



Atkron 12 Newsletter



Volume II, Issue 3

August 2003

Ubangi

Newsletter

You can see that I have changed the layout somewhat with this issue. I am now using Microsoft Word but it is a slow process because I am unfamiliar with it at this point. I'm sure I will get used to it sooner or later.

Some of you have submitted things for the newsletter and some have not. I try to send out email messages prior to publishing to remind the non-contributors, but the pickins are getting slim. So, for those of you without email, that have not submitted a bio, story, or something. I encourage you to mail me anything for the next or following issues. Also there are several of you that have not completed the Application form, I am sending you another, please mail it back to me,,,,,Thanks.

The Word From The West

INSURANCE POOR IN THE LATE '70s

AT CECIL: This is a state of being that young men could find themselves in, very easily. Some of you will recall the situation because it is a fate that befell you as well. Remember the "drill"? At

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Ubetcha

Sea Stories

The way things go wrong.

It was a dark and stormy night....No ! Wait it was just before dawn. Dead calm. During my years in VA 12 learning to be a plane captain for the A 4 was on the job training. Some words of caution from Chief Hendrick or Chief Yarberrry, a day with Floyd Urschel and off you went to be a second mech for some, you hoped understanding, plane captain. They moved you from plane to plane so you could decide which bad habits you wanted to keep. On our first trip to the Tonkin Gulf I shared plane captain duties with B J Smith, half the line crew at the time last name was Smith .AJ ,RJ BJ,FM etc. For the second trip, being real salty with one months experience, I got my own plane and an eager 2nd Mech, like I knew what was going on. The plot thickens Second Mech's very first flight deck experience is an early morning pre dawn launch. Our plane is parked first to go on the starboard cat. An A-4 first to go? We were on deck the plane was fueled and loaded and we talked about how this well rehearsed ballet was going to work. For the first few hops he would watch and ask questions later stay out of trouble, the same way I learned. With a half hour before the start he asks if there is anything he could do. I said he could polish the canopy if he liked because when we got busy that was usually neglected. Just as he finishes covering it completely with the opaque polish the Air Boss comes over the horn and says this launch is going early, like right now. How often does that happen? I turn around and there is

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Cecil Field, you had to have a car. This required money. You also needed to have insurance, which required more money. Driving the car required gasoline, requiring still more money. So the bottom line is that I never had much money and for that one major reason I never just dinked around on the base itself. That woulda cost me the money I had to spend on insurance! Now pretty soon we are all going to be talking about April 2004 and our Reunion in Jacksonville. And the odd idea strikes me once again that 25 years after I mustered out of the Navy, in February 1979, what kind of weird reversal of fate have we got going?

1. I will be returning with my wife, when I was single before.
2. We're going to have a nice rental car, while I had a series of semi-beaters before.
3. Car payments have gone up astronomically, while the beaters were relatively cheap back then.
4. Gasoline was up to \$1.82 in Salem the other day, and it might have been 25-30 cents a gallon then.
5. Now that I am older, the insurance has actually gone down, it just killed me then.
6. And I am going to drive places on the base that I never went to before. I am going to merrily drive all over the base. I am probably going to drive more miles around the base in 2 or 3 days - 25 years later - than I ever did when I was serving on Active Duty.

BOYS & THEIR TOYS:

I was one of these kids you run across occasionally that loved to build models. Cars, planes, a ship every so often. A couple years ago I found out that there was a large-scale (1/350th) model of CV-65 Enterprise, so I instantly decided to tackle it, but from my youth I knew it was probably wise to resurrect and restore the model-building skills with a smaller vessel, like a destroyer, in the same scale. Well, this has now started to get a bit ridiculous. I have now got models of CV-65 Enterprise, CV-62 Independence and CV-69 Eisenhower (both in a

much, much smaller scale than the Enterprise), DD-445 Fletcher, DD-446 Radford, and BB-63 Missouri. But that's just the ships! I have aircraft models of an A4-C Skyhawk, FA-18 A Hornet, and just finished an A7-E Corsair. There is still an F-14 Tomcat in the box to be built, and I wouldn't mind trying another version of the Hornet that is out there. Plus, one company has got an F-8 Crusader out now, and there is the ubiquitous F-4 Phantom II to be done. I had all of this stuff, including the Enterprise, sitting inside of a curio cabinet that we bought but it is real tough getting the large model in there to begin with and then doing stuff with it later. ***Doing stuff with it?*** We had a funeral get-together here at our house and lots of relatives came in. One of them is my wife's cousin and she is married to a guy who was in the Navy, it turns out he had served on the Enterprise in 1969-70. He was looking at the flight deck, and the little tiny scale tractors, and scale Tilly over by the island, and the scale miniature A6, A7, S-3, F-18, F-14 and other aircraft from different eras scattered all over the deck. The model even has scale JBDs that can be installed or not, arresting gear wires, and basically the whole 9 yards.

