

# Pals I Remember

by George Albert Leddy

*To the Strong Hardware Employees (Dec. 25, 1947)*

'Twas the day before Christmas, and what do you think?  
Well, Gilbert suggested, "we should have a drink."  
But money was scarce, and good whiskey was high;  
But what the hell, Bill—when your throttle is dry!

So I pulled out a smacker, and he did the same;  
Then Scaffer suggested, he get in the game.  
But we told him "No," and it wasn't a bluff;  
For he acts like a Jackass, when he drinks the stuff.

Then Joe came along, and we asked him about it;  
And he says, "Why sure fellows—we can't do without it!"  
Well, he wiggled around, he unbuttoned his collar;  
Stuck his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a dollar.

Then Holcumb came 'round, with a sort-of a grin;  
And said he'd donate, if we'd let him come in.  
And we knew him of old, so we did not quite dare;  
We remembered, he always drank—more than his share.

Then Charlie came round, and he looked kind'a tired;  
From the coal he had heaved, as the boilers he'd fired.  
So we gave him a drink, and 'twas no more than right;  
For we knew, when he had it, he never was tight.

Now, Fred is a fellow, and I'm here to say:  
He'll pay for good whiskey, and give it away.  
I can't understand, how such things can be done;  
But the way that he did it, we had plenty of fun.

Now, there's Leroy and Ralph, and Eddie and Jerry;  
They never indulge, but they always are merry.

Well, now about Eddie, I may not be right:  
For well I remember, I saw him one night:

And it sure makes me tremble, to think of it now:  
That 'son-of-a-sea-cook' ate half of a cow!  
He said it was tender, and suited his taste;  
But on fellows like Eddie, it's only a waste.

And then there's the Major, a soldier at heart;  
He'll wait on the trade, if you get him to start;  
But it's hard on a fellow, to make a good sale;  
And do it up right—when there's six on his tail.

And then there is Izzie, his hair, it is red;  
And when you first see him, you'd think he was dead;  
But give him a writ, and he'll bolt for the door.  
Two dollars for Izzie—to hell with the store!

Then there is Herman, the strangest of men;  
He'll tell you a joke, with a sly, silly grin.  
And 'though, he appears like a good-natured lout;  
I've never found out—what he's grinning about.

And then there is Robert, if anyone cares;  
He got his big start, by sweeping the stairs.  
He is a fine fellow, with courage and pluck.  
You see what it got him—he now drives a truck.

And now, there is Carrol, he's new on the job;  
He's out in the stockroom, successor to Bob.  
He came here quite recent, we don't know him well;  
But we will, if we listen, to the tales he can tell.

And then there's MacDonald, so pious and meek;  
I never saw him, but he's taking a peek.  
He likes his gals fat, that's the way that I found him.  
Well, he's all set now—for there's fat all around him!

There's a brand new Stenog, she's so quiet and meek;  
I've seen her sweet smile, but I've not heard her speak.  
I'll give Quinn credit, he knows how to choose 'em;  
I hope he'll behave himself, then he won't lose 'em.

And then there is Gladys, with the golden-brown hair;  
I never remember, a Maiden more fair.  
I often have wished, I could tell her about it;  
But she'd slap me down—there's no reason to doubt it.

And then there is Marion, a sweet, little doll;  
No wonder, the Darling is loved by us all.

And Joyce is as sweet, as a little baby;  
The fellows all whistle, when her they do see.  
She's short, fat and supple, and chucked full of life;  
The sort of a girl, to make some man a good wife.

Now, the girls are all working, as busy as bees;  
And praying to Santa: "Send me a man—will you please!"

Now, there's Vernon and Markus, our white-collard men;  
If they loaf they get fat, so they work to stay thin.  
For they think themselves perfect, and don't want to change.  
The way some people think; well, it sure does seem strange.

And as for myself—well, there's not much to say;  
For I don't like to brag, so I think the best way;  
Is to "Wish you a future, both merry and bright;  
Merry Christmas to all—and to all, a Good Night!"

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