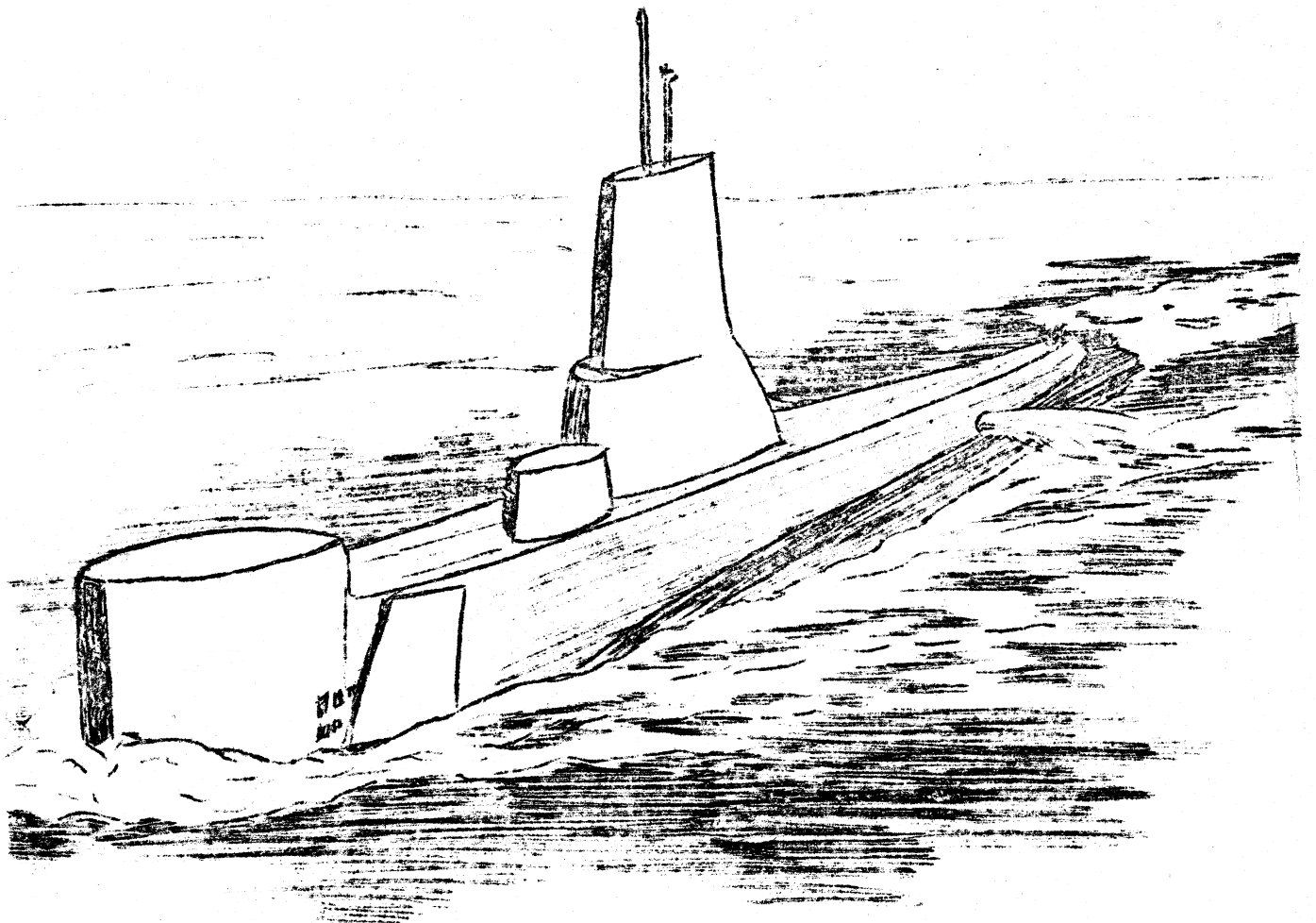


POLKIN ALONG



WIND
MILL



At the end of this patrol, POLK will receive an Operational Reactor Safeguards Examination (ORSE), administered by the Nuclear Propulsion Examining Board (NPEB).

Each Fleet Commander, Atlantic and Pacific, has an NPEB which examines its nuclear-powered ships and nuclear propulsion support facilities (tenders, sub bases) on an annual basis. This examination/inspection is a quality-control device to ensure safe operation and maintenance of our naval reactor plants.

The examination for SSBNs normally takes this form:

Early morning: NPEB embarks. Ship commences transit to op-areas. NPEB starts records inspection.

Mid-Day: Ship in op-areas. Drills commence. Each section has a series of drills to perform; when complete, watch relief effected and the next section's drills commence. About twelve hours worth of drills are scheduled.

Late evening: Records inspection continues to completion.

Second day (morning): Interviews of 20-30 min. duration. Each man may see as many as four interviewers. Ship en route to port.

Second day (afternoon): NPEB prepares findings and conducts a critique if time permits. Ship in port.

A few important points about this inspection:

(1) The NPEB does not instruct ships on how to run their plants. No member of the NPEB will comment to you as to the correctness of your actions.

(2) NPEB drills are not tricky - they are the same sort of drills we run ourselves. I will be surprised if they ask for anything very different than the drills each section has run at the beginning of this patrol.

(3) Each member of the NPEB has been chosen for his demonstrated competence as a shipboard officer. These people are not desk experts - they've heard all the standard excuses while they were running their own plants!

(4) Your attitude is a most important factor in this examination. If you are sullen, stubborn, and hostile the examination will seem endless and the board members may be expected to react adversely; if you are cooperative, polite, and attentive the exam will go faster and the board members will know they aren't wasting their time.

We're in good shape to welcome the NPEB back to POLK. We have good operators and tested procedures; we have a clean and well-maintained ship; we have accurate and complete records and documentation. Individuals can make us look better by careful preparation for the interviews; most questions there are straight out of BEQ. Watch sections can help by being meticulous in communications and procedures.

I know you all want to do well on this and any other examinations/inspections. My advice is to remain cool and collected and operate the ship just as you have operated it throughout patrol. I am confident that we will do well on this ORSE.

P. DURBIN

EDITOR'S INQUISITION

Your paper seems to have lost its spirit. Maybe it is just the passing of time and a long reminiscence of the good times past will not change the future. But I'm not satisfied until I've said my little bit. You mentioned in your introduction some old familiar names and hopes for some new blood. It would seem that a whole transfusion is in order. To give but a few examples:

The intriguing short stories are no more; the little poems of satire and reply between section one through eight have been replaced by a useless recipe; the cartoons have degenerated to obscene smutt.

The writers who once took pride in contributing to your work of journalistic art are ashamed to pass the last issue any further than the first head door. Where is our integrity, have we no qualms about what we write. Has this been the result of all the real talent being transferred, or have we allowed our good intentions to become so distorted that no one places any real value on his writing or cartoons. If one wants a dirty book or a magazine showing abnormal sex acts they are readily available;; but there is only one ships newspaper which speaks for the whole crew. Only here can we communicate freely and spread the good word about interesting and amusing personal incidents. Otherwise important events would never be known to anyone except the handfull present when they occurred.

Only in our ships newspaper can we take a good natured punch at our boss, or get back at the so and so who spills coffee on our watch station, and kept on going, or anyone who has committed a dastardly deed. Where else can super-human deeds and original statements receive due recognition? I propose that we make a determined effort to restore the real spirit of our paper.

DISENCHANTED READER

AN EDITORIAL

" WRITING GOOD EDITORIALS IS CHIEFLY TELLING THE PEOPLE WHAT THEY THINK, NOT WHAT YOU THINK."

