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THE SONG OF THE STITCHES

Round the campfires of Tule great tales have been told  
Of Panzuin no Chobe the great bandit bold  
Of blood, hate and vengeance and harakiri  
Of courage tremendous, of death and giri.

Oh hearken ye men of the hakujin race  
Would ye bring up your little ones never to lose face  
They must follow the code which does not know fear  
And the method of instructin' them will now be pretty generally made clear.

Tis of a fair maiden this story I'll tell  
And of her three comrades and what they befell  
This yer event caused them great misery  
And these yer the circumstances tendin to this adventure of she.

Twas on a cold wintry evenin' as a workin sat she  
As she ~~sat~~ a workin ~~as hard as could be~~ *as diligently*  
Hitomi's murder she war narratin' in style ~~and~~ *and* clean  
Nought war heard all around ~~but~~ *and* her type-writer machine.

As at that yer point war Hitomi war wallowin in gore  
Suddenly, thar came a knock at the door.  
Hankey arizz and tossed her work aside  
She strode to that door and she flang that door wide.

And what to her amazement did thar appear to view  
But Miss Margo Skinner and handsome men two

*She war what dey said made her eyes see  
There it was! And lo! Hankey do you remember her*

Like a long pent up torrent which bracks through a dam  
Like a dweller in frustration row catchin sight of a man  
Like a eager young lover agreeting his bride  
Hankey grabbed up her coat and tore outside

And now a peku~~lar~~ circumstance befell  
For treachery and villiany do in ~~the~~ de dark dwell  
And the powurs of evul had conspired to plan  
To lay Hankey low in the shape of a oil can.

Like a storm driven fissel which goes on the rocks  
Up agin that yer oil can Hankey she knocks  
As far as Castle Rock they heard her yell  
And her words, under the circumstances, decency forbids me to tell

Then arose Margo Skinner with courage bedight  
And ran out to get a automobile in the middle of the night  
She came back with a automobile as soon as she war able  
And twarn't very long for Hankey war stretched on the operatin table.



She hadn't been a-laying thar but one hour or two  
 When to her side came a doctor who  
 Took one look at her laig and quietly said  
 I reckon pretty generally I'll need a needle and thread.

Meanwhile poor Hankey war a fretting for haste  
 A Pondering and a worritin over that beer going to waste  
 To help the doctor work as fast as he war able  
 She pulled up her skirt till it pretty near reached her navel.

Now it seemed this distracted the doctor in his work  
 He pulled down that skirt with a tremendous jerk  
 So Hankey pulled up again as fast as she can  
 A mutterin meanwhile, Get a move on, man.

The doctor he pulls it down again with a glance dark and bale  
 So Hankey just lays there and thinks about the pekuliarities of the male  
 The doctor he dons his gloves all sterilize  
 A And he picks up a needle off enormous size.

Even the nurses they turned a bit pale  
 When like a master harpooner a-harpoonin a whale  
 Like a bold Newfoundlandsman a spear~~in~~ a sale  
 With his needle ~~xxxxxxx~~ the doctor Hankey's laig did imapale

And when in her carpus that thar needle war buried  
 The doctor commenced to git a bit flurried  
 For he pulled and jerked with tugs so stout  
 Yet ~~out~~ a Hankey's haug-like hide he could not get that needle out.

Like a ~~bold~~ crew up sailers a draggin up the chain  
 That doctor ~~xxxxxxx~~ hauls that needle again and a gain  
 The Nipponese 'spected ~~xxx~~ the hakujin would scream and bawl  
 But realizin her throat war dry, and she coun't make no sound a tall.

Twarn't till they <sup>high</sup> took the harpital ~~right~~ apart  
 That they found a needle suoficiently sharp

*apart + right + the doctor was through -*  
*and they fished pretty generally they in a jiffy new*

*Now Pat Hanger + Campbell were sitting with the new*  
*doctor for Hankey + Blaine to appear*  
*about the new readyin' I intend sent for to call*  
*when they saw Blaine a-cum'g & that was all*



Now dismal gloom fell upon the lone three  
 And up stood Pat Shannahan and quieried of she  
 Now what air befell her, since you come in alone  
 Margo Skinner made answer in sepulkral tone.

*2 likely will now see Hankey no more  
 For she layin' with her head all covered over  
 all Summerville by Nippon with intention  
 a bon kilin' knives, scissors, razors, thread & a needle.*

They visioned pore Hankey a-swounding from pain  
 And while her cold carpus was insensibilly lain  
 Hordes of little sons of Nippon with vengeance devilish  
 Were slicing up her carpus to make them raw fash.

*More this morning, Hankey was a murther of her  
 But what comes out of her when insensibilly lain  
 And With her pore ~~hair~~ just a danglin by a thread  
 So They figured under ~~these~~ such circumstances Hankey most likely war dead.*

*The my spoke Pat Shannahan who his carpus air foun  
 & burne so next day in the buryin ground  
 Clean & a be her hand which cut a piece of cloth  
 so the finger in that ring will remain of she.*

To drown out thar woes they drank up the beer  
 And oft they sighed, "Oh that Hankey were here."  
 Down thar pale cheeks thar ran many a tear  
 When suddenly at the door a weak knock they d id hear.

~~ThaxmXmX thaxmXmX~~

Thar to their horror they spied at the door  
 A wild woeful figyure just a drippin of gore  
 Her laig all off scarlet looked whacked off at the knee  
 And they figured pretty generally twar the spectre of she.

The section fell sigant with supernatooral dread  
 Pat Shannehan, a Irishman, crawled under the bed.

Allen Campbell, he stared as of reason bereft,  
 Queried the figyure in the doorway, "Is anything left."



And then was their sorrow exchanged for glee  
 At the meerkulous recovery of she  
 On the bed ~~it~~ they did lay her as quick as a wink  
 For that figgered pretty generally she needed something to drink

And such was the gladness on all y the  
 They then didn't stop drinkin' till 1 a.m.  
 Then came Campbell to Harker in general time  
 Now then ye can see I better say ye know

now the swell is present now on this ye night  
 As usual that was to that windows pressed tight  
 And when they saw Campbell accordin' o' beam  
 She figgered pretty good that she drunk agin' weren.

Oh hear ye men of the hakujin race  
 Ye ~~have~~ can meet disaster without ~~fear of~~ disgrace  
 Be ye ignorant of bushido ye need not fear  
 For better than giri is ~~not~~ good cold beer.