

**THE WITCHES OF  
BIELEFELD: WAR  
POEMS AND NOTES**

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The Witches of Bielefeld: War Poems and Notes by Gus L. Goethals

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The Witches of Bielefeld  
War Poems and Notes



By GUS L. GOETHALS

CLAYTON, CALIFORNIA  
SEPTEMBER, 1917

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA



WOODROW WILSON  
*President of the United States*

## Foreword

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Since the fateful days of August, 1914, when the German Emperor turned loose his horde of murdering Huns upon the soil of Belgium, I have written several articles pertaining to the present war, which were published in the Martinez Gazette, Pittsburg Post and the Concord Transcript, of Contra Costa County California. And having been importuned to have those articles in booklet form, I agreed to the solicitations of my friends. So to those verses heretofore published I have added "The Witches of Bielefeld," and an appendix of notes. The Witches of Bielefeld was written to emphasize the historical fact that no invader has ever succeeded. If the old adage that "History repeats itself" continues to rule, which in the case of Kaiser Wilhelm II, I firmly believe will so continue, then we, and our Allies, need have no fear of the ultimate results of the gigantic struggle.

Since the day of the battle of the Marne, in the forepart of September, 1914, I have always maintained that the Germans were doomed. For those Germans who still cherish the hope of a Teutonic victory I have a certain degree of sympathy, but must say this, and say

THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
ARTS AND  
SCIENCE

it in their own language, "Gottes Muehle geht langsam aber die mahlt fein," and they should bear in mind that the Allies are firmly united, hopeful and sanguine of a victory which in the end will prove to be for a better and a regenerated Germany. Moreover, Time is not of the essence of their contract, as it was with the plans of the Kaiser's general staff, when on their march to Paris. Their time piece proved to finely and delicately made—a grain of sand stopped it—that grain of sand was BELGIUM.

GUS L. GOETHALS

Clayton, California  
September 1, 1917



## Bryan Will Resign

---

Oh, say, William Jennings Bryan,  
The Dogs of War are loose;  
Your Dove of Peace has flown the coop—  
Your office you may lose.

You said you would not take that job  
If you thought we'd have a war,  
While drawing that twelve thousand per  
From Uncle Sam's pay car.

So if you meant just what you said  
You'll never, never sign  
A document that smacks of war,  
For surely you'll resign.

Let Woodrow get a better man,  
A man who'll clear the deck  
Of lectures from the ship of state.  
And take Chapultepec.

April 21st, 1914.

## The War From A. to Z.

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As Albert, at Antwerp awaited Albion's army  
Bold Bavarians battered Belgium's battlements,  
Ceaselessly cannonading, constantly concrete crumbled,  
Dover's denizens dismayed declared decampment,  
Effectively embarks elusively enters Europe,  
Fiercely fighting France's foresworn foe, firm footed,  
Gruesome, gory ground gains grim German grenadiers.  
"Hock, hip hurrah!" his holy Highness hooted  
Inflexible Imperialist—insatiable invador.  
Justly Jehovah judges jesting jumping jacks,  
Kings, Kadis, Kerns—kirk kneeling knaves—keep killing  
kindred.  
Liege, Luxemburg, Louvain low living lacks.  
Martial men meet men, Mordkessel marks meandering  
Marne,  
Napoleon's Nemesis, now nerved no Nelson Needs.  
Onward Orleans, Odessa, Oporto, Ottawa,  
Protecting Paris, persuing Prussians precede.  
Quatrebras quickly quieted Quixotic quarrels,  
Russia, remembering, rushes regiments 'round,  
So, surely seeking Slavonic sway.  
Thru Tripoly Teutons tersely Turkey tempted.  
Unum universal Usufruct Uhlans undertakes.  
Verisimilous Varus victory ventured.  
World wonders why will warring Wilhelm worship  
Xerxes, Xebecs, Xerophim, Xystarch xeloidine.  
Ypres' Yarmouth's yieldless yeomanry.  
Zealously Zwarte Zeppelins Zig-zags.

January 10th, 1915.

*The Flag of Victory*