His wife, and some others had gathered around. I was telling him that I had decided to get it out of the curio cabinet because it was too cramped in there, and it was just too hard to do stuff. He's looking at the model, he's been telling his wife about this thing, and that thing, and shit-oh-dear he almost got blown off the fantail by an F-4 one time. He's looking at the whole deck scene, catapults 1 through 4 all there, and the to-scale aircraft. The rest of the folks gathered around are wondering why 2 grown men are having an animated conversation about moving what looks like a toy model ship (OK, a big toy) out of a curio cabinet and onto a table under a plexiglas cover. I said, yeah, it'd be easy to take the plexiglas cover off, and then Greg pipes in without missing a beat, *so you can conduct flight operations!*

John Larch 76-79

VA12 2004 REUNION

The Date and Place are set. Now we need to fill up our itinerary. If you have suggestions or ideas of things you'd like to do or see as a group while we are in Jacksonville, please drop me a line and let me know. As time gets closer we will need to make some decisions regarding our Banquet, but I will let you know about that later on. Remember you may arrive a day early and stay a day late for the same reduced rate. Below is a first draft of our agenda. To reserve your room call **1-800-590-4767**

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

REUNION BEGINS APRIL 23, 2004

PLACE : **SunSpree Holiday Inn Resort
Jacksonville Beach, FL**

TIME: **4 P.M. Check in/Registration**

I expect to have a table set up in the lobby area for you to pick up name tags and materials.

ICE BREAKER (CRUSHER)

PLACE: **Hotel Hospitality Suite**

TIME: **6 p.m.**

A time to get together, reacquaint, meet other era Ubangi's and spill some beer.

DAY TWO APRIL 24, 2004

SPECIAL EVENT T.B.A.

PLACE: TBA

TIME: A.M.

Maybe a Tour of Mayport.

SPECIAL EVENT T.B.A.

PLACE: TBA

TIME: P.M.

Maybe a Tour of Cecil Field, or what used to be Cecil Field.

SQUADRON BANQUET

PLACE: **Hotel Dining Room**

TIME : **P.M. TBA**

Dinner, and hopefully some form or Entertainment

DAY THREE APRIL 25, 2004

SPECIAL EVENT T.B.A.

PLACE: TBA

TIME: A.M.

MAYBE A GOLF SCRABBLE

the pilot, who in the hurry up grabbed all his stuff but his helmet. How often does that happen? I can't send 2nd Mech for the helmet, first day, in the dark, he'll never find the Ready Room. That leaves me, I run as fast as I can down to the ready room grab the helmet, back up on deck. By the time I get back the plane is running the pins are out and it's being hooked up to the catapult. Even in the steam from the cat I could see the canopy is still covered. They say hindsight is twenty twenty, but 37 years later I'm still not sure how I should have handled this. I yelled, screamed, waved, pointed jumped up and down, no body takes notice. I'm a plane captain up where I don't belong and like "out of the way kid we know what were doing." Seconds later off goes one the squadrons best liked and respected pilots. This is going to be real bad and it's my fault. I go back to the line shack and there isn't anyone to tell my story to. Nightmarish outcomes start piling up in my head. One thing I don't think of is that when the pilot figures what has happened he would dump everything and land at the end of the launch so we were not up to recover the plane. Up on deck there it sits on the bow in the bright morning sun with a white canopy. Not our finest hour. The rest of the day I wait for the whip to come down. When the last hop is recovered, Chief Yarberry, who had just taken over the line, took me aside and asked what had happened. I explained the events to him and he must have pleaded my case to the higher ups. It was never spoken of again not even in jest. I can't speak for the pilot but for me whenever i pass a vacant store front, with the windows whitewashed a chill runs down my spine.

FM Smith 66-68

Reservations Made

These guys have committed, now the rest of you get off your butts.

