

ARMY LIFE

**“All’s well that ends Well”
(by Cpl. Clayton Bluse, Camp Adair, Oregon)**

We are the boys from the 96th
Earning our daily pay,
On the old chain gang,
For a dollar sixty a day.

We have washed a million dishes,
And peeled as many spuds,
Got our hands all blistered
From washing dirty duds.

We are out in the brush, with rifle
Eating dirt and dust,
Carrying and cleaning a machine gun,
Hoping the darn thing won’t rust.

We get up at four in the morning
To dig in the rock and sand,
No, we’re not convicts yet
We’re defenders of this land

When we go on maneuvers
Bend, Oregon is the spot,
Down there in the sage rush,
A land people almost forgot.

Most of us will think of home,
Most of the people in their best,
They work and pray for us
We walk all night with no rest.

But when this life is over
And we will work no more
And we will do our last dress parade
In front of so called “General May”.

On that day we’ll see St. Peter
He will take on look then yell,
“Come on you boys from the 96th
You’ve spent your time in hell.”