

There was a dog who had puppies on the pier and when your there three or four days early, nothing to do, someone decided that this old dog had these puppies we ought to take one as a mascot to sea with us. So the word kind of filters around that we're gong to get a mascot. Of course at quarters the next morning the XO says there ain't going to be no mascot. You ain't taking the dog to sea. Doc - we had a full-fledged German doctor on board - Oh they have all kinds of diseases and can't take the damn dog to sea. No dogs, thats it!

So now the XO and the doc both said there would be no pets on board, no mascots but the word kept filtering out that we were going to take the dog to sea. No kidding, we're going to do it.

So we went through the three or four days early and a full twenty days refit and the word kept going around. The COB, the DOC, everybody was saying there ain't going to be a dog at sea.

So it sort of filtered down to the lower decks to keep an eye out - no dogs come aboard. So we get underway and we're underway about three or four days and the COB comes in the galley and he says, " hey Lynch, come here a minute". Now how big is the galley? He wants to speak to me over in the corner. He says, " have you seen anyone taking any food out of the galley?" " Are you shitting me? Everybody takes food out of the galley. He then corners one of the messcooks by the GDU and asks him if he has seen anyone take any food out of the galley. Nobody knows anyone taking food out of the galley except everybody grabs sticky buns or a wedge out of pie. So we're underway probably 8 or ten days and the COB comes up to the galley with a bowl and it looks like some gravy was in there or something. He says he found it in the missile compartment lower level. So what do you want me to do about a bowl found in the missile compartment? They suspect a dog is on board.

So some time goes by, no more bowls and no dogs and no questions. Then we have an all hands field day. They lock all the watertight doors with a chief and an officer in every compartment. They're going through every locker, looking everywhere. No dog!

A couple days later - another bowl appears. A couple days later every watertight door is shut, a chief and an officer in every compartment. They look in every nook cranny and locker. Now we're into the patrol twenty twenty-five days and the COB takes his tour through the boat, down in the lower level of the missile compartment. Now, in the missile compartment on that particular boat, on the foward port corner was where they carried all the bales of rags. He moves the rags around and here is a bag of puppy chow with some missing from it.

Middle of the day, BAM, all the watertight doors are closed an officer and chief in every compartment and their going to find this dog. They searched up and down. Everybody was questioned. They questioned all the messcooks - who took groceries out of the galley? No dog!

There is a dog. We know there is a dog. We got the puppy chow. We are going to find the dog! They were sure in the wardroom there was a dog. So three or four days go by and the XO is smoking, the Captain is smoking. The cob comes in the GDU room during a night shot and talked to one of the messcooks and he said 'Cob, there ain't no dog, they shot him last night." Oh My God! Now shot out of a submarine is dumping garbage - we got no gun. But they got rid of the dog last night. They were really upset. Now the Doc and the Corpsman are reading everybody's health records to find out who is the guy who would kill and dog and shoot it out the GDU. There never was a dog.

After the patrol was over somebody tells the corpsman, who was being transferred, that there never was a dog. You SOB. If I ever get you on the street I'll punch your lights out. They stayed up all night reading everybody's health record, every word, and there never was a dog. They had everybody baffled