

This was found in my grandfather's war album. I was typed on onion skin and folded and almost worn out. Thanks to Wayne Daniel "Toby" Tolenaar, "Grampa Toby".

SO YOU'VE BEEN TO KOREA

Three friends were sitting around a bar;
Each one smoking a big cigar;
Each one guzzling down a beer;
Each one's eyes were wide with fear.
Each one decided to go to war,
To keep the Japs from his back door,
But joined up in a different branch.
The marine arose on steady feet,
His eyes were filled with much conceit,
"When This is over we'll meet again,
And I'll tell you stories of real men."
The Sailor smiled, "You will learn and
You will hear of my return,"
The Soldier didn't say a word. He
Looked as if he hadn't heard.
"I'll neither brag nor boast, my men,
Until I'm sure I'm back again."
And then they made a farewell bet,
A bet they never would forget.
The one whose story was the best,
The beer would be paid for by the rest.

The war was over and they came back.
They were drinking beer in the same old shack.
The Soldier with ribbons on his chest
Stood right up before the rest,
The marine arose with a big smile
And laughed at the sailor for quite a while.
"Friends, I really saw a fight
In Italy, France, and then the Reich.
I saw action in the South Seas
Now try to top that if you please.
I killed Germans to my delight
Far more than I could ever recite.
You'd really lose your appetite
If I told you of my every site."
The Soldier didn't say a word
But look as if he hadn't heard,
Then hops up and hits the bar with a slam
And said, "I was in Korea, by damn'n"
The marine jumped up and the sailor, too.
"Brother, we owe the drink to you."
For each had heard and each knew well,
That there sat a man Who'd returned from hell!

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