

The Camp Cook

To Arthur B. Pomeroy

(Poem provided by Catherine Verissimo, Art Pomeroy's grand-daughter)

The poets have told of the warriors of old
With their spears and their glittering shields;
They have written the song of the seafarers strong,
And the farmers at work in the fields.
They have written a tune to the man whose balloon
Sailed away on the wings of the squall;
They have sung hymns of praise to the fellow who plays
Polo, tennis, cribbage and baseball.
They have wielded a pan for those rough hardy men
Who toil in the far northern winds
They have spilled seas of ink to the rascals who drink
And the ones who stay sober and good.
But I never have seen in a book, on the screen
Though searching and far did I look;
A song or a tale to that life giving male
The artist of all, the camp cook.

Now there is a guy that you cannot get by,
He's the fellow who keeps up morale
With pies and with cakes and things that he bakes;
He's the working man's most faithful pal.
When the going gets tough, he serves them plum duff,
Or a helping of thick raisin pie;
And he always is there with a rib filling fare
When there's storm clouds arange in the sky.
If the crew comes in late he would'll fill up their plate
With steaks that are bliss to behold,
And a platter of spuds that will tickle taste buds,
And a cake with a frosting of gold.
When the larder gets lean, he will feed them on beans
Till the crew fairly cringe at the sight;
And then he'll come through with a tid-bid or two
That will leave them agape with delight.

If he blows up some day as most any cook may
It's a thing you can surely expect;
He's been planning the meals and hearing the squeals
And taking the gripes in the neck.
And a hot kitchen range don't allow for much change
When he's over it all the day long;

While he's watching the clock and checking the stock
While a big pot of soup sings a song.
So just give him a cheer when the going is clear
And don't expect magic each day;
Then he'll work like a slave for the praise that you gave
And he'll help the whole crew on its way.
So let's all sing a song to the tune of the gong
That tells us the table is laid,
To that white aproned knight who brings such delight
With the rich tasty things he has made.

David S. Bromley