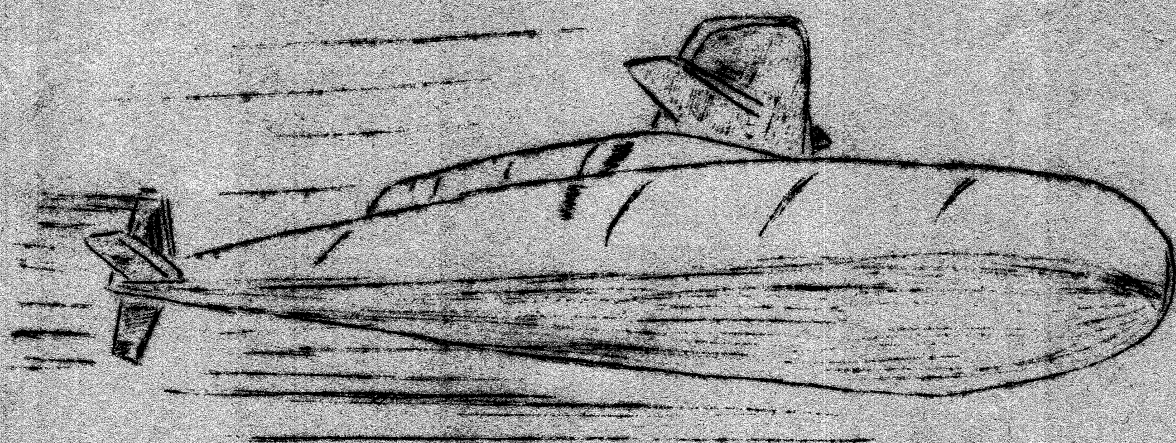
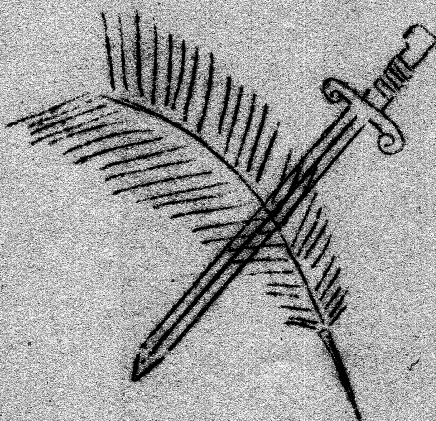


# POLKIN' ALONG



"Get your facts first, and then you  
can distort 'em as much as you please"

S. L. Clemens



# FOLKIN' ALONG



Let your feet find, and then you  
can think in as much as you please  
and so on

## A MESSAGE FROM THE CO

As we near the end of this long and demanding refit/patrol period, I want to thank each of you for your loyalty to the ship under conditions of frustration, uncertainty, and stress.

Our problems were real ones, and the cure was prolonged and distasteful. I think our performance during the last NPEB inspection was clear evidence that the long hours and hard work had not been wasted. I received many complimentary remarks about the material condition of the ship and about the appearance and attitude of the crew.

Patrol THIRTEEN has been a short one, but it shows that we were ready to do our job at sea and gives us at least a small operational accomplishment before crew turnover and return to New London. We needn't expect any cheers for a mini-patrol, but better something done operationally than nothing.

Let me offer a note of caution: the training we've received will profit us only if we've learned the basic lessons well and will continue to apply them in the future. We cannot afford to slide back into loose, informal communications or relax the watch discipline so laboriously achieved. If we make the most of our long retraining period it will provide a firm foundation for future training and operations; if we slip back into our old errors we will have wasted the whole, long, off-line period with nothing to show for it but our damaged pride.

This is a better POLK crew than ever before. We've lost a little cockiness and our pride shows dents and scratches, but we've been through a tempering process and have emerged a tougher, more competent, better disciplined outfit. We have some further trials ahead; no one who has not experienced this long and trying period can be expected to offer us any sympathy.

Quite the contrary: We'll have to endure some uncomplimentary remarks about late deployment, short deployment, missiles not fired, and the like. Don't bother to answer all that - you'll be wasting your breath.

Some facts:

- (1) We've lost four men on medical disqualifications. We've also had nine shipovers and extensions during the same period of stress.
- (2) We failed two examinations. We also passed three more, and with flying colors.
- (3) We set tender man-hour and drydock records. We've also put our ship in splendid condition and more than matched the HOLLAND and OAK RIDGE in man-hours expended in that effort. You probably noticed that those crews gave us no static; they saw us working hard and respected us for it.
- (4) We've eliminated the Gold refit. This ship doesn't need a refit now, but it will by the time we get back. And I for one don't begrudge the Goldies their few extra weeks at home. They've missed Thanksgiving and Christmas forever, and they had the curfew during their Charleston refit - a few breaks won't spoil them!

Let's go home with our heads high, make the most out of work and play, and keep that fine edge of operational skill well-honed for Patrol FIFTEEN.

As always, I take great pride in this ship and crew, and find it a pleasure and a privilege to command them.

P. DURBIN  
Commander, U.S. Navy





YOUR EDITOR SPEAKING (Hopefully)

Surprise, Surprise, Surprise! Another paper? I know that the three editors have been assiduously denying the very edition you're now reading. No, it wasn't a plot to deceive you. (It's been said we aren't smart enough anyway). We really believed it.

Oh, we had myriad excuses. Like three monkeys on top a pile of bananas, we convinced and assured ourselves that it was nigh impossible to put out the final edition.

Monkey #1, Editor-in-Chief (Alias the Hatless Paper Boy) cried, "Naw, no time, no articles, no typewriter."

Monkey #2, Managing Editor (Alias Flatbush Patty) sobbed, "Even if we had engineerings typewriter, I can't type the whole paper again. Besides, I haven't an article written."

The 3rd monkey, Associate Editor (Alias Mad Dog), while shedding crocodile tears, weeped, "He too! No article, no time, and even if we had Chief Page's typewriter - I can't type!"

"We know you can't," cried the first two monkeys.

So you can see, it's been a sad affair. Our moral was down; no articles to type, no typewriter or typists. Oh, it was just one sadness on top of another; predominantly laziness.

Then one quiet evening, when we editors (section three in Nav Center) had the watch, our discussion of world politics feminine libido, and (of course) inertial navigation, was ameliorated by a gentleman of great stature. We quickly recognized our ostentatious visitor as our very own entrepreneur of pride and good will: El Supremo.

He spoke in a voice of grave despair, his head was bowed in deep thought, and he held a handful of papers. His question was obviously directed to the #1 monkey, Editor-in-Chief.

"That's this I hear of no newspaper?"

"Who said that?!" squeaked #1, and he quickly looked about, eyes wide, for the ignoble creature spreading such an audacious travesty.

"Then there is a chance my article will be printed?", smiled the C. O.

Needless to say - - - - - we hastily assured the good Captain that he need

not worry, and that we'd fix that fratricide and his dogma. Somehow, some way, we would not fail. All we needed was a typewriter and typists. I think one could safely say our business had been adroitly surrogated by an acute motivation.

Actually, we'd been waiting some time for El Supremo's article. It had been rumored that he has been somewhat busy these last few months, but we all know the validity of "ye old scuttlebutt."

