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H.M.C.S. ATIGONISH,
At Sea.

9 February, 1960

THE HISTORY BEHIND THE "CROSSING THE LINE CEREMONY"

Way back in the enlightened days of the world's history when the Greek civilization was in it's prime..... when Romulus and Remus were nothing more than twinkles in their father's eyes, and Britons were even less civilized than they are to-day.....there was a god, a deity, called Poseidon. As the books have it, "His domain was of Hercules, and he had some authority" - in other words he was god of the seas, and the ancient Greek matelots were accustomed to burning incense, and singing "Eternal Father" and other odds and ends to intercede for his good offices. In fact, the Greeks went even further than we do to-day by erecting Atlas at seaports, and training specialist priests to attend to the rites and rituals. It was an extremely highly organized business, but history does not relate whether or not Poseidon came through in the pinches.

Now Poseidon, by the simple expedient of turning on a storm now and then to frighten the poor Greeks, was doing quite well for himself for several centuries, and would have lived happily ever after if it hadn't been for the Romans. The Romans were not up to much in the way of seamanship, but they all had taken Leadership Courses, and even in those days this was what counted in the long run, for they finally succeeded in driving the Greeks from the seas. Even then, however, Poseidon continued to whip up the odd storm at sea, and the Romans, although this did not frighten them particularly, decided it was only logical to do something about the situation. The answer was, of course, to obtain the services of a god who could effectively put Poseidon in the shade, and the Romans, having no spare gods around Olympus at that time, had to borrow one from the Etruscans (history does not relate if he was ever returned). His name was Nethune, or Nethunus, depending on which part of Etruscia you came from, but the Romans called him Neptunus for short. Poor old Poseidon, of course was left far behind, because the Romans were fairly rich, and could erect more altars, and sing more choruses of Eternal Father than the Greeks ever deemed absolutely necessary. In fact, to show you how far Neptunus did go, Poseidon had a very big wheel in the Greek system, and he had gone to some trouble to marry this woman..... she didn't particularly like the idea and had fled to Mount Atlas when she heard of it, but Poseidon sent along one of his Dolphins to collect her.....Neptunus actually adopted this woman, which made him Poseidon's father-in-law, and Poseidon, on hearing this, committed suicide by drowning himself in his own ocean.

Well, to make a long story short, while we know all about Neptune, his life and works, historians of a later date were not so smart as the Romans and Greeks, and they did not write down how the "Crossing the Line" Ceremony came into being, so present day scholars have to say that "It's origin is wrapped (or shrouded) in mystery", and that "we can only guess at the actual date of its inception into the maritime services". Some fairly educated guesses have been made, though, and the dates have been narrowed down to the half century between 1768 and 1818. One Professor Callender, whose opinion we must admit, is rather biased in these matters, reckons that the custom was brought into being in the Royal Navy's East Indian Command during Nelson's day. Since most of the navy's most peculiar customs can be traced back to dear old Nelson one way or another, this may be considered not a bad guess.

Why they chose the Equator instead of the International Date Line or the Arctic Circle, is another point altogether, and your guess is as good as Professor Callenders.

To bring this short history right up to date, it should be mentioned that certain sects or cults, such as the Royal Canadian Navy, still practise the ancient ritual of Crossing the Line (although in its enlightened form), and on the following pages will be found the complete details of the latest ceremony which was carried out in Her Majesty's Canadian Ship "Antigonish" when she crossed the Equator in February, 1960 in company with Her Majesty's Canadian Ships Sussexvale, Ste Therese and Stettler enroute from Balboa, Panama to the Galapagos Islands.

The enlightened ceremony takes three phases; First, the Herald of His Oceanic Majesty comes onboard the night previous to the actual crossing in order to inspect the ship and decide upon its worthiness to receive onboard Neptunus Rex in all his glory. His opinion favourable, Neptune himself comes onboard the following day with all his court, and presents Orders and awards to those Shellbacks* who have proven themselves worthy thereof on the Quarterdeck. The Third and final phase is when King Neptune supervises the initiation of the Tadpoles.#

Note:- * A Shellback is one who has been initiated into the Ancient Order of the Mysteries of the Deep, i.e. one who has crossed the line before.

