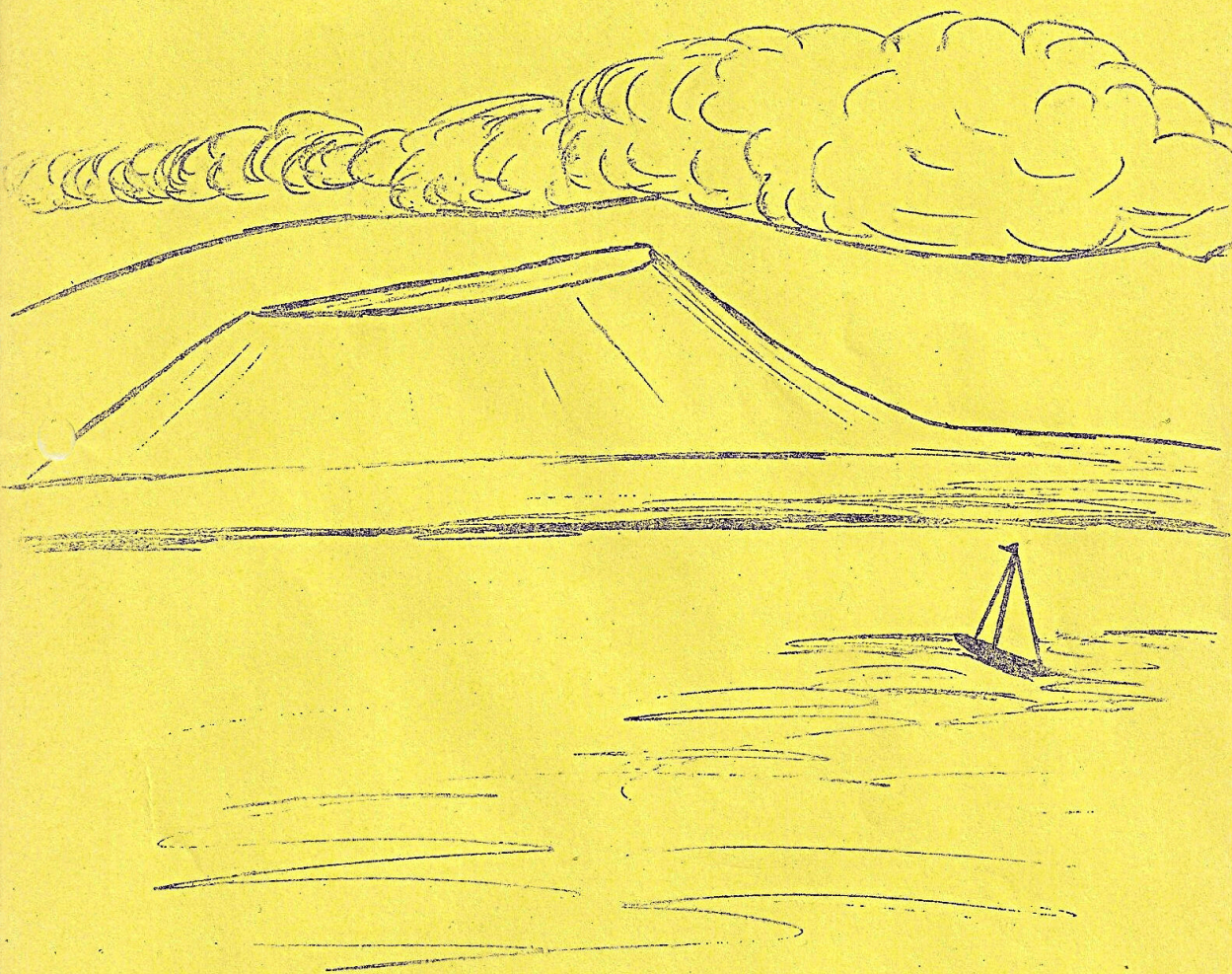


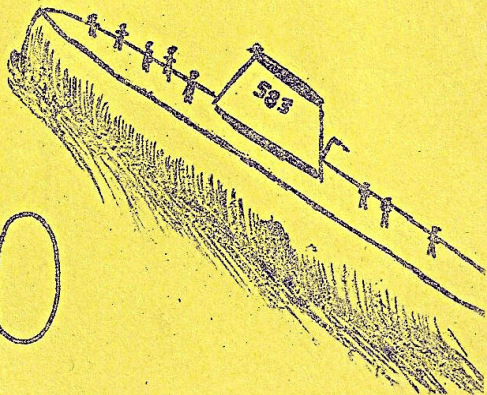
THE

SARGO SKUPE



23 AUGUST 68

NUMBER 10



Dear Readers:

What can we say except that the voyage has certainly been a "bon" one, and now we come to the end of the plot, from out of the depths into the reality of everything we left behind. Your company has been pleasurable but now the deed has been done; the *fait accompli*, and it is time to look to the end. Therefore, it is without regret that we bring you this, the last issue of the Skupe.