Bob Fossum
Joel Parrish
Eddie Annibale
George Hinds

John Larch
Neal Russo
Jack Yezzi
Joe Kyle

Life

This was sent to me by one of my fellow AK's Jon Sutherland. It may be familiar to some of you, read it anyway as it has a Ubangi ending.

"A professor stood before his Philosophy 101 class and had some items in front of him. When the class began, wordlessly, he picked up a very large and empty mayonnaise jar and proceeded to fill it with golf balls. He then asked the students if the jar was full. They agreed that it was.

The professor then picked up a jar of pebbles and poured them into the jar. He shook the jar lightly. The pebbles, of course, rolled into the open spaces between the golf balls. He then asked the students again if the jar was full. They agreed it was.

The professor then picked up a box of sand and poured it into the jar and, of course, the sand filled up everything else. He asked once more if the jar was full. The students responded with a unanimous "Yes"

The professor then produced two cans of beer from under the table and proceeded to pour the entire contents into the jar, effectively filling the empty space between the grains of sand. The students laughed.

Now, said the professor, as the laughter subsided, "I want you to recognize that this jar represents your life. The golf balls are the important things – your family, your partner, your health, your children, your friends, your favorite passions – things that if everything else was lost and only they remained, your life would still be full. The pebbles are the other things that matter, like your job, your house, your car. The sand is everything else - the small stuff. If you put the sand in the jar first there is no room for the pebbles or the golf balls. The same goes for your life. If you spend all your time and energy on the small stuff, you will never have room for all the things that are important to you. Pay attention to the things that are critical to your happiness. Play with your children, Take time for medical checkups. Take your partner out dancing, Play another 18. There will always be time to go to work, clean the house, give a dinner party and fix the disposal. Take

care of the golf balls first – the things that really matter. Set your priorities. The rest is just sand.

One of the students raised her hand and inquired what the beer represented. The professor smiled. "I'm glad you asked. It just goes to show you that no matter how full your life may seem, there's always room for a couple of beers."

Jon Sutherland 67-68

Our Connection

News from Captain Tallant

The warriors on the good ship Nashville have been deployed for 4x months, with another 4x months to go.. We're doing well, currently enjoying the summer climate of the Persian Gulf (110-115 degrees & humid!)..

Otherwise, you'd be pleased to know that Nashville Warriors carried some Ubangi blood with them as they were full participants in the Operation Iraqi Freedom. As we always knew; bombs on target, on time.. Or, in our case, Marines on the ground, in the fight, on time! All the best to the Ubangi's of old. The reunion sounds like fun, but is too far out for my Naval schedule (too many unknowns), so I'll have to beg off for a while. But, until the next time..

Blue Skies, Always..

Vandal 84-86

VA12 Association Members

Here are names of those that have joined our ranks since the last newsletter.

Norm Cooper	72, 76
Jackie Grant	55, 58
Jon Sutherland	66, 67
Claude Crocker	72, 75
Laird Brinley	85, 86
James Milam	85, 86
Cecil Williams	68, 71

Sea Story

Though my days in VA-12 were somewhat short by Navy standards, it was by far one of the best tours of my career. Coming off of the CLAW-1 staff, I was ordered in as the AO Chief and joined

the World Famous Ubangi's in May of 1985. Gunner Laird Brinley and I checked in nearly simultaneously. Laird relieved Gunner Bob "Uncle Bob" Wildermuth, and I relieved AOCS Tom Valentin. CDR Harry "Frog" Conner was the CO, and if memory serves, CDR Larry Osbourne was the XO. Gunner Brinley and I had a great shop full of extremely talented and well trained Ordies. At the time, AO1 Eddie Dortch was cracking the whip on the youngsters! Ed being one of the many who have gone on to make Gunner himself! Fred Avery and Billy Crews, as well, to name a few others. There was an incredible amount of talent in the squadron when I arrived. I was a very fortunate young AOC! By the way, that's when I first met a young JO aviator by the name of Shawn Tallant!!! One of my dear friends to this very day, CWO4 Jim Elias, who I worked with at CLAW-1, was performing the AMO chores in squadron at that time. I also became great friends with our 1520, an Ensign Ken Campitelli. Shawn, I and several other Ubangi's were swordsmen for Ken and Patti Campitelli's wedding, held right there at the NAS Cecil Field chapel. Good times indeed.