A Tadpole is one who has not yet had this privilege.

KING NEPTUNE'S ROYAL COURT
CROSSING THE LINE CEREMONY - H.M.C.S. ANTIGONISH
FEBRUARY, 1960.

NEPTUNE	LSSW2 R.R. SCHELL
AMPHRITITE	PLER4 ASHTON
HERALD	C2BN3 C. HOLMES
SECRETARY	P2AW3 J. GHANAM
JUDGE	P2PW2 M. SHYMKOWICH
DOCTOR	LSRP2 J. CHESTER
DOCTOR	ABRP1 POETS
BARBER	LSWU2 K.W. CANFIELD
BARBER	ABFC1 ATKINSON
CHIEF OF POLICE	P2EM2 W. KESLER
HEAD BEAR	LSSN3 H. JOHNSON
TRUMPETER	PLHT4 D. McHARDIE
SCRIBE	P2NS3 A. WOOD
DAVEY JONES	CLET4 H. BROWN
MERMAID	ABWS1 F.M. WRAY
TRIDENT STAMPER	LSBN2 R. REPSKI P2BN3 G. BAIRD
BEARS	POLICE
LSEM2 I. BROWN	PLTD4 B. FORBES
LSCK2 C. CLARKE	PLBN3 W. LAWLEY
ABRM1 S. EXLEY	PLRP3 R. RUDDICK
ABFC1 B. HISETTE	PLCM4 J. MCGOWAN
ABEM1 L. KNUDSON	P2EM2 J. THWAITES
ABSG1 E. MANAHAN	ABSW1 L. ARMSTRONG
ABSN1 G. MATHIEU	ABEM1 D. CLAMP
ABSN2 D. MORRISON	ABSN1 A. COMMOZIE
ABCK1 K. VON CHORUS	ABEM1 D. TUFFORD

SHIP'S COMPANY - E.M.C.S. ANTIGONISH

"SHELLBACKS"

LCDR Paul F. Wilson
 SUBLT L.P. Farrell
 LT R. Simpson
 INST LCDR T.D. Hicks
 CADET L. Krott
 P1CM4 John J. McGowan
 P1SW3 Jack E. Turner
 P2AW3 John D. Ghanam
 P2PW2 Michael Shymkovich
 P2LA3 John A. Thompson
 P2NS3 Archibald Wood
 ABSW1 Larry D. Armstrong
 ABCK1 Edward J. Burney
 LSCK2 Charles E. Clarke
 ABSW2 Bruce Wm. Hill
 ABCK1 James Wm. Howe
 ABNS1 Roy W. Jenkins
 ABSW1 Louis V.J. Morisseau
 ABVS1 James D. Preus
 LSSW2 Ramsay R. Schell
 ABCK1 Klaus R. Von Chorus
 C1ER4 Gordon H. Fraser
 C2ER4 Clifford B. McIlroy
 C2ER4 William H. Mosses
 P1ER4 Robert C. Anderson
 P1ER4 Robert Ashton
 P1ER4 Wilfred L. Bridge
 P1ER4 William Poets
 P2EM2 Henry G. Cossey
 P2EM2 Walter A. Kesler
 P2ER3 William Jr. Masson
 P2ER4 Douglas R. Tanner
 P2EM2 Joseph C. Thwaites
 LSEM2 Peter Asman
 LSEM2 Ivan W. Brown
 LSEM1 Archie W.S. Henderson
 LSEM2 James G. Pirie
 ABEM1 Douglas F. Clamp
 ABEM1 Loran M. Knudson
 ABEM1 Alvin G. Nagan
 ABEM1 Alexander T. Thomson
 ABEM1 Douglas L. Tufford
 ABEM1 Claude R. Wyman

