

The LEGEND OF DAN MCGEE

WITH APOLOGIES TO ROBERT W. SERVICE

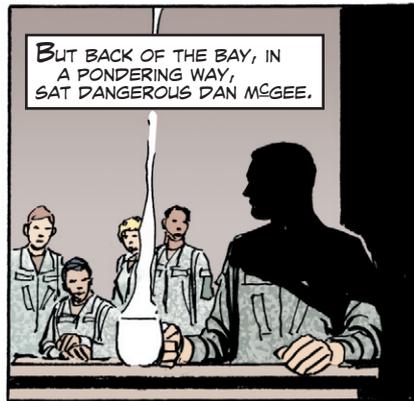
A BUNCH OF SOLDIERS
WERE WHOOPING IT UP IN
THE ARCTIC MOTOR POOL

(JOE
KUBER)

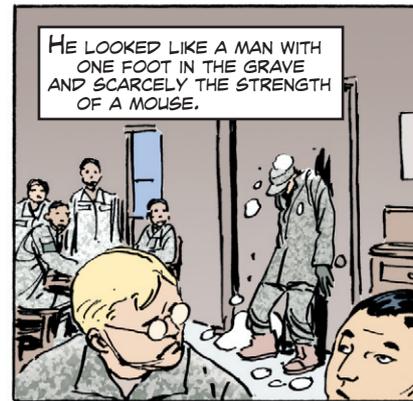




THE SOLDIER THAT HANDLES
THE MUSIC BOX
WAS PLAYING SOME TUNES,
OLD SCHOOL;



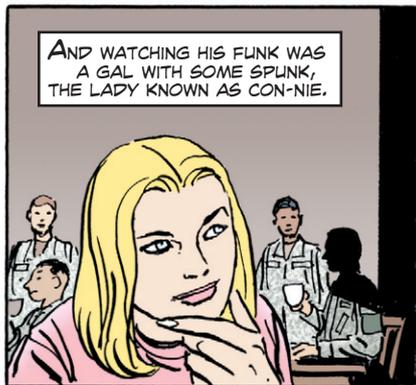
BUT BACK OF THE BAY, IN
A PONDERING WAY,
SAT DANGEROUS DAN MCGEE.



HE LOOKED LIKE A MAN WITH
ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE
AND SCARCELY THE STRENGTH
OF A MOUSE.



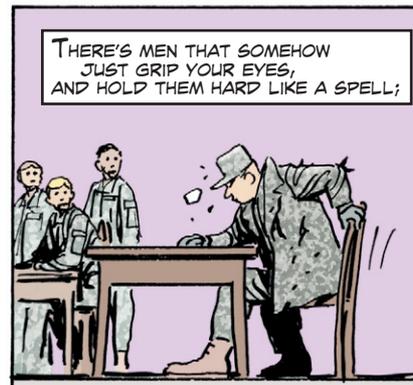
YET HE TILTED HIS HEAD AND
FORCEFULLY SAID,
"WHO DOES PM IN THIS HOUSE?"



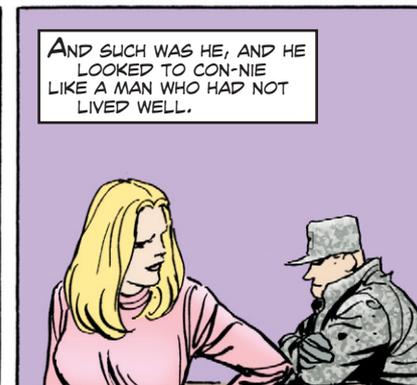
AND WATCHING HIS FUNK WAS
A GAL WITH SOME SPUNK,
THE LADY KNOWN AS CON-NIE.



WHEN OUT OF THE NIGHT,
WHICH WAS TEN BELOW,



THERE'S MEN THAT SOMEHOW
JUST GRIP YOUR EYES,
AND HOLD THEM HARD LIKE A SPELL;



AND SUCH WAS HE, AND HE
LOOKED TO CON-NIE
LIKE A MAN WHO HAD NOT
LIVED WELL.



