

Polkin' Along



THE PLAY HOUSE OF THE MAGIC

MUSH ROOM

I WANT'S YOU TO KNOW
THAT ALL YOU TOAD'S
ARE INVITED TO A SHOW

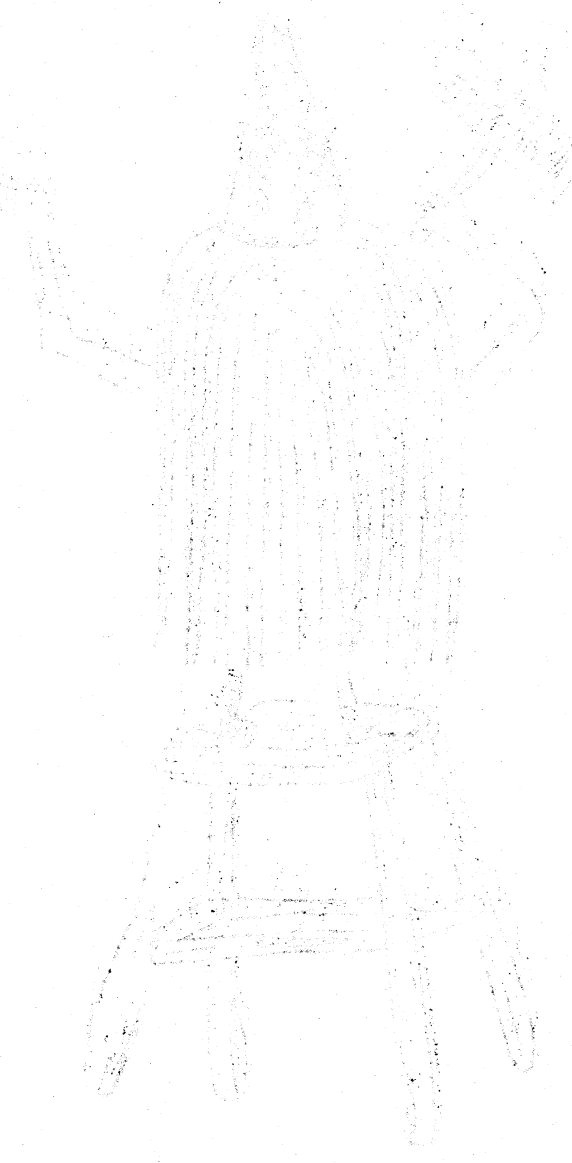
WOMEN OF THE HOUSE

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MOON EXPLORATION AND CAPTAIN NEMO

T minus 30 seconds and counting" blared the headset, and I knew then that there was no turning back. This was the most important moon shot so far. We were going to spend three months exploring the surface of the earth's only satellite.

I was jarred from my thought's again by the final countdown 10 --7-5-4-2-1-0 ignition. Lift off. I was pushed back into my seat as if a gigantic hand was pressing against my body. At the same time I could hear in my headset the congratulations from Space Control on our beautiful lift off.

As we gathered the necessary speed to escape the earth's atmosphere I began to wonder what it would be like to spend that much time on the Moon's surface. The most amount of time yet spent at one time was only five day. I stopped my imagining and turned to the business at hand, getting in and out of orbit and the right trajectory.

Two hours later we were well on the way. I turned to the co-pilot and told him, "I'm gonna go do some reports, let me know when we get within Six Thousand Miles." I left then and went to my cabin and sat down. I started to think about my crew. There were ten of us. All hand previous experience on the surface so no problems there. Bill McKinsley my co-pilot had been with me on two previous trips, so I knew he was good enough. Paul Jackson, the astrogator had been on three, and in my opinion was the best in the business. The rest, I only knew since we began training, but all were highly recommended and seemed to be level headed.

I must have dosed off, because the next thing I knew Jim Davey the communications technician was shaking me awake saying "Captain we're within six thousand miles".

I said okay and went up to the control console and took my seat. We were only three tenths of a degree off course which was exceptionally good. The usual fears of a trip faded as I realized this was going to be a perfect trip.

At two thousand miles we got the signal from the supply ship that had been sent up two weeks before. I started the de-exceleration a few minutes later.

A half an hour later I brought it into orbit and started the landing procedure. Everything went beautiful and five minutes later we were sitting on the surface of the Moon. Exactly twelve hours and twenty minutes from time of lift-off.

"Jim, radio Space Control and inform them we've landed, and are about three hundred yards from the supply ship".

A few minutes later Davey said, "Captain, Space Control acknowledges and says to wait six hours before leaving the ship. They also say to report conditions every half hour while were on the surface."