P1HT4 Donald A. McHardie
 C1ET4 Harry E. Brown
 ABLM1 Francis J. Jamieson
 C2LT4 Harry C. Cutress
 LSLT3 Patrick Daly
 P1RP3 Raymond H. Ruddick
 ABRP1 Donald M. Baxter
 LSRP2 Jerry P. Chester
 ABRP1 Melvin G. Cooper
 P2SG3 Robert G. Theriault
 ABSG1 Earl R. Manahan
 ABRM1 Ronald W. Dowson
 ABRM1 Stardon Exley
 ABRM1 Neil J. Tupper
 LSWS2 Clifford Moore
 LSWS2 Peter Sheen
 ABWS1 Frederick M. Wray
 ABFC1 Verne T. Atkinson
 ABFC1 A.J. Barry Hisette
 C2FC4 Richard Williams
 LSWU2 Kenneth Canfield
 P1SN4 Brian G. Forbes
 ABSN1 Arnold Camozzie
 LSSN3 Harvey D. Johnson
 ABSN1 George J. Mathieu
 ABSN2 David G. Morrison
 ABSN1 Jeremy Noble
 ABSN1 John A. Peniuk
 ABSN1 David L. Poets
 ABSN1 Garry L. Stanina
 ABSN1 David Wesner
 C2BN3 Fredrick Bird
 C2BN3 Calvin J. Holmes
 P1BN2 William E. Lawley
 P2BN3 Garnet T. Baird
 P2BN2 Yeiji Inouye
 LSBN2 Robert J. Massey
 ABBN1 Christopher E. Milton
 LSBN2 Roman Repski
 C1ER4 William A. Frees

SHIP'S COMPANY - H.M.C.S. ATIGONISH

"TADPOLES"

LCDR A. Malysheff
 LT M.L. Chupick
 LT P.D. Crofton
 LT* H.H. Tate
 LT A. Tooms
 LT E.B. Larkin
 CHAP(II)(P)E.S. Radcliffe

CADET S.D. Carrigan
 CADET D.C. Hallaran
 CADET A.S. McIntosh
 CADET J.L. Morrison
 CADET D.E. Muckle
 CADET R. Robinson
 CADET F.S. Taggart
 CADET D. Ursulak
 CADET G.L. Willis

P2VS3 Herbert F. West
 ABCK1 Charles G. Churches
 ABAW1 Tony B. Hubscher
 ABSW1 Malcolm Mac Donald
 ABSW1 Stanly Patras
 LSVS2 George R.P. Payette
 ABNS1 Edward H. Seale
 ABCK1 Ronald B. Wellwood
 LSNS2 Eric M. White

C2ER4 Sidney K. Smith
 P1ER4 Neil A. Hynds
 P2ER4 John Robson
 LSEM2 Ernest L. Holman
 ABEM1 Charles R. Burton
 ABEM1 Thomas F. Chan
 ABEM1 George Wm. Golia
 ABEM1 Anthony B. Hempseed
 ABEM1 Gerald Kruse
 ABEM1 Robert E. Lowe
 ABEM1 Alan E. McLean
 ABEM1 Charles D. Smith
 ABEM1 Gerald Wm. Thompson
 ABEM1 Donald Williams
 OSEMS Robert A. Dunn
 OSEMS Donald MacNeil

ABET2 Harold L. Folstad
 ABLM1 Alvins Adams
 ABLM1 John Broderick
 ABLM1 Larry Johns

OSRPS Roger Burt
 LSRP2 Donald J. Lavalley
 LSRP2 John Lundy

LSSG2 Brian Buttridge
 ABSG1 Peter A. Clark
 LSSG2 Thomas M. Wybert

P2RM2 Ronald E. Bartram
 LSRM2 Harvey L. Miller

ABWS1 George Wm. Hammond
 ABWS1 Darwin L. Shetterly
 ABSN1 Garry Homer
 LSBN3 Ray Falk
 LSBN2 Frederick Wagner

CROSSING THE LINE CEREMONY

ACT 1

Scene 1: The Bridge. As if by mistake the whole scena is enacted over the Armament Broadcast.

Time: Around 1900 the night before crossing the Line.

O.O.W. (Ovar Armament Broadcast) Object bearing right ahead Sir. Looks like some sort of fish -(short pause)
Appears to be surfacing Sir.

