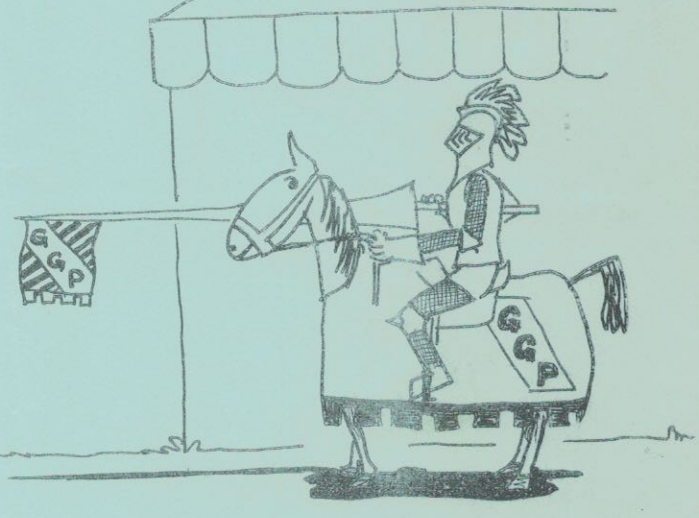
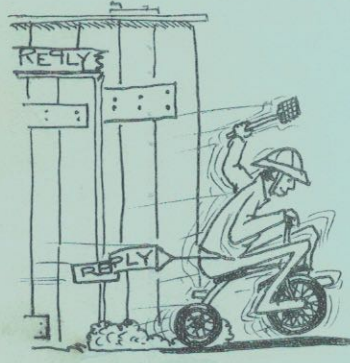
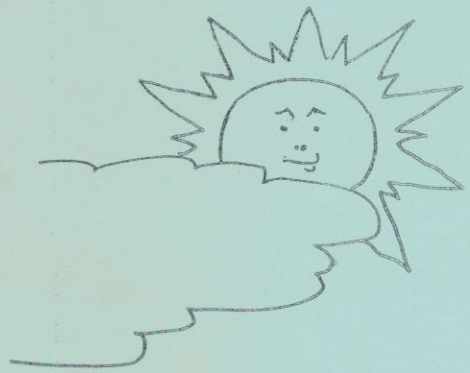


SHAFT

VOL. XXXV
ED. #3



↑
MOAT

EDITORIAL

Great Gods! another Ty. Mc has hit the press - this time under the guise of the Reply. Well it's good to see someone taking an interest, but it may not last long. I found it unique how a paper's editor could say "we're not out to get anyone" in one line then commence his own mud-flinging campaign in the next. Well, public consternation will have its effect. As least the SHAFTE does what it says it will do and it's readers know what to expect.

This week's SHAFTE has a variety of articles. Some the usual smut, and others are replies to which we feel were personal slams. Unfortunately, we cannot and will not reply for everyone who was slammed in the Reply. I think in a very short time that the staff of the Reply will learn that we don't live in a glass house and that we throw rocks not stones. Obviously this is what they want so why not give it to them -- we of the SHAFTE are always obliging.

P.S. By the way Satch,
click is spelled clique.

Ad Infinitum Dinki,
the scribe

This week's wonderful "I do it right the first time" award goes to none other than B. J. Thomas - primarily because he's such a cry-baby.

The SHAFT regrets not having mentioned B. J. for honorable mention last week - sorry, but we had more important things to do then to try to keep score on your screw up record.

This award is given not because of any special talent, but because of an unconscienious effort on B. J.'s part to maintain a zero record of ever having done anything right. B. J., we want you to know that you really don't deserve this coveted award, but we're giving it to you to shut you up and hope you'll go back to ferryland where we'll be semisafe again.

Oh B. J., you'll have to get the award from Chiefs Brown and Berdette, they still have it and might let it go for a song or two, but give it back on Friday - you'll had your chance

SHAFT STAFF



(NOBODY'S EVER WON IT)
(TWICE IN A ROW, I BET IF)
I COULD ONLY FIGURE OUT
(HOW TO COMPLETELY RUIN...)