Arthur Brisbane

I start my Editorial with a Quotation of a famous journalist, to emphasize what the responsibilities of a good editor are.

The artical "EDITORS INQUISITION", in context and all sincerety, is a valid attempt to reconstruct and add needed criticism to last weeks edition of Polkin' Along. The editors agree that his artical has merit, although drifting in the direction of narrowmindedness. Furthermore, it is felt that relating to Mr. Brisbane's Quotation, the editorial staff should, and will continue to print the "uncensored voice of the crew".

One may ask, "how do we evaluate what is the voice of the crew?". The answer is a simple on. Anything that is submitted to Polkin' Along is considered "the voice of the crew". Granted, there is a certain amount of good taste called for, and many times an article or cartoon is returned for re-working. However, in general, we transfer what we receive to the paper, good or bad, controversial or compatable to general trends, because a good paper doesn't only print what the Editors deem their personal dogma.

(con't on page 3)

Editorial con't

Personally, we felt the paper last week left much to be desired and there was a time when we decided not to start the presses at all. Quite frankly, there was no real participation, from free lance sources and regular staff alike, and it was disappointing. But indeed we did publish, and as "Editors Inquisition" shows, there are some who care. Whether or not they are right or wrong is not the question here, so let's evaluate some charges attempting to develop some really constructive ideas from them.

"Loss of Spirit" is not quite true, because we constantly get calls and visits from shipmates promising articles and volunteering their help in production. Unfortunately the "call of the rack" was stronger, and the result was last weeks edition. Thankfully this weeks edition is proving to much more substantial. Little poems of satire and reply are still active in the form of the Beast and the Worm. Read some of the answers this week, all in good humor. And the recipies are receiving warm acceptance by all who like to eat. Certainly the author of "Inquisition" couldn't be thinking of the "Great Casmir" when reflecting of times gone by of fine poetic delivery. As far as we know, he is in repose.

The most interesting allegation is that the "pages are full of cartoons describing abnormal sex acts". I must study my file of past issues of the last five patrols, or re-evaluate my definition of "abnormal" before we're able to answer that one. Let us just say that the word "unabashed" is considered by the editors more to the point, considering the times and the fact that we're all adults on Polk. The play "HAIR" was considered outstanding by all that saw it, but I wonder what "Inquisitions" attitude would be concerning the raw display of genitalia and acted out sexual fantasies on stage.

Of course we are delighted to have "EDITORS INQUISITION", because hopefully it will serve as an object lesson to all that are interested in the paper. There has to be support if we're going to have a good paper. If anyone would like to reply to the editorial or in turn to "Editors Inquisition", as always please do. Secondly, if you have a few minutes write a little something for your paper. We'd sure like to have it, be it a poem, story or cartoon. Remember if we have time to Bitch, we also have time to write.

The Editors

COMING SOON

TO THE THEATRE

OF THE MAGIC MUSHROOM

THE BENEVOLENT PLAYERS

LIVE - IN PERSON - PERFORMANCE

2 SHOWS

ADULT
ENTERTAINMENT

- MAKES "OH-CALCUTTA"

LOOK LIKE THE MICKEY

MOUSE SHOW

MAKE RESERVATIONS NOW (RATED ☒)

Dear Readers,

If you have any personal problems or even a friend of yours and you just can't seem to come up with an answer be sure and drop a line to me and I'll have an answer. You don't have to sign your name and no one will know who you are. I am not permitted to devalue any professional information so fear not. So no matter what the question is, send it in. Drop it in the mail box in lower level operations. This Box is locked and only authorized personel are able to open it.

Yours truly

Winnie

Dear Winifred,

We have now gone to 4 Sections and I have a hard time getting to sleep. Now that we have 18 hours between watches, I'm only able to sleep about 3 to 4 hours. I am losing weight, 8 1/2 lbs since we've been to sea, even though I am eating more than I ever have; and I am very nervouse.

What should I do?

Dead Heat

Dear Dead Heat,

At the time you retire to your rack, try throwing away the Boxing gloves and keeping your hands outside of your blankets.

Restfully

Winnie

Dear Winnie,

I'm very worried about not receiving a family-gram yet. My wife said she'd send me one immediately upon my departure. A lot of the guys have already received thier first family-gram and I am still waiting. Please can you give me an answer that will comfort me a little.

Waiting anxiously,

Worried

Dear Worried,

I wouldn't really worry about it to much. Gary Broach didn't get one all of last run.

Cool it,

Winnie

Dear Winnie,

I met this terrific girl inport this time and we really hit it off. Well, one thing led to another and I just received a family-gram that she's pregnant. I'm a single John and it isn't time for me to meet with such a catastrophe as this. I don't want to hurt her feelings but at the same time I want my freedom

Woe is me. What can I do?

Depth Charge.

Dear Depth Charge,

Put an add in the paper for a witch with a PHD. As soon as you have a answer offer enough money to change her into a light buld and then unscrew her.

Hopfully helpfull

Winnie

REBUTTAL

In retaliation to the hideous attempt to try and degrade the intelligence and endurance of the illustrious members of MCC watchstanders, I write these words.

Your failure to realize; firstly, the technological complexities of the system we are responsible for maintaining, secondly, the hierarchy that we are forced to follow and live under, and thirdly, the basic characteristics of intellectual people, are clearly exemplified in your article.

But being as we are, we can understand your feelings, just by considering the source. Your pen-names of Beast and Worm openly reveal the level of knowledge both of you have attained. Your assault on us was only an attempt, of your psyche, to bring us down to your level. The fact that you put us above you, we cannot help. But if it would be of any assistance, come to MCC anytime and any of us will be more than willing to listen to your problems.

But I must say something here about your claim that we do not complain about the music we play for the S/E system. It is true, generally as a rule, we do not grumble, for the simple reason we have no grounds on which to base our grievances. On the hierarchial ladder we are the last rung. We do not originate the rules, we just try to follow them. Other members of the crew fail to realize this, and as a result they direct their hostilities toward us. But, it is to no avail for they are lamenting toward the wrong people. Who, you may ask, are the right people? This is a good question for which we have no answer. No, we do not complain, we improvise. But, we do not have two tape-recorders for our use, we have three! In this manner we listen to what pleases us and, at the same time, we do not violate any rules. So no one is hurt except those people who did not think of the improvisation themselves, and they direct their antagonism toward us. But, all in all, we consider it a privilege to be given the responsibility of controlling the playing of the music that means so much to the morale of the crew, and we will not succumb to the whims of a minority, thus abusing that privilege.

One last comment on your article. In regard to the "one-thousand and one flashing lights", (by the way, there are precisely 1,583), they make up what are known as COMPUTERS. Let it suffice to say that much, for, if we were to delve any deeper into the subject, I fear we would go over your heads.

The following is directed toward the Beast.

"Oh pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, that I am meek and humble, with these butchers."

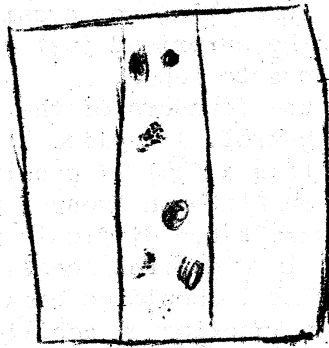
(W. Shakespeare in "Julius Caesar")

A renowned biologist once noted the disregard of age, in the mating habits of worms.

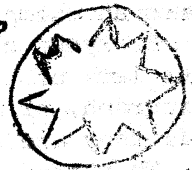
C. Snip and Sandman

What is it?

1.



2.



3.



4.



5.



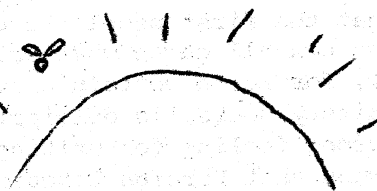
6.



