



BANG

EXPLOSIONS in VERSE

by *Al Pat.*

Irish Soldier Poet



WITH REPRINTS FROM HIS LAST BOOK

"Rhymes of an Old War Horse"

You'll get a Bang out of Bang



THE AUTHOR

"Al Pat" Irish Soldier Poet

Dedication

This Book is Lovingly Dedicated to

MOTHER SHEPPARD

"The Guardian Angel of all Ex-service men of the 1st World War," in appreciation of her wonderful work in their behalf and to those Ex-service men's sons and daughters who have enlisted for World War II.

"Rusty the Rookie"

Rusty was an airman, he joined at Manning Pool,
His hair was red as red could be, enlisted right from school.
For weeks and weeks he drilled and trained, out in the old "Bull
Pen"

And marched in "Threes" right there beside, the very best of men,
He sweated and he suffered, and grouched a time or two,
Who wouldn't at a time like that, just when you're down or blue.
But Rusty kept on training, eight twenty to "Retreat,"
Praying for his just reward, a uniform so neat.

And then one day in hesitance, he asked the "Flight" if he,
Could get his uniform so nice, and walk the streets with glee.

He pictured all the gals in town, with loving eyes admiring,
His manly gait and head erect, it had him all prespiring.
The Flight had watched young Rusty, and thought he'd help the
lad,

He said to him 'come on me son, we'll see what can be had.'
Then he marched him to the stores, and chanced the E.O's ire,
He'd done it lots of times before, had been thru rapid fire.
But just as he got ready to withstand that shock,
The E.O. said, "what size is he?" Then things began to pop.
Tunic, Sweater, Pants and Coat, Boots and Socks and all,
The "Flight" gave out a blat of joy, then leaned against the wall.
Next time that he saw Rusty, he's walking up Yonge Street,
His head erect and chest chucked out, he's looking quite a treat.
A sweet young thing walked by his side, her eyes were filled with
pride,

It made "Flight" think of days gone by, across the other side.
So here's Good Luck to Rusty, and all his Airmen pals,

The Mounties get their men they say, but the Airmen get
their gals..

Manning Pool, Toronto, Ontario, Christmas Day, 1939

'When uniforms were at a premium.'

'You've Had It--Don't Panic'

If the Corporal raises hell with you,
And says, "Get out of bed."
The night before you drank 10 quarts,
Your head just feels like lead,
His glare is quite appalling,
As you hang onto your head --

You've had it -- don't panic.

If your Sergeant says you're no good,
You're a useless, worthless bum,
You might as well just pack your kit,
And beat it for your home,
The looks that he will give you
Will sour the milk, by gum.

You've had it -- don't panic.

And if it's got up to the Flight
Of what a mess you are
You'd better take a runnin' jump
And flop beneath a car,
Cause he'll mow you down so simple
That you'll splatter near and far.

You've had it -- don't panic.

But worst of all calamity
That ever could befall
Is, when the Sergeant Major hears,
About your little squall.
He'll call a firing party
And put you against the wall.

You've had it -- and you'll panic!

Summerside, P.E.I., August 10, 1943.

'R.C.A.F. Receptionist'

He never yearned for riches,
He never yearned for power,
But did he yearn to get a pass,
To meet her in her bower.

'Esprit D'Corps'

PRIDE OF UNIT

I'm proud to be an Airman, and wear the Airforce Blue,
I'm proud to be 'mongst youngsters, who always ring so true.
I thrill with expectation, when I see them marching by
I close my eyes and see them soar, in Squadrons to the sky.
I revel in their smartness when off parade or on
And know these Boys will always fight, until the Battles'
won.

I envy every Parent, whose fostered such a Son,
And know they'll take a big account, of every blasted Hun.
Inspired by the "Friendly Chat" of Air Marshall Bishop,
V.C., to the Airmen of Manning Depot, Toronto, Ont.,
May 4, 1940.

'Regina Sea Gulls'

"BOMBING OF THE FLIGHT"

While minding my own business, up at the Normal
School,
I'd march my Squadron off to work, the boys from Manning
Pool,
I'm checking up my Roll Call as peaceful as can be,
When suddenly I hear a noise, and raise my eyes to see.
And then with eyes a squinting, I see the Gulls dart by,
The sight is very lovely, against the clear blue sky.
When suddenly a splash I hear, and looking down I
swear,
I'll never check my Roll again, when Gulls are in the Air.
7-8-40, Regina, Sask.

'The Bulldog and the Eagle'

Thank God there is a Britain, and Britons won't be slaves,
Thank God they have a Navy, who'll always rule the waves.
Her Army and her Air Force, all gallant fighting men,
We must support at any cost, should we want Peace again.
A Slimy beast is at her throat, who tries her to devour,
But Bulldogs are like Eagles, and hold on 'till the hour.
They'll fight until the finish, they never shall give in,
It may take years to do the job, but together we will win.
Regina, Sask., 29, 9, 1940.

'What is a Buddy'

What is a Buddy? What is a Pal?
The question is timely, it may mean a gal.
Songs have been written, and good ones too,
Of just what a Buddy, may mean to you.
A Buddy is something, that's hard to describe,
That sticks to your guns, right there by your side.
You'll abuse him and use him, believe me my friend,
But when you are short, he's willing to lend.
A Buddy will stick, not care what they'll say,
He's right in there pitching, although you're away.
A Buddy in War, will split his last fag,
To give you a smoke, although you may nag.
And if you are wounded, he'll carry you in,
He'll be to you, like good Gunga Din.
Times may have changed us, making us hard,
But Buddies don't measure, not by the yard.
Friends may forsake us, of that we all know,
But a Buddy will stick, though your fall is real low.
So if it's your luck to own such a thing,
As a Buddy or Pal, you've real cause to sing.
Don't wait till you lose him, or he goes away,
Just hand him some bouquets, right now, while you may.

R.C.A.F., Trenton, Ont., December, 1943.

'Why Do I Laugh'

Why do I laugh, please ask me another,
My reasons are legion, believe me Oh brother.
Why do I laugh, in face of War's Hell,
When my ears are hearing an agonized yell.
Why do I laugh, when the young and the old,
Are massacred daily in blood that is cold.
Why do I laugh, when a Mother still weeps,
'Cause they've murdered her son, it gives one the creeps.
I laugh with conviction, for the Day has begun,
When that famous word FINIS, is writ for the hun.

Toronto, Ont., June, 1942.

'Pretty Grim'

When your Corporal swipes your Sweetie,
With those baby eyes of blue,
And the Sergeant does the same thing,
To the lass that's true to you.
And the Flight does steal another,
With the eyes that are nut brown.
And the Major steals another,
Oh brother won't you frown.
But when your Pal does steal your Cutie,
The one that's full of sin,
It's a thousand chance to one you'll say,
"Ye gods . . . it's pretty grim."

Summerside, P.E.I., August, 1943.

'Der Phewerer'

You dirty lousy stinkin Hun, I spose you're proud of what
you've done,
You've murdered scores of little tots, I hope your bloody
carcass rots.
They talk of fiends that come from Hell, they can't compete,
we know it well
There's nothing that's to low for you, and all your rotten
stinkin crew.
But dont you fret you low lived rat, the British Troops are
going to bat,
And when we get you on the run, you'll taste our steel, you
lousy Hun.
No use to say, KAMRADE this time, 'cause ue're not stop-
ping at the Rhine.
Ther's nothing on this earth that's surer, than your down-
fall, you stinkin Phewerer.
23, 9, 40, Regina Sask.

"On the sinking of the City of Benares by a German sub."

'What Hast Thou To Show'

What hast thou to show, for thy stewardship,
What hast thou done, upon Earth?
The Padre has asked us this question,
Sometimes many answers bring mirth.
"What have I done?", says the sailor,
God blimey when I was ashore,
At Frisco and Cape Town and Burmah,
I picks me some swell broads galore.
"What have I done?", says the Soldier,
When stationed throughout our Empire,
I've courted all colors and creeds of the gals,
And all of them plumb full of fire.
"What have I done?", says the Airman,
Just loved them and left them that's all,
An Airman can't fool much with women,
Especially those that bawl.
What have *they* done with their stewardship?
They've given their all with a might,
They're glorious and grand, the best in the land;
As they valiantly fight for the Right.
And that is the way, with these lads that we know,
They never speak aught of their creehs,
They'll tell you of all the *fun* that they had,
But naught about valour and deeds.

Regina, Sask., 25, 2, 41.

'Grape-Vine'

You've 'eard about drums in th' Tropics,
Way down in th' African Wilds.
'Ow savages signal through jungles and like,
For thousands an' thousands o' miles.
It's a wonnerful thing they accomplish,
As they talk to the-ir friends, down th' line,
But it's nowt t'what the boys in the service can do,
By th' use of the old Grape-Vine.

Summerside, P.E.I.

'Grounded'

This is the yarn of a lad I know, who wore the Air Force
blue,
Fair of hair and stout of heart, and an eye that looked you
thru
He marched into our Station, with a Draft that came from
the East,
And filled with a firm conviction, to settle that Berlin Beast.
I watched him parade in the morning, and again in the
afternoon,
Then slick himself up in the evening, go whistling down
town to a tune.
My he was proud of his Air Force blue, he sure did strut
his stuff,
And when he did his lovin', the gals coundn't get enough.
He loved them in the evening, he loved them in the night,
Some of the gals he loved so hard, said he squeezed them to
tight.
But he managed to wangle along some how, although he
tried hard to study
Until he met up with a gal one day, whose hair was good
and ruddy.
He met her at the dance, they say, to music soft and sweet,
They glided o'er the floor with bliss, till the birds went
tweet, tweet, tweet.
I'll give him credit for the line, that this Airman gave this
gal,
And did she swallow all he said, she did, like a real good
Pal.
Then one night, 'twas in the park, the moon was nice and
bright,
She sighed and sat upon his lap, while he hugged her good
and tight.
She led him on, that red headed wench, she drove him
straight to town,
And when he woke up, he was GROUNDED for life, the
silly ruddy clown.
So all you fair young Airmen, a warning take from me,
Be careful what you sav to gals. that sit upon your knee.

R.C.A.F., Regina, Sask., 29, 8, 40.

'Up On the Bit'

"Up on the bit" the Serjeant said, as he fell us in on Parade,
"Up on the bit" he bellowed at us, we thought, what an
awful tirade.

He hollered at us and blustered, and told us a thing or two,
And if you happened to miss a step, you'd bloody wish you
were thru.

He'd march you up and down the square, 'till your feet were
fit to pop,

And form you here and form you there, until you were
ready to flop.

Oh he was an awful man I'll say, he never seemed ever to
tire,

When doubling us round the square one day, somebody
yelled, "Where's the fire?"

But just the same in spite of it all, if an Airman I'm going
to be,

I got to be able to do my stuff, before I go over the Sea.
The better I'm drilled, the keener I'll be, to blast all to

Hell those Jerrys,

And when back on leave, I'll meet all the gals, they'll chorus,
"Aint he the Berries."

R.C.A.F., Regina, Sask., 19, 11, 1940.

