

SHELLBACK EXTRA



The HELMSMAN[★]

THE PLACE - 84° W LONGITUDE



THE DAY - 26 FEBRUARY 1970

THE JUDGES NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND ... WHAT?



The man, of course, was Captain John M. Davis, skipper of the CANOPUS.

The WHAT was MR3 Jack A. Steakin from RC Division . . . who walked away with the Miss CANOPUS contest on the helo deck the night before Shellback Day. Every division selected their most beautiful and sexy sailor from their muster sheet and entered him/?/her? in the beauty contest.

Three Shellbacks acted as judges.

A few examples of the beauty and charm that MR3 Steakin ran up against in the competition for the crown of Miss CANOPUS are shown on the following page.

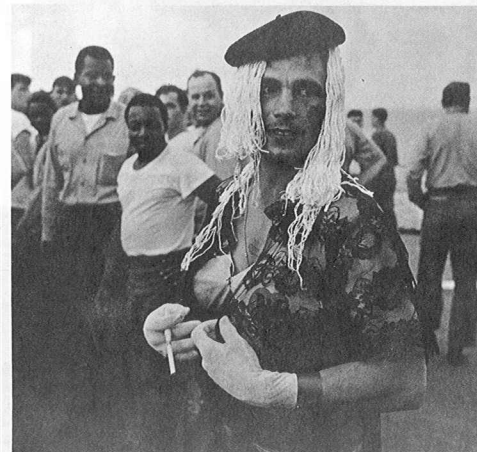
How sailors far out at sea got their hands on so much female attire . . . only their hairdressers know for sure.



PN1 George T. Copes gives the "Pie" . . . oops, we mean "Peace" sign . . .

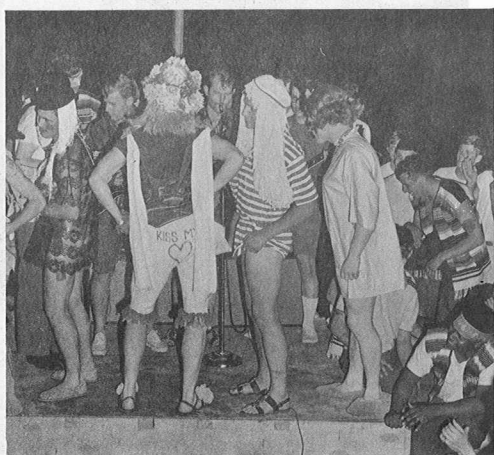


The Navy will make a man of you. Unless you cross the equator, then it may make a girl of you. But, whether officer or gentleman or civilian or Miss Canopus striker, W-1 David H. Young (left) and Mr. Homer D. Burch, a Lockheed Tech Rep (right), seem to be enjoying themselves.



SEAMAN I: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

SEAMAN II: "That was no lady, that was the RS Division Officer." (ENS Robert L. Brannon).



Sugar and Spice . . . And "Kiss my -" . . . That's what CANOPUS girls are made of. (The four runners-up in the Miss CANOPUS Contest were from left to right: ENS Robert L. Brannon, IM3 Douglas Buenge, SN Victor Antos, and CSSA Ed Pence.)



GMT1 James D. Klucker proves to be the "big, red-hot mama" aboard CANOPUS . . . or should we say the "big, haze-gray mama"?



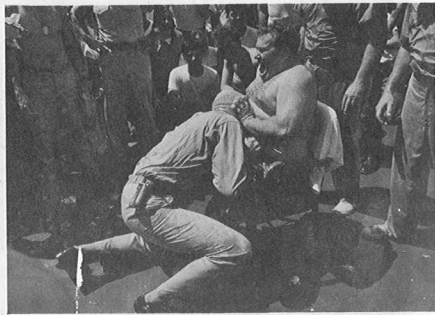
Do blondes have more fun? SN Victor Antos is a member of 2nd Division. Just ask him sometime if blondes have more fun. He'll tell you, but you'll have to wait until he puts down his chipping hammer.



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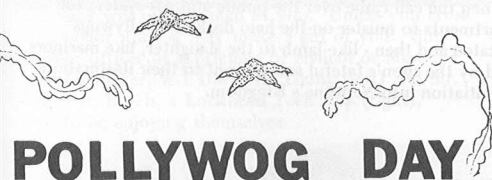
Kiss is a four-letter word when you have to kiss the belly-button of the pollywog royal baby (OM1 Charles L. Meyers). Just ask, shell-backs CDR John H. Brownley (left) and LCDR Eugene S. Oakey (right).





atsup is for hotdogs. But not on Pollywog Day.
n this day, it was used for tattooing the fore-
heads of shellbacks like SK1 Robert E. Crysel
(known as "Uncle Onion" by his division).

The messdecks were well named after the Pollywogs
rough with Shellback DM1 Eric J. Whittaker. He was
ately a mess on the deck.



Once upon a time there was a kingdom across the
equator called the Kingdom of Neptune.

The inhabitants of this far off land were named
Shellbacks.

Any visitors to this land of Shellbacks were tagged
Pollywogs. Pollywogs were considered slimy, and be-
fore they could enter Neptune's Kingdom - they had
to go through a terrifying ritual to rid themselves of
their slime.

Well, the Pollywogs aboard CANOPUS wanted to
enter Neptune's realm . . . but they feared the wrath
of the Shellbacks.

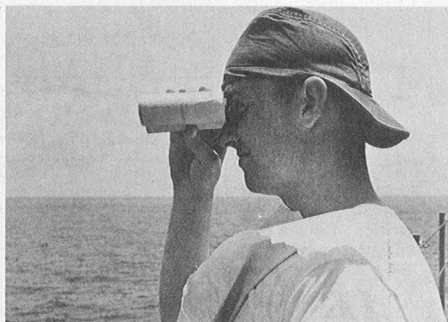
So they revolted.

