

Did You Ever Get That Feeling About Tomorrow?

Description

[Capt Lex tries to convince us he has brain lock.](#) Not a chance for the master poet/author and philosopher of all things Naval Aviation related!

I, on the other hand, sometimes think like that, yet, via the magic of the net (invented by Al Gore), lo and behold, things of interest just appear!

For example: Last night while looking for pictures of ships, I came across a poem, in hand written an illustrated form, that speaks to the fine life of the legendary destroyerman. A creature of iron constitution, a stomach that can handle greasy food in a hurricane/typhoon, eagle eyes (correctable to 20/20 and not color blind, but possibly partly deaf from too many gun shoots or years as the MPA/CHENG/DCA/ELECO/AUXO/B DIV, etc), and a sense of dark humor of their own.

[Destroyer Life Poem](#)

The [larger version is here](#), but difficult to read.

Fear not, my few readers! Here it is in more legible form, even if it lacks the character of the original graphics.

Destroyer Life
by Berton Braley

There's a roll and a pitch a heave and a hitch
to the nautical gait they take,
For they're used to the cant of decks aslant
as the white toothed breakers break,
On the sides that thrum like a beaten drum
to the thrill of the turbines might,
As the knife-bow leaps thru the yeasty deeps
with the speed of a shell in flight.

Oh their scorn is quick for the crews that stick
to a battleship steady "floor,"
And they love the lurch of their own frail perch
at thirty five knots or more.
They don't get much of the drill and such that battleship sailors do,
But sail the seas in their dungarees,

a grimy destroyer crew.

They needn't climb at sleeping time
it to a hammock that sways and bumps,
Don't leap, Kerplunk! In a cozy bunk
that quivers and bucks and jumps.
They hear the sound of seas that pound
on the quarter inch plates of steel,
And close their eyes to the lull abyes
of creaking sides and steel.

They're a husky crowd and vastly proud
of the slim grey craft they drive.
Of the roaring flues and hammering screws
that make her a thing alive.
They love the lunge of the surge and plunge
and the mark of her smoke screens, too
As they sail the seas in their dungarees,
a grimy destroyer crew.

Back to Neptunus Lex for a moment and some analysis:

After he made his rhetorical post, he made two more and has already made three today. Go figure.

Category

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