"Very Well".

We sat down for the wait. Six hours later myself and four others began suiting up. Twenty minutes later we entered the air lock one at a time and stepped down onto the surface of the moon.

Our first job consisted of removing from the supply ship to ours, the food and oxygen stores. When this was completed, we picked up our instruments and supplies and started out across the moon.

The first two days was just exploring the area within a five mile radius around the ship. We'd radio to the ship every half hour, and they in turn would contact earth.

On the third day (earth time) we returned to the ship to replenish our air supply. Then set out on a fifty mile trek that would take us five days.

SPORTS CONT'D:

Denver over Atlanta
San Francisco easily over New Orleans
Minnesota 17 Dallas 10 in a super thriller
Chicago over San Diego in an upset
Miami handily over Buffalo
Houston thrashing Pittsburgh
Los Angeles over Green Bay
Detroit in a squeaker over Cleveland
New York (G) over Boston
Baltimore in revenge over New York.
Kansas City over Cincinnati
St. Louis very easily over Philadelphia
Oakland over Washington

The Naviguessor is resting up healing his wounds after last weeks predictions
So your quarterguessor is calling the games for this week and the way the
schedule looks I think the Naviguessor will be back next week.

Quarterquessor

Dear Winnie:

I got this real nice girl that smells like pickles one week, bananas the next
week, and pepperoni the next week. All these smells I simply adore but she still
refuses me sexually. What can I do?

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated.

Maybe she's just trying to find out what you like best. They say the best
way to a man hard is through his stomach. Take the hint until your hard is bent.

Winnie

Dear Winnie.

I constantly find myself aroused sexually when I hear classical musi Last
night during the Nutcracker suite, I just about went crazy. If they ever
play bethoven's 5th, I don't know what I'll do.

Sincerely Yours

in a French Horn Tizzie

Dear French Horn Tizzie.

Don't be alarmed about being sexually aroused by music. It is perfectly normal
Especially with some of the types of music now a days. The fact that classical
does this to you seems a little different but everyone to their own bag. May
I make a suggestion, through, the next time you find yourself in the mood, try
a little beastility and listen to the flight of the Bumble Bee.

Winnie.

Dear Winnie.

I have been going with this girl for about a year now and I finally scored
with her about a month ago. Since, then nothing. She keeps saying she wants our
relationship to stay strictly Plutonic. I'm not sure what she means. Do you.

Stan

Dear Stan.

May be she means Dog Fashion.

Winnie.

WHO IS IT?

All day long he's combing his hair
on watch, in his rack, so people won't stare
He's out of grease and about to scream
won't someone give him some groom and clean

He's shacky, He's spastic, His
nerves are a wreck
His head is a broom sticking out
of his neck.
Who is it? You've guessed it,
you're now getting wise he's
that skinny little ginnie
with the meat ball eyes -

On the second day we came to a rather large crater, so instead of going around it we decided to go across it. As we started up the other side I saw a rock fall and then more and more. I looked up and there were things up there throwing them.

We tried to get off the slope and then I saw a man named Jones get hit. It was horrible, his space suit was ripped open and he just schriveled up and his blood boiled off. I saw another man get hit and then I looked up and saw a rock coming directly at me. That's all I remember until I woke up here.

The two doctors looked at each other and one shook his head sadly.

"You don't believe me," screamed the man in the chair. "You think I'm crazy".

"Not at all," said the one doctor, but you need some rest right now. Go with this man here and you'll feel better when you've had some sleep."

The orderly escorted the man out of the room and then one turned to the other and said, "that's a good man we've lost, Sam."

I know, said the doctor called Sam, "All this excitement over the moon exploration has put a lot of strain on everybody. I'm surprised there's only been one nervous breakdown." He got up to leave and said, "I'll see you tomorrow Bill, I'm kind of tired after all this," indicating the door through which the orderly had just gone out.

As he started across the yard to his car he looked up in the night sky at the moon and wondered to himself, "what will they find up there."

THE OLD SMUT PEDDLER

This past week really ticked by fast. It would have gone faster except Mulligan wound the clocks again. We heard that the only ones he could find were the one in the mess hall and the one in the lounge.

Getting George Pierce to light off the 8000 still is easy, but to get him to send water somewhere is a problem.

Tom Jenkins is having a rough time on Telephones and MC's. We saw him answer the toothpick holder instead of the Dial-X.

Did John Hall make this patrol? Has anyone even seen him in his basket? Ol'e lost an oolie over the phone.

Why won't Charlie Smith run coffee when he looses at parcheesi? Is he afraid he won't be able to find his way from the mess to the lounge by himself.

