

THE PLIGHT OF AN ARMY WIFE

Who said that, "Variety is the spice of life."
No doubt 'twas first said by an army wife!
For the poor girl never knows just where she's at.
Her home is wherever HE parks his hat.

She moves every two years into new sets of quarters.
During which time she births sons and daughters!
She packs up to move to the plains of Nebraska,
then orders are changed and they go to Alaska.

Her house may be a hut with no room for expansion.
It may be a tent or perhaps it's a mansion.
Then she uncrates the furniture in snow or in rains,
and lays the linoleum between labor pains.

She wrangles saw horses and builds all the beds.
Makes curtains of target-cloth she last used for spreads.
She no more than gets settled when she must dress up pretty,
And go to a party and be charming and witty.

She must know contract pules, mah jong and chess,
and whether a straight or a flush is the best.
On every subject she must know how to discourse,
She must swim, ski, and golf and ride any troop horse.

She must know songs and traditions of the KAYDET Corps.
And she fast learns all details how HE won the war.
She jitterbugs with Lieutenants who always are glamorous,
then waltzes with Colonels who are usually amorous.

She must drink all concentions gin, whiskey and beer,
But of course moderately or she'll wreck HIS career.
He insists on economy, questions every checkstub,
Yet her house must be run like a hotel or club.

For she entertains at all hours, both early and late,
For any number of guests, eighty or eight.
The first of each month, there is plenty of cash,
So she serves turkey or ham--but the last week it's hash.

She juggles the budget for a now tropical worsted,
though the seams on her own best outfit are bursted.
then she just gets the uniform payments arranged,
When the blouse is no-good. Regulations have changed.

One year she has servents and lives like a lady,
the next she does her own work as she has a new baby.
that there'll be a bank balance, she has no assurance,
it all goes for likker or some damned insurance!

At an age to retire, HE is still hale and hearty,
Fit as a fiddle, the life of the party,
While SHE is old and haggard, cranky and nervous, --
Really a wreck after HIS thirty years service.

But even then, when all's said and done--
She still believes that Army life's fun,
She has loved every minute...and why, good grief--
She'd have been bored with doctor or merchant chief.

But there's the fancy medal- and all Army men wear it.
It's their wives should have it-that LEGION OF MERIT!

"ANONYMOUS"