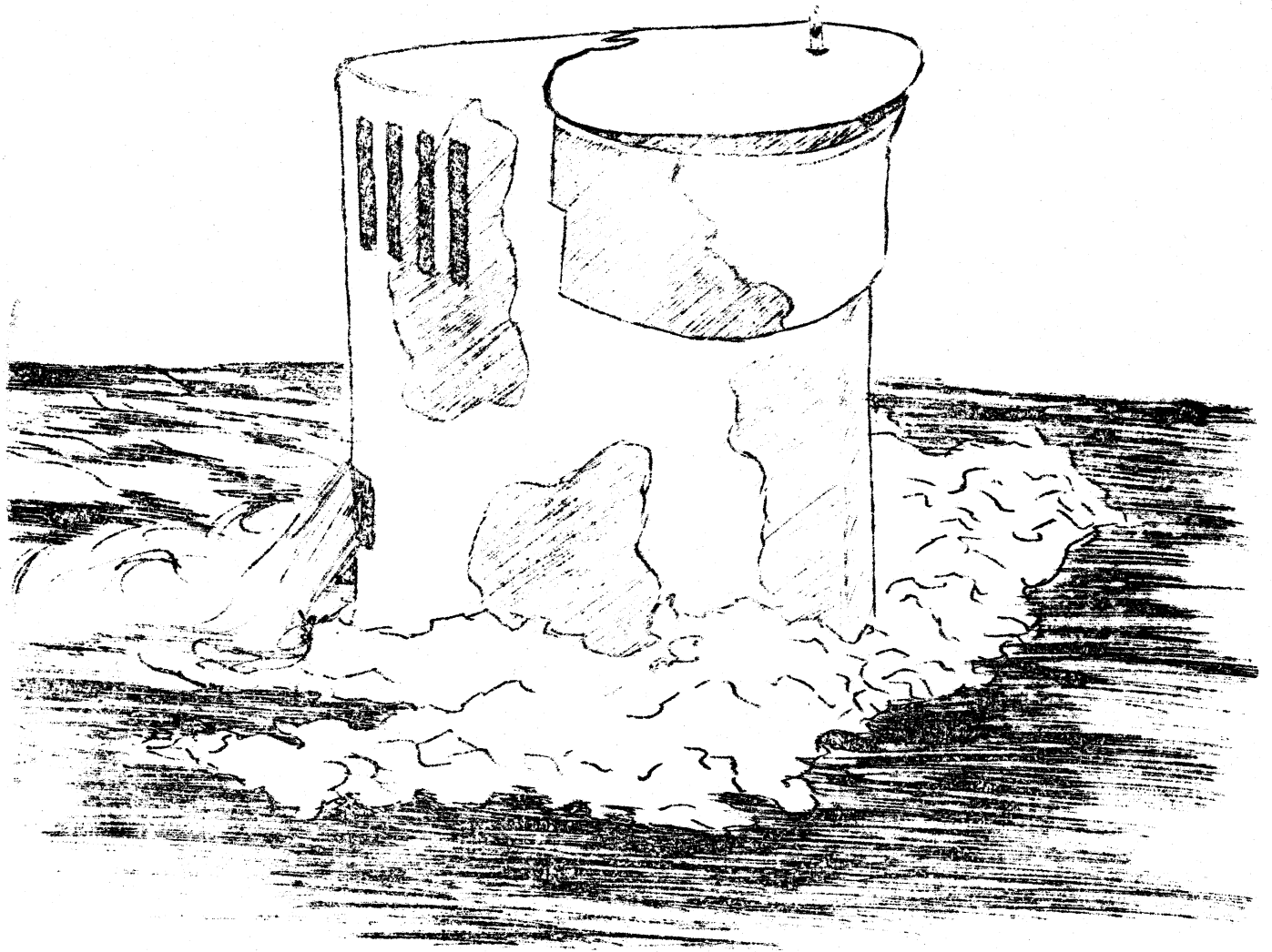


# POLKIN ALONG





## THE RICH EARTH

It was three past twelve, and I was getting more irritable by the minute. It was our afternoon to use the park, and I had been thinking about the picnic for at least a week. Norma my mate had to see our two offspring at the State Elementary Center for their weekly association with one of their parents. I felt it was unnecessary, but that was regulations. Norma and I had heard stories about how our great grandparents had lived as a complete family unit. I couldn't have possibly existed then, since it was a crowded and frustrated life living with my primary mate as it was. Recently we had given some thought to ending the relationship, and finding a small apartment to live by ourselves. It was difficult these days, since it took about a year or so to get one. Women had become boring to me, as most everything else.

The air filter lock came open, and Norma entered the lobby.

"Where the hell have you been? We only have until three o'clock before we have to give up our area."

"Is that all you do is criticize me? There might be a reason that I'm late."

There was a possibility, but three minutes late is just too much. At least those two pests weren't with her.