Sometimes it is hard for men to express sentiment without growing lumps in their throats and appearing foolish so with your permission we would like to turn very square here and say thanks to a few of those who certainly deserve it. Thanks to the rookies for a real first rate effort (the scales will prove it); thanks to the engineers for pushing us around (with very little, if any, difficulty); thanks to the quartermasters for getting us there and back (and the navigator too); thanks to the Torpedomen for being nice guys (and for the hot showers and washing machine); thanks to the IC types for the flicks (the audiences spoke for themselves); thanks to the Rabbit and his 4.0 bunch (even if he can't eat pie); thanks to the COB for a million things; thanks to the Wardroom (for the needed pushes); thanks to the Radiomen for the newspapers (and the floating wire antenna); thanks to the XO (for being a darn nice guy); thanks to the stewards and the messcooks; thanks to the Sonarmen for keeping an ear to the gear; thanks to the auxiliarmen for the long and hard hours; thanks to the Doc for a million laughs (and first class medical treatment); thanks to the planesmen for staying awake; thanks to the Chief of the Watches for keeping the planesmen awake; thanks to all of you for all of the many things you deserve thanks for.

While we are in such a square mood the Skupe would also like to apologize for all the barbs we stuck you with. It was all in fun and if we stepped on your toes too hard, well - you should have danced faster. We hope you found some amusement in the paper because whether you know it or not it was only a reflection of yourselves, although perhaps magnified and exaggerated just a wee bit.

It has been said, zillions of times, mostly by old salts, that if the Navy had wanted you to have a wife they would have issued you one. Lucky for mankind that there is no such thing as a standard issue wife. They come in all sorts of packages and now the time has come for us to go home and unwrap them. This issue is dedicated to the ladies who stayed behind; bless them and the gear that comes with them, no matter how many extras they possess.

In this weeks issue some of the regular features have been modified to coincide with the subject at hand; namely our arrival at good old Pearl Harbor (other wise known as The Rock) and planting our sea faring legs once more on good old *Terra Firma*.

So evast there ye skurvy louts; prepare to jab the jib and foke the focsle. The time has come to shiver your timbers; poop on the poopdeck; yo your ho ho and prepare to lay to for a lay.....

It's been grand.....

RR

K-A-P-T-A-I-N ' S K-U-D-O-S

On most ships there are people who contribute far more than is required in the normal performance of duty. These gents are seldom officially recognized - since their efforts are not the sort of things that win fancy awards. But they make a big difference to any ship, on any assignment - the difference between an existence of dull drudgery or a reasonably pleasant life - with some laughs, some memories and a sense of something accomplished. It is my privilege to cite a few of our unsung heros, an informal - but sincere - bit of written recognition for their efforts.

The first is the mysterious individual who faithfully signed himself RR (Raunchy Rascal, Rotten Riter, Roaming Reeper.) on the first page of this pub. He has given his all - in originality and plain hard work - to provide us with by far the finest ship's newspaper that I, for one, have ever seen. Probably not clean enough to be distributed by the U.S. Mail - but certainly not distributed to the cleanest U.S. males either. To our combined Hugh Hefner, Walter Winchell and Dear Abby - well done Chief!

To Chief Huckabee and his cooks (?) and mess cooks - who survived the daily scorn and abuse to produce a really fine daily spread of good government groceries. The many expanded waistlines bulge out in silent tribute to your efforts!

To the COB - a particular Well Done for just being himself - a damn good (and big) Chief of the Boat. In the immortal words of that world-famed philosopher RASCH - "TURSKEY ain't nuthen but a long-legged ANDONE!" - but despite that personal handicap, he's made life a good bit more pleasant for all of us. No one ever appreciates a good C.O.B. - until you don't have one.

And with respect to that bearded Greek - the short-legged half of our Mutt-and-Jeff team - ANDONE. It's not by accident that we don't live in a "nuke" vs "non-nuke" atmosphere. From one that has experienced such a ridiculous situation in other ships - its a pleasure to be without it. A vote of thanks to our bewhiskered Master Chief, and all those who, by their example - eliminate such petty discrimination. Who knows - by next year the nukes might even be able to ride in the front of the bus!

To the Bear and his other Stern Room watchstanders - compatriots - a well earned thanks for the faithful and efficient operation of our Chinese laundry. Not exactly "whiter than white" - but you can't beat the price anywhere! Well done to the Mr. Clean gang.

To Yeoman Peters, the only scribe with non-communist relatives. He got himself cleared for Super-Secret and received the honor of typing the entire Patrol Report (A slick move Chief Mahoney). Bruised finger tips, bleary eyes and a hearty well-done are Pete's only reward. Unfortunately the finished product will never make the best seller list. Superbly clean - but Limited Distribution Only.

To all of the troops who qualified and requalified in submarines - and to especially all those who spent so many hours giving and working for qualification signatures. The safety of SARGO stands in daily tribute to the efforts of the qualifiers and the QPO's alike.

To the junior "Mutt and Jeff" team - the big and little shutter-bugs, PENN and SIMERAL - who have done such an outstanding job of increasing the value of KODAK Corporation stocks - and of making sure that each of us will have a photo (of some kind!) to remember this cruise.

