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Poetry; The Engineers Lament; Lozer

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The Engineers Lament

Upon a wind-swept Plateau, and what a Hell of a spot,
Battling the Terrible dust storms, in the land that God forgot.
Into the brush with a rifle, Down in the ditch with a pick,
Doing the work of a nigger, and too tired to kick.
Up with the Hill-billes and Indians, up where a man gets blue,
Up near the top of a mountain and a thousand miles from you.
At nite the wind keeps howling, it's more than a man can stand,
Hell no we're not convicts, we're defenders of our land.
We're all living for to-morrow, only to see our grils,
Hoping that when we return, they're not married to our pals.
We are soldiers of one year service, earning our meagre pay,
Guarding the Wall-street millions, for seventy cents a day.
No one knows that we are living, and no one gives a dam,
Back home we are soon forgotten, we have been loaned to Uncle-Sam.
Only one year can we stand it, one year from our lives we miss,
Boy's don't let the army get you, and for God's sake don't re*enlist:

Written at Fort Leonard Wood the only place in the world where you
can stand in mud up to your knees and get dust in your eyes.

Pvt. Bill Lozer
Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.