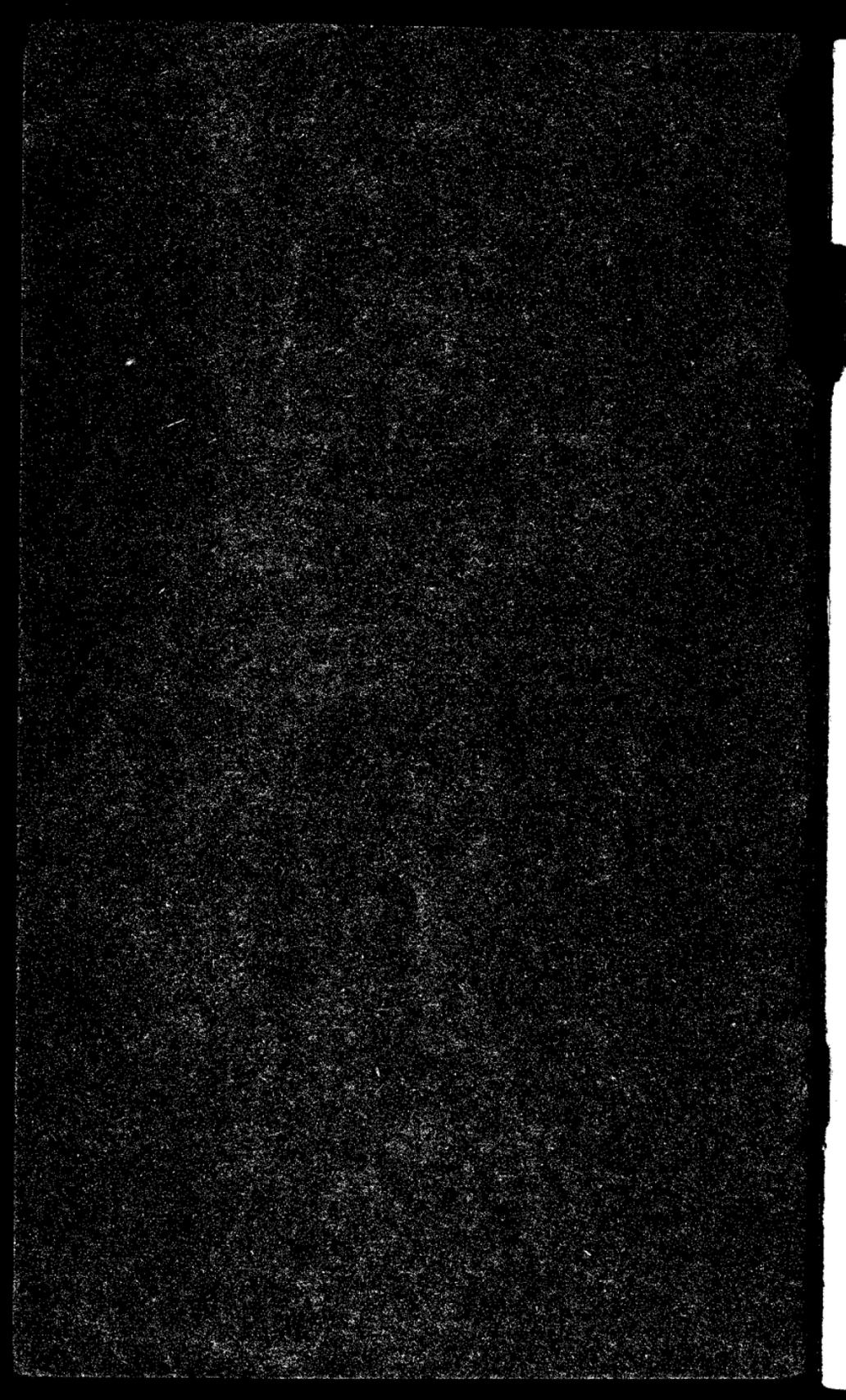


The
**UNITED
STATES
MARINES**



BY

Corporal G. Hundertmark



The
UNITED STATES
MARINES



TWENTY-FIVE POEMS ABOUT LIFE IN
THE MARINE CORPS



by

Corporal
C. HUNDERTMARK,

Corporal, U. S. M. C.

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THE UNITED STATES MARINE

The man from the Navy threw up his hands,
And said, that it could not be done.
The man from the Army gave up in despair
Before he had ever begun.
And still the job was finished on time,
As neatly as ever was seen.
The man who did it against all odds
Was a UNITED STATES MARINE.

