

# The Adventures of Agustus T. Stanard

by George Albert Leddy

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He was born in a cabin, just over the track;  
They called it a cabin, 'twas more of a shack.  
The trains rattled by with their clinking and clanking,  
And if the kid cried—well, he got a good spanking.

But he lived through it all, 'til about six-years-old;  
Then he helped out the family by picking up coal.  
Well, years passed away, and he thought 'twould be great;  
To have his own business, and he only eight.

He'd oft' heard the story, about the fat hen  
Who laid the big eggs for the nice gentlemen.  
"Ah, ah," cried the lad, "this sure is a honey!  
Let the hens do the work—'twill be easy money."

Well, the years they flew by, and the business was paying.  
How the chickens were fed—well, I'm not saying;  
But when Brown sold his horse, and purchased a truck;  
Well, Guss and his chickens, were sure out of luck.

No sight can be sadder, or more soul disturbing,  
Than to see a poor chick—starve to death on the curbing.

He entered first-grade at the age of fourteen;  
A skinnier youngster, I never have seen.  
He says, "I've been hungry, but won't be no more;  
I'll salvage my grub from, some poor sucker's store."

So he picked out our place, and 'twas too bad because,  
We were having it mighty tough, as it was.  
Well, we finally failed-up, and he'd no place to rob;  
And so, sad and despondent, he got him a job.

Then he got sick of working, and shirking around;  
So he jacked-up the job, and said "Goodbye" to the town.  
It seemed to the lad like some far, foreign shore;  
For you see, he had never left his hometown before.

Well, his friends they were loyal, his friends they were true;  
And often they wondered, just how he would do.  
Some thought he'd succeed, some thought he would fail;  
But everyone prayed—that he'd not land in jail.

Well, he got him a Partner, and opened an Inn;  
And this is the way, that his new life began.

He'd sit in the parlor, and smoke a cigar;  
While his poor little Partner, was tending the bar.  
And when the bright summer sun, set the new grass a-growing;  
The poor little Partner, done all of the mowing.

And when winter rolled 'round, with its mantle of white;  
And the winds down the chimney, would whistle each night;  
Well, Gussie would sit, in the fire's bright glow;  
While the poor little Partner, would shovel the snow.

But time, it went on, and the Partner grew sore;  
Said, "I'll be damned if I'll do all the work anymore.  
Tis'nt, that I am afraid of hard work;  
But it sure gets 'my nanny,' to see that guy shirk."

So he laid down the shovel, and he laid down the broom;  
And sought his abode, in the little saloon;  
Saying, "Here I will linger, and here I will snooze;  
While he smokes our cigars, I will drink up our booze."

So they smoked, and they drank, till their money was gone;  
And they couldn't get credit, to carry them on.

So he bought a quaint store, on a quaint little street;  
And his Wife, she got sore, she'd so little to eat.  
"Oh, go find a job, my Darling," she said;  
And poor Gussie thought, she was tetched in the head.

“Well,” says she, “I have worked, and it wasn’t a sin;  
And before I will starve, I’ll go working again.”

“Oh, no!” cried poor Gussie, “That never can be,  
For if you go to work—who will look after me?  
Who’ll get me my meals, and who’ll make-up the bed?”  
“Oh God!” cried poor Gussie, “I wish I was dead!”

He was frightened to death, ‘fraid his Wife she might leave him;  
And he knew if she did, how deep it would grieve him.  
He’d worked hard to get her, now keep her he must.  
He’d sure get a job, or he’d try ‘til he’d bust.

So, sick and despondent, still wearing a grin;  
He came to the store, and approached Mr. Quinn.  
He cried, “I’ve been sad, ever since we first parted!”  
And now, he is back again—where he first started.

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