

**U. S. S. GRAFFIAS AF-29**  
c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, California

**"THE DILEMMA OF A SAILOR"**

*Lost in the middle of the Pacific,  
The Far East is the spot.  
We are doomed to serve our time,  
In a sea that God forgot.*

*Upon this deck grey deck,  
Up where men turn blue.  
Out in the middle of nowhere,  
10,000 miles from you.*

*We freeze, we sweat, we shiver,  
It's more than we can stand.  
We're just a bunch of convicts,  
But defenders of our land.*

*Living here with memories,  
Wanting to see our girls.  
Hoping that while we're away  
They won't marry our pals.*

*For we're men of the USN,  
Earning our monthly pay.  
Guarding people who have millions,  
For two and a half day.*

*Few people know we are living,  
Fewer people give a damn.  
Although we are forgotten,  
We belong to Uncle Sam.*

*But when we get to Heaven,  
Saint Peter will surely say,  
"Fall out you men of the Graffias,  
You've served your time in hell."*

**By a Graffias Sailor**