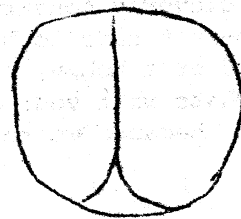
8.



7.



9.



10.



ANS ON PAGE (25)

RAMBLIN' ALONG

Although a quiet fellow like myself has a difficult time finding words at random, it's hard to ostracize my fellow shipmates about lack of inputs to their paper, especially since I'm a culprit myself. So, without further ado, here comes an example of how to fill up a few pages and say absolutely nothing.

Everyone can write "nothing", and most can write "something", and anyone who uses lack of talent and know-how as the reason for not submitting an occasional paragraph, or multitude of paragraph's, might very well be surprised just how well they are able to communicate their ideas and feelings to paper.

When the "Great Bald Eagle", Chief Pentell, one of the founders of the renowned Polkin'Along, asked me to write an orticle on my first patrol, I replied "Wot, yer must be kidden'me". For twenty-one years (give or take a few), I considered my command of the English language better than average on Flatbush Avenue, but maybe a bit under par elsewhere. Like most of us, it wasn't too difficult to convince myself that as long as I could be understood, in a general sense, it was good enough. The very thought of proving to everyone that I should go back to the fourth grade reader, terrified me. After all, I've been ignoring my achilles heel for a long time; using four letter adjectives when groping for better expression or definition. Not that I've changed to a great extent using them, because they definitely have their place, but I occasionally slip in a new word that I've picked up in Websters third.

After the first issue came off the press I couldn't wait to read my article. Delightfully it wasn't bad. A little rough, but surprizingly entertaining, and not typically "Brooklyn Ezeeze". I had the feeling that my epic breakthrough might appear to be a take-off of Damon Runion, the famous writer who had mimicked and universally inaugurated the characters who "hung out on toidy-toid street and toid avenue."

Of course, I'm hooked, and it appeases my ego to read something of my own imagination, or idea I want to convey, even if its only to myself. Furthermore, we all know that the first people to grab for the paper, are the reporters and editors, and we can all guess what article they read first.

Personally, for me, a certain amount of tension, built up during these long, lonely, and thirsty hours, is deisipated onto paper. Along with that, I've developed a strong feeling for writing, and a desire to kindle that flame that has developed between that Foreign Language "English", and myself.

We all won't feel that way, or even want to, but why don't you give it a try, and surprise yourself, just how well you can write. It's an enjoyable experience, and many times, through writing, you admit things to yourself, that has been hindering behind a cleverly constructed wall for many years.

It doesn't have to be much, a line, or something overheard; an interesting experience or a hobby; or just something to bitch about and let your voice be heard. Thats what your paper is for, what it's all about. Lets hear whats on your mind, because we're interested, and want to know more about you.

Flatbush Fatty.

People are Funny

One day as the Worm and I got up from our slumber we decided to try chow. At the thought I went to the head and became immediately sick, then we skipped on to chow. We arrived in the JAMES K. POLK MEMORIAL LOUNGE and awaited our fate. Right on time as usual (10 minutes late) the jolly old elf himself, or was it Pinochio, sung his melodious song "First Call". After the mob in the back of the show hall was in we stumbled through the door. When we got there, there was no food to be found, only the remains of the 1933 suage backup. In the back of the chow hall was that jolly Old Elf himself Mother Fletcher Cote (alias Hosenose) and all his little helpers directing traffic. In the galley was his ace co-hart Pea Picker Pemberton (alias cake baker). Who could ever forget all the wonderful peas that almost made there way to sanitary #2 or Mr. Embry's wonderful birthday cakes, right john. Behind the stoves he stands, spatula in hand with a half grown funny catipilla under his nose listening to Earnest Tub make hogg calls over the SE system. Also in the galley we can find, when his fingers are all together, Zit Paul (or is it Paul Zit). Together with his gusta and love beads he prepares all those good things to eat. Every other week or so they call on outside help from Mexican Squad, eomposed of J.C. Rasberry and Speedy, the Snack Gonyolis in an attempt to bring you more unetables. At night the Pack Rat and co-hart come out to do there number on the G.D.U. and bake all that lighter than air bread with all the holes in it. For all you interested souls John Pemberton cooks just as good (or bad) at home as at sea. His hamburgers are just as raw and greasy as ever only with lots of garlic added. But don't ask him if its true he's too short to tell you.

This article would not be complete without saying something about Pinochios wonderful Able stricter messcooks. Messcooking is about as wonderful a job as being COB and there is a definite association in the two jobs. How many times have you asked a messcook for something and got no service or the wrong thing? Well it is not their fault, you would do the same thing if you had shit in your ears. Since A1le left not as many dishes have been broken but there is still a bit of lack of coordination in all messcooks. There is nothing wrong with our messcooks that a good physical therapist could not cure. All cooks were messcooks at one time or another as Zit and Pack Rat were once upon a time. So remember next time you are giving our messcooks a rough time that they someday might be cooking our chow; excuse me while I go puke. And now a few words from that illustrious plant, the Great Pumpkin.

Yes, I strolled into third call the other day and as luck would have it, all the tables were full except that reknowned and looked down upon location commonly referred to as starvation corner. I sat down with five other unfortunates who were sitting there beating knives and forks on their plates and begging, pleading, almost dying for a morsel. The well trained messcooks flew by the table constantly oblivious to their ravished calls for a bowl of the weill he carried. Then we all held hands and having given up faith in the hope of food we began to pray. It was heartwarming to see a group of men who having lost all else still reached out in prayer. Suddenly one of the more desparate of our band stole away for a second, and whizzing past two stealthy messcooks, snuck a bowl of butter from the CPO ONLY table. Drooling at the sight of the substance, we began to indulge ourselves in one of the most enthusiastic butter banquets you could imagine. I sat next to the near empty condiment tray and enjoyed mine a la salt and pepper. It isn't an easy life stranded in starvation corner but the hardy souls who survive it need be respected.

(over)

People are Funny (Cont'd)

NOTE: This is a true story. We have illuminated the names of the guilty to protect the innocent. We weren't nasty enough to name the cruel conspirators in Cote's Cuisine such as Chicken of the Sea Tuna, Burg the lifer messcook, Delbert Darrow the dildi, Raunchy Roth the midnight sloth, and to the butchers behind the window namely PEM the pimp, Zit the pit, and Pack the sack rat; we promise our courteous considerations in not printing your names.

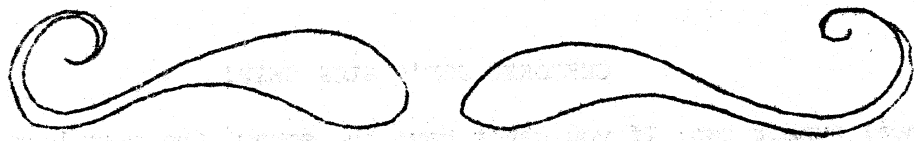
Written by: The Beast & The Worm

Guest Appearance by: The Great Pumpkin.

COME ONE, COME ALL

BIG, LITTLE, SHORT AND FAT
AND WE'LL HAVE A BALL

TRYING TO RESEMBLE THE
ASS OF A RAT —



LET'S ALL GET IN THE MOUSTACHE

CONTEST

BIG PRIZES FOR A SLEW OF

CATEGORYS :

\$

100

ENTRANCE FEE. SEE THE

C.O.B.

PUT IT ON YOUR POLK CHARGE CARD

REMEMBER

you MAY HAVE A WINNER !!