A reply to the Reply:

The Reply asked this question: "Is it true that Gram spent hours in the Ship's Office Brown-nosing for sailor of the month?" Just to set the record straight I would like to answer it as honestly as I can: It has never been nor will it ever be my policy to spend any more of my free time in the ship's office then absolutely necessary. The fact is that I was only considered for Sailor of the Month and I never did receive the honor, but I feel that even being considered is a feather in my cap. That consideration came a long time ago (approx 3 months) and I had forgotten about it until the author of that cut brought it up in the Reply. Since very few people knew that I was even being considered I have a fair idea of who wrote it and will consider the source accordingly. Did you feel slighted that you didn't get it? You really don't have to brown-nose for something like that - all you have to do is your job - obviously something my friend finds insignificant. That's all - just do your job and try to help out where you can. Keeping your nose clean helps too, but relieving oneself on street corners doesn't help you when you're trying

A REPLY TO THE REPLY

Dear Zipper Tongued Barb,

In reference to your article in the latest issue of the REPLY. It is obvious to the most casual observer that you are on of four things, (a) a non-qual, (b) a dink non-qual, (c) a super sleeze, or (d) one of the feminine gender. i.e. a big snatch.

Before I start, let me make it clear that I am not, I repeat NOTE, one of the SHAFT Staff.

As was stated else where in the REPLY, one of the things our great country was founded upon was the freedom of speech.

Your snide remark about "brow beating" the non-qualified personel on this ship is completely wrong. Obviously this is the only submarine you have served on. This so called harassment of non-qualified people by qualified people has been going on since day ONE. If qualification weren't for the safety of the ship and personel, it wouldn't be mandatory. Most, if not all of those people you say are getting "brow beaten" are more than likely a small minority of the non-quals on this ship. Sometimes this "brow beating" is done in jest, but most of the time not. One who becomes "brow beaten" steps on his on c--- and brings it on himself. No one likes a wise ass especially a non-qual wise ass. Does this hit a little close to home? Do you fit into this category SLIMEY TONGUE?

It is not the duty of each and every qualified man on this ship to take the non-qualified people by the hand and lead them through each system and compartment like they were a little kid. Every one of the qualified people would be more than happily and bend over backwards to help someone qualify if people used a little tact and diplomacy instead of demanding that someone lead them around. If this minority group would get off their lazy ass and do more qualifying and less bitching things would run a lot smoother for the ship and everyone involved. We might even go home with 90% or more qualified personel on BIG SAM. That would be quite an impressive goal to set.

One last thing SLIVER TONGUE, I'm very proud of my dolphins and I'm sure each and every one on this ship who wears them is too. Not that we're any better than anyone else, we aren't, but we're set apart from everyone else because we're qualified and very proud of it. You should be glad that there are a few on here who don't believe in a "sleeze sig." on a critica system. If everyone decided to "sleeze" the non-quals, who would know anything and who would know how to combat a casualty, etc? These things do have a chance of happening you know. We can't leave it all up to a few people, we are a crew and have to work together. Who knows, if we all listened to the non-quals crying about getting "hard-assed" and "sleezed" them off just to keep them quiet, we all mihgt end up at the bottom of the ocean as fish food.

A QUALIFIED READER

Dear Silver-Tongued Barb,

Since it's origination the Shaft has never ment to be a critical newspaper. Perhaps I am wrong but we have not to my knowledge ever printed an article that was ment to be malicious or character malig ning. The articles that appeared in the SHAFT were ment to make jest of semingly humorous events that have taken place and I am sorry if you or anyone has taken them seriously. There is enough in life that needs to be taken seriously, the SHAFT was never ment to be taken that way.

As to your request to know who ordained the SHAFT writers with the title of Master Mud Slingers, the answer would have to be noboldy but ourselves. We took the initiative to publish the SHAFT and have not had any complaints directed at us until your i-sue of the Reply. Had any been received they would have been printed. Contrany to your opinion that we change articles submitted by crew members to such to such an extend that we take credit for it is hard for us to accept. True, articles have been changed but not without the authors permission. As for taking credit, the articles are signed with whatever name was on them. If you have submitted an article and feel you didn't get credit for it then perhaps you should have used your own name instead of an alias. There have been numerous articles submitted to us that we have never printed simply because of the bad taste you mentioned. Had these same articles been printed I seriously doubt that the SHAFT would be here today for people to laugh over.

