

FLEET COMMUNICATIONS IS OUR AIM,
YESTERDAY, TOMORROW, THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.
AGMR-1 IS ON THE LINE,
THE BIG BOYS SAY, THAT WE'RE JUST FINE.

THE NEW YEAR STARTS JUST LIKE THE LAST,
"67" IS IN THE PAST.

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN DAYS AT SEA WE BOAST,
UP AND DOWN THE VIETNAM COAST.

THE STARS ABOVE GUIDE US BY THEIR LIGHT,
THE SEA BELOW GIVES US A FIGHT.
ON AND ON THE ANNAPOLIS WILL SAIL
OUR MISSION NEVER ENDING, WE'LL NEVER FAIL.

CASPER, THE CAPTAIN, THE FRIENDLY GHOST,
COMMANDS OUR SHIP, OFF THE VIETNAM COAST.
HE'LL LEAVE OUR SHIP, WHEN WE HIT PERTH,
A NEW CAPTAIN WE'LL HAVE AT OUR BERTH.

THE WATCH IS SET ON THE BRIDGE TONIGHT,
THE NEW YEARS LOG, WE WRITE WITH DELIGHT.

FOR ALL TO SEE THAT WE ARE HERE,
AT SEA FOR THE BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR.

TWENTY THREE FIFTY, TEN MINUTES TO GO,
OUR THOUGHTS ARE AT HOME, PASS ME SOME JOE.
CHRISTMAS IN HONG KONG, NEW YEARS AT SEA,
A HARD NIGHT'S WORK IS OUR FEE.

THE TAPES ARE FLYING DOWN BELOW,
MESSAGES GOING TO AND FRO.
WORK GOES ON, WILL IT NEVER CEASE,
FOR ALL WHO FIGHT TO WIN THE PEACE.

THE NEW YEAR COULD NO LONGER WAIT,
THE TIME NOW IS 1968.
OTHERS REJOICE WITH GREAT GLEE,
WHILE WE STEAM INDEPENDENTLY.

ON STATION THIS NIGHT WE HOLD,
T'IS OFF THE COAST OF VIETNAM I'M TOLD.
OUR COMING AND GOING WE CAN ANTICIPATE,
GUIDED BY COMSEVENTHFLT SCHEDULE 02-68. ©

AS THE STEAM RUSHES PAST THE STOPS,
OUR HUGE HULK IS MAKING FIVE KNOTS.
BY THE HANDS OF BOWITCH, DUTTON AND THE NAVIGATOR TOO,
FOR A COURSE ONE SIX ZERO HE DESIRES TO MAKE TRUE.

CONDITION "YOKE" IS COMPLETELY SET,
SO NOW OUR FEET WON'T GET WET.
THE BLACK GANG BELOW NOW WATCHING BOILERS ONE AND FOUR,
THE WATER CANNOT BE HIGH OR LOW, IT MUST BE JUST SO FOR SCORE.

EACH IN OUR WAY, WE ALL DO OUR PARTS,
TO PROTECT THOSE WE HOLD DEAR TO OUR HEARTS.
THE TIME MY FRIENDS NOW IS HERE,
SO WE WISH YOU ALL, A HAPPY NEW YEAR. 0207 C/C 340°.

Carl L Whisman
CARL L WHISMAN, LTJG, USN

DECK LOG ENTRY FOR JANUARY 1, 1968

00-04

Fleet communications is our aim,
Yesterday, tomorrow, they're all the same.
AGMR-1 is on the line,
The big boys say that we're just fine.

The New Year starts just like the last,
"67" is in the past.
Two hundred and seventy-seven days at sea we boast,
Up and down the Vietnam coast.

The stars above guide us by their light,
The sea below gives us a fight.
On and on the Annapolis will sail
Our mission neverending, we'll never fail.

Casper, the captain, the friendly ghost,
Commands our ship, off the Vietnam coast.
He'll leave our ship, when we hit Perth,
A new captain we'll have at our berth.

The watch is set on the bridge tonight,
The New Year's log we write with delight.
For all to see that we are here,
At sea for the beginning of a New Year.

Twenty three fifty, ten minutes to go,
Our thoughts are at home, pass me some joe.
Christmas in Hong Kong, New Years at sea,
A hard night's work is our fee.

The tapes are flying down below,
The messages going to and fro.
Work goes on, will it never cease,
For all who fight to win the peace.

The New Year could no longer wait,
The time now is 1968.
Others rejoice with great glee,
While we steam independently.

On station this night we hold,
T'is off the coast of Vietnam I'm told.
Our coming and going we can anticipate,
Guided by Comseventhflt schedule 03-68.

As the steam rushes past the stops,
Our huge hulk is making five knots.
The black gang below now watching boilers one and four,
The water cannot be high or low, it must be just so for score.

Each in our way, we all do our parts,
To protect those we hold dear to our hearts.
The time my friends now is here,
So we wish you all, a Happy New Year. 0207 c/c 340°.



Carl L. Whisman,
LTJG, USN