THE GUN SMITH

THE BASIC GUN NEEDS:

Over the last few patrols I have been asked many questions about which gun is best for different tasks; so with no great authority I have come up with a list of guns which are affordable, reliable and look good.

This week I will write about the 243 win. This caliber can be used for almost any type of hunting in North America. Of course to do this you will have to have a reloader. With a 80 grain bullet your target can be Woodchuck, Fox, Bobcat, Coyote or Wolf. 100 grain for Deer, Mountain Lion, Black Bear and Jaguar.

Some of the makers of the 243 win. have models out which are priced under \$200.00 and meet all the specifications I mentioned earlier. Ruger Model M-77, \$160.00 an outstanding buy; Winchester M-770 \$139.95 a beautiful blend of cold blue steel and walnut, and Remington's Model 760 at 139.95 for those who like a pump rifle. There are several other manufactures but the above are the most popular and easily obtained, If there are any questions please drop them in the Polkin'Along box and I will be happy to answer them (if I can).

Yours in Sportsmanship,
Snuffy Smith

CHEROKEE JOE'S SLOP SHIP!

For meal number two; If you can't have the squaw, the next best thing is her corns, right? (Especially when they get seasoned so well) Right? This one is guaranteed to make any forked tongue vomit. But for us injuns, ooh-la-la!

"SQUAW CORN AND SPAGHETTI"

100 Portions (2 pans)		325 Degree Oven.
Ingredients	Amount	Directions
Spaghetti, Broken	4 lbs.	1. Cook spaghetti in water and salt 15 minutes or until tender; Drain. Set aside for step 4.
Salt	1 1/3 oz.	
Water, Boiling		
Bacon, Chopped	8 lbs.	2. Cook bacon until crisp. Drain; reserve 1 cup fat for step 3. Keep bacon for step 4.
Bacon fat	8 oz.	3. Saut'e onions in fat until light yellow.
Onions; chopped	2lbs	
Corn, cream style	20-#303 cans.	4. Combine spaghetti, saut'ed onions, corn, bacon and seasonings; mix lightly.
Salt	2 oz.	
Pepper	1 tsp.	5. Put 1 1/2 gal. mixture in each greased pan.
Paprika, ground	2 tsp.	6. Sprinkle paprika over mixture in each pan.
		7. Bake 30 minutes.

CHEROKEE JOE--

THE GUN NUT!

CONCERNING THE 68 GUN ACT:

I wonder what our forefathers had in mind when they made it a constitutional right to keep and bare arms. Perhaps it was there way of saying beware of the system which over powers or maybe they were all a bunch of nuts who l-ke to hide behind rocks and fight for there independence.

The current trend in society pictures the "sportsman" as a crazed maniac breathing lead and fire, killing small children and cows, leaving in his wake a path of distruction and disorder. Each person should realize that as he becomes more dependent on the other man to provide his daily bread he is losing a once cherished emotion called independence. So as the great society takes away our guns the sportsmans can set back and listen to them say "pass the chicken ---- please,"and wonder where the self reliance went to.

Snuffy Smith

THE OLD INDIAN

The old indian see many wonders in his day but he will be wandering for many days trying to figure out how young GRITS will replace the old hydraulic man. Will the new cry from the conn be "GET GRITS"(for every little A-div job). The control room lizzard run about making desert sounds and not able to figure out why the shaft SEAL not able to maintain a steady course when he takes local control of the rudder. The lizzard always able to look at the sun and his shadow and figure out true noth, but the Seal not be that smart.

The control room fox reports that Leak-Tech is ready to add the first extension on the elusive oolie chart and that the sonar papoose try to call Serria Ninety over the 27 MC from the (Battery Well)? The old indian been talking with his blood brother who say the Plains Indians use poney power and the river indians use water power but no indian silly enough to use nuclear power. The new John Wane striker is a tall dark stranger who has been caught by the creaping Nuc-ism. The medicine man say the only cure for this disease is to be dipped in honey and staked out on an ant hill for two weeks. The first signs of this horrid disease is a brave acting like a mocking bird and repeating back everything you say to him. Then it be serious when he need a big black book to tell him how to tie his mockasin. It be in final stages when he need a checklist in order to take a trusty arrow from his quiver to his bow. All hope is lost when the braves eyes are glazed and he not able to talk without using powers of ten.

The BIG ENG has been all excited about getting stickers that say qualified to feed the gauge glass checkers from afar. The medicine man tell of ill wind which blows from the tunnel and pass through the land of discontent. The creaping nuc-ism is spread by the little bugs who eat stickers and the packrats who steal labels and caps. It be a grey mist that drowns everything in sight with inspections and reports of nickels and dimes.

MAN IN THE PASSAGEWAY

Greetings once again and welcome aboard to our new shipmates from the Man In The Passageway. This week I would like to take a look at a word which all or almost all of us shipmates have been using rather frequently and see what we mean by it. The word, DILDOE.

Before we look at our opinions lets see what Websters 3rd International Dictionary has to say. Dil.doe: an object serving as a penis substitute for vaginal insertion. 2. Used as refrain syllables in a song. 3. Weak or effeminate man. 4. Cylindrical curl usually of a wig or perulse. 5. A West Indian spiny cactus. Now to the crews more literary definitions:

WATERHOUSE: Just like alot of people I've known in my life time, Phoney Pricks.

SIMMONS: I'm beginning to believe that's what my wife thinks family-gram forms are for.

COLLINS, R.E.: Thats what an FBM wife thinks her husband is the three months he's home.

MULLIGAN: Thats what you find when you sneeze in a suit case. Ask Chief Arena.

PAPUGA: Phoney's and I hear you can carve them out of planks.

HALL: Thats a QMS training aid at sea.

NEWTON: If I have to look at those green torpedoes much longer I'll be able to show you.

COTE: Thats not a wart on the front of my face.

CHILDS: One of Texas's biggest dreams.

WEDEGIS: What most girls I know call a good screw. (Thats what Rogers girls have nicknamed him I hope).

LASSALE: Thats what my mother thought I was when I was being born.

MR. PLANK: A hard thing to beat.

SNYDER: Thats a Sour Baby Deer! (No Snyder not Dill-doe, dildoe).

BARLIN: A prop used in my wifes plays.

ENGINEER: Something that comes every so often to test our knowledge, commonly called NPEB or NR Board.

PAUL: If they come in flower's I'll take a few.

Thats enough for this week Dil-does, maybe next week we can do better. Anyone desiring Man in the Passageway to look into any special topics of your interest and get your shipmates views, just drop a line to "Man in the Passageway" and deposit it in the Polkin'Along mail box in the crews lounge.

MOVIE REVIEW

SUNDAY 27 SEPT: Professional killer, James Coburn takes on a "hard contract" to kill three men. On his first assignment in Spain, Coburn meets Lee Remick, who passes herself off as a expensive whore. Coburns technique brings her off for the first time. Coburn makes his first two kills easily, one in Spain, one in Brussels. He meets Remick and her traveling compaions in Madrid, where they are joined by Burgess Meredith His Employer, who thinks he is getting soft. Remick discovers Coburns occupation and pleads for some justifiable excuse. Coburn resists the chance to wipe everybody out and tells Remick what she wants to hear. Good Flick, done in the Coburn fashion. ***

MONDAY 28 SEPT: Cactus Flower

A very tangled web is woven when dentist Walter Matthaw becomes involved with his little blonde, Goldie Hawn. Walt gives her a line about being married with Kids. When he decides to marry her, Tender hearted Goldie worried about his wife and kids insists on taling things over with Matthaws non-existent mate. To protect his lie he drafts his crisp, plain nurse (Ingrid Bergman) to pose as his about-to-be divorced wife. She has concealed her feelings from him while presenting a starchy facade of spinsterhood, but when she agrees to the masquerade, she emerges as a belated femme fatale. 4.0 flick that will keep you in stitches.

