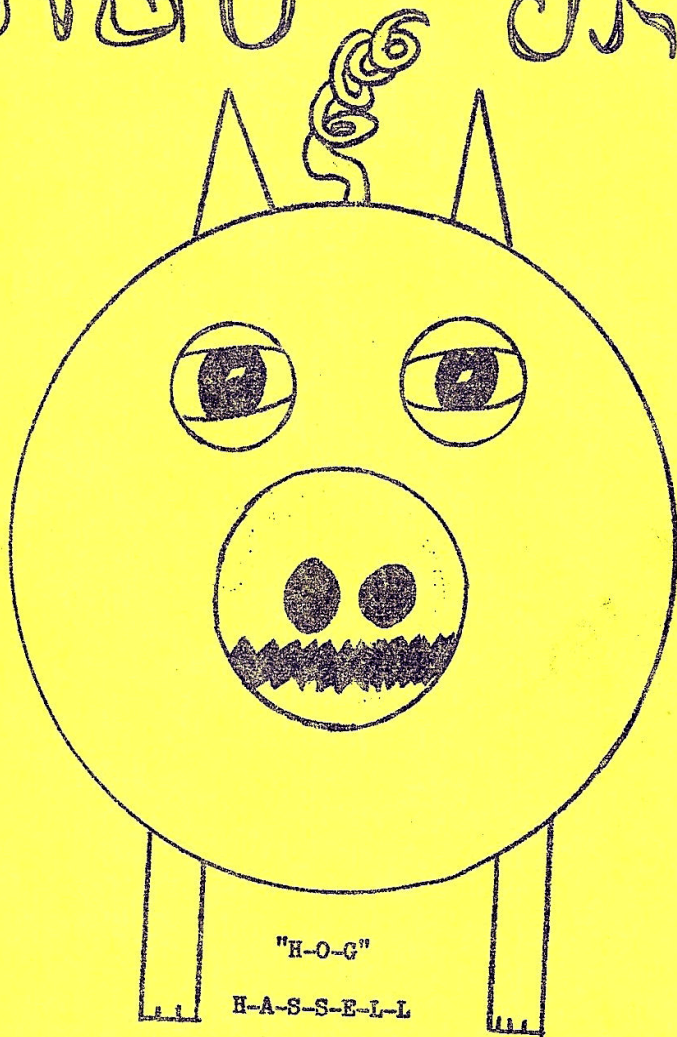


THE
SARGO SKUPE



NUMBER 9
16 AUGUST 68

Dear Readers:

Here we are on day number FIFTY-SIX. Just think; eighty thousand, six-hundred and forty seconds of being alone together and hardly any of us have cracked up. Of course, its all *pro patria* (for our country) and that makes for stoutheartedness among men. Yes, here it is, time to break out the whites, polish the shoes, give away all the slut classics and start saving the dirty laundry for monna. IF you haven't turned your job orders in by now you are late.

Some men are born to climb mountains; some men are born to ride in the nosecones of sleek rockets out to kiss the stars; some men are born to eat. Such a man is young Hog Hassell. How do you build a champion? You might start by taking a special preparation of cacao nuts and roasting and grinding them, flavoring and sweetening them until you have built a substance known as chocolate which can best be resembled unto dark brown crap. Then you add sugar, milk and assorted odds and ends into a big pan. This done, you beat the devil out of some egg whites and blend them with sugar until you have a sticky gooey goo. Now we take the dark brown crap and pour it into some pie crusts, add the white gooey stuff until it forms a mountain and then you place a bright red cherry on top and place it in front of the Hog and stand back..... There is your champion..... The story of his exploits is in this weeks issue of the Skupe... We apologize for the corpulence of the article and hope that you enjoy reading it.

Time is a relative thing and means little when at sea and there is no fixed starting or ending point but now we have a target date to keep in mind and we will soon be besieged by that well known seafarers disease known as Channelfeverides. No doc! There is nothing you can do for the victims for there is but one cure. I have noticed a few milder attacks already, to wit: The Captain in khakies, a man sewing a button on whites, more loose magazines floating around, Chief Huckabee in khakies, the recent surge of dungaree wearers.... The signs are all around you if you look for them. Fortunately the severity of the disease is directly proportional to our time remaining at sea and we needen't expect the severe attacks until the last few days out. At that time you will observe the victims pacing around all night; performing wierd acts such as playing solitaire all night, looking at photographs with homesick looks on their faces, etc. etc. etc. until they are red eyed from lack of sleep.

Speaking of the big EAB Manifold race (This coming Sunday) did you know that the Captain has donated the first prize which will be a KEG of Primo to the winning division. The runner ups will get a case of Primo, a six-pack, and the privilage of providing a mess cook from their division to the last place contender which should inspire even the slowest of the leadfoots.

