

## ORDINARY GUYS

By S. E. JOINER, CY - 38th N.C.B.

You say.

"What does a Seabee do?"

It's hard to say, my son

They do a lot of dreary chores

Plus jobs that "can't be done."

No, sonny, no. Not supermen Just ordinary guys

With an extraordinary yen

For the greatest flag that flies.

No, son. They never fly the planes

Or run the battleships

Or man the spunky submarines

That terrify the Nips.

But planes must have a place to land

And ships a place to berth

And these must be

"Way out in front

To really prove their worth.

The "Bees" are always reaching out

To seize strategic isles

To work, and pray, and sweat, until

The airfields stretch for miles.

Sometimes they work in tropic heat

That withers up a man.

Sometimes they slave in bitter cold

In a frozen, windswept land.

There's little glory to their job

The headlines seldom tell

About the boys who ply their trade

Right in the midst of Hell.

Will a Seabee fight? You're doggone right

They're not inclined to run.

When the foe comes near, they learn to fear

The way he shoots a gun.

He'll creep right up. In the foes front yard

And build a "jump-off" place

Where ships shove off, and planes take off

To slap the Axis' face.

And when this war is won, my lad,

And battle flags are furled.

Those fighting builders will return

To build a better world!