

EPITAPH TO A THIRD ENGINEER

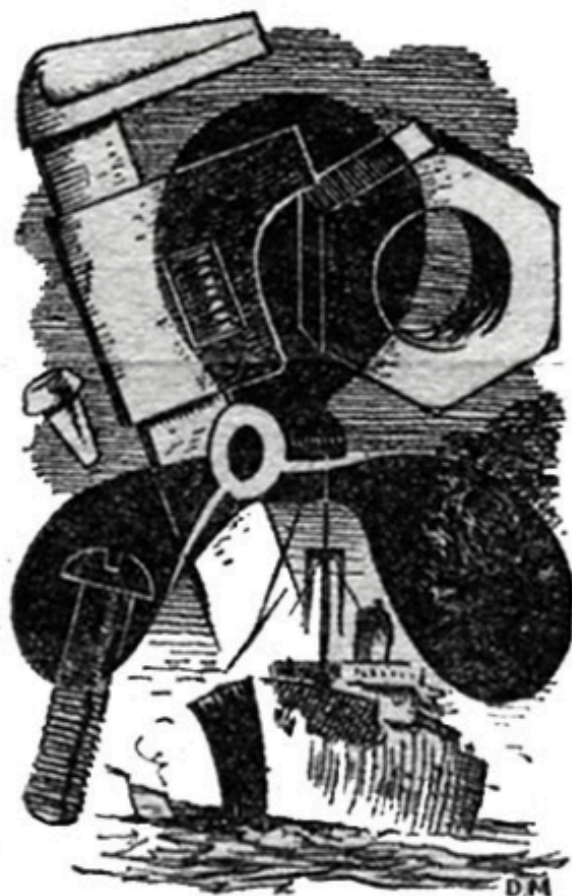
WHEN the last crank and crosshead's been tightened,
And the Third Engineer laid to rest,
And his tools all rusted and broken—
Divide what you think are the best.

No red-hot cranks, or Second's pranks,
Will there the Third annoy,
But in robes of white, a shining light—
Somebody's fair-haired boy.

No rods to swing, no gear to sling,
Nor bottom ends to tighten,
No glands to pack, no nuts to slack,
No firemen to frighten.

But on that bright and happy shore,
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where the Seconds cease from troubling
And there's no Chief Engineers.

So leave him alone in God's acre,
He died in his old beliefs—
That Heaven's reserved for the Juniors,
And Hell's set apart for the Chiefs.



—Author unknown.