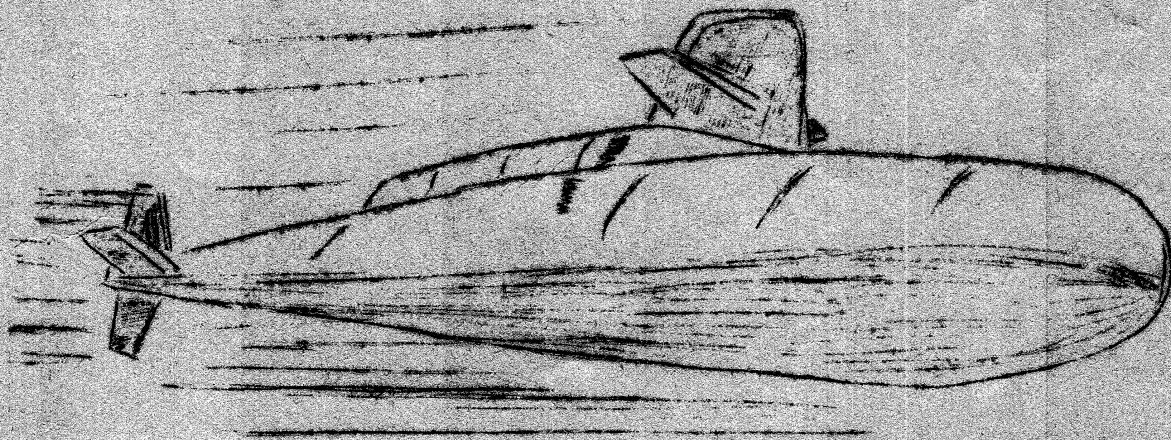
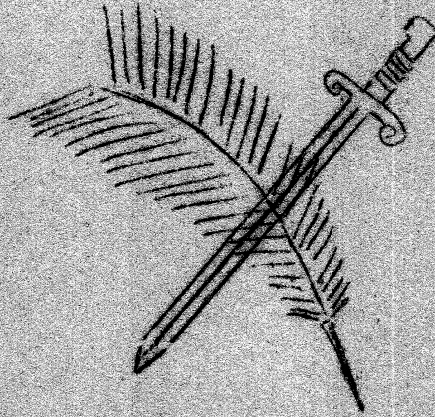


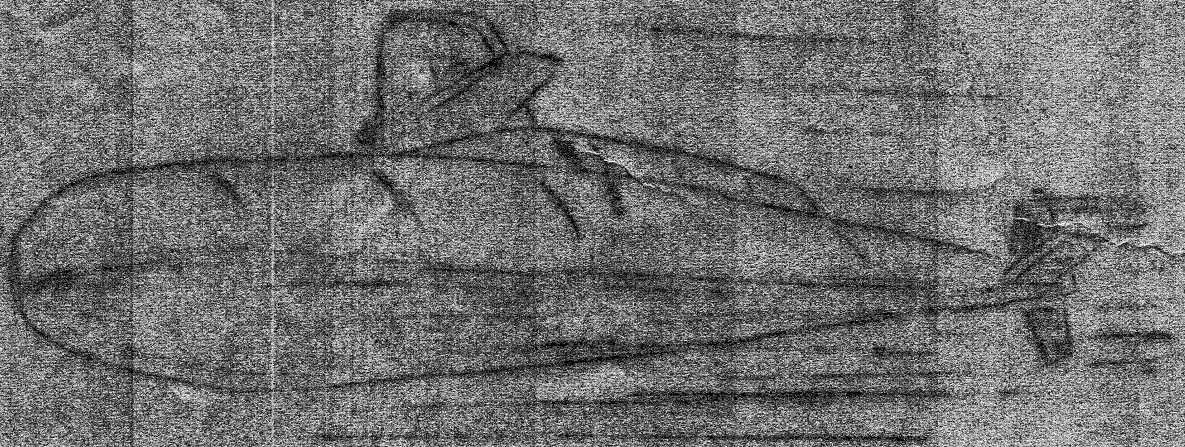
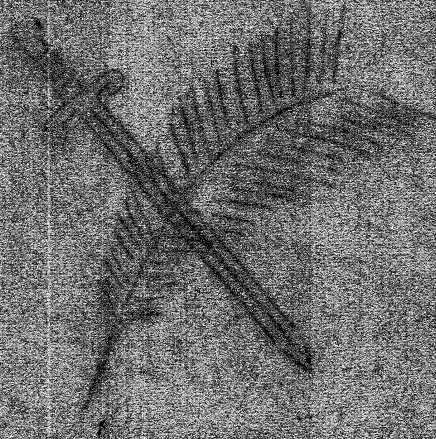
POLKIN' ALONG



"Get your facts first, and then you
can distort 'em as much as you please"

S. L. CLEMENS

FOLKIN' ALONG



The 'Folk' are not just a name
but a way of life, a way of thought
and a way of feeling.

She Wore a Scarlet Red Bandana

"Help me! Help!"

The cry startled John Paul as he walked past the forbidding mouth of a dark and uninviting alley. He looked about in hopes of locating the caller in a well lighted area. Seeing nothing, John returned to the alley and peered down its length, noting only a small dim light about half way down.

"Help!" The shout rang out with a ghostly echo.

"Damn it all," John thought, "why from the alley? Who the hell wants to rush into a dark, god forsaken alley and play hero?"

Although John couldn't be called a coward, he wasn't one to hastily rush ~~either~~ either. For all he could determine, it might be a trap to tap the local Good Samaritan. Not that John Paul considered himself a Good Samaritan mind you, but at the moment, he felt like the most likely candidate.

"The hell with it," he thought and, in the spirit of self interest, brushed the semi- heroic notions from his mind with a give-a-crap wave of his arm toward the black, gaping, alleyway.

"Help! Please, I can't see."

The voice was definatly male and that aroused John's suspicions to near certainty. But he remained glued to the sidewalk. The cry had sounded so real; so desperate. J.P. shivered, and pressed his coat collar against his ears to protect them from the chilly night air.

