

POLKIN ALONG



ONE LIFE -
A LITTLE GLEAM OF
TIME BETWEEN TWO
ETERNITIES.

CARLYLE

RAMBLIN ALONG

After glancing thru "The Chinese Air Force Exercise, Diet and Sex Book", I realized that the Magis Month of November is just around the corner. Merlin the Magician and the Great F00-dini (of Foo-dini and pinhead fame) were born in November, but that's not why its a magic month. Of course the "Theater of the Magic Mushroom" assembles to bring us the fabulous "Psycadellic Players" in all their spendor in October, so some may say that's the magic month, but is isn't because November is. I remember when "Froggy" on the "Uncle Bob" show looked at me and said "Hi ya lads Hi ha", and I knew he was talking to me and only me, because that November is Froggy's birthday, and we know what kind of month it is, don't we. Afterward we would write on the TV screen during the "Rootie-Kazootie" show and would get hell from mom cause we ran out of crayons and used indelible pencil and November couldn't come too fast I'll tell ya!

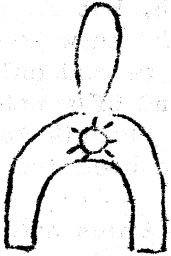
The man at Sears put up the electric trains, the lights and trees and Santa Claus was already in his little shack to see all the little boys and girls; we didn't really believe in him because Mr. Bernstien was under the beard and it was November the magic month so who cared anyway. He gave us twice as much candy for he was a land man and didn't see the toys we "snatched" up by the handful and believe me they were hard to explain when we got home; two weeks later the soldiers and "dinky" toys turned up at the Boys club in the Christmas package for the lads that didn't have much and wouldn't get much on Christmas day. It made us feel good inside although Father Ted somehow, somehow knew where we got em', and said we should bring them back since we were good Irish Catholic boys. He was a Greek. We were happy then with Tummy's full since the Thanksgiving Turkey won delivering the most papers (we shouldn't have kicked Tommy Lynagh's front spokes in) sure tasted good during that brisk and magic month of November.

November is still a magic month for me, and for most of us I think, because that is when we'll be home again with our loved ones, saying that "God, another patrol over"; it really wasn't too bad now that I think back cause I finished that course, and surprizingly found out more about myself, made plans with a clear mind, and learned how to tolerate and accept life just a little bit more. Would ya believe it, I even like that son of a bitch that pissed me off so much in October; he's really not such a bad sort afterall and maybe, just maybe it wasn't all his fault. Hey, that sounds like magic in itself. November is sure some hell of a month, isn't it?

Flatbush Fatty

WHAT IS IT?

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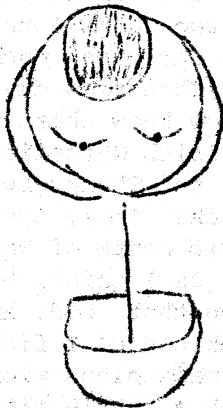
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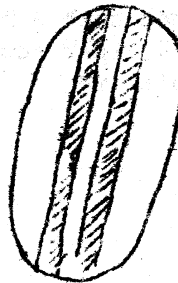
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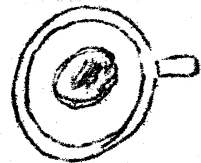
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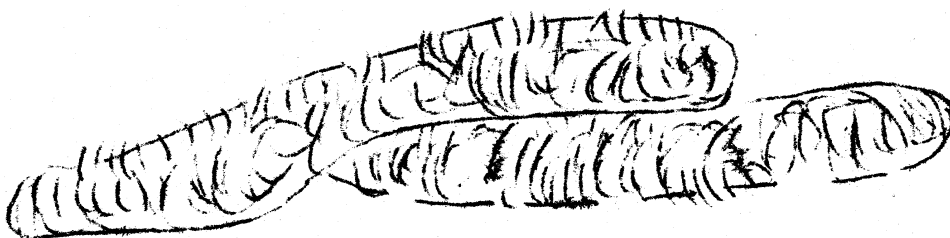
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TO POLKIN ALONG EDITOR

As this is my first patrol aboard the JAMES K. POLK, I was very pleased to see a ships paper. This seems to be a rarity. Keep up the outstanding job.

The point of this letter is however to bring up a question - Has Playboy collapsed?

After seeing the boat for the first time the thought occurred to me where are the pinups? I asked. Boy was that a mistake, I had about 4 people all over me saying they were not allowed. When asked why, they could only shrug their shoulders, roll there eyes up and point upstairs.

Are pinups bad for morale? If Playboy foldouts (in good taste) are lowering morale I hate to think of the condition of the country we are protecting.

To bring up another point. We are encouraged every week to read the CNO messages to find out what changes are being made in the Navy for the enlisted man's good and to make the Navy more attractive as a career. Dosen't it seem odd that a small benefit, like pinups, among 150 grown men, in the middle of the ocean some where, would make things on patrol a little more attractive?

Perhaps the man who formulated "editors Inquisition" is the same as the policy maker for pinups? Could it be true that Miss June is "obscene smut"?

Respectfully
Newcomer

QUOTABLE QUOTES

1. Doctor: "Bresaw, you must lose weight.:
Bresaw: "Doc, its a wise man who builds a shed over his tools."

Sailor when shipping over: "Doing business with you is like wearing a condom. It gives one the feeling of faith, security and safety while getting screwed."

3. Shortimer: Being short in the Navy is just like sex: The closer one comes to his discharge the better it feels.

OVERPOPULATION

Overpopulation is a condition in a country, where there is more people than the country can support. As Americans we don't have to worry about this problem because we have enough of everything. Or do we? Let us look at the problem this way. The population in North America, now, is about 400 million people and it takes approximately 25 years for this country to double its population. In 1995, we will have doubled our population to 800 million people. In doubling our population we will have to double everything we now have like food production, schooling facilities, and housing. If you look around the U.S., you will find places now that are not living up to par. You will find housing shortages in many places and unemployment is there too. Should you worry about these things now? What for, you are working, eating, and somebody will find a solution. Most of us will be grandfathers in twenty-five years and it will be our grandchildren who will not have a place to sleep or enough food to eat. If nothing is done about it now they will have one half of what we have today. I am no advocate of abstinence by a long shot or even cutting down on what I do get but I do believe in being careful when I do. Birth control is a touchy subject today for religious reasons and sometimes morally but weigh the consequences of 800 million people living on one half of what we have today. Think about it -- one half of what we have today.

