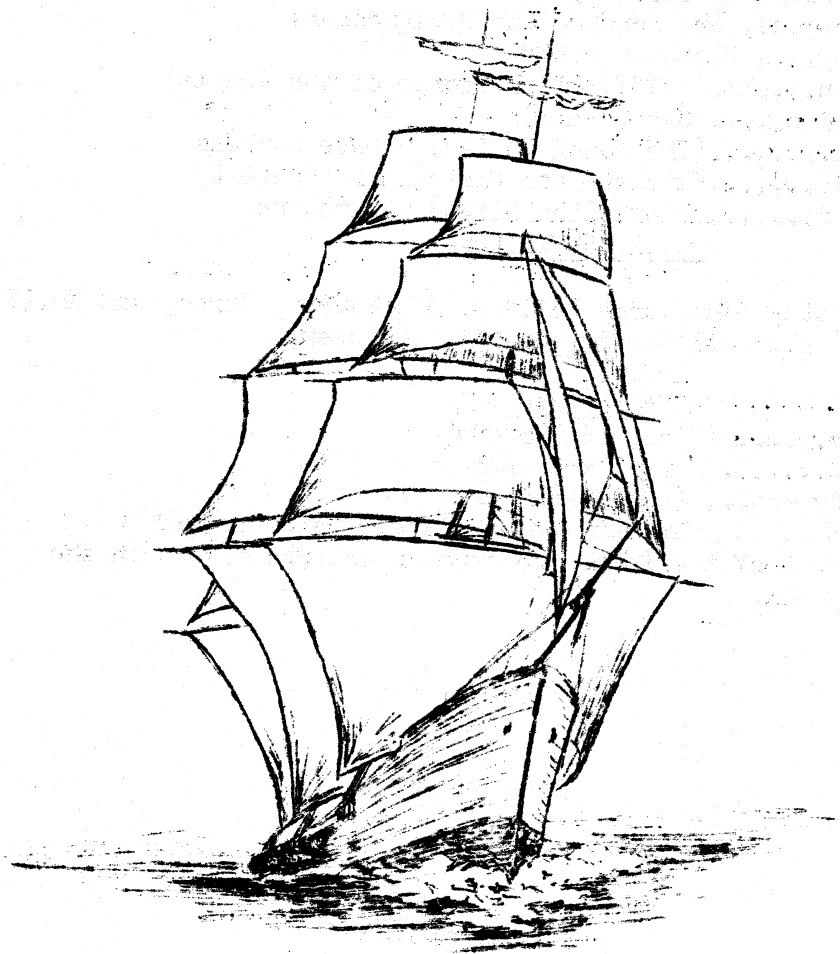


POLKIN ALONG



FROM THE DAYS OF SAIL
TO THE AGE OF THE ATOM
SAILORS WILL ALWAYS LONG TO BE...
HOMEWARD BOUND

POLKIN' ALONG STAFF

Editors

Editor and Chief	Bob (Flatbush Fatty) Lee
Managing Editor	"Bouncing" Bob Simmons
Assoc. Editor	Gordy(Deputy Dawg) Miller

Feature Writers

Charlie (The Gun Nut) Smith
"The Smut Peddlers", Irve(the Arab) Barlin, Roge (the tongue) Wedigis,
Tom(Fat Fonda) Breshaw.
Man in the passageway.....Gary(the fish) Broach
Sports Predictions, Mr. Schwing(the Naviguessor)
Ramblin Along.... Flatbush Fatty
The Old Indian....Mr.(?????) Plank(George of the Jungle)
The Young Indian.....(Capt. Nemo)
Capt. Nemo.....(The Young Indian) Dave Burgess
The Old Squaw.....Hatchet Face Ficke(in retirement)
Dear Winniford..... Winnie(the Bitch) Waterhouse

Free Lance Writers

(The Beast) Beste, (The Worm) Mallory, (The Nicker) Verno, and Mr.(Freckle Face) Davis plus all the shy cods in the crew.

Cartoonists

Roger Wedigis.....(Gross but pretty)
Jerry Smith.....(a real art-teest)
J.J. Cooldaddy esq... (a goddamn perv)
Steve Szilagyi.....(Zodiac) and the wierd Harold award
And all the rest of the folks who drop an article or two in the
Polkin' Along box.

The following is SECNAV 1970 NAVY DAY message for use in connection with local celebrations: "NAVY DAY is a time when we think of the Navy-men and Women who have served our country through its 195 year history. The generations of brave and dedicated Naval personnel, who sacrificed so much to protect this land and this way of life, have earned our profound gratitude and our enduring respect. Continuing that proud tradition today, approximately 700,000 Americans in Navy blue serve in defense of the United States at home and overseas. On this NAVY DAY 1970 many of our sailors are fighting in Vietnam, or are serving far from home in situations that test their endurance and devotion. Each is meeting the high standard of the U.S. NAVY-MARK OF A MAN; they are living symbols of the strength of this country and our determination to seek and to preserve an honorable peace with the rest of the world. They form the shield at sea that protects this nation and its ideals of freedom and justice for all. On this, our 195th anniversary, I am deeply proud of the dedicated and outstanding service of navymen and women to the U.S. Navy and to the nation.

JOHN H. CHAFEE, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE POLKING ALONG

Sir,

I wish to congratulate you and your contributors on the rising standards of some of your articles. I have just finished this weeks paper and was mildly surprized to find a fiew pieces which showed thought and effort on the part of the author.

If I may continue; I agree with your attitude that you have a perfect liscence for smut in this enviornment of grown men . But I disagree with printing of smut for that reason alone. Shouldn't a prerequsate be; that the material at least be funny? Your process of screening material seems tp log down on occasion and repetition and mere trash seem to creep in. Perhaps this material is needed to fill the gaps your more intelligent and worthwhile people leave each week.