To avoid circumlocution, it was only minutes after the Captain left, when suddenly the typewriter appeared and typists began crawling out of the woodwork.

Monkey #2 shook his head, "I feel like a fool."

"Well?" agreed #1 and #3.

There you have it - the whole truth, so help me - - - - - (well maybe not).

But since you've read this far, allow me this caprice of seriousness.

First, Thank you for your participation with the "Polkin Along". Whether a writer, or just a subscriber, we of the staff appreciate your efforts. And second, we are all aware of the trials and tribulations of past months, and in these closing hours of Patrol 13 it seems fitting to say - - - - - Thank you for being the shipmates you are.

See you next Patrol,

Your Reporter (and  
Unofficial Assoc.  
Editor)

Mad Dog Diltz

"How to operate a slide rule with your toes

by the missing link

CONGRADULATIONS!  
TO ALL PERSONNEL WHO HAVE  
QUALIFIED/REQUALIFIED THIS RUN.  
FROM  
THE POLKIN ALONG STAFF

## Research By Flicke

Hello again my following readers, another article. This keeps up and it won't be long.

This week I am taking you on a special research project that I had the pleasure to research myself. This is a true happening.

It came about in the early 1940's, in the middle of winter. My old man just ordered 5000 new chickens. They were only a couple of weeks old. Anyway, they did fine except for one. It was droopy and sickly thing, and my old man didn't want it in with the rest of his prize chickens, so he gave it to me and told me to raise it.

Well, I did everything I could think of to make it come out of its croupy condition. I kept it warm, rubbed it down everyday, and fed it every chicken vitamin known at the time. I exercised it by leading it behind my horse making it do deep knee bends, and various other delightful exercises; but it just would not come out of it. It still could just hardly breath, and still not walk.

So I could only try one thing and this was a remedy that an old indian chicken farmer gave me. I went and got some grubs from the manure pile, rat droppings from the hog shed, blue-berry pie juice from my mom, mixed this all up in a mash, and wrapped in to a wild hemp leave. I then held her nose and jammed it down her throat, and then put her in bed until morning to see the results I would have.

During this time I had named my chicken emmy because I used to have a nic aunt named Emmy.

Well anyway, behold the next morning I was awoken by this ungodly loud noise. So I jumped up and ran into my chickens bed room, and what a surprise, here it was two feet high and weighed at least four pounds; just in one night.

I was so happy, everyday it kept growing, until it wasn't funny anymore. When it reached Four feet high, I started to worry. When When was Emmy going to stop growing? In another month she reached \* feet from head to toe. This was really starting to worry me, and  
(continued next column)

my old man too; for it ate 232 lbs. of prime chicken feed per day. So he said I would have to kill it and put it in the family freeze box. Well, I hated this but I could see that this was all we could do the way it was eating. I led Emmy out, (all the while she was love pecking my neck) to the chopping block. I put her head on the block, raised the ax, and was just ready to bring it down, when she looked up, her eyes turned red, lit out with a mighty squak (that the neighbors heard) and grabbed the ax from me with her beak, and crunched it in one little motion of her huge bill. I was so startled, but yet so happy, that I gave her a big hug. I went and told my dad what had happened, and he said, "I don't care how you do it, but get rid of that chicken, one way or another." Well, I didn't have the heart to kill it in any way, so I took it way out in the sandhills of Nebraska, and tied it to the mightiest tree I could find. Then I ran all the way home. When I got home, there was dear old Emmy, waiting for me, dragging that large tree with her. Plus eighteen miles of line fence she hit on her way back. So I gave up the idea, and so did my old man. He saw a chance for making some mighty good money with her.

(con't on page 3)

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## Bits an' pieces

I still don't know why Jim Spivey, or how he got his finger caught in the ball valve of the comode?

No Chief Blalock, the laundry isn't in the crews lounge.

## WIFE

Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses.

## HUSBANDS

All husbands are alike, but they have different faces so you can tell them apart.



He first wanted her bred. Well, I searched the whole world over, and there was never a rooster that dam brave; for when they would see that huge female Emmy they would go into a fit, ending up with a nervous breakdown. So after ruining a good share of fine roosters in the country, we decided that we would have to think of something else. I blind folded the largest rooster I could find, and then built a small platform for him, to aid him in his job to Emmy. Well, he went up the platform, like the best of them, got started on his job and then old Emmy, looked around, got all carried away, gave him a love peck, and smashed his brains in. So I gave up this route.

All this time Emmy was still growing. We were buying feed by the ton for her, and now she was 11 feet high, and weighed 400 lbs. She wasn't funny anymore. She dug up all our crops, knocked down sheds and buildings, used the lake to bathe, and the neighbors ranch as a dust bath. It was going to far. Then it happened. She was put in the barn for the night, after I read her a bad wolf story. She loved these. She really got a kick out of them, since she had long ago ate every wolf and cyote in the district. I tucked her in and she gave me a good night peck, and I went to bed.

The next morning my dad came in, foaming at the mouth trying to say something, but could only stutter, and I had the weak feeling in my stomach that something had happened to Emmy. I put my duds on, and ran to the barn. When I got there it was all split and broken, and buldging in every direction. I thought, oh my god, what had happened to Emmy. I ripped some boards loose so I could see, and there she was with happiness in her eyes, beside an egg that weighed at least a hundred pounds. This was something to see.

We got the egg out with a lift and three tractors, and took it to town to sell it, or trade it for more chicken feed, but no one had any use for a hundred lb. egg. We took it home, and decided we could eat it, but we couldn't find anything to break it open with. Finally, using dynamyte, we blew a small hole in one end of it, and pumped it

(con't next column)

dry with a large pump. Of course this ended up in one huge scrambled egg. The trouble was, we knew that se would do this every day now, and there was no way we could get rid of this much egg. We could feed the whole county on that one egg. Now we had a problem. I thought and thought, of what to do, and finally came up with a great idea.

I went and saw an old witch who was a vet on the side, and after 1000 dollars and three nights staying with her, she said she would perform an operation on Emmy, that would stop her from having eggs every day.

The operation was a success. We used two homlight chains saws, a derick with 20 inch cable, plus a pitch fork and a hay knofe. We then sewed her up using 800 feet of 2 inch hauser nad a rail way section of steel that was sharpened to a fine point.

Now that she wasn't going to have to go thru the strain of having to grunt and labor ober that large egg each day, I thought of a more enjoying use for her.

I found a large stump, and each day led her up to it, then backed her up to it. Thus in a week, she was stopping at every stump, and backing up to it. So now I was ready to mount her for the first time. What a thrill this was going to be. I could hardly wait. I took her out to a large stump, and then got on the  
(con't on page 4 )

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Bits an' Pieces

I was a teenage drifter  
by Fairchild and Able  
How to get on board via line # 5  
by Hopkins  
Get me to the Church on time  
by Pemberton  
Art of self defense  
by Olson and Rochealu  
Contact  
by Johnson  
Life in the Barracks can be fun  
by the C.O.B.

" If I'm not in bed by 10 o'clock, said one female barfly to the other, "I'm going home".

