

MARSHALL A. Webb
R. 3. Box 281
Campbellsville
Kentucky H2718

"MY FOX hole Home"

MY home is ON MT. GRUNDE
JUST DOWN BELOW THE SKY LINE
A PLACE WHERE JERRIE CANT see so well
AT NIGHT OR ANY TIME.

ITS JUST A LONELY FOX hole
The sides ARE CAVEING IN
MOST ALL THE SAN BAGS ROTTEN
The TOP IS MIGHTY THIN.

MY Bed IS MADE OF CARD BOARD
MY PILLOW I HAVE NONE
I NEVER TAKE MY SHOES OFF
Well BY ME IS MY GUN.

ALTHOUGH I HAVE A Bed MATE
Whoes AWAKE HALF OF THE TIME
TO BE SURE THERE IS NO JERRIE
THAT ENTER IN OUR LINES.

MY FOX LOLE HOME.

SOMETIMES WE OFTEN WONDER
OF OUR HOME SO NICE AND CLEAN
THE BEDS WE USE TO SLEEP ON
ITS IMPOSABLE TO US IT SEEMS.

ALTHOUGH WE'VE LEARNT THE HARD WAY
WE WONDER ALL THE TIME
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO DESERVE THIS LIFE
KEEPS RUNNING THREW OUR MINDS.

"They leave it up to me"

I'M A SOLDIER IN THE ARMY
MANY MILES ACROSS THE SEA
AND WHEN IT COMES TO DETAILS
THEY LEAVE IT UP TO ME.

I'M DETAILED ON THE FRONT LINES
I'M DETAILED IN THE REAR
I'M DETAILED IN THE MIDDLE
DETAILS IS ALL I HEAR.

WHEN IT COMES TO GUARD LIST
FOR ME ITS PLAIN TO SEE
MY NAME IS THE FIRST ONE
THEY LEAVE IT UP TO ME.

BUT WHEN IT COMES TO PASSES
MY CHANCES THEY ARE SLIM
IT SEEMS IT ALWAYS IS MY LUCK
MY NAME IS ON THE END.

They LEAVE IT UP TO ME.

IF IT SHOULD BE FOR DETAIL
ME IT WOULD SURLY BE
THEY WOULD LOOK THE GUYS ALL OVER
THEN LEAVE IT UP TO ME.

AND WHEN I GET MY FERLOUGH
HOW HAPPY I WILL BE
BUT I OFTEN SIT AND STUDY
IF THEY'LL LEAVE IT UP TO ME.

"DAYS TO REMEMBER."

SOMEWHERE IN OLD KENTUCKY
JUST ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO
UNCLE SAM SENT ME HIS GREETING CARD
MY TIME HAD COME TO GO.

FOR TWELVE LONG MONTHS I WAS IN THE STATES
THEY DRILLED ME NIGHT AND DAY
BUT THE TIME SOON CAME I WALKED THE GANG PLAN
ONE COLD DECEMBER DAY.

AND NOW I'M FIGHTING IN ITALY
BUT LONESOME SAD AND BLUE
I THINK OF THE DAYS I SPENT BACK HOME
AND THE TIME I BID THEM ADIEU.

LAST NIGHT THE WIND WAS CHILLY
UPON THE GROUND WHERE I LAY
I DREAMED OF MY FRIENDS AND LOVE ONES
SO MANY MILES AWAY.

'DAYS TO REMEMBER.

WHEN I WAS ONLY A LITTLE BOY
AT PLAY OR ANY TIME

WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS LIFE
STILL LINGERS IN MY MIND.

SOMEWHERE THERES A KIND OLD MOTHER
WHOES WAITING ALL ALONE
SHE PRAYES TO GOD IN HEAVEN
TO GUIDE ME SAFELY HOME.

"The GAMBLING SUCKER"

LAST NIGHT THE GAMBLERS CALLED ME
FROM MY BED WHERE I LAY
AND AS I AROSE FROM MY PILLOW
OUTSIDE I COULD HEAR THEM SAY.

COME ONE COME ALL YOU SUCKERS
COME LET US HAVE A GAME
AND AS I AROSE FROM MY WARM SOFT BED,
THEY KEPT REPEATING MY NAME

THEY KNEW JUST YESTERDAY WAS PAY DAY
AND A SUCKER I SURELY MUST BE
AND NOW I'VE LEARNT THE HARD WAY
WITH NO MONEY ITS PLAIN TO SEE.

ALL THROUGH THE GAME I'D CRY OUT LOUD
HOW COULD THEY TREAT ME SO
I'D CHANGE A TEN THEN MAKE ONE PASS
IT WAS THEN THEY WOULD TAKE MY DOUGH.

The GAMBLING SUCKER.

AND AS I SIT AND WONDER
TO ME IT IS A SHAME
ONLY LAST NIGHT WITH A HUNDRED BUCKS
TODAY NOT A PENNY TO MY NAME.

HAS MY MOTHER RAISED A SUCKER
OR COULD IT POSSIBLE BE
THAT SHE HAS RAISED A POOR DAM FOOL
IS THAT WHAT YOU WOULD CALL ME.

"Old Fashion Vegetable Stew"

This MORNING AS I OPEN OUR RATIONS
TO SEE WHAT I COULD PICK OUT
MY EYES THEY GLANCED TO A NEW BRAND OF A CAN
SOMETHING NEW HAD BEEN ADDED NO DOUBT

COULD IT BE PORK CHOPS OR CHICKEN
OR COULD IT BE RAISON PIE
STEAK OR HAM WOULD HAVE BEEN ON
BUT I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS SURPRISED.

I THOUGHT OF ICE CREAM AND CHOCOLATE
MANY THINGS THEY RUN THROUGH MY MIND
I GRABBED THE CAN WAS READY TO EAT
AND GENTLY READ OVER THE LINES.

TO START IT HAD ALL THE INGREDIENTS
BEEF WITH POTATOES SOAKED
BEANS CARROTS AND SPICES
IT WAS THEN I ALMOST CROKED.

"OLD FASHION VEGETABLE STEW.

UNDER THAT, BEWARE OF MALARIA
AND DON'T LET A MOSQUITO BITE YOU
BUT AFTER ALL MY MOST SURPRISE
WAS OLD FASHION VEGETABLE STEW.

GOD PITY THE MAN WHO INVENTED
STEW FOR A FIGHTING MAN
BUT AFTER ALL ITS GOT EVERYTHING
THAT COULD POSSIBLE BE STUFFED IN A CAN

AND NOW AS I SIT HERE AND WONDER
JUST WHAT IS NEXT ON THE LIST
COULD IT BE CORN BEEF AND CABBAGE
BUT A NEW BRAND OF STEW IS MY GUESS.

"ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS."

SPRING IS COMING IN ITALY
THE GRASS IS TURNING GREEN
CHRISTMAS HAS COME AND WINTER IS GONE
TEN YEARS TO US IT HAS SEEMED

WE NOW IN DEFENSE IN ITALY
BUT THE TIME WILL COME AGAIN
TO FIGHT OUR WAY INTO THE PO
AND BRING THIS THING TO AN END.

WE ALL REMEMBER TREMINSOLE
AND THE DAYS WE FOUGHT FOR ROME
THE RIVERS WE CROSSED AND HILLS WE TOOK
BUT YET WE FARTHER FROM HOME.