I also took a personal intrest in the short "blurb" by our "new crew member". Although I am not new to submarines I am to the Polk and I find this crew no more vendictive than any I've known before. Perhaps somone should explain to this young fellow that emotionalism and oversensitivity must be parked ashore so as we can operate in an atmosphere of logic and attention to detail. If our jokes are cruel, my opinion is, they are meant to shock the inexperienced, and harden them to the facts of life at sea.

In closing I wish to thank you for your paper and all thoes who work so hard to produce it. While I may criticize, I do not believe I could do the outstanding job your doing. Having once been an insignificant member on "boats" newspaper staff I realize the problem of comming up with something new each weekwith only the same conditions and people to draw from.

Respectfully

A Reader

EDITORIAL COMMENT

We would like to thank "A Reader" for his intrest and praise for Polkin' Along. We support his attitude that crew members should expect criticism, and take it with a grain of salt. Most of it is in good humor, and indicates a sort of acceptance by the crew. If a man can't take a little rubbing, what's going to happen when he is confronted with a casualty or a moment of decision.

As far as "Smut" is cãcerned, we haven't really noticed much of that at all. Our position on the content of the paper was made with the second issue. If one wants to bring the paper home, by all means do, but if you find anything ofrensive or obscene we recommend striking it, or leaving that issue on ship. Our subscribers are "MEN AT SEA", and we intend a continuence of policy desyned to reach that audience.

As before, thank you for your letter.

The Editors -

IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN HERE!!

How much time has it been? These four walls have no significance for me any longer, timeless examples of terror and frustration long gone. Cold, hungry beaten; almost, but not really. As long as one spark of hope, one flash of light, one spectrum of color fills my mind each day, there's a chance of survival.

When did it start or how? We all saw it coming, but buried our heads in the sand and said "That's someone else's problem, let them take care of it". How many Empires have been lost with that same feeling of indifference? After all, who has time to worry about insignificant items in life, such as freedom for minorities, honest government, paper machet laws, terricide, hunger; Dictators and Communists, two sides of a coin that suck the life blood from the common man; student riots, ghetto slums, a false economy, and thus a false sense of security. Why should these trivialities bother me, when all I'm interested in is a new car or a set of golf clubs. "Why, I would never lose my freedom; it could never happen in America" I said, it just couldn't.

My wrists are so thin, that it's funny. Seems an eternity when I worried about the excess blubber, and now it's my scaly and blotched skin. Could I still be so vain? At least the mind isn't completely gone—or is it?

Searching back through the maze of images my mind perpetrates, I accept reality again, for another endless day.

We all panicked when it happened. Like followers of the pied-piper—not men but mice, because we weren't prepared. How many people voted that year for the first time in their life, strictly out of fear; too late for sure and finally the Military took charge. We were happy, because now we could hide in our holes again like before. Not True!!!!

We saw the Armies grow, the weapons double, and the world cower under our might. We thanked God for the end of Communism and laughed gayly at the victories, so hard that we all knew it was our outer shell, because we remembered the story of the "town drunk turned preacher". Self-Righteousness became the by-word. Communism was only one disease estinguished. Another started to arise, slowly; ever so slowly.

The Constitution was being revised; the military Governors decided that until it was suitable, they would retain Marshall Law. I said to my wife "six years is pushing it a bit. It's time to vote for a new government".

VOTE! A four letter word that meant freedom before, was obscene now. VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

The walls were turning a moldy green, and I wondered if I would ever see daylight again. My wife and children just a remote memory of past happiness; a dull ache of not knowing for sure that they are being taken care of. It cost me my freedom for their safety, a commodity that is cheap at twice the price. But what about the movement toward Constitutional Government, that somehow I became leader of and inspiration for millions. Incredible, but true, and even as I waste away in this cell of confinement, my body slowly giving up its precious fluids of life, I become a martyr for freedom.

I'm terrified at the thought of death. Each day, the footsteps seem to close in on me. Am I next? What am I going to die for? A bunch of spineless bastards who wouldn't speak up; who wouldn't vote because they were lazy; who weren't prepared and versed in the condition of the world and their Country, and who just didn't give a damn. Cowards, opportunists———people. Yes people; and why me? I pretended to be different and concerned, that's why me.

As I analyze my motives, it is hard to determine if my strength came from love, hate, ego or my convictions. How many of us have strong convictions, and can we trust them if we do? We must! There is no substance if we don't.

The small and dingy cell reminds me that through all this misery, I'm basically happy, because I'M living up to my convictions. How I wish I felt so strongly

(continued on page NEXT)

It Could Never Happen Here Con't

years ago when it was possible through the Constitution to exercise my right to have voice in government.

The fighting is getting louder. The prison is shaking and cries of agony and pain is echoing all around me. Will they kill me? Suddenly I'm afraid. I'm suspended in a liquid of elation and fear—surely I won't die when we are so close to victory!

The sound of the boots become louder, and louder as they approach my cell. Was it worth it? God, I don't want to die!

What am I thinking, for I'm sure we have won. I have faith in our people, faith in our system, and faith in the torch of freedom. Now excitement fills my heart, because we can start again. It didn't have to end if we cared before, but now we know, and can build the temple of Democracy from the ruins of apathy and indifference. We will endure!

The blood is pounding through my veins now; momentarily death looms in my sight, muscles contract, my heart rebounds in fast rythem about the walls of the cell.

Is Freedom a reason to die—Is it? To die for an idea! IS IT! IS IT! IS IT!

The door opens, the time of decision is upon me, and I hear my voice screaming "YOUR GOD—DAMN RIGHT IT IS"!!!!!!

FLATBUSH FATTY

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Love has its growing pains while away at sea,
it always hurts most in one's heart.
It's part of doing your duty to protect your Country
and your Love, from whom you are apart.

While being away from someone who's dear,
your thoughts, they invariably seem to increase.
A person often wonders what he's doing out here;
Of course it's to keep the peace.