Even though it is rumored that officers shit doesn't stink their shit does have trouble getting from the commode to #1 sanitary. Mr. Erion had to give a class on how to flush shitters for the officers.

When Mr. Oliver was observing a drill the other day he sure looked like Mr. Starks.

What kind of pillow does the engineroom APD make?

Try and keep the chiefs away from the coffee pots. Chief McVeigh and Chief Whiteman both overflowed the pot in the Engineroom.

Who didn't bring cigarettes with him and won't pay 2.50 a carton for them.

What doesn't Mr. Schwing understand about radio.

Is it true that the Movie "House of Cards" is part of the Sonar Sup. Quails.

The Eng knows a way to make water without using the stills.

Will Jim White ship over and qualify EWS? Just ask him.

Who shamed Jim Adler out of his moustache?

Why were the Navigator and Mr. Oliver watching the movie in the crews mess the other nite? There isn't any cheese in the crews mess, Mr. Oliver.

Steve Rocheleau was seen trying to open the O2 Bank Stops from Mach. II.
See You at the Play Monday Nite.

USS JAMES K. POLK SSBN(CS) 645

Circa 1990

By The Naviguessor

Lcdr. Bruce Douglas sat in the large comfortable Command Duty chair in the center of the Conn. A quick glance around the Control Room showed conditions to be normal. Chief of the Watch Norman Silvers was running a routine test on some of the control circuits of the Central Computer. The USS JAMES K. POLK SSBN(CS) 645 was under the automatic control of the Central Computer traveling at 16 knots at a depth of 150 meters. The POLK had been converted from SSBN 645 to SSBN(CS) 645 in 1978 at Humble Oil Submarine Tanker Company. The conversion had removed the last of the original FBM Weapons system components. POLK was now a supply submarine servicing the new fleet of ULMS or Underwater launched Missile Submarines.

The conversion that year had replaced the Missile compartment with a Supply compartment. The upper two levels of the new compartment were especially outfitted to handle the large replacement modules for the ULMS ships. The lower level contained a crew's lounge and recreation area. Even though the crew had been reduced from 140 to 50 following the conversion, they still required a recreation area, in fact, a Z-CP insisted on it. The torpedo room no longer contained torpedos and was now called the Acoustic Sensor Compartment in the latest I.C. manual. Much of what had been lower level operations was filled by two giant central computers that controlled all of the ship's functions.

Bruce Douglas searched the dark corners of his memory to recall what the original 640 Class FBM's looked like. He had seen one of the last original boats back in 1980 while still a midshipman at the Naval Technical Academy. He remembered many complex electrical and hydraulic systems that required constant maintenance by the crew. Since CS conversion POLK had been overhauled twice and was now the very latest of the CS submarines. Less than twelve watchstanders were on watch at a time and seven of these were required by the Naval Reactors Branch of the Strategic Force. Almost all of the ship's functions were tied to the Central Computer.

A buzzer and flashing light on the Visual MC circuit woke the Command Duty Officer from his daydreaming. He pressed a button marked CO on his communications control panel on the left arm of his chair. The Captains face came into view on the screen. Bruce could see that the CO had been working on one of his grandfathers's clocks that he repaired as a hobby while on a supply mission. The CO, Commander Nickerson, asked when the ship expected to rendezvous with ULMS-873. Bruce knew that the CO could have easily asked Central Himself. Bruce pushed several buttons on the console to his right, in an instant Central flashed up the answer: 35 hours, 14 minutes and 38 seconds. Bruce relayed this information to the Capt. and the Visual MC turned dark.

Bruce resumed his day dreaming and began to think about home or what he now called home. He felt the roll of magnetic tape in his pocket that contained the latest Visual-Gram from his wife in Charleston. Each crew member was permitted to receive three three-minute Visual-Grams each week. The Gram was received from a satellite in an orbit high over the Equator.

A flashing light on the Visual MC again aroused Bruce from his thoughts. He pushed the AS button. Acoustic Sensor Technician Lilian Powers lovely face came into focus. "Sir, there is heavy concentration of marine life near the ship, there may be a messenger Dolphin in the area". Bruce acknowledged the message and switched off the Visual MC. He pushed a button marked Dolphin Decode and listened. Yes, there was a Messenger Dolphin nearby reporting the position of ULMS-873. The messenger Dolphin system had been developed by ENS, Pete Durbin, the son of Admiral Durbin of Naval Reactors fame. Ens. Durbin had been doing some graduate research on marine life when he had somehow placed a tape of dolphin sounds on the lab recorder backwards. The result was an almost human voice. With an adjustment in speed and a little further development the dolphin recording sounded like a human voice.