Research By Fische can't again

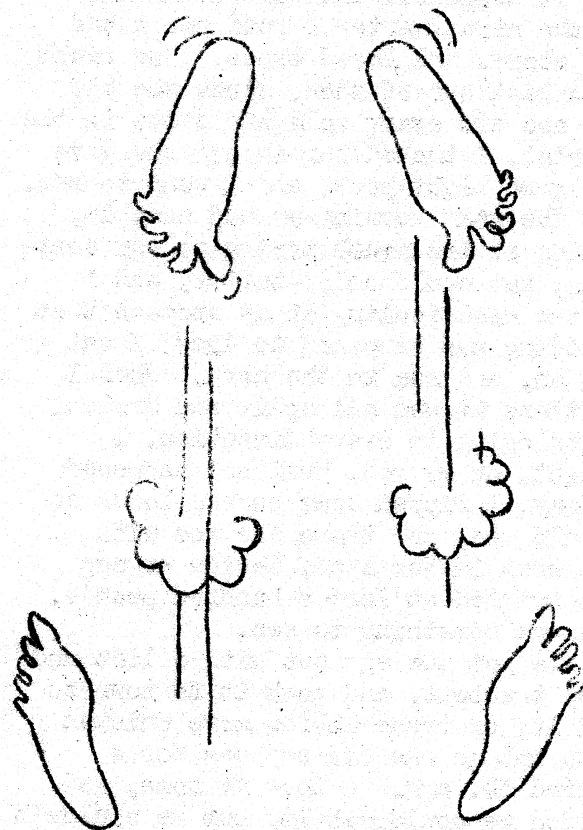
stump and waited for her to turn around and back up to the stump so I could mount her. I watched with all the anticipation I ever had for anything, as she slowly edged her way back up to the stump. When she was close enough, I took the great plunge and mounted her with one great leap. Wow! What a feeling to be on a chicken for the first time in my life. Well, it didn't last very long. Her feathers were very slick, and I couldn't hang on. By now she was 20 feet high, and that is a long way to fall. I had to build a saddle. This I did by taking four bull's hides and sewing them together and making the first known chicken saddle. It worked good. I got in it and we were off. She humped and squawked and ran. We flew over acres of land, thru rivers, across the range, knocking down ranches, clawing new valleys. We flew 800 to a 1000 feet in the air and then down again, to put the dust bowl back to its glory. After 3 days of this she quited down, and I had her whipped. I could travel thousands of miles a day on her, without her ever tiring. When we hit rough country, She would spring to the air and go 3 or four hundred miles in the air at one sweep. She was just beautiful to see. A one chicken man, and I owned her. What a feeling! I loved her so much, Just me and my Emmy.

This went on for months, just me and her, in our own dream world. It was such a great life; just running and flying across the countryside. I didn't have a care in the world, or so I thought; But I had forgotten a most important detail, that had not entered my mind. We were in one of our long flights over a rough part of Wyoming, just me and Emmy, together as one, her head straight as an arrow, her tail feathers flowing in the wind. I was enjoying the great flowing muscles in her back, and looking at the scenery, when I noticed feathers in our exhaust air stream. This I couldn't understand, so I turned and gave it a good look, and behold there were thousands of feathers in the miles behind us. What is this, I thought to myself. Then I realized, the great shock hitting me all at once, that

(can't next column)

Emmy was molting, losing her feathers, so new ones could come in. I hauled in on the reins, and sunk in my spurs, trying to get her stopped, and down on the ground, but she was so engrossed in her flight that I could not get her attention. Soon I could see that we were dropping altitude, and fast. I could see that we would crash in a few moments. So I could only think of one thing to do, and that was what I did. I grabbed a large feather, and held on to it. Emmy went on her way. When she noticed I was gone, she tried to make a circle to pick up her master, but by this time there were not enough feathers left and she started to fall. Looking into her eyes, I could see she was saying she was sorry. All the love she had for me was shown in that instant.

CONT on PAGE 5 )



4 " Dammit! That's a helluva place for a mousetrap! "



Yet there was nothing I could do. She fell with a squawk that shook the land, and fell to her death on the Wyoming plains with a sound and impact that registered as one of the greatest earthquakes. This is why when you drive thru Wyoming you see the rough terrain and the red rocks and soil. It was from her impact and blood that made it this way. I will never forget my Emmy. I loved her so much. My heart was broken and tears I shed as I floated down on one of her feathers, that I still have.

Well, thsi ends another true story from my life. I know it's a sad story, and I know that it touches your heart, as it still does mine.

Keep your czrds and letters coming, they are enjoyed very much.

JJ FICKE

#### A funny

Impressed by the impeccable cleanliness of the resturant, the customer summoned his waiter over to the the table to compliment him.

"We take pride in our sanitary precautions," the waiter explained. "For example, the manager makes us carry a spoon, so we don't have don't have to touch the food we serve, and we even have a string attachêd to our pants fly so that we don't touch the zipper."

"But how do you get it back into your trousers?" the customer whispered.

"Don't know about the others", the waiter replied, "but I use my spoon."

#### A double funny

The young man took his girl to an open-air theater on their first date. After the first act he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked the usher where the men's room was located and was told, "turn left by that big oak tree, go straight ahead about 20 yds., then right another 5."

In a few minutes he returned to his seat.

"Has the second act started yet?" he asked his date....! "You ought to know, she said coolly, "You were in it!"

I would like to take this oppurtunity to discuss an ever growing social farce which has graced the JAMES KNOX POLK since I came on board six runs ago. I have been opposed to it ever since I first saw it in action, not because it affected me, but rather because it was, is, and will always be ridiculous. At present, I am disgustingly short, and to leave without even trying to make an appeal just rubs me the wrong way.

My topic is that of the internal garbage exchange. Perhaps everyone is not familiar with the exchange. Allow me to explain.

Every time the ship is given either an XO's or a Captain's material inspection, the exchange opens. On the first day of the inspection, all garbage from the torpedo room and the Operations Compartment is carried aft and piled in a shimmering display of poly-bags and tape. The recipient of this trash is usually the Missile Compartment, although there have been isolated reports of transfers all the way to the Engine Room.

On the second day of the inspection, all forward trash having been restowed, the after trash is all shipped to the Torpedo Room and the Operations Compartment, there to remain until the inspection is over.

The trash exchange appears to be the result of an underground belief that the Captain and the XO do not realize that the trash exists. I give them more credit than that. I do not feel that our officers honestly believe that the trash exchange is a necessary thing. Hundreds of times I have asked myself, "If the Captain inspected the Nav Center and found it very clean and well stowed, would he really complain about a poly bag off in the corner with the days trash in it? Does he really think that it is compacted as fast as it is acquired?" My answer keeps coming out "NO".

It is time to put an end to this nonsense of carrying garbage from one end of the boat to another! Prior to the next inspection, let's realize that collected trash in a bag, waiting to be compacted, can be ignored rather than spread for inspection purposes!

MAN IN THE STREET

QUESTION: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BANANAS?

Waterhouse: It's the best way for explaining an orange because elephant like jolly ollie grape with oysters during peanut season.

COB: They slip well.

ENG: Bananas have their place in life.

Ries: Mushy like the jam between my toes.

Goldie: I like em, I like em, I like em. In fact I like any fruit.

Jackson: What kind?

Mr. Erion: There are two ways of taking bananas, orally and in the ear. Lately it's been in the ear.