Captain Very Good. That will be King Neptune's Herald. We are closing the Equator rapidly. First Lieutenant, Pipe clear lower deck to the forecastle, Guns muster the Cadet Guard, Officer of the Watch, stand by to ...
(Captain is interrupted by the lookout)

Lookout (O.O.W.) Green one zero, Sir, a light, near!

Captain Very Good, alter course towards it, Officer of the Watch.

(The ship will close the alleged light for about five minutes with no further patter in order to allow the ship's company to assemble on the Forecastle.)

SCENE 11: (Both Herald and the Captain speak through loud hailer - the Captain on the Bridge and the Herald on the Forecastle)

Herald: (from behind the fog spray) SHIP AHOY!

CAPTAIN: ANTIGONISH

HERALD: I've heard your ship's around,
Now tell me, wither bound?

CAPTAIN: We sail for Galapagos Islands,
We've steamed for may a nilo,
Now I've got a lot to do,
So tell me, who are you?

HERALD: I am the Herald of the court,
Of his Oceanic Majesty;
King Neptune ordered me aboard
And I'll commit no travesty.

CAPTAIN: For you I'll stop my ship.
Come forth, and no more lip.

(Herald, accompanied by Davey Jones, A Mermaid, 2 bears and a bugler, advance throught the spray whilst the bugler sounds the alert).

Look sharp then sire, if you please
By what right have you to challenge us on the high seas?

HERALD: By the custom of powers invested right
In King Neptune and Queen Amphritite
Who sent us to your mighty ship
To check and see if you are fit.
We cannot take you across our line,
Without the stamp of the Trident Sign.

(Herald draws his sword, and the bears growl - -
Mermaid titters - - -)

CAPTAIN: It is of course without disdain
That I'll accept your word,
We're crossing into your domain
So sheath that mighty sword. (Sword of course, is a
ridiculous looking affair)

HERALD: King Neptune will be glad I'm sure
to have you cross his border:
If you're a shellback, let us hope
Your papers are in order.

CAPTAIN: A hardier shellback never lived,
Or walked the ocean floor;
So tell King Neptune that I have crossed
His bloody line before,
And if you think I'm not so hard
Have Davey Jones inspect my guard.

HERALD: I'll do your will
So, sound the still. (To bugler)

(Bugler complies, and as he does so Davey Jones steps
through the spray. Meanwhile the guard has been
marched to the front, and Davey Jones inspects it
with a lot of slapstick e.g. points out haircuts
with a dead fish which he carries under his arm like
a telescope)

DAVEY
JONES: A froustier guard I've never seen,
They look like Hell and small unclean.

(Bears commence shouting "UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!" at the
top of their lungs)

HERALD: Keep silence in the Bears. (Then addressing the crew)

Before this mighty ship of war
Had slipped from her home port
A spy of mine had come aboard
Her compliment to sort.
He's scamed the names of every one
Come forward now, your work is done.

(Secretary makes his appearance carrying a large book)

SECRETARY: The nominal list I've closely scanned
To learn by whom this ship is manned:
Fifty persons more or less
Who by their conscience must confess
They have not joined our Royal Mess.
They must be made to taste the salt
Of my King's Royal Main,
And choke upon our pills and soap
'Ere they can cross again.

(bears once more start shouting "UNCLEAN UNCLEAN"!!)

HERALD: At four bells of the afternoon watch
To-morrow, come what may,
His Oceanic Majesty, King Neoptuna will hold sway.
And by the ancient laws laid down
By custom will ordain
That all you tadpoles, young and old,
Be initiated in our name.

SECRETARY: All Hail, King Neptune!

(Bears in a fit of fanatic fervour shriek "BLOOD BLOOD"!

CAPTAIN: Keep silence (Pause till shouting dies down)

Assure King Neptune that we all,
Are honoured by this meeting;
And please convey to him our thanks,
And our most loyal greeting.
We shall be ready for your King
And glad to meet his Queen
And will she bring her daughters fair
To beautify the scene?

(Bears make wolf calls, etc.)

