

THE BOYS FROM 811

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Back in April of 'Forty-Two', in the good old USA

With grass so green and skies so blue, there trotted out one day,
A bunch of boys in khaki clothes with bright and smiling faces,
Better known to us as G. I. Joes: men from all the races.

When the boys lined up for the first roll call, anxious to learn their fates
They came in all sizes, short, tall and various weights.

Then came the news of their great task: They were to be TD's.
Had to live in a gas mask, soon would be riding the seas.

Their first invasion brought them west, out to the 'Lone Star State'.

There they were put to a solid test, trying to get a date.
After six months in Texas they decided their work was done.
They had won the battle of the sexes, the boys had had their fun.

So they packed their bags, left the worn out hags, a better climb to seek.

After three days ride, sorta zig-zag, they finally reached Pikes Peak.
They settled down in Camp Carson, a beautiful place indeed
Where the women looked like Greer Garson, fast as a racing steed.

For two short months they had it made, five miles to a swell town.

But then their fun began to fade as the orders finally came down.
The boys shipped out on a day in May, pepped up from two months rest,
And quicker than you can say Hey-Hey, they were out in the Golden West.

Now they were in Arizona, land of the Sage and Brush:

They thought someone had pulled a boner or had given them the bums rash.
The climate was hot, the sand was thick,
For a bed they had a cot, the boys looked disgusted and plenty sick.

But they soon got rid of their frowns and began to rally,

When they heard they could go to towns like Brawley and Mexicali.
The boys put in six months at least, swimming and playing ball.
Now they were ready for a trip east, they could hear the Indians call.

They pulled out in November, so sorry to leave the sands

A place they'll always remember, out in the cactus lands.
The train stopped in Oklahoma, at a dismal little town,
And the boys went into a coma, their little hearts dropped down.

But soon they heard of a beautiful city where they could go on pass,

Yes, it was Tulsa, the home of the Indian lass.
T'was here the boys did show the dames who were the 'Jivin Joes'.
T'was here they earned the name of USO Commandos.

From there on it was all work, maneuvers down in Louisiana,

T'was here the boys nearly went beserk; chasing pigs in every manner,
Then came Camp Claiborne, followed by Livingston,
New clothes in place of worn, their work was almost done.

Then finally it did happen, they could hear the waves a-splashing

There was no time now for napping as the TD's came a-crashing.
The boys are here to do their stuff, however great the job--
They're big and strong, and really tough, they'll wipe out Hitlers' mob.

And when they call that final role and open the gates to Heaven

You'll know that they've finally reached their goal.....