

An Ode to Captain Zumwalt

As a young lad with a scratched knee
He was always hopping from tree to tree
One day he slipped, and as he fell
The woods resounded with Tarzan's yell

When he joined the black shoe Navy
With this I'm sure you'll all agree
The dulcet tones of Tarzan's call
Oft shattered the quiet of Bancroft Hall

A dashing Navy Captain is he
And Aide to the Navy Secretary
He is one who is hard to fault
Known to us all as Bud Zumwalt

From ISA in DOD
He came to us with Mr. Nitze
To teach him that the finest perfume
Is found in a DDs engine room

He often says, Mr. Nitze I wish you'd learn
That front is bow - rear is stern
A better Secretary will you be
If you'd learn our vocabulary

Soon he'll breathe that salty air
Sitting in the "Admiral's" chair
But when the winds begin to wail
We'll see who's leaning over the rail

A new kind of WAVE soon he'll see
One he can't bounce on his knee
But when she's wearing caps of white
He'll know he's heading for quite a fight

The greatest fighting machine ever built
Is the greyhound destroyer, regardless of tilt
He leaves the destroyers, does this young fella
To take command of a CRUDES Flotilla

Again he will have his own command
A staff to rule with a strong hand
A hand that's firm - but always fair
A Flotilla he'll have beyond compare

"Now hear this" - and to all tell
Again through the fleet comes Tarzan's yell
CRUDESFLOT 7 - take up the slack
Gangway, you lubbers, Bud Zumwalt's back!