The natives had gathered around their chief
And savagely held their own.
Their town was stronger fortified
Than our Infantry had known.
At sunrise next morning, the Stars and Stripes,
Majestically rose o'er the scene.
The man who ran them up on the staff
Was a UNITED STATES MARINE.

The people of every creed and class,
Of every country and clime
Have paid their respects to the Stars and Stripes
At one or another time.
At times they raise trouble among themselves
And someone must intervene,
Then the best man to send, so the President says,
Is a UNITED STATES MARINE.



SERGEANT CANAVAN'S OWN

TIME: Almost any time in the present.

PLACE: Marine Corps Recruit Depot.

CAST: Sergeant Canavan and recruits.

Sergeant Canavan:—

There is one thing I want you men to know
And thoroughly understand:
That this outfit is no Sunday-school,
No party, no guinea-band.
This is no place for a box-car-bum,
And I want to mention too,
That, if you're always faithful to me,
I'll be kind and faithful to you.

And before very long you will proudly proclaim
That you're one of the men who are known
All thru the service, from coast to coast
As Sergeant Canavan's Own.

I'm by no means partial to any man,
No matter what his calling has been
Before he found he needed three squares
And then became a Marine.
The Hay-shaker has the very same chance
That the Pen-pusher has with me,
And a fellow who minds his own business here
Will always satisfied be.

And before very long he will proudly proclaim
That he's one of the men who are known
All thru the service, from coast to coast.
As Sergeant Canavan's Own.

This place is a home for the man who comes clean,
And a happy home as well,
But if you don't come clean, you may understand,
The Marine Corps for you will be HELL.
Now, if there is one man who does not agree
With any remark I have made,
I'll meet him out in the woods to-night,
Right after the Sunset-Parade

And before very long he will proudly proclaim,
That he's one of the men who are known,
All thru the service, from coast to coast
As Sergeant Canavan's Own.

THOUGHTS OF A RECRUIT

Left, — — Left, — —
I had a good home when I left.

When drilling from morning till late at night,
It's seems to be the sergeant's delight,
To impress on my home-sick tired mind,
The comforts and pleasures I left behind.

Left. — — Left, — —
I had a good home when I left.

Hep, — — Hep, — —
Why dont you get into step?

At first this expression seemed quite queer,
But now I guess it's all I can hear.
The moment I move my straggling feet
I hear the sergeant repeat and repeat:

Hep, — — Hep, — —
Why dont you get into step?

Beans, — — Beans, — —
Are nourishment for the Marines.

At first the chow seemed discouraging,
But when they told me that beans are nourishing,
I sat me down and tried to look wise,
And swallowed my beans with tears in my eyes.

Beans, — — Beans' — —
Are nourishment for the Marines.



CHRISTMAS IN THE CAMP

Now light up our Christmas tree
And set the bells a-ringing,
And wind up our phonograph,
Let's hear Caruso singing.

There's Holly green and Mistletoe
All set up for the kissing,
The only thing we must regret
Is that the girls are missing.

Light up your smokes and settle down,
And then cut out your humming,
For Sergeant Rome will now announce
The prize-fights that are coming.

Our Commissary showed himself
To-day in all his glory.
The eats were surely good, we say,
And thus proceeds the story.

For we Marines are fighting boys,
And nothing can subdue us,
Except a meal, that's better than
The kind of chow that's due us.

No wonder that we're grateful, boys,
For surely: "There's a reason."
So let us give our officers
The wishes of the season.

Much peace and happiness to them,
That's what we wrote this piece for,
A Merry Christmas to them all
And to the whole Marine Corps.



THE EXPEDITIONARY PACK

This soldier life is quite a game.
From Washington an order came
For five hundred Marines.
But twenty minutes' time, oh my!,
To pack and polish and stand by
To part for southern scenes.

Ten minutes now you have, to stack
An expeditionary pack,
And in your knapsack place it.
Then shine your buttons, spic and span,
For the O. D.'s inspection, mau,
And unafraid then face it.

Your two pajama suits you fold
Twelve inches over all to hold.
Then pack three suits of underwear.
You stack this on your locker-box.
Then come your nice and clean-washed socks
On top of that, three pair.

Two O. D. shirts you next slip in,
A pair of shoes goes in between.
Five minutes. You're still in the race.
You tie your shoes up with a string.
Your shoe brush is the very thing
To hold them there in place.

Two khaki trousers, nice and clean,
A khaki blouse you next put in,
And one pair of leggings go on top.
This whole stack now place in your sack,
The white goods boy, go to the back,
Next take your soap and razor-strop,

Your razor, towel, tooth-brush too,
Tobacco also, smoke and chew,
Oh, yes there's plenty time.
There is a pocket large enough
To hold all this and other stuff,
To comfort you in any clime.