Funk: They're great for monkeys.

Springer: I don't think he's worth a damn.

Fig: They're slippery, yellow and good with peanut butter.

Wing: What's a banana?

Mr. Embry: I have them in my ears often

Doc Tutor: They remind me of the telephone.

Hopkins: Bananas are good but I can't pass the seeds

Diltz: Actually I believe in Laissez Faire, but bananas seem to have a propensity for being

today's panacea: Eat more bananas and make less war?

Doc Van Dyke: They look very appropriate growing out of certain people's ears lately.

Zirkle: They're great for old maids

Paul: Not much.

Williams: I like them because they taste good.

Childs: Chiquita's my good bud.

Cote: If they're there, I eat em.

Vick: I think they're nice and yellow.

Mike: To many of them will make you sterile.

Johnson: I eat the hell out of them.

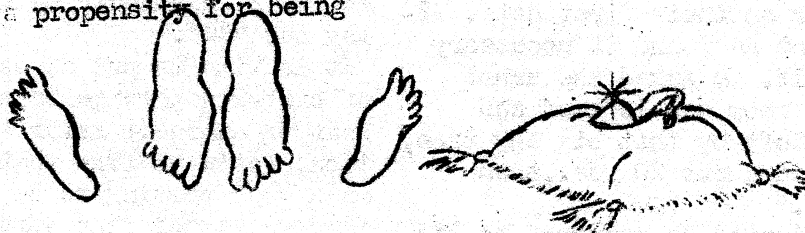
Tom Collins: I've never thought much of them one way or the other

Hall: They're OK!

Gray: I never heard of them.

White: They taste good. Monkeys eat them too, and people are monkeys.

The Beast



"GREAT CINDERELLA!! Now we'll see if the slipper fits!"



TO THE WIVES, NOT JUST A LETTER

My dearest wife of mine  
I pray God's grace keeps you fine.  
Smile! Blow in the mic, clear your blue  
Your devoted husband does also miss you.

There is much to say, but so little to tell  
Suffice it must, for you to know I'm well.  
That I'm busy each moment of the day,  
When not thinking of you, earning my pay.

Count the long days that have gone;  
Three months since I've heard your song.  
The seconds have slipped slowly past  
But now we're six days short; at last.

I've thought of you being, always alone  
In that big white house, built on stone.  
Your awful loneliness I forever share  
My soul reaches out, to tell you I care.

Often I've dreamt, while asleep  
Of you, quiet in the dark, ready to weep  
At the window, overlooking the tree  
In sleepless wait 'till I return from sea.

I know it must not be easy  
My duties, sure to keep you busy.  
But always, when away, I wonder how  
You are doing without me now.

Proud I am, of your will and courage  
Knowing that absence is not of marriage.  
Yet somehow I can tell I know for sure  
Our bonding love is evermore pure.

Why I've been blessed with such a fortune,  
To have found you in my days of courtin'?  
A question I can not answer, true,  
Except as a gift from heaven; that is you.

My needs, my wants, you happily satisfy  
At hopes, and failures - you never laugh or cry.  
You've done me honor with two fine sons,  
Yes, I do love thee, my dearest one.

Soon, once again, your chin I'll tip  
To taste the sweet nectar of your lip!  
Just to see you, and hold you as well,  
Shall divorce my soul of an Onus of Hell.

Your beauty, charm, and natural grace  
Of thoughts so tacit; my blood will race  
No woman, of any universe, era or myth,  
Could possibly take your place, December Fifth.

To You My Treasure, I Sign With Pleasure, Your Husband - TIGER!!

CASMAR'S  
GANG OF THE WEEK

This week, since it is entirely up to me,  
I have decided to have a look at the Nav ET.  
Never have I seen such an assortment in my life,  
I say that I have never witnessed such strife.

We have all kinds on Polk I will now state,  
They are all different from their loves to their hates.  
We have round ones, square ones and some that are  
Unclassed.  
All together a den of morbid skunks has them surpassed.

Take Lee, a round peg, trying to fit into a square  
hole,  
Boasting away while his mates saves themselves by  
climbing a pole.  
Waving his pipe, mouth set with throttle on wide,  
Throwing his B. S. on his mates like an incoming  
tide.

Then there is Diltz, I must say one of a kind,  
One that will die or go broke so as not to end up  
behind.  
Driving a Cad, wearing bermudas and a putter in his  
hands,  
But can't concentrate on his game for his creditors  
demands.

Zirkle, now here we really go far in the mind,  
So as to keep petting him and trying to be kind.  
His nose over ones shoulder, it could seem to be  
thought  
That sooner or later he would bound to get it  
caught.

As for the rest except for the Chief, what can I  
say,  
You run into these kind no matter where, everyday,  
Slow witted, but bent on their best, for this job  
they do,  
Stuck in a rut, as simple as tearing a lace of a  
shoe.

I am proud of what I write, and I try with all  
my might,  
But no matter what I do, their Chief's talents  
show no light.  
So no cutting or praising will my pen give to him,  
But with my superiority I could surely give him a  
trim.

So there it is, a short run down of them all,  
A damn poor subject to pick, I must surely call,  
This poem isn't the best I do admit,  
But what could you write about a pile of xxxx!!!



This story started on a chicken farm in Nebraska. In fact it was told to me by old friend Jim who at the time was employed as the hired hand on this chicken farm.

As the story goes, the owner, a bachelor of good estate, desiring to increase his riches, applied himself to a young lady of great fortune. Although his estate was somewhat inferior to her portion, the comeliness of his person and his accomplishments soon prevailed upon the lady to become his bride. Having nothing before her eyes but the prospect of a happy life and the comfortable embraces of a man of sweet temper, affable behavior, incomparable wit and excellent proportion, she gave him but very little trouble to bring his design to its proposed issue. So they were soon wedded and bedded, with all the solemnities and formalities of a public nuptial.

Now the gentleman, in his minority having received a kick from a mule that occasioned his castration, was rendered incapable of gratifying the expectancies of his panting bride. Concluding it best to confess his infirmity and put her past the thought of what is natural, in such a case for the most modest woman to expect, he accordingly disclosed all, but with as much art and rhetoric as possible. To lessen the impression of so great a disappointment, he told her that, though he was impotent, he would grant her the liberty of making good his deficiency to her, that she might choose any person to be her confidant that she found agreeable. The young lady, fearing this might be some trick of her husbands to sift whether any other person had any share of her affections, made a jest of his disclosure and suspended her choice for the moment.

Convinced at last that she was brought in good earnest into this misfortune and being not a little uneasy under this intolerable disappointment, she began to be thoughtfully intent upon the freedom that was given her by her impotent husband. Observing his hired hand to be a handsome jolly young man, looking as if he were well qualified for so pleasing a task, she resolved to pitch upon him to supply the deficiency of her unhappy husband and, accordingly, acquainted her husband with the choice she had made. The gentleman seemed very well contented and, sending for Jim, informed him of the whole affair with all its circumstances. He promised

Jim \$2000 a year as long as he would take care, through secrecy and prudence, to prevent any disreputation that otherwise might, by his carelessness, fall upon the family. Jim, overjoyed at this proposal, made so many fair promises and protestations that the master was well satisfied and thought him a proper confidant for his purpose. Accordingly, he lodged him in a room near his own, so that his wife, without danger of detection, might change her bedfellow as often as she wished.