To Doc Cutlip for his amazing feats of medical magic - single handidly, without benefit of witchcraft or sexy nurses - he has saved hordes of stricken mortals from the Grim Reaper. To name a few - "Weak-eyes" Tate, "Pain-Gut" Duncan, "Gangrene-Toe" Dempsey, "Seven-Legs" Kennedy, "Puss-boil" Champagne and countless other individuals have been snatched from deaths door by out lumber-hauling Medical Marvel!

To Chief Demmer and his squad of Roto-Rooter Boys - for the uncomplaining performance of day and night service as they bored clear the Officers Head drain lines of those gentlemen's solid-gold "nuggets"!

To Chief Parker, who (despite the tragedy of his unexpected extension of service resulting from the Czech crisis) - continues to train the best damn planesman in the submarine force. Looks like its "back to the white sneakers" for the duration of the hostilities Old Timer! But a sincere well done to the Patriarch of all SARGO Diving Officers of the Watch - his hand has never lost it's touch! And a Parker trained planesman has never lost the bubble!

To "Quick-fingers" Kuffner for his convincing demonstration that the hand-is-quicker-than-the-eye! He played that 400 cycle board like a finely tuned piano. And to his partners in crime "Wrong-way" Savage and his QM gang - who navigated us straight towards Ethiopia for an entire afternoon - on a badly inebriated gyro compass! The smoothest piece of co-ordinated team effort in nuclear submarine history. (Nobody's perfect).

And last, but not last - to "Laughing-boy" Tate and every other officer and man that has managed to smile a bit each day - despite the unbeautiful all-male company and absense of exotic liberty ports. It's a well known fact that "if you're not enjoying it - your not doing it right" and you've proven that this applies to driving submarines - as well as other things!

In the summary - as the ICHI-BON SENSICON CREW that you are - you've made what is probably my last extended cruise as a member of a submarine ship's company a most pleasant - profitable - and memorable one. Thanks.


G. M. VAHSEN

Channel Fever

Oh doctor, doctor, help me please
I've think I've got that dreaded disease
My eyes are red and I can't go to sleep
I've layed there for hours counting sheep

I've walked the floor and paced about
But I just want to get up and shout
I know what's the matter and I can't stand it
Please help me out because I'm going to have a fit

I layed in my bunk and I'd try and I'd try
Why can't I get some sleep, why oh why
Why do I lay awake and think and think
Why can't I even get a quick wink

Please give me something to help me sleep
Let me close my eyes and drift off deep
Let me fall asleep tonight because tomorrow for sure
We'll be in Pearl Harbor and I'll get the sure cure

- - - - -

I remember Momma

Who is that a waiting
A waiting on the pier
I think I know that lady
She's someone very dear

I think I know that woman
Standing over there
I know I've seen her someplace
I think I remember where

I think I know that dolly
The one with the pretty face
I've known her for a long time
I'd recognize her any place

I think I know that woman
I've known her all my life
Yeah I know that woman
I remember - she's my wife

- - - - -

Oh darling I'm so glad your home at last
Oh darling I'm so glad your home at
Oh darling I'm so glad your home
Oh darling I'm so glad your
Oh darling I'm so glad
Oh darling I'm so
Oh darling I'm
Oh darling
Oh

LAST WEEK'S BRAIN TEASER BROUGHT IN SOME INTERESTING AND DIFFERENT RESULTS

OUR ANSWER WAS

GARY WETHINGTON'S ANSWER

JOE HARRIS'S ANSWER

uTter
aRTy
maDNess
hAIr
eTCh
arSOon
aBSent
aCTor
sTRay
bYGone

uTter
aRTy
maDNess
pAIr
iTCh
asSOort
oBSess
aCTor
sTRop
pYGay

aTTic
aRTy
diDN't
sAId
iTCh
maSOon
aBSent
aCTor
exTRa
bYGone

Total of 31
points

Total of 31
points

Total of 29
points

We don't think the ' in didn't locks to good but we'll give both GARY and JOE prizes for thinking. Speaking of thinking, did you ever look down your shirt and spell Joe Harris's first word.

- - - - -

Beings this is the last issue we can't run a brain teaser for next week so we'll just leave you with a bit or summing to do. Find out which of the below has the greatest sum.

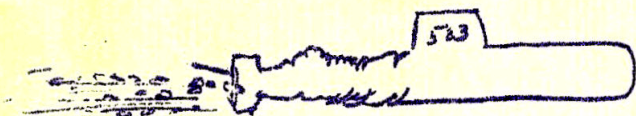
987654321	123456789
87654321	12345678
7654321	1234567
654321	123456
54321	12345
4321	1234
321	123
21	12
<u>1</u>	<u>1</u>

If you were curious the anagram from last week's issue "ROAST MULES" can only anogram into SOMERSAULT, no one did it to our knowledge.