THE BINK

WHAT A WATCH
GUESS WHO

Now her's the story and the way that it went
of how our hero, his patients now spent.

Did royalty, unknowingly have the watch in a tatter
and no one could see what the hell was the matter.

Trash in the passageway, El Supremo can't pass
Nearly slipped on peeling and fell on his ass.

So he called to the conn and put down the rule
your TDU prac. facts are long overdue.

Battery charge in progress, all systems go
He screwed up and shifted all fans to slow
He stands on the conn, face is now red
and wishes to hell that he could drop dead

Well thats not all folks, theres more to it yet.
Lee Helm made reports with a damm cigarette
The conn and all of his impotent powers
couldn't stop this all happening in hours.

Sometimes he sits in a wondering state
And can't figure out why he's always so late
So cheer now Big "G", its like fish to the bait
Did it ever occur to you that its fate.

TO CHRISTIANS EVERYWHERE (ESPECIAL ON POLK)

A few words from your Catholic and Protestant Lay leaders. We would like to remind you of Lay Leader Services being held each Sunday at 0900 for Catholic Services, and 1000 for Protestant Services, in the after end of the crew dinette. Occasionally for something different we arrange for a common interdenominational service; when we do you will be notified through our POLK Paper, "PolkIn Along". Most of us spend sometime paying homage to God on Sundays while we are away from the Ship and at home. Don't let being aboard ship keep you from spending a few minutes at a semi-formal service thanking God for our many benefits and well being. Come to the Services of your choice this Sunday. See You There.

A LITTLE NOTE FROM RADIO:

Does Mr. Oliver always demonstrate his advanced technical knowledge of the communications systems by using both hands to change frequency on the R-390 when the dial "Lock" is applied to the freq change knob?

Dear Winnie,

I have a serious problem with my prostrate; it keeps prostrating all the time, especially when I hear running water like in a shower. The other day they were draining the Coffee pot and I started to walk in jerks. Please help me.

J.J. Testes.

Dear Mr. Testes,

Try to get in the habit of just taking a shower when you go to take a shower. If that doesn't work try wearing earmuffs when ever you find yourself in an environment where this criteria is met. If this doesn't work you better hope to hell it isn't raining when we get off the buses upon our arrival at CONUS.

Sincerely

Winnie.

Dear Winnie,

I keep finding cucumber ships under my pillow, and last night there was a banana pepper. If I find a prune tomorrow, I'll just die. Please hear my plea's

Hot & Sticky

Dear Hot & Sticky,

I'd check around and see if I had any Secret admirers that just happen to be Gardners by Trade.

Yours truly,

Winnie.

Dear Winnie,

I have this problem of an oversized organ. You might think this as not being a problem but it sure is. All the women want me just for one reason and thats all. I can't find anyone that wants me because I'm just me. Just the other day I had a man proposition me. I really can't believe that this is all people think about. Is it?

Sincerely

Hot Dog

Dear Hot Dog,

I find it very disturbing and replusive to hear of our fellow human beings behaving in this manner. I an certain that your experiences are all coincidental. Your physical size should have nothing to do with what type of person you are. I suggest you find a new social group to be with.

Understanding

Winnie

P.S. I LOVE YOU.

Dear Winnie,

I have this problem that no matter what I look at I can find some resemblance of a woman or tie it in with a woman in some way. Its driving me crazy. I can't cleep and my mind is always on women. Is there anyway I can become interested in something else temporarily just to relieve my troubled mind.

Turthfully

Frustrated

Dear Frustrated,

You're no different than the rest of the personel on board. We all have this problem and overcome it in different ways. Some read, some exercise, and some are content to just plain suffer. Myself I read and exercise and that seems to do the trick. At least it does the trick until we have canned half pears for breakfast. Did you ever really take a good look at them.

Same as you

Winnie

DEJA VU

Tiny gleam of blue flame lit
 Peering down into thy deep well,
 What might I see with eyes eager.
 A vision lain out naked before me
 Stretching out a thousand miles
 Yet encompassed in a glance.

That image -- will it speak
 Casting off its harlequin mask.
 You smiling plain: are you a mimic of my own existence.
 Familiarity gulls me, draws me closer.
 My hand extends touching your distance.
 Your deep blue flame cools my burning sight.

A flicker and you are gone
 Leaving only numb nostalgia,
 Yet somehow warm.
 How deep an I or how shallow,
 Hale you from grounds primordial or from cynical certainty,
 Diving as the dolphin
 Or burrowing under the skin to taste only of my flesh.

THE MYSTIC

WANT AD:

Anyone having an extra poopie suit (size large), please contact me as soon as possible. I have been wearing the same one since we left and it is getting dirty. I stand LLER watches. M DIV would greatly appreciate all you could do for me in expanding my wardrobe to even 2 or 3 dirty poopie suits.

Goose Tatum

CHEROKEE JOE's SLOP SHOP

SCALLOP STEW SUPREME

| INGREDIENTS | AMOUNT | DIRECTIONS |
|-------------------|-----------|---|
| Scallops | 15 | 1. Boil rapidly in 3 gal. water for 15 minutes. |
| Fish Fillets | 2 | |
| Milk; nonfat, dry | 3 lbs 4oz | 2. Reconstitute milk; heat to just below boiling. |
| Water, Warm | 3 1/2 gal | |
| Butter | 2lbs 8 oz | 3. Add butter and seasonings to milk. Mix well. |
| Pepper, Black | 2 tsp. | |
| Salt | 4 oz | 4. Add scallops and fish and serve immediately. |

This week we go foreign for our entr'ee of the year. It tastes excellent, but looks like the inside of a ---- well anyway; but who knows, some of those taste pretty good too!

WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT

Many things have been said in recent years about the problem of career retention and its probable causes. Now at long last a man appears on the scene who is interested in cures for the problem as well as causes and is in a position to do something about it, one Adm. E.R. Zumwalt.

His orders thus far have been directed toward giving the navyman some of the things he has long desired, more privileges and freedom and less petty B.S.

However, one man cannot do the job alone, regardless of his position. Each individual command should take the initiative in helping to create a better, happier service; for it is the command that is most effected by the loss of trained personnel.