This good-natured liberty of the gentleman's was mutually enjoyed between his wife and his servant for a considerable time without either discovery or mistrust. At last, on a summer's day, having added an unusual warmth to her youthful desires by a glass or two of rich red wine, the lady went into the buttery where Jim was alone, taking a lazy nap to indulge his idleness. The lady, shutting the door, awakened Jim and soon made him sensible, by intelligible signs of what she wanted. Rubbing his eyes and speedily understanding her meaning, he laid her down with a finger and a thumb upon a lolling convenience, in order to oblige her. In which interim the chaplain, being dry after his dinner, came to the buttery door and knocked for admittance into the cellar. Jim, being too engaged to answer, the parson judged by his silence that he was making much of some friend in private. Having a mind to be satisfied, he peeped through the keyhole and beheld, with the eye of truth, the sad shame and dishonor of this lady and Jim, by the instigation of the devil, had brought upon the family. He immediately ran openmouthed to his patron and, with a sorrowful countenance, acquainted him with his lady's debauchery most rhetorically setting forth the villainy and treachery of his servant in thus abusing him. The gentleman had no way left to excuse the matter but to tell the truth and disclose his own infirmity. Enjoining the parson to secrecy he explained that it was done by his inducement and permission and that he allowed Jim \$2000 a year to recompense his diligence.

"Lord, sir", said the chaplain, "why would you not employ me?" "I'd have done it for a \$1000 with all my heart, and have read prayers twice a day into the bargain"

From what Jim told me I think he said the Lady's name was Emmy!

## Book of the Week

### The Sinio - Variant

By Allison Chid

From the very first page, Colonel Chid's new novel is cloaked in mystery and sizzling intrigue.

A murder in a London flat. A strange and fatal epidemic at an Army base in California. What possible connection could there be between these two tragedies continents apart.

Sir Kenneth Hardy, chief of British Army Intelligence, see them as proof of a threatening international ring, but Cornelius Craig resist being drawn into action. Only recently discharged from American Army Intelligence, Craig, even after the flagrant interference of Hardy's cold, ultra-attractive daughter, Sandra, won't budge. Until -----

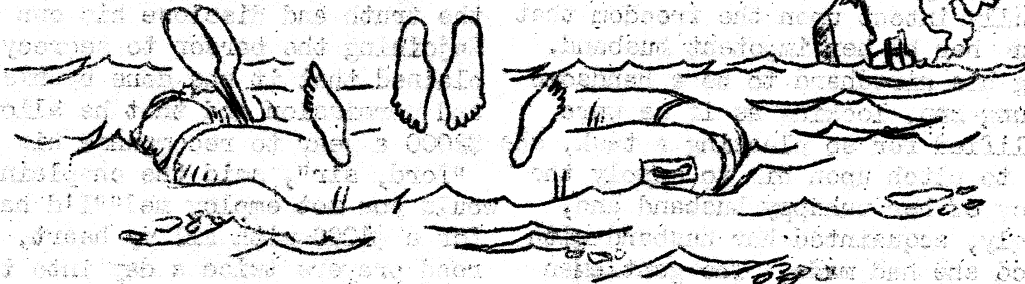
A curious warning: Craig's wartime partner in espionage in China is in great danger, in London. Now alerted, the former intelligence "Spook" moves fast. He traces clandestine operations in Limestone while attempting to sidestep the mounting dangers he has brought upon Beth, his new love. He takes off for Tokyo, close behind an unravelling pattern of evidence. To the mountains of Hokkaido. To Taiwan. To aies.

The worldwide conspiracy begins to take shape: old intelligence associates are involved, and new victims, new enemies rise out of the menace that has drawn upon the evil wonders of modern science to threaten London..... ashington....London.

In this taut, sophisticated tale of international dimensions, Colonel Chid ingeniously involves his reader in minute-by-minute, mesmerizing suspense.

For anyone who enjoys this type of reading, it is truly one of the better ones.

Double "O" Seven



"Isn't this better than going down with your ship, Captain?"

## Helpful Hints For Better Living

Here are my helpful hints this week that have been giving us a real problem. Please take note and lets help our lovely Berthing Compt. out.

Dubry, quit taking your che to bed with you. The laundry P. O. can't get the bro n out of your pillow cases. Your sheets are bro n in spots also, but we haven't determined what this is caused from as yet.

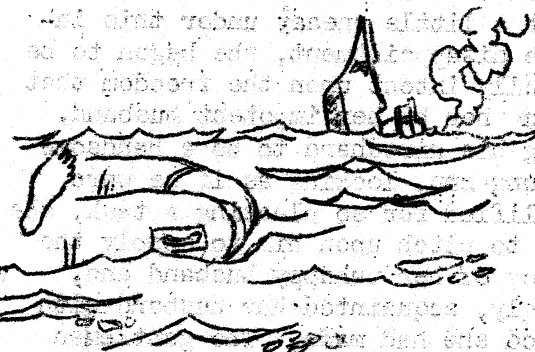
If any more laundry turns up for washing with bubble gum on it, Adler will have to answer directly to the N.H.B.G.R.S. (No Hair Bubble Gum Remover School).

Any and all soft linen will be turned over to Wakefield, Diltz, Mondschein, Adler and Humphrey. They are getting head burns from rolling over on rough linen, from a non-protection device they have lost

\*SERIOUS NOTE: Submarine etiquette:

1. Wash and dry out wash basin when done.
  2. Keep a water seal on stools.
  3. Don't forget to flush after using.
  4. Replace wipe paper when using last sheet.
  5. Put seat up when relieving the bladder.
  6. Hit when you aim, or aim where you aim to hit!
- These few rules will help out the next person and make it cleaner and more pleasant.

Love,  
Berthing Mother



## MEDICALLY SPEAKING

by  
The Guy Who Would  
still like to see  
"How To Succeed In  
Business Without  
Really Trying"

Since this edition of the Polkin Along was totally unexpected by me I was unable to come up with a more interesting article than this one for you this week. I hope the disappointment will not be too great for most of you, although I do realize that many will suffer complete emotional breakdowns and I have an extra supply of tranquilizers on hand for just such cases.

Most of you, I am sure are aware of my recent survey on human sexual attitudes. The survey was greeted with much excitement and willingness to participate by the majority of the crew, and although the survey was conducted in all seriousness over half of those who volunteered failed to return their forms, so I have been unable to form any concrete opinions with what little information I did receive, but let me assure you that we members of the Jimmy K. are a bunch of upstanding, red blooded, American submarine sailors who are interested in nothing but sex and eating (and I don't mean food).

Perhaps next Patrol I can conduct another survey along the same lines and come up with more interesting and informative ideas and opinions.

I also plan to branch out into other fields of the medical profession and I am already in the process of acquiring books and films to cover a multitude of subjects.

I appreciate the support and encouraging comments and constructive criticism of the readers of this column and I hope to improve on it next Patrol.

In closing I would like to say that although it has not been an altogether pleasant Patrol 13, and even though the number 13 has been a nemesis to us, we are still members of the submarine service, and we are members of the best submarine in that service and it is up to us to put this Patrol behind us as best we can and do our best to see that the next NPEB is a one-time affair whether we are on the Jimmy K. or another boat.