HERALD:

It cannot be: A sea nymph form
Would take each sailor's heart by storm
Our good Queen spares them from such shows
Because they haven't any clothes. . . .
The Queen will come alone.

(Bears once again start wolf calls again, etc.)

(The company commences retiring through the spray;
The Herald is last to go through and just before
he does, he turns to the multitude and says:

" I command you all to rest with sorrow
The fittest will survive tomorrow "

(Very lights of various colours are shot from
before the spray and as they are, all lights on
the F.X. are turned out, and a hinenous, sub human
laugh is heard from the eyes of the ship.

ACT 11
Scene 1:

The Quarterdeck. Lower deck has been cleared to the A.X. and King Neptune's court has assembled in full regalia in the after canopy. King Neptune and the Queen are readied on two sedan chairs assisted by 8 bears. The remainder of the shellbacks, bears and police, have assembled in traditional garb in the cafeteria. The bears and Police having cleared the way in traditional fashion muster on the A.X. and it is now time for the Royal Court itself to arrive. King Neptune and the Queen will be carried to the Quarterdeck helped from their chairs, and assisted to their thrones.

HERALD: (One entrance) HEAR YE! HEAR YE! MAKE WAY FOR HIS MOST GLORIOUS OCEANIC MAJESTY NEPTUNUS REX, RULER OF ALL WHO SAIL UPON THE SEA UPON THEIR LAWFUL OCCASION. HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

(On arrival of Neptune and Amphitrite) ALL HAIL KING NEPTUNE!

BEARS AND POLICE: ALL HAIL KING NEPTUNE!

HERALD: (Call for silence and is assisted in getting it if necessary by Police)

Captain, call your crew to attention for the Oceanic Anthem.

CAPTIAN: (Complies).
Led by the Herald, the complete ensemble of shellbacks sing in dolorous tones, the Oceanic Anthem, (tune of "All Hail Methusalem").

All Hail His Majesty,
The ruler of the raging sea
All Hail Queen Amphitrite
Her gorgeous beauty, - what a sight.

(Captain now stands the ships company at ease and bids it pay attention.)

In humblest duty, Sire, I bring
To you, our Oceanic King
All here on board, may they submit
To what in Ancient Laws is writ.

NEPTUNE: (Acknowledges Captain's remarks, then turns to address ship's company:)

Good afternoon, Antigonish, you've come a long way,
And I've waited months for this glorious day.
You all know full well what I've come to do
For I hear there are tadpoles among your crew.

HERALD: My barbers are good, and widely renowned, (barbers step forward gesticulating sadistacally.) Their razors are sharper than's ever been ground;
My doctors are butchers and as for their pills,
They're better than ExLax for curing your ills.

CAPTAIN: Ere you punish our crimes with that terrible fork
I present for your favour my crew to your court.

NEPTUNE: From my courtly Herald I've heard it told
That there're some in your crew so brave and bold
As to warrant my favour....there may be some missed;
So Herald, bring forward my Honour List.

HERALD: (Reading from large scroll) Captain!
(Captain comes forth and kneels at the feet of the King)

NEPTUNE: You are the Captain of this ship
Your work is law on every trip
And last time whilst making rounds
In the mess deck, pin up calendars there were found.
To you they may seem very rude
So we award you the medal, Connoisseur of Pulchritude
And whilst before me, I ask of you
An extra beer for officers and crew .

CAPTAIN: "It will be done".

HERALD: ARISE OLD SEA DOG FIFTH CLASS OF THE ORDER,
CONNOISSEUR OF PULCHRITUDE.

(Captain retires to the background, having been
bussed on both cheeks A La French).

HERALD: (From scroll) Executive Officer!

(First Lieutenant comes forward and kneels)

NEPTUNE: You are the officer dubbed Number One
Your job is to see that everything is done
From scrubbing and painting to chipping the deck
We give you the tools to wear round your neck

Before you rise I ask of you
A sleep in tomorrow, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour will do.

FIRST LT: It will be done, Oh King!

