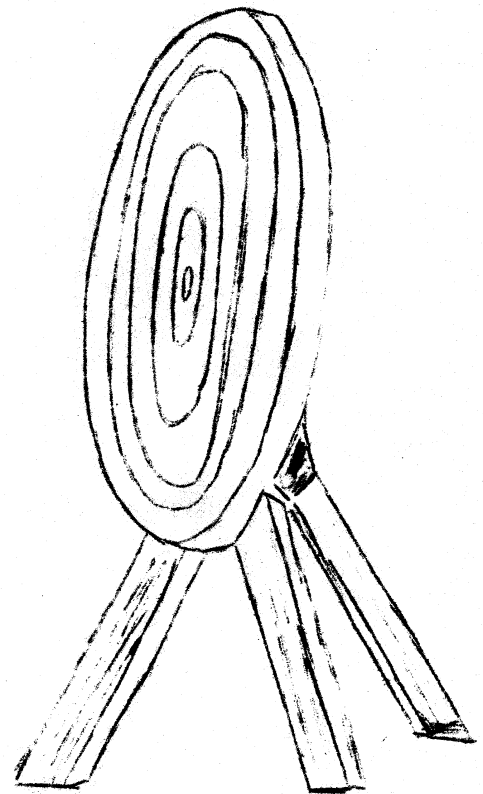
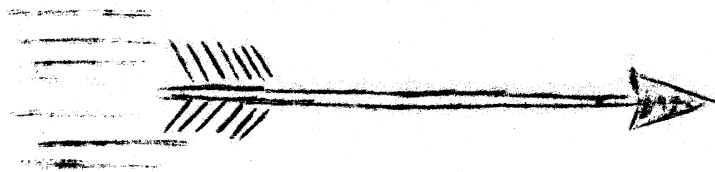
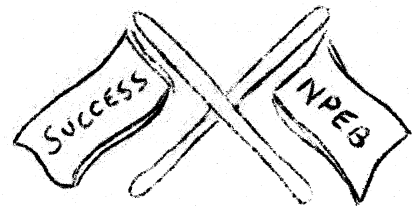
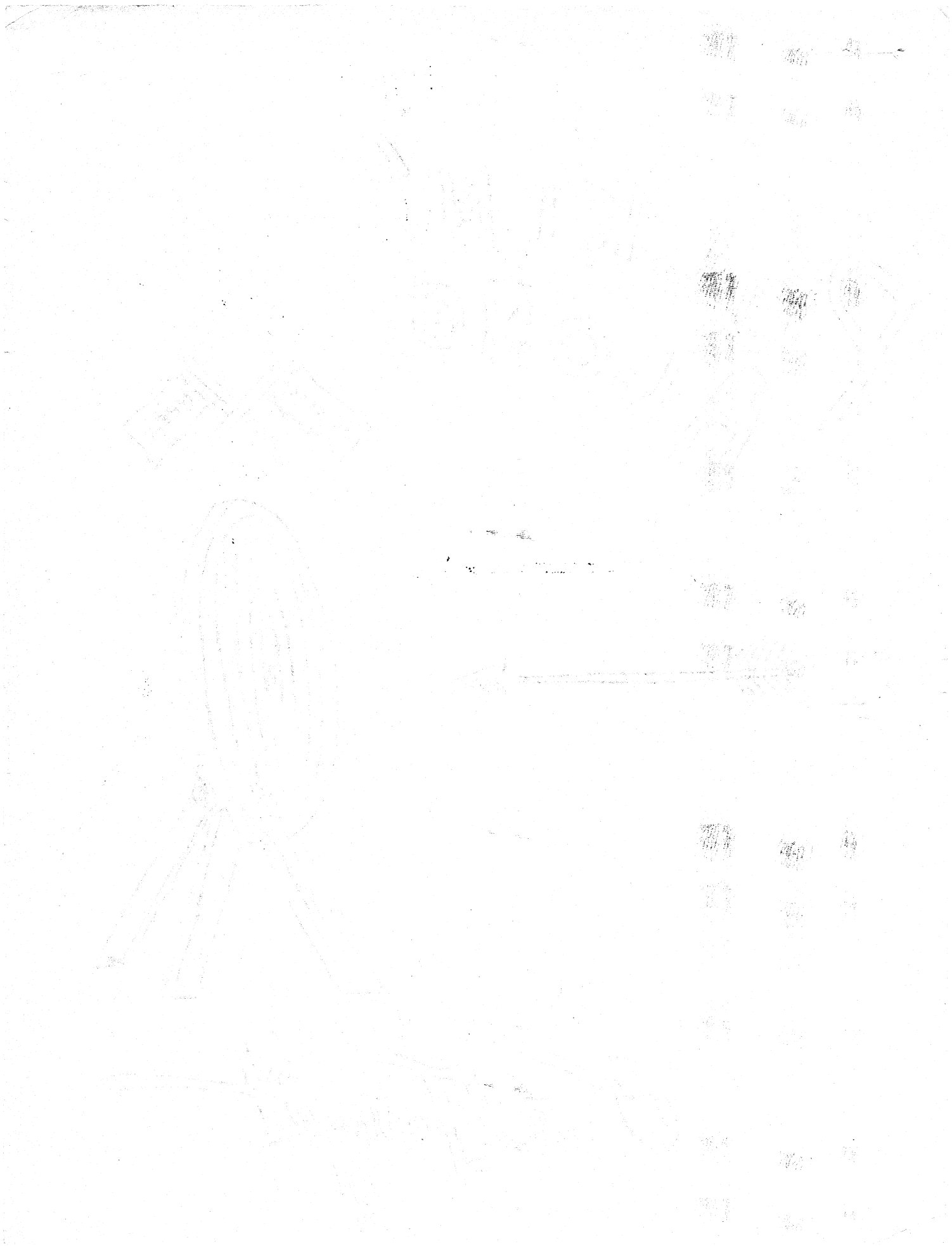


ROLLKIN'
ALONG



Our Target



A LETTER

Dear Mommy and Daddy,

How are you? I am fine. There's a break in the action here at camp Pig-in-a-Poke while some of the head councillors repair our war canoe, and so I thought I'd write and tell you how I like it here at camp.

Our days are full with all sorts of games and recreation planned almost non stop. From early in the morning when the recreation director gently wakes me and says "lets go, lets go, lets go" until I'm tucked into beddy, the time is all planned to give me the maximum benefit for my time spent. Why just the other day I got to take a shower. And to show you that no small detail is overlooked there's a rumor that Sunday may come back yet. I'm sure there are people in very high places who wonder where it went.

Not that it's been all fun here at camp, mommy, for as I told you our war canoe broke. As you'll remember I told you we broke a plank in the front end. Well, we got that fixed but now can't glue it together right. I offered some of the gum the new kid from Israel gave me but a half piece didn't really seem to help much. The problem the beached our mighty canoe this time, however, was that we broke a paddle. I guess we broke it pretty good too, cause', the camp councillor had not only the ships paddle councillor, but two visiting paddle experts from out of town looking at it. But it should soon be fixed and we then can get on to more better things. As I said before we got this big marble tournament re-match coming up. The first match we lost but practiced real hard and after getting two new marble experts in camp are ready this time. The team from P.J.Bulner really doesn't stand a chance this time, and after we whomp them good and proper they'll take their marbles and go home. Cause' we really got some good players. The wild Cuban should put a dent on their plans and a strike or two against them. There's lots we got to know else we loose, but we're taken a new page from the spiffy new house keeping book we've developed, and can't loose.

But other parts of the camp have been a busy besides the canoe repairs. With winter about over, several campers look

look forward to putting a new swing on the big branch hanging over our tents. And the group of campers that gets our war canoe out war-canoeing is really good. According to one of our camp historians who hauls material for the head councillor we've done it almost two dozen times. The guys who handle the ropes just got new outfits so they all look like cowboys now. I guess the good fairy paid for them, cause' they didn't take a collection like they did for that awful-smelling dead cheese I wrot you about before.

The food here at camp still is good and we don't have that "mystery meat" so often. But our coke machine broke and soesn't seem to be getting fixed. Our medicine man has looked at it but I guess that he's better at saying "take two aspirin and see me in the morning", than fixing things. His program to make the war canoe go faster by having people loose weight isn't growing by leaps and pounds.

