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Title: **Feser-V1-063**
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Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

Courtesy of Bonnie Jean Bacon Feser (see cover sheet)

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.

TWAS ST. PETER'S CALL FOR ME AND HEAVEN-
WARD 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 SWEPT 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 TRUSTY 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.

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