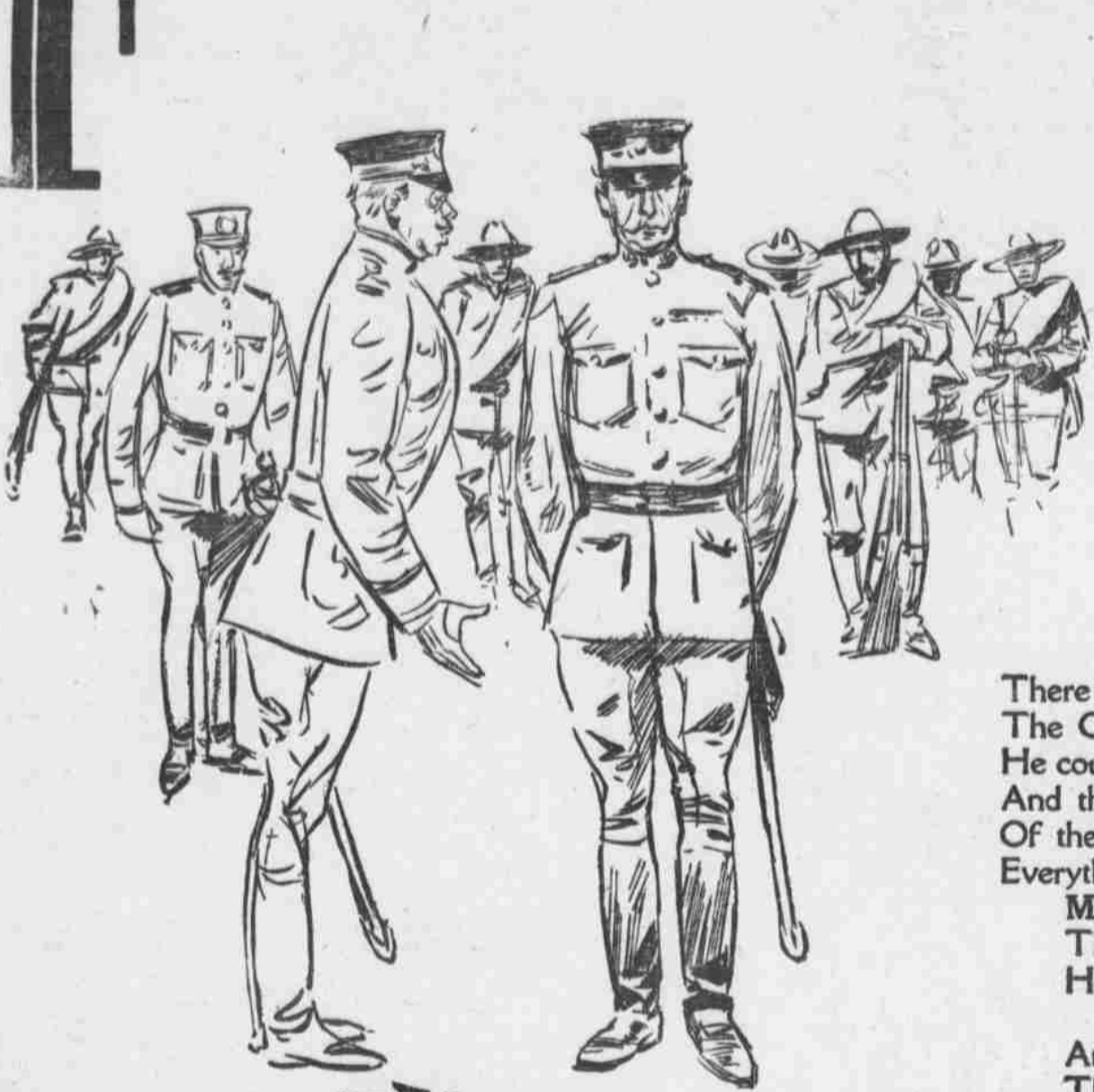




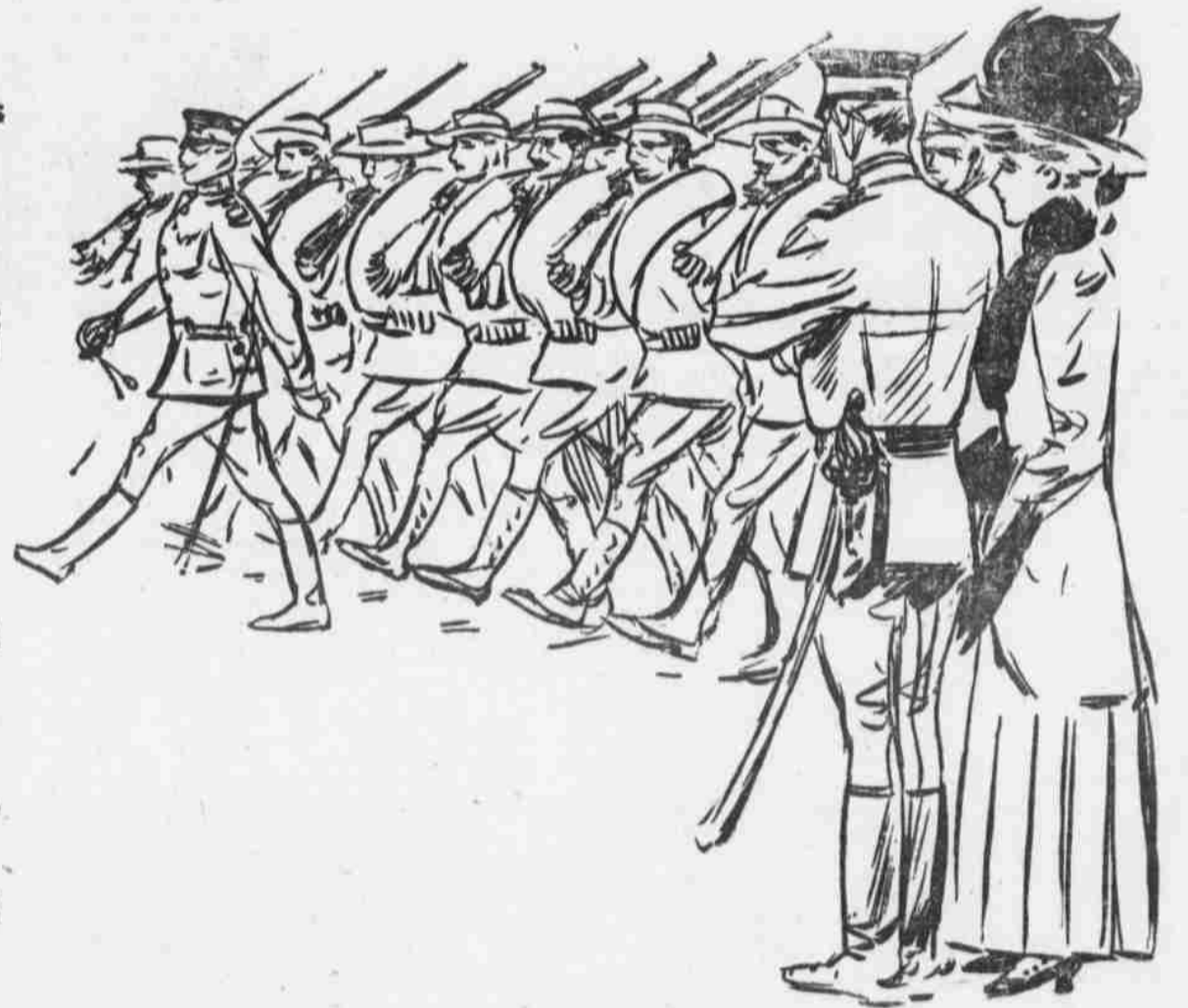
# FLUFFY RUFFLES *Drawings by Wallace Morgan*



There was trouble at the armory,  
 The Colonel had the blues,  
 He couldn't get his men to come to drill;  
 And those who came were careless  
 Of the details of their dress.  
 Everything went very wrong until—  
 Miss Fluffy Ruffles, passing by  
 That bright, sunshiny day,  
 Heard from within the clatter of  
 "Ground arms!"  
 And, stirred by curiosity,  
 The drawbridge quickly passed  
 And entered in to witness war's  
 alarms.



Through all the big, red armory  
 The word then swiftly sped  
 That Fluffy Ruffles had arrived for drill;  
 From blocks and blocks and miles and  
 miles  
 The men came hurrying fast,  
 Immediately the hall began to fill.



In company formation  
 The line went sweeping by,  
 While Fluffy and the Colonel beamed  
 with pride;  
 "The Sister of the Regiment"  
 They named her on the spot,  
 And Fluffy was so glad she almost cried.  
 But the Sister of the Regiment's  
 A soldier like the rest,  
 And a soldier's never known to shed  
 a tear;  
 So Fluffy smiled instead of cried,  
 The Colonel's heart was filled with  
 pride  
 And the soldiers gave the best drill  
 of the year.

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