The following are a few suggestions which could improve the morale and a attitude of our own ship:

1. The muster during the off-crew could be scheduled for 1100 or 1130, so that anyone having the afternoon off need not loiter aimlessly in the office or in some local off base establishment until 1300. Also, why not have a walk-in muster on the Fridays when there is no crew lecture scheduled?
2. Why require a man on liberty to wear a uniform into the office during the training period? The odds are pretty good that he is there to pick up his pay check, his mail or to transact some minor business of short duration. There is nothing wrong with wearing the uniform but why should it be a requirement to gain entry to the ships office?
3. In the area of training, why should a man be sent to the same schools over and over again? These schools are beneficial to the new and/or relatively inexperienced man; but what about the man who is fully qualified, has been to the school (probably more than once), and has just spent 3 months living with the equipment. Would not the qualified man's time be better spent applying his talent and energy to activities such as PACE or, when possible, to a local college? The benefits would be at least twofold: one, the individuals own education; two, the individuals increased value to the service because of his increased level of knowledge.
4. Evaluate a man more by his performance and less by his appearance - regardless of whether or not the man's appearance conforms to the personal standards of the evaluator. The above are my own feelings of how life aboard POLK could be made easier.

Fat Fonda

LITTLE SNAKE STRIKES

For a long time little snake has slithered around this sewer pipe. Trampled, and torn, and relentlessly molested, now I finally turn with hissing lips to strike at my natural enemy. Coiled up in my burrough last week, half asleep, I heard the phone ring. It was my third obscene phone call in 2 hours. The decidedly disguised voice on the other end lewdly informed me that it desired my body and went into some scale raising descriptions of the horrid and deviate pleasures to be derived from my cold carcass. What a degenerate. I'm a snake but even I could not stoop so low. Since the foul deed, I have contemplated its originator. Could have been the syphaletic Old Indian squaw. What a num num- One of these days he'll be laying on the track, with his ear to the iron rail listening to some of the latest smut, and be run over by an iron horse. Sliding across the desert sands and through the forest, I search for the retarded commanche tirelessly waiting for an opportunity to strike. Maybe old indian swings through jungle as his other nickname suggests (huh george). George of Jungle Swing through forest yodeling and running into trees. But let old indian beware. If he grab vine and vine not be vine but be little snake, he get bit on knuckles. No one escapes the wrath of little snake. The old indian goggle eye frog who squats in the big pond on the hill has also had the dick. Old goggle-eye the looney tune prune and part time QM, just squats in the mud and croaks when I pass. Froggy and I have fought but the Crimson Croaker will soon be croaking from San. 1 if he doesn't quit fuckin with little snake. He'll probably feel right at home there. Happy as a frog in shit.

Hatchet Face has irrevocably refused to be in the play. Maybe he's grown to old and delbert. I can say this for him; his face makes people laugh and feel better off. Not too bright for a hatchet.

Boy, there's still a little life in MCC. They jumped back and spit indignantly at the article which I (disguised as the Great Pumpkin) helped the Beast and the Worm scheme up. Wonder if the spineless cooks will attack this week.

Heard McDanny Boy took papugala for everything the fish had and even took his tennis sneakers. Teach papuga to play sharp card with card sharp.

Johnson parachuted into batt. well without parachute. Most sonarmen would have just drifted down but johnson drifts like a lead slug.

Seems control has been taken over by sky pilots and I mean sky. They seem so happy to flounder around on the surface.

The Eng. has had his night order book broken by skilled technicians. He got his new record book back smashed, dipped in bilge water, covered with lewd and suggestive figures, but worst of all with a nudie taped up inside and labeled "The Eng's Sister". Maybe he commented it in his next set of night orders but no one knows. We can't read his writing.

Mickey Merritt, that famous baseball star, has struck out again. He tried so hard to find 076 on his bingo card and was silly enough to spread the word he'd been fished in. I haven't seen it in my wanderings but I've heard he bought a brand new sweat machine. Chugs and putt putts for 5 minutes and suddenly let out with a whistle and floods the galley in pure unmitigated sweat.

The Mad Mexican and the blond TexMex put out some tacos a while back. They weren't great tacos but at least the two chicanos usually put out.

I have met the Great Grits and can honestly say "A monkey and a football couldn't fuck each other the way he does himself.

Well, time for little snake to slither away until next week. Watch out for him.

The little snake

MOVIE REVIEW

SUNDAY 4 OCT. The Producers

Broadway producer Zero Mostel is broke and tries to get money by playing romantic games with little old women like Estelle Windwood. When accountant Gene Wilder arrives to audit Mostel books. They scheme to over-produce with an enormous over-welling of shares in a properly guaranteed to flop. They find such a property in a musical called "Springtime for Hitler". They hire a homosexual director and a hippie for the lead. The play is so bad it succeeds and Wilder and Mostel end up producing shows in the state pen. Good Flick with some laughs.

MONDAY 5 OCT: Twisted Nerve.

Hywell Bennett, a Mongal, often reverts to a childlike state and during one of these regressions meets Hayley Mills. She is kind to him, he follows her home and shows up some time with an elaborate excuse about his father being away and needing a place to stay. Miss Mills mother who runs a boarding house takes him in. One night he kills his father with a pair scissors. At the Mills house he proceeds to get strange, exposing himself at a picnic and having fits of jealousy. While Healey is in London, her mother gets averly affectionate with Bennett, who chops her up with an axe. When Hayley returns home, she is t-apped by Bennett, who reveals his weird desires to her. 4.0 if you like the blood. ***

TUESDAY 6 OCT: Borgia Affair.

Surprise.

WEDNESDAY 7 OCT:

Smugglers send Samantha Jones to courier a musical doll filled with heroin to N.Y.. She gives the Zimbalist who takes it home to his blind wife. Master criminal, Alan Arkin, and his partner devise a scheme to recover the doll through torchering Audrey Hepburn. She goes along with the plan and helps search for the doll. It shows up, however when the child from upstairs returns it. Hepburn with the aid of the child set up a series of signals which reveal the treachery of the men. Arkin kills his partners and starts out after Hepburn even though badly wounded. The girl escapes death by the death of Arkin himself 4.0

THURSDAY 8 OCT: Far From the Madding Crowd

Julie Chrestie inherits a large farming and achieves independence. When Alan Bates loses his farm he is hired by Julie as a shepherd. Terence Stamp pursues Julie relentlessly, and she is attracted by his spirit. At the same time however, she flirts with wealthy Land owner Peter Finch, who now wants to marry Julie. Bates helps her when a thunderstorm threatens to destroy her crops. Bates tells Julie that he plans to go to California for a new start. She now fully realizes her love for him. 3.5 ***

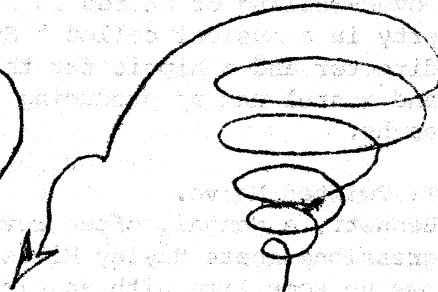
FRIDAY 9 OCT: How to commit marriage.