"Let's get going, and get it over with". Just being around her was starting to bother me. I'll have to talk to her about that separation.

We took the elevator from the 125th floor where we lived, to street level six. There's not too many people on that level this time of day. We moved along in silence, trying to avoid contact with the others, which was the custom.

People. I hated them all, even me.

Along the way we selected some food for the picnic, which was turning into a chore, much less a pleasure. We approached the entrance to the one acre of land, that had a creek, trees and green grass. I started to become excited again. It had been six weeks since my last excursion outside the complex, and they were becoming rarer all the time.

The guard looked at my pass, and issued me some noise suppressors, so we could enjoy our holiday, and to protect our hearing. Then he told us that the air purifying system was out of commission today, and the land protection bubble would do us no good.

Disappointment was evident in both our faces, and we knew that the picnic was over already. It's impossible to eat chicken when you're wearing a Mark V gas mask!

FLATBUSH FATTY

Personal

"Who stole Waterhouse's hat? Could it be the same person who stole his books?"

As you all know to well, it's my habit after every drill to hold a critique where we pick the drill apart and highlight all the errors made.

Well, a patrol isn't a drill --- it's our payoff effort, our reason for being in the FBM business. So this critique will be a little different. These are some of the highlights of Patrol SEVENTEEN as I see it:

A new refit site to many of us, unfamiliar and complicated by boat schedules and unpredictable weather.

A late-starting tender refit, with the Loch overflowing with submarines and POLK near the end of the waiting line.

A great effort by the crew to do the jobs normally consigned to the tender and the regular ship's force work as well. This was particularly rough on M and A Divisions.

Scarce Liberty, but what there was of it was fine, especially the Cowal Games

The pleasure of working for Captain McMullen again.

A slow Fast Cruise, but a good one.

The pleasure of watching the skills reassert themselves as REFTRA and the training period progressed.

The frustrations of "reinventing the wheel.

The splendid timing of A Division in getting the atmosphere under control just as the head valve gave up and quit.

A pleasant surprise at the good quality of the movie list (El Medico's effort produced this).

The usual pleasure in the publication of POLKIN' ALONG.

A great performance by the revived Psychedelic Players. Their accuracy was especially impressive!

The fine spirit of all hands as we drilled and drilled and drilled.

The excellence of the qualification program, as evidenced by the almost non-existent "dink list".

We have one more milestone to pass - our ORSE. It will be a busy period, but I'm confident that we're well-trained and ready for our "opportunity to excel" - Admiral Wilkinson's description of an inspection.

As always, I'm proud to sail with you.

P. DURBIN



## FEM

We come from every walk of life to man this mighty ship,  
We're trained and drilled, and moulded, till there's not a chance to slip  
Some experts on our crew we have, and some though not so bright,  
Are needed just as much, or more, to keep the team up tight.

Our purpose some have said in print, is given beyond belief  
They'd have you think, we wish to lay, the world in waste and grief.  
If they'd just pause, survey the truth, the reason that we be,  
Is not to start a fruitless war, but to keep all free men free.

The time may come when men can think and quietly discuss,  
The boundaries, monies, governments which rule the rest of us  
That time is not now and in its stead brutality prevails  
And God help those not well equipped...their nation falls and fails.

Old "Teddy" said some years ago, with a mind both true and quick  
"Walk softly"(fellow countrymen) "but carry a big stick".  
The world is tough and man is hard, each nation wants the most,  
Small wonder then, that we out here, defend our mother host.

Some future time when books are made, our stories are distorted,  
We'll seem like devils making war, instead of ware abhorred.  
But here and now, the story lives each day with you and I  
"Deterrent" is the phrase by which, we look right into their eye.

## THE OLD SMUT PEDDLER

Hello again old smut readers. This is our last issue, so our last smut package for this patrol. We hope you've enjoyed reading about yourselves.

Taking a look at the smut for the past week, we found out about a present given to Mr. Davis by Mr. Oliver. It seems that Mr. Oliver sent a sponge dildo with a poem attached to the OOD. The dildo and the poem was carried to control by none other than the Cheerio Kid. (It's also rumored that the only reason why the Cheerio Kid volunteered for the job was the fact that he didn't know what a dildo was and wanted to find out.) Mr. Davis was overjoyed and gladly accepted the dildo. The sponge dildo however belongs to Tricky Dick Lassale. Shocked at the disappearance of his dildo, Tricky is prepared to take drastic actions to recover it.

The other day during battle stations, Hopkins was having trouble with some of his missiles. He received some help from two nukes. The nukes didn't help spin up missile, but they sure spun Hopkins up.

Which Aux. aft doesn't know where the LiBr is? Could it be Leak Tech? We heard that the bromide alarm sounded and he ran into Mach. 2.

Which COW ordered an air charge when one was already on the line? Was he the same COW who doesn't know the difference between the MJ and the 2JV? Could it be Waterhouse?

We understand Mr. Merrit knows a way to change depth when the ship is stopped.?

