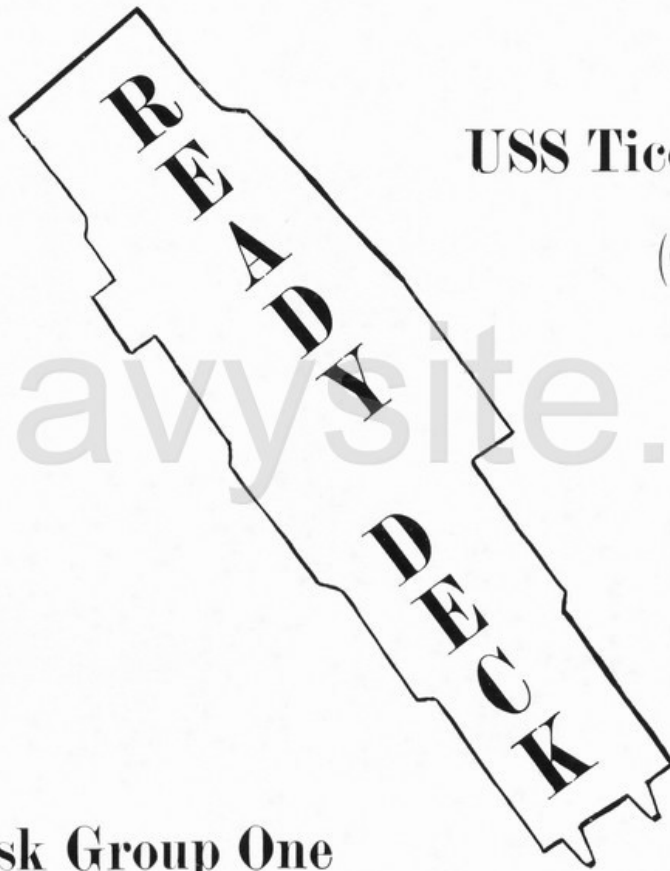


FAR EASTERN CRUISE



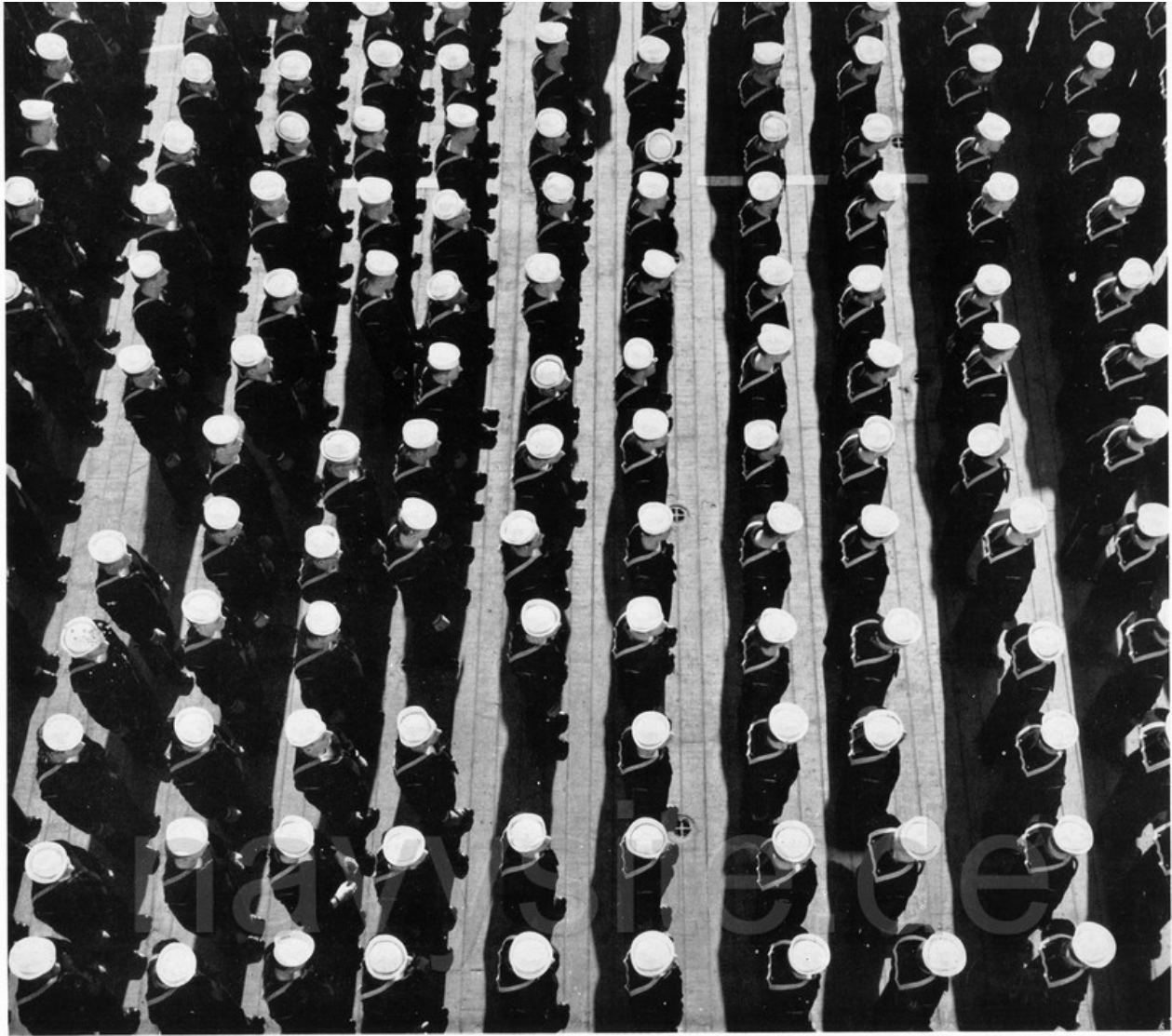
USS Ticonderoga

(CVA-14)

navysite.de

Air Task Group One

1958-1959



Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood, we find a fascinating group of humanity called, collectively, the sailor.

The Sailor comes in assorted sizes, weights, and sobriety. They can be found anywhere on ships, at shore stations, in bars, on leave, in love and always in debt. Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and the government supports them.

The sailor is laziness with a deck of cards, bravery with a tattooed arm and the protector of the high seas with a copy of "Playboy".

The sailor has the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, the sincerity of a liar, the tenderness of a Casanova, and when he wants something, it's generally connected with a liberty card.

The sailor likes women, girls, females, dames, broads, and the opposite sex. He dislikes answering letters, wearing his uniform, his superior officer, the division chief, the chow, and getting up on time.

No one else can cram into one jumper pocket, a little black book, a comb, some change, his locker keys, a pack of cigarettes, and his liberty and I.D. cards.

The sailor likes to spend some of his pay on girls, females, dames, women, and the opposite sex. He likes to spend some on poker and the rest just foolishly.

The sailor is the magic creature that you can lock out of your home, but, not out of your heart. You can scratch him off your mailing list, but not out of your mind. He's your lover-gone-away-from-home, your husband, your son, or your sweetheart, your blurry-eyed good for nothing bundle of worry. All your shattered dreams become insignificant when your sailor comes home with the tender and loving phrase that has lasted for years, "Hi'Ya, Honey"!