Just as the seemingly happy Benson (Bob Hope) and (Jane Wyman) one about to be divorced, their daughter comes home with a prospective husband, and for her sake they put up a false front of togetherness. But the grooms father (Jackie Gleason) a pop-music promoter halts the marriage at the church with the news of the forth coming divorce. The disillusioned couple forgo marriage and go on tour with one of Gleasons combos. Pregnancy finally solves the various family problems and they all live respectfully ever after. Should be a goody with both Bob Hope and Jackie Gleason.

"CYCLING"

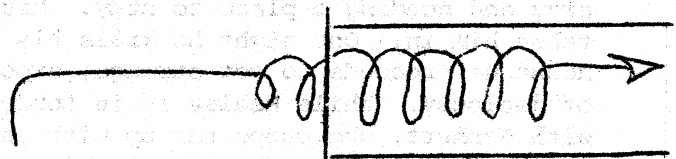
PASSING THE CONN

HaHaHaHaHaHHH
WATCH OUT FOR THAT TREE



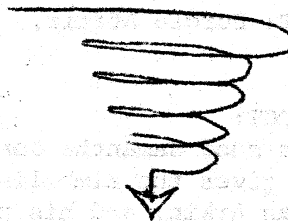
THINGS TO DO

HEY, IT'S YOUR TURN TO
SHOOT A WATER SLUG



PASSING BY SONAR

IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE
JUST DROPPED THE HATCH
TO THE BATTERY WELL



WHAT LURKS IN THE SHADOWS?

BLINK



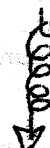
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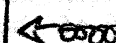
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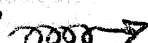
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BLINK



BUNK



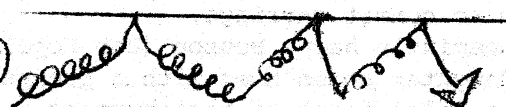
SAFE AND SOUND

YOU KNOW, WHILE I WAS SPENDING
TIME PUTTING UP THESE SECURITY SIGNS
SOMEONE WALKED OFF WITH MY CHART!



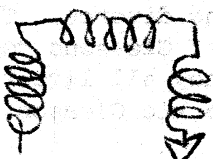
REPORTING ABOARD

WELL THERE'S SOMEBODY
NEW IN THE NAVCENTER
AGAIN



LOST AND FOUND

DID YOU FIND THE KEYS
TO THE SEACHEST YET?



THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN NEMO

My life on this planet began in the earth year of 1487 when my space craft crashed landed off the shore of a place I later found out was named Spain. I was on a routine exploration of this solar system and was about to start the journey home when my thermo molecular structure changer fouled up and I had to come down.

I disguised my ship as a large rock and swam ashore, and started walking. As I walked, or rather limped along because I didn't have my shoes, I began to make plans for repairs on my ship. The metal I needed for the part was called Metafloragas-Tinanium and was found only in the Northe Western Hemisphere. This is where my trouble really began, because due to a superstitious belief, now get this, these earthlings were so dumb they thought the earth was flat and if they sailed too far out they went off the edge. Now I ask you how could anyone believe anything like that. And then a brilliant idea came to me.

About six hours and a couple of sore feet later, I came across the first local yokel. He was frightened at first, but I assured him I wasn't going to eat him and he decided I was a harmless fool. I found out that he too believed the world was flat, so I hypnotised him to believe the world was round and that he was just the man to prove it.

So, the next day chris, the earthlings name, got me some regular clothes, and we set off for the Queen's palace. After two days of waiting, we finally got to see her, and I asked her if she could lend us some ships and men, and we could prove the world was round and bring back fantastic riches. It seemed she was having some troubles with some mormons, or something like that, that were trying to take over her country, and couldn't spare the men or ships.

Well, I made her a deal that is, that I'd get rid of the morons for her if she'd supply my demands. She agreed and I sat out alone to find the Chief moron. I found him a few weeks later, and convinced him that he didn't like Spain and he was better off in the desert, anyway, so he left and went home.

I went back to the Queen for her to fulfill her part of the deal. Well it seemed she'd grown kind of fond of our hero and didn't want to see him go sailing off the edge of the world. It took her four years to put together the men for only three ships. This was beginning to cycle me, even though my back pay was piling up. The thing that was getting to me was the people were so stupid and backward that I couldn't stand it. So, one night I kidnapped chris, and figured that once we got to sea he'd forget all about his lady love. Sure enough he was so busy trying to keep from sailing off the edge of the world he forgot all about her. I had another "pep talk" with him, and he calmed down.

After about seventy days at sea, land was sighted and we anchored about a hundred yards off shore and got ready to take shore leave.

When we got ashore, we were met by some really weird natives that thought we were gods or something.

I said good-bye to chris and the guys, and set off to find the metal I needed. I figured it would be a few years till I could locate the exact spot where it was, because I'd forgotten my spectrographic maps. By the time I was ready to return, I'd be able to get a return trip back to Spain.

The story of how I found the metal I wanted wasn't in the new world. But in the center of Africa, and of how I finally made it home, and why I came back is in my later book entitled "My trip home" or "What did I ever do to deserve this".

by Captain Nemo

THE OLD SMUT PEDDLER

We heard that the eng. got caught in the head with his pants down and no shit paper. Craig Howell got a good laugh at that one.

George Pierce polished his film badge and presented it for inspection with LLOPS.. The only discrepancy was that George was not there to present it personally.

Nick Verno found that it was wasire to blow #3 sanitary into the head than to sea. (Not as much pressure). Must not have smelled to good though.

Chief Scott would like Goldie to stop leaving coffee cups in E&E.

Who secured the fans during the battery charge the other night? Anything for a field day.

Hunter has given up smoking. Please help him stop. Dont give him a cigarette.

Even Ray Monroe is growing his hair long. He must not want to be mistaken for someone else.

George Schnebli dropped his logs in the Machinery 2 bilge mung.

Tim Erskine doesn't wear regulation belts.

Do you remember Doug Owen? Take a look at Hunter Brownings hair and see if you can find any resemblance.

Goose Tatum says " Speed Kills".