We plan to continue on the same course of action and if anyone has a serious personal vendette to conduct against someone else then perhaps they should come to you as it won't be printed in the SHAFT. As for the actions and conduct of the SHAFT writers and my own to be more specific please feel free to print whatever you wish.

I enjoy liberty and if you think some of my exploits would be cause for comment please do so, I have confidence in the Glass Company that built my house.

In regard to your comment about the big three there is really more then three of us and I feel we have a fairly good cross section of the crew represented on the staff. If you felt this strongly about us perhaps you should have joined us, and helped correct all the alledged injustices performed by us on such a grand scale.

As for qualifications, I can only hope that you would realize any comments along that line are definately made in jest, but I am confident that any of us are capable of asking and answering more than one qual question and I do not think you can honestly say that any of us are guilty of brow beating you. If you feel you have been brow beaten than perhaps that will explain your presceution complex.

Respectfully,



R. W. GROVES

Member of the big 3

Dear Shaft:

I have never written a letter to any publication before, but after reading "Reply" I feel it's my duty to point out a few things about that publication to some of the more dim witted members of the crew who may have been taken in by it.

First it says it is a paper of the crew for the crew. I must be crazy then because I swear that it is written by some Pansy, goodie-goodie types who desire points with the wardroom. In fact probably much of it is derived from the wardroom via suggestions or quotes from "The Commissioned Officers Guide To Leadership or How to make an Enlisted Man Eat Shit and Thank You for The Chance to Do it." (24 lessons-NAVPERS 50069-A)

Just dissect some of the paper and look at it.

"Qualification is a goal to strive for

Duty to aid and assist the non-qualified people....

Recommend staying off Reynolds Ave., otherwise known as the strip.

It's the perfect place to get into trouble.....

Lets all hope for the best in the coming weeks....

We have cooks that put forth that extra effort....

Commend our Commissarymen on excelent meals and fast food service.

The quotes from that rag could go on and on but I think I have proved my point enough already. The "Reply" is probubly printed up so that officers from different boats can compare ships papers to see whose get the happiest crew.

I know this letter would never get printed in Reply so I have sent it to Shaft to Tell it Like it is.

Unimpressed Salt

Does Anyone know how to make up Tom Swifties?

"I wonder what broke on my car," Tom Choked.

What kind of owl was that?" Screached Tom.

"My God shes beautiful!" Ejaculated Tom.

"My goodness Bruce isn't he good looking!" Tom Queried

"Yes I was in the Armed Forces," Tom grunted.

Get the idea? Maybe you guys in the crew can think up some good ones.

ODE TO GREG AND RED

I wish I was a wittle egg
as wotten as could be
I'd sit myself upon a wilm
way up in a twee
And when some bonehead COB
would start to shout at me
I'd thwow my wittle wotten self
and splatter he with me.

A REPLY TO THE REPLY:

I find myself in a most unfortunate position, I have been drawn into the middle of a controversy which I have had absolutely no part of.

If all started when a letter bearing the name Duster Dan was published in the SHAFT. I immediately denied writing it. I could not, in all modesty, take credit for something I did not do, especially something that good. Having weathered attacks by the SHAFT before, I merely laughed and forgot about it.

Now, my literary abilities are being slighted by the REPLY. In the face of this unwarranted, unjust, and totally unfounded attack, I find it necessary to defend myself.

I recall reading in the REPLY the old quote about people living in glass houses. I am not worried about the stones cast by that ignoble publication for one very simple reason. A person can't throw rocks very hard or far when he's living in a phone booth.

I submit this humble letter as a monument to my writing abilities. Whether it stands or falls is not for me to judge. If the Editor of the REPLY labels me as a lousy writer, he just labeled himself as a lousy editor. He published one of my articles. Need I say more?

