

INTRODUCTION

I wrote these and I like them, and
I hope you will read them and like
them.

The Author.

O. U. HOOVER

(Probably the most copied verses
of the war)

My Tuesdays are wheatless,
My Wednesdays are meatless,
I'm getting more eatless each day.

My house it is heatless,
My beds are all sheetless,
They've gone to the Y. M. C. A.

The saloons are all treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get thinner and wiser.

My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
Oh gosh, how I hate the Kaiser.



War Poems

BY

WILL M. CRESSY

KNOCKING THE KNITTERS

Wife's knitting socks for the soldiers,
Daughter is knitting them caps,
Grandma is knitting them helmets
And they're all good knitters—perhaps.

But unless the war is soon over
My finish I think I can see;
And I'll soon be an Annette Kellerman
Unless they knit something on me.

And the things they are knitting look awful.
Which is which you never could tell.
The helmets look like sweaters,
And the sweaters look like helmets.

GOD HELP AMERICA TO HELP GOD SAVE THE KING

There's a song that we sing in the morning;
A song that we sing at night;
A song that we sing in the twilight
By a thousand campfires bright

An air like a mighty anthem;
Majestic, sweet and grand;
Like the peal of a wonderful organ,
Or the sound of a marching band

The words are a little different
According to where you sing
Here—we call it "America,"
And there, "God Save the King."

But we all of us know the music;
The notes are just the same;
And we can make it a mighty chorus
As we play this great war game.

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee;"
Those are words that they can sing.
And we're mighty glad to join them
In singing, "God Save the King."

So let's twine the leaves of maple
Around the eagle's wing,
And all join in the chorus
Of "God Help America to Help God
Save the King."