Good ole

C 3 C's

words by
Sunny Winston
1105 Company
Camp Charles M. Smith

music by
Ernest F. Jones
Music Director
Camp Charles M. Smith

presented by
SIXTH DISTRICT GAZETTE
Camp Charles M. Smith
WATERBURY, VERMONT

Price 25 Cents
Good Ole Three C. C's

Lyrics by
SUNNY WINSTON

Music composed by
ERNEST F. JORES

We joined the C. C. C. Just to see what we could see And learn what the

scheme was all about, Believe me it's the berries Life's a

great big bowl of cherries In the good ole three C. C's. We
2. We wake up in the morn
   When the frost is on the corn
   And the bugler's blowing reveille,
   But when the roll is calling
   From our bunks we will be falling
   In the good ole three C. C's.

3. We all line up for chow
   And I often wonder how
   They ever cook enough to feed us all
   You hear the big fat cookies
   Holler, just a bunch of rookies
   In the good ole three C. C's.

4. We all fall out for work
   For our duties we can't shirk
   There's work enough for all of us to do,
   We'll build a great big dammy
   For our dear old uncle Sammy
   In the good ole three C.C's.

5. Now when our work is through
   And there's nothing more to do
   We'll take a run down to the post exchange
   To meet old Tom and Jerry
   And forget about our worry
   In the good ole three C.C's.

6. The curfew rings at ten
   And it will not ring again
   So we'd better hurry to our little bunks,
   Down the back road we'll come creeping
   And saw wood while we are sleeping
   In the good ole three C.C's.

7. When mother's get our check
   See old daddy stretch his neck
   Little brother Johnnie jumps with glee
   Our sister's went to college
   But we get all of our knowledge
   In the good ole three C.C's.

8. We looked around for news
   That would drive away our blues
   We found a paper called the Happy Days
   Right in our recreation
   We get all the information
   Bout the good ole three C. C's.