

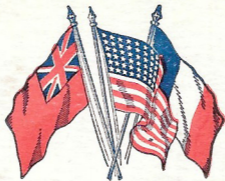


KILLED IN ACTION

We heard those words on Sunday from an or-
dained preacher's lips,
As in his trembling hands he held some closely-
written slips
Containing names of heroes who had given up
their all,
While the organ softly whispered the well-known
Dead March in Saul.
The smothered sobs around us told of love and
sacrifice,
'Till the organ's peal of victory bade the weeping
ones rejoice,
And the meteor flag of England draped about the
pulpit wide,
Proclaimed the fact that Church and Flag had
battled side by side.

We bowed our heads in reverence, thanking God
for vouchsafed grace,
While our pulse was wildly throbbing with an in-
born pride of race,
As we visualized our comrades e're they they left
their native land,
And felt again the hand clasp of their warm puls-
ating hand.
But those three words: "Killed in Action," written
on the honor roll,
Like a thrice-barbed arrow entered the recesses of
our soul!
'Till the blessing of Almighty came and healed our
wounded heart,
As our conscience re-assured us we had done our
humble part.—Fred Young, 18th Battalion.

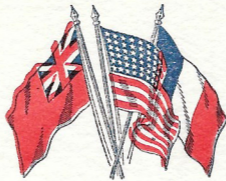




Did You Stand Up Four-Square to the Test?

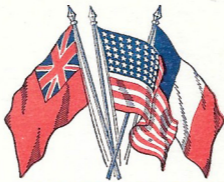
It is easy enough to cheer with the crowd,
As our heroes in khaki march by,
It is easy to yell yourself hoarse for the flag,
With a patriot's pride in your eye.
But when Duty demanded you offer your life
Or give up what your heart loved the best,
And when Fate poured the acid right into your
soul,
Did you stand up four-square to the test?

The war has been won by the hardships of those
Who have proved their proud faith in the
cause,
In the trench or the home front they stood to
the guns,
Defying the tyrant's red claws.
The sun shone on all in our great Peace parade,
And we all waved our flags with the rest,
But the blessing of God rested only on those
Who had stood up four-square to the test.
—Fred Young, 18th Battalion.



The Ex-Kaiser's Third Degree

What would we do with Kaiser Bill? we wouldn't
do a thing,
We'd let him live a thousand years and feel re-
morse's sting,
A hunted, haunted, hated wreck upon life's rest-
less main,
A creature lower than the beasts, cursed with the
brand of Cain,
His days a hopeless horror filled with fears of com-
ing dread,
His nights a fearful vision of the helpless, ravished
dead.
We'd have relentlessimps of fate to harass him
unseen,
And hold before his longing eyes the vanished
"might have been."
We'd split his ears with shrieks and cries of Huns
who called him "Sire,"
And passed from Prussian uniforms to Hell's in-
fernal fire;
We'd make him fear the hand of death, we'd paint
upon his soul
A picture of his conquered hosts who failed to
reach the goal.
And when the resurrection morn shall sound his
final knell,
We'd have him crave a ladder just to crawl up in
to Hell. —Fred Young, 18th Battalion.



“ EXTRADITION ”

We are no great shucks on spelling and our learn-
ing is quite scanty,
For our should-be college days were spent in
maple-log built shanty;
So you'll do us quite a favor if you'll kindly put
us right

Regarding the true meaning of that big word
“extradite.”

It's something that the Allies want to do to the
ex-Kaiser,

But if they pull their stunt off we shall not be any
wiser,

And we're very, very anxious to see Bill put
through the loop

In a thorough-going fashion that will make his
moustache droop.

We have read a fool suggestion about boiling him
in oil,

While others want him put on ice for fear that he
might spoil;

Some say just hand him over to the bereaved
wives and mothers,

Some want him hustled off to hell with Hindy and
the others;

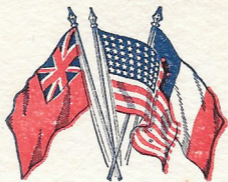
A lot of folks would have him feel the lashings of
brute force,

But we'd like to see him exiled to a long-life
keen remorse.

