

ODE TO A HOSE-NOSE PILOT
or
HOW FOULED UP CAN YOU GET? ¹

OUT OF THE SACK FOUR O'CLOCK
INTO THE WARDROOM HALF COOKED SLOP

UP THE LADDER READY ROOM
HOPS DELAYED WAIT 'TILL NOON

NOW THE BRIEF BULLSHIT LOU
AIO OF 102

SQUAWK BOX GRUMBLES ALCOHOLIC TOM
AIO OF THE OLD BON HOMME

BOMBLINE CHANGES THAT'S ABOUT IT
EXCEPT FOR RIVER RAT AND THAT KIND OF SHIT

FLIGHT LEADER SAYS SEVEN MINUTES AHEAD
WISH THAT GUY WOULD DROP DEAD

E SUIT G SUIT HELMET VEST
LONGIES BOOTS OLD MAE WEST

ON THE FLIGHT DECK SNOW AND RAIN
INTO THE HOSE NOSE WITH THE AID OF A CRANE

ADMIRAL ON DECK CAN SEE THE BOW
LAUNCH 'EM BOYS LAUNCH 'EM NOW

A POP A GROAN A SPIT A SPUTTER
LEAVE THE BOW WITH FULL RIGHT RUDDER

FLIGHT LEADER CHIDES BURNS YOUR EARS
YOU'VE FLOWN CORSAIRS TEN FRIGGING YEARS

CIRCLE TARGET ENEMY MANS GUNS
THEN YOU MAKE TWENTY-FIVE FRIGGING RUNS

BACK TO THE SHIP WORK ALL DONE
NOT A BAD JOB WITH ONLY ONE GUN

A HIGH A LOW NOT TOO SMOOTH
A FAST A SLOW LONG IN THE GROOVE

BACK ABOARD HALF A WRECK
ASSHOLE ACHING CRICK IN NECK

WING SHOT OFF TAIL IS MISSING
PANTS ARE WET JUST FINISHED PISSING

TO THE AIO MOAN AND SLOBBER
ABOUT THE TARGET ALWAYS CLOBBER

OUT OF THE CLOTH INTO THE SACK
TAXI HOP? SHOVE IT JACK

THEN YOU SLEEP DREAMS ARE WET
CORSAIR HOSED BY A FRIGGING JET

¹ Harley Hull, LT USNR, AIO VF-874 (1951)