"Damn it!" he muttered. John didn't want his skull cracked, and yet his conscience wouldn't allow him to leave. The more he thought of his ambivalence, the more exacerbated he became.

"What right does this bastard have, keeping me standing, and freezing in front of some obscure and filthy alley? Ten to one says he's either a relegated member of the Mafia lurking in the shadows or else, one of skidrow's elite who's been blinded from to many cheap drunks and can't find his zipper." John turned his back to the alley; he had made up his mind to leave.

"I hear you out there. Help!"

There was a shivering quality to the man's voice, but John didn't notice. For by now, the pleas had become tantamount to the constant, irritating, touch and go buzzing of a fly. His thoughts fulminated, respuing any remaining empathy.

"Here I stand, cold, hungry, and tired. And all that jerk can do is yell, 'Help!'. For chriss sakes! One more yell and I'm going to jam my scarf down his flapping mouth! Crook or no crook!"

"HELP!"

The fly had landed. John made a fist and smashed it into the palm of his other hand. His mind screamed within him.

"Mother of god, save me! The wise guy's a mind reader too!"

"You in there!" he shouted, and as if expecting a barrage of gun fire, he pressed close to the wall.

"Help, help. Don't leave me!"

John started into the alley, then quickly backed out.

"Shut your mouth damn it! The whole god damn world can hear ya!" As far as John was concerned, the S.O.B. was really asking for it. But he wasn't going in alone, no matter what the jerk said.

"Alone!" The thought struck him with a chilling blow. He wheeled about, knowing that the street was empty. At 1 AM what could he expect? The police? Hell no! To John, it was a well known fact that cops are never where you need them. People? He was sure that no one, but Big Bad John Paul, was stupid enough to be talking to a half crazed, drunken killer at the end of a scarcely lite alley at one in the morning.

"Hell," he swore aloud while completing his search, "not even a lousy phone booth." Suddenly he stoped, his eyes rivited to a tall figure wrapped in a light colored overcoat a block and a half away. John started running.

"Hey!" he shouted as the distance between them diminished to a few yards, "how 'bout comin' with me. Someone's... in...trouble...up the...street." His lungs were failing him. John slowed to a walk, then came to a stop.

At first he was stuned. Instead of the six foot man he'd expected, facing him was six foot of gorgious woman.

(continued next column)

1

(continued on
page 6)

MEDICALLY SPEAKING
by
THE GUY WHO HAS GONE APE OVER JANIS
JOPLIN

Well, here we are again, one more week closer to home and rarin' to go with another fantabulous article on human sexual responses as brought to you this week by that fabulous epitome of medical authoritativeness whose undying motto is; the best corpsmen is the one you run for, and always find in his rack.

This week's wonderful article is LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO THAT NICE GUY, WILLIAM WATERHOUSE.

The Penis

We have discussed in some detail the female and her responses physiologically to sexual stimulation. Now we get a little closer to home by taking out, pardon me, taking up the penis and having a good, hard, close hand look at it. Most of us have carried one with us throughout most of our lives, but most of us are unaware of it's anatomical makeup and that aspect we will discuss first.

The penis is located about six inches below the naval in the vicinity of the crotch or pubic area. The penis is composed of three major groups of erectile tissue; the two corpora cavernosa lying on top, and corpora spongiosum, which contains the urethra, and lies at the bottom. Inside these three layers of tissue are many tiny compartments that serve as reservoirs, so to speak, to hold the blood that is pumped into the penis when erection occurs, and it is thought that this action of the blood is what causes erection and not the action of muscle tissue as is believed by many. The end of the penis is called the glans penis or just glans and contains the urethral opening.

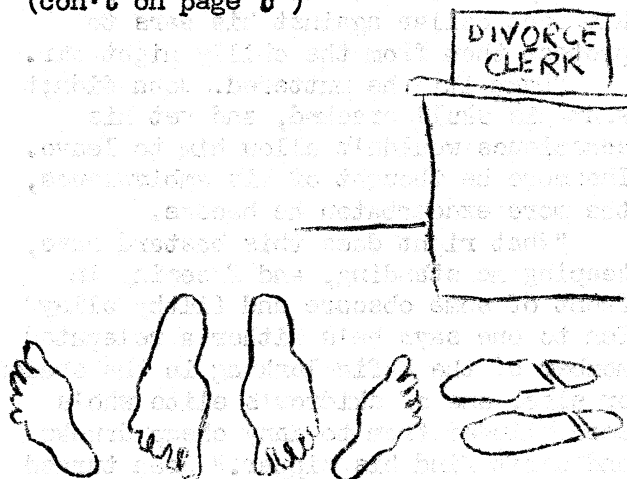
The erogenous portion of the male genitalia is centered chiefly with the penis, and scrotum, and with the rectum. The internal portions of the male reproductive system have little to do with the effects of sexual response, although they play an important part in the sexual cycle, just as the female internal reproductive organs do, and since this segment is concerned only with male

sexual responses we will not discuss the anatomy of the scrotum and internal organs till a later time.

As most of you are probably aware, the first reaction of the penis to sexual stimulation is erection. It might be interesting to note that during eleven years of observations Masters and Johnston witnessed penile erection in males ranging in age from only a few minutes to 80 years and older, so regardless of what anybody may say, your never too young or too old (thank goodness).

No observed changes are seen to take place in the penis until the beginning of the Organic phase of sexual tension in which the muscles of the penis begin to contract and the ejaculation of semen under severe pressure takes place. Immediately following the orgasm the penis enters the first of two resolution phases. The first portion is immediate and results in a partial loss of erection, but the second and final portion, which results in complete loss of erection may be prolonged under certain conditions, one being the length of time that the penis remains in the phases before orgasm. The longer this period is the longer it takes for complete loss of erection assuming that sexual stimulation of some sort is continued without interruption. The second condition being that, usually in conjunction with the first, that the penis is maintained in the vagina after the orgasm.