Which division officer was shamed into getting a haircut after everyone in his division(except Steeples) got one?

(CON'T ON PAGE )

# SOCK IT TO EM'

This ORSE Board is now our fight  
Just when our nerves are so damn tight  
There's but one thing to help our dream  
And that's a room where we can scream

Now shine your shoes and look real neat  
Bow and kneel and kiss their feet  
Cut your hair and trim your burns  
The shaft we'll get and take our turns

Field day, field day, get that ladder  
Get those pipes where it won't matter  
Work until we're tight and mean  
Oh where's that room where we can scream.

Run all over bow to stern  
Quick get Bruce it's now his turn  
Don't worry mates, he'll get by  
He has his way of saying Hi.

The Engineer is here at last  
His sweat pumps now in over fast  
He once was heavy but now is lean  
He needs a place where he can scream

Now remember guys just be polite  
No matter what they say  
Cause' if we don't get by on the 5th  
They'll have another day.

If it looks bad from lack of brains  
Recall this little ditty  
We shall pass this ORSE board  
Cause' we're so God Damn Pretty!

Love,  
Wetsack

## THE GUN SMITH\*\*\*\*\*

This issue of Polkin' Along marks the end of several things for me. Of course this is my last article, but also my last patrol. I will soon be leaving POLK for the outside world, but first I would like to thank the crew for making the last three patrols easier for me. I have made several good friends and if you ever get to Tennessee, look me up and we'll go hunting.

Well we have just about covered the basic gun needs in the past issues, but I feel like there is one gun missing....the fun gun. By this I mean a .22 cal. rifle for plinking or small game hunting. There is no limit to the fun and relaxation you can have with a good .22 rifle and a box of ammo.

Hunting with a .22 rifle should be treated with as much respect as a large caliber because the range of a 40 grain .22 is one mile, and it does not pay to go about shooting at everything that moves. Squirrels and rabbits are the only game I suggest for the .22. Any animal larger might get away wounded and die....just wasted meat...

The .22 cal for fun can't be beat. It is one of the most accurate calibers and the cost of both rifle or pistol and ammo, is at a price which anyone can afford to own and operate.

It is recommended that someone who is interested in learning to shoot should start with a .22 cal. because by the time they become a shooter with any degree of accuracy, it will have taken them at least 1,000 rounds of ammo....the saving on .22 cal shells over a bigger cal. will be enough to buy another gun. There is little or no recoil to a .22 and the noise does not hurt your ears. This means you have little trouble getting your wife or girl interested in shooting. Once you get them hooked they stop objection to all the time and money you spend on guns and hunting. For our own protection never tell your wife how much guns and equipment really cost!

For those of you planning on hunting in Connecticut this year, I suggest you write for a "free" copy of "You and Your Lawmaker", available from Shooting Sports Association, Inc. 1075 Post Road, Riverside Conn. Although primarily devoted to coping with gun registration legislation, the proper procedures outlined in the booklet are applicable to all types of legislation that effect the sportsman.

Yours in Sportsmanship  
SNUFFY SMITH

## THE SMUT PEDDLER CON'T

We understand the new shoeshine flap has generated a great deal of concern. Being that shoepolish is a contraband item (because it is an atmosphere contaminant) People are wondering how to shine their shoes. Don't worry, the shoeshine business has gone underground. You will be contacted.

Which two officer on board have the same initials, "BFD". Ask Mr. Schwing.

Why won't Gary Broach get a haircut?

Why won't Arnie Miller pay Bill James the six pack he owes him?

Who in "A" gang had to ask Blake the answers to questions on an open book test?

Was it the Dwarf???

We heard that the watch in Mach 1 can show you a picture of a roast beef sandwich that you wouldn't believe.

Hunter Browning (the one who invented the coffee break) can make a fresh pot of coffee in under two hours. Beat that Goose!

What's the big flap about the Buffalo flap? And which OOD was caught oolie-ing by El Supremo?? Was it George of the Jungle???

Have fun. If we don't see you at the ORSE drills, we'll see you at the Coachman's Pub for lunch.....OSP

"SHORT TIMERS"

"MATT" AUGUSTA	STEVE JACKSON	
"BINKI" BACHMANN	GARY BROACH	
"IRV" BARLIN	MR. ERION	"TUNA" COLANTUONO
CARL BECKER		"TOM" COLLINS
"PUP" MCCALLIE	CHIEF BIALOCK	"CLINT" HUMPHREY
TOM MC NUCE	"DOC" BELKIN	