TUESDAY 29 SEPT: The Match Maker (Comedy)

Rich businessman and widower Paul Ford plans to go to N.Y., to ask for Shirley McLaine's hand in Marriage. The town match maker hears of this and for fear of losing her \$50.00 fee, shows Ford a photo of a young girl who she pretends is rich. Ford wants to decide for himself, so they both go to the city leaving Anthony Perkins and Robert Morse in charge of the business. Perkins talks Morse into closing shop for some fun and girls. In N.Y. Perkins meets McLaine and tells her of Ford's proposal, Ford and Shirley Booth, the matchmaker show up on the scene and a series of complications and fun erupt. 4.0 ***

WEDNESDAY 30 SEPT: Anyone Can Play

Claudine Auger visits Rome and three girl friends (Virna Lisi, Ursula Andress, Marisa Mell). Virna is being blacked mailed with a tape recording of her past affair. Later it turns out her husband has alos been unfaithful, so she is free to resume her back seat affairs. Ursula has recurrent nightmares about being assaulted by a local traffic cop, with whom she later has an affair, Marisa performs a striptease at a charity party, which wreacks her husband's career. She ends up touring other cities with her husband acting as her straight man. Claudine, who has been tempted by her husbands accountant, returns home ready to consummate this affair, but her husband turns up unexpectedly. His surprise homecoming has prevented her from committing adultery and they find new happiness. 4.0 flick with a bit of leg. Rated "B" By reason of decency.

THURSDAY 1 OCT: The Sterile Cuckoo.

Lisa Minelli plays a kookie lonely girl. On the bus to college she meets Wendell Burton headed for a boys school about sixty miles from hers. She drives up to see him unexpectedly the following weekend. Her free-spirited vitality breaks through his shy defenses and their relationship turns to love. One crisis occurs when she thinks(or pretends) she is pregent but later she isn't. He tries to c-ol things off but she talks him out of this and into letting her spend the Easter holidays with him. After this, he again suggest tapering off. She finally accepts and disappears. He finds her and sends her home. I'll let you make your own decision on this one, but sounds good to me. R Rated Guys.

MOVIE REVIEW CONT'D:

FRIDAY 2 OCT: Fire Creek (Western)

A gang of outlaw drifters, headed by Henry Fonda, ride into firecreek and start trouble. James Stewart, part time sheriff and farmer with an expectant wife tries to prevent further trouble. Meanwhile, Fonda is recuperating from wounds in a boarding run by Inger Stevens and the two begin to fall in love. After the gang disrupts a church service, the townfolk urge Stewart to force the gang out of town. The showdown comes when Arther saves an Indian girl from attack by two of the men and accidentally kills one. Stewart jails him for his protection, but is called back to his farm due to his wives labor. When he returns he finds Arther lynched when only Stewart and Fonda are left, Miss Stevens shoots Fonda. Can't be to good a flick. What kind of western does Henry Fonda get killed as the bad guy. See ya next week.

Wierd Harold

A LETTER TO MY WIFE

My dearest wife,

Honey, you could not possibly believe the loneliness

I feel, how much I love and need you darling. How very much I want to be with you my love.

We are almost half over now. Just a few more days and it will be downhill. I hope and pray the down hill end of time goes a lot faster than the first half.

Everyday is the same, every face is the same. I feel so empty out here, not knowing if you are well and safe, just living on love that I know is in your heart for me. I love you so very very much.

I know you find it hard too darling, but you are much more fortunate than I. You have the sun, the trees and earth, birds, and living things to look at and touch. Out here there is nothing. It is like a prison with no way out but time. And time goes by so slowly. Every second seems like forever.

Its hard to talk to anyone because there is nothing to talk about. No one can think of anything but being home with their loved ones and families. And this just makes things worse.

Darling, I love you so very much. I pray for you Honey. I pray for your love, for your health, safety, and well being. Not as a little boy saying his prayers to God before he goes to bed, but in every thought for every minute of every day. You are always there, everywhere I look and every thought I have. You will always be there darling, in my mind and in my heart. I love you.

Take care and may God bless you.

As ever

Your loving husband

POLKING AROUND

Probably one of the most popular things people have been doing this patrol, aside from sleeping eating, standing watches, watching movies, and reading skin books have been correspondence courses. This has two very plane merits that I see. First you can improve yourself and second it makes the time go faster. Last patrol I got the desire to do something besides read electronics books, so I wrote to all of the places advertised in most of the electronics magazines. Upon returning to the US I had about a 5" pile of info from the schools. After sorting most of it out and getting the 5" pile down to about a 1" pile it fell in about three general groups - College courses, Technical courses and Technical courses with kits. I wanted to build some kit and found no better course to take than one in color TV with a great big Heathkit Color TV offered in the course. These courses are all approved by the V.A, so uncle can pay for it, and I always wanted Uncle Sam to buy me a color TV. Anyway its the third week of patrol and all my courses are done. Some others taking coorespondence courses are:

Chuck Roop is taking English Lit from USAFI and Lon Freytag is taking Basic Electronics from the same place. The cost for the first USAFI course is \$5.00 the rest are free. Ronnie Zirkle Goldfarb, Powers and Schroeder are taking a Electronics Technician course for a First Class FCC lisenace from Cleveland Institute of Electronics that -ncle is paying for. Ken Taylor is taking an English Comp. course from USAFI. Tom Wing is taking a Management Course from USAFI. Laforce is taking Broadcasting from C.I.E. Bobby Lee has a CREI course, on English Comp. to work on and Simmons is taking electronics courses from CREI.

The basic way to have the VA pay for the course is to pick up a VA form 21E-1999A and 1993 which you fill out and signed by the command. Then send to the school and they in turn send to the VA. The VA pays on a quarterly basis by form 21E-6553C which you send to the school and get a pro rated refund based on the Number of lessons completed and cost of the course. You must do the lessons to get your bread back. You have up to 36 months education based upon time in service for lifers figure 36 months for each 175.00 spent by the VA upon correspondence courses counts as one month of education, as I understand it.

Deputy Dawg

THE OLD SMUT PEDDLER

What did El Supremo find under the bench locker in Maneuvering? How does work effect Petey Prototype's social life?

Tricky Dick was pleased by the arrival of the new son Mini-dick.

Is it true that the Corpsmen will secure the wardrooms table unless the Doctor stops using it as a footrest.

Coffee breaks have been re-named Hunters in honor of Hunter Browning.

Is Jim Adler entering his moustache under a new category, "The best Puerto Rican"

How many chairs in MCC has Peabody hydrostatically tested this week?

Does Chuck Carabelli have a foul mout- or is that just all he knows?

Binky Bachmann tried to flood the engineroom for the ninth time. Hydrostatic test of the coffee pot.

What happened to the wardroom tape: recorder? Or is it a control measure to make the crew listen to classical music to improve their culture.