In December of 85, I learned that I had somehow managed to slip past the selection board process and selected for CWO2. In July of 86, with family and friends gathered in the hangar, I had the distinct honor of being commissioned by CDR Harry Conner and the entire Ubangi crew. Timing is everything as they say, and it was a good time to be leaving VA-12 as NAVAIR, in their infinite wisdom, had decided the Ubangi's were to be decommissioned at the end of FY 86 (September 30, 1986). Sad to be leaving VA-12 and Cecil Field, off I went to Pensacola, and orders in hand to join the Chargers of VA-27 out in ever-sunny NAS Lemoore, California. Frankly, at the time, I was happy to be staying in the Corsair community! I caught up with the Chargers off of Oman about a month into their 86-87 WESTPAC and stayed with them through the 1990 deployment. And the rest, as they say, is another story all together. Best if saved for another time and told over several cold beers at the club. Well, that is ... to anyone who is willing to listen.

For this story is supposed to be about the World

Famous Flying Ubangi's! To this day, without a doubt, the finest squadron and insignia ever! As a young Ordnanceman, I recall nearly everyone wanting desperately to become a Ubangi! They always seemed to enjoy the "best of the best" of everything! I have made more lasting friendships as a result of my abbreviated tour in VA-12, than anywhere else in my 30-year Navy career. The saying alone, "Ubangi-Ubetcha," rings out with a deep sense of pride in belonging to one of the greatest fraternities anyone could ever hope to become a part of. It was the envy of everyone in the community! So much so, that I feel it is necessary for me to apologize for a serious wrong that has been committed to the memory of VA-12 and the coveted Ubangi insignia.

As the Gunner at the Strike Fighter Weapons School at NAS Cecil Field and then at NAS Oceana for a short while, (DEC 1999) after NAVAIR (again in it's infinite wisdom) decided to close down the greatest master jet base on the East coast ... I was approached by the XO, CDR Otto Stutz, (a former Corsair driver himself) about an idea of his. Having just relocated the command to our new digs in the already overcrowded NAS Oceana area, to commemorate the occasion and to help boost morale, Otto wanted to develop a new command patch/insignia for the SFWSL gang. He came into my office one morning and asked me for my ideas on the subject. To which I emphatically responded, "XO, for my money, the greatest squadron logo EVER ... is right there on my cruise box ... Victor Alpha Ace Deuce!!! Ubangi-Ubetcha!!! Immediately, I could see the "kid-in-a-candyshop" grin taking over his mug! As he asked me if he could borrow my last remaining zapper, I remember begging him as he high-stepped it out the door with it, "NO!!! You can't be serious!?!? It's sacrilegious!!! Nothing good can ever come from this Otto! We'll all burn in hell!"

Otto, I hate to rat you out like this, but it's for your own good ... someday you'll thank me. Well, to make a short story longer ... he did it. Otto had one of the SWTI's draw up the art work for him, and with seemingly total disregard for the honor of all former Ubangi's, and complete abandon for all the impending ridicule that such a despicable

act might bring upon them, they decided to besmirch the coveted "Kiss of Death" logo and use it anyway. And sadly enough ... NAVAIR ... (once again, in its corporate-like, infinite wisdom) blessed this perverted, treasonous act! Trust me when I tell you, it isn't good. For his sake, come Judgment Day, I pray that Otto was attempting to pay homage to the legendary Ubangi's, but it doesn't appear that way when you see the new patch. It's **not** good!

Since then, as the F-14 Tomcats are steadily being replaced by the FA-18E/F Super Hornet aircraft, SFWSL and SWATSL have merged into one command. Whether the newly united command is still using the same hideous excuse of a logo is a bit beyond my scope here in my retired days.

In closing, I want to apologize to all Ubangi's for my actions. I have no excuse to offer. In retrospect, on that morning when Otto first approached me with the question, I so wish I would have held my tongue and slowly nudged my small cruise box under the desk and out of his view. No, instead I had to be a proud former Ubangi and show off the world's greatest squadron insignia! For committing this sin of sins, which I am indeed guilty of, for my penance I would ask the entire Ubangi tribe to allow me to put up the first keg at the next reunion. Given that and hopefully with time ... you may somehow be able to find it in your hearts to forgive me.