Now shine your buttons, spic and span,
As quickly as you only can,
And stand by for inspection.
Two minutes later off you go
To give the spics in Mexico
A Springfield lead injection.

JOE WATSON'S FAMOUS BROOM BRIGADE

When reveille is sounded
We're already on the job,
With pick-axe, broom, and shovel,
With bucket, lye, and swab.
We are detectives, every one,
And famous for detection,
Of dirt in every shape and form.
Oh, pity the old section.

As soon as us the bugle calls,
We're on the job in overalls
We handle pick ax, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

The Gold-Dust Twins have never had
A thing on our gang,
They never were so quick at work
When their old tin-can rang.
We are the hardest working men
You ever put your eyes on.
Where-ever there's a speck of dirt
We'll mighty quick get wise on.

As soon as us the bugle calls
We're on the job in overalls.
We handle pick-axe, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

Oh, we can use Sapolio
With ginger, snap, and pep,
And while we sweep the streets in camp
Joe Watson hollers "HEP"
The cleaning gear makes up our arms.
We handle it with snap.
For bayonet exercises, boys,
We do not care a rap.

As soon as us the bugle calls
We're on the job in overalls,
We handle pick-axe, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

Our duties are quite manifold,
As you shall promptly see,
We groom the horses, grease the carts,
And water every tree.
We also drain the swamp at times
And clean out all the ditches,
And when the camp is flooded, we
Act as the water witches.

As soon as us the bugle calls
We're on the job in overalls.
We handle pick-axe, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

If there's some painting to be done,
You gamble we will do it,
You ask for some uncommon job,
We'll say there's nothing to it.
We fix up every pipe in camp,
We dust the arc-lights often,
The dreadful work we have to do
The hardest heart would soften.

As soon as us the bugle calls
We're on the job in overalls.
We handle pick-axe, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

We are the boys behind the show,
We also dig the trenches,
We handle hammer, chisel, saw,
And also monkey-wrenches.
And should you have a hurry-job,
Be stil we're never slow,
For should we sleep, behind the switch,
We'd catch it from old Joe.

As soon as us the bugle calls
We're on the job in overalls.
We handle pick-axe, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

We are the back-bone of the camp;
The sanitary bunch,
We disinfect, and scrub, and spray,
When we but get the hunch.
Take it from us, old Snickelfritz,
There's nothing can get by us.
And if you doubt our statements, why,
Try us, TRY US, TRY US.

As soon as us the bugle calls
We're on the job in overalls.
We handle pick-axe, broom, and spade,
Joe Watson's famous broom brigade.

THE SUN-SET PARADE

When you hear the noncoms shout,
When the bugle calls you out,
Then your preps should all be made
For the evening parade.

Be it grief, be it joy,
Be you busted or made,
You will hear it, my boy,
At the sunset parade.

When you were out on a toot,
When you were up for a shoot.
When at reveille you're last
And are dragged up before mast.

Be it grief, be it joy,
Be you busted or made,
You will hear it, my boy,
At the sunset parade.

Everybody cuts his capers.
Small folks have their yellow papers.
Big folks have their magazines,
But what happens to Marines.

Be it grief, be it joy.
Be you busted or made,
You will hear it, my boy,
At the sunset parade.

When you're out on liberty,
And return D. D. and D.,
Or when you are O. L. A.,
Thursday is the fateful day.

Be it grief, be it joy,
Be you busted or made,
You will hear it, my boy,
At the sunset parade.

When you have served with devotion,
When you are up for promotion,
When your papers did arrive,
Out you fall at seven five.

Be it grief, be it joy,
Be you busted or made,
You will hear it, my boy,
At the sunset parade.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES HOME

Johnny has left his old home, George,
And joined the U. S. Marines.
He was tired of mother's cooking,
And now he is feeding on beans.

But when Johnny comes home on a furlough,
There will be a hot time at home,
When Johnny with blues and with medals,
Thru the streets of his home town will roam.

The girls will be down at the depot
To greet their dear soldier boy,
And father will kill his best rooster,
While mother is weeping with joy.

The fire brigade will give him
A dance in the town hall, by heck,
And the "Daily News" reporter
For an interview will break his neck.

And people who never knew Johnny
Will call at his home and extend
An invitation for dinner,
And ask him to meet their best friend.

And even the corner grocer
Will forget dear Johnny's old tricks,
And ask him to tell him some stories
About Filipinos and Spics.

And dreamy-eyed Sue, his old sweetheart,
Will send him a basket of fruit,
And smile and wink at Johnny,
When he passes by--oh, so cute.

