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WASHINGTON IN WARTIME

Poems and Verse

By

ANNA B. PATTEN

WASHINGTON

1919

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Cover design
by
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*To the memory of my father, Captain James
Patten, whose strongest endeavor was to keep
the U. S. Flag afloat on the American Merchant
Marine, this volume is affectionately dedicated.*

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by
ANNA B. PATTEN.

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DECLARATION OF WAR

APRIL 6, 1917

THE CALL TO ARMS.

To Arms! To Arms! We hear the cry resound;
The pulses of our lives give sudden leap,
As if aroused to work from drowsy sleep;
The summons echoes, all the world around,
And then, across the acre-stretch of ground,
We hear the tramp of men, in columns creep,
Like steady waves, that soon will onward sweep
And storm the barriers, with furious bound!

A bleeding nation holds her outstretched hand
In supplication, far across the wave!
Weld fast your armor! Man your noble ships!
Embark your troops for that forsaken land;
Succor the women; little children save—
And bear the precious food to starving lips!

ENLISTMENTS

U. S. N. R.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For U. S. N. R.!

They're joining the forces, from near and far;
North, south, east and west,
From homes they love best,
They've answered the summons, wherever they are!

Until the release
Of men, overseas,
They're in line of march! So, "Step forward, please!"
They've answered the call
To the colors—with all
The service entails—till the war shall cease!

Such swift, nimble hands
Uncle Sam demands,
And "Over the Top"—are the orders, brief;
But they all enroll
With a firm-fixed goal—
From third-class to second-class, first-class, chief!

Fair, yeomanette maids,
Our efficient aides;
In their uniform suits, of navy blue;
With their swagger, neat,
As they walk the street,
In their flowing capes and their sailors, too!

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For U. S. N. R.!

They've flocked to the banner, from near and far;
They've plodded, like bees,
So, honor them, please—
They've won their chevrons—they've earned a bar!

WAR-WORKERS

CIVIL SERVICE.

From over prairies, from out on the plains,
From humble farms and from homes of mines,
Came the army of workers on rushing trains,
To help the army of men, overseas!

They have left the school, the desk, and the plow,
For Uncle Sam, they have sacrificed all;
Theirs not to question the when and the how;
Theirs but to answer the clarion call.

Experienced some, in a special line,
While some can only hammer the keys;
But they all unite, in a purpose fine,
To give their best till hostilities cease!

They wear no uniforms, natty and trim;
No bright brass buttons, to catch the eye,
No lettered ribbon, above the hat-brim,
Their rank and title to signify.

They are simply "plain clothes" women and men—
No "identification marks," at all;
Their "finger prints," made with pencil and pen,
On whatever place they happen to fall!

But they plunged into work, with heart and soul,
In the heat of battle they did their share;
They lined up together—a solid wall—
Just to beat the Boche, by foul means or fair!

Selling the Savings-Stamps, Buttons and Bonds;
Enrolling in every big parade;
Amusing the soldiers, who may despond,
Answering charity's call for aid.

But now that their occupation is gone,
And they're mustered out, with no roll of drums,
Now, there's no more war-work to "enroll in,"
And "relief" from the sentry-post has come!

They're facing a future, of direst stress,
Wondering what they are going to do;
They answered your summons of—"S. O. S.,"
Now, Uncle Sam—it is up to you!

THE SPRING DRIVE

THE CALL TO ARMS.

1. **Hurray, Hurray!** woe's gone the Reason¹
We have the lesson by rote
HAY - and it makes a cover - no more growth
Of the Reason's vine and
2. **Uhu!** Some daylight and the sky
We have the Reason's vine
Powers plant and the power of Reason -
Will you let them die - then?
3. **Hurray, Hurray!** woe's gone the Reason²
The great lesson the Field of Reason
There is nothing but the year's unending
Growth of the Reason's vine
4. **Uhu!** Some daylight and the sky
We have the Reason's vine
Will you let them die - then?
Will you let them die - then?
5. **Hurray, Hurray!** woe's gone the Reason³
The great lesson the Field of Reason
There is nothing but the year's unending
Growth of the Reason's vine
6. **Uhu!** Some daylight and the sky
We have the Reason's vine
Will you let them die - then?
Will you let them die - then?

AIR SHIPS

“WAR-BIRDS.”

A whirl of wings! I lift my eager eyes
And there, above me—soaring in the skies—
I see the War-Birds! Far, far overhead,
They dip and swoop—then, by fancy led—
They swoop and swoop—suddenly—suddenly—
Then light themselves, ere they are hardly seen,
And thus exulting, make us hold our breath,
While they, so gayly, lead a Dance with Death!

Oh! wondrous Birds of Prey! I watch your flight;
I feel within the crush of your might
That conquers space and bears you where you will;
I, who am fettered, long to take my fill
Of ceaseless roving—Soar o'er land and sea
Until—dear heart—I come to France—and the . . .

WASHINGTONIANS.

THE HOME GUARD.

They wait within their landmarks, mid- and still,
Those of the First Ward—Households on the Hill!
They see the horde of strangers, swooping in,
And hush their meek protest against the din!

Is this the stately City, they once knew,
Where they from childhood into manhood grew;
Now, it is one long trail of footsteps, fleet,
Through park and roadway, avenue and street!

Machines, on wheels, continual parades;
Cars at a standstill; startling air-ship raids;
Their home no longer is their castle strong,
They hardly know the place where they belong!

Once they had goals, and rode to work with ease,
Now, they get jostled or on the platform squeeze;
They who were wags, their city's ways to bless,
Would much prefer a howling Wilderness!

They've sunk to oblivion in the crush,
They're left behind in the mad, onward rush,
For all the tribune, all the plaudits wait
For her or him—the stranger in the gate!

