

The Fighting Men of the 381st  
by Earl G. Kost, 381st Anti-tank

These are the men who have seen the worst  
The fighting men of the three-eighty-first  
Through mud and rain, on coral and sand  
They fought, some died, in a far-off land

When in the States in Forty-Two  
They wore the patch of white and blue  
Their time was spent in rugged drilling  
The Oregon nights were wet and chilling

Then at last their training was done  
They knew there was a war to be won  
So off they went, prepared for the worst  
these hearty men of the 381st

In the month of October in Forty-Four  
They made a landing on an enemy shore  
There was rain and mud, mosquitoes and flies  
and enemy snipers concealed in the trees

Day after day this torture went on  
Till finally one day the battle was won  
They were rugged fighters, they had proven this true  
Something bigger was coming, this they all knew

So after a rest, they boarded the ships  
Again on there for a crack at the Nips  
So on April the first, they landed once more  
On Okinawa, Japan's front door

They fought this fight from hill to hill  
They pleaded with God, their fate was his will  
Again they fought in rain and mud  
Buying each ridge with American blood

Then the great news came, the battle was o'er  
They had won the fight for Japan's front door

Now the battles are over, VJ day is here  
Strike up the band, let's give a big cheer  
Hold your heads high men, 'cause you've seen the worst  
You fighting men of the 381st