(con't on page)

The Strategic Force, realizing the importance of this discovery, continued with the research started by the Navy in the 1960's. The result was a school of dolphins trained to carry messages great distances between submerged submarines much like homing pigeons. The dolphins could also carry messages from a submarine to one of the strategically located acoustic buoys for relay back to the Strategic Force Command Headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska.

LCDR. Douglas pressed a button on his visual MC console. Communication Technician Janet Preble appeared on the screen. "There is a messenger dolphin nearby. Acoustic Sensors is patching its message to Communications now". Janet acknowledged the transmission and the screened darkened. Bruce thought to himself how attractive Janet looked even on the Visual MC. If he was not married and the father of two children...

He never finished the thought, an alarm had interrupted his day dream. Lt. Bill Peters, the Engineering Watch Officer, appeared on the screen. "The number 2 Thermocouple is running 2.7 degrees above normal, I've shifted to number 4 Thermocouple". Bruce noticed the alarm had cleared and acknowledged the report from Engineering Control.

The engineering plant was a marvel of technology. The old S5W reactor and its associated steam driven turbines had been replaced with a Philco-Ford Nuclear-Thermocouple plant. The reactor itself contained no fluid systems. Nuclear Thermal energy was directly converted to electricity by two of four thermocouples. The ship was propelled by a huge electric motor that filled over half of the Propulsion Room. Static converters supplied the necessary 400 hertz power for the Acoustic Sensor systems and the inertial navigation equipment. The only fluid systems in the plant were associated with air conditioning and lube oil. Polk could make nearly 25 knots with all four Thermocouples supplying power to the Main Propulsion Motor. This was only half that of an ULMS and only one third the speed of a new 910 class SSNA. But a CS did not need high speed on a supply mission.

Each mission seldom took more than two weeks to reach a hidden ULMS, transfer modules and food stocks, and return to Charleston. The ULMS returned to port only once every ten years. Instead, a fleet of CS class supply submarines provided them with new equipment, spare modules, food, movies, and personnel. The blue and gold crew concept had been dropped with the ULMS mk2 Class. The ULMS mk3 class rotated personnel monthly in such a manner so that the crew spent two months at sea and two months at home on leave or in school. Only a fraction of the crew was rotated at a time, allowing continuity of operations. The CS would bring new personnel and old crewmembers out each month and take a group back to Charleston on the return trip. This system took twice as many people than the old Blue and Gold system but it had increased retention of the highly skilled technicians. The introduction of female technicians at sea had not hurt retention either.

The visual MC flashed and Janet's face came into view. "Sir, the Messenger Dolphin was from the USS Melvin Laird ULMS-871. They have an urgent requirement for a BIC789-1131-114.021 module". Bruce recognized the number as the primary module of the crew's entertainment system. Bruce switched off the MC and queried Central for the position of ULMS-871. In just under four nanoseconds Central flashed the answer on the Command Duty Console. The 871 was less than an hour away, hidden in the depths of the Antarctic Ocean. Bruce informed CDR. Nickerson of the request and the position of the 871.

The Messenger Dolphin was sent back to the 871 with an affirmative answer. Central Computer altered the course of POLK to intercept the LAIRD.

Bruce ordered COW Silvers to come to Environmental Periscope depth of 40 meters.

Electronics Technician Chief Norman Silvers punched a series of buttons on the Master Ship Control Console. The Central Computer brought the POLK smoothly to 40 meters. A motor hummed quietly behind Bruce as the Telescoped Environmental Periscope extended 40 meters to the surface. Bruce knew that it would only be a

(continued on page)

USS JAMES K. POLK—1990 con't again

out of the water for a second. The scope broke clear and in a second started to retract. A screen on the CONN displayed a panoramic view of the seascape. Digital indicators showed: seastate 2, seas from 193 degrees, air temp 24 degrees F, water temp 33 degrees F, wind 11 knots from 180 degrees. No ships were visible on the recorded display. Bruce directed Chief Silvers to go back to 150 meters.

Acoustic sensors indicated that the 871 was ascending from its usual patrol depth of 975 meters. Bruce prepared for link up.

The ULMS mk3 Class was a huge ship, nearly 1400 feet long and 125 feet wide. Each of the 15 ships of the class carried 48 missiles. The ship was actually two pressure hulls in a catamaran configuration. Between the two hulls was a well deck for the CS supply submarines.

Bruce shifted to manual control as he never liked to leave the final docking to Central. He changed depth to 300 meters and maneuvered under the 871. When he was right under the well deck he hovered up to 250 meters. The docking mechanism made contact and held the POLK in place inside of the 871's well deck. The 871 would pressurize the well leaving a bubble of air above the POLK. In this manner transfer of supplies and personnel could be completed in secrecy while submerged.