THE OLD SMUTT PEDDLER (CONT'D)

Why doesn't Jim Ficke join the Psychodelic Players? Are radiomen too busy?
Curt Frost has not cut the hair on the top of his head in two years.
Does Bob Lee's diet mean he's cutting down from 8 ice cream cones a day to 4? Is popcorn non-fattening?
Is Mr. Lucas the only officer with talent?
Does Chief Arena wear elevator shoes?
Has anyone cycled the COB lately?
How old is Mr. Donehue? Is it true they wouldn't serve him beer in Dunoon.
Mr. Oliver is trying to follow Mr. Starks idea of sleeping on watch. Nice try Mr. Oliver.
Who is Baby Huey?
Does Mr. Lucas really believe candy comes from heaven.
Has anyone spoken to Larry Swackhamer lately? Is he really Moffet's replacement.
Why does Tom Bresaw bitch so much? Is it because no one notice's he's around.
Is it true that there is a collection going around to send the Engineer to penmanship and spelling school?
The other day we were surprised at breakfast. Zits to order.
Thanks Paul.
Who was the first to call Ray Steeples, Stray Reeples?
Why can't Bill James get what's on the menu? Don't worry Bill there's enough ham to last all patrol.
Is Mr. Erion really going to be a lathe operator when he gets out?
Does Chief Blalock ever smile?
What happened to Mr. Davis notebook? Did Mr. Plank fill it with paper work?
Alan Foust is the daper dan of M-div. Did you ever see his red sneakers and torquiose socks.
Is Tom Jenkins really a hot runner on quals or does he just spend all of his time back aft to stay away from the XO?
Why do officers wear brown shoes?
Thats enough smut for this week. We want to save some for next week. See you at breakfast.

THE BIG RACE

It was the day of the big race of the cross country season. It might not be a big race for the other competitors but it was for me. I had spent a lot of time and work into not really this race but to this season. I had to because the year before as a sophomore I had done real good, but had a slight accident while I was wrestling one day, I pinched a nerve and tore the muscles in my lower thigh. I was on crutches for a month and had to use a cane for another month. The doctor told me I would be able to run again but I wouldn't ever be as good as before. This really shook me up, but I made up my mind to prove him wrong.

After I got off the crutches, I started exercising while everyone else was running. I exercised every second I could even in school. (CONT'D NEXT PAGE)

THE BIG RACE (CONT'D)

People who did not know why , used to laugh at me when they saw me, but that made me more determined. After two weeks of just exercising I started running as much as I could until the pain was too much. Well I did this every day seven days a week until out door track started. I was in good shape physically with the exception of a real bad limp. But I continued to limp around the track every day in practice and in the meets also. I finished close to the end in a lot of races that spring and was laughed at a lot because of the way I ran, with a limp. And then finally the season and my sophomore year was over.

During the summer, while everyone else was having fun, guess what I was doing. I'd get up in the morning and the first thing I did was to go to the garage and exercise and jump rope. Later on in the afternoon I would break out the weights for about an hour and lifted to build up the bad muscles in my knee. Then later in the evening I would get on my bike and ride three miles to a park. When I got there I would park my bike and run between 6 and 10 miles and then get on my bike and ride the 3 miles home. I figured out one time that I had run close to 700 miles that summer.

Now you can see how much this race, since it was the first of the season meant to me. This one race would make or break me. I was extremely nervous and tense the morning of the race. At 5 o'clock in the morning of the race my mother got me up to eat a steak. The race was at 10 so I had to get up and eat at least 5 hours before the race. I was too tense to eat, but I forced myself to, knowing if I did not I would not have the energy to run. After breakfast I went to bed, but I could not sleep, all I could do was lay there and think. The tension was so great and I wanted to do good so bad that I could feel tears in my eyes.

As time went on my mood changed by the time the race came I had grown extremely mean hating everyone I was running against. Anyone that come up to me got blasted. When some friends on another team came up to me, I told them to get lost; I just did not want to talk to them. After the race I apologized to everyone and explained what I was going through, at the time.

Finally the time for us to line up at the starting line came. By this time I was like a spring compressed ready to let go. There were thirteen schools there with seven men on a team. That is 91 runners in all. We all lined up on a small road each team in a single line side by side. Anyone who was at the end would take a long time trying to get out of the pack. Our team was in the first lane and I was first in line.

After our pre-race orders we took off our sweats and got in a stance ready for the gun. Finally the starter says "On Your Mark" we got tense. When the gun went off and I was off, waiting for the officials to call us back. because I had had at least a step on everyone before the gun went off but they did not call us back so I kept going at my present rate. The road we started on was about 300 yards long and then we made a left turn. By the time we got to the end of the road I looked back as I made the turn and I had at least a fifty yard lead. When I made the turn my father and coach were standing there real excited. I heard one of the other coaches tell his men to let me go that I could not keep it up and I thought to myself maybe not but I am sure going to try

The next part of the race was a pleasure to run. It was along the Cheasepeake Bay and very pretty if you have the time to look at it while you are running. After about a half mile of running some of the runners caught up to me and some passed me but not for long. At the mile mark I was out in front still going as hard as I could and I was not too far out in front. (CONT'D NEXT PAGE)

THE BIG RACE (CONT'D):

When I went by the mile mark there was an official there calling out mile times and he yelled out 4"35. I could hardly believe it. I had never run a single mile that fast and just think that was the first mile of a 2.8 mile course.

The next mile was a lot different. I had never seen anything like it before. It was one single road as straight as a ruler, not one curve or turn. You could stand at one end look straight down the road to the other end. It seemed like you would never reach the other end. There were people lined up and down the road yelling and screaming, but I could not hear anything they were saying until I came to the end of the long stretch where again my father and coach were standing and a few of the schools cheerleaders. When I went by them one of the girls says in a surprised voice "whose he"! The coach says "that is our number one runner Mallery" and my father adds "yes that is my boy". They did not have a watch on me at the two mile mark but they figured out that I must have run at least a 9:45.

By now I had about a 200 yard lead with, .8 of a mile to go. The course now was a path across a field and then to a hard road which led to the finish. I was not getting tired but I could feel myself slowing down. So the next part of the race was spent trying not to slow down and in the process I completely forgot the runners behind me.

When I got to the hard road I started looking for this building where I was to make the last turn to the finish and there it was about a quarter of a mile ahead so I started sprinting. About this time I noticed out of the corner of my eye someone slowly moving up on me in black. It was no one that I knew so all I could do was keep sprinting as hard as I could. The building was right in front of me now he could not possibly catch me now.

I started sprinting harder than ever. As I went by the building I realized I had made a mistake, there were two buildings and I started sprinting too early. I still had about 300 yards to go and I was dead tired. The runner in black was closing in fast and all I could do was run as fast as I could which was getting slower all the time. As we went around the second building I saw the finish line a hundred yards away so I made one last effort to win the race. About 50 yards from the finish the runner in black went by me like I was standing still. He ended up beating me by 10 yards. When I got across the finish line I fell into my father's arms in a state of pure exhaustion.

It took me a half hour to recover enough strength to walk without help. Then I walked over to where they were giving out the awards. After I received my medal, the cheerleader who had asked who I was during the race walked over. She asked me if this was my first year running and I said no. She said she didn't remember seeing me running before and I asked her if she remembered that runner last spring who everyone laughed at because he ran with a funny limp and she said she did. Then I said "well that was me, but I did not see anybody laughing today". Even though I didn't win I did prove what I had set out too.

"THE WORM"

TERRORS OF THE SEVEN SEAS

↑
SECOND
CALL

LOOK OUT FOR
THE BATTERY WELL

DON'T STEP IN
THE BATTERY WELL

HEY! THE
BATTERY
WELL IS
OPEN

WATCH WHERE
YOU'RE STEPPING

BE CAREFUL, THE BATTERY
WELL IS
OPEN

BEEP! 000
PING!

HEY GOLDIE
WHAT'S A
BATTERY WELL?

BEEP! 000
PING!

IT'S THE OPENING IN
THE DECK WHERE THEY
KEEP THE BATTERY

THAT IS A FUNNY
PLACE TO KEEP A
BATTERY!

BEEP! 000
PING!

I WONDER WHAT
IT LOOKS LIKE

BEEP! 000
PING!