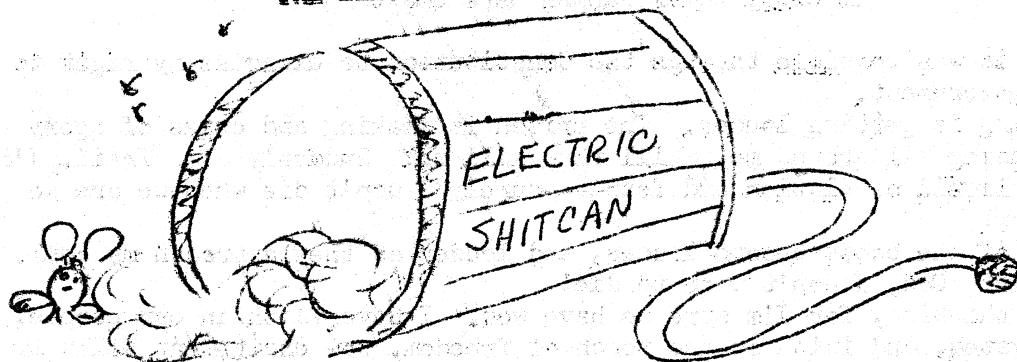
For this I say to you, is what is at hand,
we keep peace with weapons so cruel.
To the nation who gives the firing command
I say they are definately a fool.

The world will only survive by peace alone,
our history will prove it is true
So I tell you the world must change its tune,
or there will be nothing left of me.....or You!

To conclude this verse, I urge you pay heed,
It's your lover and country you should cherish.
And you do so by keeping the peace we need,
or these things we hold dear shall soon perish.

The Poet

THE ELECTRIC SHITCAN



The Electric Shitcan would like to thank you for your attention Monday night! We hope you had as much fun watching us dummies as we had putting the show on. All we did we did was act naturally. We realize that of you were too excited to catch all the words of our songs. Here they are so you can sing along next time they come around on the guitar.

Thanks,
Fat Fonda, Ground Hog, Hair
Lip, and Hymen Buster.

DRILL MONGERS IN THE SKY

A drifty nuke was floatin' aft one dark and windy day
In machinery 2 he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of khaki socks he saw
Comin' back to start the drills and piss the whole crew off

Chorus

Oh Colly Gee, Oh Holy Fuck
Drill mongers in the sky

He ran to the alley and he heard the breakers slam
About that time the RO screamed, Reactor Fuckin' scam!
When we commenced to snorkel we heard an awful thump
Ole Stroup had used the diesel, for a water pump!!!

Everything just went to shit, it really was a gas
Just to see how very quick the plant fell on its ass
And now that we've recovered, a slight relief we feel
And wish with all our heart and soul, that all this were unreal.

Chorus-----

Now that the drills and spills are over and the mongers gather round
With tons and tons of file cards with fuckups they had found
And as they started forward they looked like they could puke,
And there to say goodbye to them, was that same old drifty nuke.

As the monsters passed on by him he heard one call his name,
If you really want to save your ass then play our silly game
Or you'll qualify forever on that boat up in the sky
And in between the field days, you'll drill until you die.

Chorus-----

S**C**R**A**M*****

Come on all you, throttleman
EOCW needs your hand again
Got himself in a terrible jam
Single loop reactor scram.
Put down your coffee and ice cream cones
WHOOOPEE pick up the phones.

Chorus

And it's 1-2-3- what are we training for
Don't ask me, I don't give a damn
Next drill, reactor scam.
And it's 5-6-7- open up the tunnel door
Ain't no use to clean up the spill
WHOOOPEE another drill.

Come on all you ELTs
Jump into those anti-ceeds
Run back aft and clean-up
What the engineer spilled from a cup
Throw down some water and aft they run
WHOOOPEE have a whole lot of fun

Chorus****

Now all you ROs get on aft
You're about to get the shaft
For the next thing they desire
Is to set group one on fire
Douse out the fire, put away the bill
WHOOOPEE critique the drill.

Chorus

HEY SHIP ME OVER

Hey ship me over, tell me a lie
Tell me all the good things my signature will buy
Give me the lecture on what it's all about
I really can't say I give a damn, all I want is out
And I'll be out and a free man those are my goals
Far, far away from these boats and their patrols
If I stopped to tell you how short I am
I never would get done
Before I'm out and gone!!!!!!

1.

ON THE POLK*****

Someone told me ,It's all happening on the Polk
I do believe it, I do believe it folks .
It's just a light and tumble journey,
from maneuverin' to control
Afree and fancy ramble
to the Conn.

3.

Electricians stand for honesty
ROs are insincere, and
the missile tech's are kindly
but they're dumb.

2.

Oh! you can take the stbd. bus
If we're training or we're not
And the animals will love it
if you do. IF YOU DO IT NOW
It's all happening on the POLK
I do believe it , I do believe
it folks!!!

4.

Torpedomen are skeptical of changes
in their cages
And El Captain is very fond of
RUM
Yeomen are reactionary
Officers are missionaries
Nav-ets plot in secrecy
While mess cooks turn on
frequently

5.

what a gas, you geta come and seee
ON THE POLK, ON THE POLK.....

DO IT*****

You can't grow side burns on the Jame K. Polk
You ca n't grow side burns on the James K Polk
You can't grow side burns on the James K. Polk
But you can be happy if you've a mind too

You can't shoot the shit by the Quatermasters stand (sing 3 times)
But you can be happy if you've a mind too

Chorus

{ All you gotta do is put your mind to it
Knuckle down, buckle down, do it do it , do it. }

You can't go to quarters till you get-outa-ya-rack(sing 3 times)
But you can be happy if you've a mind too

You can't blow smoke thru the snorkel mast (sing 3 times)
But you ca n be happy if you've a mind too

Chorus*****

You can' walk thru the Navigation center (3) (3 times)
But you can be happy if you've a mind too
You can't talk thru the maneuverin' door
(Chorus****) But you can be happy if you've a mind to
You gotta use discession when you say "All Stop"(3 times)
But you can be happy if you've a mind too

You can't hit the beach till you hold
field day (3 times)

(Chorus***) But you can be happy if you've a mind to

THE SMUT PEDDLER

The play on monday night was a real gas. Who was the "accurate bastard" who got El Supremo in the ear with a cream pie? Was it Fat Fonda? We understand El Supremo wasn't expecting it but then you know who was sitting next to him. Did El Supremo go on his date with Zelda Schwartzbinder yet, A moonlight sail on Hydraulic Bay?