The mission was nearly over. In a few hours the POLK would surface off Charleston after resupplying the USS F.D. McMULLEN, ULMS 873 and delivering the critical module to the ULMS 871. In two weeks Polk would make another supply mission. Perhaps to the Arctic, or to the South Atlantic or maybe the Indian Ocean.

A dream? Perhaps, but who can tell now what two decades will bring. In the words of the late John F. Kennedy, "What man can dream, man can do".

QUOTEABLE QUOTATION

"But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd
Fresh as a bridegroom....
....He made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—

Shakespeare: King Henry 1V, part one

Personal

"What AEF/FTG went thru the boat with cheese looking for the white rat".

" If Mr. Plank and Mr. Merritt are delinquent why are they not mustering with the chief of the watch? Also are they allowed to watch movies???"

Has Mr. Merritt really gone over the X.O. and authorized the cooks and mess cooks to grow beards????

To The Members Of the USS JAMES K POLK SSBN(645)

We are presently over the half way mark of this patrol. For me it is my first patrol. Adjusting to Submarine life so far has had its trying times and times of happiness. To most of the members of the Polk, I've had more than my share of unfortunate incidents, some of which have been blown up out of proportion and been carried over from week to week in our ship's newspaper. However I've learned long ago to be able to laugh at myself and accept these situations for what they are, some of which may never happen to me again. By the time you have read this, you will guess who I am, and I'm not very surprised at all.

Up to this time I've been pretty much discontented with submarine life. On the other hand, submarine life is not just going out to sea. It consists of many items, some of which are qualification, watch-standing in my dept. and many more. Most important is the crew's ability to get along with everyone. Each and every person must be able to accept people as they are.

Of course I admit not everyone is going to get along because everyone is different. What a drab world it would be if we had to live with our own kind of person. To conclude, a crew is what we make of it so let's make it one of the best!

Your new crew member????

"Advertisement"

Come one, come all to the "Psychedelic Rack", that's where it's at. Rock music, pop art, and a light show. Located on 72 Port Ave. Owned and operated by Loose Caboose, formerly RattZitt. Makes the Psychedelic Shack look sick.

PUT AN AD IN THE POLKIN' ALONG. FREE RATES FOR SUBSCRIBERS. SWAP, SELL OR STEAL A DEAL THROUGH THE CLASSIFIED SECTION OF POLKIN' ALONG. CONTACT OUT AD MANAGER UP AT THE POLK BUILDING, PENTHOUSE, OR PUT IT IN THE POLKIN' ALONG MAIL BOX IN LOBBY.

Personal Please!

The young lady stow-away who wrot into Polkin' Along last week is cautioned to remain hidden. No doubt if she is discovered, she'll be placed on report and sentenced to 8 Saturdays in the office during the next off-crew period.

signed

Still Looking

Dear Polkin'Along,

I appreciated your publishing my letter last week. It's too soon to hope for results; however, I did overhear some discussions about my existence on board. It was funny to hear you, who think you know this ship so well, surprised I could be on board unseen. I was more surprised to see men looking in a locker or under a bench or in a frame bay; I tried to make it clear last week. You won't find me until you open your eyes.

How else can I say it? Having successfully roamed this ship unseen for so long I have learned much; have you? I know how fantastically complex this fish is. Have you taken time to appreciate the wonder of it all? Man built this maze of wires, pipes, valves, filters, switches. The amount of design and planning that was required to create this ship is staggering; the wonder of it all is that it works! Yes, the wonder of it all!

But if I can get you to consider that, then let me divert your attention to the complex mission involved. Operate this huge monster silently! Hover this beast motionless poised to launch! How incredible. POLK is a part of this nation's only sure defense. Perhaps the only weapon that truly deters our adversaries. Responsibility. And reliable? 100% reliable with a taken-for-granted regularity.

The wonder of it all! You men of the Polk run this ship. Or do you appreciate this fact? Do you take pride in it? Do you take it for granted?

Now consider the most complex factor of all. Man. You. Those around you. This fantastic ship and its incredible mission are successful only so long as man operates it. Man, his complexity overshadows the ship's. But can you operate yourselves in your personal relationships, in your community of men as well as you operate POLK in the environment of the sea. The wonders of the ship are easier to see than the wonders of yourself. Appreciation for the ship's reliability is more clear than appreciation for your own capabilities. And the dangers lurking in the ship are taught along with appropriate countermeasures. But who recognizes the dangers lurking in man? In yourself? Who teaches remedies to man's problems within his community? Only man himself can see his dangers and try to correct them.

