

Here's a poem which is circulating in memographed form about the ship. It is appropriate and I am passing it on to you.

Bob

"The Dilemma of a Somers Sailor"

lost in the middle of the Pacific
Vietnam is the spot;
We are doomed to serve our time
In a sea that God forgot,

Upon the hazegrey quarterdeck
Up where the men wear blue;
We freeze, we sweat, we shiver
Continuing work that we must do.

Why must we be out here
It is more than we can stand;
Were just a bunch of convicts
But defenders of the land

Living here with our memories
Wanting to see our gals;
Hoping that while we are away
They arn't marrying our pals.

For we are men of the Navy
Earning our monthly pay;
Guarding people who have millions
For only two and a half a day.

Few people know that we are living
Few people really give a damn;
Although we are forgotten
We belong to Uncle Sam.

But when we get to heaven
Saint Peter will surely yell;
"Fall out you Men of the Somers"
"You have served your time in Hell"

By : D.C.

↑
I don't know
who he is.