Olie likes to milk jobs by screwing up amphinols. He must have been trained by Munemitsu.

Who forgot to field day the fan room. The COB was more concerned with getting people up in bearthing.

Does Jim Ficke really read the writings of Adm. Rickover? We heard that he covered the book with a "Last of the Mountain Men" cover so no one would know he was reading Adm. Rickover. Nice try Jim.

If Mr. Oliver gets two weeks basket leave for fixing the O2 analyzer than beware. Your division officer may try to fix xome of your gear.

Most of the people who wear film badges were saddened to see the pretty young virgin with blue bellbottoms leave P-39 in Machinery 2. Oh where can she be, Why did she leave?

Who gave Diesel Dan Stroup the know in the side of his head. We heard it was one of the stewards. Is that true?

Shy is Charlie Smith going around acting like a chicken?

Why did the clock in AMR1 stop? Did someone think it was self winding?

Does Leak-teck cheat at parcheesi?

Charlie Tuna decorated the chow hall deck with a bowl of barbeque beef chunks the other night.

Is it true the last thing IC-DIV did this patrol was relieve the Gold crew?

Check thier work log.

Thanks to the crew for keeping up the good work and giving us something to write about.

THE YOUNG INDIAN

The young indian not wise like old indian, but him try hard. From the goat herd over the hill come story of herd runt. It seem him not satisfied with the grazing. He not realize that if he not complain so much and eat more, maybe him not be runt of herd. Out young indian only speculate, he not wise in the way of goats. Young indian wonder what goat runt be when him grow into manhood.

Also to the ears of young indian come tale of new brave who walk into the chiefs council house with robe not buttoned all the way and blow evil fume of cigarette in face of number one chief before make report. No. 1 chief think sunny but other chiefs not have humor. Number two chief run like wild wolf to little wigwam on hill and tell darken ship to have council with all the little braves. Now all little brave must wear dark blue loin cloth and have shiny moccasin, Must also make sure hair is -raided and all hair on face have been plucked. Now much discontent among little braves and number two chief smile between toothless gums. From the goat herd also come tale of head goat who threaten brave of council with number one chief if him not take off beads. Old goat not appreciate things of beauty that make brave on big canoe happy. Young indian hear from little snake that evil spirit who live in coffee pot make it taste like water downstream of bra-e who piss up stream. Also hear from little snake that evil spirit brother to squaw that make the pie of lemon taste like embers of great council fire. Young indian get information that father of all delinquents soon become war brave. Wonder if him sit in council with other brave and watch magic light on screen, or sit in lower wigwam and play game of numbered papers. Young indian must now get sleep to make strong to face the coming sun and pretend he like being war brave.

Young brave

THE NEXT CHANGE ???

The high level of training has finally paid off for thoes behind 85 -- They don't have their spaces unfit for inspection.. Good work guys.

Why does TM-1 Wetback get so uptight at inspections???
Does he not want to play the game of hide the trash.

For the nonquals - How can we snorkel with no headvalve and the bridge access hatch unable to open?

CRYPTOGRAMS

THIS WEEK

GANG!

1. HNZEKFB NFK HLFxKFB
HJL EJZGX RLGKC QFLHB
LG EFN CB.

2. CFAN F CGMKPA RGCFA
RBQQ HQFBC LOFL TOK
BT "MPKTTLBLXLK".

3. JTBEPIVI CZJF CTKS
EFLV SXZJLEPTV PB
PIVTKLVJS

4. PBWVG KBCGNHJT
CKBVN KRHJT PZCJM
CZR VGVWWX PBVJF
ZRQCZMG.

Lots of Luck!

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

BY THE NAVIGUESSOR

THE TOP TWENTY

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Ohio State | 11. Arkansas |
| 2. Texas | 12. Auburn |
| 3. Stanford | 13. U.C.L.A. |
| 4. Notre Dame | 14. West Virginia |
| 5. U.S.C. | 15. Georgia Tech |
| 6. Nebraska | 16. Penn State |
| 7. Mississippi | 17. Alabama |
| 8. Colorado | 18. Arizona State |
| 9. Michigan | 19. North Carolina |
| 10. Air Force | 20. Missouri |

Penn State's unbeaten string of 31 games came to an end last Saturday at Colorado with a 41-13 trampling. Texas has a 22 game winning streak.

Now for this weekend's predictions. The overall average is .750 so far this season.

IN THE TOP TEN

Ohio State over Duke
Texas over UCLA in a close one
Stanford over Purdue
Notre Dame over Michigan State
U.S.C. over Oregon State
Nebraska over Minnesota but there could be an upset here
Alabama over seventh-ranked Mississippi
Colorado over Kansas State
Michigan over Texas A&M
Air Force flies over Colorado State.

NOW FOR SOME OTHER QUESESSES:

El Supremo's Harvard over Rutgers
Connecticut over New Hampshire
Miami of Florida over Maryland
Clemson over Georgia Tech
Tennessee over Army
West Virginia over Indiana
Penn State over Wisconsin
Washington State over Oregon
and last but not least Washington over Navy.

If you favorite game was not listed just let me know and I'll take a stab at it.

THE NAVIGUESSOR.

THE GUN NUT

THE 68 GUN LAW:

According to one anti-gun statement: "Though only one quarter of all firearms owned in the United States are handguns, they are used in three quarters of the homicides." This shock statement is meant to scare the socks off the reader but in all truth the same precise statement can be made, but in different words and the implication completely switched. Namely: 99.982 percent of all hand guns are not used for homicides! Or: .018 percent of all handguns are used for homicides. All it takes is some basic arithmetic and the desire to get at the truth to prove the validity of these points.

Taken piece by piece, the anti-statement is that one quarter of the firearms in the U.S. are handguns, and that there are 100 million privately owned firearms. This of course is a law estimate. To use more correct figure of around 300 million firearms would make our point even stronger, so let's stay with their figures. This means then that there are 25 million handguns. These, it is claimed, are used in three fourths of the homicides. (Again open to contradiction, but let's stay with their figures). Since firearm homicides totaled fewer than 6,000 the handgun figured in 4,500 cases. That is, 4,500 handguns out of 25 million figured (in some way) in a homicide. That, statistic twisted, is where you get your 99.982 percent or .018 percent depending on your bent. With the juggling of statements removed, the big scare statement fizzles to a fractional percentage which is so small as to pass neither danger nor worry to the vast majority of americans. Bet the facts - then think for yourself.