WE CAN ALWAYS REMEMBER SALERNO
WHERE OUR BUDDIES FOUGHT AND FELL
AS WELL AS THE BEACH HEAD AT ANZO
WHERE LOTS OF OUR BUDDIES STILL DWELL.

ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

WE'LL NEVER FORGET THE OLD ARANO
SUCH THINGS THEY DWELL IN OUR THOUGHTS
BUT MOST OF ALL WE STILL THINK OF
THERES ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

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"GIRLS OF THE U.S.A."

The GIRLS BACK home in AMERICA
ARE THE PROUD AND BEAUTY OF THE DAY
KNOWN AS MANS GREATEST AMBITION
IT'S THE ROUTE OF ALL EVIL THEY SAY.

TEN MILES THEY WALK TO HEAR THE VOICE
OF A CROONER KNOWN AS FRANKIE
HIS VOICE IS SOFT HIS SMILE IS SWEET
HE'S DARK, TALL AND LANKY.

The BATHING BEAUTYS ARE TAKING THE DAY
AND THE COSTUMES THEY NOW WEAR
IT SHOWS THE BEAUTY OF THEIR CURVES
AND A SHORTAGE THEY COULDN'T SPARE.

NEXT THERE COMES THE JITTERBUR
SHE SURELY LIKES TO JIVE
SHE'S ON HER TOES AND READY TO GO
WAITING FOR THE MUSIC TO ARRIVE

1. GIRLS OF THE U.S.A.,

You TAKE THE GIRL FROM THE CITY
We KNOW SHE HAS THE CLASS
BUT IF MAKE UP AND CLOTHES IS THE GIRL
THEM I'M THE ONE WHO'S THE ASS.

THE BEAUTIFUL DANCEHALL GIRLS
YOU CAN FIND THEM EVERY WHERE
THERE'S SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE ABOUT THEM
COULD IT BE CLOTHES OR PERFUME THEY WEAR.

THE COUNTRY GIRL IS CONTENTED AT HOME
SHE'S HAPPY AS CAN BE
SHE HAS EVERYTHING A MAN WOULD WANT
AND SHE'S THE GIRL FOR ME.

BUT I PREFER MY PIN UP GIRL
SHE'S NOT TOO LARGE NOR SMALL
I GO OUT NIGHTS AND HAVE MY FUN
BUT SHE STILL HANGS ON THE WALL.

"PLEASE BRING MY DADDY home"

PLEASE BRING MY DADDY home TO ME
CAUSE I'M AS LONELY AS CAN BE
AND MUMMY CRIES MOST EVER NIGHT.
DAD, PLEASE COME home AND MAKE THINGS BRIGHT

Why should You FIGHT SO FAR AWAY
Why should You FIGHT AT ALL WE SAY
IF You should Die AS WELL MAY BE
Then WHAT IS LEFT IN LIFE FOR ME.

I'M Weeping DADDY AS I PRAY
AS TEARS I shed, TO God I SAY
"MY Humble PRAYER I ASK OF Thee,
PLEASE BRING MY DADDY home TO ME."

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"G.I. Comics"

How I like to read Dick Tracy
His Comics they are good
He's a one man hero
And his troubles are understood.

Take old Jigs he's hard to beat
There's only one person I know
And that's his wife Maggie Dear
When she says stop he goes.

Popeye he's strong and brave
And Wimpy his best friend
But there is Olive his dear wife
And the troubles she gets in.

Joe Palooka we read about
A hero he claims to be
He's fought his way around the world
And now he's over sea.

G. I. COMICS,

LIL ABNER he TAKES THE PRIZE
WITH BEAUTIFUL DAZY MAE
BUT THERES A TIME HIS CHANCES ARE FEW
ON SADEY HAWKINS DAY.

BUZ SAWYER IS PRETY GOOD
BUT I LIKE OTHERS BEST
HE ALSO IS A HERO
AND NOT FROM AWAY OUT WEST.

SOME PEOPLE LIKE BUCK ROGERS
AND TERRY THE PRIVATE TO
BUT I'LL TAKE BLONDIE ANY TIME
AND LAUGH THE WHOLE DAY THROUGH.

"SPARIT OF The 85th."

Where is the eighty fifth does ANYONE KNOW
They TAKING TRAINING ON The old ARNO
FROM The HILLS To The RIVERS ITS ALL The SAME
FOR THATS The WAY IT Got ITS NAME.

We STOP To smoke A CIGARETTE
We HUNGRY, Cold AND SOAKING WET
FOR MILES AND MILES we WALK IN PAIN
THROUGH mud AND sleet SNOW AND RAIN.

SOMETIMES we ARE LONESOME SOMETIMES we ARE Blue
BUT we will see this whole THING THROUGH
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHAT'S To COME
The old eighty fifth will see THAT ITS DONE.

We HAVE NO HEROS AND FEW THAT ARE BRAVE
AND LOTS OF OUR Buddies HAVE FELL BY The WAY
BUT we'll Go ON UNTIL The end OF TIME
AND OUR REGARDS To OUR Buddies THAT we LEFT Behind

' SPIRIT OF THE 86th,

SOMETIMES WE THINK OUR CHANCES ARE FEW
BUT OUR TRUST IS IN GOD TO TAKE US THROUGH
WHILE ON THE BATTLE FRONT WE KNELT TO PRAY
WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO BE TREATED THIS WAY.

THESE HILLS IN ITALY IS A LIVEING HELL
WHERE CANNONS ROAR AND BURSTING SHELLS
FROM DAY TO DAY FROM NIGHT TO NIGHT
WE ASK THIS QUESTION, 'WHY DO WE FIGHT?'

WHY CANT WE LIVE IN PEACE AGAIN
AND LET THIS WAR COME TO AN END.
THESE THINGS WE THINK OF AS WE FIGHT ALONE
AND YET WE KNOW THE RIGHT FROM THE WRONG.

BACK AT HOME OUR MOTHER PRAYS
FOR HER SON A THOUSAND MILES AWAY
SHE SITS AT HOME HER HEART IS SORE
COULD IT BE, WE'LL MEET NO MORE.

SPARIT OF THE 85th.

BUT AS WE FIGHT OUR HOPES ARE STRONG
FOR THERES A DAY WE'LL RETURN BACK HOME
WE'LL SETTLE DOWN IN PEACE AGAIN
AND THANK OUR GOD FOR TIME WE'VE SPENT

"FROM OLD K.Y."

SOMEWHERE IN KENTUCKY A BABY BOY WAS BORN
ON THE TWENTH FORTH OF Feb. ONE Cold Tue. MORN
DOWN IN TAYLOR Co. NEAR THE TOWN OF CAMPBELLSVILLE
IN A LITTLE OLD FARM house ON TOP OF A HILL.

HIS FATHER WASNT RICH NEITHER WAS HE POOR
BUT WITH THIS FINE BOY HOW COULD HE WANT MORE
AS HE GREW FROM THE CRADLE HOW THE DAYS DID FLY
FROM THAT LITTLE OLD FARM house IN THE STATE OF K.Y.

FROM OLD KY.

With FOUR OTHER BROTHERS AND THREE SISTERS TO
With A MOTHER THAT LOVED THEM LIKE ALL MOTHERS DO
AS HE GREW IN HIS BOYHOOD HEALTHY AND FINE
FREE AS A BLUE BIRD NOT A WORRY ON HIS MIND.