And Johnny's chest will be swelling
With pride, 'neath medals so rare,
And everyone will assure you,
That Johnny, our soldier, is "there."

And every night until midnight
Thru the streets of his home town he'll roam,
And pay his respects to the ladies,
When Johnny, our soldier, comes home.



ADAM AND HIS TROUBLES

Whatever troubles Adam had,
I fancy, 'twas no fun,
He never had to bother with
The nomenclature of a gun.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
And he had some I s'pose,
He never dug a kneeling trench,
Or stood by to wash clothes.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
And he had some you bet,
He never had to bum the bull
To roll a cigarette.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
And he had some, by gad,
He never was a member of
The famous bonehead squad.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
A few but missed detection,
He never had to build a pack
For A. & I. inspection.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
You've never heard them all,
He never had to run, by heck.
To answer fire call.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
And he had his, poor bum,
He never had at any time
To live on M. C. slum.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
They sure did hit him fast,
There never was a man to drag
Him up for C. O.'s mast.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
He had them by all means,
One thing he missed, he never ate.
Our famous M.C. beans.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
And he some to dig,
He never rolled a cigarette
In our S. C. brig.

OH! CAPTIAN HAVE A HEART

I didn't sleep a wink all night,
Because I'm in an awful plight.
I know the Captain judges fair,
I hope he'll listen to my prayer:
Oh, Captain, have a heart.

The sergeant of the day caught me
When I returned D. D. & D.
I lost my blouse and lost my hat,
Five hours O. L. A. at that.
Oh, Captain. have a heart.

The old excuses will not go,
I must find something new to show,
A lie at once he'd surely note
If I would say I missed my boat.
Oh, Captain, have a heart.

Or if I'd say I had to hike,
For all the carmen were on strike,
He'd simply sit and laugh at me.
The papers didn't say so, see?
Oh, Captain, have a heart.

They shut the world off from my sight,
And put me in the brig last night.
To-day at noon, I think, at last
They'll drag me up for Captain's mast.
Oh, Captain have a heart.

I don't think that I ought to squint,
There is no man who never sinned.
The cause of all this is my pay,
For my excuse I'll simply say:
Oh, Captain, have a heart.



THE FIRST SERGEANT MAJOR STORY

The sergeant major had a story to tell,
And the boys all gathered around,
To hear this tale, as true as gold,
And seated themselves on the ground.

When he was only a young recruit,
In those happy days of old,
The Marine Corps was nothing like to-day,
As to the tale the major told

When you took the oath and kissed the book,
To you the captain would say:
"Should you go broke at any time,
"Call on me for part of your pay."

Reveille never went until 8 a. m.
Nifty white aprons were worn
By the fair little maids who served breakfast to you
In your tent every Sunday morn.

A cuss-word was never heard in camp,
And the noncoms were really polite.
They wore ruffles on collars and cuffs those days
And night-caps with lace work at night.

They'd never use a swagger stick,
But to show you the length of a step.
And they'd never embarrass your feelings, my boy,
By shouting: "Wake up now, hep, hep."

The recruits had it really good those days,
And drilling was not a hard task.
The Captain would give you a ten-spot each time
You had but the gumption to ask.

There once was a boot who was raving
And refused to eat beans for his chow.
They brought him a great big porter-house steak,
And the corporal kissed his brow.

As far as the living in camp was concerned,
There really was nothing to it.
Whenever the boots had a knapsack to pack
Their corporals or sergeants would do it.

A recruit while doing the manual of arms,
Once threw his rifle away.
They brought him a drink and a good cigar.
Oh, that was a happy day.

When they handed out a summary court,
(A thing they regretted to do),
They'd always make sure, right at the start,
To apologize to you.

But the men who really had the cream
Were the men of the old section.
They were entitled to free drinks and smokes
And never fell out for inspection.

And expeditions to foreign lands
Were much easier then by far.
The men were shown the various scenes
From the top of a sight-seeing car.

Now such was the life in our corps
In those happy days of old.
And there ne'er was a man who doubted a tale
That our sergeant major told.



THE SECOND SERGEANT MAJOR STORY

— — —

The sergeant major had a story to tell,
And quickly assembled each company,
For the stories the sergeant major told
Were based on absolute facts, you see.

There once was a sergeant in our corps,
Andrew B. Jones was his name,
The many heroic acts he performed
Rapidly brought him to fame.

Now, Jones was not a social man,
With ladies he was rather timid,
He never drank a glass of beer,
And grape-juice was his limit.