Facts taken from Guns and Arms. September 1970

Snuffy smith

GUN SMITH

In answer to all the demands from last weeks article I made my mind up to write again this week anyway. About the 270 being better than the 243 win. I can't agree - it is just bigger and I think there is enough over kill going around.

This week I will try and select the "Brush Gun". The problem is getting the deer with the first shot, because there may not be another and the brush is so thick a high velocity bullet will ne-er make it pass the first twig. The solution 35 REM, muzzle velocity 2,400 feet per second with 1,920 foot pounds of energy. It works like the 45 cal. pistol in that it moves slow and hits like a ton of lead on the target. The 35 REM is good on deer, mountain lion, black bear, jaguar and anything else you can get close to. On my list of manufactures there is only one rifle that meets my list of requirements of affability, reliability and looks and that is the Marlin Model 336C at \$105.00. A great brush gun and easy to handle.

Yours in sportsmanship
Snuffy Smith

Answers To "What is it?"

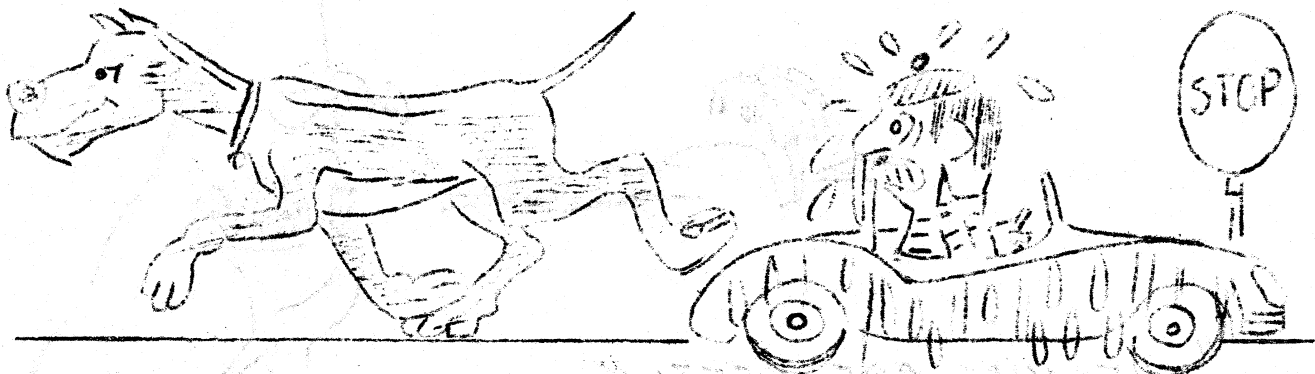
- 10 SOUTH VIEW OF A NORTHBOUND DOG.
- 20 SNAKE WITH HICCUPS.
- 30 CATS NOSE IN MOUSE'S HOLE
- 40 BRESAW PISSING INTO URINAL
- 50 PETER PAUL AND MARY
- 60 COTE TRYING TO SNEAK AROUND CORNER
- 70 ELEPHANT GRAZING IN TALL GRASS
- 80 MR. LUCAS AS SEEN THRU WATERTIGHT DOOR.
- 90 RESIDUE OF HOT CHOCOLATE IN BOTTOM OF CUP
- 100 CATERPILLERS MAKING LOVE
- 110 FENG'S TEETH MARKS ON MANUVERING DESK LIGHT.



"THE KIDS ARE GETTING TOO BIG FOR THE POUCH!"

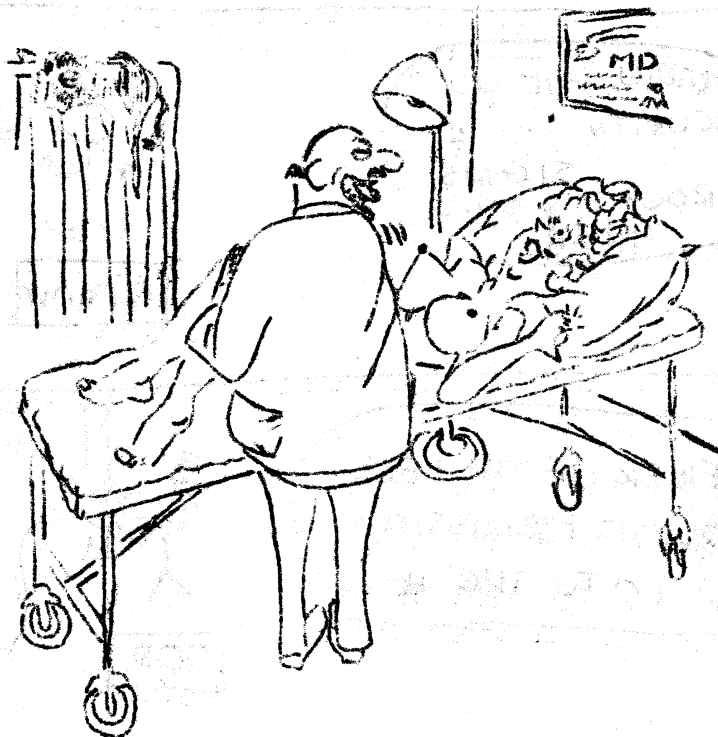
HERE'S LAST week's ANSWERS

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P | R | O | P | R | E | D | O | B | B | G | U | N |
| L | A | H | R | A | R | A | L | A | R | O | S | E |
| U | N | I | O | N | C | A | R | D | B | O | O | T |
| S | T | O | R | I | E | S | P | L | A | U | D | I |
| R | A | N | D | F | R | O | N | O | N | A | | |
| W | H | I | T | E | B | R | O | N | C | N | O | G |
| H | O | V | E | C | O | E | G | R | I | E | V | E |
| O | L | E | G | O | O | D | S | H | O | T | | |
| S | Y | R | I | A | N | S | P | A | C | E | C | A |
| L | E | F | T | B | A | N | K | H | O | E | | |
| C | I | S | E | L | E | O | D | D | H | I | N | D |
| O | R | T | S | T | Y | L | E | G | A | L | E | S |
| L | O | A | D | T | O | T | H | E | R | D | | |
| O | N | T | A | R | I | O | G | O | L | D | C | U |
| R | O | L | L | O | H | A | N | D | S | H | A | K |
| T | R | E | E | S | O | R | A | N | A | R | E | A |
| V | E | R | S | E | O | C | T | A | T | E | S | T |

