

## U. S. S. GRAFFIAS AF-29

c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, California

### WHAT IS A SAILOR

*Between the security of childhood, and the insecurity of second childhood, we find a fascinating group of humanity called, sailors. They come in assorted sizes, weights, and states of sobriety. They can be found anywhere, on ships, at sea, in love, on shore stations, in bars, also in debt. Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and the government supports them.*

*A sailor is laziness with a deck of cards, bravery with a tattooed arm, and protector of the seas with a copy of Playboy . . . They have the energy of a turtle, the shyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, the sincerity of a liar, the aspirations of a casnova. and when he wants something it is usually connected with a request chit.*

*Some of his interests are: women, girls, dames the opposite sex, and beer. He dislikes: answering letters, writing letters, working, wearing his uniform, the old man, officers, muster, and duty days.*

*No one else can cram into one small pocket: a little black book, a pack of crushed smokes, a picture of his girl, a comb, a church key, a liberty card, a lighter, an earle liberty chit, and what is left of the money he borrowed.*

*He likes to spend some of his money on girls, some on beer, some on poker, and the rest foolishly.*

*A sailor is a magic creature. you can lock him out of your home, but not out of your heart, you can scratch him off your mailing list but not off your mind. you might as well give up, he is your long-gone-away-from-home love, and your one-and-only-bleary-eyed-good-for-nothing bundle of nerves.*

*But all of your shattered dreams become insignificant when your sailor docks, looks at you with those bleary-blood-shot-eyes and says, Hi, Honey .*

*And all is forgiven, because he is doing a job that no one else wants. Trying to keep the world at peace, and the freedom of his country that so many take for granted . . .*

*By a Graffias Sailor*