He'd powder his nose and paint his lips,
With peroxide he'd bleach his hair.
And whenever there was a mouse in the place
He'd shriek and jump on a chair.

He never smoked or chewed a plug,
That might spoil his rosy complexion.
And once he really attempted to
Reform our dear old section.

In China this was. They were scaling the wall,
Old Jones didn't know what to do.
So when his turn came, he went and tore down
Part of the wall and walked thru.

Of his wonderful brain-power he gave proof,
When he went to San Domingo.
It took him only two days and some
To be able to speak that there lingo.

When the major saw him he said to him:
"You have the best brain ever seen."
Then Jones replied: "That's natural, sir,
"That's the reason I am a Marine."

In shooting he was the best crack ever known,
That was one thing he could do right.
At two thousand yards he could hit a dime
And use only his battle sight.

When in Mexico he went scouting one day,
All alone for he thought that was fun,
He captured five thousand rebels there
And a great big sixteen inch gun.

Jones once was aboard a battleship,
Out ten thousand miles or more,
When they lost a propeller. Jones took a rope
And swam pulling the ship ashore.

When in the Philippines he was
Sent out on an expedition,
And that, so the sergeant major says,
Was A. B. Jones' perdition.

For when he was on a skirmish line
The order "ADVANCE" he did get.
Jones did advance, but never returned,
And some think he is going yet.

Now, that's the story of sergeant Jones
In that famous Marine Corps of old,
And there ne'er was a man who doubted a tale
That our sergeant major told.

THE THIRD SERGEANT MAJOR STORY

The sergeant major had a story to tell,
And the boys were gathering fast
For this story was based upon absolute truth
And was about Captain Hayes' mast.

Now there once was a captain in our Corps
By name of Johnny O. Hayes.
He'd never punish a man on report
But reward him in other ways.

Once a man was O. L. A.,
And returned after several weeks.
The captain gave him a dollar in cash
And kissed him on both of his cheeks.

A sentry once fell asleep while on post,
So the sergeant major said.
The captain sent out a blanket to him
And a pillow to rest his poor head.

They once brought a man before captain Hayes
Who, one balmy night in June
Had gone to town and gotten drunk
And was found as he sang to the moon.

Now the Captain thought that was real nice,
There was some romance in that.
So he dug up four bits to try it himself,
Sans leggings, sans coat and sans hat,

A corporal ran up a man one time
Who had quite some rust on his rifle.
The captain got mad with the corporal
For bothering about such a trifle.

There once were a few recruits who were caught
Having dirty socks for inspection.
They were graduated that very same day
And sent to duty with the old section.

There was a man who ran short before payday,
And sold his tan shoes to a gob.
The captain got next and gave him a buck
And an extra duty job.

A man once got into a fight
With a couple of sailors in town.
They licked him. When he got up before mast
The captain started to frown.

His hands were cut and his eyes were shut,
There wasn't a white spot on his face.
But the capain told him, to our corps
A fellow like that meant disgrace.

So he issued orders to have him locked up
On thirty days water and bread.
The fellow never got licked again,
So the sergeant major said.

The flatfeet got so as to know him quite well,
And whenever he was ashore
The sailors went home and stayed out of sight
For he would lick them by the score.

Now that's the story of the skipper's mast
In those happy days of old
And there ne'er was a man who doubted a tale
That our sergeant major told.



THE FOURTH SERGEANT MAJOR STORY

The sergeant major had a story to tell
About a Marine Corps Post
That was situated on a beautiful isle
Right off the Pacific Coast.

The men answered roll-call at ten A. M.,
Then their whole day's work was done.
They would pass their time with playing cards
Or other kinds of fun.

They'd go hunting and fishing at any time,
Or play ball to their heart's content.
They'd save their pay from month to month
For they couldn't spend a cent.

The doctor down there had provided
For each man to sleep after each meal,
At least forty winks or an hour or so
And they did it with very much zeal.

The cooks they had down there were the best
That for money or love you could get.
They came from every part of the world
And were quite efficient, you bet.

The French cook roasted some chickens each day,
Or for dinner get up some nice pie.
The German would feed them on saurkraut
And fine broiled pork-sausage, oh my.

One man had been in China
And was cook to the emperor then.
He would put up the nicest chop-suey
Each Sunday night for his men.

The men of the post didn't know what it was
To handle a bucket and swab,
And if they wanted police work done,
There was never a man for the job.

The stables were empty and the wagons were broke
They had no horses to groom.
The streets were swept by the winds alone
For the men would not push a broom.

They had hammocks in all shady spots
And rocking chairs under each tree.
The post was an actual paradise,
Of course, drinks and cigars were free.