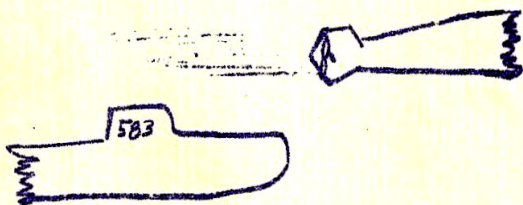
A SHORT SARGO QUIZ

1. Who has the only bunk on board with a red bunk light?
2. How much does the SARGO weigh?
3. What crew member was born in Port Chester, New York?
4. What crew member used to work in a drive inn theatre at the Orage Drive in Theatre in Corpus Christi, Texas.
5. What crew member used to work on an oil drilling rig. He used to weigh and inspect the mud when it came up out of the ground and used such hand tools as wrenches, pliers and screwdrivers.
6. What crew member joined the KLICKER clan?
7. What crew member was born in Eminence?

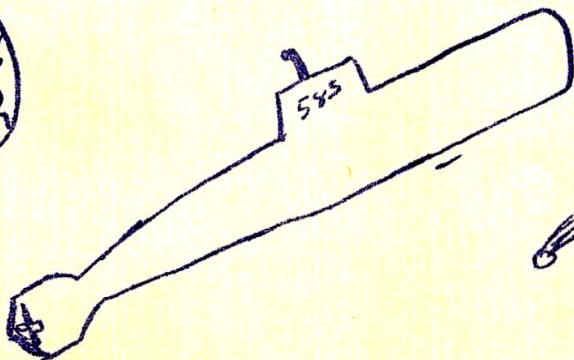
SOME THINGS SOME
SUBMARINES DO



Ah come on, throw a few more turns on. It won't hurt anything.



CONN! MANEUVERING, WE'LL SEE YOU BACK AT PEARL.



CAPTAIN, THIS IS THE OOD... NOW YOU AREN'T GOING
TO BELIEVE THIS BUT.....

Steer
Course
Up Aye
Aye Sir

HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT?

The hobo that walked up to the old maids house and knocked on the door. When the lady answered the hobo demanded a free lunch. The old lady told him she didn't have anything. The hobo said, "If you don't give me a free lunch I'll throw a hobo fit." The old maid said, "You can throw any kind of a fit you want Mr. I just don't have anything in the house to fix." The hobo said, "OK, you asked for it." He ran over and yanked the old maid's red flannel pajamas off the clothes line, then he grabbed her pet cat that was sleeping on the porch and started pulling the fur out of the animal. Next he ran into the barn, where the old maid had been painting and grabbed up a can of red paint and began slapping it on her donkey. The excited old maid immediately got on the telephone and called up the sheriff. "Sheriff, you've got to get over here quick. There is a bum here throwing a hobo fit and..." The sheriff interrupted her. "What is a hobo fit?" "Well I'm not exactly sure," said the old maid, "but so far he's yanked my pants down, pulled the hair out of my pussy and now he is painting my ass red."

Jesse and Frank James, along with their gang rode down the train with blazing pistols. They stopped it and began to go through the cars. In one car Jesse yelled out, "All right, just stay calm everyone, we're going to rape all the men and rob all the women." "No no Jesse," said Frank. "We're going to rob all the men and rape all the women." Whereupon a timid looking little man in the rear of the car stood up and said, "Now Frank, you leave Jesse alone. He knows what he's doing."

Two vampires, standing on the corner chewing the rag...

Pat and Mike were walking down the road, looking for a Motel called the "Old Dog Inn". They came to a fork in the road and didn't know which way to go. After thinking a while, Pat suggested they split up and then meet back at the fork in an hour. Pat walked up the road for quite a ways but not finding the Motel, went back to wait for Mike. After several hours he began to worry and walked on up the road to find him. He came upon Mike, who was all bruised and beaten, laying on the side of the road. "Mike, for heavens sake. What happend to you?" "Well," said Mike, "I was walking peacefully along looking for the Motel when I saw this car parked along the side of the road. I stuck my head in the window and asked the guy how far was the Old Dog Inn and he just beat the hell out of me."

The queen was out slumming with the commoners. She came upon this one old woman who had 22 children and the queen, noticeably impressed, said, "My goodness - we should give your husband a Knighthood." "Wouldn't do no good," said the old woman, "the buger refuses to wear one."

A brothel was so overpacked that they had to use the roof. A couple engaged in the act got so excited that they fell off and landed with a plop on the sidewalk. A drunk staggering by noticed them and staggered up the steps and knocked on the door. When the madam opened the door the drunk said, "Shay I juss wanned to le you know yer sign fell down."