Until the Next Issue, Doc

## HUMOR FROM THE FAIR SEX

The following was plagiarized from the Current Tidings Newspaper, published by the Polaris Officers Wives' Club of USN Submarine Base. I found the paper one evening on the periscope stand. I was on watch and had nothing better to do so I picked it up and started reading. Very interesting! The Press Staff hosts quite a few of our own wardroom wives: Mrs. Bajuk as Editor, Mrs. Durbin, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Branch and Mrs. Plank.

I have taken a portion of an article entitled "The Real Submarine Officer's Wife" by Judy Howard. Of course, I'm sure this applies to enlisted wives as well.

"Here are a few attributes peculiar to submarine wives:

### PRIVILEGES:

Housebreaking the new puppy, while toilet training the two year old.

Reading the new Playboy before your husband sees them.

Washing fifteen shirts and not having to iron them for three months.

Getting to pick out a new trunk lid, tail light and back bumper.

Having a baby without a worried father in the way.

Doing the income tax by yourself.

### ODDITIES:

Learning to like macaroni and cheese and spaghetti O's.

Reading Popular Mechanics and Mr. Fixit avidly

Identifying after shave lotion, even on service station attendants.

### INSUFFERABLES:

Watching "June Bug" or "The Munsters" instead of the national news program.

(Continued on Page 13 )



## RAMBLIN' ABOUT

Just before we were ready to close the press office for this patrol, we received some backing from people in high places and with unexpected luck and considerable contributions from members of the crew we are able to squeeze out one last issue. Such a deal we got, it was difficult to resist.

As usual my article was late, and even as managing editor, I couldn't escape the wrath of the Editor in Chief to meet our deadline. Even that punk kid, our paper boy, the ungrateful clod, and "Mad Dog" Diltz our ASS. Editor, backed him up, so here are a few of the thrown together words to take up some space.

Since I'm just taking up space, I'd like to say farewell to some good Polkers that are leaving us this in-port. They've been good shipmates, so lots of luck in civilian life. See all of you back in 90 days or so.

I was trying to get a few lines together to follow up my last article about wine, but decided that I'd increase my own knowledge on the subject before I impressed you all with the vast scope of my experience with the stuff. This time in port I intend to investigate the subject more fully along with some deep investigation into the brewers' art and the skill behind some of our more sturdy blends. It should be fun researching and I hope that next patrol I'll be able to enlighten the pages of the POLKIN' ALONG with my discoveries. Of course the taste method is the best way, and I'm happily looking forward to it.

Patrol 13 is coming to a close, regretfully I'm sure, but we'll have another crack at it in a couple of months. Lots of cheer to everyone during the holidays and I hope it'll be a safe time for all. If I don't see everyone in town, I'm sure there's a chance we might get together in the office occasionally during the off-crew. (Ha! Ha!)

Until then, take it easy and remember that it all counts on twenty.

Sincerely,  
Flatbush Fatty

## LITTLE KNOWN OF HISTORY

Be it known that in the ancient Kingdom of Siam a most ingenious method was employed in the selection of a ruler. It was not only a marvelous system but, in a sense, a democratic one.

The old king died and a new one had to be chosen. The first step was to dispatch an Annamese scout into every cranny of the Kingdom in search of candidates. They sought the most virile, handsome, and best hung of the nobles and peasants alike. Five of these stalwarts eventually became the candidates for the throne, subject to a severe testing.

Now another contingent of scouts, from the Lawa and Yao Yin, went forth into the land in search of the five most beautiful maids amongst the populace--young women of stunning beauty, incredible shapeliness and untrammelled passion.

When the five young men and the five gorgeous girls had been chosen, the Great Day was announced. The contest was held at midday in a great arena and the people of Siam gathered from far and wide to witness the ceremony. The moment has come for selection of the Lord of Life, Descendant of Buddha, Supreme Arbiter of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother of the Moon, Half-Brother of the Sun, Possessor of the Twenty-four Golden Umbrellas, Spitter in the Golden Spittoon.

The five stoutly handsome young men lined up naked on the field. Twenty feet in front of them stood the five lovely young women each naked and each carrying a brass pot filled with fine honey. When all was in readiness, the Royal Gakluk, clad in a crimson paming, smote a mighty blow on the Sukhotai drum as a signal for commencement of the ceremony. Lesser timpani throbbed in the background as the five girls moved forward with graceful steps. Each took her position face to face with one of the young men, then dropped to her knees and with her right hand took honey from the brass pot and began smearing it liberally and caressingly over the young man's lower abdomen; and at the same time she employed her left hand in little love pats and caresses of love. Five stout bowsprits stood forth for all to see.

cont'd on page 13

## Humor From the Fair Sex Continued

Conveying a message to your husband in twenty words that combines wit, the children's and pet's progress, confidence that all's well and that won't obliterate your moral code.

Living on grapefruit and eggs to lose weight three days before hubby is due back home.

Typing the NOTEBOOK, two weeks before it is announced that NOTEBOOKS are no longer required.

### JOYS:

Wedding day nerves all over again, amid two hundred other women and children at the lounge, waiting for the two hour late bus.

After the third disappointment, your child runs to meet the right daddy coming towards the lounge.

Discarding the Minnie Pearl flannel gown and pulling out the last filmy threads of your trousseau.

Assembling a real meal again in less than two hours.

When it matters if your hair is set and your dress is hemmed.

Watching your husband drink for his dolphins.

A shopping trip without the kids and no sitter to be paid.

Having someone care how tired you are.

More shoes to fall over, clothes to pick up, laundry to do (and it's great).

### INTERMINABLE KNOWLEDGE:

How to spread fifty pounds of manure on the lawn in a feminine manner.

Mathematical precision when the third bank statement balances.

How to unclog the washing machine, change a tire and get a child to the emergency room immediately after driving the morning car pool--all in only two hours.

Investment in stock you know the least about just before it splits.

### AMAZING DISCOVERIES:

That room stacked with patterns and strewn with material scraps can once again become your husband's den.

Money you economically saved is quickly spent for luxuries like beer, cigars, entertainment and clean uniforms.

A casserole no longer adequately serves the family three nights in a row.

With the husband home, ironing, oven cleaning, and scrubbing out the shower, cease to be "after children's bedtime" chores.

Interests above the third grade level can again be discussed at the dinner table

Confrontation of crises builds character and decision-making capabilities (motto of psychiatric-trained doctors at hospital).

### LITTLE KNOWN OF HISTORY cont'd

When each candidate had been given an adequate coating of honey, sufficient to begin attracting swarms of flies, the girls once again stood up as the Sukhotai boomed once more. Another signal and each beauty-marched around her young man, stood directly him, and then dropped to her knees. Now each girl on signal reached through the sturdy legs and took hold of the proud bowsprit and, tugging it with might and main, bent it downward and pulled it backward through the legs and then upward. All was ready. The Royal Gakluk swung his great klekti against the drum, and each girl let go, and there were five simultaneous and lightning-like swishes as five bowsprits cracked against their owner's abdomen. The one that killed the most flies--- he was the new king. Hence, the name of the great capital city--- Bangkok.