Fat Fonda doesn't like to be called Brucey. He would have done the Gland Bag scene but can you imagine Fat Fonda in a Polly bag? Blivit.

Someone found Bill James hiding under a table in the second show and got him with a cream pie in the hair.

Thanks to Packy for making the pies. Anybody know why they were so sticky?

Mr Erion defines series resonance as a circle jerk in unison.

Ask Ray Steeples to sing DO-RA-MI.

We heard that super-heavy damagecontrolman Bob Hayes went to shut the ice cube machine valve by turning it counterclockwise. Any one knows you shut a valve by following the arrow even if the arrow points in the open direction.

How come Ole got up-tight on watch the other day. We heard he got so pissed off that he got Terry Lowenbug to relieve him 3 hours early.

We understand that even though the Torpedoman diner last Sat. was a mission of good will Mr. Plank was really up-tight about washing the dishes.

Mr. Erion got the good word about his daughter learning how to pottylike big people do. Now he can give his "how to flush" lecture to her too. Another proud father is Carl Becker, his daughter had her first tooth.

How many sixpacks does Chief Page owe George Pierce?

Ask Darrow about his sister.

Most people under therapy usually cut out paper dolls. We understand Chief McVeigh is undergoing administrative Therapy and is cutting out index cards.

If you are in the chow hall and Wedgis asks you to pass the butter, BEWARE, because you may find him trying to butter you up.

Who sign's the Eng. night orders with a little jewish star? Who else.

Be good, or you might be reading about yourself next week.

OS: P

Proposed James K. Polk OOLIE playoffs

Entrants:

Five man teams with team ladders established

i.e. #1 man plays #1 man

#2 Man plays #2 man

etc.

5. All play will be match play with the winner decided by the best 3 out of

Entry fee \$1.00 per man with the winning team members having their money refunded. All other funds to used for the purchase of a "OOLIERS" beer bust off crew.

Get your teams up and submit your ladders to Polkin' Along, money to be handled by J.K.Polk credit Corp. A Mozeak Mgr.

All OOLIE-ING to be done in the presence of at least two members of each team with results to be recorded by Polkin' Along

All teams play each other once. Playoffs as necessary

HURRY submit team names and ladders.

Play starts Monday 27 Oct. 70*****

THE GUNSMITH

To talk about a different aspect of the basic gun needs this week it has been asked to write about a handgun for a woman; that is to choose a pistol that a woman can learn to use and fire with some degree of self-confidence and accuracy. If you are anything like me I hate to leave my wife for three months at a time knowing that there is no way she can protect herself so I got a pistol and taught her how to use it. After her first box of shells she became more self-confident and learn to enjoy shooting at targets (which she can now hit better than me). I feel a lot better, while I am gone, knowing she can take care of herself if need be and she is not as worried just knowing the gun is handy. I don't think she would kill anybody but the report of a 38 special would probably scare the hell out of the man who entered unannounced.

Now for the choice of which gun- Smith & Wesson just announced a new pistol, the smallest they've ever made. It is called the Escort in .22 long rifle. This is a small pistol, semiautomatic, holding five .22 L.R. cartridges. The weight of the gun loaded is 15 ounces and it is a good looking little pistol all the things will help sell your wife on the idea of learning to shoot. The gun sells for 55.00 in nickel, another thing in its favor.

You may wonder why I chose the .22 cal. over the other popular calibers but actually there is no doubt when you compare velocity to bullet weight. For those who may think a .25 caliber pistol ought to be more powerful just because it carries a bigger number it is not so. The .25 ACP cartridge called 6.35 MM in Europe, fires a 50 grain jacketed bullet at 810 fps. from its 2-inch barrel.

A .22 LR high speed fires either a 37- grain hollowpoint or 40-grain solid bullet- both are soft lead. The velocity of either bullet from a 2- inch barreled pistol is almost 850 fps.

To put it more graphically, if you hit a man with a few .22 High speed hollow points you are going to stop him. The .25s will go through him like a knife. The object is to stop so the soft lead of the .22 works best.

Any caliber over .25 is often times too hard on a woman so I won't go into the other "self defence" pistols on the market. Consider the price of the pistol and the ammo and I don't think you will find a better deal than the Smith & Wesson Escort - I have not found the price on the peace of mind.

Yours in sportsmanship

Snuffy Smith

POLKIN' ALONG POLE RESULTS

A total of 52 responses were received to the music poll conducted some time ago. The percentages have been rounded to the nearest tenth and are tabulated below.

% vote for order of preference

MUSIC TYPE	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
Rock	<u>49.1</u>	17.3	9.6	3.8	9.6	7.8
Folk	16.4	<u>30.8</u>	30.8	13.5	5.8	3.8
Popular	20.0	28.9	<u>34.6</u>	34.6	2.0	2.0
Broadway & Dinner *	3.6	11.5	9.6	<u>38.5</u>	---	5.8
Broadway & Dinner *	---	---	---	---	<u>30.8</u>	---
Classical	1.8	0.0	5.8	17.3	28.9	<u>50.8</u>
Country & Western	9.1	11.5	11.5	17.3	23.1	30.8

* Note: Broadway & Dinner recieved the most votes for both fourth and fifth choice.

The following mealtime desires were voiced

Morning Meal - Popular

Noon Meal - Rock

Evening Meal - Broadway & Dinner

Mid-Rats - Rock

AWARDS

IC MANUAL AWARD--Mr. Plank - way to review that communications section.

SHELL MILEAGE AWARD--Goose Tatum - for getting the most mileage out of one poeple suit.

HYDRO AWARD--Seaman - no need for any explanation here.

SHIT LIST AWARD--Bachmann - for being #1 the longest.