SKUPE'S PLAN OF THE DAY FOR BROWN BAGGERS - WED 28 AUGUST 1968

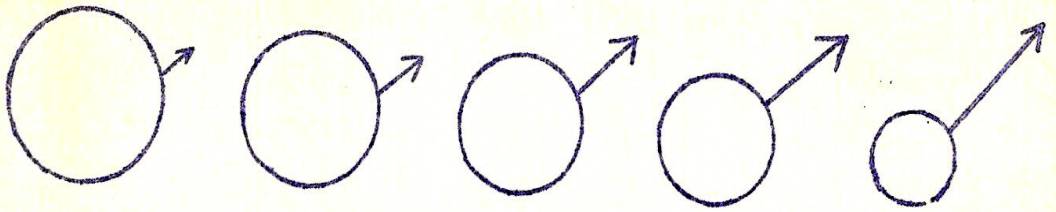
0001 Start day
0002 Shine shoes
0045 Quit shining shoes
0100 Stand around Crew's Mess
0130 Play half-hearted game of Cribbage
0230 Lay down in Bunk
0245 Get out of Bunk
0300 Watch another game of Poker
0330 Have a cup of Coffee
0345 Start packing dirty laundry
0400 Secure from packing dirty laundry
0415 Lay down in bunk again
0445 Wake up refreshed
0500 Shave and trim beard/moustache
0530 Break out whites
0545 Try on whites to see if they still fit
0555 Take off whites so they don't get dirty
0600 Go into Crew's Mess for Breakfast
0605 Finished Eating Breakfast
0600 Surface
0630 Open hatches - line handlers on deck
0645 Try to get topside but can't
0700 Get dressed in whites
0715 Stand around in Torpedo Room
0745 Stick head up through Torpedo Room hatch and look around
0815 Go topside eagerly
0830 Commence bumper drills
0900 Station Maneuvering Watch
0905 Stand around topside
0915 Enter channel - start looking at submarine pier
0958 Pull along pier
1000 Number one line over - see wife and kids standing on pier
1001 Admiral comes aboard
1002 Go over on pier
1003 Kiss wife
1045 Secure kissing wife
1046 Say hello to kids
1047 Kiss wife again
1053 Get into car
1054 Kiss wife again
1055 Start car nervously
1138 Arrive at home
1139 Send kids out to play
1142 Obnoxious neighbor comes over to welcome you home
1248 Get rid of obnoxious neighbor
1250 Children come in for dinner
1253 Take children out for hamburgers in car
1345 Arrive home - send children out to play
1346 Youngest child falls down and cuts finger
1350 Finish kissing finger to make it well
1358 Send child out to play again
1340 Wife's girl frind calls on phone
1428 Wife hangs up telephone

BROWN BAGGERS POD CONTINUED

- 1430 Children come in for drink of water
- 1438 Children go outside again
- 1439 Lock doors, take phone off hook
- 1440 Obnoxious neighbor comes over again to invite you a party
- 1458 Throw neighbor out bodily
- 1500 Neighbor gets mad - threatens to call cops
- 1502 Apologize to neighbor
- 1520 Make up to neighbor - invite him in for drink
- 1630 Neighbor drunk - carry him home
- 1634 Lock doors again
- 1635 Children come in hungry
- 1640 Spank children - throw them outside
- 1650 Wife mad at you for spanking children
- 1700 Make up with wife
- 1705 Take children for drive
- 1730 Buy ice cream for children
- 1759 Take children home
- 1760 Call baby sitter
- 1830 Baby sitter arrives
- 1900 Take wife out for dinner
- 1930 Finish dinner
- 2000 Dancing with wife
- 2030 Wife starting to get drunk
- 2100 Wife drunk and sick
- 2130 Wife OK again
- 2200 Leave and go for drive
- 2230 Park on scenic view
- 2300 Excitedly drive down street to motel
- 2315 Registered for motel
- 2320 Go into room
- 2321 Wife goes in bathroom
- 2330 Wife still in bathroom
- 2345 Bang on Bathroom Door
- 2359 Wife comes out of bathroom
- 2400 Day ends with a bang

PLAN OF THE DAY FOR SINGLE JOINS - WEDNESDAY - 28 AUGUST 1968

0001 Asleep in bunk
0700 Somebody wakes you up
0702 Dressed in whites
0703 Stick head through upper hatch and breath
0705 Go to Crew's Mess and wait
0900 Station the Maneuvering Watch
0905 Go topside
0930 See wives on pier
0945 Evaluate all wives on pier
0958 Pull along pier
1000 Number one line over
1001 Admiral comes aboard
1002 Go over behind married guys
1003 Watch married guys kiss wives
1045 Secure watching married guys kiss wives
1046 Run for barracks
1047 Arrive at barracks
1048 Step into shower
1052 Get out of shower
1055 Shave/trim moustache/beard
1058 Dressed in civilian clothes
1059 Set on edge on bunk and wonder what to do
1100 Remember Beemans Center is open
1101 Arrive at Beemans Center
1102 Drinking beer in Beemans Center
1439 Stagger out of Beeman Center
1440 Call girl friends - no one home
1600 Arrive downtown
1632 Go into bar
1645 Playing pool with bar maid
1745 Lost \$20 - go out and go to movie
2330 Get out of movie
2331 Stop in greasy spon restruant and eat
2345 Finish eating in greasy spoon restruant
2355 Walking down street
2359 See woman walking down street with big purse
2400 Following woman walking down street with big purse



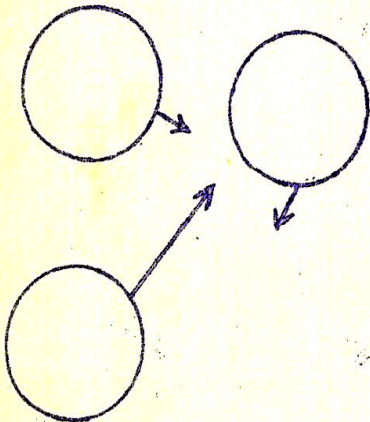
Well! It just goes to show you.....