'After the Ball'

I'm feeling awfully muggy, my head is bending low,

Ye gods and little fishes, I feel just like a crow.

My tongue is like a door mat, my knees are wobbly too,

My tummy's like a furnace, gosh I'm feeling blue.

You'd think that I was travelling, I've bags beneath my
eyes,

I look just like a kitten, that's been eatin flies.

The cause of all this misery, I'm sorry to relate,

I went unto our Monthly Dance, coming home quite late.

I felt that I was 17 instead of 57

I frolicked with the swellest gals, I thought I was in
Heaven.

The Punch Bowl it was goodly, was good till it's last drop.

And now I lay me down to rest.. Yours sincerely.. Pop.

Sg's' Mess, Summerside, P.E.I., April, 1943.

'Standard G.D.'

He joined to be a Pilot, and sail the azure blue,

Or maybe an Observer, doin' duty as Air Crew.

He might be an Air Gunner, spottin' Fritzies on the fly,

But when sizing up the Floozies, he'd never bat an eye.

He studied and he worried, but it wasn't worth a damn,

In spite of all his fussing, he wound up, just a Ham,

This seems an awful story, for me to hand to you,

But listen till I finish, it's good before I'm thru.

This lad... Potential Pilot, or maybe something worse,

Got all fed up thru failling, he thought he'd had a curse.

So they mustered him a G.D., and he hung his head so low,

Ye gods and little fishes, he looked just like a crow.

Then they moved him down to X Flight, great indeed his
shame,

Till senior N.C.O. in charge, says, "Play the blinkin'
Game,

You ain't no worse than I am, I joined to do some more,

Now they've got me held up, I sweat from every pore.

But here I am so help me, I'm foundered on this side,

Instead of b'astin' Fritzies, it hurts me ruddy pride,

Buck up me lad, you've lots of time, and lots of guts I'll bet,

No matter what the job you got, you'll do it well don't
fret."

The lad took heart from hearing this, and pulled his should-
ers back,

A look then settled on his face, I've seen before "Attack"

My story's nearly over, except I'd like to state,

No matter what your duty is, this is your Life Time's
Date,

You're taking part in something, that never was before,

And if you miss this ruddy show, you'll be real blinkin'
sore.

No. 2, I.T.S., Regina, Sask., 1940.

'Och Aye'

(A wee Scotch Short short)

Och Aye she was a lassie,

Och Aye he was a lad,

Och Aye .. they met doon in the glen.. Och Aye?

'Room Mate'

(Dedicated to the late Sgt. "Cy" Bennett, R.C.A.F.)

So they laid him away midst flowers,
That young Room Mate of mine,
I've lost many friends in battle,
But never a one so fine.
A Lad with all to live for,
He gave his life up for our Cause,
We wonder why he was taken,
It makes us think and pause.
He was more than a Son I'll warrant,
In his thoughtful, considerate way,
Never a Lad thought more of his Folks,
As he'd talk on his cot, where he'd lay.
Always smilingly cheerful,
Whenever he entered our room,
The essence of courage and manhood,
He never did know about gloom.
When this trouble and strife is all over,
I'll know that I'll have a full leaven,
If I meet my friend Cy, in the place that he's
gone,
And I know that, that place is in Heaven.

No. 1, G.R.S., R.C.A.F., Summerside, P.E.I.

'Ode to Cologne'

Pardon while I gloat awhile, because I had a hand,
To train some lads who've blasted Hell, right out of
Fritzie's Land.
I'm getting on in years myself, of that I can't deny,
But just the same I had a hand, in training them to fly.
Don't get me wrong, I didn't teach, these lads to spread a
wing.
I only trained them how to march, until their heels
would ring.
I razzed them and I guided them, throughout their I.T.S.,
And now they've done a mighty show, I'm proud I must
confess.

May, 1942.

'The Wimmin'

Who was it that the Boys prayed for,
Each night they went to sleep.
As they knelt down beside their beds,
And asked their souls to keep? ... The Wimmin.
Who was it that the Boys dreamed of,
While laying on their cots,
And smiled serenely in their sleep,
About some cute wee tots? ... The Wimmin.
Who was it came into our midst,
With Smiles that were alluring,
And mothered us with tender care,
And guided us .. assuring? ... The Wimmin.
Who made our Airmen all spruce up,
And look just how they should,
Would fix their ties and roll their eyes,
And seem as if the could..? ... The Wimmin.
And when we leave this sorry world,
To climb the Golden Stairs,
Who'll issue out a pair of wings,
While we forget our cares? ... The Wimmin.

'I'm Soldier'

I'm a Soldier, aye, and proud of the fact,
Proud of the Comrades, that made the same Pact,
The Pact to wine Nazis, from the face of the Earth,
Along with all vermin, that threaten our hearth.
I'm a Soldier, aye, pray always I'll be,
Fit enough subject, to fight to be free,
Free from all bondage, that threatens our lives,
Free from all hands, that desecrate wives.
I'm a Soldier. aye. no longer I'm young.
From a Peace loving citizen, thence have I sprung.
Sprung to the Call, and eager to fight,
Aye fight for the Cause, I know that is right.
I'm a Soldier, aye, and after we won,
We'll talk of our Victories, and what we have done.
We'll yarn about Buddies, some living, some dead,
And help build a world, that's not filled up with dread.
November 11, 1943.

"Dedicated to the Canadian Legion of Summerside, P.E.I."

'Blimey's Christmas Leave'

Lots of times thee's 'eard those tales, of Sam, the Yorkshire Lad.

The one about young Albert, that made the Lion so mad.
And the one about Lord Nelson and Wellington so irony.
Now let's 'ave one about Sam's Mate, I think they calls 'im Blimey.

Th' air was short an' snappy, th' temperature twenty below,
As Blimey got his Christmas Leave, th' land was white with snow.

E'd 'ad a 'ard time, 'ad Blimey, a makin' 'is Christmas Leave,

From th' L.A.C. t' our WO.I., said things that made 'im grieve.

They p'rated 'im 'ere, an' p'rated 'im there, until he was ready to yell,

In fact 'e was in state of mind, to tell 'em to go t' Hell.

"Ow long 'ave you been in Service?" one of 'em wanted t' know,

"Just a short time," says Blimey, "Ever since last bleedin' Show."

"Where are you goin' an' the railway?" another one asked him in turn,

"I'm goin' back 'omet' Toronto, (I wish the blighter would burn.)"

"Are you travellin' by bus or by railway?" another one asked with a beam,

"I'm drivin' me own ruddy aeroplane, if you ask me another, I'll scream."

"Your number, your name and initials, your next o' kin and th' address,

Your medical sheet, your 229, I want all the lot, none th' less."

An' so they bothered Old Blimey, until 'e was ready t' die,
All 'cause 'e wanted a Christmas Leave, an' get back 'ome on t' fly.

At last someone said t' Old Blimey, "Sergeant Major's lookin' for 'ee,

Best go an' see 'im at office, 'e wants thee t' 'ave some tea."

'Ah will an' all," says Blimey, "'e might 'ave summitt I need,"

Then takin' a hitch in 'is pants like, 'e doubles right over with speed.

"Brrrrr," says t' old Sergeant Major, "Brr, you want t' see me?"

"Go over an' see Corporal Blochett, 'e might 'ave summitt for thee."

So Blimey went over t' Blochett, an' there was th' Corporal, all smiles,

Th' Corporal was thinkin', now 'ere's a big drink, but 'e was out miles upon miles.

"You've summitt for me, Corp.?" says Blimey, th' Corp smacked his lips with glee,

Then winkin' 'is eye, 'e looked kinda sly, "Got a Christmas Leave, lad, for thee."

Blimey 'e looked real surprised like, an' says, "Let's see it—do tell."

Then snatchin' it out of th' Corporal's 'and, dashed out of the room with a yell.

So that's 'ow Old Blimey got furlough, an' toddled off 'ome to 's wife,

To put up th' tree an' play with th' kids, an' 'ave th' best time of 'is life.

No. 2, I.T.S., R.C.A.F., Regina Sask., December, 1940.

'The Prayer of a Marine'

If I have to die O Lord,

Before this War is o'er,

Please don't let me die until,

My bayonets' dipped in gore.

Let me poke one lousy Jap,

Let me hack him 'til he squeals,

While I see him squirm in anguish,

Like some bloody stinkin' eels,

Please don't let me suffer pity,

When a Jap is on his knees,

And having thus revenged my Buddies,

Tell St. Pete give me the Keys.

Amen

"A Canadian Airman's Salute to the U.S.M."
Summerside, September, 1942.

'Boosey'

Ever 'eard tell about Boosey, what trained at Depot, right
'ere,
Couldn't drink nowt up in Mess Room, made up for it later
with beer.
Opened t' Canteen at evenin', stayed till last. "Rap Out"
came,
Then risin' t' feet with dignity, he'd close up t' joint t' same.
Never said no when they asked him, 't'ave a short pint o'
beer,
But always was there with a greeting, should thee want a
few words of cheer.
Sometimes t' lads were busted, you'd 'ave thought that they
would die of thirst.
Not so with this lad from Yorkshore, when Canteen is open
'es first.
Some peoples' careless 'bout drinkin', don't seem to carry
it right,
Different it was with our Boosey, 'e was always a fine
lookin' sight.
T' recruits 'e was always instructin', an 'is eloquence never
did lag,
'Ow to carry t' evenin's refreshments, an' take 'is self safe
'ome with a jag.
'Is technique was almost appaling, 'e never was known once
to weave,
Recruits bet t' beer that e'd wobble, an when 'e didn't they'd
grieve.
Most of t' lads laughed at Boosey, but some of us 'ad better
sense,
You see we'd been over t' Ocean before, an of course we
wer'nt so dense.
We'd seen what 'appened at "Last Do", an know what'd
do with a chance,
Thank God for such lads as Boosey, when takin' on Huns
in France.
June 13, 1940, Toronto, Ont.

'Wee Johnny'

Wee Johnny was his name ye ken, was just another Jock,
One maire Lad frae Scotland's Shores, tae gie those Fritz a
sock.
Always smilin' night or day, he did na hae a care,
At least that's what he'd make ye think, tae see him over
there.
He'd whistle an' he't sing all day, an joke wie every mon,
But Lad he paid an awful price, before the War was won.
I will na gie the details, of how it came about,
But when those dirty Fritz got thru, he didna have a foot.
But don't you go a grievin' or drappin' ony tears,
The happiest mon amongst us noo, is Johnny, wie out fears.
His laugh is just as happy, his jokes are just as guld,
A lesson for the most o' us, wie face as long as wood.
So keep your chin uplifted, 'like Johnny, bless his heart,
If he can do the likes o' that, can you no do your part?
"The true story of Pte. J. Waddell, 1st Batt., 1st Div. Can.
Exp. Force, 1914.