We really don't have much room for jogging and the proposal to remove part of our arrow launcher and put in basketball court wasn't received too well. I don't think that some of the arrow-launching people would be too happy over that. But They could always join the canoe paddlers, I guess.

Want to thank you for the cookies I Got. They got kinda roughed up in the mail and the gyys and I are still trying to decide what kind they are---but they are good.

Well I better go to bed now and say my prayers for Uncle Peter, Uncle Heaslip Aunt Bertis, and grandfather Hyman.

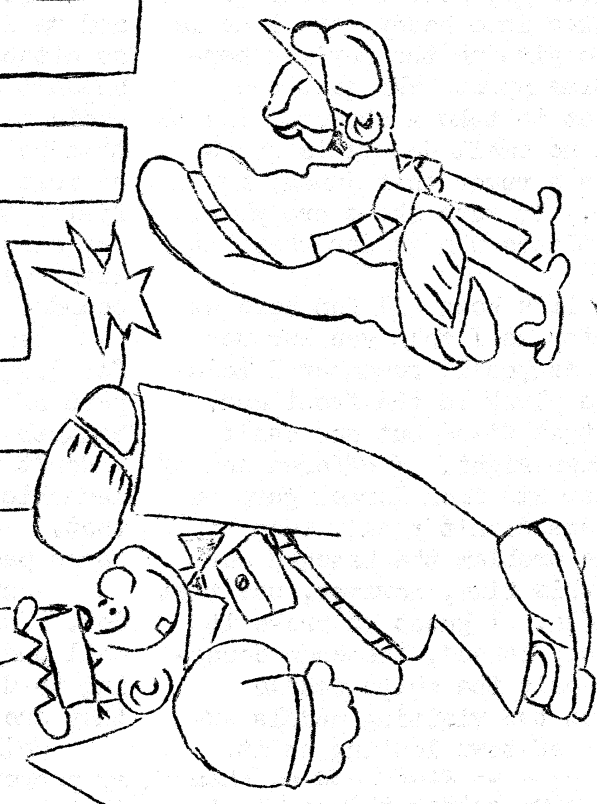
All my love mommy and daddy from
your devoted son.

Herman.

NOBODY IS PERFECT

Each one of us is a mixture of good qualities and some perhaps not-so-good qualities. In considering our fellow man we should remember his good qualities and realize that his faults only prove that he is, after all, a human being. We should refrain from making harsh judgement of a person just because he happens to be a dirty, rotten, no-good son of

KEEP KILLING



Hand-drawn by [signature]

How I Managed to Sit on an Aisle Seat
FOR CHOW AND FLICKS for TWO PATROLS, or
TIT for TAT, by
MAD DOG DILTZ

I want you to know its' not easy. At the start I encountered very little difficulty, but as time wore on, my persistancy afflicted several members of the crew with the growing suspicions that I was being avaricious of particular place settings in the crews dinet. Thus I began to sense histility and scorn as fellow shipmates were politely asked to slide in so that I might have that much sought after, coveted, aisle seat.

I put to you, a question. Do you really believe that the advantages of an aisle seat are worth one's constant effort? I fear you've answered the affirmative. Quite the contrary is true. Please guess again, or better yet, allow me to present facts incompatible with this audacious dogma.

Do you know what a human yo-yo is? Why, he's the man in the aisle seat, bobbing continuously up and down to let people slide in and slide out. How anyone can consume, or should I say "snorkle" the kitchen of delights' tantalizing and titilating gourmet specialties in less time than it takes to unfold a napkin, is beyond me. I can tell that an example is in order.

Always, to any meal call, there is a latecomer and he will want to fill the empty place beside me. It seldom fails.

"HEY!" with a slap on my shoulder, "Lemme in". I let the newcomer in.

"Please pass me a napkin." I ask. He rips one from the container and hands it to me.

"Thankyou", and I begin unfolding it. Now the food is piled high on my companions plate and he attacks it without restraint.

"Slup slurp, smack smack, slop slop", all in tune with the delightful clatter of his knife and fork against the china. With a sling of his utensils oh to his plate (sometimes the table) and a quick gulp of milk, he cheerfully bellows "HEY! Ha'bout a phuguing gee-dink!"

The maitre D snaps his fingers and a harried waiter serves the dish. Its received in meditative silence. While I load my plate with a first serv-

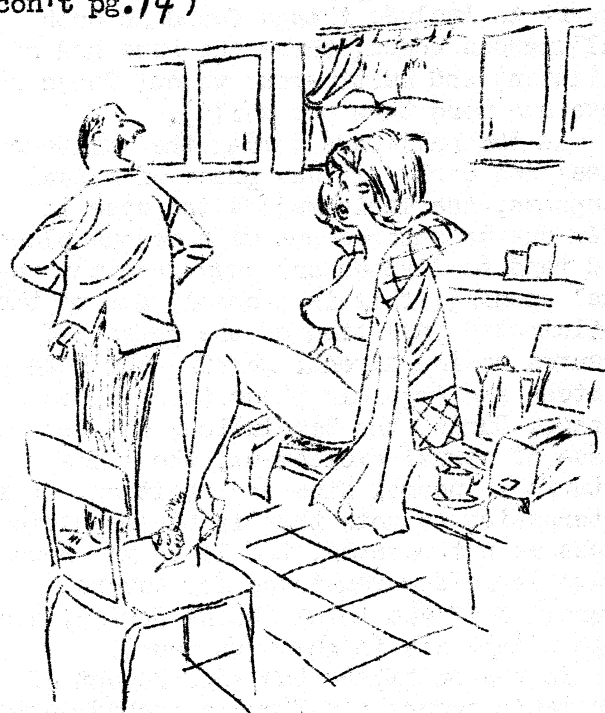
ing, my crass neighbor apathetically downs his dessert with a "click,gulp,click and at last,"Burrp!" Alas, I realize my timing has been slow.

"Hey! Lemme out!" food hangs from his lower lip and chin, but the request sounds so urgent that I dare not laugh; I snap to attention, Mr. Rush-Rush slides by, delicatly drags his sleeve over my food, gracefully knocks my forl off the table (then step on it), and as he stands belches again. Without futher ado he's off to solve another world crisis. Yes, I suppose it could be worse.

After procuring another fork, and returining to my envious seat on the aisle, I cleverly discover that the food has cooled. Un daunted, I savor the first morsel of the delicatcies with delibotote mastication, but my timing is still to slow.

"Hey! Ha bout slidin' down", and a hand thumps me on the shoulder. A lump of food settles uncomfortably to the bottom of my empty stomach. With a sigh I rise to let the gentleman in, wondering if I should bother to sit and enjoy the meal or just join the contest.

What about the movies? I'm glad you brought that up. For if you're short (as I am), and sitting in the aisle seat, you will be the lucky person (con't pg. 14)



"HOW CAN I READ THE PAPER?"

Medically Speaking

by

The Owner of the Dog Tied
To Tube Four Who Was Killed
by an Air Fource General

Well readers, another glorious week aboard the Jimmy K. has passed us by, and the Polkin Along has managed to make the passageways on schedule. As promised last week, this week's article will deal with the female external genitalia. I would like, first of all, to dedicate this entire article to the Engineering Department, and especially to those who are on watch right now, because I know that they will have to wait for several hours before they can read it, and hopefully, a lot of the information in this weeks paper will trickle back to them via the underground, and I know that this will cause great anxiety among them, and my heart goes out to one and all.

Now, let us get down to the meat of the matter. And I do mean down; way down. First on the agenda is the Labia Majora, or Big Lip. The labia majora normally provides protection for the labia minora (small lip), the vaginal outlet and the urinary meatus or urethral meatus. Since obstetrical history can affect the patterns of human sexual responses it will be necessary to include things found in both nulliparous women(those who have had no children) and multiparous women(Those who have had more than one child).

In the nullipara during the Excitement phase and early Plateau phase of sexual response, the labia majora increase in size due to engorgement with venous blood and tend to flatten out away from the vaginal opening. This is probably due to the anticipated insertion of the penis and insures no impediment. Durring the late Plateau and Orgasmic phase there is no change. During the Resolution, or last phase of sexual excitement, the labia returns to normal size and position. It is interesting to note that if the Orgasmic phase is not reached, the labia may become quite large and remain so for several hours(So if you think she is faking, just take a look see in about an hour).

In the multipara the engorgement of the labia occurs also, but a marked moving away from the vaginal opening is lacking.

nevertheless, discernible movement is always pregnant(present). Pardon my mistake.