How WELL HE REMEMBERED WHEN HE WAS A LAD
AT THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH WITH HIS MOTHER AND DAD
THESE DAYS HE WAS HAPPY IT WAS NEVER IN HIS MIND
THAT SOME DAY HE WOULD LEAVE HIS LOVE ONES BEHIND.

THEN HITLER AROSE LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT
AND HE KNEW FROM THAT MINUTE SOME DAY HE'D FIGHT
AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN BUT THAT'S NOT VERY OLD
YET HE SIGNED HIS JOHN HENRY ON UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL.

HIS MIND WANDERED BACK THROUGH THE DAYS THAT WERE GONE
AND THE DAY HAD COME HE WAS LEAVING HIS HOME
HE THOUGHT OF HIS MOTHER HIS DAD AND HIS GIRL
AND WANTED THEM TO HAVE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

FROM old N.Y.

He REMEMBERED THE MORNING WHEN he SAID Good BY
AS he LOOKED AT his MOTHER WITH TEARS IN her EYES
WITH A THROBING HEART AND A TREMBLING HAND
He STEPPED OUT IN THE WORLD AS A FIGHTING MAN.

ONE DECEMBER MORNING IN THE YEAR OF FORTY-TWO
AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN WITH A HEART BRAVE AND TRUE
UNCLE SAM CALLED HIS TIME IT HAD COME
he WAS LEAVING his HOME LAND MAYBE NEVER TO RETURN.

To JOIN WITH his BROTHERS FAR OVER THE SEA
To FIGHT FOR FREEDOM AND VICTORY

BUT SOME DAY he'll RETURN IF IT be GODS WILL

LL. To THAT LITTLE old FARM house ON TOP OF THE HILL.

one AND NOW he's IN ACTIONS IN ITALY THEY SAY

BUT STILL he REMEMBERS WHEN he DRAIFTED AWAY
AS he SITS IN his FOX HOLD AND LOOKS AT THE SKY
He HOPES TO RETURN BACK TO old N.Y.

"The FORTH TERM."

A LONG LONG TIME AGO AS ALL THE PEOPLE KNOW
WE ELECTED ROOSEVELT TO BE OUR PRESIDENT
THE FORTH TERM IT IS HERE AND HE STILL HAS HIS CHAIR
BUT THE TIME WILL COME WHEN WE WILL ALL REPENT.

WHEN HE FIRST GOT HIS CHAIR THIS IS ALL YOU'D HERE
YOUR SONS WILL NEVER FIGHT ON FOREIGN LAND
BUT THE TIME SOON COME WHEN JAPS BEGAIN TO BOMB
IT WAS THEN HE TOOK HIS PENCIL IN HIS HAND.

THIS IS WHAT HE WROTE TO YOU I WILL QUOTE
IT BROKE THE HEARTS OF OUR PARENTS BACK HOME
THE JAPS HAVE MADE A ATTACK WE MUST DRIVE THEM BACK
AND SOON THE YANKS THEY SAILED THE FOME

WAR IT WAS DECLARED AND KNOWN MOST EVERYWHERE
WE MUST FIGHT AND DIE FOR LIBERTY
THE DRAFT WAS WELL IN HAND AND CAUGHT A MANY A MAN
NOW YANKS THEY SPIL THE SEVEN SEAS.

. The FORTH TERM.

When the AXIS CRACKS AND ALL THE YANKS COME BACK
WE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THROUGH THE YEARS
WE'LL TAKE NO ONES ADVICE UNTIL WE HAVE THOUGHT TWICE
NEVER BELIEVE THE RUMORS THAT WE HEAR.

ELEANOR DONT LIKE WAR SO WHAT WE FIGHTING FOR
I'M SURE THERES PLACES I'D RATHER BE
BUT I CANT HAVE MY WAY AT LEAST JUST ANY DAY
BUT WHEN I RETURN I'LL BRING BACK LIBERTY.

A. B. C.

A is FOR AMERICA

Where The EIGHTY FIFTH WAS BORNED AND RAISED

B is FOR ITS BRAVERY

As IT PROVES IT NIGHT AND DAY

C is ON OUR SHOULDER PATCH

GENERAL CUSTER THE MIGHTY MAN

D is ALSO STAMPED UP THERE

The DIVISION AS IT STANDS.

E is FOR ITS EVERLASTING

UNTIL VICTORY IT IS WON

F is FOR ITS TRUE FACTS

With EACH AND EVERYONE

G is FOR THE MANY GERMANS

We've CAPTURED IN THE PAST

H is FOR HITLER

We'll CAPTURE HIM AT LAST.

A. B. C.

I IS FOR EVERY INCH
US YANKS HAVE FOUGHT IN PAIN
J IS FOR THE JERRIES
WHO WERE FIGHTING ALL IN VAIN.

K IS FOR KINDHEARTED
THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE EIGHTY FIFTH
L IS FOR LONDSOME
EACH SOLDIER SURELY MUST GET.

M IS FOR MONTH
SEVENTEEN LONG ONES OVER SEAS
N IS FOR NOWHERE
I'VE FOUND THAT SATIFED ME

O IS FOR OPERATING
WHICH ISN'T SO VERY HOT
P IS FOR PRIVILEGE
SOMETHING WE HAVENT GOT.

A. B. C.

Q IS FOR OUR QUARTERMASTER
AWAY BEHIND THE LINES
R IS FOR THE RUMORS
WE GET MOST ALL THE TIME.

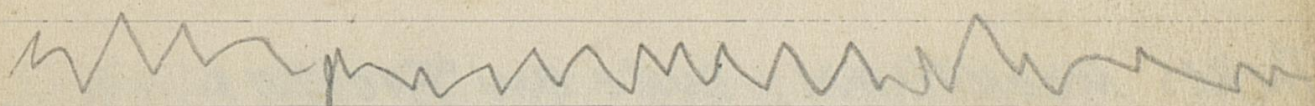
S IS FOR NO STOP
UNTIL WE REACH BERLIN
T IS FOR TAKE OVER
AND START THINGS NEW AGAIN

U IS FOR UNITED
IN PEACE WE'LL SURLY EARN
V IS FOR VICTORY
WE'LL WIN IN DAYS TO COME

W IS FOR WILLING
TO DO THE BEST YOU CAN
X IS FOR X-RAY
THAT WAS GIVEN TO EVER MAN

A. B. C.

Y is For You
Which Builds Our Div. Strong
Z is For Field Marshal Zhukov
Who's Helping us Return Back Home.



"FIRST PLATOON."

HERE ARE THE BOYS OF THE FIRST PLAT.
WRITTEN IN BLACK AND WHITE
OF OLD E. CO. OF THE 3.3.9.
NOT SAYING HOW THEY FIGHT

1. FIRST PLATOON.

Theres LT. Debeault AND Wetzel

Cotoia, Glover AND Doe.

Brodovsky, Webb AND Aderhold

Bledsoe, Gerdes AND APP.

Theres Fields, Clewett AND Hoff

Figliola, Burnham AND Dowd

Lemire, Callahan AND Akins

Atkins, Cortez AND Cloud.

Theres Mooneyham, Duke AND Freitas

Wuebbling, Roberts AND Maeder

Cohnen, Fontaine AND Giddens

Morgen, Capps AND Moenter.