'Are We Worthy'

Are we worthy of our Boys "Over There"?
Can we say now that *we've done our share*?
Have we lived up to a sacrifice grand
Made by those Lads, the best in the Land?
Can we say, "Son, your Dad and me
Have never broke faith since you've crossed the Sea.
We've spent every hour and worked with a will,
We've kept the wheels turning of the old home mill.
We've "Backed the Attack," though sometimes it hurt.
With people who didn't, we often got curt.
But don't worry, Son, we're not hungry yet,
We're doing quite nicely, so don't ever fret.
Dad and me, we often do pray
That we'll remain worthy of you that's away.
We pray the good Lord that you may come home
And *not find us wanting this side of the foam.*"
We may be proud of them over there.
Let's hope we are worthy, if they should compare.
R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ont.

'Cavalcade Vingt-Deux'

When I come from my Villiage, to join the Old Vingt Deux,
I almos leave my heart behine, with my Jeannette, sa Bleu.
My head she's whirl, jus for that girl, she's look so sweet
an nice,

By gar she is an angel, I think I love her twice.

All the week I train an march, on pork an beans an stew,
But when the ole week end she's come, I ask for Pass, Mon
Dieu.

Sometimes I not receive one, the Capataine she's mad,
But when I get a Pass nex week, then I am twice as glad.
An then I have to leave her, to go to fight the foe,
An she is almos brek her heart, she say she love me so,
But I come back I tell her, after I kill Hun,

She say "You bet your life, you will, or I fix you Big Bum."
An now the War she's over, many year's ago,
My wife Jeannette, she's proud of me, an our famille, so
gros,

They are fine. all *ten* of them, jus lak Jeannette an me,
Le Garde D'Honneur, we raise by gar, to guard their
Majesties.

"On the event of Their Majesties landing in Quebec and
being received by a Guard of Honour from the Royal 22nd
Regiment on May 17th, 1939."

'Give Me a Chance'

(AN OLD SOLDIER'S PLEA)

Give me a chance before I die,

To even a score of days gone bye.

I forgave for awhile those beasts filled with lust,

But never again a German I'll trust.

Give me a chance to ride on a limber,

To help anyway, even cut down timber.

It matters not what, the job that I'm at,

As long as I'm helping to wipe out a rat.

Give me a chance to do what I might,

It may be just little, to help win this fight.

We didn't do bad, at last bloody "Do,"

Just give me a chance, before I get thru.

Vir, Ville. P. Q. 20. 6. 1941.

'Come Back'

I got a crazy notion once, that I was all washed up,
I thought I'm just a Has-Been, not even worth my Sup.

"What use am I?" I says to me, "You useless, worthless nut,
Go lay yourself in Egypt, 'longside of Old King Tut."

I felt the pangs of pity, was sorry for myself,

And viewed my face with vast reproach, Said, "Get back on
a shelf."

So there I sat with solemn mien, did watch the World go bye,
And said, "My gosh, why do you live? You ought to go
and die."

Just then a bugle sounded, I thought, 'twas Gabriel's Toot,
And scrambling off the shelf at once, I gave myself "The
Boot."

I joined the Service once again, paraded with The Boys,
And found that I was still some use, then Life was filled
with joys.

I felt so young, that I got wed. believe it Mr. Rip,
And when I p'raded down the aisle, they nearly had the Pip.
The Moral to this story is, you never are too old,
To be of use, somewhere, somehow, should heart be true and
bold.

"On My Honeymoon, May 20th, 1940, Toronto, Ontario."

'Our Dad'

Many years have passed and gone, since Dad has left my
side,

But still I feel that guiding hand, and think of it with pride,
When we're young and thoughtless, and think we know it all.
Our Dad is always by us, even though we fall.

Dad is not Old Fashioned, with all his funny ways,

Let him have the floor at times, you'll find it often pays.

Be assured of one thing, and give it just one thought,

Advice to you is free my boy, not so with him 'twas bought.

You can't go wrong by listening, to what Dad says to you,

He may not be a Soloman, but at least he's true.

It's only when *your* hair goes grey, that you will realize,

How little heed you paid to him, when he tried to advise.

Father's Day, Toronto, Ont., June 19, 1938.

'A Promise'

I've promised myself a treat some day,
If ever that I get rich.
I'm going to take a trip down East,
I hope that there will be no hitch.
I want to return to P.E.I.
That beautiful, dear little Isle.
Looking so much like my Ireland,
With the green that one does beguile.
I want to cross to Borden,
In the same old fashioned boat,
There walking on deck, I'll stand by the bow.
Believe me my friends I will gloat.
I'll watch that dear Isle approaching,
A sight that will sure bring me joy.
Bringing back memories of my own dear Isle,
That I left when I was a boy.
Then I'll meet all my friends of the Island,
Old friends both loyal and true.
I'll have a grand time, believe me I will,
On the Isle on the Ocean of blue.
I'll bide a wee while, in the villiage I love,
And stay with my friends who kept bees.
I'll ponder awhile and gaze towards the bay,
As I watch the waves whipped by the breeze.
Oh I love that dear Isle where the grass grows so
green,
With it's shores that are outlined in red.
Later we'll have a good game of cards,
With the folks going early to bed.
I wonder no more at the folks who came back,
Who've wandered away from that shore.
Shure you're bound to fall in love with the place,
Though you never were there before.
So all you good folks who live far in-land,
And are tired of your mountains and prairies,
For a change go down East and visit the Isle.
That like Ireland was made by the Fairies.

R.C.A.F. Hospital, Trenton, Ontario.

'Mon Ami Jacques'

By gar she was fine fellow, this Jacques, a friend of mine,
But I lose him very quick by Cras, before we cross the Rhine.
He's always making joke with me, when I'm feeling low,
And if the other boys she's blue, he's cheer them up also.
One night she's dark like one black cat, we go out from the
trench,

We make the raid on Alleman, Mon Dieu what awful stench.
We tumble here and fall down there, sa blue she's one dam
night,

By Cras I'm nearly do sometings, I'm all fill up with fright.
And then that gosh damn Alleman, what you think she's do?
She's go and shoot a star shell, and then she raise hell too.
Nex thing I stop a bullet, he hit me in the arm,
And then my poor friend Jacques, sacré, try me to save from
harm.

He bend down quick to pick me up, and say "I get you back,"
He never know what hit him, but me I hear the crack.
I like to tell you storys, that make you feel so glad,
But please excuse me once this time, he was, best friend I
had.

So this is end of story, that I am tell to you,
About my good friend Jacques, Quelle Homme, a one that
was so true.

And when I leave this place we live, I hope I go up there.
So I can thank my good friend Jacques, as I climb The
Golden Stair.

Friday, March 22, 1940.

'Just As Good'

Are they as good as we were "Last Time?"
An old Timer ask'd of me.
Will they stand up, 'gainst shot and shell,
When they've gone over the sea?
Don't worry Old Timer, I said with a grin,
They won't let us down, never fear.
They're proving it daily, they're made of the stuff,
That goes over the "TOP" with a cheer.
No. 1, G.R.S., Summerside, P.E.I.

'Your Chest Has Slipped'

Young Service men take greatest pride, in chucking out their chests,
They do it quite unconsciously, they never take a rest.
From morn till night they do, their stuff, as snappy as can be,
You see them strutting up Yonge Street, and all filled with glee.
It's nice to see these fine lads strut, God bless em all we say,
And may they always keep their chests, (in that particular way.)
It's different with Old Sweats we know, us lads who've passed our prime,
It's hard to keep our chests in shape, they'll slip below the line.
I walked out on parade today, to fall my Squadron in,
My chest chucked out (or so I thought) just neat as a new pin.
"Settle down" I yelled and glared at them, in my fiercest kind of way,
"The first one moves, I'll have his name, he'll find that crime won't pay."
Just then a voice from nowhere, spoke gently in my ear,
"Your chest has slipped", it said to me, "You'd better cut the beer."
Another day the Brass Hat came, and you know what that means,
We drilled for days and days before, e'en had it in our dreams.
We marched for days around the Square, until we almost dropped,
And gave that smart eyes right we do, until our both feet popped,
At last He came - we did our stuff, he looked me o'er quite queer,
"Your chest has slipped", he said to me, "My man lay off the beer."
And so it goes thruout this life, as wars will come and go,
Old Timers will come up, they say, of that we all do know.
The'll fight for King and Country, and help the Kids along,
And even though their chest DO SLIP, they'll show them
RIGHT from Wrong. Summerside, P.E.I., June, 1943

'Soldier Boy'

(The old Soldier speaks to the young Soldier)
So you're going to take my place, Soldier Boy,
You're going to join the race, Soldier Boy.
You're all filled up with pride, that you'll make the other side,
Don't I wish that I could come, Soldier Boy.
Yes I've been up the Hill, Soldier Boy,
The one at Harve, I mean. Soldier Boy.
Where they gave us Pork and Beans, and Francs down in our jeans,
The climax to our training, Soldier Boy.
And when you reach The Line, Soldier Boy,
I just know that you'll be fine, Soldier Boy,
I'll be praying way back here, but I'll never drop a tear,
'Cause Soldiers never cry, Soldier Boy.
And when you've done your "Bit" Soldier Boy,
Pack your troubles in your kit, Soldier Boy,
We'll be waiting with your lass, Let's hope 'twill come to pass,
You'll come marching home to us, Soldier Boy.
Toronto, Ontario, October 13th, 1939.

'Wedding Spells'

("I observe Spring too." Al Pat)
In Spring they say, a young man's mind,
Does turn to thoughts of love.
Be as it may, though I'm not young,
I've got myself a Dove.
I worship ground she walks upon,
Her glance fills me with glee,
My heart skips beats, each time we kiss,
Although I'm fifty three.
So hearken ye, my bachelor friends,
And Old Maids listen too.
Although your years are getting on,
You still can bill and coo.
All the World's in love with love
No matter what age you be.
So get yourself a Mate like mine,
E'en though you're *Ninety Three*.
"My Wedding Day, May 11th, 1940, Toronto, Ont."

'Tim'

(An Irish Mother's pardonable bragging about her Soldier Boy)

Did ye ever hear me tellin'—about me Boy called Tim,
The one that joined the Army—Divil fly away wid him.
But O he was a darlin'—as sweet as honey dew,
And such a pleasant way wid him—he was of truest blue.
Fine upstandin' soldier—the Company's tallest man,
Joined up in the start he did—just as the War began.
Ye ought to seen him marchin'—Oh wid his shoulders back,
His eyes a-twinklin' like two small stars, puttin' colleens on
the rack.

"The bravest man I ever had" the Colonel said of Tim,
"He saved my life right on the Somme, we decorated him."
Ye ought to seen him comin' home—whenever he got leave,
A runnin' madly down the road—a makin' collens grieve.
Oh he had a way wid him—that big spalpeen of mine,
He'd pick me up and swing me 'round—to pass away the
time.

But now the War's all over, and Tim he's far away,
Ye see a little Frenchy girl a stole his heart, they say.
And tho I sit here lonely—a thinkin' of my Tim,
I know he loves her dearly, they say she's fond of him.
But now I'm lookin' forward, because I got some news,
I'm goin' to be a Grandma soon—faith he'll chase away the
blues.

Toronto, Ont., February 9th, 1939.