HERALD: ARISE OLD SEADOG SIXTH CLASS OF THE ANCIENT ORDER
OF BRUSH AND SCRAPER

HERALD: Engineer Officer !
(Lt. (E) comes forth, but does not kneel.)

NEPTUNE: In white coveralls he makes his rounds
Always a smile, and never a frown
When the fridges went astray
Had them fixed in one day
But of late the pumps have stopped
And many a time the safties popped
Seeing its kept you on the hop
We award to you the broken prop

HERALD: (Presents him with badges of Office)

AWARDED THE ORDER OF THE BROKEN PROP.
ABOUT TURN, QUICK MARCH.

HERALD: Lieutenant (S)!

NEPTUNE: From juggling of books to buying of food
And giving out casuals when in the mood
A Tadpole now, but soon to pass
We dub you Neptunes Banker Fifth Class.

HERALD: APPOINTED BANKER FIFTH CLASS

HERALD: CPO FRASER (Comes forward and stands before the King)

NEPTUNE: Oh Mighty Chief of the engine room crew
All of your wishes, they will do
But if there slack and show no power
Your voice be heard, You owe two hours
For all the extra work you've got
We award you with the Overtime Clock.

HERALD: AWARDED THE ORDER OF THE OVERTIME CLOCK

HERALD: Petty Officer Mc Gowan!

NEPTUNE: Since you are the man who directs the meals
Thru all kinds of weather, No matter how he feels.
And trys to serve as best he's able
We think you deserve the galley's ladel.

(He is dubbed with the Trident and presented with the spoon)

HERALD: ARISE SIR KNIGHT COMMANDER OF THE VENERABLE ORDER
OF THE GREASY LADEL.

(Addressing his Majesty).

If you're Majesty finds it convenient,
We've had time enough to be lenient,
Its just about time for that big tank of brine,
To make you all shell backs for " crossing the line".

NEPTUNE: Aye; Lead on.

(Herald precedes His Majesty and the court falls
in Behind. Bears and Police commence heckoing
the tadpoles and fall in behind the court. The
whole procession moves to the Brine Tank at the
slow march, the Herald announcing all the way

"MAKE WAY, MAKE WAY, FOR HIS OCEANIC MAJESTY.
CLEAR A WAY YOU LOWLY TADPOLES".

On the Quarterdeck. The court and shellbacks have taken up their positions and the King is ready to see his defaulters. Trumpeter sounds the alert, and the Herald calls for silence.

H NEPTUNE: King Neptune, I, Lord of the sea,
Welcome you all who'ere you be;
I am the Lord of the Oceans Wide,
Lord of the Rivers.....Lord of the tide.
My laws are strict, but do not fear,
If you only persevere,
To keep the freedom of the seas,
As recognized by our degrees.
J Here are the Bears, The Suds, The Bath;
They are the only certain path
H For all who wish to cross the line,
And be enrolled as sons of mine.
In order then, as we command,
Before us let each Tadpole stand
Who has his freedom yet to win.....
ENOUGH...MY TRUSTY MEN, BEGIN.

HERALD: If you will see defaulters first,
We'll save till last the best.....and worst.

NEPTUNE: So be it.

HERALD: LCDR A. Malysheff

This pollywog so dark and tall
Committed a sin while playing ball.
He swung his bat, the ball to smight
And drove it completely out of sight.

JUDGE: Doctors, Barbers, Shave this brute
For being so cruel to a white grape fruit.

HERALD: LT A. Tooms

His guns speak out with vices loud
They draw attention in a crowd.
Fearsome creatures though they be
They sometimes lose their accuracy.
And draw from Gaffers, quips and smiles
"He's forgotten to change the Sub Calibre Dials".

JUDGE: For sins so great this reprobate,
Shall feast on pills instead of cake.
It it happens again upon this deck
He'll wear that dial around his neck.

HERALD: LT P.D. Crofton

His deeds with a sextant are something shocking,
And of Great Affairs he has been mocking.
E're entering this deep domain,
He spoke of King Neptune with disdain.

JUDGE: For causing such a shameful scene
I bid you barbers shave him clean
Then throw him into our brine machine.