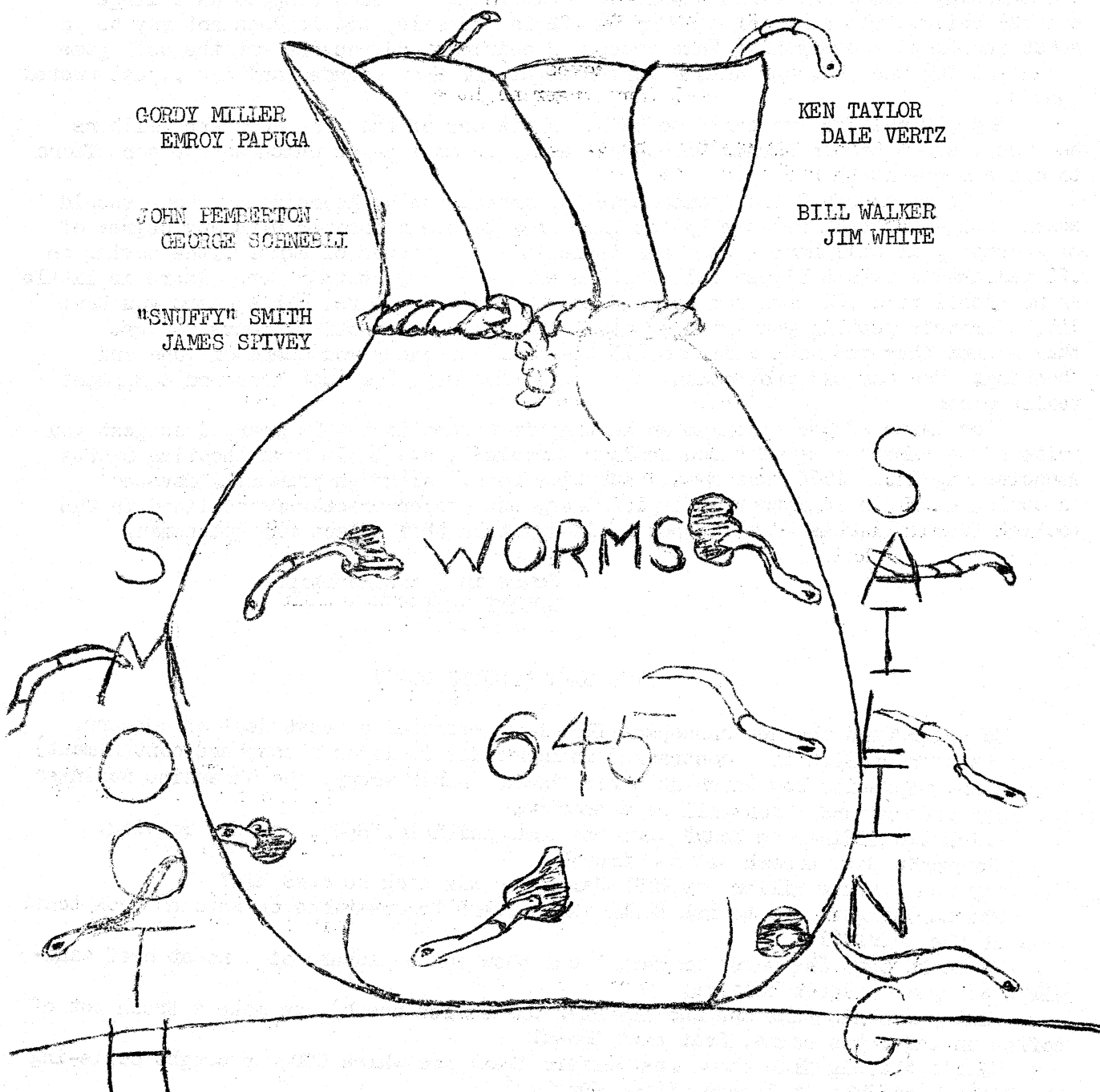
GORDY MILLER  
EMROY PAPUGA

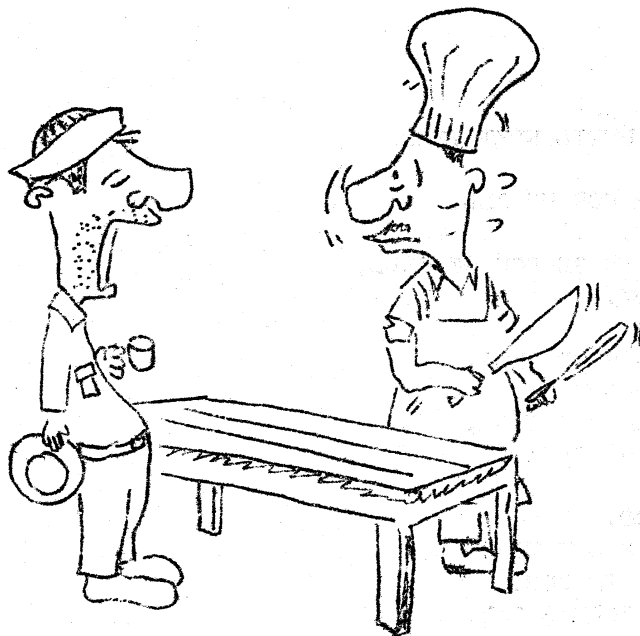
KEN TAYLOR  
DALE VERTZ

JOHN PEMBERTON  
GEORGE SCHNEBLI

BILL WALKER  
JIM WHITE

"SNUFFY" SMITH  
JAMES SPIVEY





"GOOD MEAL COTE. THE LAW OF AVERAGES FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YA."