Submarines challenge men to learn the ship's wonders and dangers through qualification. Now I challenge men to learn of your own wonders and, yes, your own dangers. Self analysis is more difficult than I can describe. Yet without introspection you will not find me.

Appreciate your ship with her glories and perils and appreciate yourselves similarly. It's a challenge worth accepting. It's rewards are greater than mine.

EURYDICE

Personal

"What OOD in a meritorious attempt to keep bread crumbs out of the control and Conn areas, yelled "ALL STOP", to an offender, and had the helmsmen mistake his order for "ALL STOP" and thus ring it up on the engine order telegraph.

WELCOME BACK , PSYCHEDELIC PLAYERS!

After a two-patrol intermission, it's great to hear of the return to our local stage of the Psychedelic Players.

This distinguished thespian group was once a regular feature of POLK patrols, but a prolonged competition with another travelling troupe, "P.J.'s Propulsion Plant Puzzle Propounders," a sort of itinerant quiz show, caused some temporary temperamental strains and led to a long lapse between appearances at the Playhouse of the Magic Mushroom.

Time and distance having healed old wounds, the Players now return, studded with new faces and figures as well as some tried and true talent from past shows. This reviewer has not been allowed any sneak previews, but he'll predict a hit based upon past performance.

As for that quiz show: it's rumored to be under new management and is booked for a one-night stand late in the season. This reviewer has heard of plans to give them more answers than they have questions, and some of the Players are said to be among the scheduled contestants - but that's another show and will be the subject of its own review.

Once again, welcome back to POLKVILLE all you Psychedelic Players. We'll see you Monday night at curtain call.

THE GUN SMITH

In this weeks issue I will try and help you with the selection of a shot gun for the "basic gun need". There is just about every type action and gauge available on the market today - bolt, lever, pump, auto and double, gauges from 410 to 10 so you are not limited by modles available. The first consideration to have buying a shot gun, or any other gun, is to have a clear picture as to what you want to hunt. I prefer the double barrel to the other types available because of looks, balance and feel but several hunters will swear by the game they shot with the "third" shell in there pump or auto and I will swear by the money in my pocket at the game I didn't shoot at because it was out of range.

The most trouble caused with shot guns is the shotgun shell. What size shot to use on what game so I will list a few of the most popular game and my favorite shot - it may help.

1. Ducks - High Velocity. 4,5,6 - use No. 4 shot for long range and pass shooting. For normal range - No. 5 or No. 6 for closer range shooting over decoys. No. 7 1/2.

2. Pheasants - High Velocity, 5,6 - For cornfield shooting where long shots are usual - better use No. 5. on a normal rise over dogs and for all around use No. 6 is the favorite. Bigger shot may be dangerous when hunting in large groups.

3. Quail - High Velocity - 7 1/2,8,9 - For early season shooting on bob whites when feathers are light. I use No. 9 shot. Later on switch to 7 1/2 of 8.

4. Doves "Express" - 6,7 1/2,8 - you can do a good job on moving doves at normal ranges with the lighter loads and No. 7 1/2 or No. 8 shot - but for longer ranges use the heavy loads and No. 6 or No 7 1/2.

5. Rabbits "Express" 4,5,6 - For cottontail rabbits at normal range, the lighter loads are suitable, but for larger game such as jack rabbits and snowshoe rabbits use heavy loads.

6. Deer and Black Bear - High Velocity - Rifled Slug - nothing smaller than a 16 gauge should be used with rigled slugs.

As I mentioned before I prefer the double barrel 12 gauge to the other types of shotguns on the market, but you may find the 16 or 20 gauge more gentle on your body and get the best results too; so I want to say any more on what types to buy. Prices on good shotguns start at about "100.00 and remember the Navy Exchange will order any thing you want so take advantage of your benefits.

Yours in Sportsmanship
Snuffy Smith

POLKIN ALONG SPORTS

Last Weeks Scores:

Atlanta 00	New York (J) 06	Philadelphia 23	Boston 10	Pittsburg 23
Dallas 12	Miami 20	New York (G) 30	Kansas City 23	Buffalo 10

St Louis 24	Baltimore 24	Washington 31	Oakland 35	San Francisco 20
New Orleans 17	Houston 20	Detroit 10	Denver 21	Los Angeles 06

Cincinnati 27	Minnesota 24
Cleveland 30	Chicago 00

Last weeks games there were some upsets which really surprised POLKIN ALONG Sports. This weeks schedule is a real tough one to pick from as you will see. I am going to hang my neck out and predict a score of a real close game. Her is a schedule of games and my predictions and how they will come out.

