



AMERICAN RED CROSS

"A Tribute To Tank Destroyers
You give much space to fliers,
And the boys in Navy blue.
But there is still another fighter,
We must introduce to you.
He wears a small insignia,
That you artists seldom see,
The Japs call him, "Mad Dog,"
But we'll call him I. D.'s.
He sleeps next to mother ~~earth~~ ^{nature}
In a hard and earthly floor.
In a tent that either cooks him,
Or chills him to the core.
The horse he rides is made of iron,
His guns are rugged too,
But soft as silk in comparison
With the men of a J. I. Crew.
He fights in grime and filth,
And dreams of home and friends.
What he wants the mosh won't
come ^{just} yet,
But will see the "Bloody End".

He dines on hash and bully beef
And comes back up for more.
He doesn't know when he is lick-
ed you see,
He's been through all this before
And when he gets to heaven,
St. Peter he will tell,
I'm from the Tank Destroyers sir,
So live had my stretch in hell.