Next we take to the Labia Minora, or Small Lip. These are located closest to the vaginal opening and undergo the most noticeable changes. In the Excitement phase of both types of women(nullipara and multipara, not good and bad) the labia minora increase markedly in size, usually two to three times larger. By the time the Plateau phase gets to her the labia protrude thru the protection of the Labia Majora and are ready to undergo an unique change.

During the Plateau phase the minor labia of both types of women undergo a vivid and definitivve color change which ranges from a pale pink to a dark, wine red. These color changes are associated with the tensions of the woman involved and are an excellent sign of her degree of sexual excitement. There's another clue to your prowess, so get the magnifying glasses ready, unless you had rather get a man's eye view of the hole thing.

Cont. page 15



"When dealin' with officers, keep thinkin' that magic word.....tolerance... ..tolerance...."

SHORT TIMERS

If only they would see the light. The Navy has so much to offer. Especially the grand submarine service. With the great patrol cycle and being able to be home with the families for 6 months of the year. The extra pay they receive and the great chow they have on board. The outstanding quarters that are available and the maid service! Someone to gently wake them in the morning. Also the remarkable medical and dental services available for no charge. If you doubt ask Newton or Schifter about the outstanding care they received.

Look how much the Navy cares for you----By being so conscientious in making sure we are ready for sea, and giving us all this extra training.

What would we do if it weren't for our grand protectorate, the NAV.

Why should anyone want to get out of this alustuerous organization. For all the outside world has to offer is the hustle and bustle of the dog eat dog routine of today's society. To be a civilian on the outside would arouse many issues. The cost of living being so ridiculously high. The wages being paid are so inadequate to meet the demands. The services of a doctor or dentist would stifle the mind with their high costs. If only these poor people who await anxiously the day of their discharge from this protective and amiable society would realize what unpredictable fates lay in wait in the deep depths of the average man.

Having to make his own decisions and not being able to rely on others telling them what to do, or when to do it!

Ah! Yes, to be a short timer---- I can hardly wait!

1352 days and counting

Commercial: "...and so, ladies, with this new teflon cooking utensil you will have no difficulty in keeping your bottoms clean".

Keep looking for the end, cause' it's really out there....really it is! really

HIGH FINANCE by G. O. BROKE

This is G.O. again. I thought it may be to our advantage to discuss some of the considerations that should be taken into account before deciding what we are to invest our excess capital in and why invest at all.

The first question we must ask ourselves is - Can I afford to invest in the stock market? This is an essential question and a difficult one on which a specific guide line can be applied. Ideally, some experts feel, investing in stock shouldn't begin until the family has insurance equivalent to at least twice its annual income and cash savings equivalent to one half its annual income. In terms of a continuing savings program, some authorities advocate putting away in cash between 8% and 15% of your annual income if you're single and earning \$4,000, or 5% if you have a family of four and an income of roughly \$6,000 a year. How much insurance and how big a savings account are, of course, personnel matters.

The second question should be, what are my goals? This must be determined by each individual. Determining what your goal is, is the chief difference between sensible investing and participating in a random floating crap game.

Most stocks fall into four general categories: growth stocks, income stocks, cyclical stocks (risk stocks), and income growth stocks.

A growth stock is one that is expanding faster than business in general. The American industry has been growing at a rate of about 3% a year. A growth company is one whose sales are currently expanding at a rate of at least 10% a year. If a company has such a growth rate, you can expect it to be spending anywhere from 70% to 90% on development and consequentially, pay less dividends. The companies are gambling that expansion and research will pay off in steadily higher prices for their stock, higher future earnings, and, in time, larger dividends.

Income stocks are the rock-ribbed old timers that haven't missed a dividend

(Continued on page 13)

Ramblin' About

After a successful first issue of patrol 13A, the enthusiasm and excitement of the staff, and the exuberant encouragement of the crew, the Polkin' Along will again roll the presses, and be on the streets again this Sat. Of course we must express our regrets to some of the crew who didn't get their copy of the paper, due to circulation and collection problems last week, and hope in the future to rectify the situation.

Without further ado, lets move on by a question; have you ever heard of a womb-bat?.....I mean wombat, or a mouse-sized marsupial? How about a Koala or Tasmanian Brush Wallaby? Well all of these, and many other fascinating animals live in the land "down under", Australia.

Australia, the romantic, mysterious and primitive land below the equator, offers many questions to biologists, and laymen alike.

Take the "Fishing Spider". Unlike most spiders, which trap their prey in webs, the hairy imperial spider (synonymous with Rota barmaid) fishes for its food. To do this, it first spins a horizontal thread from which it hangs. Then it lowers another thread (or hand), tipped by a sticky droplet, and swings it in a circle waiting for an insect (or sailor) to pass. It isn't certain if the victim is attracted by the motion of the lure, or by an odor emitted by the spider. In any case, the insect gets stuck to the whirling globule and is hauled in. (Sound familiar?)

How about wrestling snakes. Of course I know that many Jimmy K. sailors quite frequently wrestle with snakes, but the kind I'm talkin' about is the Australian brown snake. They coil as closely as a two strand rope, hissing and writhing, until they are both exhausted. Then they uncoil, and the beaten snake slithers away. Now that I think of it, maybe it is the same snake.

Then there is the Grappling Gonads, or Goannas, which has a seven foot tail (naturally), which has a force sufficient to knock a woman over or break a dogs leg.

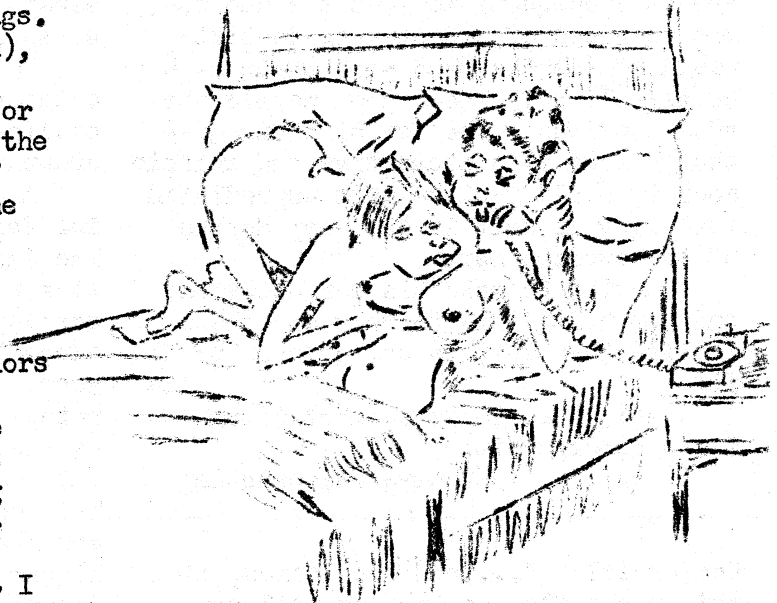
And the Koala Bear, which isn't

really a bear, but is about the size of a bulldog, cuddly, and eats about 2½ lbs. of eucalyptus leaves a day. Reminds you of a fat little rabbit, doesn't it. The Wombat resembles a Koala, but is an earth digger. They have short powerful legs, beaverlike incisors to cut thru roots (or Heiniken bottle tops) and sleep away the daylight hours at the ends of large burrows in nests made of bark or flash covers.

There are many other strange and exciting animals, snakes, insects, and the such found only in Australia, but it would take forever to capture on paper all the unusual things of that beautiful land.

But fear not, for I'll be back next issue with something as interesting and entertaining as the previous few paragraphs. So with obvious anticipation to the next issue, and in the Jimmy K. team spirit, see ya next week.

Flatbush Fatty



"OF COURSE YOU CAN TRUST ME DEAR, YOUR SISTER CAME OVER TO KEEP ME COMPANY"

GOLDIES FAIRY TALES

This is a true story which was another episode in the life of my friend Jim. As it turns out the man in this story is Jim. The story starts as follows:

I was just 22, Bold, good looking and attractive to the fair sex or so I thought. With my friend Bob, I had gone out one evening to have dinner at the home of another friend. Just as we were crossing the street, we met a very pretty woman with her husband, a man dressed in black, wearing a top coat and hat, who looked like a policeman. I had never seen a lovelier face, a more provocative and elegant dress than the one she wore. I thought I would never stop looking, and Bob had to call me several times.

