

### Six Towns to Valhalla

Tanks of the platoon, four majesties of  
His Uncle Sam on tour of duty in  
The Germanys of his belligerence  
Tread thirty tons on the village road  
In search of his admonishment

The lead one paused to slack its chain,  
Consider well the vast terrain  
Consult the map coordinate,  
And wish to insubordinate  
The geographical,  
Irrefutable  
Incontestable crap,  
Of its position on the map.

From the ammunition well  
Of the second tank as well  
A canteen of rot champagne  
To mitigate the restless pain  
Of ration K, And let us say,  
The artillery of Biscuit C  
With never a discrepancy  
To keep our hungry men  
From every vitamin.

The third in line  
A tankmen's pride  
Rode Parmelee the medic  
Whose mission of mercy  
For knowledges thirsty  
Dug the cellar prize  
A soldier's tonic  
Napoleonic  
Brandy fifty decades old  
Or so it has been told  
By merit of inspection  
With the men of the section.

Last and least  
The fourth iron beast  
Did limp the road to Germany  
Just barely front of infantry;  
And slow as gin  
For places been  
With missing link  
And armor kink  
It drove the drunkest of the fleet  
On cylinder drum to bogey beat

She'd throw a wheel  
In red hot steel  
As far as practically  
The brink of destiny.

Trailing the platoon  
A good-sized buffoon  
She could score the finds  
Of free-hearted frauleins  
By absence of gripes  
And sergeants stripes;  
In correlating war  
To its everlasting bore.

Thus rode four majesties of  
His Uncle Sam on tour of duty in  
The Germanies of his belligerence  
to all of their astonishment

Stanton M. Lammers

from the short story  
"Six Towns to Valhalla"