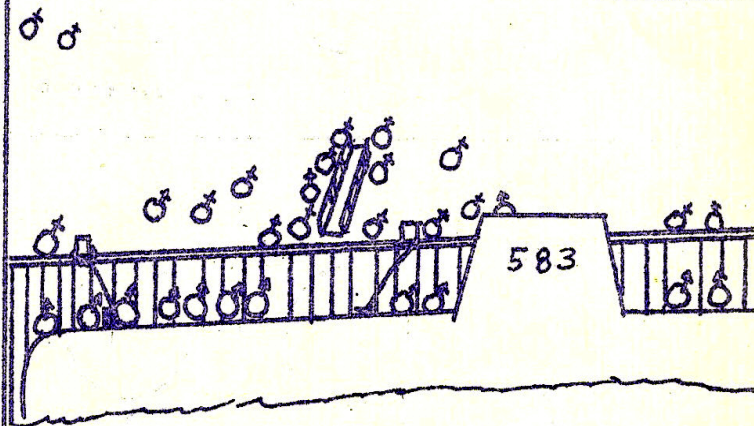
Men, I need one volunteer....

ARGO

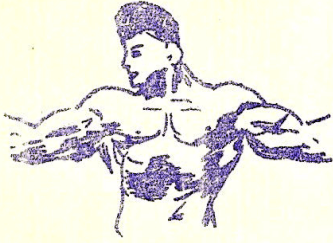
SYMBOLIC SEX



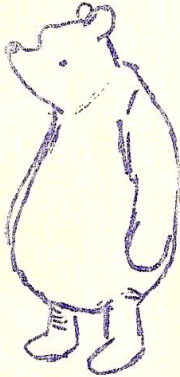
Your going to look pretty silly standing topside in whites.....



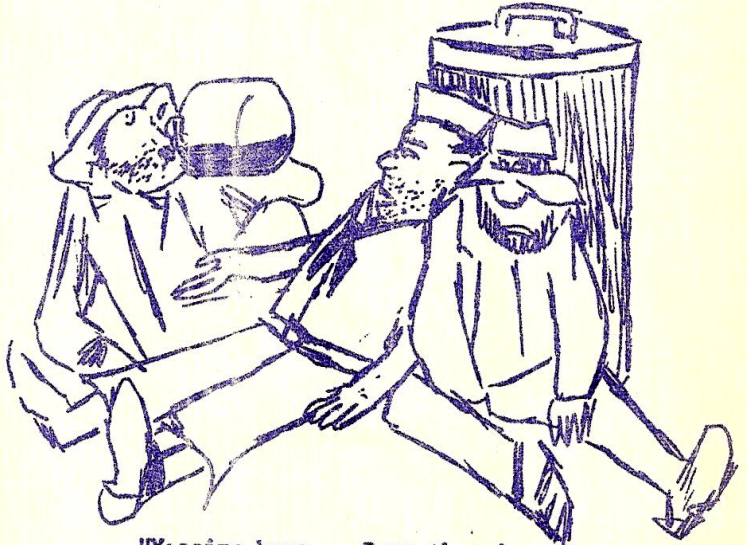
MARCUS MAD DOG (BEFORE)



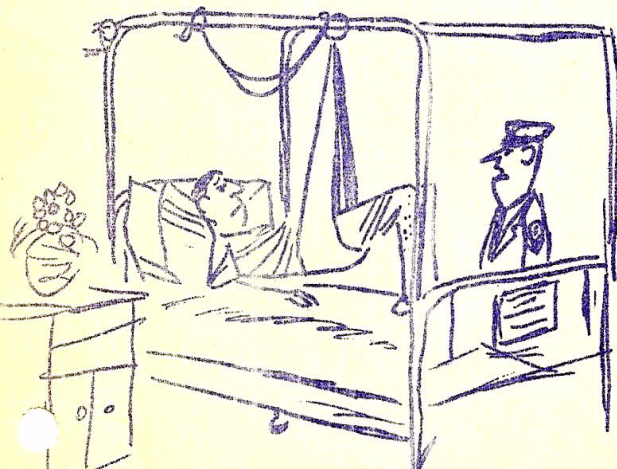
MARCUS MAD DOG (AFTER)



My Papa is lost. Won't somebody please help me find him.



"Yessire boys... Pass the wins please... This is what old Mehoch calls a good old darn fine liberty....."



All right Cicero, now lets busted this time.

what you've



...and furthermore you jerks! Just because I happen to be a new lieutenant don't think you can pull any thing over on me.....

WANTED: Customers who want to get clipped. Now under new management. **KUFFNER** and **MASSAD** Hair Removal Incorporated, 69 Reactor Tunnel Way... Sorry men the free haircut offer is now over. All hair cuts are 50¢... Money will be used to get new heads for the clippers (and a beer for the barber).

