugles sounded  
Taps,

And laughed at Reveille!

For in Anglo-Spanish we whispered  
there,

Of Women and Work and Frills!  
'Til the Moon sank deep in the west-  
ern sky,

And the Dawn came over the Hills!

L'ENVOI

A Moon is a Moon and a Girl is a Girl,  
And a War is always a War,  
But, Oh! The different point of view,  
Of Twenty and Forty-Four!

—*Royalieu, May 20, 1918.*



## PANSEMENTS

I do not like the creepy sound,  
Of bullets as they sing,  
And bits of éclat falling round  
Are not a pleasant thing.

I do not like the noise of shells  
When bursting overhead,

I do not like the awful smells  
Of Boche and horses dead.

I do not like the mustard gas  
That makes you sneeze and cry,

I do not like the sight of wounds,  
I hate to see men die.

But worst of all are "pansements,"  
Those cruel, wicked "pansements."

They put you on a table, where you  
yell and scream with pain,  
And as they cut and slash you,  
And slice and pound and mash you,  
You hear the surgeon saying: "I  
think it's going to rain."

I do not like the winter's mud,  
I do not like the cold,  
I do not like the sight of blood,  
Or dead men, ten days old.  
I do not like the little fleas  
That bite you on the back,  
The lice that crawl about your knees,  
The totos small and black,  
I do not like the snow and ice,  
I think I've had my share,  
In fact, there isn't much that's nice  
About this blooming Guerre.

ABONDANCE DE SOINS NE NUIT PAS!



*ME in the hospital at Angicourt*



But worse of all are "pansements,"  
Those tearing, painful "pansements."

Your shirt is up around your neck;  
the nurse says: "That's all  
right."

And as they rip and hack you,  
And with red pepper pack you,  
You hear her softly murmur: "I'm  
dining out to-night."

—*In hospital at Angicourt, August,  
1918.*

“AWAITING TRANSPORTA-  
TION”

We live in a leaky barrack,  
With mud half way to the knees,  
And those who haven't got cooties,  
Are scratching themselves with  
fleas.

We're afraid to look at our “unders”  
We daren't look at our comb,  
But nobody cares a blinking damn,  
We're all of us bound for Home!

So pack your kit and mess gear,  
And kiss your girl good-bye,  
The trooper's in the harbor,  
*Bébé* don't you cry!

Three hundred men on the chow line,  
It straggles up the hill,  
We stand in the rain for an hour  
And the stuff we get is swill.  
The *Vin* we buy is watered,  
The beer is mostly foam,  
But nobody cares a blinking damn,  
We're all of us bound for Home!

Our Adjutant's a shave-tail,  
A bomb-proof *embusque*,  
He raises hell with the soldier man,  
For that's the bomb-proof way.  
The washing we do is sketchy,  
In water the color of loam,  
But nobody cares a blinking damn,  
We're all of us bound for Home!

There are some of us time-expired,  
And some of us furloughed men,



And some are Class D wounded,  
    And two are bound for the pen.  
And every man in the barrack,  
    Swears that he'll never roam,  
Again away from the U. S. A.,  
    If they'll only send us HOME!

So pack your kit and mess gear,  
    And kiss your girl good-bye,  
The trooper's in the harbor,  
    *Bébé* don't you cry!  
—*Fort Bouguen, Brest, December, 1918.*





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