CONT'D

[illegible]

How about a couple of Cryptograms folks!!!!!!

1. LMPFR SGH MFPH AHS KSNR-ACHV TRTSMWV SGH UJA SDSGH JL ACHFO
JDU RAGHUNAC TUAFM ACHV NHA FUAJ CJA DSAHG.
2. BYLN LND LOA HN HYCD RNQTNCB, HOF YFMNCB QCN NQBKRA QHRN
FY ZONBB: PMNCN FMN UCKPT KB ZYKDZ.
3. GDFHTANAN DF M QOSHRC HIAHNDJA, UIO DU NKOC QCOC AIAC, JRC
QIOSG QIESG OXNDA EAHKABCO.
4. BOMGSE OLWC MHCO PMED DIACO GE GELAGG I BLGA CHIGKH NLC X RWIT
NGSHC FLOQA LN DIRLOULF.

This image shows a full page of blank graph paper. The grid consists of thin, light gray horizontal and vertical lines that intersect to form small squares across the entire surface. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Them Cook Strikers

Look at them cook strikers
Ain't they cool
Standing there playing with they tool

Whip it to the left
Whip it to the right
throw it in the slop
and serve it tonight

Look at them cook strikers
Ain't they it
Add a little garbage
add a little shit

Them greasy grimy cook strikers
sure are smart
feeding them beans
that make you fart

How to be a cook striker
Ain't no problem
find yourself a cook
rare back and gobble em'

The Young Indian

Once again Young Indian have ear to ground. Hear story of how evil old bitch try to slander the great young Indian.

Old Squaw just what name say. What does stupid old owmen know about the great deeds of a warrior. All she knows about is making mocasin, breech cloth and cooking. She not even good cook. No warrior not affected by evil spirits listen to cracklings of "Old Squaw".

It is true Young Indian still suck breast. Him even suck breast of Old Squaw's daughter. She should ask daughter how cum belly get so big last couple of moons before she blow smoke out ass about sex life of Young Indian. Daughter of Old Squaw give much pleasure to Young Indian.

Old Squaw have bad eyesight, or she see scalps of Young Indian hang from belt. She should thank Great Spirit she not man or her's hang there also.

In opinion of Young Indian that Old Squaw just jealous old hag who wish she could do great deeds like Young Indian.

Ramblin' Along

Well, again we have the fabulous players, coming to your living rooms just entertaining the hell out of ya. Seems to be a good line up of talent, but you never can tell with these big productions.

The fast talker from Brooklyn fished yours truly into participating, just because we come from the same neighborhood. Besides I didn't want the "Jewish Mafia" swooping down on my abode and heckling me into submission, so I just volunteered. "Oie Vey", did I volunteer. But it will be fun, with the new and exciting acts, the beautiful girls, and the lasting songs, it will be a worth while experience for all. So buy your tickets now and get a good seat. See you all at the theater of the Magic Mushroom.

Flatbush Fatty

SHIPS MYSTERIOUS LIGHTING SIB VOL 19 CH. 12

DOWN IN THE DARKNESS OF CREWS BERTHING

BLINK SPARK WHAT'S THAT? BLINK! CRACKLE BLINK! SPLAT

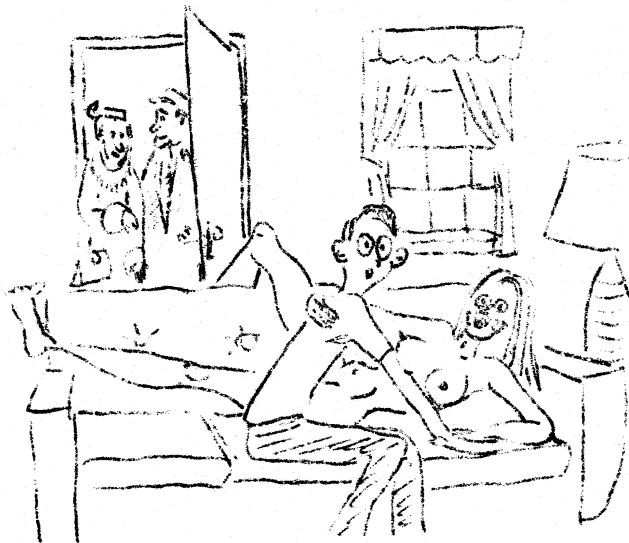
NOT EVEN FIVE MINUTES AND WE GOT OUR FIRST FISH THERE IT GOES AGAIN WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?