Theres Mac. Hansen AND Boggs,

Czerkies, Patton THATS IT

AND THE DAYS WE SPENT TOGETHER

I'M SURE I'LL NEVER FORGET.

"RAIN, RAIN, RAIN."

RAIN RAIN PLEASE GO AWAY

DON'T COME TO ITALY AND FOREVER STAY

THERES MANY A SOLDIER WHO'S LIVING IN PAIN
FOR EVER DAY ITS RAIN RAIN RAIN.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING AND THERE WILL BE SNOW

THE WIND IS CHILLY ITS COLD ITS COLD

THE HILLS IN ITALY THE FIGHTING IS ROUGH

OUR HOMES ARE FOX HOLES THE GOING IS TOUGH.

SO RAIN RAIN PLEASE HEAR MY PLEA

YOU'VE RAINED ENOUGH THERES MUD TO OUR KNEES

THE NIGHTS ARE LONG DARK AND DREARY

THE MORE YOU RAIN THE MORE WE WERRY.

YOU'VE STOPPED ALL MOVEMENTS YOU'VE STOPPED THIS WAR

YOU'VE STOPPED EVERYTHING WE'RE FIGHTING FOR

YOU'VE BLOCKED ALL ROADS WHAT JERRIE COULDN'T DO

YOU'VE MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO GET THROUGH.

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN,

SO STOP AWHILE LET THE SUN SHINE BRIGHT
LET STARS COME OUT AND SHINE ALL NIGHT
LET JERRIE KNOW OUR HOPES ARE NOT GONE
LET US TEACH THEM TO KNOW THE RIGHT FROM WRONG.

SO RAIN RAIN PLEASES GO AWAY

YOU CAN COME AGAIN SOME OTHER DAY

WHEN THERES NO WAR JUST PEACE AND QUIET

YOU CAN RAIN ALL DAY AND RAIN ALL NIGHT

"Remember"

AND WHEN YOU PASS WHERE CROSSES

GLEAM SILVER WHITE IN THE SUN;

SAY A SILENT PRAYER FOR THOSE

WHO WHISPERED: "FATHER, ITS DONE."

"THINKING FORBIDDEN"

T
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SWEAT AND TEARS AND TOIL AND BLOOD
IN RAIN AND SNOW AND SLEET AND MUD
YOU MUST NOT STOP TO REASON WHY
RONG. JUST BLUNDER ON - PERHAPS TO DIE.

A WHIT HAIR'D LADY KNEELS TO PRAY;
HER SONS A THOUSAND MILES AWAY
"Oh LORD MY GOD WHY IS IT SO?"
TIS BETTER THAT SHE DOES NOT KNOW.

F
A MOTHER WATCHES O'ER THE COT
WHERE SLEEPS HER CURLY HEADED TOT
ITS HEAD UPON THE LITTLE LAD
TO LIVE HIS LIFE WITHOUT A DAD.

A SOLDIER LIGHTS A CIGARETTE
HE'S HUNGRY COLD AND SOAKING WET
HE'S TIRED AND HIS HEART IS SORE
YET KNOWING NOT WHAT HE'S FIGHTING FOR.

· THINKING FORBIDDEN.

A BLAZING LIGHT TO BANISH GROOM
A FIRE OF LOGS TO HEAT THE ROOM
NO MISERY HERE, SAD HEARTS TO FILL
NO BURSTING SHELLS TO MAFIN AND KILL.

A TABLE GROANING NEAR THE WEIGHT
OF FOODSTUFF PILED ON SILVER PLATE
AND AFTER GORGING HE WILL GO
TO SEE THE LATEST WESTEND SHOW.

HE GIVES NO THOUGHT TO HUMAN HELL
OF CANNONS ROAR OF BURSTING SHELLS
A MOTHERS TEARS, A SWEETHEARTS CARE
ARE SIMPLY NONE OF HIS AFFAIR.

YOU SEE HE OWNS A FACTORY
THATS MAKES THE SHELLS YOU'RE SICK TO SEE
HE'S MAKING MILLIONS FROM THE WAR.
YES SOLDIER THATS WHAT YOU FIGHTING FOR.

'THINKING FORBIDDEN'

SWEET AND TEARS AND RAIN AND SNOW
FOR COUNTLESS YEARS IT MUST BE SO
EVER GIVE BUT NEVER TAKE
UNLESS MY FRIEND - YOU SHOULD AWAKE.

"JERRIES LAST RUN."

THERE'S A PLACE IN ITALY THAT DWELS IN OUR MIND
THE FAMOUS OLD NAME THE GOTHIC LINE
WHERE ALL WINTER LONG WE LIVED IN PAIN
IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE IF IT SNOWED OR RAINED.

IN OUR MIND WE OFTEN WONDERED IF THE TIME WOULD COME
THAT ONCE AGAIN JERRIE WOULD RUN
ON THE SIXTEENTH OF APRIL AT THE HOUR OF TEN
THE BIG GUNS ROARED HELL HAD BEGUN.

FROM THE HILLS TO THE VALLEYS WE FOUGHT DAY AND NIGHT
WITH STIFF RESISTANCE JERRIE WANTED TO FIGHT
BUT WE TOOK BOLOGNA AND ENTERED THE PO
AND THE PRISONERS WE TOOK THE NUMBER UNTOOLD.

JERRIE'S LAST RUN.

When we entered the valley JERRIE RUN so FAST
He had to ride horses he had no GAS
With our ARTILLERY AND AIR FORCE AS THE STORY IS TOLD
We overtook JERRIE NEAR THE BANKS OF THE PO.

He said NIENTE, NIENTE, FINITO WITH ME
Then we crossed over the RIVER HAPPY WITH GLEE
DAY AFTER DAY AND MILE AFTER MILE
AND THE CITIES WE TOOK WAS SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

THE ITALIANS THEY GREETED US FOR MILES AROUND
WITH EGGS AND VINO OR ANYTHING COULD BE FOUND
We would SING OR WHISLE AS WE MARCHED DOWN THE STREETS
TO BUILD UP OUR MORALE FROM OUR BURNING FEET.

THEN FINALLY AT LAST WHEN WE COULD WALK NO MORE
FROM OUR ACHING BACK AND OUR FEET SO SORE
FROM JEEPS TO TRUCKS THEN TANKS IN THE LEAD
TO OVERTAKE JERRIE WHO WAS RUNNING FULL SPEED.

'JERRIE'S LAST RUN,

AS WE ENTERED VERONA AND MARCHED DOWN THE STREETS
THEN CROSSED OVER THE RIVER AND LAYED DOWN TO SLEEP
OUR MORAL WAS LOW. WE WERE HUNGARY AND WET
OUR RATIONS WERE GONE AND NO CIGARETTES

FOR TWO LONG DAYS WE STAYED IN THE TOWN
WATCHING AND WAITING FOR JERRIE TO BE FOUND
WE HAD TOOK THE VALLEY AND CAPTURED THE PO
WE WERE ENTERING THE ALPS WAS THE STORY WE WERE TOLD.

WE WERE PUT ON TRUCKS AND RODE FOR MILES
THEN STOPPED IN A BUILDING TO STAY FOR AWHILE
THE FOLLOWING MORNING AS THE SUN ROSE BRIGHT
WE LOADED ON TANKS AND RODE UNTIL NIGHT.