THE REAL DUSTER DAN

SA WRIGHT TO CO IN WARDROOM MAKING THE 1200 REPORTS

WRIGHT; Good Morning..... Captain. The Officer of the Deck..... sends his..... regrets..... and reports the hour of 1200. The.....Kilometers have been wound and balanced. Request permission..... to strike 8 bells on time, sir.
CO: Farout.

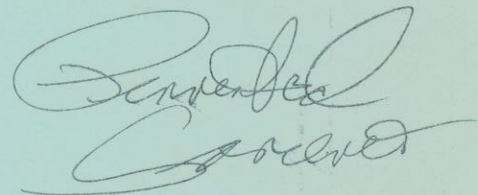


Dear Spade:

I regret to say that some of the complements I mistakenly paid you last week must be retracted.

At first I thought you displayed an extreme amount of stelh and cunning but I now realize you for what you are, nothing but a foul mouthed slandering idiot. Your vile comments of last week almost did irreparable damage to my occult society. Your insinuation that I would stoop so low as to devistate a poor human is absurd. The door man that experienced my rath was another of your corrupt followers and I can assure you that any other of your group may expect the same treatment if they have the audacity to triffle with my just cause. It took me many hours to restore the faith of sereval of my new cult members after your slanderous statements. My cult is now all the stronger for it though. This week we will conduct a Black Ma-s and offer up one of your group to the High Priestess Diana as a sacrafice to our cause. If I had my choice it would be you Spade however we have not yet been able to identify you and I have noticed another of your group that is almost as deserving. Last week I was fortunate to identify two of your members and this week one of them has caused so mush strife and hardship amoungst the crew with several messages he has posted in crews mess regarding the ships overhaul that I feel he will make a worthy candidate for sacrific. I heard though the grapevind that his inport counterpart is now been offered yp for sacrifice by the crew member wives so we may as well make it a duet. Normally a virgin is offend up for sacrifice however due to the lack of same in your organization we will have to make due with what is at hand. Do not think that you are getting away clean either Spade. I have been instructing one of my fledgeling sorcerers in the delicate art of spell casting and he is at this very moment putting the curse of Monta Zooma on you, also known as the Arkansaw two step or the Tennessee trots. Better find yourself a comode and hang a reserve sign on it. I fear you are going to spend a good amount of time blowing you (brains)out the lower end of your digestive system.

Don't waste your time visiting that corrupt Corpsman either as there is nothing medical science can do for you, if you can even call the madness that idiot performs a science. You are doomed Spade, if I am not successful in finding you first you will no doubt eliminate yourself thur the frequent use of a comode and wash yourself overboard. I will be disappointed if you do not meet your doom at my direct hand but as long as the ship is rid of your pestilense that is all that matters. Beware Spade you are done for.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Spade". The signature is written in dark ink and is located in the bottom right corner of the page.

Dear Perverted Sorcerer,

Why do you always insist that the basic truths I tell are always "foul mouthed slandering." I know why - because you in your own paranoid way are actually afraid to admit your own short comings and are also afraid that your followers will find out what you really are.

I must thank you for the emema you gave me. I was constipated for some days there and your trick did wonders for me. Although I was relieved of my pains, but quite puzzled. I was thinking quite well after the episode, but upon glancing into the commode I saw two small smiling eyes glaring at me, I knew then what your real life form actually was. This information along with those hediously smelly foot steps is how we followed you last week.

