

MOTHER'S  
GOOD BOY

Feb. 16, 1943

You say he can't stand the Army  
The life is too hard. How sad,  
But do you think he's any better  
Than any other mother's lad!  
You brought him up like a baby.  
He doesn't smoke or drink, is your  
brag,

If all the others were like him  
What would become of our flag.  
You say, "Let the roughnecks do the  
fighting,

They are used to beans and stew."  
I'm glad to be classed with the rough-  
necks

Who fight for the red, white and blue.  
We go to drill in bad weather,  
Come in with a grin on our face,  
While your darling son sits in the  
parlor,

And lets a man fight in his place.  
You say his girl friend couldn't  
Bear to send her sweetheart with the  
rest

Do you think she will be proud of him  
When she feels the Japs breath on  
her breast?

You're right, we do smoke and we  
gamble.

But we fight as our forefathers did  
So go warm the milk for his bottle,  
Thank God we don't need your kid.

And thank God the stars in old glory  
Are not blurred with any such stain.  
For there are ten million roughnecks  
That carry red blood in their veins.

And when the war is all over  
And again back home will return  
You can think of all the roughnecks  
And the job that was well done.

—Pvt. Herbert Brammer,  
Camp Hood, Texas.