During dinner, I could think of nothing but this encounter, and I spoke about it a great deal. Afterward, we walked in and out of many bars and I was far from drunk. I was inflamed by a restless desire and passion aroused by the sight of that delicate girl. Finally, I made my excuses to the others and went away. About eleven o'clock in the evening, I found my self on my own street and, in fact, near the house of one of my friends. She was a fairly well-known procuress. Grace was her name.

She was stationed on her doorstep; when she caught sight of me, she threw up her hands with joy and asked me how I was keeping.

"Very well", I said.

"What brings you out so late?" she said.

"Oh! just strolling"

"How long has it been since you had a girl?"

"A long, long time!"

"Good, I am in a position to provide you with a delightful adventure, a unique adventure that won't cost you a penny" she said.

I was intrigued. I have been on fire ever since mid day, when,

crossing the street downtown, I met the prettiest woman a man ever set eyes on.

"Whoever she is, even Judy, the one I have for you is her equal. Come in and I'll give you a book with some very clever pictures to amuse you while you are waiting".

It was rather cold that evening. I settled down on a sofa by a blazing fire and picked up the book. I had just reached the most interesting pictures when the door opened and Grace came in. A young woman was following her. To my utmost astonishment, it was my beautiful lady whom I had met earlier, dressed in the same cloths.

Without ado, she threw her arms about my neck and began to play the whore to the best of her ability. At three o'clock Grace came in with some liquor that inflamed me even more. The woman was so ravishing that she was ravished many times. I had never seen such nobility, assurance and passionate wantonness before. At six o'clock I could plow no more and I fell asleep.

I woke in bed with one of Graces's prettiest whores beside me.

"Where is the young woman?" I shouted to Grace.

"Right Beside you," she said

"It is the same."

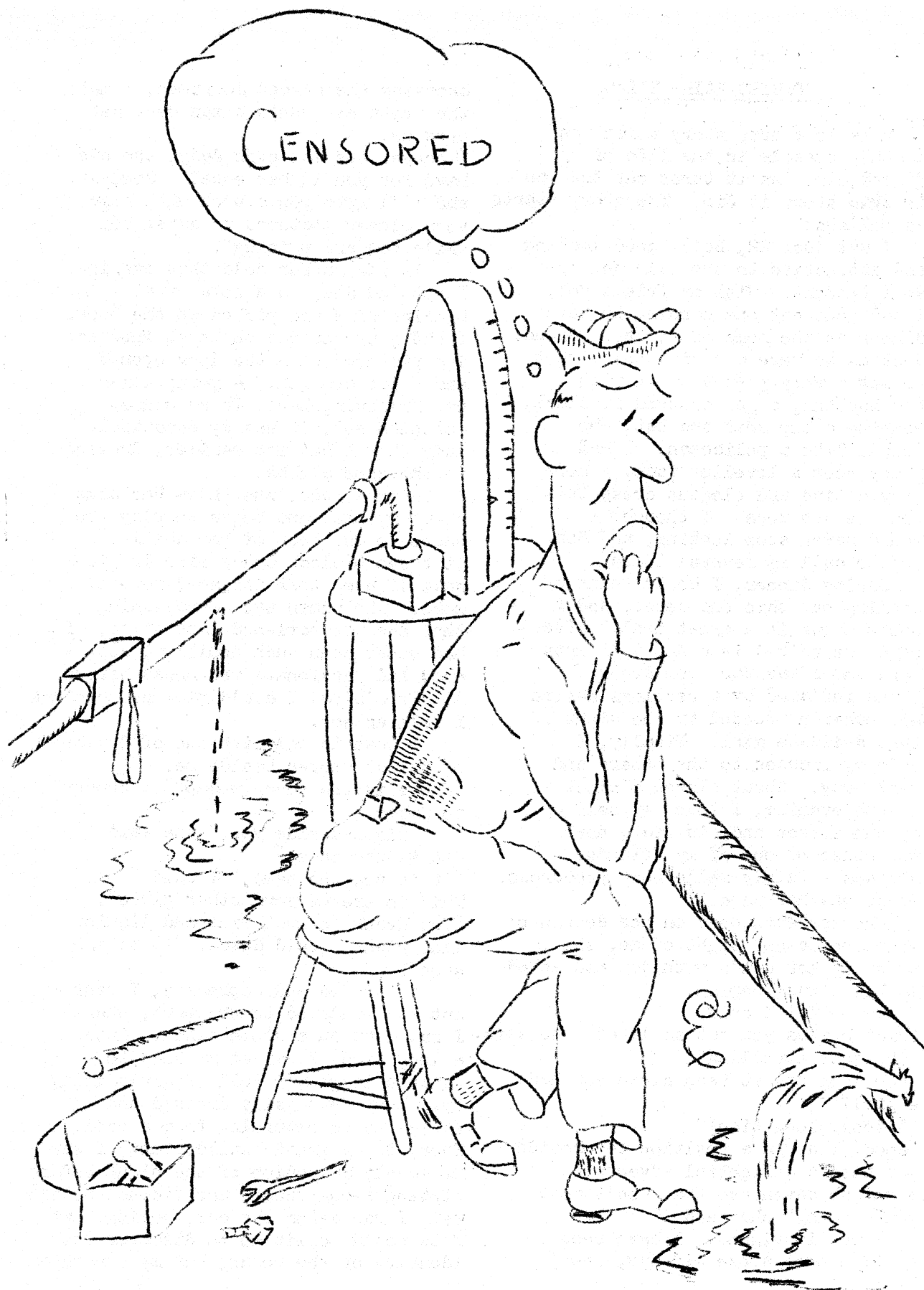
"It is not the same," I said "

This is one of your other girls".

"You drank to much wine and liquor last night," said Grace. "It is the same".

Exhausted and depressed, I went out and wandered to the park, where I sat down on a stone bench. After a long time, I raised my head to watch a large car full of girls going by. They were gaily dressed and seemed to be returning from a ball. Then, to my great bewilderment, I saw my lovely companion of the night before sitting among them. She did not notice me. I ran after the car, hoping that fate would permit me to discover the identity of the woman; but my strength

(Continued on page 12)



RESEARCH BY FICKE

Will since last week, I have been fired, rehired (not enough material for the paper) and put on probation. They didn't like my article last week. So this week is on authentic history. Nothing but pure truth.

The cressote Indians, inhabited the land between Wyoming and Florida, a very small stretch of waste land.

They were a large tribe, headed by Kashitiky (Belly button that's off center). Plus there was the great medicine man Siyklaanla (one with no crotch).

There main diet was physul, which was a maggot stew, a very substantial diet. You see they lived by the contentental devide which is the high point between the eastern and western point of the great land the white men called theirs. Any way, all the flys from the West tried to migrate East and all the flys from the East tried to migrate West; but they could not make it over the great dividel for it was to high, and they were too tired, consequently they stopped on either side and layed there eggs. Thus there was always a good supply of maggots for there physul.

When the new boys were born, they took a knife and slit there lips and then sewed them together except for a small hole. This was done due to their training later in spitting a high forced stream of water at their enâmies. When they were fully developed, they were able to spit 200 yards and kill a running deer. Deer were there enemias.

They were a frail, skinny tribe, due to the fact that they couldnot eat solids because they only had a very small hole where their lips and mouth were supposed to be. They could eat only one maggot at a time. This was hard, for they could not use a spoon (because its to big) so they used a himple bone, from a wild goffer to stuff each maggot individually.

They never used huts or tepees, for they were very smatt. They killed fresh buffalo every night, cut them open, crawled inside and thus had warmth and protection from animals, it would take them longer than one night

to eat them.

They did not use horses as some tribes did. They used wyoming kangaroo mice. They were fast, bred faster, and ate less. After interbreeding and training they could cover 80 yards per hop at the rate of 200 leaps per second so they were quite swift. The only trouble was they kept getting crossed with stray moles, when left alone. Thus when needed in a hurry they had to dig them out. Also they couldn't see very good and kept trying to mate with platopusses and wild priarie dogs. (Cont'd next week)

So you can see how just some basic research can give you some interesting facts on some of our early civilization. Hope you enjoyed this, if you didn't, tough.

See you next week. Keep the cards and letters coming in.