'Little White Liar'

Little White Liar, she stands by my bed, she lies with her
eyes as she fixes my head,
She's smiling and fussing and God bless her we heart, and
praying that I may get a fresh start.
Little White Liar, 'twas well worth the cost, to see how you
took it, along with the lost.
You've cheered us and gave us, a new lease of life, you shure
do your fit, midst this battle and strife.

(Dedicated to our War Nurses)

Regina, Sask., 4, 2, 1941.

'An ex-Soldier's Prayer at Christmas'

O Christ who gave us Christmas, I ask with all my might,
That you will stop this tendency, that Nations have to fight.
Show them dear Lord how futile, this War that they uphold,
No matter what their Creed is, bring them to Your Fold,
We know the Hell we went thru, many years gone by,
And therefore do not wish to see, our Sons sent out to die.
Nor see the look of anguish, across a Mother's face,
When looking thru the casualties, he's listed in that space.
Stop now this needless sacrifice, of Human flesh and blood,
Lord we ask you earnestly, stop now this awful flood.
But should a Tyrant start a War, we pray with might and
main,
That we can help, tho' not so young, and Lord, direct our
AIM.

Christmas, 1938.

"Written at time of the Munich Conference and personally
acknowledged by Their Majesties and Prime Minister
Chamberlain."

'P. E. I.'

(Prince Edward Island)

Little Green Isle,
On an azure blue sea,
Little you thought,
How you impressed me.
With your rivers and valleys,
And shores of bright red,
Your gallant trees waving,
Out over the Head.
Your Capes and your Bays,
How lovely to see,
Were always a joy,
To the likes of poor me.
Your kindness to strangers,
Who came to your Shore,
I'll always rember,
For ever and more.
September, 1943.

'Chimney Smoke At Dawn'

I see the chimney smoke arise, in spirals to the sky,
As dawn breaks o'er the country side, to warn that day is
nigh.
Crowing cocks and barking dogs blended with songs of
birds,
Proclaim another day is born, as daylight discovers the
herds.
The dew drops glisten on cobweb and grass, and freshness
the nostrils assail,
(Just take a squint at yonder barn, ain't that the milkmaid
with her pail?)
I see the chimney smoke arise, against the tinted sky,
That gradually develops red, reflected on barns near by.
The streaks disappear in the Heavens, the glory of Sunburst
is here,
Proclaiming that day has dawned for us, and that we must
be of good cheer.
Red roofs of the Air Port are redder, as the Sun picks them
out of the clear.
(A voice from a hut says: "We've had it, the canteens just
fresh out of Beer.)
Summerside, P.E.I., June 21, 1943.

'The Staff Pilot's Lamentation On a Murky Day'

I never saw such weather, I never saw such skies,
I do believe the Sarge at Met. has been telling lies.
He told us that the Sunshine, would beam each lovely day,
How can we be happy, as on our bunks we lay.
As long as this "soup" lingers, and "Ceiling" still hangs low,
I know that I can't fly my Kite, it fills me up with woe.
Why can't the clouds disperse themselves, and fly away
from sight.
So I can mount my lovely Kite and fly both day and night.
I dream of it as there I lay, covered o'er with shrouds,
Awake..I know I've had it..Hell, *Captains of The Clouds*.
P.E.I., 2, 6, 1943

'The Fool'

(With apologies to Kipling)

A Fool there was, like you and me,
Who heard a drum, then ran with glee.
"Can I join, Sarge?" he said to him,
"Boy I'm quite young and full of vim."
The Sergeant grinned, and nodded his head,
Sure me lad, step down to the shed,"
Then the Fool, stript off his fine clothes,
And the M.O. went o'er him, specks on his nose.
He tapped him here, he tapped him there,
The poor guy shivered, 'cause he was bare.
Then the M.O. said, with a slap on the butt,
"You'll do me lad, get out of this hut."
Then they took him down to the Stores,
And gave him a kit, in place of his clothes.
We'll skip a whole lot, that they did to him,
But they trained him so hard, that he lost his
vim.
Then they sent him across the Pond,
And like all the rest, he fell for a blonde.
We won't go into that episode,
Next he went up, to hear shells explode.
A Fool he was, he cussed and he swore,
He never would go to War anymore.
He'd kill the next blighter, that spoke about War,
He'd cut off their rations, and dip them in tar.
Then he got wounded, the same as the rest,
They took him to Blighty, the Land of the Blest.
Many months later, sailed Home aboard ship,
The Government gave him a wonderful trip.
That happened you know, about twenty years past,
But still he, "Falls In", and it won't be the last.
He's just a dam fool like you and like me,
Thank God for such Fools, to keep our Land
Free.

Toronto, Ont., February 7th, 1940.

'War News'

(Blimey, The Old Sweat, has a change of mind)

I'm not a bloomin pacifist, I'm not a bloke wot fights,
I only wants to 'ave me peace, an get me sleep at nights.
I only wants to love me missus, an all me blinkin kids,
Instead of blastin someone's son, 'cause some bloke wants
our quids.

I only wants to 'ave some fun, dahn at 'Amstead Eath,
Hinstead of being the blinkin cause, that some bloke's ad a
wreath.

I'd rather tike me motor car, an drive thru country lanes,
Than fillin bloody 'Ospitals, with blokes all filled with pains.

I've done all me fighting, past twenty years or so,
If some bird says, "Will you join up?" I'll tell 'im where to
go.

What a blinkin nerve 'ed 'ave, askin me to join,
When I have some Fritz lead, a strikin in me groin."

Blimey stopped to get his breath, and heave a goodly sigh,
When suddenly he heard a noise, that made his pulse run
high.

A paper boy was yelling, "Extry, Extry, here,
War declared by England," then Blimey's voice rang clear.

"Strike me pink an what do you know, hear that stop press
news?

What are we wasting time for, gabbin' like bloomin screws.
Get me me 'at an me rifle too, up in the top back room,
Going to hear those guns again, remember their cute little
boom.

Come on lads we'll do our bit, as we did before,
When we open up on him, won't we make him sore?
Where do we go from here Boys, come on Gang lets go,
Let me hear thet roar again, ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?
.....NO."

Toronto, Ont., September, 1939.

'Is Tha' a Fact'

or "A LASS O' FEW WORDS"

She was a Lass frae the Highlands,
He was a Lad frae the Glen.
The number o' things that he told this wee lass,
Could never be writ by a pen.
He told her, her eyes were like diamonds,
And her cheeks were like roses so red.
She blushed and she simpered and trembled a bit,
"Is tha' a fact Sir?" she said.
He took her to Glasgie on purpose,
To see all the wonderful sights,
On Sauchiehall Street, she wined and she dined,
And she danced far into the nights.
He raved of her poise so gorgeous,
It really should have gone to her head,
But she only smiled and dimpled a bit,
"Is tha' a fact Sir?" she said.
They went on the boat doon to Greenock,
They glided a long on the Clyde,
They mooned and they spooned while some honeymooned,
As they drifted along on the tide.
He fondled her lovely golden tresses,
That haloed her bonny wee head.
She primped a wee bit, and looked up at him,
"Is tha' a fact Sir" she said?
So he took her way back to the Highlands,
Midst heather and bracken and glen,
And said he would like to settle right doon,
She only did murmur, "Just when?"
He said "We'll raise some wee bairnies,
To grace our bonny wee 'stead.
But she only snuggled up closer to him,
"Is tha' a fact Sir?" she said.
SEQUEL So Jeannie and Dougall got married,
And settled right doon in the glen.
He'd sit by the hour and tickle her chin,
As they sat in their wee hut-an-bin.
Then he'd look towards their bedroom so cosy,
With a wink and a nod of his head.
Then she'd slyly give him a dig in the ribs,
"Oh—hah—Is tha' a fact Sir?" she said.
20, 12, 1942.

'Defaulter'

(Pronounced: Deyfaulter)

Ever hear of Defaulter, that pauvre bette, sa blue?
He work all day so hard by cras, by gosh he's never thru.
He get up in the morning, before the bugle call,
He think the Provost never say, "My friend that will be all."
First he's dump dose dam swill cans, by cras what awful
smell,
He's not feel much lake brekfus, when bugler blow lake hell.
An when he's finish eating, the cook she's say to him,
"Because you're good, mon cher petite, I'll let you help my
Bim."

Now Bim he was assistant, he make up all the soup,
He's put him peeling Pomme de terre, that knock him for a
loop.

By cras he's peel them dam patate, and peel and peel and
peel,

He's peeling in his sleep at night, until his head does reel.
Nex the Provost take him, and give him white wash pail,
He's put him painting stones on square, until he's almos wail.
No matter who is short of help, they always seem to know,
Wher to get the defaulter, and take him way in tow.

Den they work that poor-bastard, until he's almos drop,
He's running all round that place, until his feets they pop.
So nex time when out with girl, and she is say to you,
"I'd love to have you stay tonight, 'cause I am feeling blue,"
"Mais non", you say, "Me chere petite, I'm very sorry yes,
I have not got a pass tonight, I cannot you caress.
You see I was a defaulter, 'cause once I stay too late,
Tomorrow night I fix you up, an don't forget that date."

January, 1940, Toronto, Ontario.

"Apologies to Dr. Drummond."

'Bridge of Understanding'

'Longside a Town in which I dwelt, a river flowed along,
It's banks with colors bright agleam, just like a rural song.
Our Town was pretty much the same, as all small towns may
be,

We had our joys and sorrows too, sometimes we had a spree.
We worked and played and went our way, as folks are wont
to do,

And had our rest when day was done, and all our toils were
thru.

As time went on our small town grew, right to our river's
banks,

And then some folks they moved across, so others called
them cranks..

But more folks came and built more shacks, and houses
'cross the creek,

Some were built of tin and wood, and others built of brick.
Kids were born and soon grew up, then scampered to the
banks,

They swam and dived on Summer days, and played all
childish pranks.

All went well for quite awhile, 'till someone threw a stone,
And then an enmity arose, tween each and every home.

Law suit followed Law suit, they really did get mad,
And the folks that lived in Small Town, said the others all
were bad.

So an indignation "meet" was called, to see what could be
"did,"

The Council all attended, and soon came the Lid,
They argued far into the night, as Councils always do,
Until an old and kindly man, said, "Let us get this thru."
"A suggestion I would offer you, if you would list to me,
This thing, it can be settled quick, as easy as can be,
Just build a bridge across the stream, and let these folks
meet up,

I may be wrong in what I say, they'll drink from friendship's
cup."

Later when the bridge was built, and opened up in style,
The folks on both sides of it, came right across to rile.
And so they met upon the bridge, they looked with sheepish
grins,

Until someone, said with a laugh, "Here's where the fun begins."

The Town band played a lively tune, and soon they all were dancing,

The old and young, the mad and glad, they all were gaily prancing,

A goodly time was had by all, they danced into the night,
And happiness prevailed all 'round, on faces beaming bright.
It's just the same throughout this life, ere since this earth began,

We fret and fuss, each one of us, throughout our life long span.

The moral from all this is clear, this World is lacking kindness,

To build an understanding Bridge, to cure us of our blindness.

No. 3, I.T.S., RCAF, Victoriaville, P.Q., July 15, 1941.

'Alas, Poor Yorick'

I picked a hair from off my coat,
And fondled it with care,
It made me think of days gone by
When I did cut a flare.