CAMPAIGN MANAGER AVAILABLE - one excellent campaign manager available to promote your campaign whether it be for Dog catcher, President, or what have you. My last boy was Fatboy Stevens who I promoted in the Chocolate Pie Eating Contest. Unfortunately he wasn't up to the campaign I layed out for him but nevertheless... let me fix you up. **BIRD-Brained Campaigns**

I'D LIKE TO GIVE THIS TO MY FELLOW MEN: I was young once, but not as young as you may be - today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And, once I was poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter, but in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today all that is past. Today I have no worries and the deep inner satisfaction of being an elite member of a highly paid, organization with tremendous advancement potential. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from worries, free from fears, see me because this message was meant for you.... **Chief Cole's Career Counseling...**

Be a DEFENDER OF WOMAN: Attackers will run screaming when you show them your stuff. Revolutionary new discovery that thousands of my customers have raved about. Do you sometimes find it difficult to perform your marital duties. For just 99¢, in the privacy of your own bunk, regardless of your age, with no pills or drugs, with no strenuous exercises, with no books or machines I can make a new man out of you. **Marcus Maddog** (holder of the **Chartruse Belt**) can help you.

For sale: Various and sundry trash including some of those well unknown books such as "Four Way Swappers, Young Adam, The Incestual Triangle, Down She Goes, Cruise to the End of Love, The Whipping Post, Chariot of Flesh, Linda's Strange Vacation, The Horny Headmaster, Tender Was My Flesh, Desire and Hellen, Bottoms up, Whips Incorporated, The Pleasure Thieves, Auto-biography of a Flea, Restless Love, Cruel Lips, The Woman Thing, Hell is Filling Up, Lashed Into Slavery, The Misfortunes of Mary, Memoirs of a Young Rakehell, The Debauched Hospodar, Only a Boy, Adam and Eve, The Talking Jewels and many many more..... **Massad's Ye Old Horny Book Shoppe**

LOST: One small brown bear, with body louse... Owner most anxious to get him back.. See Bear in Stern Room - No questions asked

PERSONAL: Dear Joe - Well old shipmate and friend, I suppose this is about it for this trip. I sure enjoyed sailing with you. I know it would have been a lonesome trip for you without me along. It's just too bad that we can't stay out here forever, just you and me, sailing our ship where ever the winds may take us. Your pal forever.... **SL**

PERSONAL: Dear XO - same to you.... **SL**

What is a Tight Ship?

Some might say that a tight ship is a well constructed ship of HY80 Steel, carefully welded together by a shipyard. But a tight ship is much more than that, for it is also the people who run it. A tight ship is a ship where you can respect your shipmates and have them respect you. A tight ship has to have a good crew; a skilled crew and a sharing crew. On a tight ship you might be able to walk into the Torpedo Room and get a haircut from a Chief Torpedoman and not have him charge you anything but a smile, even though he could be in the rack instead of cutting your hair. On a tight ship you might ask someone to help you learn a system and instead of giving you an appointment, he would put down his book and help you, then and there. A tight ship must have a good Chief of the Boat. Many Chief of the Boats are Coke bottle picker-uppers, many are just paper pushers and some are just yes men for the Wardroom. On a tight ship the Chief of the Boat must not be any of these. He must be a nice guy who cares. On a tight ship you have to be able to know the crew and not just know their names. A tight ship must have a good captain and not the other way around. Some submarine captains are great captains and some are good officers but on a tight ship he has to be both a good officer and a great captain and he also has to be a friend of the crew. On a tight ship men laugh when it's time to laugh and work when it's time to work. On a tight ship every man knows his job and does it. On a tight ship you hate to see a shipmate leave, because you honestly enjoy serving with him. On a tight ship everyone has a chance to be part of the crew. On a tight ship even the smallest man on board might win a pie eating contest. The SARGO is a tight ship.

RR.....

A FISH EARS VIEW OF THE GOOD SHIP SARGO (for about 10 seconds)

The best part about going in is I won't have to put up with this %&*(%&\$\$%& Floating Wire Antenna for a while!!!!!!

I'm going down to Hotel street and find me the dirtiest meanest, ugliest, cheapest,

Captain, this is the OOB. Please make those darn Engineers slow down to my ordered speed.....

So this is where the Chief of the Watch sets hub. I'll never learn all this stuff...

I don't want to go until I can get my car shipped....

Why should I stand duty in port?

Dit. Dit.

Flash. Flash.

When we get in you guys will have liberty right after we take care of...

I don't want none a yer lip

Yeah, on the first day in, I'm playing golf... He He

Zzzzzz

Zzzzzz

So that's a torpedo tube huh

Ah come on you guys. How about giving me my bear back now. This has gone far enough...

I just want a great big head of fresh green lettuce.

Hey. How come we are going 15 knots and only making one third speed?

Let's see. If she was five months pregnant when we left she would now be.....

Throw on a turn for me.

Here let me put on a turn or two.

Let me put on a couple of turns.

Yeah. Put on some for me. No one will know!!

I want to go just as soon as I possibly can.

You'll ship over. I know your type.

Are we really going on Port and Stbd when we go into upkeep next week.

It's not an upkeep stupid. It's an Overhaul. I keep telling you it's...

Lets show Carosel!