DARK HORSE AWARD--Mattingly - for coming out of nowhere to take over the #1 spot on the shit list. You little devil you.

SLICKUM AWARD--To the 3 stooges; Millar, McCallie, and James.

MR. POPULAR AWARD--Mr. Price. Try kissing babies next time.

BLOOD BANK AWARD--Cote's Gang. Way to cut'em up, Cote.

ENDURANCE AWARD--CPO movie projector and Engineers N.O.B.

WELCHER'S AWARD--Mr. Davis - for those toughie checkouts

LITERARY AWARD--Mr. Price, funniest N.O.B. yet.

MICKEY MOUSE AWARD--Mr. Oliver, suck up that cheese, Ollie.

DE SADE AWARD--Foust, we never would have guessed it.

MATTRESS BACK AWARD--Hall, give us a little yawn, John.

SMUT AWARD--Mr. Branch. Somebody check inside his locker door.

ARTFUL DODGER AWARD--El Supremo. Should have zigged instead of zagged, Captain. Love that whipped cream!

ENJUN INJUN

I live far from my brothers who have written articles for your paper before. Me not think that their ears pick up all the little goodies which happen in the great waste land of neutrons. It is along and weary trail to reach um unhappy home.

Must first enter forest of big, hard trees. In forest lurk witch doctor with many pointed little sticks. Him have bunches of heap good medicine, make Enjun Injun float 3 feet off ground. Me think price too high to pay for entry into happy hunting ground.

Next come land of slippery waters. Many of my brothers use these waters to make their Lanouki choppers run better.

After sliding through mist of slippery water, weary traveler come to land of invisible spirits. It is best not to linger in this evil place. Though me thinks evil place is better than bad lands which is ruled by bad Chief.

Chief of Badlands is a very sore subject among braves who sit around the council fire. Him a new chief who take over when old chief left for happier hunting grounds.

New Chief bring much unhappiness and chaos to badlands. Him hold fake war parties occasionally and when him do him bring back little brave with high sleeves to note which braves sing and whistle before fake war party.

Him also have big imagination about buffalo flap to war tepee. Seems him only one that can talk or walk through it without permission of junior chiefs. Him also make braves send simple messages by smoke signal, instead of talk through buffalo flap.

Braves very unhappy about new chief, him bring much with him that be hard to put up with and make life even more miserable in land where things are bad enough as it is. Many braves have been to war before and have many scalps of experience, but chief of badlands no appreciate this fact.

Chief could have made this a happy place to live but him blow whole works. Me think him worry too much about war party coming across the great waters in big canoes. Braves not worried, we know chief will keep enemy confused when they try to read his smoke signals. Enjun Injun feel sorry for chief of badlands.

Enjun Injun

BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM by CAPT. NEMO

The man on the bed was sleeping. He was dreaming about fishing at his cabin in northern part of the state. Suddenly his dreams were interrupted by an alarm clock ringing. He reached over and shut it off and then tried to go back to his dream. With a start, he came fully awake and threw back the covers and stepped out of bed. He'd just remembered what day it was.

November tenth he thought. The most important date in the history of his country's space program. Today, he and three other men and two women would leave the galaxy for the first time.

As he showered and got ready to go to Space Central, he began thinking about the flight. Not since the exploration of the ninth planet had there been any significant advances in the space program until five years ago a brilliant young scientist had invented a hyper-space drive. Since then they'd perfected it and built a few test ships. Since the drive and power supply were not that large and provided ten times the power of the nuclear plants, the size of the ships could be increased.

CAPT. NEMO CONT'D:

The test ships had been able to go to the outer reaches of the solar system and back in about two days as apposed to the six months it took for just one way for the old nuc boats. He could well imagine the excitement that Sam Tally had felt when he had been the first man to step foot on the moon over a century before and all the explores that had even set foot on a planet for the first time. His own excitement was running high as he thought, William C Judson you're a lucky man to be in command of the first expedition to leave the solar system. He laughed at his foolishness and went to his garage to get his car.

He drove his ancient ground car to Space Central and marveled at the advances in the last century. Here he was driving a replica of a car from a time when space exploration was in it's infancy, when instead he could cover the eight mile drive in thirty seconds by a pneumatic lift car.

He parked his car at the Space Center lot and took the sub-tube to the administration building. He took the air lift to the second level and walked to a door marked CDR. W.C. Judson USP (United Space Patrol) and walked in.

His secretary Jeri Stevens looked up and said, "Morning Bill, I didn't expect to see you here today."

"I just couldn't leave the system without saying good-bye to my favorite secretary", he laughed. "Besides", he continued, "I need my charts"

Well, she said, you'll be glad to hear that our fearless leader would like to see you an hour before reporting on board the scuttle.

On my way, he said, and then added with a smile, You sure will have it easy for the next four months until I get back, so you should feel up to having dinner with me after those darn doctors get done with me.

It's a date, she said and watched him leave. He doesn't know it, seh thought to herself, but he's going to ask me to marry him, when he gets back.

He took the air lift to the fourth level and went to the door marked ADM. Jonas J. Savoy, and went in.

The secretary looked up and said, "Go right in Mr. Judson he's expecting you."

As soon as he was in the office the Admiral came up from his chair and extended his hand saying, I was afraid you were'nt going to get here.

Bill took his hand and replied, I just came from my office, Jeri told me you wanted to see me.

She's a good girl Bill, you ought to hang onto her.

Yea, I know, he said with a smile. She doesn't know it yet, but when I get back I'm gonna make her a proposal.

Well it's about time, the man behind the desk said with a twinkle in his eye. You ain't getting any younger.

You know Bill, I wish I was going with you, It's been a long time since the time I went to Mars with that first expedition. This desk job is about as much fun as an astroid storm.

By the way Jonas, have they made up their minds where we're going yet? I mean it's getting kind of late. Yes they have, replied the other, I'll tell you in a minute. Remember though this is off the record. You're not supposed to find out till you're out of the system.