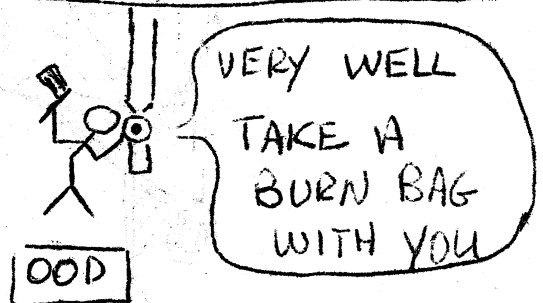
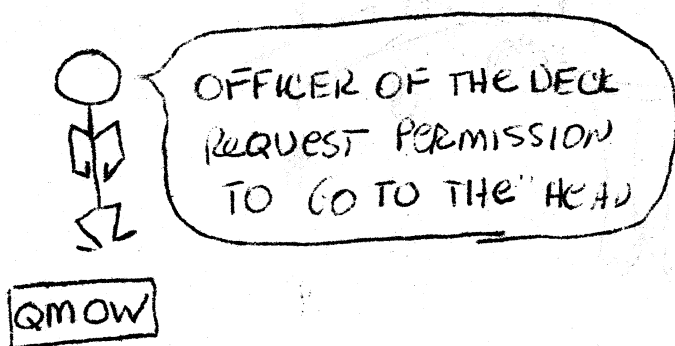
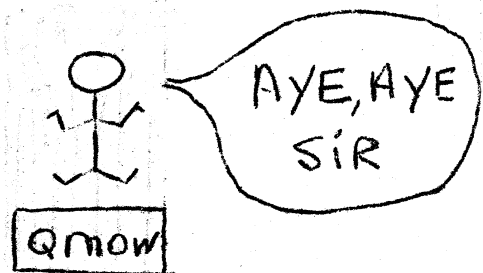
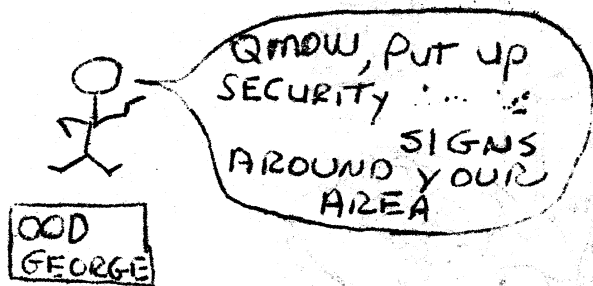
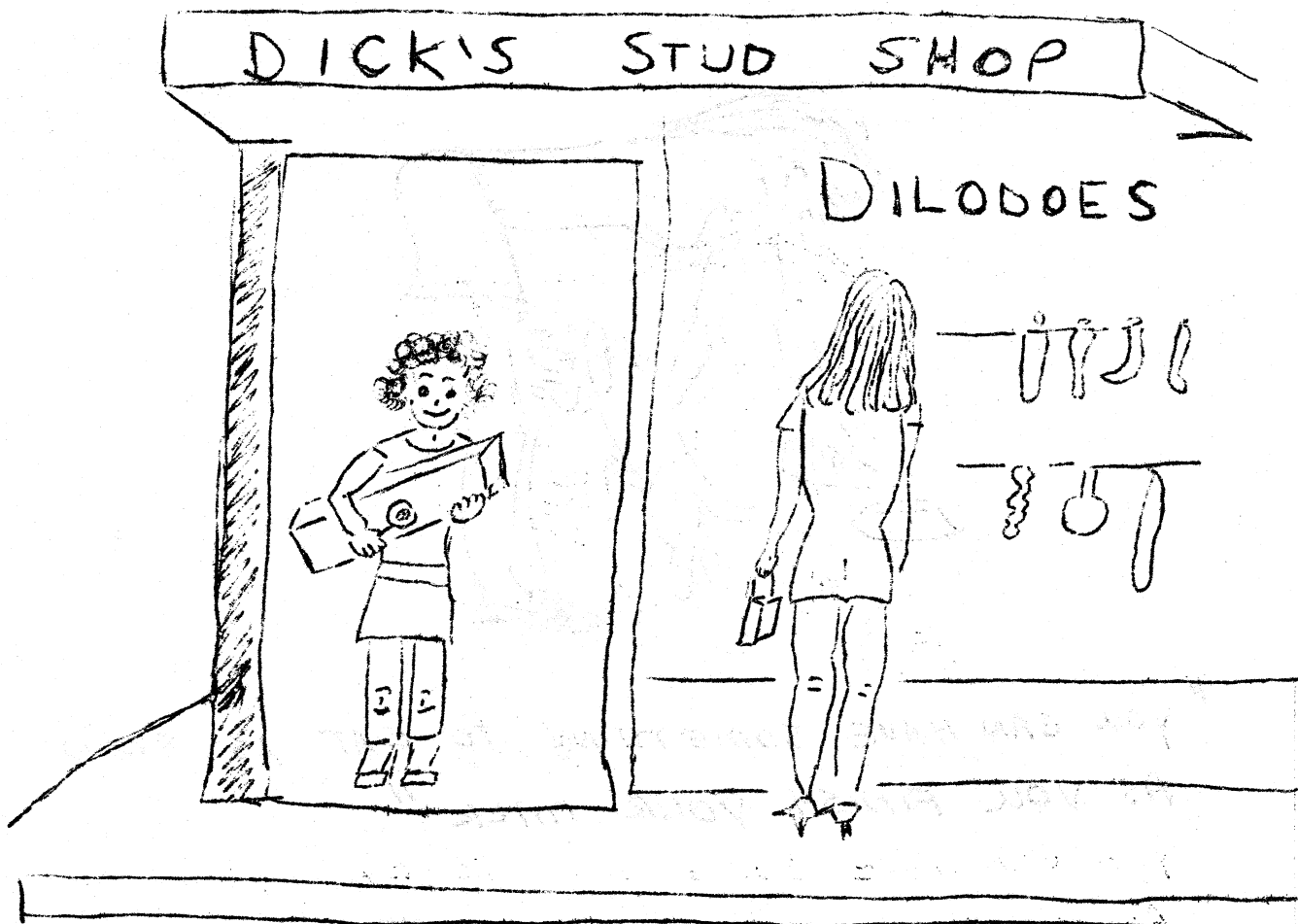


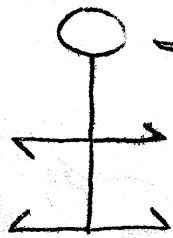


" YOU CAN HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT AS SOON
AS YOU FINISH YOUR MILK "