PROMISE YOU WON'T HURT ME HONEY!



GOODNESS ROONEY, THERE'S NO REASON TO USE THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE. YOU'RE NOT ON THE BOAT NOW!



"WHERE DID YOU GET THE PRUNES, GRANDPA?"

UNTIL NEXT YEAR

AS THE END OF A PATROL DRAWS NEAR FOR US ALL,  
OUR THOUGHTS PONDER MORE ON HOME.  
WE ARRIVE IN CONNECTICUT DURING THE SEASON OF FALL,  
WHERE THERE IS MORE SPACE TO ROOM.

SOME OF US THINK OF TH T TALL GLASS OF BEER,  
WHILE OTHERS JUST THINK OF BETTING BACK.  
MANY OF US WONDER ABOUT SOMEONE THAT'S DEAR,  
YET OTHERS THINK OF STAYING IN THE SACK.

FOR TIME MARCHES ON WHATEVER WE DO.  
AND OUT LIVES PROCEED ON IN THEIR OWN WAY.  
BUT I WANT TO EXTEND THESE WISHES TO YOU,  
MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE POET

Dear Winnie;

I think that I've turned lesbian. Ralph my lover doesn't turn me on anymore,  
and secretly I have been peaking at Playboy pictures. Lately I have even had erotic  
dreams about you. Please help me! Signed

Melvin

Dear Melvin;

Do you know which gender is what? I once heard this little poem.

There was a queer from Lagoon

Took a Lesbian off to his room.

They argued all night, over who had the right  
to do what, with which and to whom.

You've at least got to know what you are before any good can be done.

Winnie.

Dear Winnie;

My toes are starting to curl up, and I walk with a 20° down angle. I'm  
afraid if they curl anymore, I'll have a Jam Dive, (Toe I Hope). Do you have  
any straightners to recommend.

Toe Cheese

Dear Toe Cheese;

You seem to have a problem that only the POLK can help. Seeing we run with  
a regular 20° up angle it should cancel out. Or maybe you can put mustard on  
them, wrap 2 slices of rye bread around them and chomp. You won't worry about  
the curls anymore.

Winnie.

Dear Winnie;

I have a beautiful girlfriend, but have difficulty talking to her when I am  
near her. Out of nervousness, I laugh at everything, no matter what. She is  
having a nose job done, and the doctor said that it will be 17 degrees to the  
right of the center of her face. HA HA HA HA HA. See what I mean. I can't  
stop laughing, and I don't want to hurt her feelings. Help me HA HA HA HA

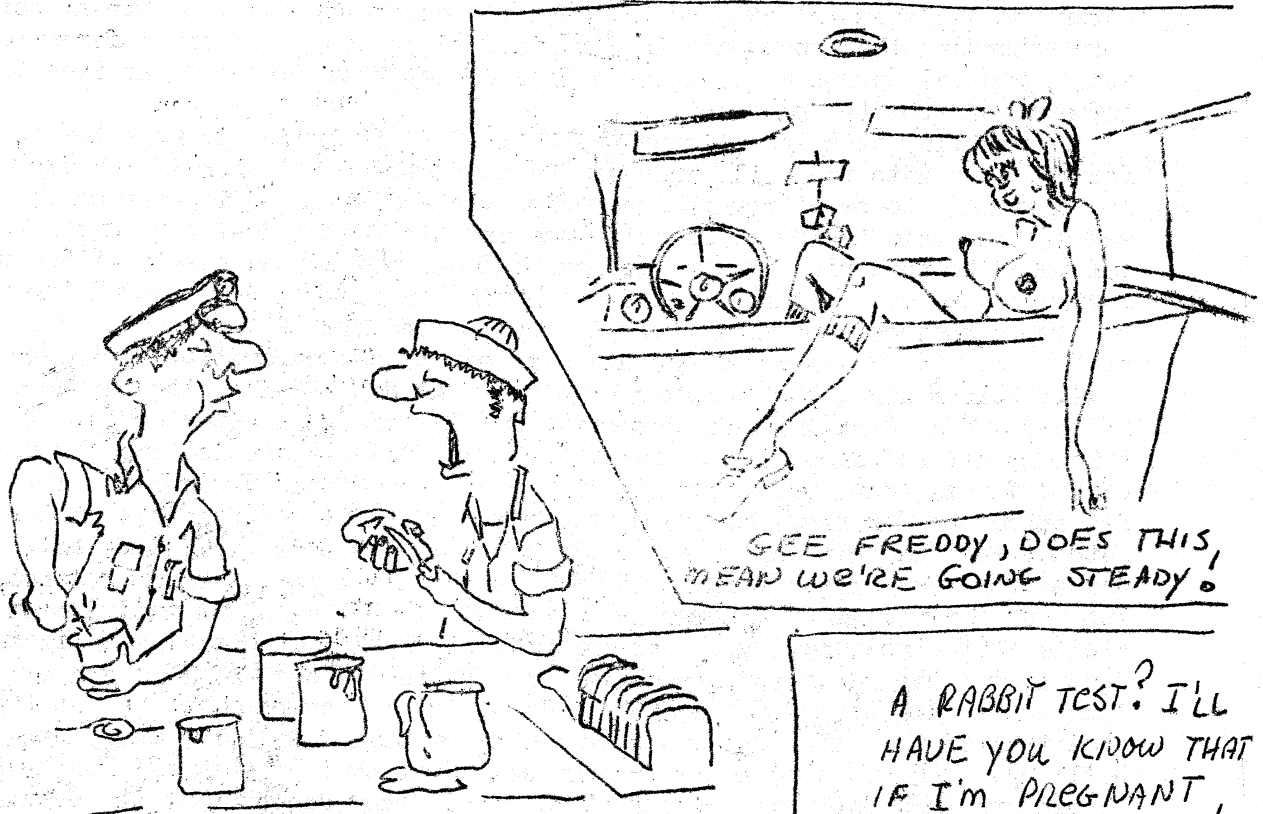
Nose Too Much.