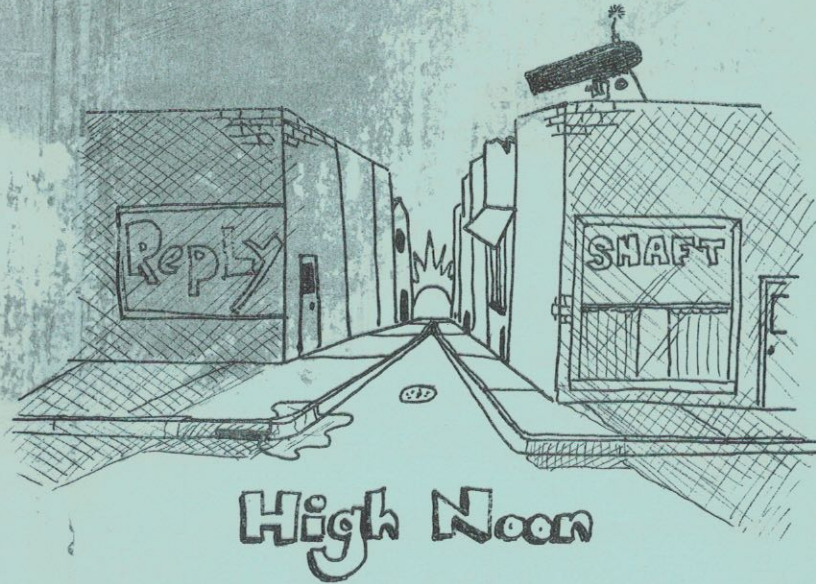
And as for my assitant you plan to sacrifice - good luck. I'll have you know he is a black belt sorcerer from way back. His tricks will razzel and dazzel you until you don't know which way to turn. Then he'll proceed to MCC to get a roll of Scot Toilet paper to wipe you out when he's finished. My feldgling machinist is easier to trap, but carries atom wenches to bombard you.

After finding your true identitly I began diving tanks in search of your coven. In one particular tank I was attached by the foulest creatures I have seen to date. They grabbed me and began to attached me, but I had the odds on my side. With my infraied vision I had seen them long before they attacked me. I allowed them to grab me and then I began to squeeze them one by one until they blended into the tanks interitor. Then I proceeded deeper into the cave - but the passage was block by your cousin Lil Brother. Now that everyone knows SHEPPARD is infact lil Brother his effectiveness is as useful as the CO2 from the Oxygen Generators. He was no match Perverted Socerer. Stop hiding and come out and fight like the junk you really are.

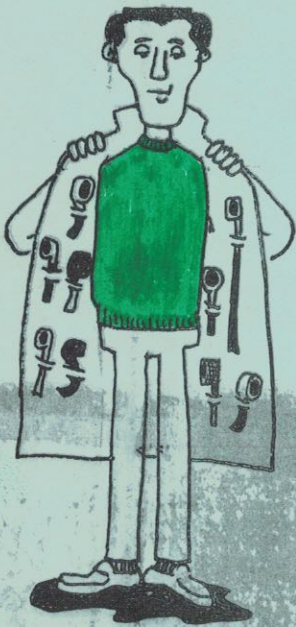
As for you accomplise that fairy looking thing you called a corpsman - he gives prest to no decent human. He too well get the Spades revenge. His intelligence is substandard and I intead to let my dearest compatriot and fellow evil hunter the Southern Bell devastate him. He already adked for the pleasure and now the corpsman's life is in peril too. As for you I'm your memesis. There's no place to hide - no place to run and every time I relieve myself I'll see your smiling face.



Cartoon Corner



High Noon



The Green Phantom



" THAT'S Alright Larry.
Frank will be glad
to give you a lesson
or two."



SCENERIO: The scene is in the Control Room. Mr. (Silverfox) Bailey has the Conn and is walking on the deck. The Southern Bell is talking to Mr. Bailey and Beckland is the messenger (poor Mr. Bailey).

ACT I. NAV: Why are you dink this week Berkland?
BERK: I don't know, sir.

ACT II NAV: You know one of the reasons is because you didn't turn in your qual card?!!
BERK: I know I didn't, but I would have been dink anyway.

ACT III NAV: That isn't the idea. The POD said that everybody was supposed to turn in their qual cards by 0800Z on Monday.
BERK: I don't read the POD, sir.

ACTIV : The Southern Bell is in the back ground all ears now. Notice the skillful manner in which he proceeds to chomp off the neck of his "new" pipe with bare teeth. (CINCLANT has lately added this to the already overstaggering list for qualification for command-get hot NAV).