Sincerely,

CWO4 Pat "Gunz" Walters, USN (ret) 85-86

P.S. For my friend, CWO4 James "Aloysius P. Toad" Elias, USN (Ret) ... stay strong and keep the faith, homeboy

Treasury Report

Our current balance is \$415.73, of which \$270 is earmarked for Reunion Deposits. Total funds collected to date \$1199.64

Expenses

Stamps	252.56	Cartridges	190.82
Paper	39.58	Seals	6.35
Envelopes	12.17	Decals	21.18
Hotel Deposit	\$250	Postcards	11.25
		Total	\$783.91

Bio

I was born in a town called Norway, Michigan; population of 3,500 people. So when I got on the USS Roosevelt there were more people on that ship than in my whole town. I joined the Navy in 1965 primarily to avoid the draft. I joined as a reservist and was assigned to NAS Glenview; where I was assigned to an Anti-Sub warfare squadron. This seemed kind of strange for an area about 2 thousand miles from either coast but we were ready. I spent 1 year there going to weekend meetings and 2 week cruises. Well all good things come to an end and I was called to active duty. I went to Philadelphia to transient barracks and they did not seem to know what to do with me. So I sat around and did little to nothing. This went on for several days. I was then assigned to a group who was going to march in a parade. So we practiced marching for several days. We were then told to return to the barracks. The Navy had found some other group who knew how to march already to go in the parade. (I guess we were lousy marchers.) Well I finally got orders to go to Mayport Naval Base in Jacksonville and meet the Squadron VA-12. So off I went. I got to Mayport and they didn't seem to know about a squadron named VA-12. It was late in the day so they sent me to the transient barracks and was told to come back tomorrow. Did I say I was happy to go to VA-12 because I was told that the squadron was an east coast squadron and we would be going to the Mediterranean and possibly Norway, Sweden, Finland, Etc. I'm sure you all remember how heavy that sea bag is when it's full. Well I hauled that bag about 2 miles to the transient barracks. Only to find out that the NCO in charge knew where the squadron was and it was not at that base. He told me to go to get the bus and that I had better get a move on because the last bus left in 1/2 hour. So I shucked that big bag and me back to where I had come from and found the bus and finally after a hour or two arrived at Cecil Field and Squadron VA-12. I checked in and was told they were shipping out on the USS Roosevelt in 5 days off to West Pac and Viet Nam for 1 year. Well I almost cried. Can you imagine, I joined to avoid all of this? So I was given a 3-day pass to go home and say good-bye to the Family. Well I

had just left 2 weeks ago so no one was quite sure why I was home.

Well off to sea we went (this was 1966). That fellow who wrote about confusion was sure right. I can't to this day figure out how we ever got to going at all. But the Navy has a timetable and with or without you or your gear it's going and somehow even if it's hanging off the side of the ship you better be ready. Well I got on board and I was the new guy so they didn't have a berthing space for me. So I stood around in all this mass confusion without a bed or an assigned job. I finally said if you don't need me I'll be happy to go home. That got me a berthing space in the boatsman compartment at the very bow of the ship. I was given the top bunk of a 5 stacker and no instructions as to how to get in the bed (No ladder). Oh did I mention that there was a large 15 inch diameter pipe in my bunk? Well once you shimmied in to place you sure didn't have to worry about falling out. The first morning, I found out the hard way, that the IMC speaker was mounted by my left ear. "Now sweepers sweepers man your brooms give the ship a clean sweep down ford and aft. The fantail is open was the call of the day at I think 0600. Then it went on to tell you the itinerary of the day and who was to see the Dr. and the Dentist and I don't now who all." I found myself at the bow of the ship with a sound powered phone telling the guys in the windowless control room, which they called the island, that plane #201 or whoever had just taken off. Then we would go the fantail and I would repeat for all the planes as they landed about 30 yards from us. The C.A.G. officer said all our gear was quick disconnect and if he said jump, I should just jump and do not hesitate. He said there was a net about 30 feet below us that would catch us and not to worry. Well I want to tell you he got me to worrying a lot. Well lo and behold a couple of weeks went by and it was my tour to go to the fantail to recover aircraft. It was night so everything was quite eerie as all lights were a red glow. I think it was the 3rd plane landing that was waived off but it appeared he was coming at us so the officer said jump and we did. My whole life went before me in those couple of seconds it took to hit this net, which we could not see. The guys had to pull me off the net my hands were frozen

on the wires. I thought, this is really a dangerous place to be and I don't want this.