Dear Nose too much;

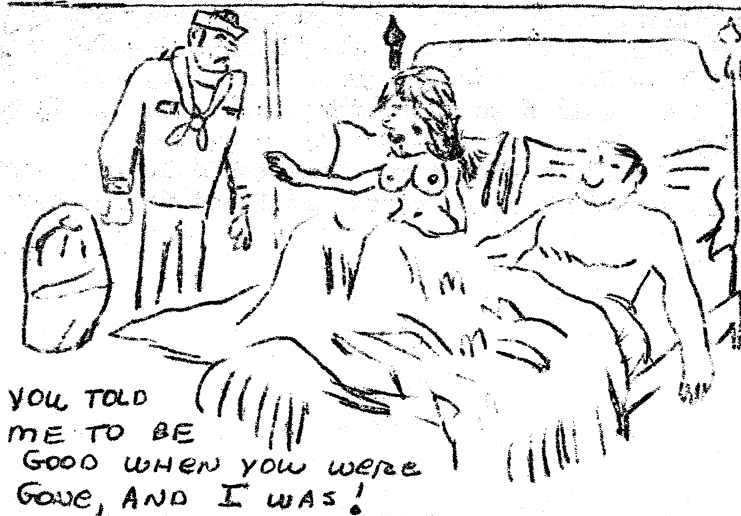
This is indeed a problem. The best answer is to self discipline to the point where nothing will make you laugh. I have trained myself to the extent where I haven't laughed for 3 years. I have had to do this due to some of the problems that arise in my line of work.

As I sit watching all the people go by, the only answer I can truly come up with is, wait a minute, is it hey. It's a woman with an off set nose. AHA--NO it can't be A HA HA HA But it is. HE HE HO HO, it is kind of comical, HA HA HA HO HO HE HE

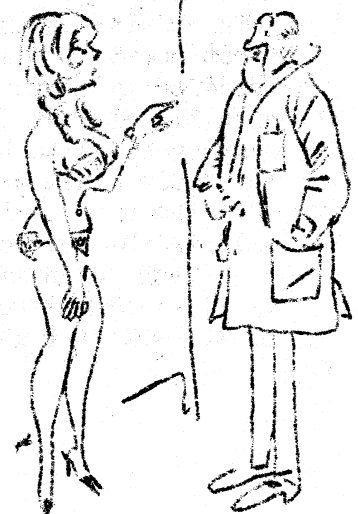
Forget it



" THE PEANUT BUTTER HAS SURE IMPROVED SINCE YOU TOOK OVER AS SUPPLY OFFICER MR. MERRITT. "



A RABBIT TEST? I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT IF I'M PREGNANT, IT'LL BE HUMAN.