(cont on page 8)



"Can I assume that you two had a change of heart".

RESEARCH
by FICKE

Well, here we go again. I am sure glad that you all read my article last week. If you didn't, you sure are going to miss out this week. Then again, it may not make any difference.

I left off last week on what the Cressote Indians use for mounts, which was the Wyoming Kangaroo Mouse. They worked out very well in the long run.

Now about the mating procedures. This is very interesting. The buck would get on the Wyoming Kangaroo Mouse and the squaw would get on another. They would get four miles apart and then let them go at a full hop. When they got within a hundred feet of each other, the buck would throw off his loin cloth and the squaw would throw off her robe. Then they would stand up and holler and woop with all their might; still closing at a full hop. Then at ten feet they would get a good toe hold, ready for the meeting; for at this speed it had to be done just right or something would have to give. Then at five feet the brave and the squaw would spread their legs and jump and the two Wyoming Kangaroo Mice would hit full force and mate. Eighteen days later there would be new little Wyoming Kangaroo Mice hopping about. The squaw and the brave thus had done their part; Mating again the mighty Wyoming Kangaroo Mouse without getting their clothes dirty.

As I mentioned last week, the deer was their mortal enemy. You see the deer would go to the plains and find buffalo droppings and roll in them, then sneak to the Continental Divide and attract all the flies and lead them away. Thus the Indians would starve because of the non-production of maggots. The deer would also steal the Wyoming Kangaroo Mice and interbreed. This is how we have the Wyoming Antelope today. This was done so much that now the Cressote Indian is not even heard of today. Yet the deer and the antelope play!!!!

(cont. at top of page)

A young Nav-ET was heard to say,
"Morale is measured by the length of ones hair and do I have a lot of morale."

Ed. Note-- You won't have for long,
Stevie Boy. Snip! Snip!

I hope you enjoyed this true, authentic history of the Cressote Indians. It is a story that has been very well guarded and only came to light through many hours of great research; and by running into the only known survivor of the tribe, a spittoon shinner in Spotted Horse, Wyoming.

See you next week. Keep the cards and letters coming in, but please put full postage on them.

J.J. Ficke

CRYPTOGRAMS

BCYTO LHI QH XYPC, HT CBFC OHQLROM
QTPBD INTQLILRBC IRBB KC YKBC QH AYQAL
PX IRQL DHP.

TKP MB NG CKBBMWOZ GTJG CZKCOZ NJE WZ
EJLLIP-TMEHZN JEH JOBK GTMNV-TZJHZN?

CMG RMA KB LNA KB EFM EFNGAB EFKK
LZEMN EFKK.

Lord Chesterfield made this rather wry commentary on LA GRANDE PASSION: (1) The enjoyment is quite temporary. (2) The cost is quite exorbitant. (3) And the position is simply ridiculous.

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BOOK OF THE WEEK

"When The Lion Feeds"

by

Wilbur Smith

"When the Lion Feeds" indicates the full blown emergence of a novelist who will be widely and delightfully read. His story---of South Africa at the burgeoning time of the gold rush in the 1890's---strikes a colorful era that will be fresh and exciting to American fiction readers.

Sean Courtney, raised in the cattle country, had a shattering experience as a boy: he maimed his twin brother, Gary for life; and in inflicting weakness, he came to dispise it. This, plus the st-rength of his own body, was to dictate Sean's iron resolve to win, no matter how much the gamble cost.

Against Zulu tribes who were continually harassing the ranchers, Sean went to war as a farmer-volunteer with Gary and his father. The outcome of this savage conflict was, for Sean, a sudden break with home and family and the girl

he had thought to marry. Wandering alone he came by chance to the roaring, hectic life of the gold fields. With the daring of a man who has nothing to lose, he ventured a try at a thousand-to-one chance, and when the "Candy Dip" proved out, the impossible dreams came true. Sean had wealth beyond counting, and unexpectedly, he had power. Power was unmanageable with out cunning. Cunning was an art that Sean of the indomitable will was to learn the hard way.

The novel races onward as Sean attacks the jungle for ivory treasure, fighting all the way with man and beast, in his driving quest to win. And the women he has desired along the way fade into nothing as he discovers the passion for his turbulent young life in Katrina, a lovely Boer girl who gives his heart a home. But still this is not the end of Sean's story. It is nearly impossible to suggest the constant pitch of excitement, the impetuous crowding of action of this extraordinary novel. It has, in short, the magical touch, the spell-binding aura of the best entertainment fiction, certain to

(con't on page 7)



"Omygawd, Vicks"

RAMBLIN' ABOUT

Well gang, here we are again, and this week I think I have a subject that most of you will be interested in. Of course I know that after my last two talented articles, it'll be hard to equal or even approach the fine delivery and style that you are used to, but I'll give it a try anyway.

Most of the Jimmy K. crew is familiar with a beverage, which has been known to bring delight to many a poor fool, and necessitate a quick trip to the Van Dyke-Tutor pharmaceutical supply corp. afterwards. The magic necter is wine, "Vineo", the fruit of the vine.

Since we are in the middle of some of the finest wine country in the world, Southern Spain, and many of us have gone to the "bodega" either out of interest, thirst, or just to get a day off from shipboard routine, the process of wine making shouldn't be too much of a mystery. This part of the world produces Sherry, which is a type of wine found only in Jerez de la Frontera. I point this out, and hope to explain later on, that wines can be unique in flavor, name, and particular to certain parts of the world.

A lot of us, especially when money is in short supply, have been known to wet our whistles with refreshing wines like sly fox, silver satin, granny's grape, thunderbird, and acadama. The only thing that they have in common with wine, is that they're made from grapes (I think they are anyway). Other than that, they can hardly be called wine, since they age them all of about 69 micro-seconds, and then by a chemical process at that.

