

The Navy Chief and his Parrot

The old Navy Chief finally retired and got that chicken ranch he always wanted. He took with him his life-long pet parrot.

First morning at 0430, the parrot squawked loudly and said, "Reveille, Reveille. Up all hands. Heave out and trice up. The smoking lamp is lighted, now Reveille."

The old chief told the parrot, "We are no longer in the Navy. Go back to sleep."

The next morning, the parrot did the same thing. Chief told the parrot, "If you keep this up, I'll put you out in the chicken pen."

Again the parrot did it, and true to his word, the Chief put the parrot in the chicken pen.

About 0630 the next morning, the Chief was awakened by one heck of a ruckus in the chicken pen. He went out to see what was the matter. The parrot had about 40 white chickens at attention in formation, and on the ground laid 3 bruised and beaten brown chickens. The parrot was saying, "By God, when I say fall out in dress whites, I don't mean Khakis!"