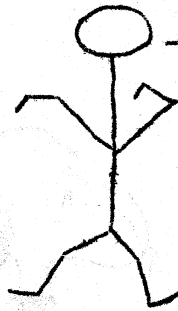


" THAT'S NOT MY PULSE
DOCTOR "

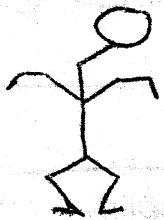




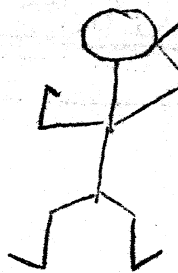
HEY GOLDIE, I
THOUGHT THEY
ONLY HELD
SCHEDULED DRILLS
ON TUESDAYS
AND THURSDAYS



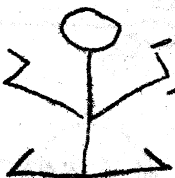
THAT'S RIGHT,
BUT WSRT'S
AREN'T
SCHEDULED



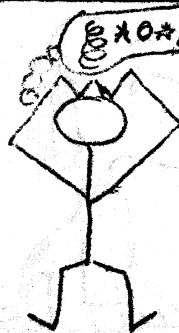
THEY'RE NOT!
BOY, THOSE SNEAKY
GUYS SURE FOOLED
US



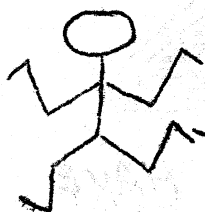
WHAT
SNEAKY
GUYS?



WHY THE CAPT.
AND X.O. !
I'LL CATCH
THEM PLANNING
IT NEXT TIME

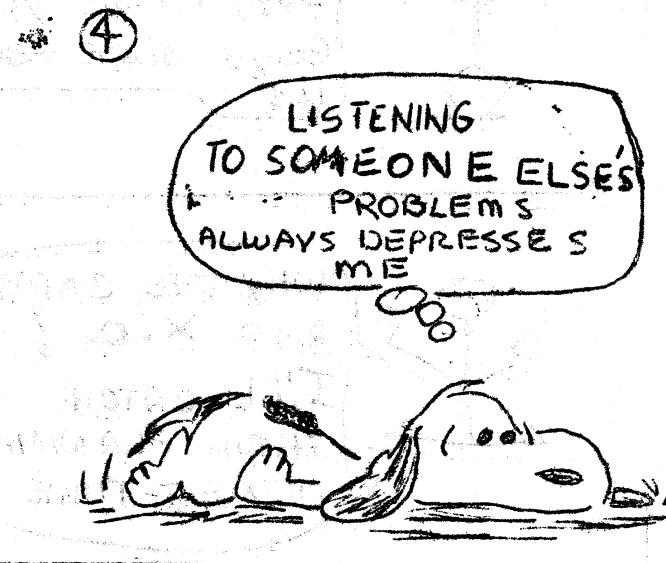
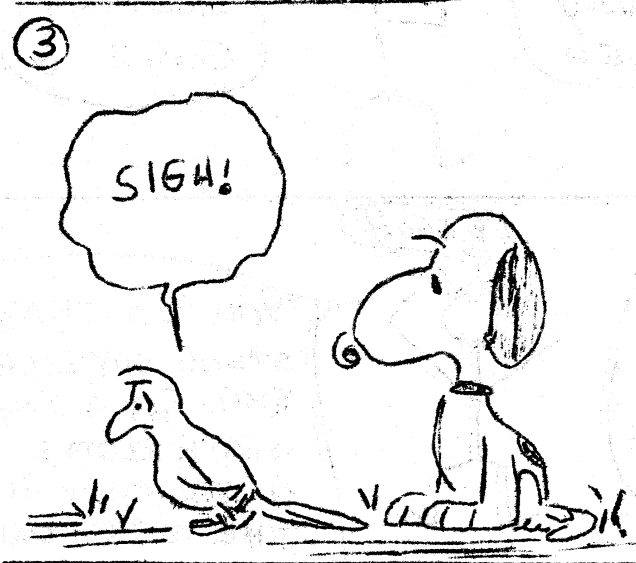
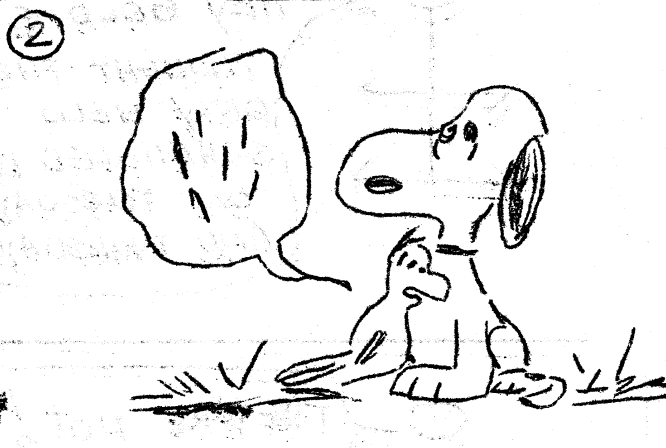
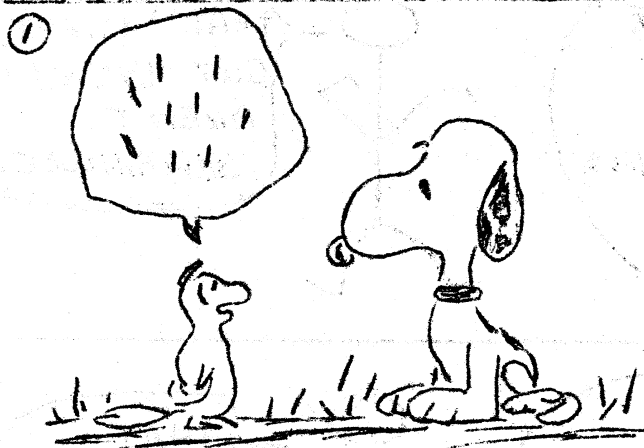


YOU DO THAT.
STAND OUTSIDE
THE CO. AND X.O.
STATE ROOMS
UNTIL THEY PLAN
THE NEXT ONE
AND BE SURE
TO TELL ME



O.K. GOLDIE
YOU ARE A
NICE GUY TO
LET ME CATCH
THEM ON THE
NEXT WSRT

NOW I ASK YOU?
IS THIS REALLY
TRUE!



GOLDIES
GETTIN'
SHORT!

GOLDIES
GETTIN'
SHORT!