Two hours later he was in the ship "Galactic I", waiting for word to get under way. The scuttle had already returned to Space Central.

His first officer looked over and said, "Hey Bill", did they solve the big problem as to where we're going yet. Yes they did, he said, I'll tell you in a second. He picked up the hand mike and said, Space Central this is Galactic I. We're done with pre-flight check outs standing by for orders to leave the system.

CAPT NEMO CONT'D:

Galactic I continue standing by we have a slight delay here.

New, he said to his first officer, they've decided we'll go to the one they've been receiving the radio signals from for the last couple of years. They still haven't figured out how to understand them, but they know there must be intelligent life there. The system has nine or ten planets and they've narrowed it down to the third one from their sun. It has one moon like us. We're supposed to try and establish some kind of relations with them if we can, and then come back.

Just as he finished the radio blared the word for them to get underway and commander Judson pushed the appropriate buttons and the ship disappeared, hurtling through space towards the unsuspecting planet.

CAPT. NEMO

Dear Eurydice,

Attention has been brought to us, via the ship's newspaper of a person who claims to be of the female gender. Now being rational men, we know this person is not a woman physically, but psychologically that may not be the case. I would know more about this person who is so versed in the philosophy of life, and the psychic structure of the human mind. I believe a clue to a close identity can be found in the pen name of the author.

Yes Eurydice, you are very clever indeed. But you said we could not see you until we opened our eyes. I must tell you my eyes are still closed, but I can see you. What I can't understand is why you haven't told the crew you are married. But I guess that really doesn't matter. The point of your concern is obviously that of the philosophical outlook on life by the members of this crew.

You speak of self-analysis, introspection, realizing the good and the bad aspects of ourselves, and the dangers lurking therein. Do you really believe that this is the proper way to cope with the situation we are put in while leading such an un-natural life? Is it safe for us to come to the realization of how much like machines we are expected to live? Push that one, this action should be taken. Should we take a close look at the bureaucratic system we live with, and realize how our every step is directed to the goals set up for the express purpose of the organization? And how helplessly we are trapped by the maze of rules, regulations, laws and whims of authority we are? Should we doubt the value, of the ideals of that have so unmercifully been pounded into our minds? Or are these things the dangers in man that we are supposed to recognize and repress? Are they good or bad?

What you are asking us to do is to forget about reality and retreat into the same mythology that you are a part of. Look into ourselves and create for ourselves our own myth. Sensationalize, fantasize, and romantiasize. Turn ourselves into heroes. Put ourselves up on pedestals so that the scum of life doesn't touch us.

So as you see Eurydice, I see you as a ideological myth. You are not real and you do not offer realistic ideas. I cannot fantasize with you and face the reality of a HY-80 vacuum tube. For real is the sight and tough of my woman. Real is bad weather and sunny skys. Real is rain ans snow. Real is true freedom. Real is something you do not have to offer.... And may the deities have mercy on you for reminding me of these things!

J.C.



"GIVE YOU ANY
IDEAS MISS CRAMDIDDLE?"



"I DON'T KNOW HOW
TO TELL YOU LADY
BUT YOU LOST 1"
SOMETHING.



"FIRST TONGUE I EVER SAW
WITH STRETCH MARKS!"



"RICHARD!"

I CAN'T FIND A HOUSE

Due to popular demand and a skinny paper last week, I herald to the call with a n article of interest, to the issue minded on our subterranean world, Polk City.

Starting from the top we have the penthouse apartments. Exquisitly designed with the man on his way up in mind, and furnished with all those necessities for the easy life. All decor is modern submarine, a prime location with good neighbors. A must for the executive type man.. Also strongly recommended for the Command type.

Next on our list of urban areas we have Gold St. Luxery , three bedroom apartments available. Spacious acomidations with private sinks, however sewage is poor and only a community shower is available. Ideal for the adjustable man. And I'm told lessons in safe cracking are available in the neighborhood.

Coming up third we have Goat alley. Good location in down town area and close to the finer reasturants and theaters. Conditions are a bit crowder but a private lounge is incorporated into the design. A seven year lease is required for occupancy.

For the Resort minded, come to Torpedo beach in the front town section, where the rush of the sea can be heard anytime day or noight. Short term leases available with four year minimum open for options. No sewage ; definately suited for the man with strong kidneys.

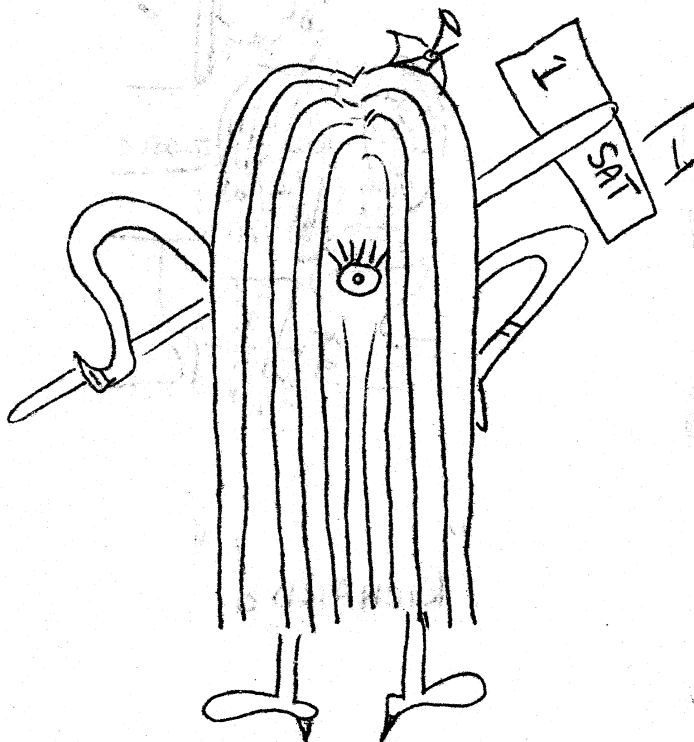
As we come back across town I find myself in Wepets park. Three tenent dwelling on street location close to bath house. Noise seems to be the hey here, but ample research shows a few good spots for 12 hour sleepins.