No! War and Peace!!

Play Cards!

Carosel!

The War Wagon!

Underworld Informers!!!!!!!

You know, I'm beginning to like it out here

This %&*(%&\$\$%& Shower. %&*(%&\$\$%&

Fourteen two and a pair is six and three is 12 and I'm out!

You've got to watch him carefully.. He cheats you know..

Yeah and after Joe and I get it open we're gonna set back and let the gals do all the work

PUNNING AROUND

One day Adam and Eve were sitting in a garden and Eve was teasing Adam. "What's wrong with this little old apple?", she asked. "I'll bite!", said Adam and the next day they were both thrown out of the Garden of Eden. Ever since then puns have been out.... Maybe you are square enough to appreciate these though.

In ancient Ceylon, legend has it that a hunter was tracking game so avidly one day that his false teeth fell out. Ever since, the poor man has been searching for his bridge on the River Kwai.

How many hamburgers did you have for lunch today Julius? "Et two Brute!"

France is taking the Rock of Gibraltar and renaming it the "De Gaulle Stone".

A Harvard Graduate I know sought help from the police. The man he wanted was a Phi Beta Copper.

Did you hear about the crow who perched himself on a telephone wire because he wanted to make a long distance caw?

The shred starlet who married an 80 year old duke who owned 14 sumptuous English country homes. She exclaimed demurely "I love him for his charming manners."

International beauty Zsa Zsa Herntoot, who got some vinegar in her ear. Now she suffers from pickled hearing.

Chief Crazy Horse, who asked his favorite squaw, "What do you yearn for, my treasure, to give you relief from that persistent sniffle?" Answered the squaw, "Tis but a linen cloth for which I hanker chief."


The long bearded prospector who rushed into an assayer's office in the gold rush days and planted two whopping nuggets on the counter. The clerk registered amazement. "Well," rasped the prospector angrily, "don't just stand there. Assay something!"

Rudolf Mozolotoff, a mighty Soviet Commissar was walking down a Moscow street one day with two friends - a man and his wife - when a drop of moisture settled on his shirt. "It's raining," he announced through his beard. "You're wrong," contradicted his wife. "It's snowing." "No No," insisted her husband. "Rudolf, the Red, knows rain dear."

On a pleasant street in Madrid lived a lovely little Spanish girl named Carmen Cohen. Her mother called her Carmen of course, but her father for reasons that he kept to himself, always hailed her by her last name, Cohen. As a result, by the time she was 12 she didn't know whether she was Carmen or Cohen.

The Peruvian gallant who fished a beautiful maiden out of a lake and made her before the Inca was dry.

The girl that swallowed a safety pin when she was 9 and didn't feel a prick until she was 16.



You may not realize it but the SKUPE's own advice expert Dear Scabby is also a reknown clairvoyer, with the ability to project into the future and see into things that will happen. Instead of the regular Dear Scabby column Scabby has concented to honor us with a few of the things that have been seen through the crystal ball for Wednesday, 28 August 1968 for various crew members.

I see the SARGO pulling in along side the pier. I see many happy faces. I see wives waiting anxiously on the pier. I see the brow being put over and then I see the following things happening:

I see a young LTJG rushing over to a beautiful young blond wife and firmly shaking her hand. The young wife looks dismayed. I see evil thoughts in the young LTJG's head. I feel sorry for the young blond wife.....

I see a Chief Quartermaster asking his wife a question. I see her nodding her head, answering "Yes you still can." I see the Chief Quartermaster smiling.

I see a Chief Hospital Corpsman crying. He want's to tell his wife something but is afraid. His wife is looking sternly at him. I feel sorry for the Chief Hospital Corpsman.....

I see two girls standing on the pier waiting for a second class yeoman. They are very angry. They both want to marry him but he is hiding below. I feel sorry for the yeoman.

I see A very tall officer talking to his wife. He is telling her what a darn fine trip it was. He is asking her about his bicycle.

I see a Chief Torpedoman standing in a telephone booth. He is calling the golf course for a starting time while his wife sit's in the car. She is thinking of murder.

I see a Chief Fire Controlman trying to load a whole bunch of kids into a car. He is having a hard time. He is thinking about Primo and lettuce and some other things...

I see a Smiling Third Class Quartermaster setting on the pier looking in a little black book at a list of names. He is figuring and smiling.

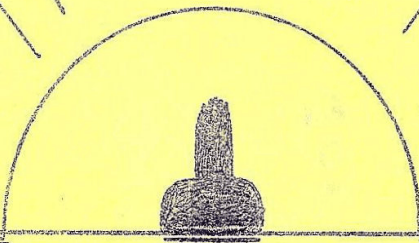
I see a Short little greek trying to get into a car. He can't seem to get behind the steering wheel.

I see A Chief Sonarman walking towards Beeman Center. He is worrying about a car. I believe it is a Cadilac.

I see a LT standing on the pier talking to his wife. He has the duty. She is very angry and he is trying to explain how come he has the duty....

I see a lot of things that I can not tell you about.





Bon Voyage Captain Vahsen

Your kindness and deeds
have left a monument more
lasting than brass