

SALTY

August 13, 2004

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I first met her in San Anton'
She took my heart and was gone
Left me stewing and in a pickle
For her heart seemed to be fickle.

She was in love with all the guys,
Yes, I could see it in her eyes,
Who served on both Fletchers
An ornery bunch of ol' lechers!

I thought that she loved me best
But it turned out she loved all the rest
So putting Eli and Norb to the test
I became just another newbie pest.

Yep, she loved Eddie the Commodore
And all the rest of the guys even more
My heart was sour as if pickled
As Salty left them laughing and tickled.

Now our historian Earl would be without a job
(Perhaps this would not cause Charlotte to sob)
Without our Salty friend could there be a history
Or would the Fletcher's past be just a mystery?

Chased her on up to Great Falls
Another reunion that I recall
Where she left me you betcher
For all the 445 and 992 sailors on the Fletcher.

Now we are in Madison
Here in the Hotel Radisson
Will my luck this time be any better
With Salty? Check the next newsletter.

Probably so for she is a treasure
Gives her heart and soul for good measure
To all the sailors on the Fletcher
Or at least those that can ketcher!

Yep, she is our corresponding secretary
Who keeps in touch and makes us merry
By phone and by mail
Communicating without fail



Keeping us all up to date
Passing info on to Eli so he won't be late
Getting out the newsletter
For this no one is better!

Yes she is a Salty Broad that's a fact
Knows when to hold course and when to tack
Yes, a Salty Broad and that's no act
Tells it like it is and that's exact.

So for all you sailors who have loved and lost
Remember in stormy seas when tempest tossed
To stay off the main deck as overboard you could go
That is one of the first things that you should know

But that is just what Ol' Salts need
On that I think we are all agreed
Someone to tell it like it is
A woman full of fire and fizz!

So let us lift a toast
To the woman who loves us most
She was right there at the beginning
And keeps this reunion group spinning!

A tiny bit of a woman it's true
With a big heart that has swabbies in queue
They say a sailor has a girl in every port
But Lil has all of us to support.

Yep, Lil is her name my Salty friend
For all Fletcher shipmates their girl to the end
So that I don't feel left out by being left in
My heart once broken is now on the mend!

So it turns out that she is not fickle
Loves us all more than a plugged nickel
A heart that is big and growing
As more Ol' Salts she is knowing!

