

To be taken in small doses with a grain  
of salt.

Can you sit, serene, on a bronc that's mean,  
Or stay on a plunging steer?  
Can you calmly flop in a boiler-shop  
And peacefully pound your ear?  
Can you keep your feet on a sheet of sleet  
In a wind that'll freeze you through?  
Then you--maybe--mate, have the stuff to rate  
A berth with a P. T. crew.

Swoop like a gull and dive like a plover,  
Turn on a dime with anickel over,  
Racing whippet and jumping goat,  
--Leaping Lena, the P.T. Boat!

You'll practice poise with the P.T. boys  
By swimming a waterfall.  
You'll learn to trek on a canted deck  
Where a cockroach couldn't crawl.  
And when they feel you are hard as steel  
And tough as a rubber sole,  
They may admit you are almost fit  
To roll where the P.T.'s roll,

Maybe you'll do for the craft that's quickest,  
that gets it's hell where the hell is thickest,  
And tackles anything that's afloat:  
They're all one size to the P.T. boat!

You'll handle guns that are bathed in tons  
Of thundering ocean water.  
You'll launch your fish in the whee and whish  
Of shells that are packed with slaughter.  
You'll dash and drive at the subs that dive,  
Or the heavies whose salvos flame,  
Though your sides are frail as Salome's veil  
You'll battle'em just the same!

You play hopscotch with the ocean dragons,  
with subs, destroyers and battle-wagons,  
though the odds are great and the chance remote  
You'll take on a fleet with a P.T. boat!