HERALD: LT H.H. Tate

This Jolly Jack is 40 plus
And has yet to become one of us.
He's avoided it long, but nows the time
To dump him into that pool of Brine.

JUDGE: Wash away his years of sin
Into the pool of brine with him.

HERALD: LT M.L. Chupick

LT Chupick is his name
For casual payments he's gained fame.
If you throw it away on a bash ashore
He's a hard man indeed when you ask for more.

JUDGE: For being so hard. This young S.O.
Shall feast on pills of sour dough.

HERALD: Padre E.S. Radcliffe

On Sunday he leaves us in the lurch
By going to other ships for church
His portable organ erre do tote
From ship to ship in our motor boat
He sings three lines at the very most
And then stops to listen for the host.

JUDGE: I remind you, he's with us during the weak
And words of wisdom he doth speak, in private consultation,
But for his action on Sunday morn
I judge that he shall be reborne, into the brine with him.

HERALD: IT E.B. Larkin

He comes to us from C4's Ship
His hand in engineering to dip
But C4's arm is long of reach
And he's put to work when we hit the beach
And though on C4's staff last year
In these proceedings he did not share.

JUDGE: He may have avoided last years trip
But in this years brine he'll have a dip.
TO THE BEARS!!!

HERALD: CADET D.E. Muckle

There was a Cadet named Muckle,
Who's love making caused quite a chuckle,
For when out with a girl,
How her poor heart would whirl,
As her dress tangles up in his buckle.

JUDGE: For this tad, who's such a Don Juan,
Across the equator has never gone,
You here before me on this stand,
Without a girl to hold your hand,
And for the life that you have led,
To the bears you shall be led.

HERALD: AD G.W. Hammond

This small AD before us now,
Spreads dirty grease from stern to bow,
He claims to be an armour's mate,
But his good aboard is for debate.

JUDGE: From what I've heard the gunners say,
This little man is in the way,
He spreads much grease about the guns,
So now he must take what punishment comes.

HERALD: Chief Petty Officer Smith

This old tad, all know his name
For years has cheated, Neptune at his game
And now at last the time is here
Dont frown old chief, you'll get free beer.

JUDGE: Seeing as you come of late
Causing Neptunes court to wait
Of Neptune we ask; remove this stain
And make him a member of your vast domain.

HERALD: Leading Seaman Holman

This polly wog is so small
That in the heads, he has a ball
The bowls are up past his knee
And when he sits, his feet swing free.

JUDGE: For this tadpole, oh so small
Let us waste no time at all
But be careful of his face
For the fuzz has been erased.

HERALD: Leading Seaman White

For this tad who's never made this trip
Let's dampen down his landing strip
When into the pool he goes
We hope it doesn't overflow.

JUDGE: Surely a Tad of this size
Will take a lot to deoderize
So bears it may take all your might
To bring this Tad out clean and White.

HERALD: Able Seaman Hempseed.

This Tadpole pulls a whaler strong
And in the mess, sings the wildest song
This man be not a gifted star
But the echo of his voice can be heard afar.

JUDGE: O man who'se voice sounds like thunder
Who makes the mess with cause to wonder
Just how to even the score
Come on you bears, let's hear you roar.

HERALD: Able Seaman Burton

The Tennessee stud who's pretty young
Mosies around and his head is hung
Panama is not far away
But on the ship he had to stay.

JUDGE: This man was caught in the act
When being duty did not come back
His punishment has been long
But give him the works as he looks strong.

HERALD: AB MC LEAN

A n unworthy dee I must recite
While ashore, a mess mate leg did bite
An act practiced by a dog
I ask Capital punishment for this pily wog.

JUDGE: A man who would stoop so low
His punishment it must be slow
So Doctor, Barber, treatments begin
And when you're through, into the brine with him.

HERALD: A ble Seaman Wellwood

This tadpole who trys to cook
Who's recipes come from a comic book
You must agree has lots to learn
For after his meal, the railing you yern.

JUDGE: For this man, eager, as well as young
Let no real harm be done
As for your meals we all have ate
Into the pool, with the reprobate.

(ad infinitum)