BLINK BLINK OH NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE SPARK! ??? CRACKLE WHAT A FISH, HE KEEPS LOOKING BACK AND FORTH AND CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOIN' ON I CAN HARDLY KEEP FROM LAUGHING.

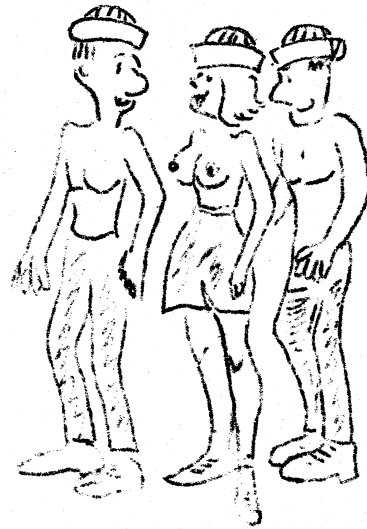
I WONDER IF I CAN OPEN THOSE LOCKERS WITHOUT GETTING SHOCKED BLINK! CRACKLE SPARK I DON'T BELIEVE IT, HO! HO! HO! HA! HA! HA! WHAT A FISH ? YIPE!! I BETTER DO SOMETHING WHAT A MULLET HA! HA! HA! HA! HEE, HEE WHAT A NOB



" I THINK HE'S IN LOVE "



" WE'RE EARLY, I BET WE BEAT SALLY AND HER DATE HOME "

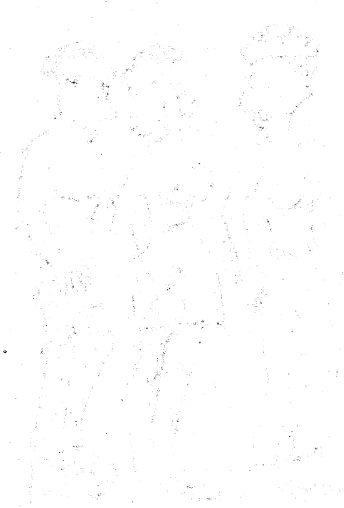


I JUST WANT TO SEE THE DOCTOR'S FACE

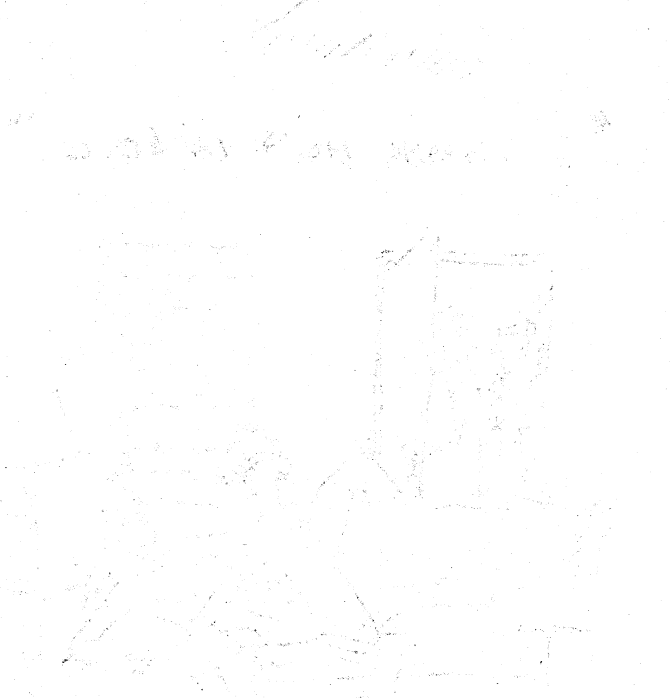
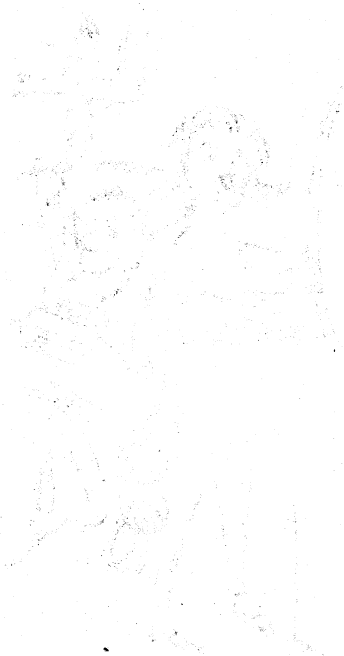


" IT'S SO HETIC AROUND HERE IN THE MORNING GETTING THE KIDS OFF TO SCHOOL AND MY HUSBAND TO THE OFFICE "

1942



THEY WERE ALL THERE
AND THEY WERE ALL THERE



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