

ODE TO THE SHACKLETON BOOT

I am the guy, I'm the giddy galoot
Who tried to chasse in the Shackleton boot.

Out of the house and into the street,
I find it not easy to keep on my feet.
One step forward and two steps back,
A sideslip and down with a hell of a thwack!
Up like a fairy and forward I shoot
All on account of the Shackleton boot!
Sick of the sidewalk I sample the road.
Onward I crawl at the pace of a toad.
Tottering, staggering, spinning, what - ho!
Flop! and I sit in the thick of the snow.
Right down the Troitski doing P. T.
Just before breakfast doesn't suit me:
Hardly the stunt for a battered old sub.
Just out of bed and before he's had grub.
Stolid Russkies en route - they look somewhat askance
When they see me engaged in this kind of a dance.
"Drinking again!" is their thought, which is mute--
All on account of the Shackleton boot!
Here comes a motor, it's saying "toot, toot!",
And I nearly go west through the Shackleton boot!
If some of you boys are in quest of the loot
You may have all my share in the Shackleton boot.
Of my woe and my worry it lies at the root-
That blinking, that flipping big Shackleton boot!
So join in the chorus and give a loud hoot-
To show your contempt for the Shackleton boot.
Say - who is this Shackleton, where does he dwell?
Will any who know be so kind as to sell?
For if of his wisdom this darned dud's the fruit-
Then it's time he'd a taste of the Shackleton boot!

E.J.H.

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QUOTH THE RUSSIAN: "HARASHAW"

Once upon a morning dreary,
 I was standing, cold and weary
 Waiting for a Tug or Ferry,
 On the Bakaritza shore.
 There was little more afloat than one
 small craft with Russian boatman -
 "Do not play!" I cried "the boat, man;
 You must quickly row me o'er."
 Clear, indeed, he had the leisure,
 When I shouted "Row me o'er"
 Quoth the Russian "Harashaw".

"Quickly", said I "time is fleeting.
 Quickly, lest I miss the meeting.
 Roubles fifty I will pay thee,
 If you get me there by four".
 Signal of agreement made he;
 Not a moment longer stayed he
 Wasting words. I was afraid he might
 ask three roubles more.
 He appeared a sluggish fellow -
 Never asking roubles more,
 Answering merely "Harashaw".

Not a movement made he,
 lonely sitting in his boat spoke only
 That one word, although to move him
 I did threaten and implore
 When all weary of entreating -
 Cuss-words tired of repeating,
 I arranged for his unseating -
 With the heavy starboard oar.
 Deep he sank into the river
 When I thrust him with that oar.
 (Rising, quoth he "Harashaw".)

Thankful for the stillness broken
 By reply so aptly spoken,
 In the boat vacated jumping,
 I rowed off the Smolny shore.
 Close behind I saw him standing
 On the Bakaritza Landing
 To his injuries attending,
 Wiping off the mud and gore.
 Bruised and dripping, I could hear him,
 Busy with the mud and gore,
 Softly murmuring "Harashaw".

R.S.

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