To this little post came the commandant
Once on a tour of inspecting.
He said: "I'm really grieved to find
"That your duties you're thusly neglecting"

"Your the laziest bunch of animals
"That in my career I have seen.
"It's a disgrace to our Corps
"To call one of you a Mariue."

"So pack up your trunks in a jiffy
"For at last it is up with the jig."
So said the Commandant madly
And put them all in the brig.

Now that's the story of the easiest post
In the famous Marine Corps of old.
And there ne'er was a man who doubted a tale
That our sergeant major told.



THE FIFTH SERGEANT MAJOR STORY

The sergeant major had a story to tell
About the speediest boat
That ever rode an anchor chain,
Or ever a speed record smote.

There once were four sergeants in our corps,
Who thought life in camp was slow,
So they got a boat that could go per hour
About ninety miles or so.

She was the speediest little boat
That ever rode the waves
And she was surely just the thing
That every speed-bug craves.

A five thousand horse power engine
Gently reposed in her stem.
(This statement caused commotion
And the boys all whispered: "Ahem".)

They never could enter a motor-boat race,
For no one would let them compete.
This little boat, El Diablo,
Never its equal did meet.

They left old Norfolk at six p. m.,
For a little cruise one day,
And with the rays of the rising sun
They anchored in Dublin Bay.

A twelve inch gun once was set off
By a lunatic who ran amuck.
They followed the shell in this speedy boat
And caught it before it had struck.

Whenever they entered the harbor
It would rain about ten miles away,
But the people soon found it was nothing
But this motor-boat's powerful spray.

Once they neared the Carribean Sea
With speed that was something terrific,
They hit a rock and went up in the air
And shot right across to the Pacific.

And often upon a Sunday
When they ached for a change of scenes,
They'd have dinner in Norfolk at one p. m.,
And supper in New Orleans.

One day they met with an accident,
While the waters were rather rough,
A shark stole up behind them
And chewed their propeller off.

But the speed they had 'ere the propeller was gone
Was sufficient, so all did contend,
To take them ashore, about five hundred miles,
Where they started their trouble to mend.

But once as they rode with the current,
The mermaids came up for a peep,
Fell in love with the boat and the sergeants
And dragged them down in the deep.

Now that's the tale of the speediest boat
Owned by four sergeants of old.
And there ne'er was a man who doubted a tale
That our sergeant major told.



THE STORY OF ABE LEVINE

Abe Levine of New York town
Once peddled fancy laces,
Suspenders too, and all the things
The hosiery line embraces

He walked the streets from morn till night
For business to bait.
His nose was rather crooked
And his heels were never straight.

Now Abe was quite a business man,
He never fought the rum.
But temp'rance is of no avail
When business is bum.

And Abe would miss some meals each day,
The world did treat him rough.
And no one in the gol-darn town
Would buy poor Abe's stuff.

Once as he went along the street
An "A" sign he had seen:
"Please tell me, Mr. Sergeant,
"Can you make me a Marine?"

The Sergeant looked at Abe Levine
And could not help to grin:
"If you're afraid of bullets, boy,
"You'd better not come in."

"But if you think that you can hike
"All day and call it fun,
"I'll take you on right on the spot
"And give you gear and gun.

So Abie signed the dotted line,
Gave New York one last look,
And came to our depot,
Swore in and kissed the book.

And Abe did pay attention
And learned his lessons quick.
He'd drill from morning until night
And never raise a kick.

He thought he was quite lucky
To get a place to aleep,
And gratitude for three square meals
Would often make him weep.

But once upon a Sunday, Abe
Threw up the sponge and said:
'Right here is where I'm going to quit,
'Altho I lose my bed.'

"I never did complain to one
"And always scoffed my beans,
"I always tried to do the things
"Expected of Marines."

"There's not one man in this here camp
"Can say I am not white.
"But when you feed a jew on pork
"You sure don't treat him right."

"I won't eat pork. That settles it,
"This is where Abe surrenders,
"I'm going back to New York town
"And peddle more surrenders."



JOHN AND JIM

Now, John and Jim were jolly chums,
They'd gone to school together,
You'd always find them side by side
In fair and stormy weather.

They'd studied from the same old books,
They played the same old tricks,
Their parents whipped their darling boys
With the same old hazel-sticks.

And when the two had finished
Their dear old schooling days.
They found a job together
In the same old trading place.

But then arrived a fateful day,
That set their heads a-whirl,
They fell in love, one balmy spring
With the same old darling girl.

And Bess explained to Johnny
That she couldn't marry him,
For she could choose but one of them,
And that one, well, was Jim.