J.J. FICKE

FOR WHAT IT MAY BE WORTH

I write this verse not to tease
But just as a filler
Unlike others I've out to please
Not to make people go into a tiller
Unlike those who cause scandle and hate
By joshing and making fun of others
follies
I'll try to help those less fortunate
While trying to make some jollies
As for those with little taste
I can only hope they readjust.
It is not fault that research is full of
paste
Or that the Orange Poncho is trying
to be unjust
It is for us to realize the cornhuskers
fault.
And like the Jets are falling
yet mets will fall
As for those yet unmarked by faults
Watch where thou treads for ye may
fall.
And with no regret the Poison Pen will
mark the event.

Join The
Fun!

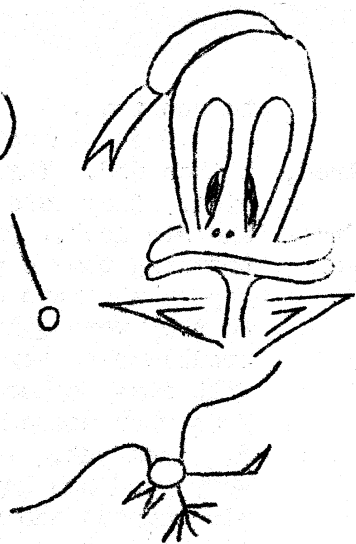
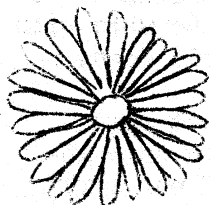


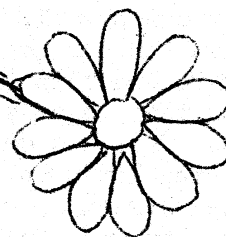
Exhibit
your
Talent!



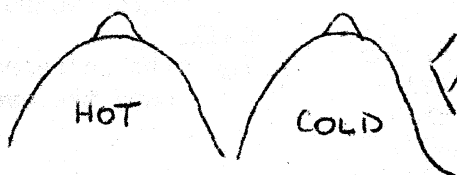
POLKIN' ALONG ANNOUNCES
ITS'

PSYCHEDELIC-ABSTRACT-ART-CONTEST

ENTRIES MAY BE MADE OF ANY SIZE, SHAPE
OR COLOR, CREATED FROM OR WITH ANY
MATERIAL SO DESIRED BY THE CONTESTANT.
SINGLE OR GROUP ENTRIES. ALL ENTRIES
WILL BE DISPLAYED FOR REVIEWING BY ALL
HANDS AND FOR JUDGING BY OUR PANEL
OF JUDGES CONSISTING OF WORLD FAMOUS
ART CRITICS. PRIZES AND JUDGES TO BE
ANNOUNCED IN NEXT POLKIN' ALONG. SUB-
MIT ALL ENTRIES TO POLKIN' ALONG'S ART
DEPT. LOCATED IN THE PENTHOUSE OF THE
OPERATIONS BUILDING.



Prizes
Galore!



ELIMINATE
Tension!
AGGRESSION!

BOOK OF THE WEEK

"The Sand Pebbles"

By Richard McKenna

One of the best action packed novels yet. It tells of how the shipmates aboard the "San Pablo" lived, fought, loved and died together. There is humor, sadness, love, hate, and pride all in one book. It tells of how one of the shipmates got his nickname. His name is none other than "Red dog, bite em' on the ass, Shanahan".

The "Sand pebbles" is a gripping novel of adventure aboard a Yangtze river gunboat at the very moment of China's bloody awakening to its new destiny. It is the story of men, a ship, and a way of life engulfed in a tidal wave of revolution. But most of all it is the story of Jake Holman, a tough young American sailor who finds himself caught between the perils of love and the madness of war.

James A. Michener says "a torrent of incident, adventure, outrage and sex...brilliantly told".

To get your mind away from NPEB's and the rest of things that have been trying to knock us on our backsides and keep us there, try reading this truly great novel by a great writer. It sure as hell helps.

It's in the library now in the locker "M". I checked to make sure it was there for I read it under different publishers name.

Sincerely,
Fawcett Crest

ATTENTION!

Another plea is going out for the whereabouts of the paper-boys hat. This kid is driving us nuts, night and day. He said that he is suffering from a plex' about it, and is going to stage a sit-down strike in # 5 head(ha,ha..we told him there was one) Howsomeever, he is a good kid, a little stupid, yes, but that's because he was a wineo at the age of six. We of the Polkin' Along have felt pride in his rehabilitation, and wouldn't like to see him fall off the wagon again.

thank you
The Editors

SUPERFLOUS READING

1. Proper spelling of Watchstanding names
by Chief Paige
2. Able taught me all I know
by Grace Walker
3. I only Drink from Paper cups
by Carl Becker
4. Proper Use Of The English Language
by Chuck Andrews
5. Navy Regulations
by Limbs and Twigs
6. How to vent Sanitarries
by Mr. Morrow & Son
7. How to Turn a Spill Drill into a Spill
Casualty
by Rick Knowles
8. What Do I Do on a Nuclear Drill, Mr.
Embry ?
by Mr. Geiger
9. I'm still Not Going Over Tonight
by Roger Wedigis & Assoc.
10. I Was Arrested for NOTHING
by Rick Knowles
11. I Have An Innocent Face
by M.O. Kulp
12. Send My Regards to Fred
by Mr. Johnston
13. I Pissed The Barber Off
by Mr. Oliver
14. I Know More Stories Than White
by Robert E. Lee
15. Can I Borrow Your White Hat
by Broach
16. Who Killed My Dog
by Pancho Tutor
17. The Dictionary
by Chief Mozeak
18. From Paper Boy to Editor to Paper boy
by Russ Pease
19. Nobody Takes me Seriously
by Jim Ficke

Polkin' Along staff wishes to extend
a warm welcome home to Mr SCHWING.

Which member of the Executive Department
was caught red-handed reading the
latest issue of Playboy in a working
space.

NEWSCASTER: "As the state of Florida
prepared for a big blow, Governor KIRK
made his speech to the legislature,
in Tallahassee."

//

failed me and at last I had to stop.

Over a year later, while walking near the San Diego Zoo, I saw the same large car again. The woman descended from it and entered the Zoo. I inquired her name and was told it. A name of such exalted rank that I was afraid to pursue any further. Shortly after this, I pointed out to Bob - who knew all the latest gossip - that gentleman with the top coat and hat who had accompanied the woman on the street that night. Bob assured me that he was not the woman's husband but a lawyer employed by her; he often served as her escort when she makes trips to various parts of the city.

Still the anguish of that mystery remained. I could never forget the astonishment of those circumstances on the night of my life's greatest pleasure.

It was nearly three years after this that the revelation, in all its horror, came to me. I was drinking with a company of friends in a bar when a fuy happened to mention the name of the woman. This was the same mysterious woman. "And what do you know of her?" I asked.

"It is a most curious story", he said, "The lady has an unfortunate history, though she is at heart a person of modest and virtuous character. She is the daughter of a millionaire and was married as a young girl to the son of another millionaire by the name of Mason. Mr. Mason's excesses are notorious - not only did he betray his wife many times, but he actually refused to sleep with her. The poor girl, given over to a mania for revenge, conceived the idea of lying with another man, then getting her husband drunk and into her bed for once - which would explain the child that ensued nine months later. It was a matter of contempt repaying contempt, injustice for injustice".

"But," I protested, "If mason were really under the impression that the child was his own, how, then, would

he feel the sting of the Lady's revenge?"

"Ah, That is very simple. Mason, for the rest of his life, must lament the shortcomings of "His" son. So, to accomplish this, the woman went God knows where and found some wretch to serve as the real father. His only qualification, in the woman's eyes, was that he be as ugly, crookfaced, ill-favored, ignorant and degenerate-looking as a man who had been hanged on the gallows and left seven days in the sun. Somewhere she found such a man".

Tiss the Wandering Fat Man

He may wander here and there
from fore to aft.
He talks at will to anyone
who may come his way.
He normally has joy and
laughter as his side kick.
He lately has been walking
with sorrow and distress.
He has become grumpy
and mean as of late.
He no longer is the jolly
wandering fat man.
Yet hark! I seem to have
caught a glimpse of a smile.
He still may have some slight
chance to recover.
He has begun to show
signs which rally our hopes.
He again may wander the
halls of the Jimmy K. with glee.
He has been seen lately here
and about a little less remorse.
He has even been caught trying
to produce a laugh.
He then climbed upon the Doc's
scale and what hope we had vanished.
He had fallen another pound or two
behind in the race.
He has lost his side kicks
for another day.
But we still have hope that
the wanderer will see the light.
Who ever heard of a jolly thin man.