(My thanks to H. Allen Smith or this piece of history from his book, "Buskin's Along with H. Allen Smith")

### Now It's Your Turn, Casmar

Now Casmar you idiot, you've done it again,  
Sh-- canned your brains, and picked up your pen.  
I know not why, you write on such trash,  
It's easily seen, it comes out of your A--.

Do you really think, your mind, that it's stable,  
That one day, your name, may even be fable,  
Maybe you think it's cunning or smart,  
You may even be writing, yes, truly from your heart.

Your identity is known, you say only to three?  
But now you're forgetting bout little old me.  
You stand all alone, and think you can hack it,  
Your only real company has go to be faggot.

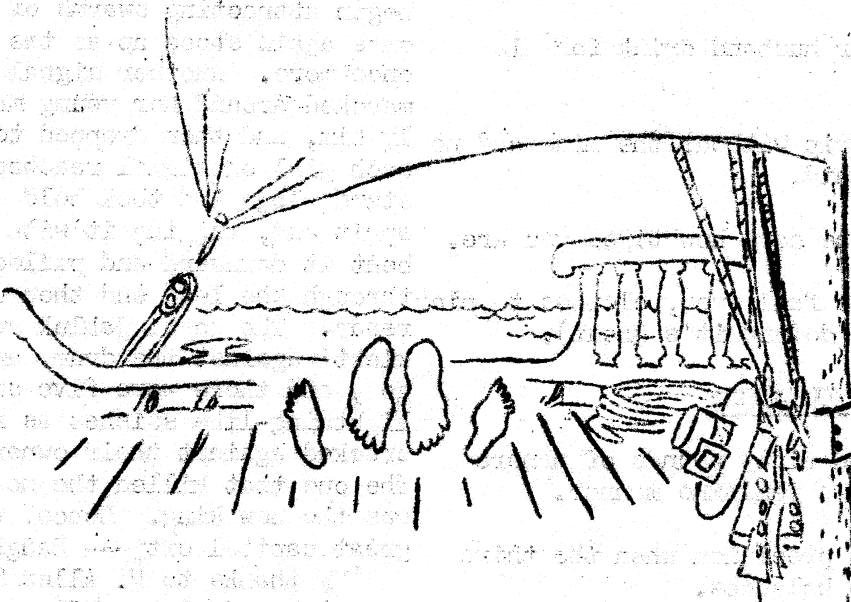
So that makes you known, now a total of four,  
And that may now turn to a score and some more.  
Stop worrying old Casmar, stop trembling with fear,  
Just stand on your hands and show them your rear.

For your breath is so bad, it smells always of bile,  
And this way you crack them your wonderful smile.  
For this would be truly a powerful test,  
So dress up your pervert and show them your best.

I'll wait for next Patrol, I'll look for your answer,  
And I'm sure it's as senseless as a kid full of cancer.  
I'm not saying this in anger or even in spite,  
It's obvious it's the only way you can write.

Your Senior

QUICK-IT



"Now we can tell our children we came on the Mayflower!"



LOGIC PROBLEM  
MINUTES OF THE MEETING

With the full and varied schedules of today's businessmen, organizations in which they are involved often find it difficult arranging mutually convenient meetings. The executive committee of the Main Street Merchants Association is no exception. At a recent meeting of the committee, for instance, no two of the five members managed to arrive at the same time, though all did get there sooner or later. From the following facts, can you tell the full names of the five committee members, the hour at which arrived, and the exact time for which the meeting had been called?

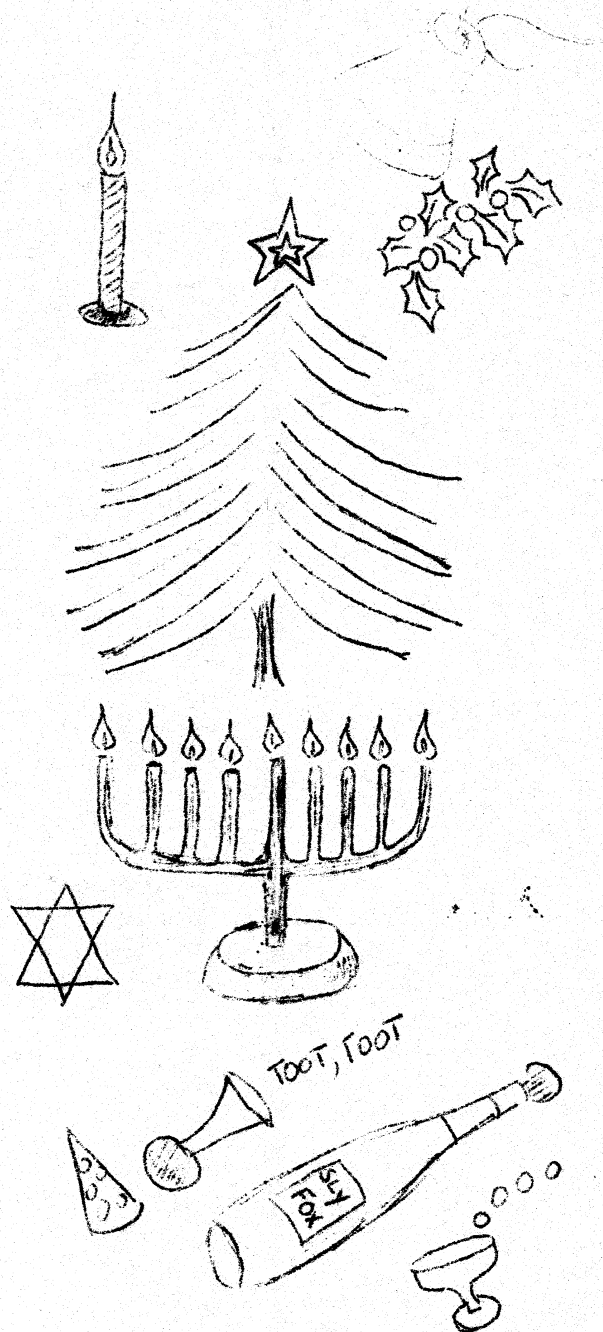
1. Mr. Link arrived fifteen minutes before Arthur and half an hour before the meeting was scheduled to begin.
2. Edmond arrived exactly on time, while Mr. Jackson was early.
3. Carl arrived twenty minutes after Arthur, but ten minutes before Mr. Harris.
4. Don's arrival was half an hour before Mr. Gamble's.
5. Bert, latest of all, arrived at exactly 8:00.

FUN WITH FACTS AND FIGURES

1. Take the number of states and divide by the number of years in a decade.
2. Now multiply your score by the number of wheels on a pair of tricycles.
3. Divide next by the number these words have in common; bifocals, bipod, bilingual, bicentennial.
4. Next subtract the number of hours in 660 minutes.
5. Now add the total number of real flowers listed here: lilac, cala lily, lily of the valley, larkspur, Lilliputian, sego lily, lady's slipper.
6. Next subtract the number of sides on an octagon.
7. Now add the total number of legs at this pet show. a pink poodle, a trio of tri-colored cats, a proud peacock, a pair of devilish dachshunds, a disdainful dromedary.
8. POTS is to STOP as 2031 is to what number? Add this number to your score.
9. If Tipperary is in Ireland, subtract 968 from your score. If it is in Scotland, add 968 to your score.