Then Johnny got disgusted
With his dear old home-town scenes,
He packed his bundle, and he joined
The United States Marines.

For two long cruises Johnny did
All over rove and roam,
And then he took a furlough
To visit his old home.

He went to look up Jim, his chum,
Out in his little place,
But Jim had changed an awful lot,
He had wrinkles in his face.

Jim had to work both day and night,
So he'd make both ends meet,
And give his wife and children
Sufficiently to eat.

And when he thought he'd save a few
To meet a rainy day,
Then came the many creditors
And took it all away.

Then Johnny raised his hands and said:
"Thank God, that I'm a rover,
"I'm going where I came from, Jim,
"I'm going to ship over."

PAY-DAY

It's the day of days for us,
Most everything it means,
We greet it with a friendly smile,
Pay day for the Marines.

And joy swells up the breast of all
The boys in our Corps,
Beginning with the boot who ne'er
Heard pay call sound before.

Why, even the old-fashioned grouch,
The biggest in the land,
With twenty-nine years service will
On pay day shake your hand.

For thirty days they scoffed their chow
And never made a kick,
But when old pay day comes around,
They'll raise a holler quick.

Then they eat steaks and pork chops too,
And chicks and ducks and pie.
The barkeep couldn't mix a drink
That our boys won't try.

And through the town on liberty
The joyful crowd will sway,
Forgotten are all their complaints
That they had yesterday.

They laugh and sing and carry on
And everyone is gay,
Not till the very last is spent
They'll wend their homeward way.

They smoke cigars, two bits a piece,
They eat and drink the best,
Until the last dime fades away
Behind some bar to rest.

And in the gray and early dawn
They will return to camp,
Another thirty days to drill
And o'er the drill-ground tramp.

THE RECRUIT'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART

Dear Bess:

A few lines only
To let you know I'm feeling fine.
But oh, how I am missing
You and your smiles divine.

When first I came to this place here
My head was all a-whirl.
I'd never seen so many men
Without a single girl.

Of course, there are some girls in town,
And some are pretty too,
But none of them has golden curls
And soft boiled eyes like you.

The life in camp is tolerable;
We work to kill the time,
But should we whistle while we work
They'd think it was a crime.

The first thing that they teach us here
Is how to keep in step.
The non-commissioned officers
Shout: "One—two—three—four—hep."

Then they teach us how to shoot
And handle our gun.
The bayonet exercises, dear,
Are quite a lot of fun.

We also learn to handle brooms,
And holy-stones and swobs.
On board the ships that kind of work
Is mostly done by gobs.

And then we learn to pitch our tents
And dig all kinds of trenches.
We handle every gol-darn tool,
Including monkey wrenches.

Before I went away from home
And joined these here Marines,
I never dreamed that there could be
So many kinds of beans.

They're white ones, red ones, green ones,
Done up in every style,
The way they're baked in Boston
Or on the Emerald Isle.

Roast beef we get four times a week,
Sometimes its on the bum,
And when we have no beef or beans,
We generally have slum.

The only time I fast at noon
And for a sirloin wish
Is on a Friday, when we get
A skinny, bony fish.

I soon will be a corporal,
And then a sergeant, too.
And when they make me general
I'll come and marry you.

Our clothing must be changed each day,
We're always clean and trim.
With all my love and kisses,
Your dear old sweetheart,

JIM.



ANSWER TO THE RECRUIT'S LETTER

Dearest Jim:

Received your letter
And am glad you like your job.
One word, tho, I didn't get, dear,
Whats the meaning of a GOB?

Mother says it is machinery
That they use to scrub and clean.
Father thinks it is a monkey,
Tell me, it's not a Marine?

You say that girls are scarce there
And no nice ones to be had?
There might be a chance for Ethel,
For she wants a beau so bad.

I think your boss is mean, dear,
That you can't whistle now.
I always liked to listen
When you whistled at the plow.

The evenings here are awful slow,
Since you have gone away,
There's no one here to tease and kiss,
I miss you more each day.

And even Romeo, the pup,
For you, dear, must be pining.
I hear him often in the night
Barking, howling, whining.

Pa thinks it's real good for you
That you learn to handle tools.
That's more than he expects of
Some of these other fools.

Please be careful with the guns dear,
They might be loaded, don't you know.
And you surely will remember
Fido's death did happen so.

Pa was very much suprised
To hear that the Marines
Had so many different styles
And different kinds of beans.

Now, if you'll send us some to plant,
Down here, say just one peck,
We'll have Marine Corps Chow for you
When you come back, by heck.