ACT V NAV: But don't you know that everybody is supposed to read the magnificent (casting a glance at the Southern Bell) POD everyday?????
BERK: Well, I'm dink anyway, so who cares what the movie is for that day!!!

PLAY REVIEW; by VIRGINIA CUMQUAT

Under the direction of Red Burdette this play was a re-enactment of a true story. The protagonist was definitely found in the character of the Southern Bell. His high moral standards and ability to bear down on the bit when things get tough makes him the person to look up to. The obvious antagonist is the Navigator. His continual proding of innocent, naive, and underpriveleged seamen makes him a villian in anyones' book. Notice too, how he was attempting to sly in with the Southern Bell so he could make Patrol 37 on the good ship Sam Houston rather than having to leave this dream world for a ship whose name he can't even spell. As for poor Berkland, like most seamen, he is just the proverbial accident waiting for a place to happen. Keep up the good work RED!!!

DEAR SHAFT,

There is a villain amongst us on board the Big Sam. Suspect is usually seen in a green sweatshirt. Rumor has it that it was once white until he started using it as a snot rag. It seems that this green Phantom gave up a promising career as a heavy weight boxer and has found a new trade---ripping off peoples' personal property and hiding it throughout control. He looks like a packrat and has all the traits of one, but that's no excuse for his ghastly deeds. His latest crime is lifting pipes off crew members. Next place he is thought to strike is in the XO's stateroom. Be on your guard XO, cause the green phantom slithers like the green snake he is and you'll be minus one pipe.

To the Green Pha-~~tom!~~ Keep at it and you may have to defend your title as the heavy weight. As CDR. John Henry Cook, III (the old XO), once put it, "If anyone is caught taking personal property without the owners' consent, he had better look like he fell down a three story ladder!" Well CDR. Cook, we will live up to those words and will not fail. Stand by Green Phantom- you've been warned.

Thank you for listening Shaft

COUNTRY

Dear Country,

We noticed and heard from reliable sources that the Green Phontom has been teaing up the locals with his acts of thievery. We can only say that this person whoever he may be is going a little ~~Too Far~~ Once is funny, but any more than that is ridiculous. Obviously he is not a desirable shipmate because his practical jokes are causing undo comfelt to the crew members. He strikes. If he thinks it so funny we suggest that he steal a pip from Stateroom #2 and see who is running this show.

THE SHAFT STAFF

DEAR SHAFT STAFF,

I was wondering if you could search your large vocabulary and come up with a word that will describe a person who would take an expensive 8x10 poatriat of a guys wife right from the wall of his rack?

GORDI

Dear Gordi,

I am afraid that we are without words to describe the person that took the picture. We can only hope that someone is playing some kind of sick joke and will return the picture to you.

THE SHAFT STAFF

MAFIA

THE ADULT BRANCH OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF ITALY

- * Founded the Dutch Schultz Scholarship Fund to teach a deserving delinquent a trade.
- * Created the Louis Lepke Clinic to fight the wose disease facing the world today - crippling bullet wounds (bullet wounds are the chief killers of young mafia).
- * Established a Lucky Luciano Community of Hope for refugee American gangsters.

THE MAFIA IS A NON-SECTARIAN GROUP - IT IS NOT OPEN TO SECTARIANS.

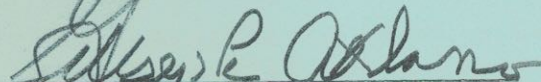
You don't have to come from Italy to join the MAFIA as long as your last name ends in a vowel and you look good in dark clothes.


AS A MAFIA MEMBER YOU WILL RECEIVE THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

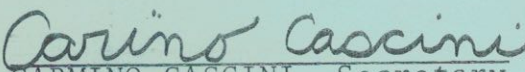
- * You'll learn the MAFIA secret handshake and how to order Tortoni.
- * A man will come to your house and plant grapes in your backyard.
- * A personal friend of Al Capone will come and live with you in your home for a week.
- * You will receive a subscription to The Black Hand, the monthly magazine of MAFIA lite.
- * You'll receive your personal arm band in the MAFIA club colors - black on black. If you have occasion to be sent away to a state penal institution, you'll get first-hand information on all jail breaks. Al Capone's cousin will come and live with you in your cell for a week.