10. Our ans. is the number of days in a leap year. Is yours?

15

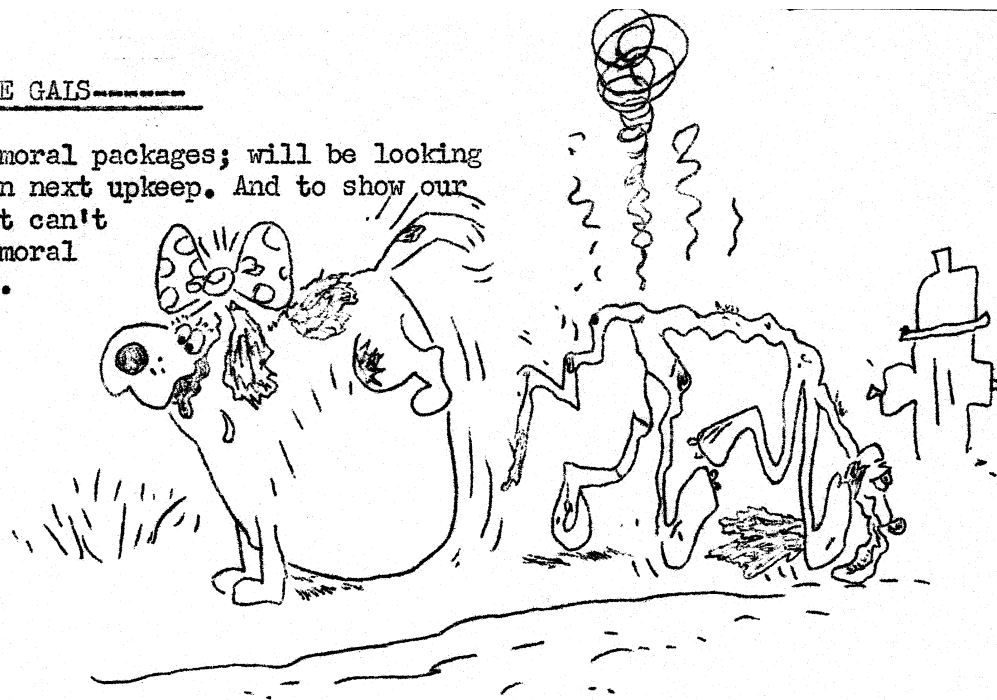


May all the crew and their family's have a joyous and safe holiday season, with lots of cheer, laughter, and fun, and hope that we have all been good so Santa Claus doesn't put black coal in our Christmas Stockings. This fervent wish is brought to you by the ever lovin' Polkin' Along Staff. "HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO ALL".



FROM THE GUYS TO THE GALS-----

Thanks for the moral packages; will be looking forward to them again next upkeep. And to show our appreciation, we just can't wait to bring "OUR" moral package home to you!



THE FIRST MORNING HOME

"Go back to sleep now dear,---daddy wasn't hurting mommy.

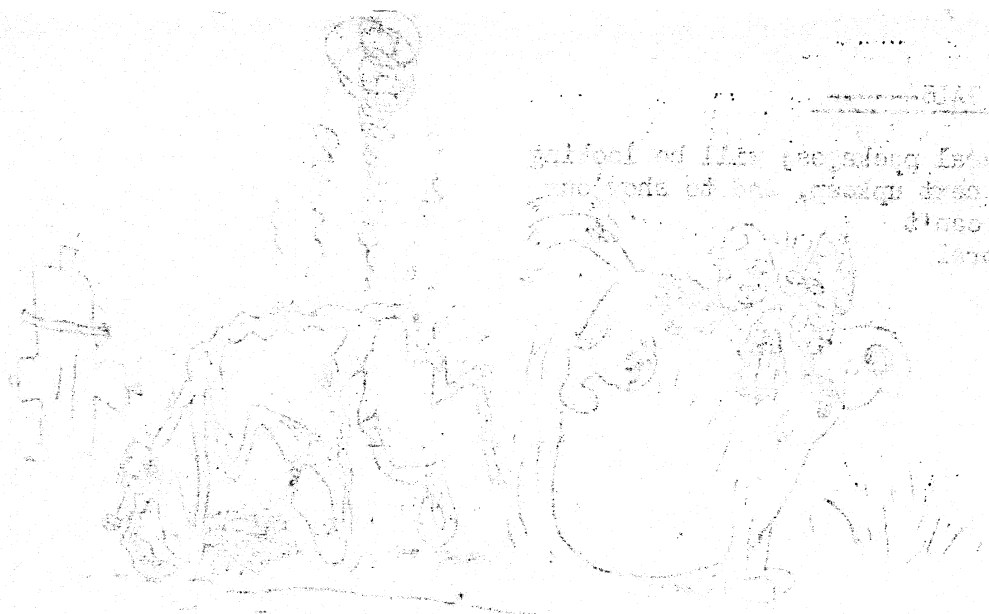


THE FIRST NIGHT HOME

"I have to hang up now mother, my sailor boy is home from patrol, and he has a present for me!"



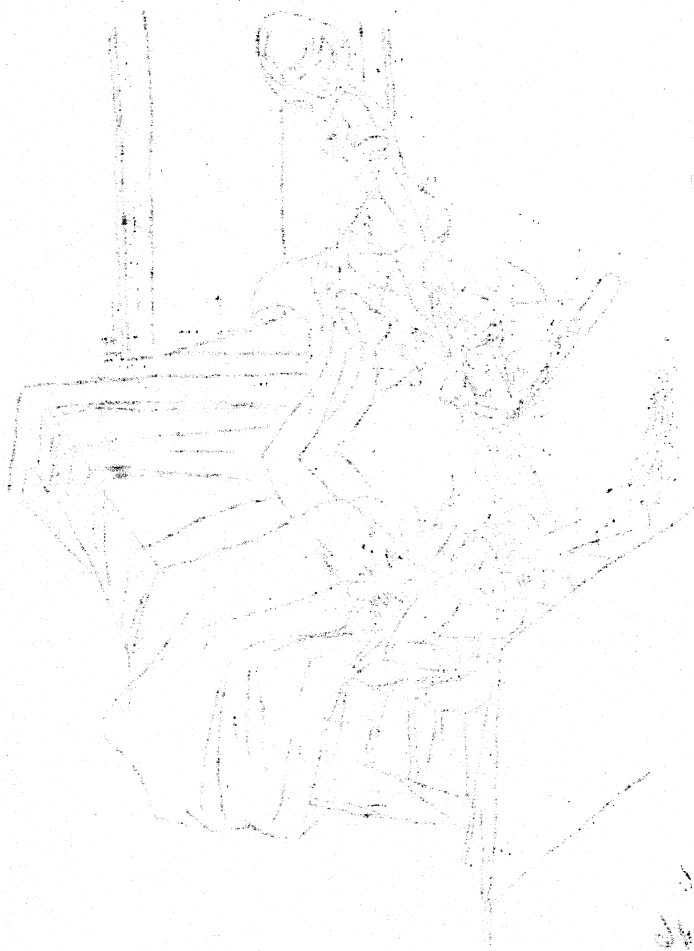




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