

The Mechanic's Part

AMID the battle's reek and noise,
"Somewhere in France," across the sea,
There is a bunch of Yankee boys
Whose life or death depends on me;
I do not know who they may be--
They do not know my face or name,
But to my skill and loyalty
Their fate's entrusted, just the same.

A RIFLE or machine-gun part
Wrong by a thousandth of an inch,
May make a company lose heart
Because it failed them in a pinch;
I must not slack my task nor flinch
From drudgery and dull detail,
Lest in some crucial battle-clinch
The arms we send our boys should fail.

SO WHEN I chafe at jobs that irk
Or fret at wearisome routine,
I must remember what my work
And care and watchfulness may mean;
And how our fighters must lean
On men like me for tools of war
That, when conflict waxes keen,
Will do the work they're needed for!

—By BERTON BRALEY in American Machinist