

[Field]



POEMS
by
Russell Robert Field
of
United States Navy
Summer First Mate

Feb 23 - 47
Dear Mrs Roosevelt I voted for
your husband 4 times and if
he lived I voted 10 times more
I worked for him and
I loved Olson in ever election
we got to get read of this
Reprogen ther no good

From Harry O Field
2021 4th Ave So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

A Collection of
Poems

By

Russell R. Field

Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota on December 11, 1922
Died November 20, 1946 at Joliet, Illinois, while coming home on
terminal leave from U. S. Naval Base at San Francisco, California

Russell was a patriotic, idealistic young man who
delighted in the simple and ordinary things of life.
His memory shall live in the hearts of those who
knew him through these poems of nature, friend-
ship, war, and peace.

THOUGHTS OF SPRING

The trees are cold and bare,
And the snow a blanket over everything;
But soon it all will change,
And we'll behold the loveliness of spring.

The hills so bleak and bare,
Alike the dead,
Shall soon become alive and beautiful instead
When from the ground young plants will lift their head.

The birds shall soon return, their songs to sing,
And announce that Nature is awakening;
And trees that now stand dead and bare
Shall blossom forth and birds find roost within their hair.

God's creatures will rejoice beneath the sun
And beneath the shade of trees when day is done;
The flowers' fragrance will anoint the air.
O Spring, a carefree time without a care!

O rivers flow their way down to the sea
Without the least concern for you or me;
All seasons of the year all come and go,
The spring and summer, fall and winter that I know.

The other seasons all are very nice.
Some folks like the snow and like the ice,
But as for me, I'll cast my lot with spring
When Nature has its reawakening.

THE SUN

O Radiant Sun, how silently you make your way
And spread your warmth and light on earth from day to day.
All things respond and grow because of you,
O Mighty Sun, up there amid the blue.

Because of you all life is carried on.
We love your beautiful glow at each new dawn.
Down through the ages, Mighty Sun Sublime,
You were ever present, always right on time.

Because of you the plants grow almost every place.
You guide our destiny by our Lord's grace.
The animals without you can't survive;
While with you, they all love, and grow, and thrive.

O Mighty Sun, do not desert our sky.
Without you life would fade away and die;
If you be swept away by God's own hand,
There would be naught but dead and barren land.

O Radiant Sun, you cause our crops to grow.
You are here in summer's heat and winter's snow.
The trees their mighty limbs obediently raise
Toward you, Sun, and give you praise.

I look at you while my mind's at prayer,
A prayer that you will always remain up there.
O Radiant Sun, do not desert the day
Or we on earth will die and fade away.

FRIENDS

If he sticks close by you from day to day
And knows your every whim and every way;
When others doubt you, if he sticks until the end,
Then you may dub him truly as a friend.

If troubled times reveal no sky of blue,
But he will smile and gamely see you through;
If he remains when all the others go astray,
Then he's a true pal, that I surely say.

No matter if the road be long and steep,
If he will ever faithful to you keep
And urge you on at every rocky bend,
Then by all certainty he is a friend.

You find some untrue friends most everywhere
That leave when things get tough, but don't despair;
That kind of friend a man may have tenfold,
But a true friend is more valuable than gold.

THESE SOCIETY SNOBS

They call it a life that is carefree and grand,
But is there a drier life in the land?
Why I would rather steal, plunder, or rob
Than to be a wealthy society snob.

They call us commoners to work at a trade
While they stand and loaf in the noon day shade,
And it is a terrible sight to those
Who see a man in working clothes.

They look on us workers with reproach
And cringe when one of us approach;
They laugh at the man behind the plow
Who earns his grub by the sweat of his brow.

They think that money puts them above,
But it can't buy friends nor can it buy love;
They can have their money and gain their ends,
But give me my job and group of friends.

But are they happy in a false-led life
To live with a high society wife?
And to money they slave, hustle, and hurry,
And it brings them no joy, only worry.

Thank God that my job is an honest one,
And I return to my home with the setting sun.
There's one thing I say and will say till I die,
I can look my fellow men in the eye.

Let them have the life, be it carefree or grand,
Or really the driest life in the land;
Let them have their money to gain their ends,
But give me an honest job and my friends.

FOR IT IS HIS DESIRE

Your tree will gaily glitter with its tinsel and its lights;
Your doorways will be decked with mistletoe;
And Christmas will be lifted to its old remembered heights—
Because you feel that he would want it so.

Your dinner will be merry though you see an empty plate;
The turkey will be steaming on its tray;
And all the while the yule log will be cracking in the grate—
Because you know he'll picture it that way.

His Christmas will be minus many pleasures of the past—
Your morning kiss—a snowbanked window sill,
And yet he'll try to greet it as a real enthusiast—
Because he knows you're praying that he will.