WELL THERE IS THE
BATTERY THAT EVERYBODY
WAS YELLING ABOUT

BEEP! 000
00000 TINK!

@ TH R U M P * B U M P !

HEY GOLDIE,
I FOUND THE BATTERY WELL

FUTURE PREDICTION !

GEE I WONDER WHAT WOULD
HAPPEN IF I PULLED DOWN THIS
LONG GREEN LEVER WHILE ALL
THOSE SMELLY BUBBLES WERE
COMING OUT

FFFUUULLLLOOPP!!!

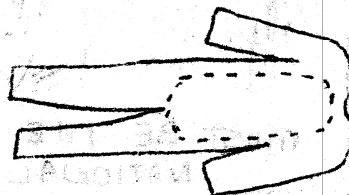
SPAAALASSSSH!!!

THRUMP!! GLUB! GLUB! BUBBLE BUBBLE!!

Heeeeyy Goooldieeee!!!

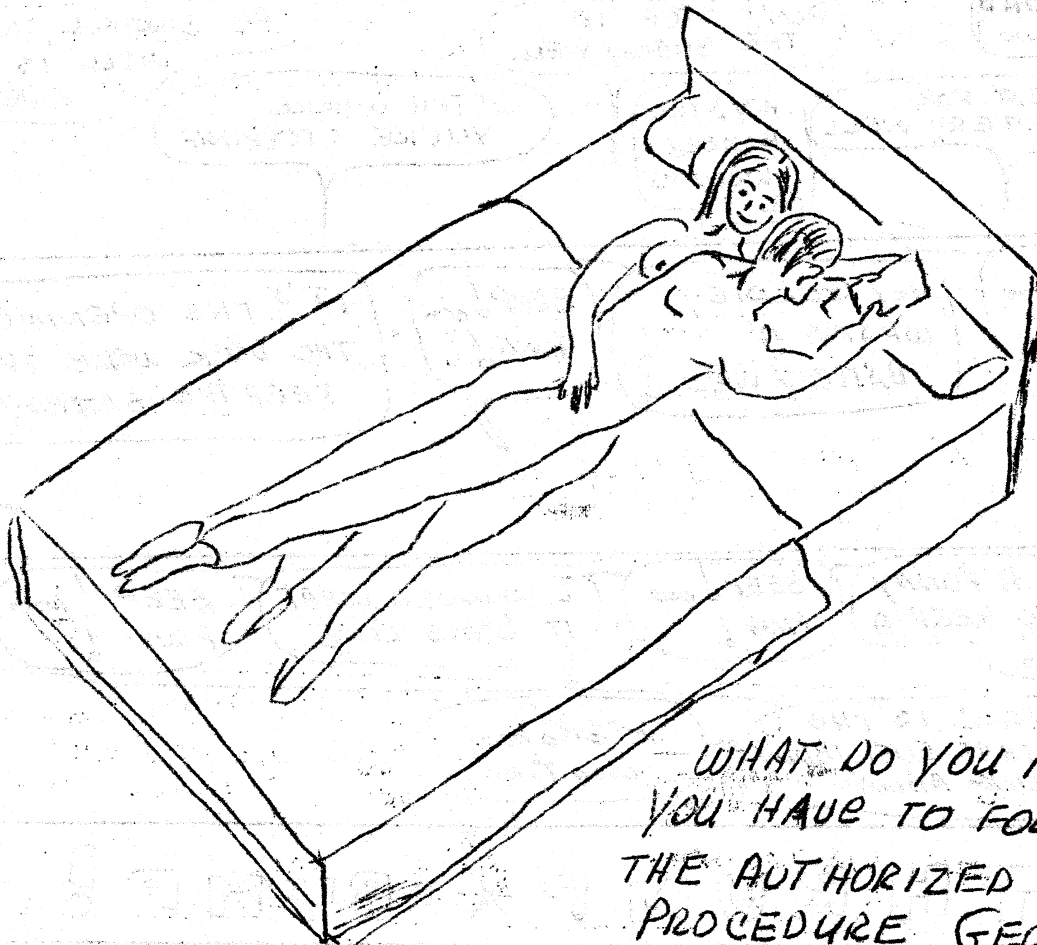
HERE, JUST STEP OVER
HERE ONTO MY POOPIE SUIT
SO THAT YOU DON'T DEEP ALL
OVER THE DECK

Gee you sure are NICE GOLDIE



BEEP! 0000
000 THUMP!

HEY! THE
BATTERY WELL



WHAT DO YOU MEAN
YOU HAVE TO FOLLOW
THE AUTHORIZED
PROCEDURE, GEORGE?



MUST BE THE NEW GREEK
NATIONAL FLAG

BEAUTY
&
THE
BEAST.

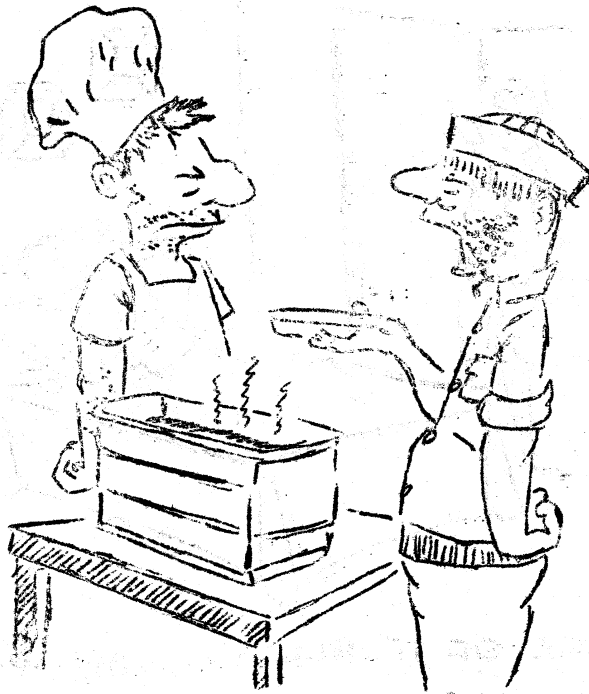


OH, THE SHAME OF IT ALL my WIFE AND
my BUSINESS ASSOCIATE



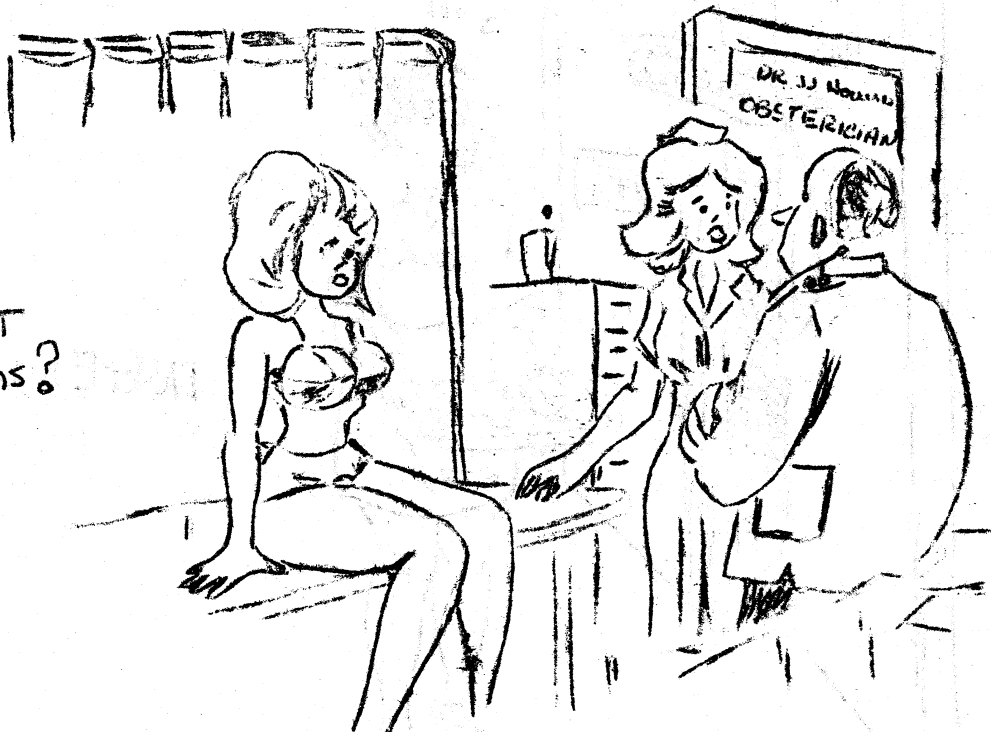
INGENUITY?