A note should be mentioned here that a man was seen sleeping in a cubical above sanitary res. # 4 , but I desided to leave this isolated case alone.

Last but not least the area of greatest concern, the slums. Definately overcrowded and a constant aroma of sweaty socks can be found in this section. This four block area is a poor location and shaving space is at a minimum here.

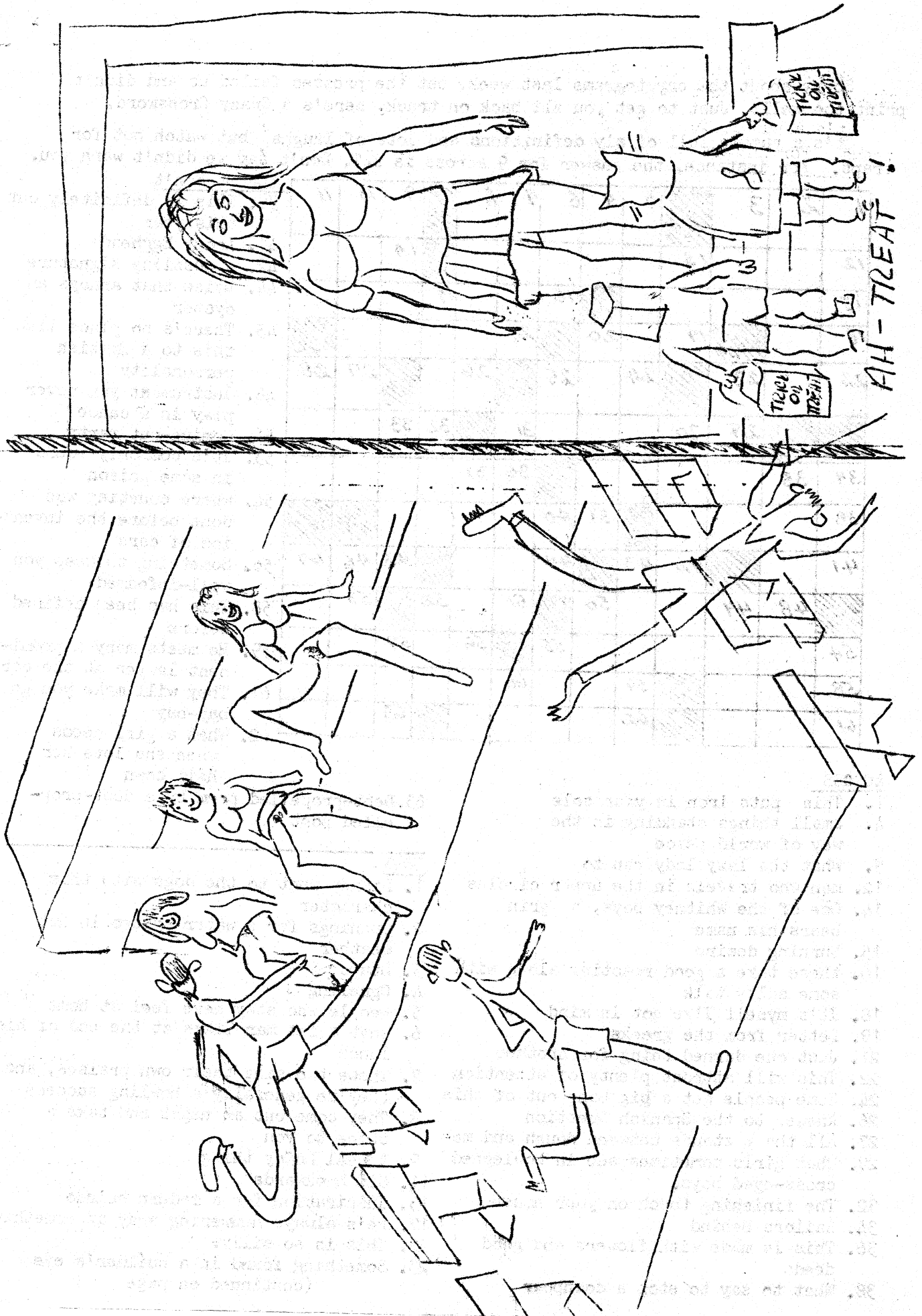
That's about how POLK City sizes up. So we close with a word of concilation. It could be worse, this could be the first week of patrol.

The Nicker



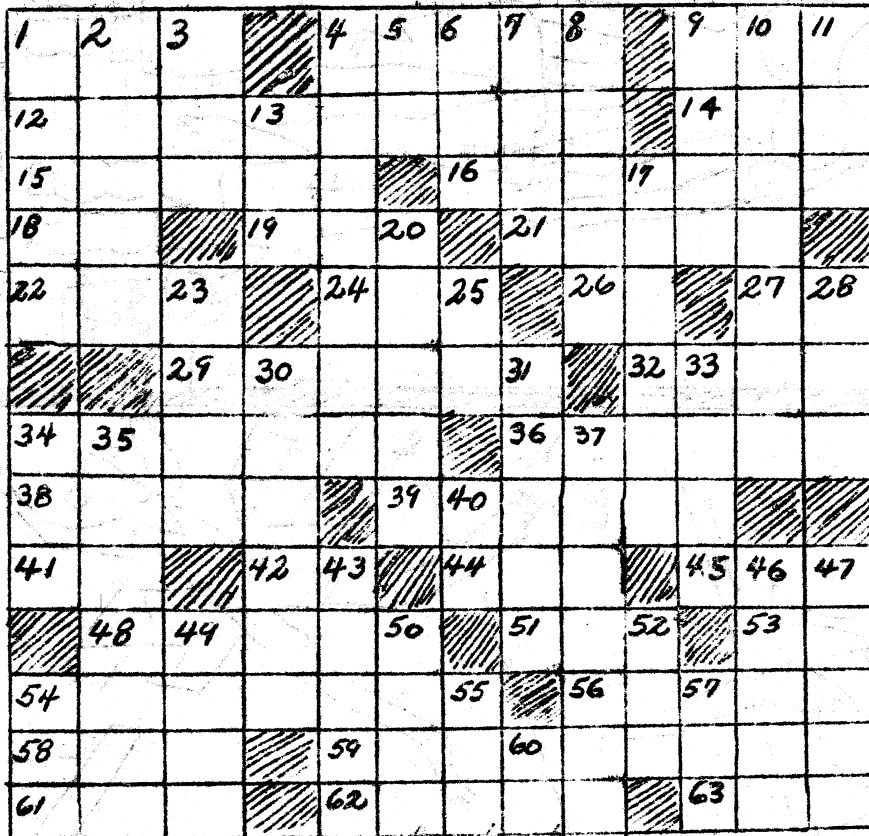
I GOT MY EYE
ON YOU
BIG BOY!

