

Tramps?

They may look like tramps,
but they build your camps,
and they sometimes lead the advance.
They sweat red blood to bridge the flood,
to give you a fighting chance.
Who stays behind when it gets too hot,
to blow up your roads in the rear?
Just tell your wife she owes your life
to some muddy old engineer...
Some dusty, crusty, croaking, joking,
muddy old engineer.

-- From "Salute To The Engineers" by Cpl
Claude Radley, 18 Fd Coy RCE