AND OLD E. CO. AS THE STORY IS TOLD
WAS LEADING THE BN. THROUGH THE ALPS FROM THE PO
WE HAD NO CAUSALTI'S AND RODE UNTIL NIGHT
WITH JERRIE RUNNING SO FAST AND FULL OF FRIGHT.

JERRIES LAST RUN,

Then in the mountains where the north wind blows
somewhere in Austria our objective was told
another day passed no trouble had begun
we often wondered could this be the end.

Then late one even as we rode into a town
Jerrrie waved his white flag there were thousands around
we knew it was over as bells began to ring
and deep in the mountains you could hear people sing.

For six days and nights this place was our home
guarding prisoners from dusk until dawn.
Then one night as stars began to shine
we moved to a town on the Austrian line.

Musso they call it the name of the town
its built in a valley with mountains around
and as we look back it comes to our mind
the days we spent on the Gothic line

JERRIES LAST RUN.

AND NOW THAT ITS OVER AND EVERYTHING QUIET
I PICK UP THE COURAGE TO SIT DOWN AND WRITE
TO GIVE YOU THE FACTS AS THE STORY IS TOLD
HOW WE CAPTURED BOLOGNA AND ENTERED THE PO.

AND SOMEDAY OUR CHILDREN WILL READ ABOUT
OF ROME AND CASSINO AS THEY PLACED ON THE MAP
OF WORLD WAR TWO AND THE THREE THREE NINE
AND THE EIGHTY FIFTH DIV. ON THE GOTHIC LINE.

HOW WE LIBERATED ITALY FROM THE GERMAN'S HANDS
AND MARCHED THROUGH ROME BY A U.S. BAND
HOW THEY FOUGHT IN AFRICA IN FORTY THREE
AND OLD GLORY WAVED ON THE ISLAND OF COPPAI.

BUT NOW IT WAVES IN A LAND FAR AWAY
WHERE THE NAZI LEADERS SPENT MANY A DAY
THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY YOU CAN HERE BELLS RING.
FOR PEACE ON EARTH HAS COME AGAIN.

JEARIES LAST RUN,

BUT NOW THAT ITS OVER THE STORY WILL TELL
OF THE DREADFUL BATTLES THE BLOODY HELL
THE ONLY REGRET WE HAVE ON OUR MINDS
IS OUR BUDDIES WE LEFT ON THE GOTHIC LINE

"The Colonel Fox hole."

ALL WAS QUIET AT THE FRONT
THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM
TWICE DARK AS PITCH WHEN THE COLONEL ARRIVED
WE KNEW HIS BUCKLY FORM.

THE COLONEL CAME UNRIDED
OH! PARDEN MY CORRECTION
HE HAD HIS GUIDE AND CARBEN
AND A PISTEL FOR PROTECTION,

'The Colonel Fox hole.'

EVERY hole WAS Filled WITH MEN
A WAITING THE BARRAGE
Yes EVERY hole WAS Filled BUT ONE
WHICH WASNT VERY LARGE.

The Colonel GOT excited
AND JERRIE BEGAIN TO shell
The Colonel JUMPED inside This hole
THATS WHEN WE HEARD HIM Yell.

NEXT DAY IN SPECIAL ORDERS
The VERY SPECIAL KIND
The COLONEL WROTE TO ALL COMMAND'S
The's words WERE UNDER LINED.

HERE AFTER NOW AND FOREVER MORE
YOU WILL CLOSE UP ALL LATRNS
THATS EXACTLY WHAT THE ORDER READ
THIS THAT VACANT hole IT SEEMS.

"MAYBE"

A BABY CALLED MAYBE IS ROAMING ABOUT
HE'S POISON TO BOYS ON HIS LIST SO WATCH OUT
RIGHT QUICK YOU'LL BE SICK THEN HE SELLS YOU HIS DRUG
YOU PAY TELL ITS FATAL YOU GIVE YOU HAVE DUG.

SAYING MAYBE I WILL AND MAYBE I WON'T
AND WHAT DO I CARE IF I DO OR I DON'T
AND MAYBE ITS WRONG AND MAYBE ITS RIGHT
RISK ONCE TO OFTEN MAYBE I MIGHT.

THIS MAYBE WILL SAY BE A WOBBLER MY FRIEND
BE LAZY AND CRAZY PRETEND TO ENTEND
EVER LATE NEVER STRAIGHT YOU'LL WATCH OTHERS WALK PAST
BUT THE GENTS ON THE FENCE TAKE A HARD FALL AT LAST.

SAYING MAYBE I'LL GO AND MAYBE I'LL STAY
AND MAYBE I'LL QUIT AND MAYBE I'LL PRAY
MAYBE TOMORROW AND MAYBE NEXT WEEK
IS MAYBE A WORD OR IS MAYBE A SOWER IT.

"LOVING A SOLDIER"

LOVING A SOLDIER IS NOT ALL PLAY
IN FACT THERE'S VERY LITTLE OF IT GAY
IT'S MOSTLY LEARNING BUT NOT TO HOLD
IT'S BEING YOUNG AND NOT FEELING OLD.

LOVING A SOLDIER IS MILK WITHOUT CREAM
IT'S BEING IN LOVE WITH A MISTY DREAM
IT'S GETTING A VALENTINE FROM AN ARMY CAMP
AND SENDING A LETTER WITH AN UPSIDE DOWN STAMP.

IT'S HOPING FOR HIM FEELING SO MUCH ALONE
IT'S WONDERING IF HE WILL EVER GET HOME
YES WHEN HE DOES COME YOU LONG TO BE TOGETHER
UNCONCIOUS OF PEOPLE, OF TIME AND OF WHETHER.

IT'S HEARING HIM WHISPER OF HIS LOVE FOR YOU
AND YOU ANSWERING SWEETLY THAT YOU LOVE HIS TOO
THEN COMES THE RING AND A PROMISE OF LOVE
KNOWING THAT YOU ARE WATCHER BE THE FATHER ABOVE.

LOVING A SOLDIER,

WAVING A SOLDIER GOOD BY AT THE TRAIN
AND WONDERING IF YOU'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN.
RELUCTANTLY PAINFULLY LETTING HIM GO
WHEN INSIDE YOU CRYING FOR LOVING HIM SO

THEN YOU WATCH THE MAIL FORWARD THAT HE'S WELL
THEN WAIT THROUGH A LONG DRAGGED OUT NO LETTER SPELL
YOUR FEET SEEM TO BE PLANTED ON SAND AND NOT SOIL
AND YOUR SOURCE OF STRENGTH COMES SOLELY FROM GOD,

LOVING A SOLDIER IS UNDEFINED FEARS
AND CRYING UNTIL THERE ARE NO MORE TEARS
YOU HATING YOURSELF AND THE WORLD AND THE WAR
YOU KICKING UNTIL YOU CANT FIGHT ANY MORE.

AND THEN GIVEING UP AND KNEELING AND PRAYING
AND REALLY MEANING THE PRAYER YOU ARE SAYING
BUT WHEN THE MAIL COMES YOU HOBBLE WITH JOY
YOU ACT LIKE A BABY WITH A SHINEY NEW TOY.

1. LOVING A SOLDIER,

NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOUR SOLDIER AN OCEAN AWAY
BUT YOU JUST KEEP LOVING HIM MORE EVERY DAY
YOU'RE PROUD OF THE JOB HE'S HELPING GET DONE
YOU DONT CARE ANY MORE IF LOVING ISNT FUN.

