

THE CCC'S DREAM OF HEAVEN

THE BUGLE CALL HAS SOUNDED TAPS AND OUT WENT EVERY LIGHT, SO
I HIT THE HAY IN MY TWO-BY-SIX TO SLEEP THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.

WHEN SUDDENLY A HEAVENLY VOICE, THE EVENING'S STILLNESS RENT.
T'WAS ST. PETER'S CALL FOR ME AND HEAVENWARD I WENT.

IT TOOK ME ONE THOUSAND YEARS, I DIDN'T JOURNEY FAST
BUT RATHER LIKE AN ERID FREIGHT OR A TROOP TRAIN GOING PAST.

I WONDERED WHY WE MADE NO STOPS UNTIL I HEARD ST. PETER SAY,
"WIDE TRACK ALL THE GENERALS BOYS, THERE'S A CCC ON THE WAY.

AT LAST I REACHED THE PEARLY GATES, IN AWE I GAZED AROUND
FOR THERE WERE FORTY OFFICERS ALL POLICING UP THE GROUNDS.

WHILE IN DISMAY A COLONEL STOOD FROM MORNING UNTIL LATE;
HE'D OVERSTAYED HIS ONE-DAY PASS AND COULDN'T PASS THE GATE.

AS I STOOD THERE LOOKING ON, ST. PETER CAME AND SHOOK ME BY THE
HAND. HE HAD MY 1-A CCC FORM WRAPPED IN A RED RUBBER BAND.

HE LOOKED IT OVER CAREFULLY AND SHOUTED THROUGH THE DOOR,
YOU'VE EARNED YOUR PLACE IN HEAVEN LAD. YOU'RE ONE OF THE CC
CORPS.

JUST BIDE YOUR TIME AND REST ALL YOU PLEASE THE TIME MEANS
NOTHING NOW. THE SARGEANTS WILL DO ALL THE WORK AND THE
CAPTAIN WILL SLING THE CHOW.

THE BARRICKS WERE OF MARBLE MADE, INSIDE WERE EASY CHAIRS
AND THE LOUIES FANNED MY FEVERED BROW WHILE THE CORPORALS SWEEP
THE STAIRS.

ONE SURGEON WITH A BROKEN LEG GOT SALTS AND THREE BLACK PILLS.
THEY HAD HIM MARKED FOR 'DUTY' TO CURE HIM OF HIS ILLS.

AT LAST I TIRED OF PLEASURE. UPON A FEATHER BED
I LAY, NO THOUGHTS OF REVEILLE, I'D SLEEP TILL NOON INSTEAD.

JUST THEN I HEARD A LOUD ROUGH VOICE, INTO MY EAR IT SPOKE.
TIS FIVE O'CLOCK, LINE UP OUTSIDE!" AND THEN OH HELL! I WOKE.

I GRABBED MY TURSTY OVERCOAT AND TOOK THE MORNING AIR
AND ANSWERED TO MY TRUSTY NAME THEN WASHED AND COMBED MY HAIR.

I ATE MY CHOW IN SILENCE WITH NO THOUGHTS OF WORK BEFORE,
AND PROUD TO BE WITH UNCLE SAM, A CCC AND NOTHING MORE.
