

"SUPRISE ATTACK"

Listen my boys, and you shall hear
Of a fighting ship controlled by fear
When Saki Joe and his comrades too
Tried to bomb the CONNY-MARU.

Out of the clouds the bastards came
To sink a ship of unknown fame.
Our battle stations were quickly manned
By frightened sailors so deeply tanned.

The forties were blasting up in the sky
At Saki Joe as he passed by.
The five inch guns were a hell of a mess
For the smae damn reason as you can guess.

A man on gun one was heard to say
As his red hair turned to grey.
To hell with the bombs and the Japs be damned
This oil training gear is jammed.

On the opposite end of the CONN-MARU
Things grew tight, confusion grew,
The whole damn ship was singing the blues
All because of a messed up fuze.

Our trusty crew is known so well
From the gates of Heaven to the doors of Hell
Satan watches o'er us as the days roll by
When death is near you can hear him cry
Please GOD!! protect them and keep them eell
For there isn't room for them all in HELL.

"Sarge" (The Mad Poet) Chaplin

We are the boys from the ~~Henley~~ /SoWest Rac
With bloodshot eyes and aching back
Carefree sailors all are we
From the land of the brave and the home of the free.

We scoff bum chow and talk of girls
Be we ain't had none for many a month.
We drink no whisky and swill no beer.
We don't need wine to give us cheer.

We shoot away the taxpayer's dough
But the sons of guns deserve it ~~xxx~~ though.
We're mentally sick and physically sore
And gosh darned tired of this fouled up war.

We long for the sight of the U S A
and a peacetime job on the W P A.
We have our ups and we have our downs
We mention leave and the Captain frowns.

We get the medals and the campaign bars
But the home guards get those girls of ours
~~we~~ We complain and gripe and sing the blues
And go off our nut by one and twos.

We've said it before and we say it ~~again~~/again
If the Japs don't get us the MAHAN will.
The sharks will get the meat, and Davey Jones
Will fill his locker with our Maggoty Bones.

In spite of hell we are a jolly crew.
We sing and dance and are never blue.
We dream of chicken and never get roast beef
And pray to the devil we'll find that reef

We have girls on the brain and throbbing knobs
But there will be no women for Tin Can Gobs.
They darkened ship and we stole a beer
Now we'll get no more for many a year.

There's a river of whisky and oceans of beer
About ten thousand miles from here.
There's a corner in hell for the seventh fleet
With Calverts to drink and good things to eat.

Weth dodge torpedoes and shoot at trees,
And go to GQ in our BVD's.
The HENLEYS sunk and the PERKINS too
And we'll get ours in a month or two.

YES THIS SHIP IS A HELL OF A SIGHT
WITH ALL HADS SING^{in/le} THE BLUES IN THE NIGHT.

"Sarge" GM 2/c
Chaplain
Self appointed.

The Conyngham 371

In the mighty U.S.N.
Is a ship of unknown fame
She proudly sailes the ocean
The Conyngham is her name
She sails along serenly
Each trip is the same
Her name is mentioned proudly
But no victories can she claim
In the peace time navy
On the waves she tossed
But on the 7th of Dec.
Her magazine keys were lost
In that bloody crisis
She was fit and able
But on the return to our port
Her screws met with a minesweeps cable
So off to Mare Island the Conyngham went
For a very short overhaul
And witness Georgia Streets fall
Don't let her in the Shore patrol cried
Close the Golden Gate
Her crew dosen't heed our warning
They always return late
After very few days of pleasure
The restrictions were terrific
The Conyngham slipped away
Back to the Southwest Pacific
There she guarded a mighty cruiser
Down to the Coral Sea
But the Japs knew she was coming
And from her seemed to flee
So off to the battle of Midway
She went with ships of might
Searchng the vast Pacific
For the bastard Japs to fight
But all through that great battle
The Conyngham cruised with fear
Guarding an aircraft carrier
But the Japs didn't come near
Next to the Solomon Islands
Our ship of fame went creeping
But the enemy quickly discovered her
While she was mentaly sleeping
All through that sudden air attack
Her wake made crazy lines
Her fire power was unsurpassed
With Two in the blinds
After the enemy had vanished
She sailed to newer scenes
To the bloody shores of Guadalcanal
To assist the poor marines

Along the beach she slowly steamed
In the bright midmorning breeze
She trained her guns on the beach
And raised hell with the trees
She sailed away victorious
Under cover of the night
But midway in the channel
She felt the transports might
The bow across her quarter deck
And a horizontal stack
Took all the fight out of mighty ship
And started her struggling back
But conving our damaged ships
With a patch upon her side
She once again came proudly through
Her bow stuck out with pride
All through this bloody war she will go
Serving her country well
Or claim her scared resting place
In the dry docks down in hell