Unofficially, at first. They kidnapped unaware
Shellbacks and took them to the messdecks where
they initiated them into the ways of Pollywog World.

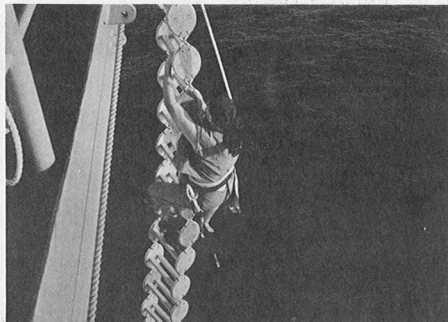
Then, on 25 February 1970 . . . they rebelled
officially (that's the Navy way). The senior Pollywog
aboard (Captain Davis) designated a special Pollywog
Day.

The pictures on these two pages tell the rest of
the story.

WELCOME ABOARD, DAVEY JONES



A Pollywog look-out (MM3 Donald Hughson) keeps a
sharp eye out for the arrival of Davey Jones and his
Royal Party.



Like Santa Claus (yeah, sure) climbing down the
chimney, Davey Jones (LCDR Louis F. Bunte) climbs
up the Jacob's ladder . . .



CAPT John M. Davis (senior pollywog) and CDR John
H. Brownley (a shellback) welcome Davey Jones
aboard. "Beware all ye slimy pollywogs."

RIGHT: A Pollywog is so overjoyed with Shellback Day . . . that he loses his head in merriment.



SHELLBACK DAY

Finally, Shellback Day.

And their turn to get even with the Pollywogs for their rebellion against the mighty Neptune.

The uniform of the day was a far cry from the usual CANOPUS standards - dungarees worn backwards, sneakers or shower shoes (or even barefoot) and a T-shirt.

When the call came over the public address system for departments to muster on the helo deck . . . Pollywogs hesitated and then - like lamb to the slaughter, like mariners lured by the siren's fateful song, crept to their destination for initiation into Neptune's Kingdom.



LEFT: You've heard of kick the can? Well, here's a variation of the game. It's called "swat the pollywog just after he crawls through the garbage chute."

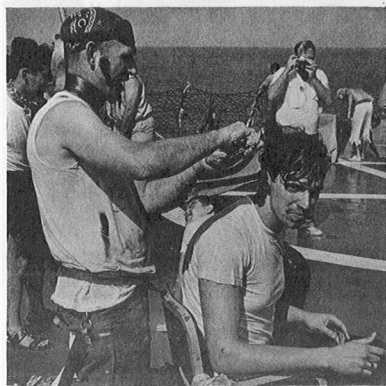


RIGHT: The Royal Baby LCDR Eugene S. Oakey) eats his royal tummy as a pollywog proves his devotion with a kiss. "You will be a better man for t," boasts the Royal Baby.

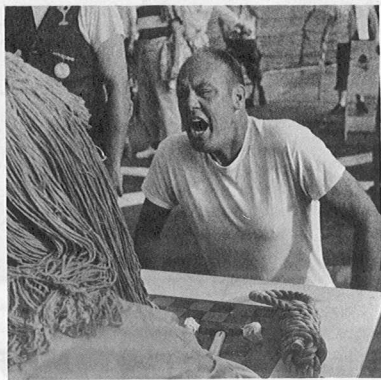


King Neptune (TMC Eugene Allen) exhibits his crown and royal robe.

BELOW: No, it's not a picture of a torture chamber during the Spanish Inquisition . . . and it's not the Devil's Domain. It's the helo deck of the USS CANOPUS during Shellback Day.



LEFT: SN John Consiglio asks the Royal Barber to "take a little off the sides" . . . but the Royal Barber had his own plans! RIGHT: A-once-in-a-cruise photograph. The Commanding Officer of the world's largest sub tender pleading for mercy from the Royal Court!

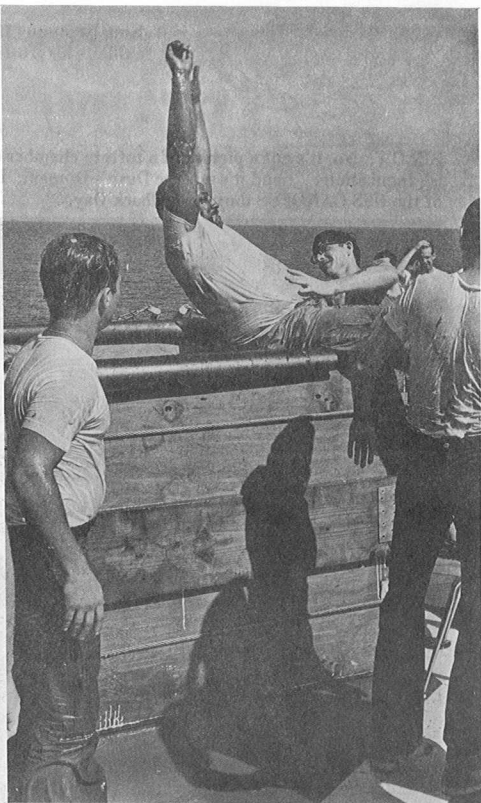


SHELLBACKS AT LAST

At last, into the Royal pool. When the initiate's head came up, he was asked, "What are you?" Those wise enough to know that they were now shellbacks were congratulated and climbed out. Those who had not grasped the significance of the event, well . . .



After crawling - on hands and knees - through the garbage chute, SN Mike A. Pamieri is caressed with a fire hose in the hands of a Shellback.



LIC John E. Brown is baptized into Neptune's kingdom.

From:

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