

## RETIRED WHITE HATS POEM

OLD SAILORS SIT  
AND CHEW THE FAT  
ABOUT THINGS THAT USED TO BE,  
OF THE THINGS THEY'VE SEEN  
THE PLACES THEY'VE BEEN,  
WHEN THEY VENTURED OUT TO SEA.

THEY REMEMBERED FRIENDS  
FROM LONG AGO,  
THE TIMES THEY HAD BACK THEN.  
THE MONEY THEY SPENT,  
THE BEER THEY DRANK,  
IN THEIR DAYS AS SAILING MEN.

THEIR LIVES ARE LIVED  
IN DAYS GONE BY,  
WITH THOUGHTS THAT FOREVER LAST.  
OF BELL BOTTOM BLUES,  
WINGED WHITE HATS,  
AND GOOD TIMES IN THEIR PAST.

THEY RECALL LONG NIGHTS  
WITH A MOON SO BRIGHT  
FAR OUT ON A LONELY SEA.  
THE THOUGHTS THEY HAD  
AS YOUTHFUL LADS,  
WHEN THEIR LIVES WERE WILD AND FREE.

THEY KNEW SO WELL  
HOW THEIR HEARTS WOULD SWELL  
WHEN OLD GLORY FLUTTERED PROUD AND FREE.  
THE UNDERWAY PENNANT  
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT  
AS THEY PLOWED THROUGH AN ANGRY SEA.

THEY TALKED OF THE CHOW  
OL' COOKIE WOULD MAKE  
AND THE SHRILL OF THE BOS UN'S PIPE.  
HOW SALT SPRAY WOULD FALL  
LIKE SPARKS FROM HELL  
WHEN A STORM STRUCK IN THE NIGHT.

THEY REMEMBER OLD SHIPMATES  
ALREADY GONE  
WHO FOREVER HOLD A SPOT IN THEIR HEART,  
WHEN SAILORS WERE BOLD, AND  
FRIENDSHIPS WOULD HOLD,  
UNTIL DEATH RIPPED THEM APART.

THEY SPEAK OF NIGHTS  
IN PIG ALLEY AND GUT  
ON MANY A FOREIGN SHORE,  
OF THE BEER THEY'D DOWN  
AS GATHERING AROUND,  
TELLING JOKES AND SEA STORIES GALORE.

THEIR SAILING DAYS  
ARE GONE AWAY,

NEVER AGAIN WILL THEY CROSS THE BROW.  
THEY HAVE NO REGRETS,  
THEY KNOW THEY ARE BLESSED,  
FOR HONORING A SACRED VOW.

THEIR NUMBERS GROW LESS  
WITH EACH PASSING DAY  
AS THE FINAL MUSTER BEGINS,  
THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE,  
ALL HAVE PAID DUES,  
AND THEY'LL SAIL WITH SHIPMATES AGAIN.

I'VE HEARD THEM SAY  
BEFORE GETTING UNDERWAY  
THAT THERE'S STILL SOME SAILING TO DO,  
THEY'LL SAY WITH A GRIN  
THAT THEIR SHIP HAS COME IN  
AND THE GOOD LORD NEEDS A GOOD CREW.

*Author Unknown*

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