2. THEN YOU GRIT YOUR TEETH AND YOU MUTTER A GAIN
YOU'VE GOT A JOB AND YOU'D BETTER BEGIN
YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT AND THE SAME ONE HE'S IN
WE'VE GOT A WAR AND YOU'D BETTER HELP WIN

AND THEN COMES YOUR BIRTHDAY A YEAR OLDER TODAY
BUT YOU FEEL JUST THE SAME AS YOU DID YESTERDAY
BUT YOU'RE NOT, YOU HAVE CHANGED YOU'RE WISER MORE STRONG
YOU CARE WHETHER THIS WAR IF ITS TWENTY YEARS LONG.

YOU'LL WORK AND YOU'LL SWEAT EVERY HOUR WITH CARE
YOU TIRED AND YOU'RE WEARY BUT YOU DOING YOUR SHARE
YOU HELPING THAT SOLDIER TO WIN OVER THERE
SO LOVING A SOLDIER IS BITTERNESS TEARS.

LOVING A SOLDIER,

ITS FRETTING AND SWEATING AND EXISTING LIVING
ITS NOTHING TO TAKE FOR A DAM LOT OF GIVING
NO LOVING A SOLDIER IS REALLY NOT FUN
BUT ITS WORTS THE PRICE WHEN THE BATTLES BEEN WON.

"LONESOME EVERYWHERE"

IT EITHER RAINS OR IT DOESN'S
ITS EITHER WARM OR ITS COLD
MY NEWS IS UNINTERESTING
OR ELSE IT HAS BEEN TOLD.

I THINK OF YOUR SMILES OFTEN
THOUGH I CAN'T RECALL YOUR TOUCH
THE DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT
AND I MISS YOU... OH, SO MUCH.

"WHISKERS"

ONE OF MY CHILDHOOD AMBITIONS,
WAS, "HAVE WHISKERS LIKE A MAN."
AND NOW I GROW THEM THICK AND TOUGH,
SOME THINGS I DID NOT PLAN.

THE DAILY CHORE OF SHAVING,
IT GRIEVES MY HEART WITH PAIN.
BEARD GROWS IN ANY WEATHER
ON SUNNY DAYS, IN RAIN.

I'VE SHAVED IN MODERN BATHROOMS
ON TRAINS AND THE OCEAN BLUE
USED WASH-PANS, SINKS AND BUCKETS,
AND ARMY HELMETS, TOO.

BUT NOW I KNOW THE SIGN OF MAN,
IS NOT STUBBLE ON THE CHIN.
IT'S A BRAIN, A HEART, A BODY
CONTROLLED, WITHOUT, WITHIN.

"LOST MOMENTS"

I KNOW NOT HOW TO SAY IN WORDS.

THE THINGS I WANT TO SAY:

HOW STRONG MY LOVE: I MISS YOU MORE
WITH EVERY PASSING DAY.

MY NIGHTS ARE LONG, AND FILLED WITH DREAMS
AND YOU ARE THERE WITH ME;

YOUR HAND RESTS SOFTLY ON MY CHEEK;
I KISS YOU TENDERLY.

AND NOW IT'S DAY - MY DREAMS ARE GONE
I SIT TO PEN A LETTER,

REFLECTING THAT LAST NIGHT IN DREAMS
I COULD HAVE DONE MUCH BETTER.

"A Medic To A Dead Private"

MY God, I ought to be used to this!
BUT DAMN IT ALL, I NEVER SEE
A DOUGHFOOT DEAD OR DYING IN A HOLE
WITHOUT SOME STABE INSIDE OF ME.

YOU THERE; WITH MUDDY ARMS OUTSTRETCHED
WITH BLANK EYES STARING AT THE SKY;
HALF PEACE - HALF TORTURE IN YOUR SPRAWL THAT SAYS,
OKAY, OKAY, I'M DEAD. BUT WHY?

AND ON THAT BLOODY GAPING MOUTH
SOME SWEETHEART GAVE HER RAPT KISS
TO MATCH YOUR PASSION AND YOUR DEAR YOUNG DREAMS
ENDED, TOO SOON, LIKE THIS:

POOR GUY, YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN.
FOR YOU... THERE IS NO AFTER...
NO JOB, NO CLEAN WHITE BED NOR SWEET YOUNG ARMS,
NO SECRET LOVELY LAUGHTER.

'A Medic To A Dead Private,

Well.. You ANOTHER hero, 1st.

A Gold-STARRED Word For Dads AND Mothers.

BUT You WERE MUCH TOO YOUNG To die -

You THERE - AND A MILLION OTHERS.

"PRIVATE POSTWAR PLANS."

BEFORE THE DRAFT BOARD CALLED ME,

AND NINE MILLION OTHER MEN.

I USED TO WORK AND BRAW GOOD PAY,

AND HAVE FUN NOW AND THEN.

BUT I HAVE NO TIME FOR FUN NOW

I WORK WITH ALL MY MIGHT

I'M DOING EVERYTHING I CAN

I WORK FROM DAWN TILL NIGHT.

PRIVATE POSTWAR PLANS.

I'M SHINING SHOES FOR MY CO.
AND PRESSING UP HIS CLOTHES.
I DO AS MUCH AS HE, I GUESS
BUT I DON'T GO WHERE HE GOES.

I'M PRINTING SIGNS (OFF LIMITS)
SOME JUST READ (NO ADMISSION);
THESE SIGNS SHALL ALL BE CHANGED, OF COURSE
TO MEAN THOES WITHOUT COMMISSIONS.

WHEN I'M ONCE AGAIN IN CIVVIES,
WHICH I HOPE BECOMES MY LOT.
WHERE A FRIENDLY SMILE IS WELCOME
AND A LOT OF BRASS IS NOT.

WHERE A FELLOW CAN GO SHOPPING
AND NOT HAVE TO SAY: "OH PLEASE,
SERGEANT, MAY I HAVE SOME TROUSERS,
MINE ARE WORN OUT AT THE KNEES."

PRIVATE POSTWAR PLANS,

WHERE THERE'LL BE NO SIGNS (OFF LIMITS)
AND THE FOLKS ARE ALL ONE CLASS
AND THEY SMILE AND SAY, "HI, NEIGHBOR!"
WHEN EVER WE CHANCE TO PASS.

AND WHILE WALKING IN THE EVENING
HOLDING HANDS WITH SOMEONE SWEET
I'LL NOT SHOVE HER DOWN OR BREAK AN ARM
TO SALUTE JOE, JACK OR PETE.

I'LL BE WORKING TO EARN MY MONEY
AND I'LL SAY JUST WHAT I THINK,
AND IF I CHOOSE TO DO SO
I'LL CHOOSE ANY PLACE TO BUY A DRINK.

THAT IS WHAT I'M GOING BACK TO
WHEN MY ARMY DAYS ARE THROUGH
AND WE'RE ALL DRESSED UP IN CIVVIES
AND I'M JUST AS GOOD AS YOU.

"MY GAL"

SHE WANTED MY PIN.
THEN WANTED MY HEART.
SAID, "I CAN'T LIVE
WHILE WE'RE APART."

... SHE'S LIVING...

SHE SAID "MY BELOVED,
WHAT WILL I DO?"

