

# THE SPECTATOR



IMAGINE my surprise to learn the other day that something I had written a long time ago in

these columns had finally found its way to France, afforded some of the boys over there a hearty laugh, and inspired one of them to put some of his own sentiments in rhyme which a friend thought good enough to forward to the folks back home.

It all happened this way: My friend, Joe Lippman, who, by the way, is a regular reader of the WEEKLY, thought enough of my comment on Arthur Guy Empey's attitude on prohibition to mail a clipping of it to his son, Marc Lippman, who went to France on his own responsibility last fall, volunteered his services to the American command, and now holds an important post in the U. S. Air Service Transportation Division. Marc must have shown the clipping to several of his chums, one of them being Basil D. Woon of the Aviation Corps, who was once a reporter on the Salt Lake Telegram. At any rate, Woon sat down and dashed off the following verse, handed it to his comrade Lippman. Marc enclosed it in a letter to his father, who kindly handed it to me. Here it is:

## THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

They have taken away my whiskey;  
They have taken away my beer—  
And Riddle's face at the corner place  
No longer beams good cheer.  
Ghosts of the past rise to mock me—  
Ghosts of a past that is dead;  
When a soldier wasn't a soldier  
If he went home sober to bed.

No longer in little Mexico  
Do the girls like sirens greet—  
No, under the General Order,  
They pass us by on the street.  
We dare not look at a petticoat—  
We might get slammed in the mill;  
This war's played hell with the Army,  
And don't you forget it, Bill.

They're teaching us how to be Christians  
Down at the Y. M. C. A.,  
And lips that cursed in the Army's  
worst  
Are learning how to pray;  
And fingers that once clutched schooners—  
Laager—full to the brim—  
Are holding aloft some grape juice  
To the tune of the latest hymn.

Oh, we are nice little soldier boys—  
Just watch us march along;  
All we need are some high-heeled  
shoes,

And to let our hair grow long.  
But men like Sherman or Funston  
Would turn in their graves if they  
knew  
That the Army they loved was being  
run  
By the W. C. T. U.

So much for the boys' sentiments in that respect. It requires no comment, save to say that with all the schemes on foot to pamper and pet them, they have managed to save themselves from being spoiled. At heart, at least, they seem to be the same real, red-blooded American boys that left us not long ago.

Then, just for good measure, I suppose, Marc and his friend Woon threw in this extra verse. Although it deals primarily with a colored soldier who is not tempted by any great desire to engage in the aviation service of Uncle Sam, nevertheless, by a slight stretch of the imagination, it might be regarded as a very striking character sketch of the slacker back home who is afraid of getting his feet wet when called upon to do his bit. Think how many "Uh-huh—Not me" patriots we have right here in our midst, who answer the following description to the last dot:

'Course, Ah ain't sayin' Ah won't do  
De things mah country tells me to;  
But tha's one job dat Ah forsee  
Ain't gwine to 'tatch itself to me—  
Uh-huh—not me:

An' dat's dis aryplane stuff. No, boss,  
I'll bar some other kind o' cross—  
Like drive a mule, or tote a gun,  
But Ah ain't flirtn' wid de sun—  
Uh-huh—not me:

Ef Ah mus' do de loop-de-loop,  
Let it be roun' some chicken coop—  
'Tain't gwine to be up whar de crows  
Kin say Ah's tromplin' on deir toes—  
Uh-huh—not me:

'Course it's nice, Ah don' deny,  
To be a-coursin' thru de sky;  
But dat's fur folks what's in de  
mood—  
Dat's give up love, an' gin, an'  
food—  
Uh-huh—not me:

Down yeah is whar Ah firs' see day;  
Down yeah's whar Ah's gwine ter  
stay.  
Folks, Ah doan' keer to have mah feet  
Git too blame proud to walk de  
street—  
Uh-huh—not me:

So Ah's j . . . wait 'till Gabr'l brings  
Dem good, ol'-fashion' angel wings;  
An' as Ah pass dem ary planes by,  
In pity, Ah'll look down an' sigh—  
Uh-huh,—ont me:

IF Colonel Dick Young ever entertained any doubts in his own mind as to his place in the affections of the folks back home, they need trouble him no longer. His little visit with us has demonstrated the exceptionally high regard in which he is held by all the citizens of the community, irrespective of class or creed, and in one short week such marked manifestations of admiration and esteem were showered upon him from all sides that, were it not for the fact that the colonel is chuck full of plain horse sense, there might have been danger of turning his head.

Nor was it, in my opinion, a mere case of hero worship. Colonel Young is a thoroughly likeable fellow in every sense; he was immensely popular in the old days when he returned from the Philippines; he was unusually popular as a private citizen; and when a year ago he threw aside his law books and again put on the uniform, his popularity did not suffer from that characteristic manifestation of his devotion to his country. He did what many younger men hesitated to do, and that accounts in the main for

the enviable position he now holds in the hearts of his people.

This brings me to the thought uppermost in my mind. It came to me the other day during the storm of applause that greeted him at a local luncheon. It is this; if only all our military officers and civil officers could command our confidence and respect in such full measure as Colonel Young, what a stirring effect it would have on the morale of the American people. We are a queer race—unless we have wholesome respect for the character and capabilities of the man himself, the shoulder straps or the pomp and power of office go for little. But I had better content myself without further comment—I might offend some one.

I AM inclined to think that Julian Bamberger's scheme for revising the calendar is all right and ought to be adopted. Once upon a time I confess to having made a study of the question myself, with a view to working out a correction of my own, but I fairly lost myself in the intricacy of the calculations. So I gave it up in disgust and decided to wait for some fellow to come along who could figure better than I—which, by the way, isn't saying much.

Julian's plan is quite simple—so simple, in fact, that one is forced to wonder whether he hasn't overlooked something somewhere. This is not the first time that an attempt has been made to cure the calendar of its faults, but it seems to require a peculiar turn of mind to turn the trick. Also, between trying to fix the calendar, square a circle, and invent perpetual motion, many a well-meaning individual, mentally sound at the outset, has wound up his enterprise with wheels in his head. Which is just by way of offering a little kindly advice to a good friend.

Great things, of course, are claimed for this new style of reckoning time,  
(Continued on Page 11.)

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