



### THE DYING SERGEANT

Upon a battlefield in France a wounded sergeant lay,  
It took no doctor's eye to see he soon would pass away;  
His buddy stumbled through the wheat to where the sergeant bled,  
And as he knelt beside his form the sergeant faintly said:

"Just give my love to Annabelle, my San Francisco queen,  
And tell her that I kicked off game—she's lost a good Marine.  
And, Jack, you know that dusky maid, my Honolulu belle?  
Just tell her not to wait for me—her sergeant went to hell!

"And then there's Lulu Andre, too, my sweetheart from Bordeaux,  
Please tell her I was true to her, but now I have to go.  
And 'Nita from Guam, you know, to her you'd better write,  
For she's hot tempered, damn her soul, but say, for me, 'good-night.'

"That Cuban beauty—what's her name? I married her one day.  
So send my love and sympathy and say I've passed away.  
And then my Haitian nigger, too, with skin as black as coal,  
Please tell her when you send my love her sergeant answered roll.

"And Yvonne, too, the little blonde, I met in gay Pairee,  
Just tell her I can't take her home—the devil waits for me!  
And don't forget that Chinese wench, my 'Chin-Chin' of the past,  
And tell her that her sergeant died, but thought of 'Chin-Chin' last.

"And there's that black-eyed, black-haired wench from Nicaragua's shore,  
Just say good-bye to her for me—I'll see her no more.

There's others, Jack, you know them all,  
Please see each one and say  
To everyone, I loved but her, but now I've passed away!"

The sergeant's eyes were glassy, then,  
his breathing rather slow,  
His buddy felt his limped wrist—his pulse was awfully low;  
The sergeant knew his life was gone, the time had come to die,  
So glancing up with blinded eyes, he grinned and said "Good-bye!"  
SMOKEHOUSE ANNUAL.

### A PRAYER

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Make me too brave to lie or be unkind,  
Make me too understand, too, to mind  
The little hurts companions give—and friends,  
The careless hurts that no one quite intends,  
Make me too thoughtful to hurt others so.  
Help me to know  
The inmost hearts of those for whom I care,  
Their secret wishes, all the loads they bear  
That I may add my courage to their own.  
May I make lonely folks feel less alone  
And happier ones a little happier. Yet  
May I forget  
What ought to be forgotten and recall,  
Unfailing, all  
That ought to be recalled, each kindly thing,  
Forgetting what may sting!  
To all upon my way, day after day,  
Let me be joy! be hope! Let my life sing!

### THE ALAMO

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

The Alamo fell March 6, 1836, after with-  
standing a siege of nearly two weeks.  
There's a screaming of demons unleashed  
from black hells,  
There's a cry of defiance in answer that swells  
Like an anthem of glory for those who  
that day  
Saw the red road to Freedom, and lighted  
the way.

As a tidal wave sweeps over seas of red  
flame  
The foe surges forward with Victory's  
acclaim.  
Like a wave that has shattered itself on  
a rock  
It breaks and recedes from the shivering  
shock.

With the courage of might they again  
cross the field,  
Shouting "Death to the Gringos, too  
stubborn to yield!"  
Audacious and clear comes an echo to  
show  
There are still sturdy hearts in the Old  
Alamo.

There's a flourish of trumpets, a flashing  
of steel,  
The men of the Alamo stagger and reel,  
But they rally again to Travis' cry:  
"To the ramparts and walls, who have  
courage to die!"

The foemen have won where the dark  
shadows fall  
Like a mantle of Death from the Alamo  
wall.  
They are stayed but for time to demolish  
the gate  
Then they swarm through the courtyard  
with thunders of hate.

They have stormed the last rampart, the  
last breach is cleft,  
And they clash hand to hand with the  
few who are left.  
Steel rings against steel, eye flashes to  
eye,  
Those men of the Alamo knew how to  
die!  
The Lone Star of Texas forever shall  
glow  
To remind faltering souls of the Old  
Alamo,  
Where Bowie carved clear with his blood-  
stained knife:  
"Freedom for man is more precious than  
life!"

### GHOSTS OF THE ALAMO

By Grantland Rice

There's a tramp of a ghost on the low  
wind tonight,  
An echo that drifts like a dream on its  
way;  
There's a blur of a spectre that leaves  
for the fight,  
Grave risen at last from a long  
vanished day.  
There's a shout and a call of grim soul  
unto soul  
As they rise one by one out of Death's  
shadowed glen,  
To follow the bugle—the drum's muffled  
roll,  
Where the Ghosts of the Alamo gather  
again.  
I hear Crockett's voice as he leaps from  
the dust  
And waits at the call for an answering  
hail.  
And Bowie caresses a blade red with rust  
As deep in the shadows he turns to the  
trail,  
Still lost in the darkness that covers  
their sleep.  
Their bodies may rest in a sand-  
mounded den,  
But their spirits have come from the red  
starry deep  
Where the Ghosts of the Alamo gather  
again.  
You think they've forgotten (because  
they have slept)  
The day Santa Anna charged in with  
his slaves,  
Where five thousand men on a bare  
hundred swept  
And stormed the last rampart that  
stood for their graves?  
You think they've forgotten, but faint  
from afar,  
Brave Travis is calling the roll of his  
men,  
And a voice answers "here" through the  
shadows that bar  
Where the Ghosts of the Alamo gather  
again.  
There's a flash of a blade and you thought  
it a star,  
There's a light on the plain and you  
thought it the moon.  
You thought the wind echoed the anthem  
of war,  
Not knowing the lilt of an old border  
tune.  
Gray shade after shade stirred again  
unto breath,  
Phantom by phantom they charged  
down the glen  
Where souls hold a hate that is greater  
than death,  
Where the Ghosts of the Alamo gather  
again.