I sighed down deep inside my vest,
And dropped a tear or two,
'Cause memories flooded through my head
Of when I'd bill and coo.

I thought of all the gals I knew,
Who used to stroke my hair,
And kissed my brow in ecstasy
To drive away dull care.

But now my hairs are getting few,
They're spacing out a lot,
Will I crawl into a hole?
Well I SHOULD SAY I'LL NOT.

I'll dance and sing and carry on,
As long as I am able,
I'll love and neck, I will by heck.
And it will not be fable.

Summerside, P.E.I., June, 1943.

'Up the Irish'

"Up and at 'em the Irish", you never fell down before,
You've covered your Race with glory, way back in the days
of yore.

You've always taken the lead, boys, you never were found
at the Rear,

The last time we fought those Fritzie's, you gave them manys
the scare.

We haven't forgotten the Dublins, the I.F.'s, the Ulsters be-
fore,

The brave Enniskillins and Connaughts, the Leinsters and
Munsters and more.

Are we going to be branded as cowards, and tarnish the
name that we love,

Arrah stand up and shake off the fetters, *quit nursin' that
bit of a dove.*

Patrick and Michael, fall in here, I'm callin' your names, do
you hear?

Don't listen to false friends around you, hark ye, that old
Irish cheer.

"Up and at 'em the Irish", forward me boys on the run,
There'll sure be Hell a popin, when the Irish take after the
Hun.

Regina, Sask., 1941.

"This was sent out all over the British Commonwealth of
Nations with the help of the Y.M.C.A."

'Last Posey'

We just can't help from feeling blue, when Winter does
draw nigh,

And stroll down thru our garden bare, and heave a lonesome
sigh.

We pick some final posies, the last to bloom this year,
Then press it in our "Memory Book", sometimes we drop a
tear.

But aren't we the lucky ones, to've had a garden sweet,
Instead of just some blasted holes, and a shell torn ruined
street.

"Inspired by the garden of Judge Gordon, Regina, Sask."
October, 1940.

'The S.S.P.'

Down at Manning Depot, we have a wondrous group,
A stalworth bunch of Airmen they, who never loop the
loop.

They tramp their beat, with ponderous tread,
Are brave as brave can be,
And never flinch when duty calls, for they're The S.S.P.
Day and night, they tramp our street, our safety to keep,
Or tend a lady in distress, if she should hap to weep.
They never monkey with a prop, for they're not trained that
way,

But "Jug" the boys that don't do right,
As they homeward gently sway.
They guard our Exits manfully, just so we can't sneak in,
When coming from our Sweetie's arms, we see the dawn
begin.

They guide us on our narrow path, and cheer us right along,
Some do like their kindliness, but others think they're
wrong.

But after all said and done, there often is a time,
When a feller needs a friend, to save him from a crime,
Most of us when liquored up, are apt to take a fall,
Then you're mighty lucky, if an S.S.P.'s in call.
He'll take you back to barracks, and tuck you in your bed,
Better than the Civvy Cops, have an S.S.P. instead.
So here's good luck to Billy, who trains these stalworth men,
He's *SUCH* a good Instructor, this Guardian of The
Pen.

Manning Depot, Toronto, Ont., June, 1940.

'Western Dawn'

I've travelled many places and seen some varied skys,
I've looked upon some Sunsets, that almost dimmed my eyes.
I've seen the Southern Moon come up, gigantic o'er the Sea,
And saw the Northern Lights flash up with all their majesty.
But never in my roaming could anything compare,
To Dawn upon the Prairies, with it's ruddy gorgeous flare.

Regina, Sask., 9, 1, 1941.

'Soldier, What Are You Thinking Now'

Soldier what are you thinking now,
These times of waiting dread.

I'll bet there's queer old thoughts adrift,
A swarming through your head.

Maybe you're one whose deal was raw,
You've never had a chance,

You've always been the under dog,
Since you came Home from France.

You said "I'll see them all in Hell,
Before I'll fight some more,

Dam their heads they won't get me,"
Believe me you were sore.

Or maybe you're the opposite,
You've got all the breaks.

A cushy job came right your way,
Just like some bloomin' cakes.

Your all set up and sittin' fine,
As pretty as can be,

And now that rotton "Cloud" appears,
To mar the scene you see.

It's got us all a thinking,
Just what we're going to do,

Will we say "To Hell with it,"
Or will we be True Blue?

We've got to make our minds up,
And can't take very long,

We're going to stick right by the Ship,
Or else I'm mighty wrong.

Toronto, April 18, 1939.

'Aftermath'

I've just returned from Furlough, I'm sore but satisfied,
I've had my fun from morn till night, and now I'm thru
I'm tired.
I spent it in the Home Town, along with my old Pals,
Of course we had a drink or two, along with all the
Gals.
I've gone the rounds of dance halls, I've jazzed around the
floor,
Gee what a time I had, and now I'm slightly sore.
I've taken in the pictures, at Sheas and other shows,
And saw our friend Clarke Gable, at a show that's
known as Loews'.
I went to see the C.N.E. and viewed the Grand Stand Show,
The "Glamour Boys" of Leonard John, did make my
ego grow.
They sure did steal the show, I'll say, with their wonderful
exactness,
The Guards were never better, boy, in spite of all their
"Crackness."
I dropped into the Manning Pool, where Airmen eminate,
And thence unto the Sgt's Mess... arriving home quite
late.
I've had a lovely time I'll say, and spent my bally wad,
So now I've got to go to work, and join the dear old
Squad.
No. 3, I.T.S., Victoriaville, P.Q., September, 1941.

'Baby's Scrawl'

Just seemingless useless scrawlings, smeared all over the
wall,
Or on a sheet of paper, that means nothing at all.
A heap of funny markings, all higgely piggely there,
Scribbled all over the landscape, but a reason behind this
flare,
A Baby was writing his Daddy, his little heart bursting
with pride,
It's letters like these from babys, cheers Men fighting side by
side.
"Dedicated to Baby Perky"
Regina, 1940.

'Little Man of Mine'

SONG (FOX TROT)

Lyrics by: Al Pat.

Blessings come in many forms, that we all agree,
It might be health or wealth perhaps, that fills us up with
glee.

"Count your blessings," someone wrote, in a wondrous
Hymn,

But there's one outreaches all, as the lights grew dim.

Refrain

Little man I love you, come into my arms,
Little man I love you, so complete with charms.
You have filled an aching void, since Daddy left our side,
Praying often Little Man, we'll think of him with pride.
Little Man I love you, as the shadows fall,
Little Man I love you, turned up nose and all.
Time for just one big embrace, from those arms of thine,
Little Man God bless you dear, you Little Man of Mine.
2nd Verse:

How I wish he'd see you now, growing like a weed,
Sitting on your Mother's knee, making her heart bleed.
Your darling eyes so like his, when you look that way.
Heaven sent you from above, in place of Dad they say.
Toronto, Canada.

'Wee Wife'

Wee Wife I love you so dearly,
Wee Wife you love me that's true.
You're always there when I'm needing,
A real little Pal like you.
You watch every look on my face dear,
And forestall every worry or frown.
I never could get any finer than you,
If I hunted all over the town.
Soon I'll be back home on leave dear,
And you'll meet me then with your smile,
Then when I find my arms 'round you,
I'll know that it all... was worth while.

"To my Wife—1944."

'Maple Leaves'

SONG (WALTZ)

Lyrics by Al Pat

Leaf of the Maple, how wondrous thy shades,
The Artist has painted, on hill and on glades.
So varied the hues, our breath almost stops,
As proudly we gaze, from branch to tree tops.

Refrain

Maple Leaves are softly falling,
Falling gently o'er the scene.
Maple Leaves are slowly drifting,
Drifting on a winding stream.
Time to see the golden harvest,
Glistening in the Sunset glow.
Time for latent lovers' wooing,
As the Golden Sun sets low.

2nd Verse:

Before I set sail, from Eira's green land,
I thought that the Shamrock, was ever so grand.
But willin' I am, I'm happy to say,
I'll take off my hat, to thy beauty this day.

Toronto, Ont., September, 1939.

'Known But To God'

(At Arlington Cemetery, U.S.A.)

Known but to God, 'neath cross made of stone,
Our King bowed his head, to Soldier unknown.
On soil of an Ally, he paid his respect,
While tears dimmed our eyes, of Soldiers erect.
Laying all pomp and glamour aside,
Our King paid his tribute, his Queen by his side.
As Soldier to Soldier on America's ground,
Our King laid his wreath, then two nations were bound.

"Soldier Unknown, we ask that you pray,
That your land and my land, friendly will stay."

Toronto, Ont., June 10, 1939.

'Tolerance'

It matters not to any man,
How to my God I speak,
Of how I pray, in my own way,
Or what I say each week.
Of what I say, each night I lay,
Before I go to sleep,
The prayers my Mother taught to me,
That long ago sank deep.
We're told that God is everywhere,
That He is all around,
We therefore can, our worship keep,
Right down upon the ground.
Then where's the sense. I ask you now,
When we go out to pray?
That folks will shake their heads at us,
And point another way.
My brother's Keeper, perhaps I am,
According to the Book,
Which seems a good excuse to some,
To pry on their own hook.
So let the other fellow pray,
The best that he knows how,
He may be nearer to his God,
Than we may stand just now.

Toronto, Ont., 1938.

'True Friendship'

I know my friend—my friend knows me,
We knowing each—must real friends be.
We know each other's faults so well,
That tattlers fail who come to tell.

Many of these will try their best,
To tear you from a happy nest.
For there are those, who take delight,
In breaking up a friendship bright.

Together they will put their heads,
With clicking tongues—pull you to shreds.
Then register a strong surprise,
Hearing of friendship's sad demise.

I know my friend—my friend knows me,
We care not for such folks you see.
Each loves the other one so well,
Could roast a gossip's tongue in Hell.

We've had our little tiffs no doubt,
And next we ask, what's it about?
For underlying all these things,
Is only something Heaven brings.

O lucky is the one on Earth,
Who has a friend—by his Home Hearth.
But luckier is the one who still,
Can undisturbed—get friendship's fill.

Toronto, Ont., September 20th, 1938.

'I Saw My King'

On the Event of the Royal Visit to Toronto and U.S.A.,
(June 10-1939)

I saw my King, I saw my Queen,
And thank my God above,
That He saw fit to spare my sight,
To view such scenes of love,
A soldier, blind, stood by my side,
His sightless eyes were strained,
I'll ne'er forget that yearning look,
So loving, yet so pained.
I said, "They're fine, they're wonderful,"
And tried hard to describe,
He only bowed his head with grief,
Then raised it quick with pride.
I saw my King, I saw my Queen,
And offer humble prayer,
That my blind friend, may get his wish,
And see our Royal Pair.

(At Christie Hospital, Toronto)

'The Chain of Victory'

All thru Life, we're many links,
Connecting one big chain,
And all must be as strong as each,
If we must make our gain.
At work or play, it matters not,
Would you success achieve,
You must have what they call team work,
If you are not to grieve.
No matter what your job might be,
From lowest to the top,
If you're just a link that's weak,
The effort then must flop.
Sailor, Soldier, Airmen,
No matter what you be,
Always be the strongest link,
In the chain of Victory.
29-5-41.

