



Davy Jones' agents check Shellback Certificates and prepare us for the

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"BEWARE ALL SLIMY POLLYWOGS!!"

It was a sunny Sunday at sea. The voice of doom had startled the lethargy of holiday routine. We were in for it.

On a ship of some 1200 men, only seventy had been initiated into the mysteries of crossing the Equator. The odds were greatly in favor of the uninitiated, the Pollywogs. Certain of us noted this fact, and soon revolution was in the air. "WANTED" posters and threatening shots of a certain ringleader were plastered all over the ship...

"POLLYWOGS ARISE!!"

The boys would not become men without a fight.

But the mass failed to realize that Naval tradition was on the side of the few. Besides, the Captain was a shellback.

Three days before the ceremony, it started. A new watch bill was prepared; lookouts were assigned to watch for things never watched for before. The Equator watch...the watch for the Royal Party.