You will both be finding pleasures in the courses you pursue
From daybreak till the evening lights are dim,
Each knowing when its over, that his heart is here with you,
And yours was under distant stars with him.

MY WAY OF THINKING

I am thankful I live in the land of the free
In happiness, peace, and good cheer,
Than over in Europe where war clouds loom
And hold only hatred and fear.

My neighbors are friendly and I love them all,
And the neighborhood's quiet and still.
Oh, why do neighboring countries fight
With a desire their neighbors to kill?

When it rains here it rains a God-sent rain
Which aids the crops to grow,
Not a rain of bullets, bombs, and shells
To kill men and lay them low.

Why does the power-mad, crazy fool
To further his selfish interest ahead
Send human lives to pay the price,
Then erect a statue to the dead?

The filthy spoils of war they take
Through bloodshed, gun, or knife
Aren't even close to being worth
A single soldier's life.

Let's pray to God to let us live
In peace throughout this present war
And pity the souls who are fighting now
And know not what they're fighting for.

Let's set an example to the rest of the world
That we can live in peace, good cheer, and quiet;
And when they see how well we've done,
Perhaps the war-mad fools will try it.

PROPAGANDA DEBUNKED

If you're Anti this and Anti that
And a certain race or creed you blame
And believe destructive lies you hear,
Then hang your head in shame.

A lie's a foundation upon which rests hate,
And hate only leads to war,
And folks hate others because of lies,
That they probably liked before.

It's an easy thing to place all blame
On a certain race or creed,
But their persecution will just do harm;
It's a good will toward others we need.

A race of people are not all good;
Neither are they all bad.
If you haven't considered this angle before,
I'd say it's time you had.

Let's be careful of what we say,
And not hate, lie, or scheme,
And make the God-given Golden Rule
Be our eternal theme.

ANALYSIS OF WAR

The sun shone down on battlefields
Where brave men lie stone dead,
Killed by shell or gun or gas
Or bombs from overhead.

Against each other, neighbors plunge
To satisfy some mad man's will,
The will of those whose dream is power
Regardless of the men they kill.

The men in pain await for death;
Their lifeblood dries in scorching sun;
Their bones lie molding day by day,
But the battle is not won.

Artillery shells on shoulders fall,
And they are blown to bits,
Or murdered horribly,
Or shook out of their wits.

The infantry goes forth to fight,
And under fire many reel;
And the war is over for the lads
That stop a piece of steel
And gamely meet their fate.

In Europe there's a "Hell on Earth"
From which we should refrain
And not send our young boys to fight
To suffer hell and pain.

Let's keep this country out of it;
Here let peace forever reign,
For why should we go over there?
What could we have to gain?

Unless they come upon our shores
And bring war over here,
Let's cling to God-sent loving peace
Instead of war's dread fear.

THOUGHTS OF PEACE

Time's march is relentless, yet in waiting it is slow
As we watch the dreary hours and the minutes slowly go.

And we wait the day when we can say, "The world at last is free!"
When we have fired our last shot and gained a victory.

Yet how long till that dreamed of time must a weary people wait,
Till we gain the peace in which we live in love instead of hate?

The job is long and tiring hard. The weak fall from the race;
Yet tired and weak our vows we speak to carry on and victory haste.

God speed the day that must come through sweat and work and tears
by all,
That day when we don't have fear or pain and no more of our comrades have to fall.

Yet we can't achieve our dream of peace unless we pay that price;
We must fight as long as we're able to stand and willingly meet each sacrifice.

Then the day will come, if we try our best, when we live our own lives
once more,
When our cowardly foe is finally smashed and we end this night-war called war.

Yes, we will have our peaceful happy life, but not by just wishing on
the moon.
It's the part we all play that will hasten the day; let's work like hell
and make it soon.

MY PRESIDENT

My President, the eyes of all the land are fixed on you,
For we have faith and believe in all the things you do.
When troubled times ahead seem dark as a moonless night,
The course you take we know will be the right.

My President, I know you shall not lead us into war,
For you have seen the horrors of such as this before.
Instead, by shipping all out aid across the sea,
Without a loss of one boy's life, we gain a victory.

My President, it is your tiring task to lead us all,
But we're behind you—all the masses big and small.
And when the strife is over and victory is won,
You'll be called the Great Humanitarian for all you've done.

