

SEA STORY - A POEM
Provided by Tim Brady (68-69)
TIN CAN SAILORMAN

Memories of those haze, gray ships come creeping from my past.

And I, a tin can sailorman, I want to make them last.

We manned the sleek destroyer types, those Grayhounds of the sea,
which growled, and prowled, and roamed the world to try to keep men free.

We've steamed up the Saigon River, and off the Cuban shore.

We've fought in the Gulf of Leyte, and sank the subs of war.

We've often done the thankless jobs and we've always done them well,
and if tomorrow you needed us, we'd fight the dogs of hell.

I can still hear the turbine's whine, and smell the salt sea air.

And feel the wind at twenty knots and know there's power to spare.

I remember the sound of a bos'en's call, of "sweepers, man your brooms,"

And foreign ladies in foreign lands, and liberty ending too soon.

I was younger then, and braver then, along on a joyous ride,

But I notice after all these years, that I'm still filled with pride.

For shipmates I've not seen in years, for a ship that's long since gone.

Cause I was a tin can sailorman, and mine is a heartfelt song.

A poem humbly submitted by Ed Whitehead

USS Walton (DE 361)