The Keystone Kid

It has been brought to light by many articles and reports, although obvious to the casual observer, that man is truly an animal. His position in the animal kingdom, chain of command, is thought to be the supreme. This is thought so mostly by himself, assuming that other species are of the thinking category. Other ranks of the phylum, the birds and the bees for example, in a completely different environment than ours, have reached the tranquillity that we have been trying to obtain since the beginning of our existence. Why have we been beaten to this climax? Could it be that our individual thoughts and actions are too complex to work in unison. Races can not get along together. Religions that differ greatly have prejudices. Even in single race - single religion societies, there are leftist, rightists, and neutralists. I remember one group in San Francisco which formed to rebel. When they couldn't find anything new to rebel against, they held a suggestion rally. A man shouted that he intended to keep Eskimos out of Frisco. Another shouted that there wasn't an Eskimo within 2000 miles of Frisco. The first shouted, "yes, and damn it, we're going to keep it that way!"

Do good citizens want their lives to consist of the dangers, trials, and tribulations of living under these conditions? If they would only set their goals in the same direction, the only outcome would be unison. If that direction were peace, do you have the depth of intelligence to know what that would mean? It would mean brotherhood starting from the lowest sects to the national level. It would have to start at home, within every family, and expand between families and communities and states and countries until it reaches the limits of the globe. Just to keep the interest of us sex minded people, this could lead to free love, but that's not what this week's article is about.

Whose fault is it that this country is striving to maintain a military machine which takes so many physically and mentally exhausting hours to keep superb?

(continued on page 14)

in the past 50 years or so. These are the so called blue chip stocks that we discussed last week. They have the obvious advantage of dependability. We know, with a certain amount of surity, exactly how much and when we will receive dividends.

Income-growth stocks are actually the stock we find which strikes a happy medium between growth and income type stocks.

Cyclical stocks are stocks that swings widely in price as business conditions shift suddenly. The fine art of making a profit in trading in and out of cyclical stocks in an attempt to catch prices just before they embark on their wide swings requires, for one thing, the hard to come by ability to anticipate upswings and downturns in industries that are usually completely alien to the investor. Experienced and beginning investors alike make the common mistake of thinking that by following business news carefully, they can detect an upswing or downturn. Unfortunately, by the time a bit of news appears concerning a specific industry, it is generally too late to capitalize on it. However, many beginners make this fatal mistake and generally wind up losing their ass, so to speak.

Now that we have discussed the basic types of stock you can see that a goal must be determined before starting to invest. You'll find that your goal will generally be one of the following (1) To provide for betterment in your standard of living or for retirement by investing in growth stocks; or (2) to provide for as much immediate dividend returns and safety as possible through income stocks; or (3) to take advantage of the periodic swings in business for the profitable(?) buying and selling of cyclical stocks; or (4) to try to strike a happy medium between growth and income stocks.

Well that about wraps it up for this week. Maybe someone will have a few questions next week.

G. O. BROKE
Investment Counselor

Mad Dog and the Aisle Seat con't

to watch a cinemascope, technicolor movie on the back of 39 hairy heads. The most rewarding advantage though, comes from those persons sitting on the deck in the aisle. Due to their low center of gravity, and to the obvious absence of adequate lighting, the end of the table becomes a collection of cigarette butts and ashes, apple cores, orange peelings, crushed potato chips, candy wrappers, and wadded gooey napkins. The butt kit remains spotless. However, the man on the deck isn't ignoble. He adroitly washes the mess from the table into your lap with coffee (and it's hot too!) as he gropes in the dark to place his cup on the table.

Why then, pray tell, do I always sit on an aisle seat? Very simple, I'm so empathetic that I could not, and cannot allow my fellow shipmates to suffer as I have suffered. Therefore, I have unselfishly chosen to sacrifice myself to bear the brunt of these difficulties. Besides, I'm left handed. (I also get the first choice of meat from the platter) and during movie break, guess who is the first on to the coffee pot!!!
Sincerely,
Mad Dog Diltz

RESIDENTIAL (Cont'd)

The Russians fault? The Chinese fault? Other Communists? Outwardly yes! But don't you think that the problem could have started at home, whether it be in the USA or USSR or anywhere else. If we are here to keep peace in the world through deterrence, then why do we argue and fight among ourselves. Are we not defeating our own purpose. This is home away from home, is it not?

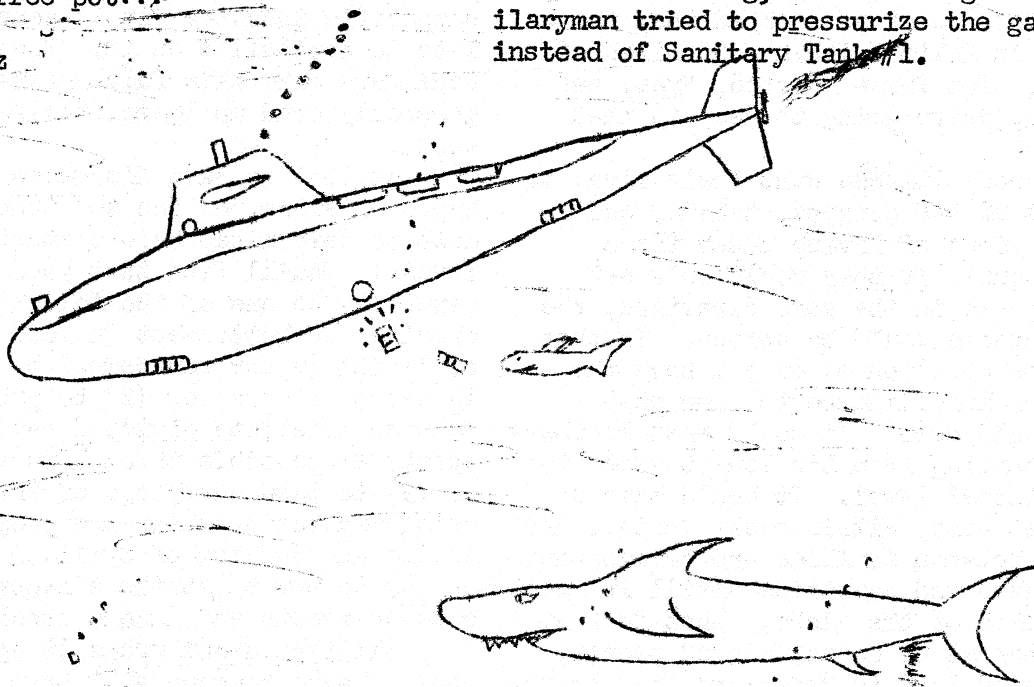
RASTIS

Pleeze don't pay no never mind to any spelling pronunciation punctuation or typographical errors observed in this here paper for we dont have no pelers pronunciators punctuators or non typographical errors.

Editor

The Navigator better watch his step, I hear tell there is someone on board trying to get his job.

Which slow-moving, slow-talking auxiliaryman tried to pressurize the galley instead of Sanitary Tank #1.



"NO CHARLIE ! THAT'S THE "POLKS" MIDRATS"

Medically Speaking cont.

It is because of these color changes that the Labia Minora have been termed the "sex skin" of the sexually excited woman, and no pre-menopausal woman has been known to reach the Plateau phase, develop the "sex skin", and not reach orgasm as long as sufficient sexual stimulation is continued without interruption. After orgasm the "sex skin" quickly disappears and the labia minora return to normal.

Now for the Clitoris. Anatomically, it is found at the apex of the Labia Minora, well above the urethral meatus (for which the Clitoris is often mistaken for) and lies just above the vaginal opening. The uniqueness of the Clitoris lies in the fact that it's only purpose is to create sexual stimulus. It serves no other known purpose.

Anatomy, dissection, microscopic examination, etc., have long ago established the Clitoris as a homologue of the male penis. The two organs (C. & P.) are almost identical in anatomical makeup, although the male penis has other functions other than just sexual stimulation.

Beginning with the Excitement Phase, the slightest form of sexual tension will cause an increase in the size of the clitoris, and its subsequent erection. This condition persists through the entire sex act and will linger as long as there is even the most insignificant form of sexual excitement.

