

SAGA OF THE A AND P PLATOON
...By Staff Sgt. Giorgio

It was early morn in December 44
When we arose to take off for some distant shore.
We arose at dawn so that we wouldn't be late,
But it was night before we caught our slow freight.

Our destination was unknown Dix, Meade or Sharks.
We saw New York for which we give thanks.
We spent a happy New Year in an army sort of way,
Doing K.P. just off Broadway.

The boys were all anxious to get away from the tents,
So off without passes over the fence.
East side west side they painted the town,
Each one trying his sorrows to drown.

We underwent a physical which was quite rough,
Two legs, two arms and an ass was enough.
By the time for the boat ride the boys were quite keen,
All were accepted alive and eighteen.

We boarded our boat just east of Weehawken.
With coffee and doughnuts and at New York a gawkin'.
All the lights of the town were plainly in view,
But they were not shinning for me nor you.

During the night the captain got fidgety
And took us right past the Statue of Liberty.
When we arose from a restless sleep,
We found ourselves way out in the deep.

For days and days we sailed the wild ocean,
With plenty of noise, complaints and commotion.
The navy just about drove us daft,
With abandon ship drills and sweeps for and aft.

Some of our boys just about lost their pants.
Who bet with the bookie we wouldn't hit France.
For one dull morning we saw
The battered coast of the Normandy shore.

Early in the morning we were ordered to debark.
What got off that boat, look like Noah's Ark.
With rifles and gas masks and bags in our hands,
We fell off the ship and could hardly stand.

We stood in the snow for four or five hours
Waiting for a truck that had to be ours.
Finally came the truck for which we were wishing,
It's a damn good thing we had no ammunition.

The truck broke down and we froze our asses,
Sustained by the hope of Paris passes.
It was quite a ride to Camp Lucky Strike,
At the worst it would have been a two mile hike.

Arriving at dawn we fell off with a thud,
Bags and men waist deep in mud.
The situation was normal, we were forsaken,
A ship for England our advance party had taken.

In view of the fact we were not expected,
Food was scarce and thievery accepted.
We wrote to our families packages to send,
One would steal from one's best friend.

Now and then for breakfast we had bread and jam,
But one big question was, who stole the ham?
All day long we dug fancy ditches,
Just to please some sons of bitches.

What would we be, combat or occupation?
No one knew, but of ideas there was no constipation.
You'd laugh like hell if Gertie you'd see
Making rounds at S.O.P.

Finally came payday and they handed us Francs,
A fine trick to play on card playing Yanks.
At craps instead of shooting a quarter,
Five hundred francs was lost like water.

One day it stopped raining and sun shone fair,
A damn good omen we soon would leave there.
We straightened our ditches a General to show.
Our tents we dressed right all in a row.

Some of the boys left in forty and eights,
They could have faired better on roller skates.
Others left in trucks a whole day later,
And got to Avancz ahead of the freighter.

Thru Dieppe, Soisson and Metz the French would hurray,
Cigaretts for papa per la Victoria.
Now that we were attached to Patton,
We had to move along like a hep cat Latin.

When we can to the river Saar
We learned there really was a war.
When we took of down 88 road,
It was easy to fill a large sized commode.

As we pass thru Reich Cities the Heinies would hoot,
Die Flige was here Allies Kapoot.
Now we are relieved and enjoying our ease,
Who said now we must learn Chinese?

So if you want a Latrine or a mine to be sown,
Rivers to cross of bridges to be blown.
Give us a call, let us know.,
We are all set and rarin' to go.

When this is all over we dream of a trip
Back over the ocean in any old ship.
And every night to God we pray
It'll be around Independence Day.