Odd fact department: Did you know that the average American uses 60 gallons of water a day. If you want to include the amount used in the offices, factories and stores it comes to about 1,850 gallons a day per person.... Our average shouldeen't be over a gallon a day; particularly with the near boiling shower we have in the forward room.

Don't forget that tomorrow night will be another big Bingo night.

I guess we have socked-it-to-you enough for this week so we'll take off our socks here and rest our tired feet a while leaving you with the words of that well known ex-gambler who declares regularly, each time he looses, "I'll never gamble again as long as I live!" See you at the table.....



Haight Ashbury..... A hippy today was launched into orbit for a four day trip around the world.... Unusual? Yes - the hippy didn't have a space ship....

The Long Island Railroad went on a strike today. The employees are asking for a four hour work week, more pay and hospitalization plus a four month paid vacation each six months....

A private airplane pilot was arrested for drunk flying yesterday when he flew under the Golden Gate bridge ten times in his private plane. When he landed at the San Francisco airport he was greeted by police who immediately arrested him for drunken flying.... He was flying a B-52...

The stock market was on today, then off for a little while and then back on a little later in the afternoon. Boeing stock was flying; Campbell Soup was hot for a while and then cooled off; Bell and Howell was snapping but was sooned bowled over by AMP; Am Hospitalization was sick while Submarine stocks took a real plunge.... The market closed early so the janitor could go home...

The Moon is in it's full phase and has spent it's last quarter. The morning star is Shirley Temple and the evening star is Dean Martin. Those born this date are under the sign of Leo which means that your mother liked a lion... The horoscope for the day: Don't go anywhere today. Stay inside. Associate with fiends. Gain insight into yourself by listening to constructive criticism and reaping a lot of benefits. Prod your memory and rest your mind and body.



SPORTS..... Ferdinand Fabre climbed 87 coconut trees in two hours to win the coconut tree climbing championship held in Honolulu, Hawaii this past week... In guerrilla wrestling Sergeant Slim Grabber captured 432 VC guerrilla in just over three months to win the Saigon Guerrilla Meet.... The National Earthquake watchers Society will hold an annual rally in Sidney, Australia this week... Some scores..... Guitars 1, Strings 6; Phillis Diller 14, Men 2; Hawks 92, Doves 0; Race Rioters 87, TV Set 0; Roller Skaters 19, Broken Legs 2; Fly Swatters 11, Flies 6; Crabs 8432, Kennedys 1; Mess Cooks 18, Hog Hassel 432; Honest Players 12, Cheaters 82..... Sanitary Tank 43, Shelton 18....

Doctor Crumbled Kneecaps of Perth, Australia has invented a new birth control pill that is taken by men. The pill weighs 2 pounds 13 ozs and comes in three parts. It has to be taken once a week... Doctor Kneecaps is having a little trouble finding volunteers to test the new drug.



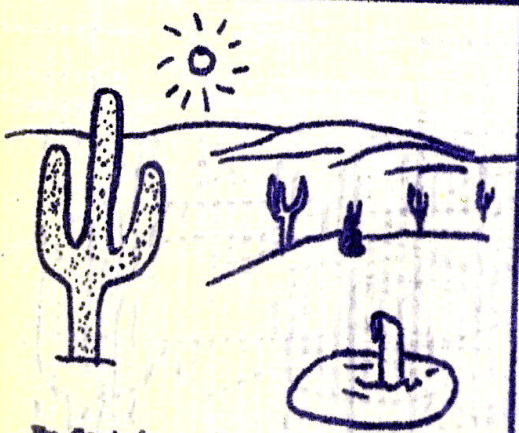
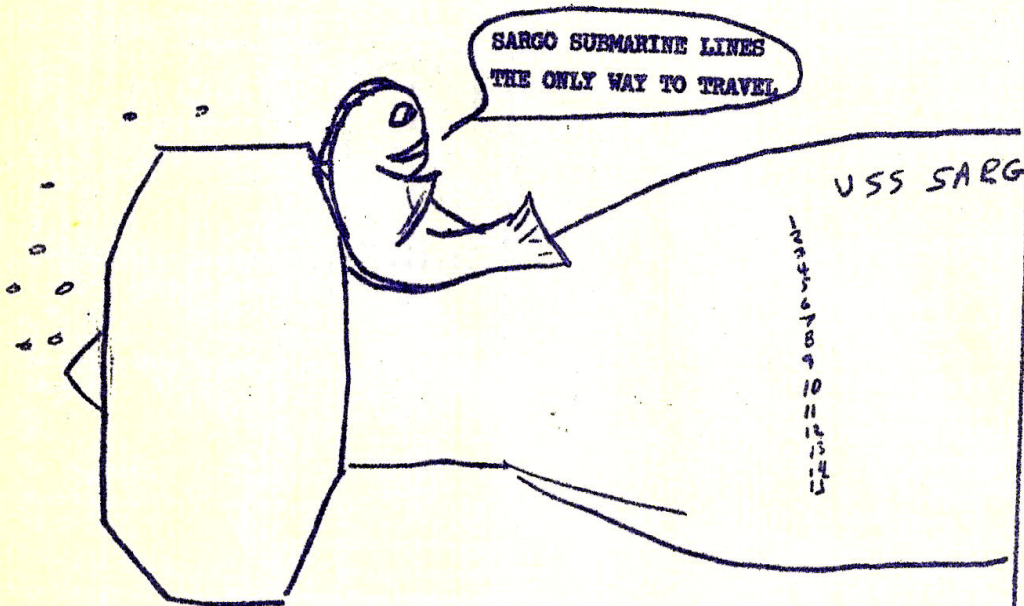
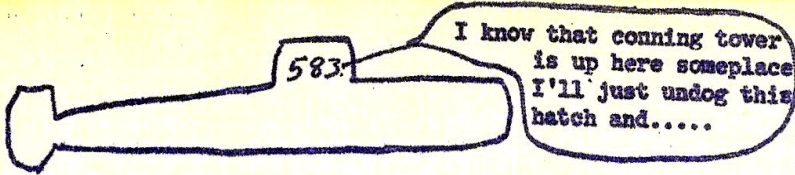
Bemidji, Minnesota.... Tussy, Olay, a youthful Topless Go Go Girl has walked away with the Miss Bemidji of 1968 contest. Miss Olay, a well filled 322 pounds has a near perfect 70-45-68 figure. She also can sing and make shortning bread.

