

*Florence Carpenter*

# MY MOTHER RAISED HER BOY TO BE A SOLDIER

*With all good wishes of  
J.W. Crawford  
Capt. Jack*



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# CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD

## THE POET SCOUT

### *Rebukes Author of Air Which Called Forth Protest From Major Grant and Offers a Substitute From His Own Book of Experience.*

Captain Jack Crawford, the Civil War soldier, Indian fighter, scout, poet and lecturer, is incensed over the circulation and singing of the song "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." Captain Jack has written one entitled "My Mother Raised Her Boy to Be a Soldier," which he gave for the first time at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac in Philadelphia on Thursday last:

Captain Jack writes as follows concerning what he terms an unpatriotic song:

"I did not raise my boy to be a soldier,"  
Was ever more unpatriotic thought?  
There's no such theme in breasts of loyal mothers,  
An illy-worded mass of rankest rot!

"The writer of such a sentiment possesses about as much of the patriotic instinct as a sandhill coyote.

"Of course no mother raises her boy with the ambition to make of him a soldier, unless it may be the wife of an army officer who desires her son to adopt the honored profession of his father, but every mother in whose breast the fires of patriotism burn bright instills in the youthful mind the spirit of patriotism and love of country, and the deepest reverence for his country's flag, so that if he should ever see an insult cast upon that glorious emblem he would quickly respond to a call to arms in its defense. In our several wars the seeds of patriotism were planted in the breast of our country's heroic defenders at the mother knee in childhood, and they grew and expanded and burst into valorous bloom when their services were needed.

#### **Captain Jack Carries Scars of Battlefield**

"My mother, although of foreign birth, became a loyal American and taught her foreign-born son to love the flag of her adopted country and the cause of freedom it represents and when but a lad in my teens, by what I believed to be commendable misrepresentation, I succeeded in gaining enlistment in the gallant Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Regiment of Infantry volunteers, and fought by the side of my patriotic father. I twice stained the soil of Dixieland with my blood, and the scars I carry to-day are more precious than golden medals for gallantry on the field of action would be. My soldier father fell near me, sorely wounded, in one of the most sanguinary battles of the eastern theater of the Civil War, and died from his wounds soon after reaching home.

"The flag of our country now floats from the staff of every school house in the land, and the children are taught its meaning and to love and revere it and in the home circle of the patriotic fathers and mothers of the youths instill into their expanding minds the glorious principles for which it stands. They are told of the struggles of their heroic forefathers of the Revolution and its defense, of the baptism of heroic blood it cost that it might be handed down with undimmed glory to posterity. They are told the stories of later wars when the grand old banner was assailed by foreign and domestic foes, and how it was always borne triumphantly back when peace had dispelled the war clouds from the national skies; borne back shot-tattered, weather-stained, yet crowned with unfading glory, and should it ever again be threatened the present schoolboys, with a 'God bless and protect you' from patriotic parents, would rally beneath its sacred folds with the light of patriotism aglow in every eye and be eager to fight, and, of need be, die, in its defense. Those are the sort of soldiers their mothers raised their boys to be.

"I love the flag. Its every star to me is an inspiration to write and talk and sing of its glory, its sacred colors, an incentive to try to be a yet better American.

### **DEAR OLD GLORY**

For years your brilliant colors caught the glow  
Of Freedom's sun. Upon your staff there perched  
The white-winged dove of peace, pure as snow,  
Its plumage by no storm of strife besmirched.  
The sore oppressed from alien lands upraised  
Their eyes to you aglow with hope's glad light,  
And when beneath your sheltering folds, they praised  
The God above, that from the gloomy night  
Of dark oppressions they made their way  
Into the cheery light of Freedom's Day.

Float on, Old Glory, float in freedom's air  
In regal splendor, eloquent though mute,  
Respected by all nations everywhere  
That civilization's seeds have taken root.  
May every star with added lustre glow,  
As fade the years into the dimming past,  
May added splendor crown thy field of blue  
Until is heard the warning trumpet's blast,  
And ringing voice proclaims from Heaven's shore:  
"Time is, time was, but time shall be no more!"

"This song is a rebuke to the author of 'I Did Not Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,' and while it is a leaf from my own book of experience, I feel that it is applicable to every one of the comrades who fought with me in our great Civil War, as well as the Spanish War Veterans, and is a heartfelt tribute to the patriotic mothers who bore them and to our splendid National Guard."

# My Mother Raised Her Boy To Be A Soldier.<sup>3</sup>

Words and Music by  
CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.  
*Arranged by E.W. Garrett.*

Moderato.

Piano.

My moth - er loved my Dad - dy and she loved her coun - try too; She  
My Dad - dy sore - ly wound - ed lay up - on a bed of pain, And  
Tis' ma - ny years since Dad - dy from the earth was called a - way, With  
gazed up - on him proud - ly in his u - ni - form of blue, She  
ten - der - ly she nursed him back to health and strength a - gain, Back  
moth - er they from Heav - en may be look - ing down to - day, Their  
sent him fourth to bat - tle when our Linc - oln called for men; She  
to the front he hast - ened with the war - light in his eyes, A -  
spir - it souls with pleas - ure may be filled to see that I, Am



bade him do his du - ty for Old Glor - y flag and then.  
gain a dead - ly mis - sile sent him home, in pain to die.  
loy - al to the flag as when they spoke the last good - bye.

Chorus. Spirito.