'Welcome'

We bid your Gracious Majesties,
A welcome strong and true.
And raise our voices lustily,
With cheers acclaiming you.
Canadian Corps we're known as now,
Throughout this mighty Sphere,
We've done "Our Bit" of fighting well,
And always with good cheer.
We've rallied 'round the Grand Old Flag,
Canadians one and all,
With Thistle, Shamrock, Rose and Leek,
United cannot fall.
Your Land of Maple welcomes you,
And may you love it's shore,
It's Mountain Peaks, it's Prairies great,
Niagara's thund'rous roar.
Please stay as long as possible,
We know you'll love our land,
And don't forget, where ere you go,
CANADIAN CORPS' "On Hand."
Toronto, Ont., May, 1939.

"On the event of the Royal Visit, presented, illustrated and illuminated and framed to Their Majesties at Ottawa."

'Dawn'

I watch the morning sun arise,
And tint the clouds with gold,
It nearly takes my breath away,
As daylight does unfold.
The horizon gleams like a beacon,
Casting its rays afar,
It looks as if the Heavens,
Were holding their gates ajar.
Hope is proclaimed by the sunburst,
Rising far into the sky.
To be of good heart in spite of it all,
That Peace will be here bye and bye.
R.C.A.F. Hospital, Trenton, Ont.

'Dougall'

(TO MY OLD FRIEND)

Many kinds of friends we meet, while roamin' oe'r this earth,
And many times we like tae greet, a true friend by our
hearth.
Some are old and some are young, some are guid or bad,
Some there are, ye ken it well, ye wush ye'd never had.
Lots of fritnds wie looks y've known, that made ye hould
ye're breath,
And ithers thoe, wie face sae queer, they'd scare ye half tae
death.
But looks they say, are just skin deep, a saying old and true,
Gie me the friend, tae Hell wie looks, just one thats truest
blue.
Such a friend is Dougall, whose always got a smile,
When ere he comes tae greet, me, it seems that Life's worth
while.
He's not sae much, as stature goes, if ye ken just what I
mean,
But mon he's just the happiest thing, that ever could hae
been.
Would that every friend we knew, had where-with-all tae
give,
That made us feel, this World of ours, was a better place tae
live.
Toronto, Ont., May 18th, 1940.

'Letter From a Young Airman'

What am I here for, why dreseed in blue?
Why am I drilling, what can I do?
Why do I study to learn how to fly?
Because my country is needing this guy.
Why will you wait, dear, when I go away?
And you'll remember the days we were gay.
Why will you pray, dear, when in action I'll soar?
Blasting those Nazis to get this thing o'er.
Why will all people rejoice in the Day?
When peace is proclaimed and I'm home to stay.
God grant it's soon, dear, that I'll be with you,
Loving you always, because you were true.
Trenton R.C.A.F. Hospital, February 15, 1944.

'My Wedding Toast'

My Friends have often said to me, "Al how about a Toast?"
But up to now, I've ne'er had one, my own of which to boast.
So now I'll try, so help me friends, to cheer you when you
 roam,
And now I stand and raise my glass, and gaze across the
 foam,
To wish you health and happiness, no matter where you
 roam.
May your course be true, my friends, while sailing 'gainst
 the tide,
And may you have a Wife like mine, a standing by your side.
For after all is said and done, what makes a happy skipper?
Why one that has a Mate by him, that helps him steer his
 clipper.
May you always make your Port, with all your Flags a
 flying,
Love and be Loved, is my firm wish, of that there's no
 denying.

Toronto, May 11, 1940.

'Taper Off'

"I'm going to Taper Off," he said,
 "The New Year has begun.
I'm going to climb the wagon,
 I will, so help me son.
I'll never take a drink again,
 To make my head grow big,
'Cause every time I drink too much
 I want to do a jig.
I overdo myself in many kinds of ways,
 When I get with my Pals,
And spend myself in many ways
 When sportin' with the gals.
But now the New Year has begun,
 I'll never take a drop.
What's that you said? I can't, by gosh,
Well....Maybe I'm a flop."

1, 1, 1944.

'Great Event'

OF INTEREST TO ANIMAL LOVERS

Expectantly they waited, all thruout our towns,
The King and Queen were coming, and ladies chose new
 gowns.

Poets wrote their sonnets, and tore their wavey hair,
Miles of flags and bunting, were hung to greet Our Pair.
An air of expectation, was felt by one and all,
As Soldiers dug their medals out, and waited for the Call.
And when They came we cheered Them, although some say
 we're cold,

A Great Event I'll say, like Pageants as of old.
Another Event was happening, at least it seemed to her,
A little Mother had her babes, all covered o'er with fur,
To Puss it was *her* First Event, *Her* moment great arrived,
And now four Royal kittens meow, contented by her side.

Toronto, Ont., May 22, 1939.

'A Dog's Bark'

If we only had one word, to speak our thoughts aloud,
I wonder if we'd do the job, like our friends of the canine
 crowd.

Warning, friendship love or hate, just means a snappy bark,
And as you take a stroll with him, he frolicks in the park.
A bark means yes, a bark means no, a bark means stop and
 a bark means go,

He's watching every thing you do, don't hurt his heart, he
 has one too.

Sometimes his bark says thank you, sometimes it just means,
 we-ll,

That little brain is judging you, but sticking right thru Hell.
Some may like long speeches, from orators we know,
But let me hear that joyous bark, from my little dog in tow.

Toronto, Ont., 1938.

'Prophecy 1600 A.D.'

Four hundred years ago they say, a Frenchman named
Joannes,
Did prophesy the things to come, I think he came from
Cannes.
He promised all and sundry, a bloody war there'd be,
And that we'd bump each other off, "till near extremity.
He named the different countries, as animals and birds,
And painted such a picture, your blood did seem like
curds.
Black Eagle was the Fritzie, an awful war they'd rage,
Would ravage all the countries, from Norway to
Carthage.
White Eagle was the Russians, the Cock was poor old
France,
And what an awful razz they'd have, get kicked right
in the pants.
The Leopard was Great Britain, her Colonies, her claws,
Black Eagle would take half of France, and then ther'd
be a pause.
Later on the Cock would turn, the Leopard at her back,
And drive Black Eagle off again, *this time their towns*
they'd sack.
The carnage would be terrible, no quarter shown this time,
The course of rivers would be changed, with bodies
burned with lime.
White Eagle will close in from North, to make the Drive
complete,
Black Eagle will go mad he says, 'cause There'll be no
retreat.
His country they will trample, and tear it wide asunder,
And make the beast disgorge it's loot, with all it's
filthy plunder.
Then everlasting Peace will reign. throughout this wondrous
Earth.
And lucky is the man indeed, who'll come back to his
hearth.

A gloomy picture I'll admit, this gink has painted here,
But just the same we'll "Carry On," and take our drink
of beer.

We'll sing our songs, and have our laughs, and live our
'lotted span,
'Cause Wars' not new, the same old stew, right since
the World began.

October 10, 1940.

'Notions'

Ever stop to think about, the Notions people get,
The way they sweat and stew somehow, and how they
always fret.
Seems to me this World of ours, is filled to overflowing,
With percolating brains that pop, until they're amost
moaning,
Lots of notions people get, that help their fellow men.
And others still their heads will fill, with thoughts not
worth a yen.
Napoleon got a notion once, he thought he'd rule the Land,
But Wellington upset his show, and then his plans were
canned.
The Kaiser too a notion got, the old Mailed Fist he'd swing,
But when the Allies had their say, it didn't mean a thing.
And so today, we have two Birds, of species like the Vulture,
Their fellow men they like to slay, and then they call it
Kulture.
Just the same as others did, they think that might is right,
Forgetting that important fact, that British Troops can
fight.
And now *we've* got a Notion, without a doubt we're shure,
We'll clean the slate right off, this time, and make them
take the CURE.

December 25, 1939, Toronto, Ontario.



'Tang o' the Salt'

Did you ever get up in the morning, with the tang o' the salt on your lips,
 Did you ever crawl over the rocks on the shore, then climb right up to their tips.
 Then gazing out over the Ocean, you scan the horizon so far,
 And you smack o' your lips, with the taste o' the salt, a flavour that is without par.
 No matter how stormy the Ocean, or peaceful or calm it might be,
 There's beauty galore, right down by the shore, when gazing out over the sea.
 Oh ye who've never been seaward, no matter what Ocean t'would be,
 Don't know what you're missing, when living inland, instead o' being down by the Sea.

"Dedicated to the Boys from Newfoundland now training for Pilots at No. 2, I.T.S., RCAF, Regina, Sask., 1940."

'Brownie'

He was only a dog, of a light brown hue,
 But a real dog with short stubby tail,
 He posted himself to our Station somehow,
 Without "ped" or other detail.
 He wandered a bit I'll have to admit
 From Trenton to 6 R.D.
 He was well-bred I'll say, as he came for his pay
 And we always did give him his fee.
 All that he asked was a pat or a bite
 And a place to stretch out while he slept,
 But he paid us quite well with a look that was swell
 At that he was quite an adept.
 He'd come into the Mess, with a look you'd caress
 With brown eyes that looked so appealing,
 Under tables he'd sneak and there he would peek
 To see if we had any feeling.
 I've met many dogs, of much higher cast,
 In places throughout this dear land.
 But I never did see, one finer than he,
 A dog that was great and real grand.

'Lover's Return'

"Dedicated to My Son"

I've heard the Robin's evening song,
 And listened to the Lark.
 I've checked a million stars at night,
 While waiting in the dark.
 I've searched amongst the flowers I love,
 That in my garden grow,
 And hoped to find your dear sweet face,
 Reflected in their glow.
 I've counted each and every chime,
 Our Little Church bell rang,
 And prayed with all my might within,
 As hymns for you I sang.
 And now my prayers are answered dear,
 You've come back to my side,
 Let me fold you to my breast,
 And so with love abide.
 Toronto, Ont., August 2nd, 1939.

"From his Wife."

'Don't Swing It'

A warning to all, who would swing the lead,
A warning to all who'd fain lay in bed.
Old days I'll admit, we got away with a lot,
But now it is different, you're right on the spot.
You see, there are ways, if you've swung the lead,
Of making you sick of being in bed,
They'll test you for this and test you for that.
They'll even find tests, when you are too fat.
They'll cut off your breakfast morn upon morn,
And suck out your blood you've had since you're born.
You'll swallow long tubes, that reach to your toes,
And when you can't, it goes thru your nose.
They'll puncture your arm so full up of holes,
That you'll feel as if they're down to your soles.
One lad had needles stuck into his throat,
Until he got thinking that he was a goat.
They'll spray and they'll swab and paint here and there,
And most embarrassing, strip you down bare.
They'll tap and they'll slap until you give in,
You see they are bound that we shall win,
So if its lead swinging you've got in your head,
Better stay at your duty or you'll wish you were dead,
One point redeems it as you start in to curse,
Your blood pressure is taken by a cute little nurse.