I hope they'll make you general
Now very, very soon.
It's San Francisco where I want
To spend my honeymoon.

I hope you get enough to eat
In what you call your mess.
And, wishing you the best of luck
Your dear old sweetheart

BESS



A FEW SHORT STORIES

- Recruiting Sergeant,
Friendly Smile,
- Applicant
Paris Isle.
- Boot out drilling,
Dancing Jig,
- Office hours,
Then the brig.
- Pork or beef
None to eat,
- Same old slum,
Minus meat.
- End of month,
Living high,
- Pay all gone,
No more pie.
- Hot dishes
Filled with hash,
- Messman stumbles,
Awful crash.
- Breakfast, dinner,
Supper beans.
- Next day ditto,
Poor Marines.
- Revolution,
Marines land,
- Situation
Well in hand.



TO THANKSGIVING

Another year has given
New laurels to our Corps,
And all the honors we have won,
We may be thankful for.

Again we've proven to the world
That we are quick on hand,
When there is trouble brewing
In our neighbors land.

And true to our motto,
And true to our Corps,
We've won our country's battles,
Just as we've done before.

We've carried our banners
To blazing southern scenes,
And showed them that we're on the job,
The UNITED STATES MARINES.



JOHN SNICKELFRITZ, PLOW DESERTER

John Snickelfritz got tired,
To trod behind the plow,
He threw the reins to his old man,
And said; "I'm thru right now."

"I'm thru with this here farming,
"I'm going to the city,
"To where they have some real jobs,
"And where the girls are pretty."

"I want to wear some real clothes,
"And eat some dinners rare,
"And get acquainted with a chick,
"With ribbons in her hair."

The old man laughed a wise old smile,
And gave his boy some dough,
And then some fatherly advice,
And said: "All right, John, go."

So Johnny packed his bundle
And shook the old man's hand,
And then he hiked with happy heart,
Off to the promised land.

Now Johnny couldn't find a job
To fill his hearts desire.
He wrote for money to his pa,
But father didn't wire.

And then the girls were awful 'cold,
And sassy, stuck-up things,
And all the things they talked about
Were candy, shows, and rings.

So Johnny got disgusted,
And wore a gloomy look.
But then he heard about our Corps
And quickly kissed the book.

At first he didn't like this life,
And kicked about the drills.
But when they got acquainted, why
He found life filled with thrills.

And then one balmy summer's night,
He wrote his folks a letter;
And said: "I surely like this life,
"And would want nothing better."

"I get my fourteen eighty per,
"And two horse blankets too,
"I have my three meals every day,
"And not too much to do."

"Along the whole Atlantic coast,
"I am the best known sport,
"I lead the life of Riley now
"With a girl in every port."



A SUNDAY SERMON TO THE RECRUIT

I've entertained you all this week
And treated you quite nice,-
To-night now, I shall give you
A little sound advice.

You've drilled perhaps some time, George.
Perhaps you've made a kick
And thought this life too hard, dear,
Perhaps you, too, played sick.

Perhaps you wrote to father
Or to your uncle Dan,
And asked then for your purchase price,
Come on George be a man.

Snap out of it, get next my lad,
And show what you can do.
What other boys have done before
Can sure be done by you.

Don't ever say I can't do this.
Come! show a little pluck,
And bite your teeth together, George,
And try again, for luck.

And when you wake at reveille,
Just chase that grouch awhile,
And start the day that's dawning
With a friendly winning smile.

A friendly smile, a laughing eye,
A happy, careless heart.
Is all you need in our Corps,
To win a running start.

When Army men, or Navy men,
Give up in rank despair,
That's when its up to us Marines
To show that we are "there."

So put your shoulder to the wheel
And don't give up the ship.
Just say "I WILL," and grit your teeth,
Your feet will never slip.

And faithful to our motto,
And to our gallent Corps,
You'll help win our battles
As we have done before.

SEMPER FIDELIS

'Twas the cry of Cæsar's legions:
Semper Fidelis.

It's our motto in all regions.
Semper Fidelis.

We have fought in every land,
There's no foe that can withstand
Our Small but well picked band.
Semper Fidelis.

It sounds above the roar of battle:
Semper Fidelis.

It sounds above the bayonets' rattle:
Semper Fidelis.

There's no foe that we would fear.
There's no motto sounds so dear
Thru the battle in our ear.
Semper Fidelis.

We are the **FIGHTING BOYS IN BLUE:**
Semper Fidelis.

Uncle Sam knows, we are true;
Semper Fidelis.

The first in Montezuma's Hall,
The first across the Chinese Wall,
And those we've fought, we've licked them all.
Semper Fidelis.