The most significant reactions of the clitoris come in the Plateau phase. During this phase, even though still engorged with venous blood, the clitoris undergoes a retraction process by which it retracts into it's protective hood, while in the normal, sexually unstimulated female it usually hangs out within relatively easy reach. This retraction continues into the Orgasmic phase and apparently signifies the imminent orgasm. It has been found also, that with coital and breast stimulation the retraction occurs late in the Plateau phase as is significant of the impending orgasm, whereas, with manipulation of the clitoris the retraction occurs early in the Plateau phase, and could possibly have some affect in delaying the coming of the orgasm, although this has not been determined. It should also be pointed out that clitoral retraction will reverse itself almost

immediately once this form of stimulation is withdrawn or reduced.

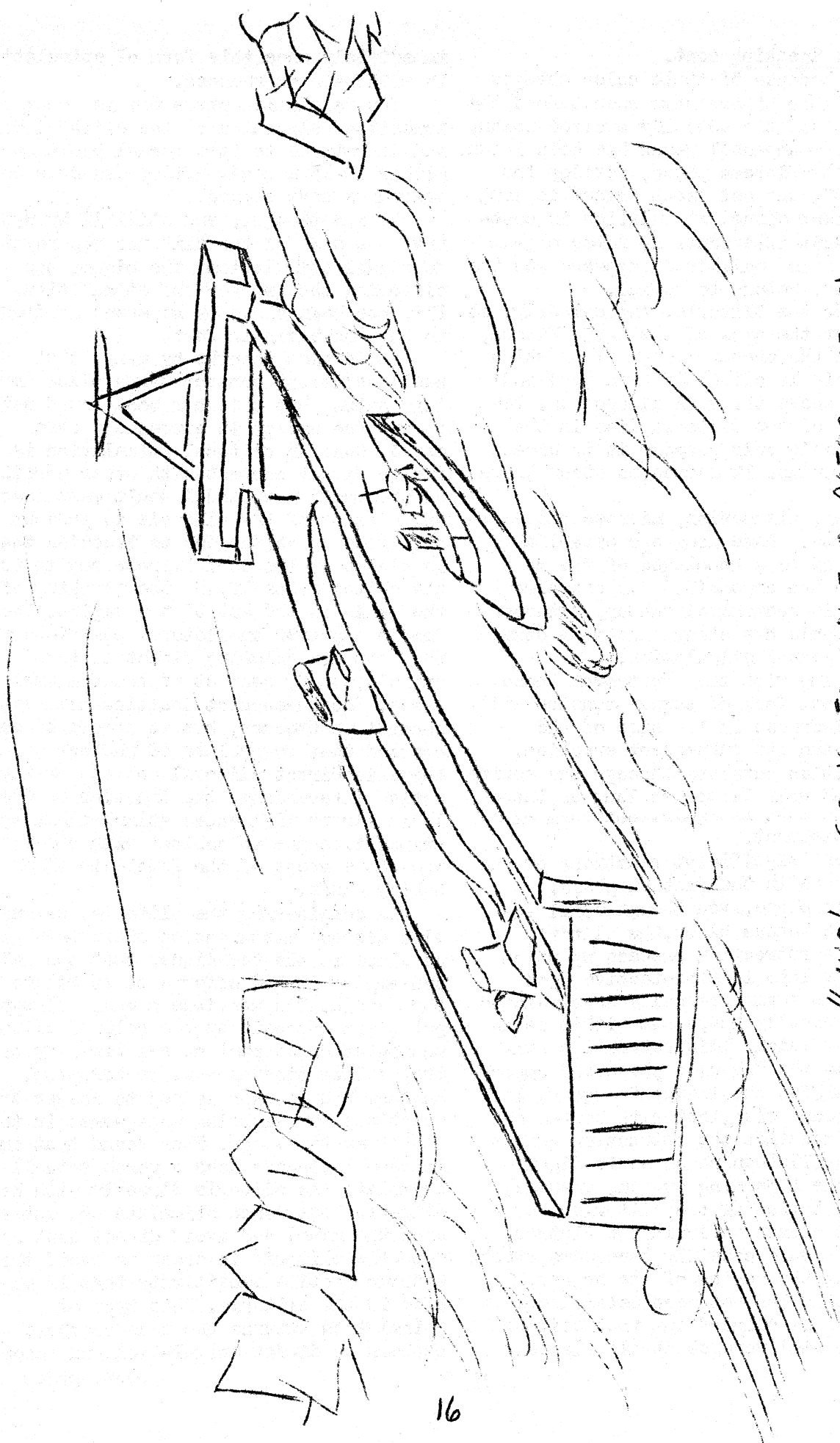
The Resolution phase brings about the immediate relaxation of the clitoral body and it returns to it's normal position within 10-15 seconds after orgasmic contractions have ceased.

It was thought, and still is by many, that the size of the clitoris was relative to sexual stimulation: the bigger the clitoris, the greater the stimulation. This has been shown by numerous studies to have no basis in fact.

It is also thought by many, that penile-clitoral contact takes place during coitus, but this has been found not to be true except in extremely rare cases. Usually clitoral stimulation is due to direct contact with other portions of the man's body (and I don't mean nose). Stimulation of the clitoris is present in all types of coitus due to traction that is placed on the labia minora and in turn the clitoris itself, by the stroking of the penis in and out of the vagina. The female superior and lateral positions are the best for allowing direct clitoral stimulation by contact of the two pubic areas. The knee-chest position allows no contact whatsoever, but it should be understood that regardless of whether or not there is direct clitoral contact during active intercourse, the traction on the labia minora will cause stimulation, and stimulation due to contact with other erogenous areas of the female is also taking place.

In considering the clitoris, we must also discuss masturbation since this gives us clues to the techniques that the male can employ in his efforts to stimulate the female. The marriage manuals always put great emphasis on the role of clitoral manipulation as part of sex foreplay but they seldom discuss how, or how much. Masters and Johnson helped to answer these questions by observing many women in the act of masturbation. They found that only in rare instances does a woman actually stimulate the clitoris directly with her fingers. Most women stimulate the entire area (the mons) and avoid direct contact with the clitoris in order to avoid the extreme tactile sensitivity that is centered in the clitoris. This type of stimulation attains the same orgasmic pattern as direct stimulation and escapes

Cont. page 17



" WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A PATROL IF IT'S THE
LAST THING..... "

the possibility of going from stimulation to irritation, causing the pain that many women experience when the clitoris is manipulated with too much pressure or for too long a time.

It was also found that most women continue their masturbation through the entire orgasmic phase and this coincides with her demand for continued thrusting of the penis in and out during orgasm. The male on the other hand, has a tendency to attempt to attain the deepest vaginal penetration during orgasm and deprive the woman of this continuing thrusting.

Normal, well adjusted women, it was found, who are concentrating on their own sexual satisfaction without the aid of a male partner, would attain four or more orgasms before being satisfied, and in many cases women would continue until sheer physical exhaustion forced them to stop. It was found also that there was no apparent difference between clitoral and vaginal stimulated orgasms, at least as far as physiological aspects were concerned. Sexual response followed the same course, regardless of type of stimulation, thru all four phases of sexual tension.

So, there you have it for another week. I hope this article was enlightening to one and all, especially to those members of Engineering, and with much regret I come to the end.

PJT.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Enlightening indeed!! We thank the good nurse and beg for more.)

A very plain nurse was telling a voluptuous co-worker about the sailor who was a patient in Ward 10. "He's tattooed," she confided (and her voice dropped low), "in a very INTIMATE place!"

"You mean -----" gasped the beautiful nurse.

"Yes! Isn't that odd? There's actually a WORD tattooed there. The word 'swan'."

"This I've got to see," exclaimed the voluptuous one, and she hurried off to Ward 10. Half-an-hour later, she returned.

"You were right," she said, "he IS tattooed there. But you were wrong about the word. It's 'Saskatchewan'!"

WHO IS CASMAR?

My stupid mates, what is this I hear?
Remarks that the great one may not be here?
Put on a smile and let go with a cheer
For I, the Great Casmar, is close and near.

I will again this patrol ravish on your
simple brains
My words on your brow will fall as the
heaviest rains
For I am the hunter and you are my game
So watch your step my fools, all I need
is a name.

A name, an action, or face is my pray
As of bonners, there are to many per day.
Walk a straight line with no notice at all
If you don't, with you I shall have a ball.