R.C.A.F. Hospital, Trenton, Ont.

'The Rock'

(Blackrock College, Dublin, Ireland.)

(At the end of the Nineties)

On the rocky road to Dublin,
A beautiful college stands.
It's been there longer than I know,
And it's known in a good many lands.

A good many races are taught there,
"You can say that again," with a smile,
It stands just a few miles from Dublin,
The fair city that one does beguile.

I remember when horse trams did pass there,
Speedin' along on the road,
Sure I've seen faster action, since I've been away,
From a poor little warty old toad.

Well I remember the tall iron gates,
That graced the entrance so grand,
Because I climbed o'er them and ran away home,
To my Mother — the best in the land.

Ebenricht was the name of the priest,
That governed us all with a will,
A man well beloved by everyone there,
Could teach well or give you a pill.

A white Cockatoo he had in a cage,
A very fine bird I'll admit,
It grabbed me one day, as if in a vice,
And nearly got away with the bit.

Divil the prize did I get there,
It wasn't their fault, that I know,
Sure I'd rather sing in the choir we had,
Or in a Shakesperian show.

The play we had once was MacBeth,
I sang as a witch 'round a pot,
Sure the "toil and trouble" that boiled therein,
Would fill up a good garden lot.

And now nearly 50 years later,
I sit in my barracks and think,
Why I didn't study at old Blackrock,
Instead of being here on the blink.

For now I'm only a Poet,
A not very good one at that,
So all you young lads take warning,
From an old Blackrock man, Al Pat.

'Gie Me a Mon That Drinks a Wee Tot'

Gie me a mon,
That drinks a wee tot,
Never a mon,
Who'll say that he'll not,
And next thing ye know
His oot on the floor,
'Cause he was drinkin',
Behind a wee door.
Gie me the mon,
That says that he will,
And takes it wie relish,
And foots the wee bill.
He'll stagger a bit,
I'll have to admit,
But when he's sized up
He always will fit.
I've met mony friends
Of all varied hues,
But never met one
Although in the blues,
Who'd not bet his shirt
In spite of all rot,
On the mon that's accustomed
To takin his tot.

12, 1, 1944.

Rhymes of an Old War Horse



by *Al Pat*

Irish Soldier Poet

'Query'

A pair of soldiers who'd 'passed on' some twenty years before,
Sat talking as we swaddies do, about the things of yore.

One was a tall and gaunt boy, he'd 'got it' at Fleur Bay,
The other short and pudgy, 'had his' at Pitts of Clay.

"Know just what I'd like to do"? said the one called Fat,
The one called Slim just grinned at him and said, "You want
a chat,

You'd like to call the Earth up, and see what's doing there,
Go ask St. Pete to use his phone, it's on the Golden Stair."

"I'll do that very thing" says Fat, and soared o'er to the
Gate,

He found the Keeper sitting there, looking quite sedate.

"St. Pete I'd like to use your phone, to call a real old friend,
Slim and me gave up our lives, just so that War could end.

We left the Earth so suddenly, no chance to say Good Bye,
We paid for Peace quite cheerfully — although our Folks —
did cry."

St. Pete, He listened gravely and then he shook his head,
"Gave all you had for Peace by gad — and now they've War
instead.

They're tearing at each other's throats, the poor deluded
fools,

When they could live so peacefully, by those Golden Rules.
Go back to your Heaven and Thank The Lord you're here,
Don't waste your time by phoning those folks on *Crazy
Sphere.*

They use a word called Happiness, in Poem and Song and
Phrase,

But next they shoot and stab and hack — in a bloody fiend-
ish craze."

Poor Fat he shuffled back to Slim, his chin upon his chest,
"They've 'broken Faith' with us m'lads, and now we cannot
rest."

Is it that we've done something — that wasn't quite right?
We lived up to our teachings — of fighting the good fight,
We've got to go back down there, and try to make some
sense,

Why can't they let us rest somehow — we've earned our re-
compense?"

Words from Spirit Soldiers, who have gone thru Hell,
But futile words, when a madman's loose, we know it very
well.

'Lousy'

A filthy, dirty little cuss — a scratchin' all the while,
He claided all his were numbered — and then he'd kinda
smile.

The Gang all called him LOUSY — thru this tearing of his
hide,

But just the same 'twixt you and me — he was clear white
all inside.

When resting in our billets — the Captain often swore,
He'd have the Sergeant scrub his hide and hang it on the
door.

"Come on m'lads" the Sarg would say, "I'll take you down
the Pike

Into our big delousing joint and show you what it's like";

Then they'd make him scrub himself — with tons of soap
galore,

And disinfect the things he had — 'till cooties were no more.
Poor Lousy would return to us — a look upon his face,
As if the World had gone kersmash—or else he'd lost a race.

But next he'd start a counting—the days and nights so fine,
Until he'd get an issue — in trenches up the Line.

So time passed on with gay Yvonne — and other French
mam'zelles,

Vin Blink, Vin Rouge and Cognac too — they poured into
themselves.

Until the order came along — that sent us up the Line,
And then on Lousy's face appeared—a look that was sublime.
For six days he was lonely — hadn't scratched once all that
time,

And now he'd get an issue fresh—the first night in the Line.

But fate does pull some funny tricks, that turns things
round and round,

The Cap. the first night in the trench — had to inspect his
ground.

But Jerry caught him at it — and winged him thru the leg,
Lousy saw him get it — a sittin' on a keg.

He dashed o'er top and got him—and dragged him to the bay.
But got himself a Blighty too — just where I cannot say.
We took the Cap, and Lousy — down to the good M.O.
And as we turned to leave them—says Cap., "You all should
know

I'm recommending Lousy — for saving my poor life,
But Lousy only grinned at that, and said, "What bloody
strife,
I guess I missed me issue — I'm lonely as can be,
And now I'm due for Blighty — no more scratchin' 'ere for
me."

"Al Pat's most popular Poem, with the Troops so far."

'Whustlin' Jock'

A Jock there was—a bonnie lad, who cam' frae o'er the glen,
Ye see he was a Pal O' mine—a Buddy die ye ken?
He had a wee auld Mither, awaitin' at his Hame
Och Aye he surely loved her, — and she loved him the same
He'd whistle in the mornin'—he'd whistle in the nicht,
In fact we often had a hunch — he was na doin' richt.
We could nae say a worrd tae him—so happy was wee Jock,
Ye ken, we all thot well o' him—nay one could say stop! !
They say ye must na wish tae hard — for anythin' on this
Sphere

So we're takin' all the blame there is—maybe I'm soundin'
queer,

For next time when the mail came up, a letter came for Jock,
He whistled while he read it—then suddenly—he stopped! !
And later on he told me—of bad news frae his Hame,
His Mither was sair sick in bed, and wanted him — nay
blame.

I told the Sarg aboot it—he took it, to the Top,
And then three Boys gave up *their Leave*—to help our puir
wee Jock.

So once more Jock is whustlin' — up and doon the Glen,
By his side his Mither—Aye she got well again.
And if he comes back tae us—we'll never wish nae maire,
He can whistle all his teeth oot—afore we're gettin' saire.

'Stretcher Bearer'

He was a Swaddie, plain as Hell, a Soldier like me and you,
But did he have his share of guts, by gad he was truest blue.
He didn't seem to have a Creed like some folks brag about,
But Cre d he had, he did by gad at toughest times came out.
He'd spit a fag and maybe nag, who don't—once in a while,
But if you got a Blighty boy, he'd carry you a mile.
He'd blast the Hun, the sun of a gun and rip them wide
asunder,

A wounded Fritz in old Clay Pitts or by Canal Du Nord,
He'd fix and fuss like twas one of us, he sure deserved re-
ward

I've packed my gun in Flanders, I've done the same in
France,

But that guy that packed a stretcher, he sure did take a
chance

So if I *have* to fight again, I'll hope with all my might,
That if I get a Blighty, Boy—ther's a Stretcher Bearer in
sight.

'A Mother's Smile'

"Dedicated to Mother Sheppard," and all Mothers.

Ther's nary a one—in this Wide World of ours, who doesn't
want riches untold,

And varied the thought—what riches may mean, are shared
by the lot, who would scold.

Some want a Sweepstake—others a car, to drive around
town, with much pomp,

Again there are those—who like to dress up, so off to a Ball,
they might romp,

But richer by far—than the man in the car, or the gold, that
does so beguile,

Is the girl or the boy—who basks in the joy, of a Mother's
Sweet Lovable Smile.

Mother's Day. Toronto. Ont., May 8th, 1938.

'Smiler'

Smiler was the kind of guy—You couldn't help but like,
His pan was always grinning, as he came down the pike.
Some there were who'd frown at him, and say he was a loon,
But always he kept the gang in smiles, and cheered the
whole platoon.
All you lads knew Smiler, and loved his cheerful mug,
If it wasn't for his silly grin—You'd go and hit the jug.
Even out on Listenin' Post—a star shell would go crack,
You'd turn and take a squint at him—He'd be grinning
like a black.
If there was a dirty job—that wanted doing there—
Smiler was the first one up, it didn't matter where.
He wasn't of the boastful kind—that throw it right and left,
Instead he was a modest cuss—o f swank he was bereft.
Then one night when on patrol, we lost our little Sub.
Decent kind of lad he was, His Ma, she kept a Pub.
He'd just come up the line to us, was green as green could
be,
Smiler started hunting—It seemed like hours to me.
We'd all come in ahead of him, but he was still out there,
A scrounging 'round the shell holes, awaiting for a flare,
To show him what he looked for, that little Sub. of his,
'Taint a simple job you bet—You can easy make a miss.
But Fritzie had an eye on him—And watched him hunting
'round,
Then waited till he got a break—until the kid was found.
They opened up a burst on them—And got them both right
there,
But Smiler staggered in with him—then passed out like
a flare.
Next day we sent him down the line, along with our young
Sub.
Smiler had that same old grin—spread all O'er his tub—
The Colonel and the Adjutant were there to see him off.
And now he's V.C. Smiler—What a bloomin' blinkin' toff.
"Every Outfit had one." (Comment from Brisbane Press)
This poem turned out to be a favourite in Australia.

'Little Town'

'Twas just a friendly little town, with plain folks there you
see,
As I came by and stopped awhile and rested by a tree.
For fifty years the grocer had waited on these folks,
And knew them all by their first names and list to sales-
man's jokes.
The barber was a breezy guy, had all the latest news,
Could tell you almost anything that happened down at Sue's.
The hardware man sold lots of things, from tin pans to claw
hammers,
And told me he'd sold lots of tar, to fix up old wind-jammers.
The butcher carved his chops and steaks upon the choppin'
block,
Could sell you eggs and butter or a big fat Plymouth Rock,
They were nice and swell to me, their town it bore no glitter,
They even told me of their pigs and of the latest litter.
Oh they were plain as plain could be, you'll say so with a
smile,
But gosh they made me feel so good, were real folks all the
while.
So next time when you pass thru there, just stay awhile and
see,
How simple Folks in Little Town can interesting be.
"First poem of Al Pat's to be broadcast."