THERE'S A MAFIA REPRESENTATIVE NEAR YOU -
AS NEAR AS THE CORNER PIZZERIA.

- * The only excuse for missing a MAFIA meeting is death in your family - your own.
- * Each year, the MAFIA will send you and your immediate family on all expense paid trip to the holy city - Chicago.


GIUSEPPE ALANO, President


PIETRO TELLUCI, Treasurer


CARMINO CASCINI, Secretary


FRANCESCA BORGHI, Gun Moll

FIRSTA WASA ELLIOTA NESTA, THEN Ja. Edgare Hooverxi,

WHOSA NEXT?

DEAR LITTLE BROTHER,

I know now that you are not a nuke
Since you've served time as a wardroom puke,
But be it known to all that wish to know
That your destruction is about to grow.

You puzzled me at first with words of spite
Having announced you were eager to fight.
I thought at first - "Who could he be?"
Now I know and shall tell with glee.

The Black Wizard's brother isn't very cunning
Even though you thought you would set me running.
You will see my stealth strangle you like a garter
I wish I could say, "Little Brother" was smarter.

They say that winning one battle does not win the war.
Possibly they are right, but it sure helps on the score.
You are like a dead leaf waiting for the rake
Probably from hanging around Jake the Fake.

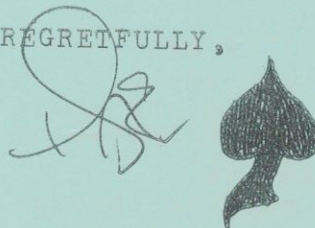
I must admit you have given me much pleasure.
Proving your identity will be my treasure.
For now I can only say, "Peace Little Brother."
Yet I can't help to think that you are a stupid mother.

Henceforth and hereafter, as far as I can see
A sense of triumph will always overwhelm me.
You were obviously defeated by me before you started.
Just like being in the area when Red on the Head farted.

Now is the time to expose you to all.
Remember me as the source of your fall.
A cup in hand is worth two on the table
To most of the crew - messcook is your label.

The time is high and you'll be low.
Defeat - your prize in one quick blow.
Find a first letter in each stanza's second line
To tell you who is the one we did define.

MOST REGRETFULLY,

A handwritten signature, possibly "X B", is written in dark ink. To the right of the signature is a solid black spade symbol.

Dear Lil' Brother,

It seems that you have taken it upon yourself to single out a few of Happylands residents, and exresidents, and make up lewd and slanderous poems about there personal lives. How would you feel if the situation were reversed. Lets face it, you don't go home to any queen of sheeba at night. I know that I don't envy you. Happylanders don't flunk messcooking and end up as steward. Happylanders don't have to go around with a knife in there pocket holding up homosexuals and still end up getting their asses kicked and thrown in jail. ~~No~~ LIL BROTHER, I think Happylanders lead a pretty normal and law abiding lives overall.

Something else that also erks me is the paper you entered these poems in. For a paper that preaches constructive criticism and the highest form of good taste, they sure overloaded themselves when they let you put that trash in it. You ought to join the SHAFT STAFF and be A MASTER MUDSLINGER.

In closing Lil' Brother, the next time you want to write a few nasty poems about your shipmates, take a good look at your own state and see if you are even as well off.

YOUR BUDDY,
BASIL

* * * * *

TALKING SOLDIERS EMPTINESS

Why Hello, say, Can I buy you another glass of beer?
Thanks alot, that's kind of you- It's nice to know you care.
These days there's so much going on.
No one seems to want to know.
I may be just an old soldier to some,
But I know how it feels to grow old.
Yea, that's right you can see me here most every night.
You always seee me staring at the walls and not the lights.
Funny, I remember, OH it's years ago I'd say.
I'd stand at the bar with my friends who've all passed away
And drink three times the beer hat I could drink today.
Yes I know how it feels to grow old.
I know what they're saying son
There's all that jargon again.
Wahl, I may be mad at that
But I've seen enough
To make a man go out of his brains.
Well, do they know what it's like
To have a grave yard for a friend?
Cause that's where they are Boy-
All of them!
Don't seem likely I'll get
Friends like that again.
Well, it's time I moved off again
But it's been great listening to you.
And I might even see ya.
Next time I'm passing through.
You're right, there's so much going on
No one seems to want ot know.
So Keep well my old friend and have
Another drink on me.
Ignore all the others,
you've got your memories