GUESS
WHO
DEPT.



DISH IT UP; I'M INSURED

DEAD
RABBIT
GRAMS?



"I HOPE SHE ISN'T... I HAVE THE SAME SYMPTOMS!"

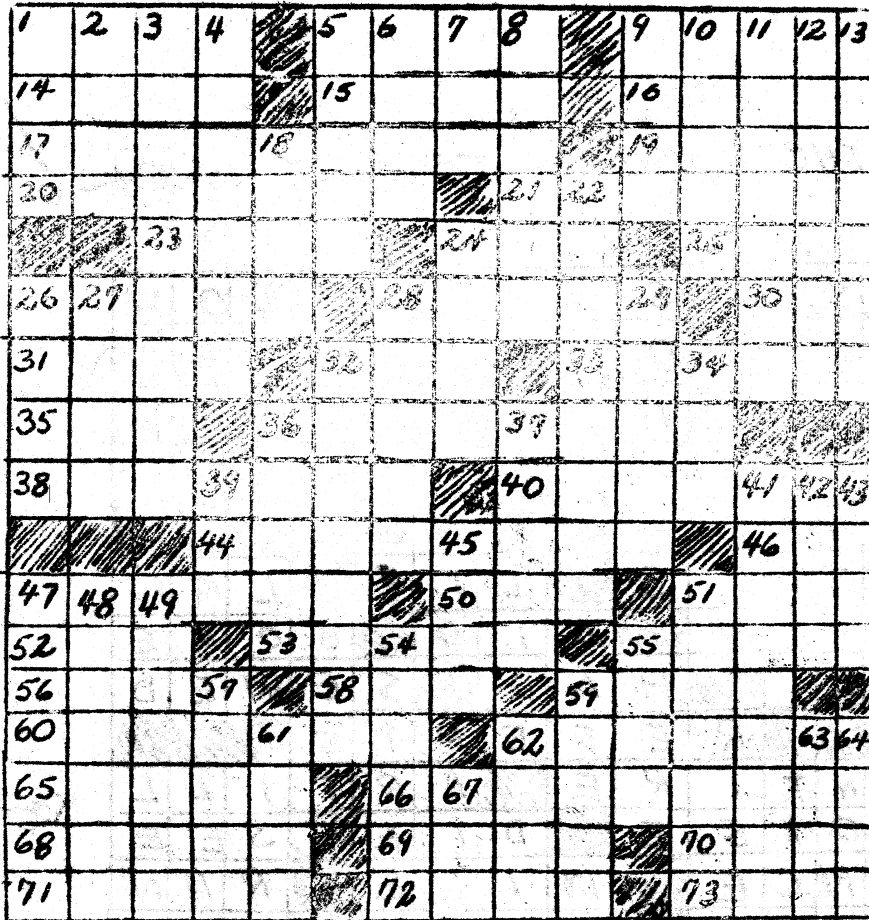
Here's THE ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK!

A	S	S		S	W	A	N		S	L	O	W
G	A	T		C	A	R	E		T	A	P	E
E	V	E		A	N	T		C	O	M	E	S
D	E	P	A	R	T		P	A	R	E	N	T
				M	E	S	S	A	G	E		
B	O	N	E	S		L	I	E		L	A	W
O	V	E	N		B	I	D		B	O	R	E
Y	E	T		H	A	D		S	E	W	E	D
				R	E	S	E	N	T	S		
E	N	T	I	R	E		A	R	T	I	L	L
N	O	I	S	E		D	I	E		S	E	E
O	N	C	E		M	I	L	E		R	A	N
S	E	E	N		R	E	S	T		A	D	D

ANSWERS TO "WHAT IS IT?"

1. GIRAFFE SEEN FROM SECOND STORY WINDOW
2. VICIOUS CIRCLE
3. ELEPHANT SUN BATHING
4. PREGNANT CENTIPEDE
5. HOUSE FLY
6. MOUSE EATING CHEESE
7. FLY COMING IN FOR A LANDING ON HEANE'S HEAD
8. SOMEONE PISSING INTO THE WIND
9. TURD'S EYE VIEW OF AN ASS
10. DOG PEAKING THRU KEYHOLE

38 ACROSS ARE DWELLERS IN ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST²



ANCIENT LANDS.
DAMASCUS, ITS
CAPITAL, IS MORE
THAN 4000 YRS
OLD.

DOWN:

1. Extra
2. Declaim angrily
3. 981-mile U.S. water-way: 2 wds.
4. Divide proportionally
5. Hurried
6. Significant dates
7. Patriotic group: abbr.
8. Seasoned veteran: 2 wds
9. Turkish title
10. Heywood __, Journalist
11. Dandy Joke: 2 wds
12. Actor-author, Peter-
13. A henhouse, for one
18. Short round of golf
22. Ordinary writing
24. Actor MacMurray
26. __ Who, book of VIP's
27. Saintlike
28. Helping hand
29. Pickle container
32. Festival "paper snow"
34. Native of: suffix
36. Irish and Scots
37. Digging tool
39. __ de France, famed liner
41. Parental job: 2 wds
42. Excellent: 2 wds
43. Anarchists
45. Sudden escape
47. Rainbow-hued video: 3 wds.
48. Mesabli-mine riches 2 wds.
49. Large hotel chain
51. Piece of safety headgear: 2 wds.
54. Hello, there!: hyph wd
55. Solidifies
57. Valleys

ACROSS

1. Something to lean on
5. Decorate again: hyph. wd.
9. Firearm for boys: 3 wds.
14. Comedian, Bert __
15. Russian inland sea
16. Moved upward
17. A "must" for a closed shop worker: 2 wds.
19. Cowboy's footgear
20. Building's floors
21. Acclamation
23. The __ world's richest gold field.
24. Back; backward
25. Goddess of fate
26. Pale
28. Cayuse; mustang
30. Egg-and-spirits drink
31. Moved (ahead) as a ship
32. Barry __, of "Follow the sun"
33. Lament
35. Spanish "hurrah".
36. Marksman: 2 wds.
38. Neighbors of the Lebanese
40. Auto used in starting races: 2 wds.
44. Paris "Bohemia": 2 wds.
46. Grub out weed
47. Patterned like cut velvet
50. Occasional
51. Red deer
52. Morsel; leftover
53. What the chic have
55. Sou'westers
56. Quantity of cargo
58. Add (up)
59. Hoi polloi
60. Where Kitchener is
62. Trophy: 2 wds
65. Katzenjammer Kids' foe
66. "How d'you do" gesture
68. Kilmer poem
69. Algerian harbor
70. Sector
71. Stanza
72. Eight: prefix
73. Try out.

- DOWN: 59. Mountains of Algeria / 64. Humus-rich soil
61. "La Vie en __", song 67. Curved line
62. Little pest
63. Waikiki instruments: slang