London... Jack the Licker is still terrorizing the streets... He struck his 42nd victim last night when he attacked and viciously licked a young barmaid who was returning home after work....

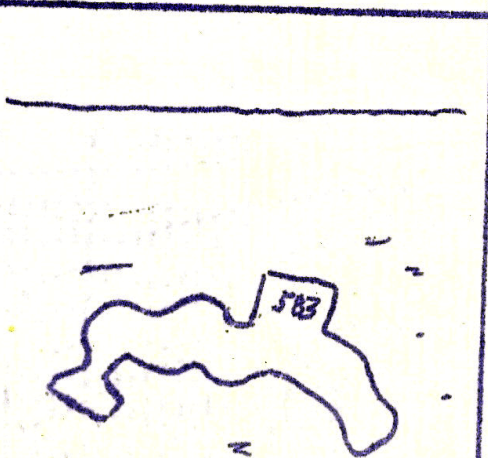


A man walked into the Bank of America in Pooperdale, California today carrying a fiddle case. A suspicious guard stopped and demanded that the unidentified man open the case. The man did and was indeed carrying a fiddle, which he beat up the guard with and then robbed; the bank of 40 thousand dollars.....





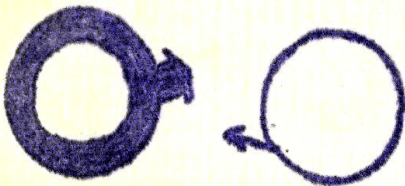
Er Captain... This is the GOD
Now you aren't going to believe
his but....



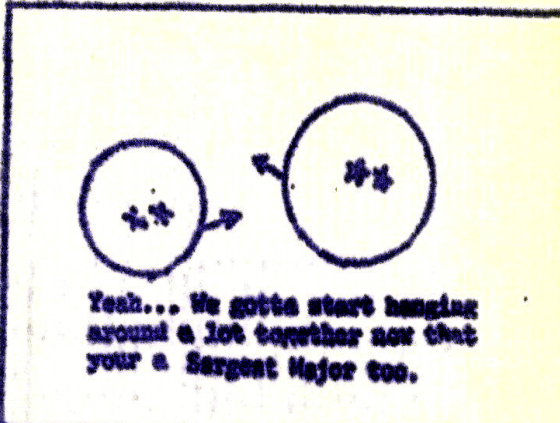
Boy Demmer, I've never seen a
Diving Officer trim a ship like
you can.

You know,
Sometimes
I wish I was
on a surface
craft. AT
least they
get to be
up there in
the sunlight.

