

Our Brother in Vietnam

Our brother's gone to Vietnam,
To fight there in the war,
We didn't think we'd miss him much,
He used to get us sore.

But now we keenly wait for news,
Of all he's seen and done,
His letters interest all of us,
He writes its not all fun.

He's working amongst the wounded men,
And in the fighting too,
They tramp through jungle and wet mud,
Not far from Bien Phu.

Now we count the days with him,
For time of his return,
And hope a lesson had been shown,
That countries all will learn.

(subject being Ian A McDougall, 4717396, RAAMC, 5RAR, 1965/67)

Written by Mrs M M Everett (nee Charles) – 1892 to 1982 (maternal grandmother of subject) about April 1967.