

PLAN OF THE DAY
USS COLLETT (DD 730)
(DO NOT REMOVE FROM THE SHIP)

DUTY YR: GREEN, SA
DUTY DIV: SUPPLY
DUTY RAA: BARRIS, FTOL

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR SUNDAY, 9 DECEMBER 1962

UNIFORM OF THE DAY: Clean Dungarees with baseball caps

Carry out the routine holiday routine Plan of the Day except as modified below:

NOTES:

1. At noon meal yesterday, the following letter was presented formally to the Captain:

From: The Ancient Mariners Social Club and Beer Drinking Society,
USS COLLETT (DD 730)
To: The Amateur Athletic Association, Wardroom Branch, USS COLLETT (DD 730)
Via: Officer In Charge, Physical Fitness Program
Subj: Challenge!!!

1. Inasmuch as unwarranted aspersions have been cast, and derogatory remarks have been made, insinuating that the loss of the Officers and Chiefs game to the Ship's softball team was caused by the infirmity of the CPO's participating; we, the members of the Ancient Mariners Social Club and Beer Drinking Society in order to prove the fallacy of these statements do hereby challenge the Amateur Athletic Association (Ward Room Branch) to a Softball game on or about 1000 hours, Monday 10 December 1962. At stake will be five (5) cases of the Ancient Brewer's art. The gauntlet has been flung! We await your reply.

Respectfully,


/s/ VL JOCKO

Chairman Ancient Mariners Social Club
and Beer Drinking Society

2. At evening meal, the representative of the Wardroom Division, armed with baseball bats, made the following reply:

For reply, please see attached.

3. The game is tentatively scheduled for Monday, 10 December 1962 at 1400.


J. E. PATTON, LCDR, USN
Executive Officer

W. S. S. COLLETT (DD-730)
c/o FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

8 December 1962

From: Friends of the Albatross, Sardoon Division
To: The Ancient Mariners Social Club and Beer Drinking Society
Via: El Jocko, ASCH (Master Chief Athletic Supporter)
Subj: Gauntlet, flung; return of

You are all ancient mariners,
And now you raise a fuss.
By your long, gray beards and wrinkled hides,
You dare to challenge us!

The last time that you tried to play
Upon that gem-shaped field,
Your players all came home in splints--
Have your wounds so quickly healed?

Chief Branch, that Ancient Mariner,
Played third, and Golly, Gee!
Like the mariner in the poem,
He "stoppeth one of three."

Your pitcher, Eding, threw the ball
At such a mighty rate,
He wouldn't have been bad at all
If he'd ever found the plate.

El Jocko, Fookie-of-the-Year,
Was anchored at the plate;
His throw to put out runners
Reached the infield much too late.

Corvus, King of the Hill,
Displayed your team's true spirit:
He tried to bribe the umpire
And let everybody hear it.

We doubt your team's devotion
To the fine points of the game;
But wouldn't early liberty
On Monday be a shame?

But if you think that from your ranks
Of old, decrepit lechers,
You can field a team of mine,
Why then, we'll provide the stretchers!

Five cases of the brewers' art
Cannot be taken lightly;
We hope that when you lose them,
You will then concede contritely.

You'll go like men that have been stunned
And are of sense forlorn--
Nine sadder and nine wiser men
You'll rise the morrow morn.

God save thee, Ancient Mariner!