There are three types of wine, and are classified as natural wines (also known as table wine), fortified wines, and sparkling wines. The classification depends on the technique of production, called "vinification". Table wines are made from "must", which is the juice of pressed grapes (or stomped grapes), which is allowed to ferment naturally, or with a little sugar and yeast added. Fortified wines receive a dosage of alcohol, usually a grape brandy, sometime during their vinification. Fortified wines may be characterized as vermouth, Sherry, Maderia or Port. The alcohol content of fortified wines is high, about

22 %, and at last I know why I get loaded when I drink martini's. It's not the 40% of gin, but the eyedropper full of vermouth.

Natural wines have about 10 to 15% alcohol, which means you can drink about a quart and a half at dinner before your face falls in the potatoes. Sparkling wines, such as champagne, go thru double fermentation, the second one occurring in the bottle. (the third is in your head the next morning).

We also classify wine as Red, Rose', or white. Red wine, and rose' is always made from black grapes, the latter having the skins left in the "must" about half as long as the dark, red wine. Few people realize that white wine is made from either black or green grapes, the only condition being that we remove the skins from the "must" right after pressing, when using black grapes.

Wines are made from many types of grapes, but except in the north-eastern U.S., they are mostly of the "vinifera" variety. Wine also has a significance when we dine, and there are many wines to fit all occasions.

Fortified wines are served before, and after dinner, but never during. Before dinner wines are called ap'ertifs, which are dry sherry, madeira, or vermouths, either dry or wet, I mean sweet, and should be served chilled.

Desert wines such as sweet sherrys, Madeira, port and marsala can be just the thing, to top off a fine meal. During dinner a dry, champagne, is appropriate, but any other champagnes's are usually too sweet.

Table wines can be served in many combinations, depending on personal taste but a guideline of success has been established over the years, and I find that it fits my own personal requirements nicely. Actually my requirements vary, depending on what I can get my hands on at the moment, but the traditional accompaniments remain popular.

Lets take a look at them, and you make up your own mind.

With appetizers and hors' d'oeuvres, dry wines or light rose' make the scene. Chablis, or dry Riesling with fish, oysters, light fowl, pardon me fowl, and turkey goes well with a light red, such as Bordeaux. A sidekick for pork or veal

(con't on page 9)

Red Bandana cont:

Her white overcoat reminded John of the spy movies, and true to form, her collar was turned up high. Belted snugly at the waist with a wide belt, and her collar opened wide at the neck. John was quick to note that the trench coat actually enhanced her voluptuous figure. He took in all the details, one by one; from her red high heels, long firm legs, to her small waist and obviously large breasts. John made a silent bet with himself that she wore no bra. He stood speechless, gorging his libido with each beautiful feature.

Her face was of uncompromising beauty, and John knew he'd seen none better. Her skin was deliciously rich in color and texture. Her black, and naturally large eyes, crowned by eyebrows of perfection, hinted of secretiveness and amusement. Slightly parted lips, full and desirous, glistened wantingly; and her long auburn hair fell softly inside her collar around a graceful, satin smooth, neck. Everything about her was ultra sensuous and dripped of sex. She moved with a smooth, catlike, motion as she feminately stretched a large, doubled up, scarlet red silk bandana across the front of her jutted hips.

"Where is this man?" She spoke in a low sexy tone; her voice uncommonly soft and perfect.

"Ah, a block and a half up the street." John had forgotten about the man in the alley, and now he felt somewhat embarrassed. He wondered how he was going to tell this stunning doll that he's afraid of the dark and still impress her with his masculinity.

"I thought you were a man and..." John bit his tongue. He mentally kicked himself in the ass, "That's a hell of a way to woo a beautiful broad; tell her she looks like a man!" He quickly added aloud, "that is, from a block and a half away I couldn't tell...well, I didn't expect a girl, especially a pretty girl, to be on the street at this time of the morning." He jerked his head in the direction he'd come from. "Anyway, this man yelled for help from an alley, and I thought it wise to enlist additional aid before going to the rescue." John looked away, he felt squirmingly uncomfortable, like he was strapped in a Chinese straight jacket.

(continued next column)

"Are you afraid of the dark?" she taunted. Her lips formed a slight smile and her eyes held a twinkle of laughter.

"Well, no," he lied and felt a blush coming on. He was thankful of the non-incriminating, blue-grey light from the street lamp. "It just seemed sensible to have someone else along in case he needed first aid while the other could call for an ambulance if necessary." He grinned, confident of his excuse.

For the third time that night, John was startled by the unexpected. Without a warning, she flipped the scarlet red bandana around her neck, cocked her pretty head and said, "Well, let's have a look." She started walking, her heels clicking eerily in the still night.

"Wait!", he started, "It's dark, with only a very dim light way back in the alley. There could be trouble; there have been several muggings lately."

She laughed, turning to face him, and continued walking, backwards. She then smiled with those full sensuous lips, "I can take care of myself," she said confidently.

They walked in silence to the alley. John had been assiduously calculating his charming companion's eros when they arrived. He quickly lit a cigarette. "Here it is," he informed her, pointing with the cigarette. "Hey!" he shouted, "You still there?" John hoped not.

"Help, help." This time John noticed the shakiness of the weakening voice.

"Well," John looked at the girl, "he's still there. You ready?"

She quickly nodded, pulled the red bandana from her neck, and took his offered hand. John led the way, groping amongst boxes and trash cans. As they moved closer to the light, a simple bulb, he could see that it was mounted high on an almost black, brick wall that closed off the alley. It was a dead end.

John cautiously slowed their approach. They were getting close to the back wall. A strong whiff of exotic perfume filled his nostrils and he was secretly glad that the Amazon was close behind him. He could almost sense the warmth of her lovely body and it culminated his courage.

(continued on
page 7)

Red Bandana cont:

CASMAR

The dull, yellowish, light was so dim that John nearly missed seeing the crouched figure.

"Hey, you! Stand up and face this way!"

John Paul had tried to sound bold and commanding, but he gasped aloud when the man stood erect.