I KNOW I'LL NOT EAT
BEING AWAY FROM YOU."

... SHE'S EATING...

DOWN AT THE STATION
SHE STOOD SIGHING
SAID, "HOW CAN I SLEEP?"
AND STARTED CRYING.

... SHE'S SLEEPING...

WE KISSED AND PARTED
SHE PROMISED TO WRITE
BUT NOT A SINGLE WORD
SINCE I'M OUT OF SIGHT... SHE'S CHEATING...

MY GAI,

BUT, I NEVER WORRY,
I HAVE MY G.I. PAIS,
WHOM I WOULDN'T SWAP
FOR A MILLION SUCH GAIS.
... I'M LYING...

"AND EVEN THOUGH"

I'll see you TONIGHT - IN MY DREAMS
AND EVEN THOUGH WE ARE MILES APART
MY GREAT LOVE FOR YOU - IT SEEMS
WILL NEVER CEASE THIS TENDER HEART.

"SING A SONG OF OFFICERS"

I HAVE A LIEUTENANT OF TWENTY AND ONE
A NINETY-DAY WONDER IN PINKS,

"TAKE OVER," he'll tell me I MUST SLEEP IT OFF,
THAT LIQUOR IN TOWN REALLY STINKS!"

...SALUTE 'EM.

MY CAPTAIN GOES HAYWIRE WHEN UP AT THE FRONT
FORGETS TO GIVE ORDERS AND HIDES,

BUT BACK IN THE REAR HE COMES OUT OF HIS HOLE
AND ORDERS RESOUND FROM ALL SIDES.

...SALUTE 'EM.

MY MAJOR LIVES UP TO THE LEAF HE JUST EARNED
IN MANNER BEFITTING HIS CLASS

WITH WAITERS ^{SERVING A MONSTROUS} ~~SALVAGING~~, AN OPULENT MESS,

HE PLAYS TO THE BARK AND THE BRASS

...SALUTE 'EM.

MY COLONEL DRIVES OFF IN A PROXRAD SEDAN
SHINED UP BY A DETAIL OF TEN;

"MY MOTTO," HE SAYS TO THE NURSE AT HIS SIDE,

"IS EVERYTHING JUST FOR THE MEN."

...SALUTE 'EM.

SING A SONG OF OFFICERS.

Oh SING TO THE BARS, THE SPIT AND POLISH,
IN THE MANNER YOU KNOW WILL SUIT 'EM;
SINCE YOU CANNOT IGNORE THE FACT WE'RE
REPRESS YOUR DESIRE TO BOOT 'EM - ^{FT WAR,}

Hell!...SULATE 'EM.

"DAYDREAM"

I KNOW A PLACE WHERE NATURE DWELLS
DEEP IN A SHADY VALE,
WHERE LIFE'S A SLEEPY, LAZY DREAM;
WHERE PEACE AND CALM PREVAIL.

OFTEN AS A BOY I WADED
IN A COOL REFRESHING BROOK,
AND WATCHED THE FISHES SCURRY
TO SOME DEEPER, SAFER NOOK.

BENEATH A GIANT OAK TREE
WHERE GRASS GROWS TALL AND GREEN,
I USED TO LIE AND PONDER
ON MY LIFE, AS THEN UNSEEN.

Oh, TO GOD THAT I WERE BACK
WHERE LIFE'S NOT CRUEL OR HARD
WHERE WAR AND HATE AND UGLINESS
ARE FOREVER BARRIED.

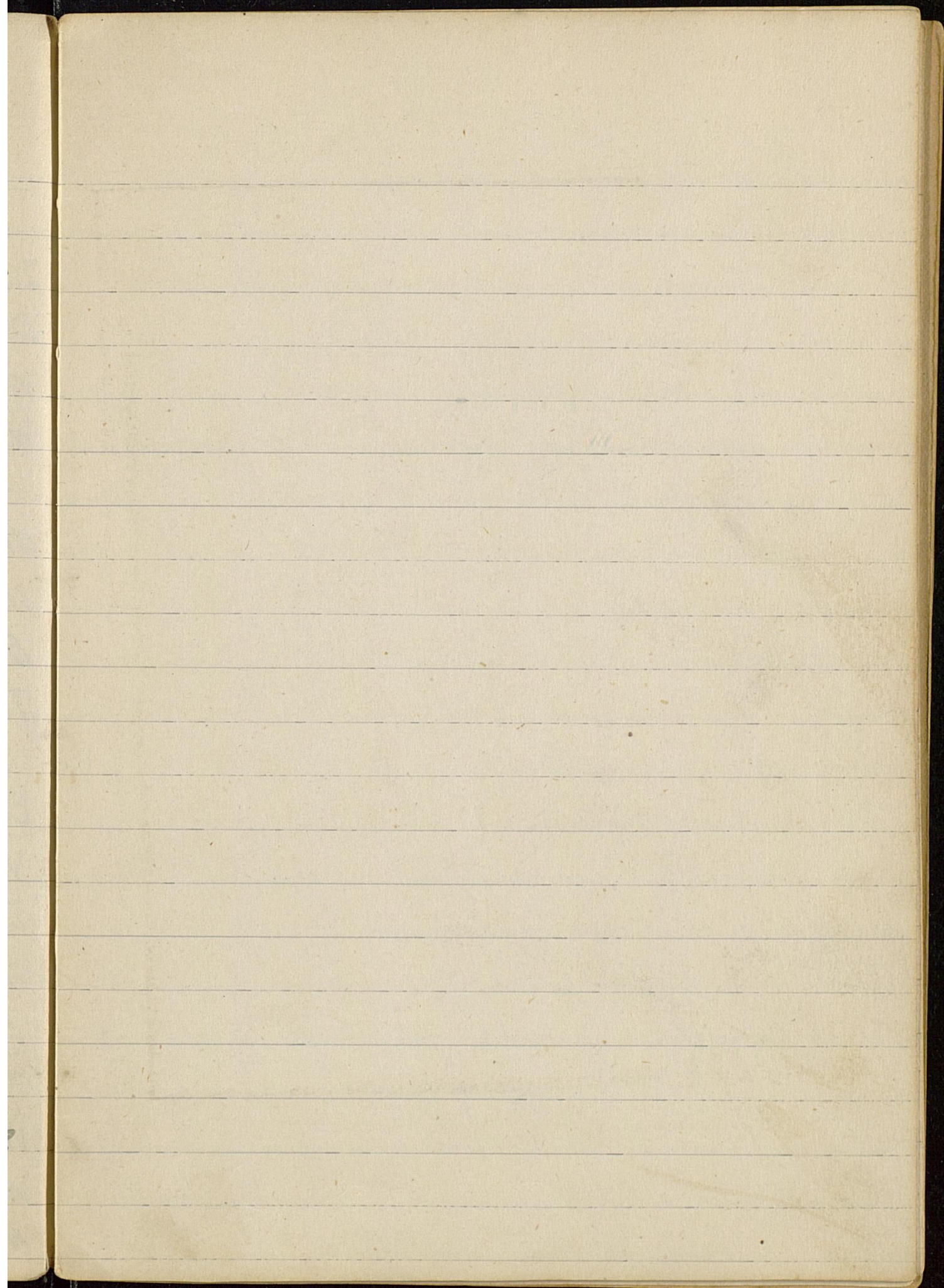
"Eyes of Blue"

HER EYES WERE JUST LIKE YOURS, SO BLUE
WHAT THIS WOMAN WAS, I KNEW
BUT YET SHE BORE NO BRANDING MARK
JUST A WOMAN IN THE PARK.