'The Purp'

He was a queer little tyke, with a funny face—and a lone-
some look in his eye,
As he picked me up on a dreary day—not a speck of blue
in the sky.
At first he cocked his head at me—And then he wagged his
tail,
Shure he made more love in a second or two than a milk-
maid with her pail.
Then he sat up and gave me his paw—gosh he was awful
cute,
And next he rolled and played dead dog—the darned little
brute.
Next thing I know he'd grabbed my heels—and 'rassedled,
round a while.

And when I laughed at him—he grinned, that's right—a great big smile.

And now we've come to know each one—that is—my Purp and I,

We understand each other well—and a very good reason why,

You see I never cause him grief—he never gives me pain,

He even brings my gamp to me—to keep off any rain.

But should some one in folly now—with anger me address,
He'll rumble in his throat, that way—a warning he will stress,

So reader of this poem I hope, if happy you would be,
Then you should grab yourself a dog—and be like—Purp and Me.

“Written while passing through Callander, Ontario.”

‘Wushin’

Once there was a wee Scotch Lad—ye ken—like you an’ me,

He had a way of wushin’ hard—for this an’ that, ye see.

One time a spurrin—or maybe a kilt—he’d take a notion for,

An ither time a few baubees—tae treat a friend o’War.

There came a day—he saw a lass, he got it bad they say,

He could na eat or drink, sae much—his heart was made of clay.

He’d sit an’ think—aye by the hour—how nice a wife she’d make,

An’ then he’d start a wushin’—he’d hae her for tae bake.

Oe aye, he got her in the end—he wushed sae hard, they say,

She was a bonnie lass—ye ken—but could nae say, “Go way.”

Then he started wushin’ maire—we bairn it was this time,

An’ then a thot cam to his haid—it was like ruddy wine.

He must hae been a wushin’ fool—tae wush sae hard, they said.

Because his wush was answered—a comin’ frae his haid.

On Robbie Burns’ Birthday—a Bonnie Lass was born.

He nae will have tae wush. nae maire—his wushin’ is all shorn.

“A true story of a Toronto Scot, 1937. now deceased 1943,
Sgt. Charlie Reid.”

‘The Runt’

You guys who’ve gone across the foam, to battle with the foe,
Don’t need a bird like me to rave—about our little Joe.

You’ve seen him up and down the Line, a rifle on his back,
A big broad grin upon his face—and a heavy blinkin’ Pack.

Wee Joe—he was no Angel boy—on that we all agreed.

You see he came from India Docks—and Oh Boy could he Bleed.

But when it came to doin’ his bit—he’d do it with a grin,
And when he got his Blighty, Boy—he took it on the chin.

One night the Sarg. got stuck out Front—was drilled right thru and thru,

The Runt ran thru the rapid Fire—a whistlin’ Lindy Lou.
He took the Sarg. and shouldered him—and beat it for the trench,

But just as he got to us—he got an awful wrench.

A sniper took a line on him—and thought he’d stop his show,
But things like that do not deter—a little Runt like Joe.
He blasted and he blustered—but kept right on, they say,
But he never dropped the Sergeant—until he reached the Bay.

We placed them both together—in an ambulance so fine,
And when the driver said “Where to”—says Joe, “Why down the line.

I’m a goin’ Home to Blighty—to see me Wife an’ Kids,
I couldn’t get a blinkin’ pass—so had to take the skids.

And later when I got my pass—to see my home, so dear,
They’d decorated Joe the Runt—almost raised him to a Peer.
“Gol Blimey Bill ain’t I a Dude—they’ve fixed me up this time,

Instead of Joe the Runt you see—I’m V.C. Joe—Gol Blime.”

Christie Hospital, Toronto, Ont., August 7, 1937.

“An Irishman’s appreciation of the little Cockney Swaddie”

'The Old Fort'

I wandered thru The Old Fort—and memories flooded o'er,
It felt, as if I'd walked amongst—a legion as of yore.
I peered into a Block House—that served as a protection,
And felt for these Old Settlers—a very real affection.
I thought of all the happenings—a hundred years or more,
How General Sheaffe and all his men—retreated 'long this shore.

And with the changing tide of War—that sometimes turns things 'round.
Once more this dear Old Fort of ours—became old British Ground.

It seemed I heard the tramp of feet—re-echoing around,
As scarlet coated soldiers—passed thru the old compound,
The sharp commands of Officers—rang out across the square,
And then Alarm was sounded—by buglers blasty blare.
I wondered just how many men—had fallen in this place,
And gave their lives, to save this soil and to uphold their Race.

I felt a thrill of pleasure—excusable I hope?
To think that I had done "My Bit", within my time of Scope.
And then I glanced just Eastward—and saw the New Sky Line,

Towering towards the Heavens—Toronto City fine.
When you're passing by there—just breathe a prayer for all,
Who gave their lives, to hold this Land—in answer to The Call.

"The Fort, Bathurst and Fleet Streets, Toronto, Ont."

'The Old Back Road'

The Old Back Road's a wee mite bumpy, we know that fact
by Heck,
Just the same though not too comfy—It has beauty by the peck.
If you ever stop your hurrying o'er the main Highways of Life,
Just slip down the Old Back Road son, if you can, why bring your Wife.

Lots' of things you will see there friend, that you saw in years gone by,

That awakes fond memories now past, a girl, a boy—a Moon-lit sky.

The Back Road may be fairly dusty, but it has no oily smell,
Or the nauseous reek of onions—so stale and old as well...
Leave the Highway for a short space—amble down the Old Back Road,

Listen to the sounds of Nature—lowing Cows or grunt of Toad.

Birds are singing unafraid here—ope' their beaks and let it fly,

Thanking GOD that they are living—while sometimes *we* go grouching by.

You can have your speed and whizzing—racing down the Ways that goad,

But when you're tired of racing madly—amble down the Old Back Road.

"Advice to the tired business man."

Dedicated to the late Judge Landis of Florida.

'My Friend'

Did you ever stop and think just what that means to you
As you go about your daily toil and think of friends so true?
It does not mean a person who, stands by in times so blest,
But one who stands right by you, when things are *not* the best.

At such a time sex does not count—It's a Friendship tried and true,

That weaves i'tself around your heart, because it's you that's blue.

Fair weather friends are always there when you are at the top,

But true friends always stick to you, even though you flop.
So if you're b'lest with such a pest as a real friend loyal and true

Just stick to him or her always, as if you're made of glue.

"Written in appreciation of a true Friendship," 1937, which blossomed into Nuptial bliss May 11th, 1940.

'Little Colleen Divil'

(Dedicated to John McCormack)

She was a sweet little girl—with a rougish eye,
And a saucy tilt of her head,
As she trotted along the country road,
'Twixt hedges all green and red.
Shure her eyes were blue as the sky above,
And her cheeks were like a peach,
But when boys came to woo her—
Faith she kept well out of their reach.
By the Saints be praised, all the hopes she raised,
Would make volumes of readin' I'm told,
Shure none were immune—all were in tune,
No matter what like or how old.
But Shakespeare says "A shrew was once tamed."
And the boys down the road heard the yarn,
A subscription they took—swore hook or by crook,
A cure they'd make or be lamed.
So they hired Master Cupid—with plenty of darts,
To settle this young pirate bold,
But it took quite a lot of persuading they say,
For Cupid held out for more gold.
Then Cupid it seems—fell in with their schemes,
And fittin' a dart in his bow,
Took a right steady aim at her cute little frame,
Now she's Mrs. Betty O'Gow.

'The Sapper'

An unobtrusive sort of guy,
He marched with me one day,
It was my first glimpse of the line,
And was I scared (?) I'll say.
We passed the old White Chateau,
My gang were right behind;
And then a shell came shrieking o'er
A-looking for a find.
Of course we all inst ducked our heads,
As soldiers always do,
And tried to look quite unconcerned
What a silly looking crew.

The unobtrusive guy spoke up—
A sapper by the way—
"It ain't the ones you hear that hurts
It's t'others makes you pay."
The coolness of the little guy
Who wasn't trained to fight,
Taught me quite a lesson
In darkness there that night;
And now when on Life's Highway
Should I feel the qualms of fear
I bolster up my courage
As his words once more I hear—
"Oh, it ain't the ones you hear that hurts
It's t'others makes you pay;"
Words from an unobtrusive guy—
A Sapper by the way.
"My baptism of Fire," Belgium, 1915.

'Petite Bebe'

I tole you 'bout my Granmere—a little while ago,
How I love her dearly—an she, me take in tow.
Now a different story—I have for you today,
It is about my Bebe—of him too much I say.
But he is so cunning—that is the word I think,
He love to scare his Mama—an then he never blink.
Ma foi he have such big eyes—they look like saucers yes?
When they look at you that way—you say, "Mon Dieu He
Bles."

All the day his little feets—go pit a pat around,
Sa priste he never seem to tire—when he cover ground.
He run upstairs an down stairs—also inside an out.
He running in his sleep I think—around an round about.
Sometimes he have a tumble—then to Mama, he go,
He try to tell her all at once—when his hurt he show.
Then she kiss him on it—no matter where it is,
Because he is *all part of her*—and she is fill' with bliss.
When he sleep in bed at night—we hold our breath sonetime,
We are afraid the Angels come—ma foi, we almost pine.
An then we kneel an pray by him—we are afraid to touch,
He look just like L'Enfant JESU—we love him very much.
"Little Bateese talks about *his* Baby."

More analogies to Dr. Drummond.

'Grand Mere'

(Grandma Mine)

Some day I think my heart she burst, if I doan look out,
The way I love my Gran'mere, she is one good scout.
Since I was baby, long tam' ago, she stick up for me,
An' now I am great big man, she do the same—mais ouis.
Remember tam' I had big fight, with Joe La Blanc so gros,
He knock me down and beat me hard, by gar I thot I go,
But Gran'mere came and saw him, an' jump upon his back
She knock two kinds of hell from him, she put him on the
rack.

Annoder tam' I drink too much, of Whiskey Blanc, so strong,
An' then I start on War Path—to do a lot of wrong.
I jump the freight to see the World, I care not where I go,
But Gran'mere she thot different, then she, me take in tow.
Sa priste she bawl me out and beat me up as well,
An' every tam' she hit me, I say—"You lookin' swell."
Then she stop with hands on hip, an' wag her head at me,
An' say "You big cochon, ma foi—I cut your head off—see"?
But now she gettin' pretty ole, she leaves me—yes some day,
An' I will be so lonely—sa' blue—she gone away.
But I know where I find her—She sittin' at the Gate,
She make St. Pete look other way—an' then we keep that
Date.

Little Bateese grows up an' speaks about his Grandmother.
With apologies to Dr. Drummond.

'Thanks Friends'

I bothered all the friends I had, when I did start to write
I'd say, didst heer the latest one, and start then to recite.
The patience, friends, you've shown me, I never will forget,
Believe me you we're wonderful, I hope you don't regret,
You often did inspire me to compose a little verse,
Unknowingly you fed the fuel, sometimes I wrote quite
terse.

So thanks My Friends, for all your help, you really have
been grand.

There's lots of times I almost quit if it wasn't for your hand.

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