

## 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

Thereâ€™s a roll and a pitch a heave and a hitch  
to the nautical gait they take,  
For theyâ€™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 â€œfloor,â€•  
And they love the lurch of their own frail perch  
at thirty five knots or more.  
They donâ€™t get much of the drill and such that battleship sailors do,  
But sail the seas in their dungarees,  
a grimy destroyer crew.

They neednâ€™t climb at sleeping time  
it to a hammock that sways and bumps,  
Donâ€™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.

Theyâ€™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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