Already some of you strike me as chimes
on a door
All you ever do or say is Ding Dong and
nothing more.
Do not feel bad, or have any shame
It's just that Casmar, is not your name.

Some of you have not a chance at all
For you are hurters, and soon upon you
I'll call.
You will find yourself in my writings
of wit
Where I will chew you up and dispose of
your remains like rancid spit.

So now I have warned you, my worthless mates
From now on my pen will release pent up
hates.

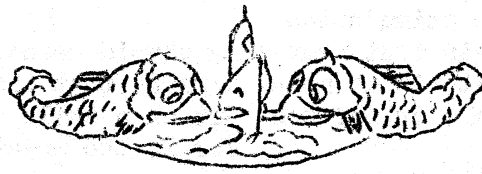
Not for all, but just the well marked few
The ones that try to be like the rest of
the crew.

Love,
CASMAR

Two young men seated in a restaurant were watching a customer busily disposing of a plate of oysters on the half-shell. One of the young men remarked to his friend: "Did you ever hear that business about raw oysters being good for a man's virility?"

"Yes, why?" the friend replied.

"Well, take it from me, that's a lot of foolishness. I ate a dozen of them the other night and only nine worked."



Qualified?
THAT MAKES YOU
ELIGIBLE TO JOIN THE
U.S. SUBMARINE VETERANS
ASK YOUR SHIPMATE
ABOUT THIS GROWING
ORGANIZATION FOR
SUBMARINERS
OUR CREED:

TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF OUR SHIPMATES
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE PURSUIT OF
THEIR DUTIES WHILE SERVING THEIR COUNTRY.
THAT THEIR DEDICATION, DEEDS AND SUPREME
SACRIFICE BE A CONSTANT SOURCE OF MOTIVATION
TOWARD GREATER ACCOMPLISHMENTS. THAT WE
PLEDGE LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM TO THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

MAN IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Seeing that my article survived the sharp eyes of our editor last week, I'll attempt another article.

My first encounter was with David Burgess; who is a native of Montoursville Pennsylvania. In case your wondering where that is, Philadelphia is a suburb of Montoursville, which is about 150 miles away. Dave worked for McDonalds after school making their shakes and then for a furniture factory, upholstering furniture. After graduating from Montoursville High in '68, Dave worked for a construction company building an oil pipeline that delivers Quaker State right to your car. Actually, it is a transcontinental gas pipeline going from New Jersey to California. Dave joined the Navy in January and after going to boot camp and Sub school, he reported to the POLK. Dave wants to be a Yeoman and also attend divers school - I guess that would be an underwater yeoman.

Dave's hobbies are woodcarving, swimming baseball and basketball; also Donna Gowain from Tonowanda, Pa.

After the Navy Dave wants to go into the restaurant business or hotel business.

My next encounter was on the flight over when Bill Stroup spilled coffee all over himself. He hails from Norristown, Pennsylvania and graduated from the Plymouth-Whitemarsh High School in '64. Bill says he was track star doing the mile and cross country 1 chasing women. After High School Bill attended the Amber campus of Temple U. for two years before being "sucked in".

Bill went to boot camp and MI "A" in Great Lakes in October '66 and then to Bainbridge, Md. for Basic Nuc School. Prototype training at Schenectady, N.Y. followed after his R & R tour in N.Y., Bill attended sub school and reported to Jimmy K. I asked Bill how many Patrols he had left and he said "Too many".

Bill's hobbies are hunting, fishing and painting machinery grey. Bill lives with his wife in Norristown and they have one child, Brian, who was born the day after we arrived here.

Bill plans on serving hot dogs when he gets out of the Navy.

The last interview is with Bill Davey who is from Black River, New York. Bill worked for the power company in a warehouse and digging ditches during the summer months when he wasn't in school. After graduating from Carthage Central High School in '65, Bill attended Clarkson College of Technology for one semester majoring in drink;ing.

In September 66 Bill joined the Department of Defence and went to Great Lakes for Basic Training and IC "A" School. He spent seven months in the USS CHARLES B. CECIL (DD835) homported in Newport, R.I. The transistion to nuclear power saw Bill off to Nuclear Power School and submarine school and then on to the POLK.

Bill lives with his wife Diane, and their six months old daughter, Lisa Jean, in Carthage, N.Y.

In school Bill was the manager of the track team until he realized it was just as hard to carry hurdels as it was to jump over them.

Bill met his wife in a lake - she was out in the middle and her boat quit working. Bill saw this good looking broad out there stranded and decided to make a roun on her - I guess he did.

Bill's hobby is boating and model cars. He is skipper of his own twelve foat yacht. After discharge from the Navy, Bill wants to go back to work for the power company digging ditches.

Jell, that's it for this week.

Depity Dawg

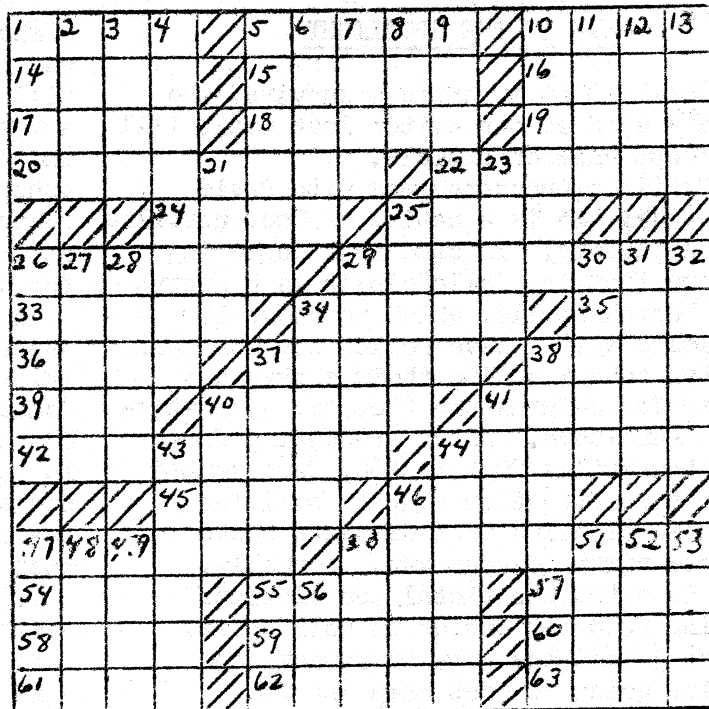
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T	E	S	T	K	A	H	N	E	M	E	N	D

ACROSS

1. Nearly-used-up pencil
5. Branches
10. Mrs. Truman
14. "Bear" constellation
15. Eskimo
16. Plant yielding a drug and a fiber
17. Long for again
18. Florida city
19. Festal
20. A bad loser
22. Lodestone
24. Daring
25. Mr. Goldberg, inventor of zany machines
26. Hot and humid
29. Upbraid; reprimand: 2 wds.
33. Bridal-veil fabric
34. Rascal
35. Compete
36. Much-admired person
37. Fussies and _____
38. Astronauts' organization
39. Over-stylish gent
40. Travels by plane
41. Hinder
42. Visit habitually
44. Lofty edifices
45. Benefits from
46. Statutes
47. Move by without stopping 2 wds.
50. Traitor
54. Completed
55. Cake covering
57. Seaweed
58. Endure
59. Poke with the elbow
60. Scorch
61. Dark; black
62. Welcome
63. Legal wrong

DOWN

1. Totals
2. Threesome
3. Iron Curtain country: abbr.
4. Summer sport
5. Weakly; unconvincingly
6. Homer's epic
7. Nevada's Lake _____
8. Vagrant
9. Incentive
10. Captured, as game
11. Spirit



12. Filet of _____
13. Chair
21. Residence
23. Competent
25. Storms of anger
26. Rigid
27. Of the line ending with Queen Elizabeth I
28. Marry secretly
29. Celestial traveler
30. Elliptical
31. Sadder but _____
32. Draws close to
34. Pompeii, today
37. Transitory
38. Huntley-Brinkley special
40. Much ado
41. Soft feathers
43. Source of building stones
44. Goal
46. A fencing thrust
47. Mongolian desert
48. Part of a stove
49. Summit
50. Ebb and flow
51. Bread spread
52. Culture medium
53. Small pastry
56. Mongrel

AN elderly playboy we know has cataloged the three stages of a man's life: Tri-Weekly, Try-Weekly, Try-Weakly.

"Miss Pokin' Alone"