But they are ready, still, their cross to bear,
In the world's emergencies, to have a share;
Retreating to the rear, they do their stum,
And take the full weight, without affront!

They'd like to see the capital, once more,
Sleepy and peaceful, as it was before;
The order came—"Open to them, the door!"—
Theirs, to obey because—IT IS THE WAR!

THE SERVICE STAR

AWARD REGULATIONS

1. The Service Star is awarded to members of the Armed Forces of the United States who have performed meritorious service in a campaign, expedition, or other military action.

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INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Jack's chum, he writes to his wife
And his wife then writes to me,
And I am just as puzzled as a
Puzzled wife can be;
For Jack's chum writes of strange things
That they often go to see,
But Jack, in his own letters,
Never mentions them
to Me!

Jack writes of drills and training
And the tasks they have to do;
Describes the mess and officers
And all their sayings, too;
Jack's chum relates the escapades
They did in gay Par-ee—
My Jack he never breathed of this
In letters sent
to Me!

Jack writes of all the people
And the customs, over there,
He tells of how the natives live
And what they eat and wear;
Jack's chum writes of the "Peaches"
That they met, so fair to see,
Jack never lisped of "Peaches"
In his letters sent
to Me!

THE ARMISTICE

THE RAINBOW OF PEACE

At the storm and thunder of the guns—
The lightning thrill of terror while we wait
The tidings after battle—when our sons
Are at the front, and tearful of the fate
That may befall them, then, there comes a boy
Of promise, in the tempest of our woe!

A rainbow arch, that stretches o'er the sea
And links the nations in a joyous peal;
Its cloudless rays of hope make shadows flee
And quail into harmonizing steel,
For, at its coming, all war's disorders cease—
The Armistice!—loved harbinger of Peace!

We greet it with glad shout and beating gong;
A riot, universe, unresist'd;
Flags wave and murrs and drums, the glee prolong;
Peculiar airs and words press, soon explained;
The rich and poor come out, on level plane,
Embracing all alike, with ideas sane!

No more the danger, hidden in the deep;
The sickly trench, the ugly gun-shot wound;
The deadly gases, that like serpents creep;
Or loved ones, in the list of MISSING found—
All these are banished—Life takes new release
With the best Armistice!—The Bow of Peace!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHIELD

HUTTON WAS ON HIS MOTHER; ANNE'S WAS A WIFE.

Strong W. C. Campbell, a former partner of Street,
50, 27th Street, New York City, said, "In 1898,
I was the business manager of the *World* paper.
I had never heard of Campbell until he came here."

The *World* was a big newspaper in the 1890's. It
was the first to give up business for the boys.
I was in the office in 1897, and I don't think I had
heard anything about Campbell before he came.

At that time, Campbell was a young man, and
I don't know what he was doing in New York.
I don't know whether he was a reporter, or a
business manager, or anything else. I don't
know anything about him until he came here.

There was a man named Campbell, and he was
a very good man. He was a very good man,
and he was a very good man. He was a very
good man, and he was a very good man.

The *World* was a very good paper, and
I was a very good man. I was a very good
man, and I was a very good man. I was a
very good man, and I was a very good man.

One of the things that I remember is that
Street was a very good man. He was a very
good man, and he was a very good man.
He was a very good man, and he was a
very good man. He was a very good man.

THE CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN

THE RECKONING.

Such an income it seemed—
Never once had she dreamed
That of funds she could be bereft;
Yet, now the war's o'er
And her clerkship's no more
She finds out she has nothing left!

Some allotments there were
And subsistence, so sure;
Base-pay and a check, here and there;
But, as each month rolled round,
To her horror, she found
She never had any to spare!

Shoes and gloves she must buy,
Season hats, priced so high,
Shopping bags and a string of pearl beads;
Just a love of a gown—
Most expensive in town—
And sundries, every girl needs!

There was candy galore,
And flowers, by the score,
Show-tickets and movies, as well;
There was room-rent and board,
Which she could not afford—
But of course, she had to live swell!

But there's one purchase, rash,
That she blew in the cash,
Before it had vanished, you'll note—
It comes down to the heel
And it cost a great deal—
But, at last, she has a—FUR COAT!

THE SOLDIER OF MY DREAMS.

A DREAM BY JAMES W. WELLS.

I dreamt I saw a soldier
In a field of flowers,
His face was like a sunset,
His eyes were like a star,
His hair was like a forest,
His hands were like a sea,
His feet were like a mountain,
His voice was like a wind,
His heart was like a fire,
His soul was like a light.

I dreamt I saw a soldier
In a field of flowers,
His face was like a sunset,
His eyes were like a star,
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His heart was like a fire,
His soul was like a light.

OUT OF THE ASHES

THE PHOENIX.

Out of the Ashes! A Phoenix shall rise—
A lingering spark, when the ember dies;
When the roar of the guns has rolled away
With the smoke of the battle, dull and gray!

Out of the Ashes! If we will but wait
Till the blaze dies down of anger and hate;
We will see the spirit of love come forth
And breathe on the stones of the cold, dead hearts!

Deep into the crucible we have thrown
The worn-out customs, the world has known;
They shriveled up in the fiery blaze,
And crumbled beneath our startled gaze!

Caste has burned out in the terrible heat,
As those brave hearts pulsed to a single beat;
Out of the flames that our rage did fan,
Sprang eternal brotherhood of man!

We tossed in pretense! It flickered and fled;
While snobbishness sank in that ghastly bed;
Selfishness died in the smothering glow,
And rivalry lay in the refuse low!

Out of the Ashes! Souls, tried as by fire
Shall see arise from the funeral pyre—
When all of the dross has been purged away—
The Dawn of a fairer, brighter Day!
Out of the Ashes!

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