Silouetted against the wall, casting a grotesque shadow, stood a giant of a man; magnificently proportioned; with lean hips, small sinewy waist, and enormous shoulders. His head was crowned with a mat of curly blond hair. He looked like a Greek god, and in any other milieu, he might have been. But the man's hands were bound behind his back, a belt held his ankles together, and except for a scarlet red, silk bandana tied across his eyes, he was completely nude.

"Help," he whispered to the swish of cloth through air as a bolt of scarlet red covered John Paul's eyes, "I've been raped."

Signed by,

Mad Dog's best friend

GAD

WOULD HE BE MISSED

With a four bit camera and a two bit mind

This man stands alone as one of a kind, Yes, he's as swift as an elephant swimming in peanut butter

His morals and ideas, are barely above a low grade gutter.

With the looks and manners of a low bred dog

His body is like, a water swelled cedar log

With glasses like the bottoms of two Mother Smucker's jars

The smallest things he can see, are houses and cars.

By now you surely must know who I mean For no other fits the above, once you have seen

This creature that once a day crawls to the CONN

The one that smokes a pipe that has pants on.

Book Of The Week Con't

appeal to thousands of readers.

Wilbur Smith, whose name is likely to become a by-word, is a great new story teller in an old and popular tradition.

This is a story of the life of a man that lived it to the fullest. His loves and success to his hates and failures. How he enjoyw them and overcomes them. Every man that loves adventure will wish he could live this type of life so try it if you dare.

Yours Truly

Pete Plagiarist

Bits and Pieces

How to operate the engine room hatch,

by H.J. Moffett

How to reduce residual magnetism

by Irve Barlin

So give him a smile whenever you meet The one that you can't tell, his head from his seat

For he is lonely in a world of his own Aworld so simple that no other has known.

So go on my moron, go on your simple way For I keep watch over you every single day

If you don't get any better, I will use a gun

And end your stupid existence, my friend
JOE LUNN.

LOVE

Casmar

NOTICE!

We have had some reports on the whereabouts of the paper-boys hat, but as we followed the leads down, no luck. The one that reported it was being used for a toilet seat cover, didn't pan out, nor as a spittoon for dubry, so we are making a plea for a substitute hat. Send them to the Polkin' Along Penthouse....Thankyou,ED.

MEDICALLY SPEAKING con't

When either or both of these conditions are met the penis maintains a semi-erected state for many minutes and often sufficiently long enough for the body to overcome the effects of the orgasm and become prepared for another sequence without any major interruption of the sex act.

Now let us consider some of the fallacies that surround the penis. First circumcision. It was felt that the uncircumcised male had an advantage over the circumcised male because the foreskin protected the end of the penis, or glans from direct vaginal contact and tended to prolong the sex act. Extensive testing by M&J found that in most cases the foreskin of the uncircumcised male retracted from the glans during active sexual intercourse and little if any protection.

Another widely accepted theory is that the larger the penis the more effective is the male as a lovemaker. Well, take heart little guys, because M&J disproved this fallacy also. They found that, in fact, the smaller penis usually underwent a greater increase in size than did the larger penis, but they were unable to offer any reasons as to why this was so. They found that most female vaginas were able to accommodate any size penis, and that those women who complained about a "lost in the vagina" feeling were those women who had undergone severe vaginal trauma for obstetrical reasons, such as childbirth, but even this was uncommon. A more common fact they discovered was that this feeling in most women is due to the vaginal reaction in the excitement phase which results in an overdistention of the inner third of the vagina to form a small hollow area for reception of the seminal fluid.

In discussing fallacies we should also include those concerning fears of performance. Among men under age forty it was found that most of these fears were centered around too much ejaculation and premature ejaculation. It is found, after carefully questioning over 300 men, all with a history of masturbation or coitus, manifested themselves in emotional problems. These fears are probably the result of decades of soc-

ially, accepted ideas concerning masturbation and mental illness. It is interesting to note that regardless of the frequency of ejaculation, whether by masturbation or intercourse, each individual usually considers himself not to be excessive. This idea is held by those who ejaculate once a week, to those who ejaculate five or six times a day.

Premature ejaculation was found centered in the younger men and were centered around the fear of not being able to withhold the ejaculation long enough to satisfy the female partner. These fears are confined mostly to the higher educated or more intelligent males who consider the satisfaction of the female partner as paramount to a good sexual relationship. Lesser educated men seemed little concerned with the overall satisfaction of his female partner.

Concern over impotence with increasing age was found to be a fear among all men under age forty because they believed that aging resulted in decreased sexuality and impotence. It should be pointed out that this is not the case, and in those cases where impotence does occur it usually can be corrected unless impotence is due to specific surgery or trauma.

The male organ and its resultant ejaculation of seminal fluid is only a part of the total whole-body effect of sexual stimulation and the frequency of orgasm has been shown to have no distressful effects on a healthy male. It was found that with multiorgasmic episodes most men considered the first ejaculation as the most satisfying whereas, the multiorgasmic female, she usually considered the second or third orgasm as the most satisfying. (Something to keep in mind). They found out also, that the longer a man had gone without ejaculation, the more satisfying the first orgasm was.

Well, that does it for another week. I hope this article has proven enlightening to one and all, especially Billy Waterhouse, and I leave you with this lasting thought: The more you get, the more you want, and the more you want, the more you get. (I think)

P.J.T.

might be in the form of a light, middle of the road rose'; light reds accompany roasts, and with cheese any old wine will do. Heavy dark wines give a sing to heavy flavored meats or game, and appease the pallet when consuming tons of good italian pasta. A Zinfidel or Chianti is the one to choose this time. With salad, a dry wine, perferably white, and with dessert, sweet, white wines such as sauternes will turn you on.

Needless to say, if you're a heavy eater, and like a full soup to nuts affair, you'll probably not make it past the third course before pinching the waitress at least once. If you continue on till dessert wine time, half of it will most assuredly be found on your shirt and tie the next morning. Sounds like fun to try them all, anyway, and it's going to be one of my projects again this off-crew, to see if I'm able to make it all the way. This time, however, I think I'll knock off the five martini's that get me ready for the before dinner wine.

