

C. C. Coff

FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF  
U.S.S. COLLETT (DD730)  
UNITED STATES NAVY

16 May 1945

In the years that follow; when the wars are won and we, of the Navy, feel a sublime reverence in the thought that Peace, for our Nation and the World, was first fought for on the High Seas and first won on the Seas; may our peoples not forget the ships that made possible this Peace. When the wars are over and the years pass by, these ships will become older and older, until one day Uncle Sam will decide it is time to scrap a few here and there. If the U.S.S. Collett is among those few for scraping, may it be remembered that She was also among those ships which made possible our Victory. Mere poems will not save a ship from the scrap pile for I would gladly compose a thousand of them, but I can at least express now, in the poem that follows, what I'll be thinking when I hear that fatal news - when the wars are over and the years pass by:

"SO SAILED THE MIGHTY "C"

Who dares to tear thine Ensign down,  
So proudly waved on high,  
For many Gobs have fought to keep,  
Her colors in the sky.

Oh, frequent rung her Battle Gong,  
And roared the 5-inch gun; -  
Her missiles swept the ocean bound,  
For the Land of the Rising Sun.

She wet the sea with Nippon blood,  
And downed the slant-eyed foe,  
Until no Japs flew over head;  
No subs sneaked down below.

But, no more shall feel the Collett's tread,  
As they did on her conquering spree,  
For barnacles have come to rest,  
On the sides of the Mighty "C".

Now that her weary hulk,  
Has left the sea and waves,  
The memory of her battles won,  
Should save her from the Graves.

Oh, let her colors fly forever,  
Drop her anchor in the Bay,  
For the Collett was no slacker,  
And by God, she's paid her way.

L. P. WICE, Ylc, USN.