So if “extradite” can put him where remorse can
sting and bite him,

We want to cast our vote to have the Allies
“extradite” him.

—Fred Young, 18th Battalion.



Soldiers First

In the stern, grim days of warfare when our foes
were at our gates,

And we needed flesh and blood to stem the tide;
On railroads, ships and king's highway, they yell-
ed "Put soldiers first,"

And all things else were forced to stand aside.
Then our lads, true to tradition, jumped aboard
the outbound train

That would take them to the ocean-going boat,
Saying as they kissed their loved ones, "Keep a
good stiff upper lip,"

And their loved ones answered, "Keep our flag
afloat."

Their deeds are writ in history, Ypres, Lange-
marck, Vimy Ridge,

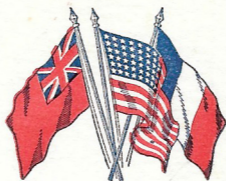
They have reached and crossed the vaunted
German Rhine;
British Generals, British statesmen proudly send
across the news

That their famous fighting smashed the Hindy
line.

Some day soon they'll be returning to demand
their hard-won rights,

Telling Borden, Beck and politician Hearst
That the sauce made for the gander is a good
sauce for the goose,

And that reconstruction means "Put soldiers
first." —Fred Young, 18th Battalion.



Thank God your Sacrifice was not in Vain

Ye mothers who have given sons, ye wives whose
loved ones died
Out in Flanders or on France's blood-soaked
plain,
Lift your troubled spirits up to heaven and let
your tears be dried,
For your sacrifices have not been in vain.
The cause for which they battled, the cause for
which you prayed,
And for which your soul has suffered untold
grief,
Has been won, and into Germany, in battle form
arrayed,
Our boys have marched to tune of Maple Leaf.

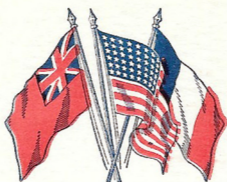
It may be that the spirits of your loved ones
hovered nigh,
As the Angel did at Mons in '14,
And around each wooden cross "Out There,"
clear cut against the sky,
A holy halo, sent from heaven, was seen.
We have seen the Sun of Righteousness break
through the clouds of strife,
And the Truth, though crushed to earth, did
rise again;
Though the vacant chair at home may cast its
shadow o'er your life,
Yet thank God, your sacrifice was not in vain.
Fred Young, 18th Battalion.





The Hand That Rocked the Cradle Won the War

The stern terms of the Armistice have now been
put in force,
And our lads have wound the watch up on the
Rhine.
They have rescued ruined Belgium and redeemed
war-stricken France,
And in Germany established their front line.
Some preachers and the L. D. A. proclaim in pious
tones,
That the Prussian downfall has been wrought
by prayer;
While a lot of husky fellows crawled from under-
neath the barn,
Waved the Union Jack and yelled, "We've
killed the bear."
But if you go "out yonder" where the regular fel-
lows are,
And ask them what has brought us victory,
They will tell you that from Mothers' breasts they
sucked their pride of race,
And their priceless heritage of Liberty.
They will tell you that the thought of home and
mother to protect
Nerved their fighting arm on yonder foreign
shore.
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the "hand
that rules the world,"
And the "hand that rocked the cradle" won the
War. —Fred Young, 18th Battalion.



We Didn't Raise Our Boy to Be a Soldier

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Mothers who wear
the Bronze Medal of the Associated Kin)

By Fred Young, late of the 18th Battalion

We didn't raise our boy to be a soldier,
We loved him as all parents love their son,
His footsteps never marched to martial music,
He was never taught the workings of a gun.
We told him of the dying love of Jesus,
Explained to him God's great salvation plan.
We taught him love of country, right and freedom,
And we tried to raise our boy to be a man.

When war's red lust swept over ruined Belgium,
He came to us and said, "I've got to go,
If God is on the side of right and freedom,
It's up to me to fight that fiendish foe."
And when they told us he was "Killed in Action,"
Hot tears of pride and sorrow freely ran,
For we didn't raise our boy to be a soldier,
But, thank God, we raised our boy to be a man.