That's about it on "vineo" this week, with lots more to come about the history, regional classification, and more detailed backgrounds on different wines and brandy's. I hope you enjoy the subject matter as emphatically as I do, and keep in mind the old saying, "A happy man is a winehead"

Until next week, keep a cool tool, cause it's up front what counts, and together, we can put the Jimmy K. back up there where she belongs.

Flatbush Fatty

TO: Santa Claus
FI: Section 2 NavEt
VIA: Polkin' Along

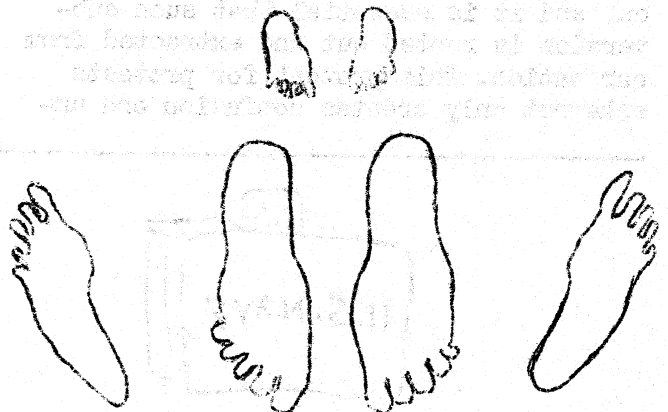
Subj;

The following times would be considered dangerous over the New London area on Christmas Eve due to Nav Satt-life activity: 2027Z, 2055Z, 2213Z, 2351Z and 0138Z.

In recent years much discussion has taken place due to the rise in civil disobedience by various factions in our society. Civil disobedience, whether pernicious or beneficial, does play a major role in the governmental operations of our nation.

Civil disobedience, in its true and original form, was first fully organized by the renowned American author and philosopher, Henry David Thoreau. In his disseration aply entitled "Civil Disobedience", he set forth the ground rules for organized dissent. He stated that the reason for the dissent must be first of all altruistic and "just". Secondly, the dissent must be non-violently exhibited. For example, if a person deems a certain law unjust or prejudicial, he should first announce his dissent and also announce that at a given time he will violate said law. He must not under any circumstances resort to violence to accomplish his goal. He must then be fully willing to accept the subsequent arrest and punishment prescribed by law. This was Thoreau's modus operandi for organized dissent.

(con't page 10)



" No junior, daddy doesn't want to play
HORSIE with you"

Do you know what a glutton is?

A glutton is a guy that eats a whole chicken for supper, and then wakes up in the middle of the night with two breasts in his hands and yelling for more!

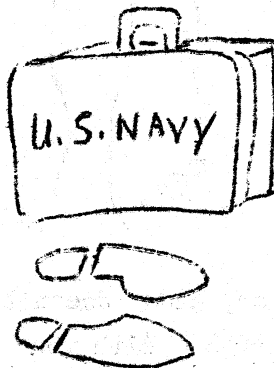
Civil Disobedience can't

Let us now consider the merits and faults of this kind of protest. Our social system is based on the principal of everyone's having a voice in the governmental functions by means of direct representation by duly elected officials, therefore, we do have the lawful right to voice our approval or disapproval of the policies of our government. Therefore, it is highly commendable that the young people are now beginning to take an integral, active part in the administration. As long as their cause is altruistic and beneficial, I can see no just reason for belittling and condemning them for taking part in organized dissent. However, in many cases, the opposite has been the case. This is especially true in regard to the protests against the educational institutions of our nation. Many students are truly sincere in their protest but many more are simply protesting for the sake of protest., and nothing else. This belligerent and reactionary trait is a dark blot on the good reputation and honor of our traditionally great nation. Many just causes have fallen by the wayside due to infiltration by certain radicals whose only goal is to create cacophony and unrest. It is unfortunate that such things happen, and it is essential that such subversion is rooted out and extracted from our nation. This "protest for protests sake" not only creates confusion and un-

rest in their own ranks, but it also destroys the atmosphere conducive to the learning process for these students who desire to gain an education. Too many college campuses have had to close their doors and suspend classes because of violent, malicious vandalism which emerged from what was intended to be a peaceful, meaningful demonstration. This cannot be allowed to continue if our nation and its way of life is to survive. We have too long just complacently stood by while these malignant forces ate away at the very roots of our republican existence. Let us all take an active part in forming the policies and laws necessary to remedy this grievous malady. There is no one panacea which I can offer except for genuine concern, action, and firm resolution to rid our nation of fear and complacency. Let us, therefore, do all we can do to ameliorate our way of life and preserve this glorious liberty for ourselves and our posterity.

Charles A. Roop

ED NOTE! We thank Petty Officer Roop for his contribution. As an additional note of interest, the Nav. Center has available, a publication of Hearings Before The Special Subcommittee on Education concerning campus unrest. We would like to see more of the crew take active interest with today's problems. We therefore urge you, to sit down now, and submit your comments.



" At least you two could have the decency to stop while I'm talking to you".

Uninhibited Lyrics

The first of a series of stories to be
told,
Is one of this Casmar, the brave and the
bold.
No one would think that he would
dare,
Write such a poem, he has not a hair.

But as you can see, in this Polkin'
Along,
The prevert's wit is still going strong.
Nobody could guess, who Casmar could be,
For he is so swift, it's known only to
three

So how do you find this man of lust,
He is so near, you think you could
trust.
He's not so bad looking, but his brains
ajar,
You think he is nothing, but a tub of
lard.

He walks and talks, like any of us,
but his face resembles, and old run down
bus.
His mouth overflows, with wisdom that is
lost,
Because it is actually, little more than
diesal exhaust.

Now if you think you know who Casmar is,
Write your suggestion, and tell it like
it is.
But if your not sure, be careful to
scribe,
Because your name may appear, with a
god-awful lie.

