

MEDITATIONS OF A
"GOB" WITH MUMPS

Feb. 16,
1943

Just lend me your attention,
It won't take me long,
I'm only a sailor with the mumps,
So just place this in your memory,
Where you think it belongs,
There is a hospital at Great Lakes
It's known quite well by all,
The "Gobs" there are all doctored
Both young, fat, slim and tall,
There are the "Gobs" from Navy pier
And many boys from Camp Green
Bay,

They all run contagious races
From camps both near and far away.
There are the doctors and all the staff
They try their best to help you,
Yet some of their funny wise-cracks
You can mark are really very true.
There's the little white beds with
wheels and brakes,
They are very comfortable and adored,
Yet to lie in one ten days,
That's the custom of the ninety-two
wards.

Now there's the corpsmen and nurses
neat,
They have their jolly airs,
They joke and laugh with all
Yet they realize the necessity of all
their military cares.

Now here's us "Gobs" all with the
mumps,
All with jaws big and small,
But all the pains and cramps
Are really "cussed" by all.
We have books and a radio for enter-
tainment,
To drive our blues away,
But we wake up each morning,
And find the dam mumps there from
day to day.

As soon as you are up and able to go
You're detailed to some work crew,
There is much work to be done
So each one and all must do.
Now there's the galley
And all its crew,
There's decks to sweep and heads to
swab
And gosh, what else have you.
Now thanks for your attention
As twenty-nine days in a hospital is
really quite a stay,
But I hope again when I see you
I'm feeling better than today.
Now to close my little poem,
Folks I'm really proud to say
I'm just another "Gob" in uniform
Fighting for the good old U. S. A.

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cago, Illinois.