CREW'S VIEWS

This week's question was asked in the crew's barber shop: "WHAT WAS YOUR IMPRESSION OF THE GTMO TRAINING CRUISE?"

G.J. Tornillo, SN, East Orange, N.J. - This is my fourth time down here. It gets a little monotonous after a while, however, I think the training went very well considering all the 'green' boots we had on board. Right now I'm anxious to get back to New Jersey.

Joseph Skubis, FA, Philadelphia, Pa. - It wasn't as rough as I expected. I learned quite a bit during the training. The liberty wasn't too bad but it could be better. I visited Gitmo City once and that was enough for me.

David Bailey, SKSN, Brooklyn, N.Y. - As far as the liberty goes it was all right. I feel that the training proved to be a great asset to the crew. I know I learned a lot. Guantanamo City can't compare with Brooklyn though and it would take a lot to bring me back.

Back From Hell!

A bunch of the boys were livin' it up
in a bar on Granby and Main.
The waitress, who mamboed whenever she
walked, had cornered the spotlight again.
When out of the night, which was chilly
and wet, and into the din and the glare
There stumbled a sailor, tired and grim:
in his eyes gleamed an ominous stare.

He looked like a man just back from the
wars, who knew well the odds and ends.
As he sprinkled some green stuff onto the
bar; then his elbow began to bend.
On his right there were soldiers, hearty
and hale, talking of battles they'd seen;
On his left, boasting loudly of valorous
deeds: two flyers and one marine.

The sailor he listened to each reminiscence
of places like Inchon and Iwo;
Of diving attacks and strafing attacks, of
words like "cherie" and "vino."
Then one turned to him with a sort of a grin
and asked: "After women and children?"
And the others they roared, for their spirits had
soared, and they dared the gob tell where
he'd been.

The sailor he turned and his eyes how they
burned, very heavy from lack of sleep;
Then his lips went in as he wiped off his
chin, and he spoke and his voice was deep.
And, "Boys," says he. "I know not 'cherie,"
and I never have been to Iwo;
"But I want to state, and my words are straight,
that I've just now come back from Gtmo."

The barmaid did gasp and her mouth she did
clasp, as everyone turned toward the stranger.
Then, as one, they applauded, saluted and
lauded, this man who had really known danger.
The mamboing waitress stopped short her dance
and shouted above the swell:
"Now there is a man, a man I could love, a
man who's come back from Hell."

M.R.

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