Copernicus

Dime: A chip off the old buck.
Public Speaker: One who talks in other
persons sleep.
Dantist's Office: Filling station.
K.P.: Keep Peeling
Mini-Skirt: Tempt-dress.
Hands: Pot holders.
Coffee: break fluid
Bore: One who keeps you from being
lonely, and makes yuu wish you were.

Man In The Spotlight

This first man in the spotlight
is a Long Islander, from Smithtown, New
York. Lon Freytag graduated from Smith-
town central highschool in 1966. He
worked as a waiter and tended bar in a
resturant in high school and for
1½ years before joining the Navy. in
Jan. 68. Lon's Navy career started at
Great Lakes for boot camp; then to
Dam Neck for 52 weeks of polaris "A"
school and mk 84 fire control system.
From there the Polk snached his bod up
and sent him to the FT gang. Lon plans
on sticking around thru the yards, so
he'll be around for awhile.

He played football and Soccer in
high school. For his hobbies, Lon likes
to mess around with electronics and
mechanics. I hope he doesn't fix his
69 firebird. Lon enjoys hunting but he
says that patrol 13 shot the hell out
of the deer season.

Next we have Stephen Jackson, who
comes to us from the Sam Rayburn.

Steve is from buttermilk, Ind. and
graduated from North Vernon H.S. in 62'

Steve played football and ran the
440, the mile, and the mile relays in
track. He comes from a 225 acre farm
where they raised cows, pigs, chickens,
and had corn in the fields, and oats in
the bin.

Steves Naval career started right
after high school when he went to Great
Lakes to boot camp and ET"A" school.
From there steve went to sub school and
to Dam Neck. After Dam Neck he reported
to the pre-comissioning crew of the Sam
Rayburn, SSBN 635, where he made seven
patrols out of Charleston. Steve then
joined up with us, and has two patrols
to do on here before he gets out.

Steve's hobbies are hunting, fishing
and black powder firearms. He has one
muzzle loader, and wants to start a
collection of them.

Well that about wraps it up for
this week, folks. See ya' here, same time,
same place next week.

Deputy Dawg

Anonymous Verse

It had been a bad watch, and I'd just hit
the rack,
I prayed to the Lord, for just 4 hours
slack.
When what should awake me but the general
alarm,
For some rinky-dink spill drill that
causes no harm.
Dragged out of my rack to blink in the
light,
Pissed off and screaming, "come on COB
lets' fight."

For one cup of water, you disrupt my "ZEEs"
is normal procedure now don EAB's.
"The man " says play the game, don't
cause such a flap,
go back there and decon, just follow
the map.
Dressed up like a baby, I clean up the
splash,
Mumblin' and grumblin', "what a pain in
the ass".

"the man" says the purpose of this misery,
is so we can pass the last NPEB.
We'll pass it we will, if God is alive,
then we'll bag it for CONUS on December
five.
So when the drills have me uptight and just
turn me cold,
I smile and whisper "Merry Christmas Gold".

Exerpt from Eng. Night Orders.....

Evolutions to be conducted prior to NPEB

1. change screw at sea
2. change mcp's
3. initiate XC
4. initiate CRC
5. loss of Eng. spaces
6. Sabotage alert aft
- 7 core melt down
8. Rx poison
- 9, ship destruction

QUOTEABLE QUOTES

" Marriage is a romance, in which the hero
dies in the first chapter."

anonymous

" A woman either loves or hates; she
knowes no medium."

Syrus

HELPFUL HINTS FOR BETTER LIVING

When going to the head for the short
pause, please put up the stool seat.
wetting it down only makes it uncomfort-
able for you shipmates. Also, when sitt-
ing on a set seat, it is very easy to
slip off in rough seas, and hurt yourself.

When you enter the stall of your choice,
check the following:

1. safe, dry seat, for the reasons above
2. A water seal in the stool; for you
may have trouble breaking your eff-
orts lose from the side of the stool,
if there was no water in it to start.
3. Check for toilet paper, for this will
keep classified matter out of the san-
itary tank that you search your pock-
ets for to end your job.
4. Please flush when you are done, other
wise, it will be like going to a table
after you have already goured your-
self.

Love,
Berthing mother

" I've good news for you," said the
psuchiatriist. "You're a well man. It won't
be necessary for you to continue the
analysis any longer."

" How wonderful, doctor," said the
patient. "I'm so very pleased, I wish
there were something special I could do
for you in return."

"Oh, that's not necessary. You've
paid your bill and that's all that's ex-
pected."

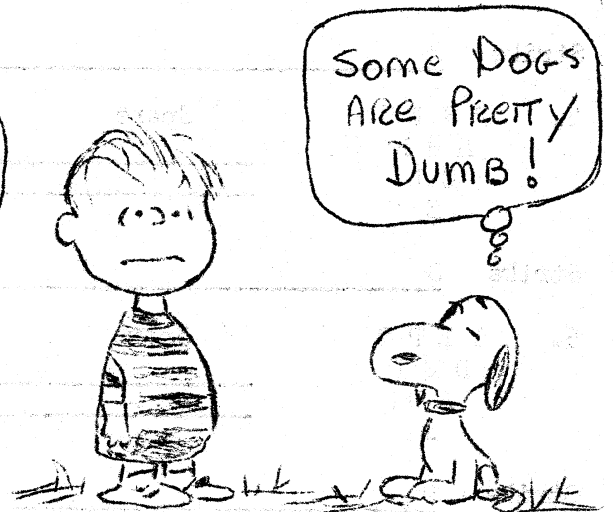
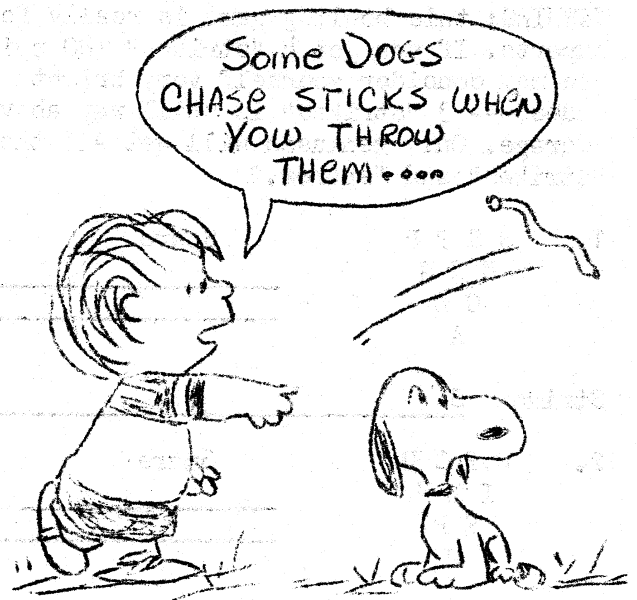
"But really, doctor, I'm so elated
I could kiss you!".

