

Back in a past that is growing dim,  
Way back in Thirty-Three,  
A tow-headed kid by the name of Jim  
On occasions caddied for me.  
He was only a slip of a 12-year old,  
A spirited, smiling elf,  
Who packed through the rain or the heat or the cold  
A bag near as big as himself.

And never a whimper I'd hear from that tot,  
Be the going ever so tough;  
Though half of my drives sliced out of the lot  
And the rest hooked into the rough,  
He'd scoot for the tangle of weed and whin,  
Or streak for the timber tall,  
And I'd always find him there with a grin  
And—"Here, sir; here's your ball."

To ease the suffering player's lot  
Appeared his one desire  
And seldom indeed have I ever got  
So much for such little hire  
A lesson there was for me and you  
To learn from that humble lad—  
He figured he had a job to do  
AND HE GAVE IT ALL HE HAD.

I read in the papers the other day  
Of a certain flying chap  
Who's been raising the very hell-to-pay  
With the (two words censored) Jap.  
He's blasted bases to smithereens,  
He's sunk half-a-dozen ships  
To strew the shores of the Philippines  
With remains of extinguished Nips.

He dares the death in the Zero's breath,  
He skims o'er the cresting flak  
(And maybe he wonders if this may be  
The time that he won't come back.)  
Month after month it has been the same,  
From Guadalcanal to Wake.  
As grimly but gaily the deadly game  
He has played, with his life the stake.

His name? Why, sure, it's the same ol' Jim  
Out there o'er the southern sea,  
Still giving the best there is in him,  
STILL PACKING THE LOAD FOR ME.  
Still keeping a single end in view  
With never a selfish thought.  
Still figuring there's a job to do  
AND GIVING IT ALL HE'S GOT.

The day will come when the fighting's done  
And the guns no longer roar;  
The fairer day when the Rising Sun  
Has set—to rise no more;  
When our brave young men come home again  
(And with them, please God, our Jim).  
And 'twill be my job and my privilege then  
TO PACK THE LOAD FOR HIM.



# PACKING the LOAD

By

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