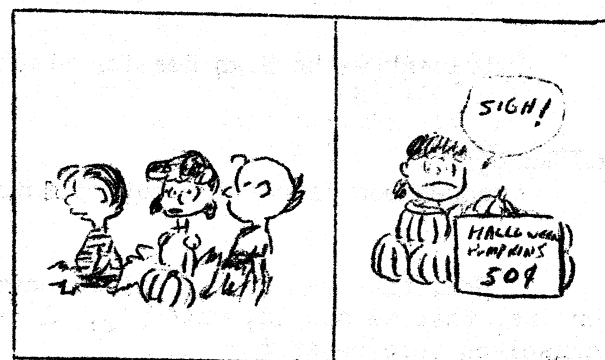
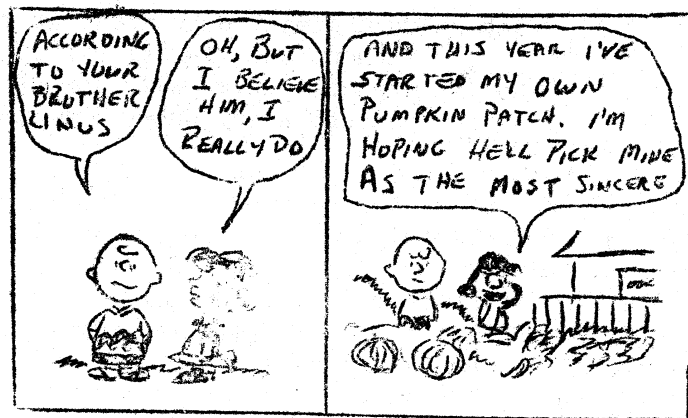
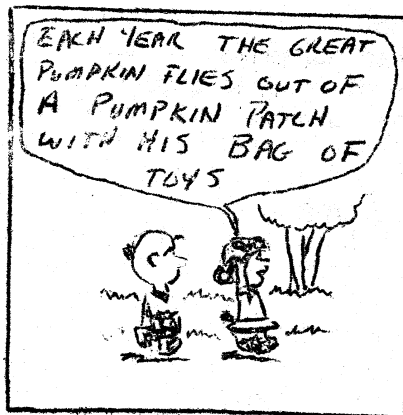
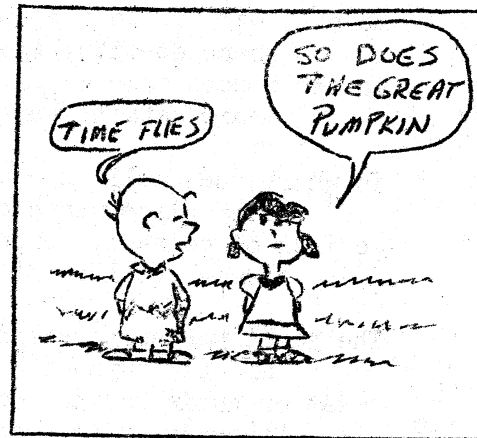
## THE RIBALD TALES OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN

Our story opens with the good King away on the Crusades aboard the good ship Lollipop. At his side is his loyal admirable Ellunn. Along with them are the king's armies aboard their fleet of 69 garbage scows. The king has been sending spies out into the enemy countryside aboard the pocket man-o-war the Kempock. Each night it has been landing troops on the beach and picking them up at daybreak. The troops have been dressed as merchant seamen as they enter the villages and explore the pubs and check for any good bit of action. Upon returning the troops are interrogated by the chief of the information staff, General Hornblower, as to whether or not they gathered any important information from the previous.

Meanwhile, back in the country, Robin Hood is trying to keep the country from falling into the evil hands of Prince Flatbush and Sheriff Swamizeke who are plotting to overthrow the good King Richard while he is away on the Crusades. The tale begins with Robin Hood and his having just robbed the bank belonging to that rich banker Hosenose and escaped to the safety of Sherwood Forest. Word has gotten to the sheriff via his deputy, Dawg that Robin is hiding in Sherwood and that the only way to find him is to inspect every inch of the forest. The sheriff has his best men in hot pursuit of Robin and his bank. Golden-ears, the receiver of sound, and Hatchet-face, the renowned killer, and a special agent, detective Ray Tex are sent after Robin. The trio has entered deep into Sherwood Forest as Golden-ears follows the sounds of the fleeing outlaws. Suddenly they came upon Little Tom's horse and detective Ray Tex finds blood on the saddle so it is obvious that either Hatchet-face had hit one of the outlaws or Little Tom's girl, Lady Esterpig, was on the rag again. Deep in the forest at camp crank, Robin's retreat, we find our merry band of outlaws in the midst of an orgy and gloating over the spoils of the robbery. Robin is in the tent with Vixen Marian and Friar Body is watching them through a crack in the tent. Some of the band are setting up for the orgy. Little Tom McSludge and Buddakins have put out the word that if they find out who shot the arrow that hit Little Tom in the ass, he'll have more than an arrow up his ass. Just then Buddhakins' sweet little Winnie and Lady Esterpig enter for the orgy. They report that the sheriff has been putting out a lot of harsh words about Robin's band having long hair and a short timer attitude. Robin wants his band to clean up the camp so when his guests arrive they will all be impressed at the cleanliness and join up with Robin's cause. Finally the camp is ready for the guests. His first guest is that suave, debonnaire playboy, the Duke of Barron, who has tried to maintain his neutrality in the conspiracy. Next is Lord Wildgrass with his closest friend the cavalier, noble Pierre du Fonda who has been on many crusades to the kingdom of Cadiz to the south, where they were best known for their couth crusade against King Fred. As the banquet and orgy last well into the night, with Robin and the guests discussing the tactics that will be used in the forthcoming campaign.