HER CARELESS KINDNESS MADE ME THINK
OF POLISHED MALICE SWATHED IN MINK
AND LESS HONEST SMILES IN PROPER MODE
AS SHE WALKED WITH ME TO HER ABODE.

I TALKED WITH HER, AND SHE WITH ME
LIKE A LADY, SHE GAVE ME TEA;
SIPPING AND TALKING WITH OUR EYES
WE KNEW NO NEED OF PLEASING LIES.

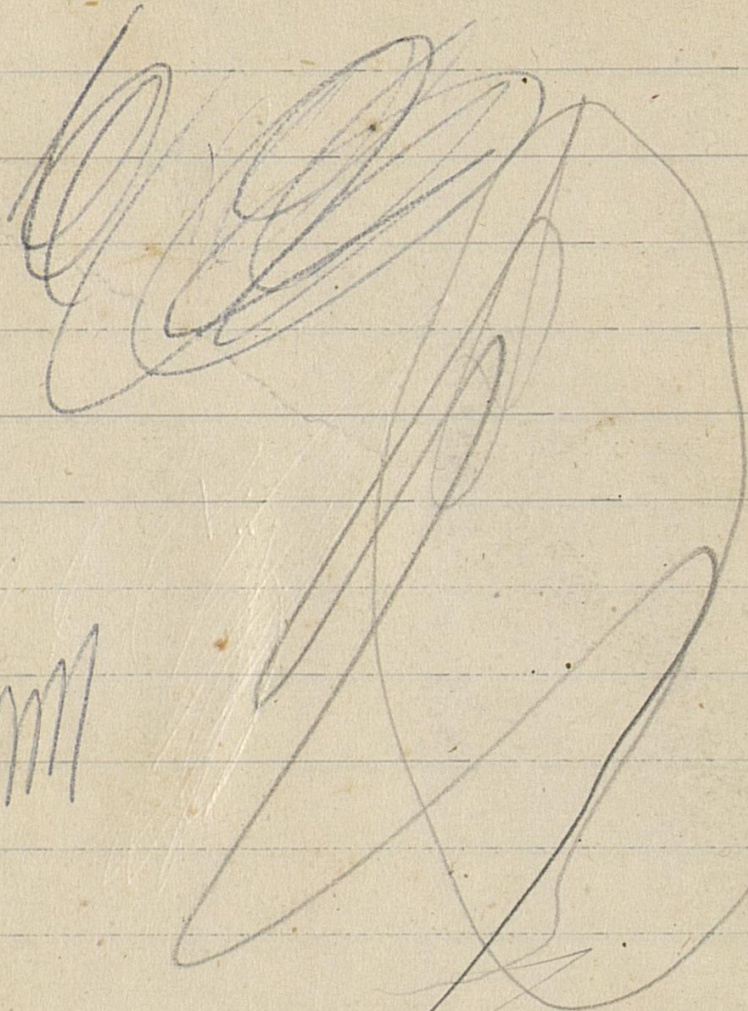
FOR AN HOUR I HAD NO NAME
MY CONSCIENCE LULLED - MY HEART AFLAME
BUT AT LAST ENCHANTMENT FLEW
HER EYES NO LONGER SEEMED SO BLUE.



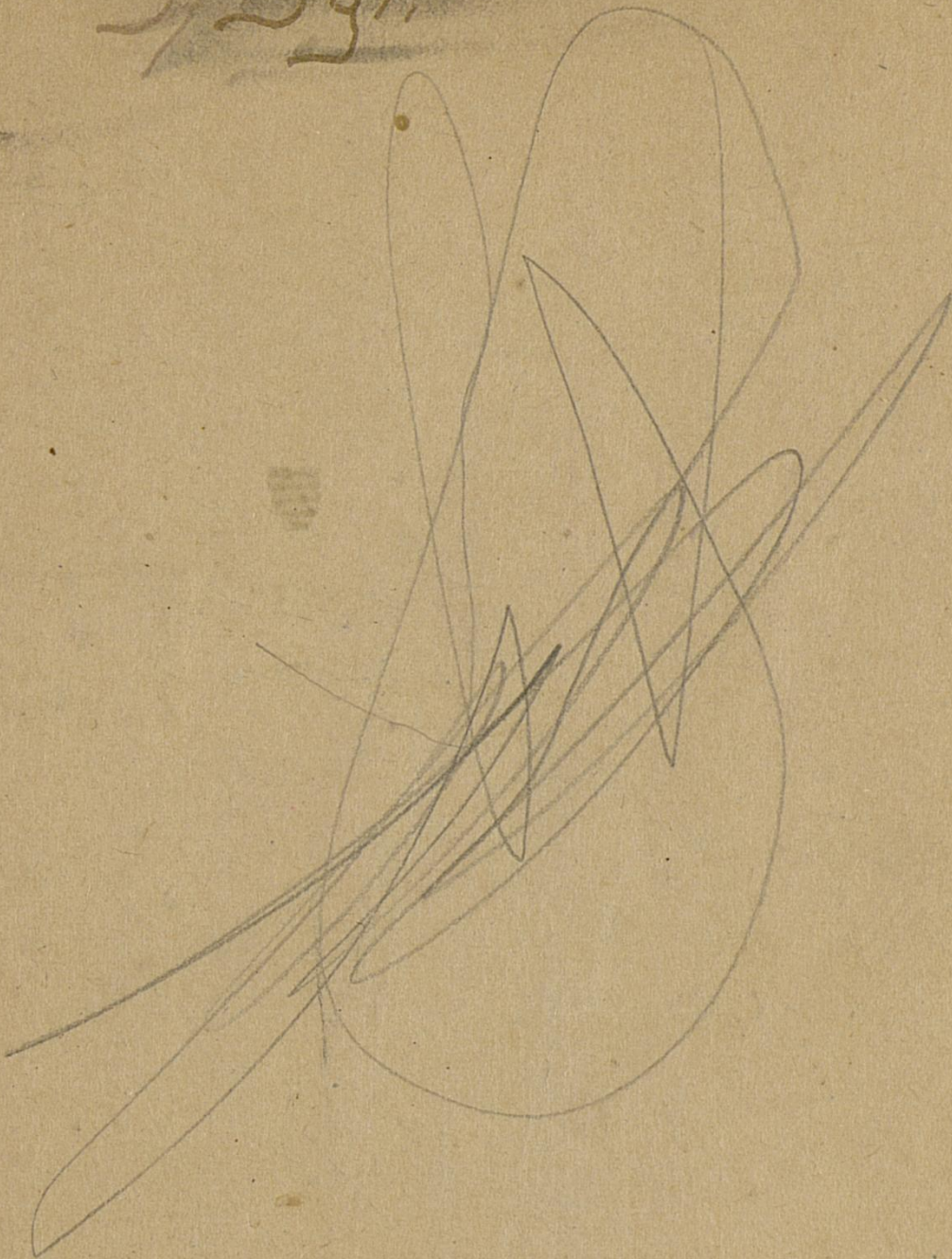
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MARSHALL F. WEBB
2170 IND. AVE.
LANSING ILLINOIS

