

A TOAST

TO YOU IN THE

Service



To Frank,



Here's to good fortune from day to day—
The kind that will carry you through—
And here's to the things you're fighting for—
But most of all **HERE'S TO YOU!**

May God Bless you
and Protect you
Your Pal
John A. Allen



Here's to the uniform you wear—
And here's to the Flag you serve—
Here's to your courage and loyalty—
From duty, you'll never swerve—

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Made in U. S. A.

A FAREWELL TO FRANK

There comes a time in everyones life,
When they leave the worn out apron strings;
And walk alone through struggle and strife,
To the only end that this world brings.

Now Frank! he broke the strings long ago
While washing the dishes he hates;
But the army makes all forget this woe
When the K.P. sargeant dictates.

If you get stubborn about army life,
And fight with your tough old sarge,
You'll soon find yourself behind locked doors,
Where a furlough's just a mirage.

So just keep singing the songs that you know,
And sure, it's a general you'll soon be made,
And your old sarge salutes, when you tread his pet toe,
And you're paid to send the Japs to hades.

This poem is quite silly, yet only in just.
You see, in words, I want to express:
"You're a pretty good pal, Frank, dar-gon-it -- the best!"

Sincerely
John F. Allen

ARMY LIFE

Now it's time to put your ties on the rack,
And put your trousers to the pleat;
For now you'll have an army pack,
And your feet will keep the marching beat.

"For you're in the army now;
You're not behind the plow.
You'll never get rich digging a ditch,
You're in the army now!

We have a battle to be won;
And we know it won't be fun.
So we must part for a while--
And say good-bye with a smile,
For you'll always be my pal.

Sincerely
John F. Allen

Mr. Frank Shields.