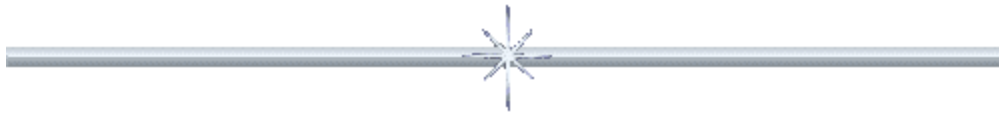




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My Daddy's Shaving Kit

by Doug Patterson



My father is seventy-eight years old and I visited him today

He is in the hospital and not in a very healthy way

He's tired and confused and not the man that he used to be

But he's still a mighty big force in our family

He's somewhat frail and his speech is broken and slow

Should I tell him, Hell, he should know



HE'S MY WORLD WAR TWO HERO



When I was just a little boy

My daddy's sailor cap was my favorite toy

He would sit on the steps and I would sit on his lap

And I would listen to the stories of him fighting the Japs
Now that I am older and I can relate back to 1945
All things considered, my father is lucky to be alive
He told me how much he wanted to come home on leave
Sitting on the stern of a battleship, rolling in heavy seas
He wrote in his diary and kept in his shirt pocket
He had a four-leaf clover encased in a locket
Enemy submarines always on the prowl
His ship was blown in half, three days out of Guadalcanal
Off the southern tip of Formosa, in the South Pacific
Rammed by a suicide submarine, the explosion was horrific
A desperate rescue by the convoy boats
The front bow was gone, but the stern was still afloat
No panic, men just doing what had to be done
My father's shoulder was broken and he was
Wedged under his gun
Men wounded and dying, awful sights and sound
The captain and many others would never be found

Staying afloat just long enough so some of her men would be saved

And only then, the **USS UNDERHILL** slipped beneath the waves

As best I can remember, killed were one hundred and twelve, was told to me

My father has all the names of his friends he lost at sea

It's difficult to believe all this happened to him

Sounds like a movie or something you see on film

Memories of such things, you can't help but keep

It's not a dream, the ship's still there, but it's five miles deep

Modern technology could locate her,

But there's nothing down there to save

But I can see her now, lying on the bottom, in her cold, dark, watery grave

My father's personal belongings were down below when she was hit

I'd sure like to have a relic from that old battleship

I would like to see the hull, where it was split

And find a priceless treasure, like.....maybe,

My Daddy's Shaving Kit



A poem to my father,

Levi Charles Patterson

06-18-2000

Father's Day

by Doug Patterson



On a side note, I can say, that Mr. Patterson is not in the hospital now(August, 2001).

He and his wife are living in South Carolina, in an Assisted Living Center,
where I have the pleasure of working with them on a daily basis.

He has been considering getting a computer so he can get on the internet,
but until that time, I will print any and all email for LC Patterson,
and take it in to him, and I will nag him to respond!

and nagging is one of the things I do best, according to Mr. Patterson

My name is Randi,

and I am listed as a "good friend" of LC Patterson,
on the "Crew, Friends and Family" email page.