UNFAIR WARFARE (THE U. BOAT)

She cut the water like a knife,
The good ship Pleasant Mood;
Her course was set toward England's shores
To bring the people food.
Her crew was in good spirits;
They laughed and joked and sang;
From every corner of their ship their merry voices rang.
It was evening on the quiet sea;
The moon was shining bright,
And the ship was going smoothly
In the silence of the night.
The captain stood upon the bridge;
His face was calm but grim,
For the safety of his ship and crew
Depended upon him.
A U. Boat lurked beneath the waves
And watch the ship sail by.
"Fire one torpedo!" was her captain's grim reply.
It caught the merchantman mid-ship
And ripped her most in half;
And when he saw this grim result,
The U. Boat captain laughed.
The ship's crew were in turmoil;
The ship was sinking fast.
You could hear the cries of agony
Of those wounded by the blast.
"Abandon ship! Take to the boats!" the captain fairly raves;
Then but a moment later he sinks beneath the waves.
Before the life boats could be launched,
The Pleasant Mood went down;
And all the members of her crew
Were left like rats to drown.
Thus a helpless, unexpecting ship
Was sent beneath the sea,
And they call it daring warfare
In Hitler's Germany.
Yes, to death beneath the water her hearty crew did go,
Hit without a warning by a cowardly, sneaking foe.
They don't come to the surface and fight you fair, oh no!
They must sneak up upon you
And get you from below.

THIS I WILL NEVER FORGET

(Last Words to Mother and Dad Before Going Across)

I'll never forget those last few hours
That golden autumn day
When you went with me to the station
The day I went away.

Just having you standing by my side
And seeing the tear that you tried to hide
And seeing you smile with a mother's pride,
Mother, this I'll never forget.

I kissed you good-bye for the parting's sake
And squeezed dad's hand in a last hand shake
And smiled though my heart was about to break,
Mother, this I'll never forget.

"Take it easy, lads," to my friends I said.
Then to hide a tear I turned my head.
I boarded the train and away I sped.
Mother, this I'll never forget.

This war will be over by and by,
And the sun shall return to this troubled sky;
And when the sight of home again meets my eye,
Mother, this I'll never forget.

THOUGHTS OF HOME

When the sky grows dark across the sea,
I call upon my memory.
I stand alone against the blue
And dream the lonely hours through.

I dream of home now far away
And plans I had that went astray.
A thousand things I'd like to do
If I could be back home with you.

To toss my hat upon the chair,
To feel my foot upon the stair,
To come back home down our own street
And say once more, "Mom, what's to eat?"

Just to see once more the friends I knew
And do the things I used to do,
Play Jute box tunes I like to hear
And at my favorite bar have a nice cold beer.

When we finally gain our victory
And the war is just a memory,
Once more we'll meet for old time's sake;
We'll drink our toasts and our glasses break.

When the lads come home once more for good,
Back to the good old neighborhood,
When the job is done across the foam,
I pray to God they'll all come home.

REMEMBER 1914

Oh, the speaker spoke a thrilling speech;
The bands played all their might
When they sent our bold and eager youths
Across the seas to fight.

They said this war is just some fun;
You'll soon be coming home;
So the boys all got on transport ships
And set out across the foam.

They said, "It's just a picnic, boys,
Why, when we come, they'll run."
So they took the farm and city lads
And gave 'em each a gun.

But the so-called party they were on
Was not what they had planned,
For the boys looked death right in the face
On sea, in air, on land.

Their comrades killed before their eyes
And others with limbs and body torn;
They learned it was no picnic,
This slaughter that's called war.

The hell was over, peace was made;
The survivors sailed for home,
And cheering crowds did greet them,
The boys back from across the foam.

But many boys did wonder,
As they passed beneath the cheers,
Was it worth the price of all those lives
To make more millionaires.

Well, there's no more peace in Europe,
And their lads march off to wars;
Their lads are also wondering
Just what they're fighting for.

Let's think of good old U. S. first
And share their troubles no more,
And then our boys won't have to fight
In the slaughter known as war.

A SHIPMATE'S FAREWELL

Was it a tear I saw in his eye
As I gripped his hand and said "Good-bye"?
Was it a tear that I felt on my cheek
As I searched by mind for the right words to speak?

We had been buddies for two long years.
I knew his joys and his hopes and fears.
I wore his jumpers; he wore my shoes.
I smoked his cigarettes, and he drank my booze.

I saw him at his best and his worst as well.
I saw him happy and blue as hell.
I ate next to him and slept near him too,
And we manned our stations in the same gun crew.

He showed me his mail from his folks back home,
As together the lonely ocean we'd roam.
We had fought together and drank side by side too,
And had fought with each other as pals sometimes do.

Yes, I guess that I knew Jim as well as his folks—
Knew his whole line of thought, his gripes and his jokes.

Well, today I was "chewing the fat" with him;
And a transfer came up and it was for him,
So we lashed old Jim's gear up in sea-going style.
"Damn good riddance," I said. Then I tried to smile.

"When you go out on liberty, why hoist one for me.
Keep your feet dry and listen—take it easy, see."
"Smooth sailing, sailor," was all I could say,
As he saluted the gangway and got underway.