MEMORANDUM TO: ALL STAFF MEMBERS

RE: EARLY RETIREMENT PROGRAM

As a result of automation, as well as declining workload, Management must, of necessity, take steps to rescue our work-force. A reduction in force plan has been developed which appears the most equitable under the circumstances.

Under the plan, older employees will be placed on early retirement, thus permitting the retention of employees who represent the future of the Company.

Therefore, a program to phase out older personnel by the end of the current fiscal year via early retirement will be placed into effect immediately. The program shall be known as RAPE (Retire Aged Personnel Early).

Employees who are RAPE'd will be given opportunity to seek other jobs within the Company, provided that while they are being RAPE'd they request a review of their employment status before actual retirement takes place. This phase of the operation is called SCREW (Survey of Capabilities of Retired Early Workers).

All employees who have been RAPE'd and SCREW'd may also apply for a final review. This will be called SHAFT (Study by Higher Authority Following Termination).

Program policy dictates that employees may be RAPE'd once and SCREW'd twice, but may get the SHAFT as many times as the Company deems appropriate.

THE MANAGEMENT

ED. NOTE: you know a good thing when you get it.

THE ROTARY POWER MOWER

As everyone knows, it will be bright, sunny summertime when we return to the good 'ole USA. Along with all the fun-times we will be having, we have to face the fact that the lawn will be well overdue for cutting. This brings to bear the argument of the rotary power mower vs. the conventional, or reel type mower.

It is easy to see the advantages of the rotary mower over the reel type. But, let us look at some of the disadvantages.

Running over sticks, bones, rocks, wire, and various other rubbish can prove hazardous with the rotary power mower. But these problems pale to insignificance when compared to running a rotary power mower over a pile of newly deposited dog doo-doo.

Until you've had your shoes shined with pulverized dog doo-doo you cannot see the significance of this problem. Cat doo-doo, to be sure, smells worse, but cats do not doo-doo it as much as dogs; unless of course you have very large cats and/or very small dogs.

There are many ways of attacking the problem of animal excreta vs. the rotary lawn mower. A number of chemicals, sold mostly to evil minded old women, claim to stop dogs from a) peeing on your shrubs, b) or screwing the old lady's dog on your front lawn. But these chemicals are useless, as it is second nature for dogs to pee an screw, just as it is for most humans.

You could build a fence around your property, but it is of no use unless you can teach your wife and kids to keep the gate shut. And even then, some dogs will jump the fence even when full of shit.

An alternative to the above solution is to buy a dog and train him to shit on the neighbors' lawns. Of course one of your neighbors may hire a cow and have it deposit cow-lop on your lawn.

It has been estimated that a rotary lawn mower operating at a speed of 2450rpm will hurl a normal deposit of cow shit as high as your second story windows and over an area of 800 sq. ft.

All of the above seems useless as ways to fight this growing problem. This leaves only three possible solutions:

- 1) LET THE GODDAM WEEDS GROW.
- 2) MOVE INTO AN APARTMENT AND USE THE ROTARY MOWER AS A FAN.
- 3) WEAR BROWN SHOES WHILE MOWING, AND ASSOCIATE WITH ONLY PEOPLE WHO EITHER DON'T MIND THE SMELL OF DOG SHIT OR ARE TOO POLITE TO MENTION IT.

A SONNET

A certain torpedoman by fame called RIP
 Has been sailing along enjoying the trip.
 A weapons type he surely is
 But a weps watch is not yet his.
 Someday this patrol he'll be a rover
 In the missile compartment under and over.
 But until this status he gains
 Poor ole RIP will be on the planes.

MIDDLETON