



THE KEE BIRD
— The Scourge of the North —

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Poem by Acting Pvt. Must B. Anonymous
Patent Pending (1944)

FORWARD

Whether animal, mineral or vegetable is a conjecture. This bird is said to be an inhabitant of the far North and no living person has been known to have witnessed it in flight. More reliable informants state the myth, saga, or what have you, was the figment of a "stir crazy" or a "Section VIII", brought on by, possibly, several different causes such as malnutrition, powdered milk or eggs, Raisin Jack, Bug Juice, Torpedo Juice or California beer. In all events, the tale is fictitious and must not be construed as "Truth is Stranger than Fiction". Strange transformations and maladjustments occur in this far northern country and any seemingly reliable oral, verbal or written admissions from this source should be taken with a little dose of Sodium Chloride. Hallucinations, visions of grandeur, funny noises and ringing in the ears, thoughts of greener pastures (USA), and faint rumblings and inane conversation with one's self are some of the fatal symptoms. And so to our tale...

Oh, I've heard the squeal of the trolley's wheel
When the brakes were applied too fast,
And the frightening scream that is made by the steam
Of the locomotive's shrill blast.
I know the fright that comes in the night
When the lions and tigers roar--
But I'll ne'er forget, and always regret
The cry of those birds that soar
O'er the Arctic ice. Oh, it isn't nice
To remember these cries I've heard.
So listen, but well, to the story I'll tell
Of this terrifying Kee-bird.

This bird is as big as a full-grown pig
 With wings as long as this-----
 His neck is as long as his beak is strong,
 And his talons never miss.
 When catching a seal for his daily meal--
 For he eats but once a day--
 It's a horrible sight to see him at night
 Lying in wait for his prey.
 And strong men quiver, animals shiver
 At his raucous cry so bold;
 For he seems to say, in his Kee-bird way:
 "Kee-Kee-Kee-KEE!! -I've been told.

Oh, the Eskimo in his hut of snow
 And the Husky in his den
 Will quickly awake and begin to shake
 At this terrible nightly omen.
 The Mounted Police will suddenly cease
 Their travels in the dark,
 And stare at the sky with shuddering eye
 For this bird that isn't a lark.
 Each man at this base will conceal his face,
 Neath the covers, quite shameless, I'm told,
 When this bird on high utters his cry:
 Kee-Kee-Kee-KEE!! --loud and bold.

Some day I'll be home, ne'er again to roam--
 Away from that land to the North.
 I'll live where it's warm and the frost doesn't form
 On the whiskers around my mouth--
 I'll go to bed and there rest my head
 Close in my loved one's arms.
 There'll be peace and rest, and I'll be blest--
 Content with connubial charms.
 But sure as I dream, I'll wake with a scream,
 Recalling those nights of old,
 When that -----bird could always be heard:
 "KEE-KEE-KEE-KEERIST, BUT IT'S COLD!"



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