" No, don't do that. Actually, we
shouldn't even be lying here on the couch
together."

"Who from the Executive Dept. was caught
sleeping in manuvering?"

words; conversation pieces
Insomuch; what a hermit is
Time: the stuff between paydays.
Stock Market: Bulls, Bears, and Bum Steers
Kiss: ~~avoided~~ by nothing
Marriage: when a woman turns an old rake
into a lawn mower.

SNOOPY'S Funnies SUNDAY



BOWL-A-SCORE
CHALLENGER

In this bowling game, your "pins" are the groups of letters below. In order to score a "strike", you will have to make one 10-letter word from the 10 scrambled letters in each group. If you can't get one word, try for two words with no leftover letters in the group. This will score as a "spare." We have given you the starting letter for each "strike" word. Give yourself 20 points for each "strike," and 10 points for a "spare" in the scoreboard at the bottom of the page.

WARNING: this bowling game is really for experts. If you get 4 "strikes" (80 points) you may consider yourself very bright indeed--- 3 "strikes" is still way above average. Only geniuses will get ALL the "strikes" and "spares."

1. S S T U Spare
 E N N _____
 C E _____
 A _____

Strike S _____

2. O P S U Spare
 I L N _____
 E H _____
 D _____

Strike U _____

3. P R R S Spare
 E H I _____
 D E _____
 A _____

Strike R _____

4. P S T U Spare
 M N P _____
 E L _____
 E _____

Strike S _____

5. I L P T Spare
 D E I _____
 A D _____
 A _____

Strike D _____

LOGIC PROBLEM
SORT THE SERVICES

The FARleys, Johnsons, and Smiths, who all live in the same apartment building, have something else in common as well: each family has three sons who are currently serving their country in the armed forces. Among the nine young men-- Al, Bert, Carl, Dave, Ed, Frank, George, Harvey, and John (not necessarily listed in the order in which the families have been mentioned)---three of the services are represented, for three are in the Army, three in the Navy, and three members of the Marine Corps. In no case, however, are three boys from the same family all in the same branch of the service. From this information, and the seven clues below, give the young men's full names and the service affiliation of each.

1. Dave, George, and just one of the Smith boys are in the Navy.
2. John, Carl, and one of Carl's brothers are the three in the Army.
3. Frank is not in the Army.
4. No Johnson boy is in the Navy.
5. No Smith boy is in the Marines.
6. Ed and George are brothers, as are Bert and John.
7. Al is in the Marines.

JIFFY QUESTION

Now all this is nonsense, of course, BUT if snow were red, grass were black, the sky brown, blood white, and soot green, WHAT COLOR WOULD YOUR CUP OF COFFEE TURN OUT TO BE ACCORDING TO THE NEW COLOR SCHEME.

Don't miss next week's issue for more thought provokers along with the answers to this week's. Uncle Russ

	1	2	3	4	5	TOTAL
STRIKES						
SPARES						

ACROSS

1. Nylon's predecessor for hosiery
5. Detest
10. Fellow
14. The Bard's river
15. Color transparency
16. Flexible conduit
17. Hard to come by
18. Pictures of natural scenery
20. Popular: 2 wds.
22. A menace
23. Immerse, as a doughnut
24. Stop up
25. Under the most favorable circumstances: 2 wds.
28. Keep from destruction
32. Goddess of vegetation
33. Halt
34. Successful show
35. Stumble
36. Grade
37. Nonsense!
38. Possessor of Midway Island: abbr.
39. Conquerors of Spain in the 8th century
40. Small; dwarfed
41. Private
43. Breakfast food
44. Chore
45. Melody
46. Man of learning
49. Impasse
53. Puts on an act: 3 wds.
55. Competent
56. Small land body
57. Temerity
58. Bellow
59. Touched, as a starting mark
60. Coat fabric
61. Stitched

DOWN

1. Hindu garment
2. "Terrible" Czar
3. _____ High Executioner, in the Mikado
4. Very much involved (in): hyph. wd.
5. Obliquely
6. Free from writing or marks
7. Female red deer
8. Peculiar
9. Unsettled; uneasy
10. _____ account
11. Wish
12. Adrift
13. Nuisance

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14				15					16			
17				18					19			
20			21				22					
23	24	25	26	27		28			29	30	31	
32					33				34			
35				36					37			
38			39					40				
41		42					43					
44	45	46	47	48		49			50	51	52	
53					54				55			
56				57					58			
59				60					61			

19. Selected
21. Rumpled condition
24. Gross
25. Misbehave: 2 wds.
26. Wasting no words
27. Thorny shrub
28. Creamy gem
29. Swiss-French river
30. Panorama
31. Gasoline additive
33. Outer garment
36. Continuous
37. Housebreakers
39. Sad sounds
40. Tear asunder
42. Remained
43. Covered completely
45. Suffice
46. Meat-roasting rod
47. In addition
48. A "_____ of tears," the world
49. Venture
50. Wind instrument
51. Talon
52. American composer, Jerome _____
54. Church seat

Overheard in a fashionable sports-car salon: "This model has a top speed of 155 miles per hour, and she'll stop on a dime."

"What happens then?"

"A small putty knife emerges and scrapes
15 you gently off the windshield."