"Take it easy," he said, "I guess it's good-bye."
Then with the back of his hand he wiped his eye.
"Well, what do you know, got some dust in my eye."
"Yeah, I know," I said. "Funny thing, so have I."

Yeah, I am not ashamed there were tears in my eyes
When I and my buddy exchanged good-byes;
And if you understood what shipmates mean to you,
Then I guess that you would get tear-filled eyes too.

TO THOSE ON THE HOME FRONT

The blinding flash and the deafening roar,
The scream of bombs, the blood, the gore,
The spasm of pain from a man as he dies,
And the nightmare of terror that greets our eyes.

All the sweat, the anxiety, the suffering, the pain,
And the dangers we're facing again and again,
The struggle to crush a hated foe,
And to deal his nation the last death blow.

The horrors and agonies our men go through
Are for you, America, for you!
We want to make our world a better place
And the threat of dictators forever erase.

We will smash his legions in a surge of power;
He'll humbly surrender in our victorious hour—
All these glorious things we promise to do,
If we get the right cooperation from you.

It is for you on the home front who make our supplies,
You must build our planes to roar through the skies;
You must build guns and tanks and our might of the sea
That can give us the glorious victory.

Unless you do your best and give your all,
Do your absolute part, no matter how small,
Unless you back us with dollars to make our gains,
The brave men now dying shall die in vain.

Don't let up on your job; don't for one minute stop.
Strive for your goal; then go over the top.
What are the sacrifices you make when you give
Compared to the thought that you help a man live?

If you fight as hard on the front at home
As the brave men are fighting across the foam—
If you give your all for the cause of the free,
Only then shall we have complete victory.

THE PROPOSITION

Amidst the battle's angry roar, the agony, the pain,
Amidst the mud, the cold, the deary falling rain,
Amidst the bursting shells that gave
The darkened sky a yellow hue,
The tired, weary men still hope and dream
Of home and days of peace that they once knew.

They dream of happy days, long gone before
And of their loved ones and of home a million times and more,
And the anxious question rises—"How much longer will it be?"
Arises from the men in muddy foxholes and on lonely ships at sea.

Yet, it's their question and they're asking it of you at home—
Not their comrades in the bloody fight that's raging 'cross the foam,
For you alone can shorten what has now run into years
Of that cold and hard phraseology "Blood, Sweat and Tears."

Yes, it's true, the fighting men catch all the hell
And bear the war's most terrible abuse;
But if you don't back them with your dollars and your toll and sweat,
Then I ask you, public—"What's the use?"
Unless you stand behind the man who risk his life,
Who bears the pain,
The brave men dying for you now shall, because you aren't behind him,
Die in Vain.

Yes, Mister Citizen, this is just a brief reminder lest you may forget;
The war news may look good, but there is a lot of bloody fighting yet.
As for your extra dollars, spend them wisely, back the war
And help preserve the things that all of us are fighting for.

If you stay behind the man behind the gun
And never lax your grip, stay on your job 'til Victory is won,
Then that tired, weary boy of yours across the foam
Will have his dreams come true, and he soon will be home.

A PLEDGE FOR PEACE

God bless our land, whose peace we proudly share,
Hear birds instead of bombs wing through the air.
God bless our land and steer it toward the right,
Grant that we shall live in peace while others fight.
Monstrosities of war is their desire;
Their scientists build things that breed of death and fire.
Our inventions are not things by which to fight,
But they seek to save men's lives where e'er they might.
If events in Europe's war meet your distaste
And you feel that things are being laid to waste
And you'd prefer to peace revenge instead,
Think twice, my friend, and do not lose your head.
Let's keep this country out of Europe's war,
That's what we had the revolution for,
When minutemen fought bravely at their stations
To free this land from Europe's obligations.
May God grant those who lead us ample power
To keep our course toward peace this troubled hour;
And if Europe's pleas for us to fight get in your hair,
Just let them know that we're not coming "Over there."

By HARRY FIELD, Russell's Dad

I worked out at the Naval Station at
Wold-Chamberlain Field as plumber
and steam fitter and I wrote these
about my fellow mechanics.

A BUM POEM

Dog House Boman is in the dog house again
Gin and plumbing don't mix, so lay off
John Barlecorn and you be out again.

So Boman if your children need shoes
don't buy boose for the heavens of the
rich are built on the hells of the pore.

Boman says that he is going to get a
pattern for some boose, that will taste
just as good when it come out as when it
goes down, so, we hope you succeed.

Well the last time I see Boman, he said
he have only one, but one lead to another,
so, now he trying to get the Brewery to work
nights, so, Boman stick to one and don't
take two, it leads to more and more, and
you can't drink the dry.

So, good luck Boman and take but one.

Harry Field