Will Robin and his merry band win the campaign? Stay tuned for the next thrill-packed adventure of Robin and his band of merry men found in the issues of Vo. XIX of the P A.





## TOILET PAPERS DELIGHT

Go aft, way aft to the storybook land  
Where obesity, slobs and faries go hand in hand  
To see dances done on paper by the ream  
Where actions and work ~~are~~ done in a dream

To where the smell is rank with grease and grime  
The place where anything will go for one thin dime  
No lack of courage, honor, trust or guts  
Jusr the lack of humor, smiles, morale and nuts

The smell you soon recognize that saturates their hide  
are the guys with a rectum stretched two feet wide  
sweat on their bodies not more than two days old  
Already in the cracks has rutned to green mold.

Yet we must admit, what would we ever do  
Without the average highly trained nukkee poo  
So aft must be put up with for the sake of a nuc's soul  
Because every submarine must have an asshole.

CASMAR

## QUOTABLE QUOTES

### A BACHELOR:

A bachelor is one who enjoys the chase but does not eat the game???

Anonymous

The best work, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men.

Bacon

### MARRIAGE:

A deaf husband and a blind wife are always a happy couple.

Danish Proverb

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,  
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.

Congreve-  
The Old Bachelor

Matrimony,--the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.

Heine

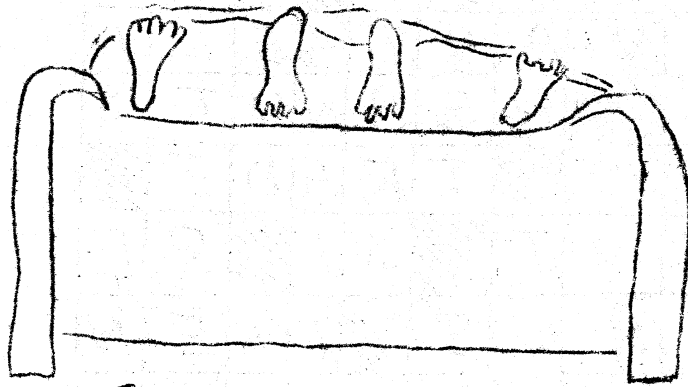
### DRINKING:

Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.

Seneca

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Shakespeare-Othello



"GOD GEORGE, THE MORE  
PATROLS YOU MAKE, THE  
SHORTER YOU GET."



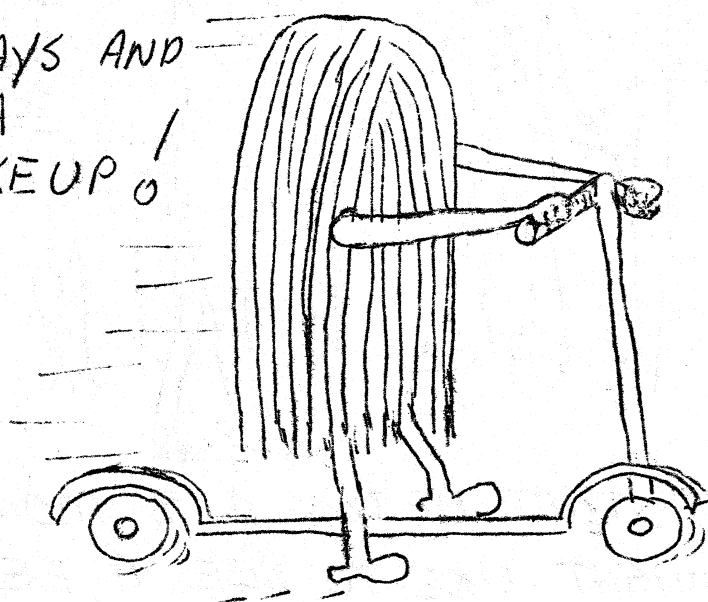
"SURE I LOVE  
YOU GERTRUDE,  
BUT I LIKE TO GET  
A LITTLE ON THE  
SIDE"



"I THOUGHT THAT AFTER A 3 MONTH  
PATROL YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE A FEW  
OLD FRIENDS!"

'S	P	A	/	M	I	N	D	S	/	F	A	T
C	O	S	M	O	N	A	U	T	/	E	L	I
A	R	S	O	N	/	P	E	A	M	U	T	S
M	E	/	P	S	I	/	T	R	A	D	E	/
P	S	S	/	T	N	T	/	S	I	/	R	E
/	/	I	D	E	A	L	S	/	L	I	E	N
A	S	T	E	R	N	/	A	M	E	N	D	S
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E	R	E	/	B	A	R	T	E	N	D	E	R
A	D	S	/	S	N	O	O	D	/	O	D	E

9 DAYS AND  
A  
WAKEUP!



Come ON you  
GOLDIES!

{ See you  
NEXT  
SAT. }

