

Gilmer (DD-233) 1 January 1942

00 to 04

We're anchored in Port Townsend,

With the anchor at short stay.

Ready for any emergency,

In a minute to get underway.

Point Wilson bears three sixteen true

From where the anchor lies;

The bearing of the light-on-dock

Is two seven nought, likewise.

The chain is thirty fathoms long

The water, seven deep;

The Skipper's in his nice soft bunk

Deep in a New Year's sleep.

He hasn't had one like it

For this is the thirtieth day,

We've hunted Nippon submarines

From their base at Crescent Bay.

We haven't found a single one,

Despite what fliers say;

Their logs and roots and trees and stumps

Have kept us underway.

Young Blatz is on the sound gear,

And Bowles is on the phones,

Sheller's on a machine gun

But his thoughts are on his home.

'Tis the night before New Years

And all through the ship

Not a creature is stirring –

 Except Judkins – the drip.

He’s breaking in the galley

 To rustle up some Joe,

‘Cause the wind is blowing briskly

 And the temperature is low.

Morton’s in the engine room

 Keeping his turbines hot.

The Boatswain’s Mate is Coxswain Rink –

 Sleeping – like as not.

I’ve tried to rhyme my log today

 But the Navigator’s sure to say,

“Write it up in the regular way.”

L.C. Brogger

Lieut. (jg) DE-V(G), USNR