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*Let the Lady Dance upon the waves, if only in the memories of her crew*

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For me it has been 40+ years. With my sea bag over my shoulder and my orders in my trembling hands I stepped onto pier #5 to see the lady adorned in white, with the lady waiting for me, as if we were headed to the senior prom to dance our hearts out. She and I really had a love affair going. I loved being aboard her and she loved to be at sea. With her sleek bow cutting the waves, she would carry her men from port to port, as she swayed from side to side.

She entered each port with her young men manning her firm Curves. With her guns elevated as if they were her breasts for everyone to see how perky and firm she was. With her youth, how gracefully she could move across the seas as a young lady across the dance floor with all eyes on her. Knowing her music was the waves with its sound on her hull telling her to steam off into history holding her young men safe within her with love and grace.

Being tired after a long days work your head resting quietly on your pillow thinking of your loved ones far away at home, she would lull your body to sleep with her movements. The movements that were her heart beat. Strong and carefree knowing she held the lives of so many men inside of her. She knew that when another ship came alongside of her they would show their envy and Respect. She was the beauty of the dance floor and the seas she sailed upon.

Her dress of gray being adorned with "E's" of white, red and gold, her head adorned with flags of many colors, her beauty to behold.

To set her to anger was something no one really wanted to do. With her guns manned with the best, our country had to offer waiting in the heart of her, waiting to leash her scorn upon them as she danced across the sea. When I first stepped foot on her I was a boy when I removed my footsteps from her I was a man. But now in my memories like the rest of you have said ("She still sails the seas") Gary P. McIntyre GMG2 Turret #3 July 1960 to Oct 1963.

*Gary P. McIntyre 2001*

