

The Great Milwalkie Fire.

Ray

'Twas the grey of early morning, when that dreadful cry of fire,
Rang out upon the cold and frosty air, That little word alone, was all
It would require, To spread dismay, and panic everywhere,

Milwalkie was excited as she never was before, on learning that the fire
On learning that the fire bells all around,
Were ringing to eternity, three hundred souls or more,
And the Newhall House was burning to the ground,

The firemen worked like demon's they did everything in their power,
To save a life or try to ease a pain,
But it made the strongest heart sick, for in less than half an hour,
All was hushed, and further efforts were in vain,

When that dreadful alarm was sounded, thru that oft condemned Hotel,
They rushed in mad confusion every way,
The smoke was suffocating them, and blinding them as well,
But the fire king could not be held at bay,

From every window men and women, wildly would beseech,
For help in tones of anguish and despair,
What must of been their feelings when the ladders wouldn't reach,
And they felt death's grasp, around them everywhere.

Up in the highest window stood a servant girl alone,
The crowd beneath all agzed with bated breath,
They turned away their faces, there was many a stifled groan,
When she jumped, to meet perhaps as hard a death,

A man stood in one window, and his wife was by his side,
They said this man was a millionaire,
To save him from that dreadful fate, they left no means untried,
But his gold and silver, had no value there,

A boy, stood in a window, and his mother stood down below,
She saw him and the danger drawing near,
With hands upraised to pray for him, she knelt down in the snow,
And the strongest heart, could not retain a tear,

Then madly she rushed toward the fire, and madly tore her hair,
Take me, oh God, but spare my pride and joy,
She saw the flames surrounding him and then in deep despair
Gried, God, have mercy on my only boy,

Now they tell us that this Hotel, has been on fire before,
And not considered safe, for many a year,
But still the men who owned it let it run on as before,
And they are not to blame it now appears,

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The Great Milwalkie Fire, continued,

Incinerism, this time has been the cause they say,
And whom the fiend is there is none can tell,
But the people of Milwalkie, will not rest by night or day,
Till the matter's been investigated well,

But this, will be of no benefit, to those who passed away,
In this Milwalkie's greatest funeral pyre,
Peace be to their ashes, is all that we can say,
To the victim's of this great Milwalkie Fire..

Ray's son
1928