AND INTO THE DIN AND
THE GLARE,



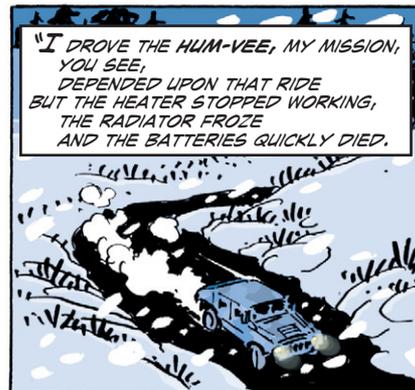
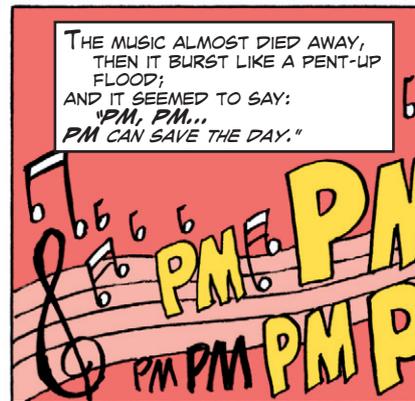
THERE STUMBLED A SOLDIER
FRESH FROM THE COLD,
DOG-DIRTY, AND LOADED
FOR BEAR.

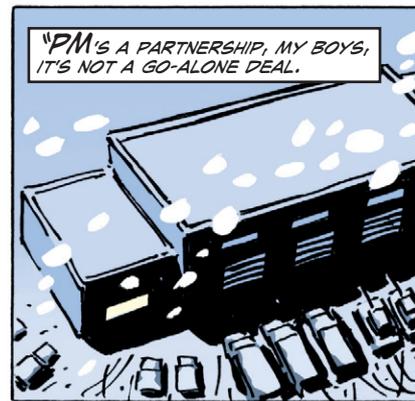
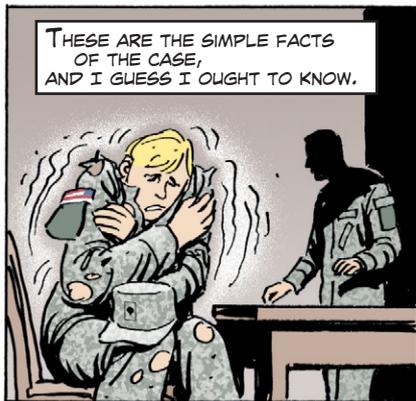


WITH A FACE ONCE FAIR,
AND THE DREARY STARE
OF A DOG WHOSE DAY IS DONE,

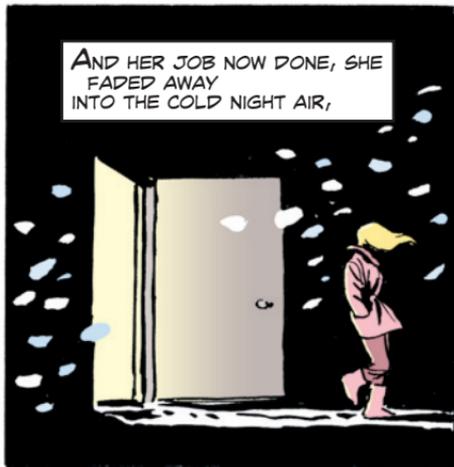


AS HE SHED HIS COAT HE
SAID DEEP IN HIS THROAT,
"I CAME TO FIND THAT ONE."





AND HER JOB NOW DONE, SHE
FADED AWAY
INTO THE COLD NIGHT AIR,



AND ONLY A LINGERING
FRAGRANCE REMAINED
OF THE WOMAN WITH THE
BLOND HAIR.



BUT AS LONG AS PM TALES
ARE TOLD
OF THE NEED FOR PM WHEN
THE WIND BLOWS COLD
NONE WILL FORGET WHAT A
SIGHT TO SEE
WAS THE PM LADY KNOWN
AS CON-NIE.