So I went to the Squadron and asked if there were other areas where I could serve my country. They were most cooperative. I was sent to 90 days of Mess cooking. This is not exactly what I had in mind but I thought, "It is sure better than on that flight deck." The guys that work this area on the carrier (The flight deck) I give the utmost credit. The noise alone would drive most people crazy. And do remember the smell of the stack gas as we turned into the wind. 30 years later and I can still recall instantly that pungent smell. Well I got promoted to the coffee king so for 12hrs a day I was in charge of making sure there was always good coffee to be had. As you know anyone above a 2nd class petty officer had a permanent hooked index finger and you could tell how important a guy was as to how many keys he had dangling from his belt loop. So I learned fast. I got a better bunk along with this job with the mess cooks, it was about 95 degrees all the time there and the berthing area was full of roaches, but it was a bottom bunk. At first they would crawl on you and that bothered me; but after a few days you slept anyway. While I was mess cooking I got a letter that the army MP had come to the house as I had avoided the draft. So, I went to the personnel department on ship, and told them I was a fugitive and I needed to go home to be drafted. The skipper said, go back to work, he would handle this and I never heard another word about that. The head and showers I remember well. Especially when we hit rough sea the water from the shower would not drain well so when you sat on the head the water would roll to one side and all of us would lift out feet in unison to avoid getting to wet, then it would come the other way and you would lift your feet to let it go by. I figured out quickly why they needed 4 thousand plus men to run the ship -- it's because 50% of us were always standing in some line. If they happened to make a good meal, the line for chow could be back to the 3rd hanger bay. You could kill 1/2 of your day getting a haircut and eating. I remember liberty. I think I do anyway. I would go and get a Kodak camera and off to take pictures of the Phillipines or Youcaska or Tokyo or Hong Kong then we'd stop at a bar and I would get drunk and forget the camera. I had one camera

for quite a while before it too got lost. It had a cockroach in the viewfinder. I remember finally getting back to VA-12 berthing compartment and we had air conditioning sort of, it was water-cooled and the water was over 80 degrees in the Tonkin gulf so the thing did not work real well. I'm sure most of you recall the noise the thing made it was like sleeping outside of a semi truck at full throttle. You could yell at the top of your lungs and not be heard 20 feet away. I could go on with all my memories of the West Pac cruise but suffice it to say not all of us had a really great time. I took correspondence courses and was promoted to a 3rd class petty officer. This was good -- no more crazy watches or hauling the laundry bags down to the laundry or back. Do you remember getting your clothes back all curled up and wrinkled. I tried to fold them and put them under the bunk. Well, that did not work real well. It just made the wrinkles more pronounced. I remember the Bob Hope show in hanger bay 1. Bob and a couple thousand of his closest friends all squeezed into hanger bay one. I still think of Joey Heatherton who was with the Hope tour she was a fox.

As bad as this sounds, this was the highlight of my navel carrier as short as it was. When I got back to Cecil field I was sent T.D.Y to the Base warehouse and for the most part I drove small trucks for the rest of my time working and a lot of time drinking beer at the EM club. I especially enjoyed the .15 cent quarts of old Milwaukee at the happy hour. I came home and went to work back at the Bank in Chicago, where I had worked prior to all this. I was a banker for about 20 years then I started my own business as a Real Estate appraiser in Illinois and have been doing that since 1981. I have two children -- Eric who works with me, and Beth who is a special ed middle school teacher. I've been married to the same woman since 1972 and wouldn't trade her for anything. My hobbies are golf and singing in a barbershop chorus. So that's about all about me. Funny how two years took many paragraphs and the rest one paragraph. It's been a good life so far and I'm happy to have found some people from my past -- in Va-12. That was really quite an adventure. I am looking forward to next year and to renewing some old friendships.

Jon R. Sutherland 66-67

Tommy

Courtsey of Rudyard Kipling

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, " We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, go away " ;
But it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, wait outside " ;
But it's " Special train for Atkins " when the trooper's on the tide
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's " Special train for Atkins " when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap.
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, 'ow's yer soul? "
But it's " Thin red line of 'eroes " when the drums begin to roll
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's " Thin red line of 'eroes, " when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's " Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's " Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Chuck him out, the brute! "
But it's " Saviour of 'is country " when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An 'Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool - you bet that Tommy sees
Obie 66-68

INFO

A suggestion was made that I include my home address and phone numbers. So here ya go.

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