GUESS HOW MANY MORE
SAT'S THE GOLDIES
HAVE!!



Sorry about the cryptograms last week, but the presses failed us and didn't print too well. Just to get you all back on track, here's a Crazy Crossword.

It's a puzzle full of sly definitions and lots of laughs but watch out for traps. For instance, the answer for 9 across is FAT. Don't say we didn't warn you.



ACROSS con't

39. This is definitely out this year
41. Loony Eggheads
42. A puzzling signature
44. Noise that annoys an oyster
45. There's no place like this to a British personality
48. Instrument you never play in a canoe
51. Coming-out party
53. It's commonly found in some poison
54. Where courting was done before the invention of cars
56. Something to keep you well-infeamed
58. This has been defined before
59. He meets many a prominent lawyer at the bar
61. They will make you go buy-buy
62. What a girl needs when she lets her hair down

ACROSS

1. This puts iron in your sole
4. small things standing in the way of world peace
9. What the lazy lady ran to
12. man who travels in the upper circles
14. One of the Whitney boys, a grin bears his name
15. burning desire
16. these take a good roasting along with some salty talk
18. It's myself I've got in mind
19. Letter from the greeks
21. Just one darned thing for another
22. This will attract plenty of attention
24. Some people get a big bang out of this
26. Answer to the Spanish Question
27. All that stands between dough and me
29. What girls sometimes see in bowlegged cross-eyed boys.
32. The finishing touch on your house
34. Sailors behind
36. This is made with flowers and good deeds
38. What to say to stop a downpour

63. Debt-propelled poem by a debt-propelled poet

DOWN

1. Disney went to the dogs with this character
2. Openings for a water system in hot weather
3. Stupo
4. Ogreling
5. People who stay here feel at home
6. What a fat man likes at the end of his lunch
7. These two sing their own praises, and they're generally a howling success
8. They come out at night and take a shine to you
9. A real McCoy thing
11. Sit backwards
13. Inspiration for a modern hairdo
17. He's always hammering away at something
20. This is so silly!
23. Something found in a builder's eye

(continued on page)

Crazy Crossword con't

Down con't

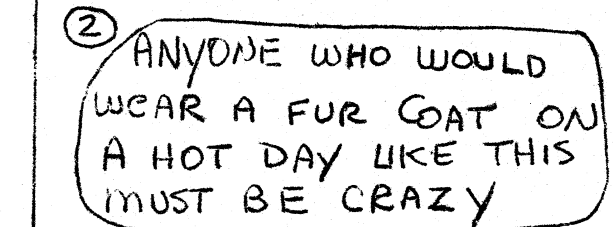
25. Complimentary giveaway:abbr.
28. This only makes things denser
30. The kind of work that is done on briges.
31. Yummy!
33. Right amongst
34. A bore to shoemakers
35. Man who rocketed to fame
37. Kind of man who has more metal than mettle
40. Five roman centuries minus ten
43. These look down on more people than an airplane pilot
46. White soxed or red soxed?
47. The bishop found this more so than the sword
49. How a Cockney employs a man
50. Old Real Arabiah Newport
52. This fellow has a Hecht of a lot in common with the Bolt man and the London clock
54. Pod pill
55. A standing order in the theater:abbr.
57. Made by fussbudgets
60. This is found from one end of Toronto to another

Have Fun Folks!

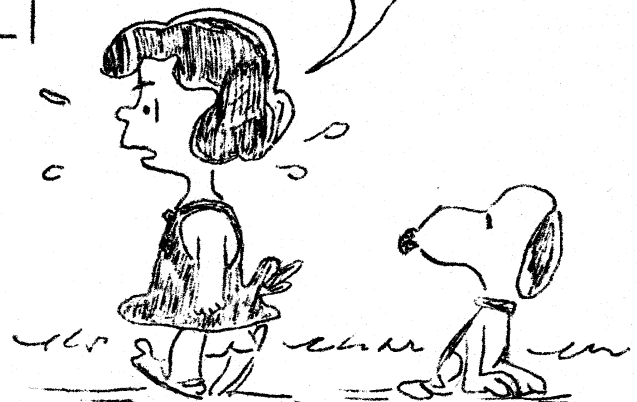
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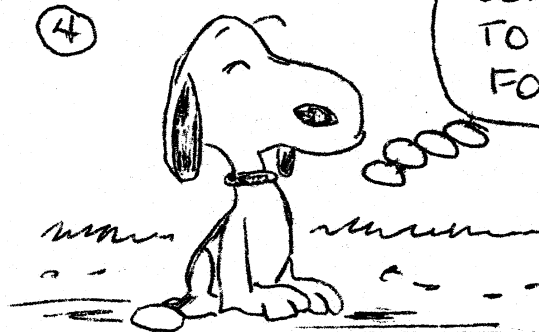
②



③



④



Copy crossword

1. Across

1. Across
2. Down
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98. Down
99. Across
100. Down

1. Down



Good
Girl!

Wear a fur coat on
a hot day like this
must be crazy



Some of us prefer
to sacrifice comfort
for style