My moth - er raised her boy to be a sol - dier, My



moth - er raised a pat - ri - o - tic boy. My



moth - er placed a mus - ket on his shoul - der. The

en - em - ies of free - dom to de - stroy. — My moth - er raised her

boy to be a sol - dier My, moth - er raised her boy to be a

man. — And his dad - dy fought be - sides, My dear moth - er's boy, and

died, My — moth - er raised a true A - mer - i - can. —

The following "pome" from The Motion Picture Magazine is partially responsible for my being corraled by the Vitagraph Co. to appear in the great moving picture production entitled "THE BATTLE CRY OF PEACE," by J. Stuart Blackton, and based upon that wonderful book by Hudson Maxim, "Defenseless America." Mr. Maxim personally appears in the film and many other prominent men. I shall be a regular contributor to The Motion Picture Magazine in Song and Story. My friends will read it. Published at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Fifteen cents the copy. \$1.50 the year. CAPT. JACK.



## A Voice from Away Out Yonder "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen"

By Captain Jack Crawford  
"The Poet Scout"  
Formerly Chief of Scouts of U. S. A.

I should love to be a hero in a Moving Picture play;  
I should love to preach a sermon in a pleasing sort  
of way;

I should love to be my own good self, as I have al-  
ways been.

In the wild and wooly Westland, "Whar the Hand o'  
God Is Seen."

I should love to tell the story of the West I used to  
know;

I should love to tell of heroes who were never with a  
show;

Brave and modest, unassuming men, and absolutely clean.  
Who with Custer fought out yonder, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

I should love to picture Hickok, Wild Bill Hickok, of the West—  
Of the real, unquestioned heroes James B. Hickok was the best;  
And when manufactured heroes are projected on the screen,  
'Tis an insult to my Westland, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

Four times have I been wounded 'neath that flag I love so well—  
At Spottsylvania Court House and in front of Old Fort Hell,  
And twice while fighting Indians. With real fighters I have been,  
The pioneer heroes, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

I'd love to be a hero in the movies if I could;  
Just represent the real West and the things that make for good,  
Uplifting, patriotic, really true-to-life and clean,  
As were the lives of comrades "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

My hat is off to comrades, to the living and the dead;  
I drink while I salute you, pioneers who fought and bled.  
Yes, I drink a toast in silence from my battered old canteen  
To the winning of the westland, "Whar the Hand o' God Is Seen."

### FRIENDLY CRITICISM

From Hudson Maxim, Landing, N. J.:

Dear Captain Jack—Since I heard you recite your song,  
"My Mother Raised Her Boy to Be a Soldier" at the Blackton  
dinner I have thought much about it and much of the inspiring  
poem.

Not only are you equipped with the divine afflatus and  
able to corral the fine poetic frenzy, but also you are equipped  
with what is so much more needful to the poet, practical com-  
mon sense.

I have read your little book of poems that you sent me.  
You have been long practicing my recipe for poetry, for your  
poetry is largely the expression of insenuous thought in  
senuous terms by artistic trope. You did this by sheer force  
of genius before you read my Science of Poetry.

## Elbert Hubbard in "The Philistine"

Please do not confuse Jack Crawford with Buffalo Bill.  
Bill is a picturesque figure on horseback and is a good fellow  
who can act on the stage nearly as well as John L. Sullivan,  
but the "Essay on Silence" tells the rest. Jack Crawford is an-  
other proposition. He is an orator, an actor, a poet—a man!  
never touched strong drink; he uses no tobacco; he breathes  
from the bottom of his lungs, carries his chin in, and the crown  
of his head high. There is only one poet in America who can  
read his own stuff with an equal pull on our heart strings; and  
that is James Whitcomb Riley. Capt. Jack can adapt himself  
to any kind of an audience from Chicago newsboys to a parlia-  
ment of religions. The man is a marvel of manly strength,  
fluid intelligence, flowing wit and oratorical grace. Studied  
poses and memorized sentences will not take the place of soul  
freedom. Who taught Abraham Lincoln, James Whitcomb  
Riley and Capt. Jack Crawford how to throw the lariat of their  
imagination over us, rope us hand and foot and put their brand  
upon us? Yes, that is what I mean, who educated them? God  
educated them."

### THE POET SCOUT

"Now and then we meet a man who carries us back to  
nature, and as we listen to him talk, gesticulate and laugh, we  
think of the primitive, the innocent, the unconventional, the  
unsubduable. Such a man could not do a mean thing, a cruel  
thing or a thing that is cowardly. He may be chock full of  
egotism, but he is free from conceit. He may deceive you  
but not until he has deceived himself. He may not know the  
value of a dollar, but he is happy in making others so.

Such a man venerates the grandeurs and beauties of the  
world in which he lives; honors God in his heart; yearns to  
lead men upwards along the higher paths, is overflowing with  
sympathy for the sorrowful and would rather be duped and  
robbed a thousand times than to lose confidence in humanity.  
That's Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout!

There isn't a man in America who has more ideas in his  
head, a readier tongue, a warmer heart, or a braver spirit. And  
he's a poet, too, in the same sense that Robert Burns was one.  
His appeal is not so much to the mind as were those of Shel-  
ley, Keats and Poe, but his song makes for the feelings as do  
those of Will Carleton.—Thomas E. Watson in Watson's Mag-  
azine.

Write for my book of Poems including forty recitations.  
A \$1.00 Bill or Postage Stamps will bring it Post Paid. With  
original Verses on fly leaf and my own Personal Autograph.  
Address 1217 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Capt. Jack"  
Crawford.

Lily  
M1  
-D48  
Box 261  
no 25