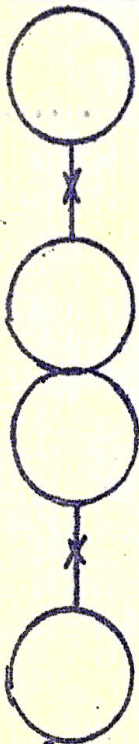
SARG O SYMBOLIC



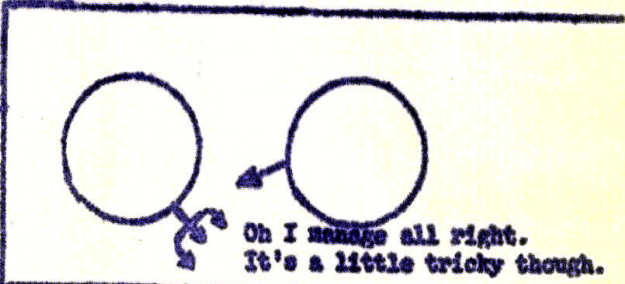
"What do you mean I'm thick?
 What do you mean? What gives
 you the idea I'm thick? Huh?
 Just what makes you think I'm thick?
 That's all I want to know. What
 makes you think I'm thick? Just
 who do you think I am? What right
 do you have to call me thick huh?
 What right?.... "



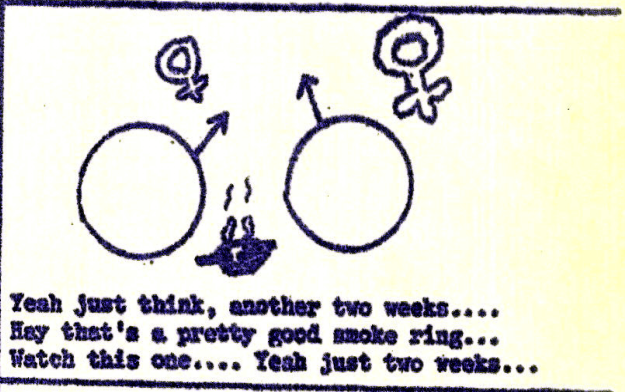
Yeah... We gotta start hanging
 around a lot together now that
 your a Sargent Major too.



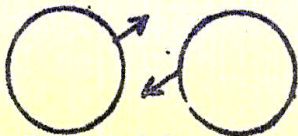
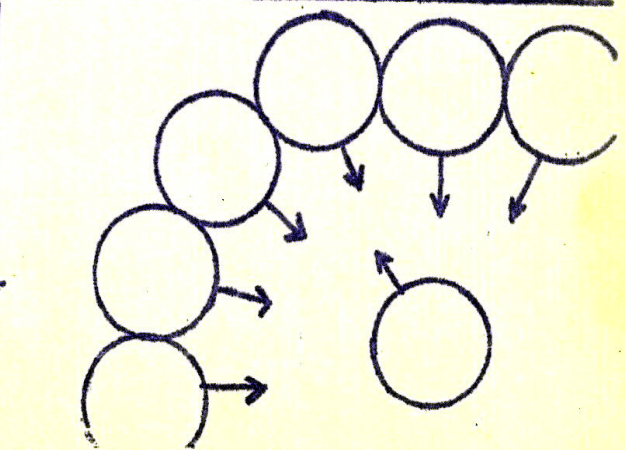
Boy I really mean it. You guys
 are good enough to be in a circus.



Oh I manage all right.
 It's a little tricky though.



Yeah just think, another two weeks....
 Hay that's a pretty good smoke ring...
 Watch this one.... Yeah just two weeks...



Whew! Those qual boards are getting rougher all the time!

The following piece is dedicated to a certain gambler who now belongs to Gamblers Anonymous who we shall leave anonymous....

I was standing there peacefully watching them play
When someone looks up at me and says, "say,
We've got a seat open. Do you want to jump in?"
"No thank you," I said, "I wouldn't know where to begin."

"Oh it's easy," they said. "It's a real simple game."
I said, "Well it looks simple but no thank just the same."
So I watched for a while and by gosh it sure looked easy
Seeing all the people win made my stomach all queasy

I said, "Well maybe I will set in for a little while."
They gave me some chips, and moved over with a smile
I learned how to play quickly and was having lots of fun
But I soon had to go on watch with all the money I'd won.

So I went on my watch just as happy as I could be
Because I had won some money absolutely free
When I got off watch the game was still going strong
So I got right back in figuring I couldn't go wrong

I knew I would win all of the money in sight
Yes I could really feel it. This would be my lucky night.
So I tapped the pot when I got my first good hand
But I lost. I just couldn't begin to understand

So I tried it again. I was out to break the bank
But when the card was turned over all my spirits sank
I had lost all of my winnings plus some loosings too
I was absolutely awestruck - I didn't know what to do

I decided that I had better stick with it and get my money back
But my luck had gone sour and I got completely off the track
And as the night was getting late and I had lost and lost
I suddenly began to realize how much the night would cost

When I finally left the table I was in complete dismay
Because I had dropped a bundle just learning how to play
But I really learned my lesson and I'll never gamble again
That is unless I'm positive that I will surely win

The moral to my story is don't ever be a hog
Or you too may get bitten by the old RED DOG.....

RR....

FOR SALE - I am now clearing out my stock of rare and unusual books... These are hard to come by potent revealing bizarre inventive classics. Shop early and avoid the rush... Massad Collections

Would you like to be taller? I can make you two inches taller immediately. Learn my secret and be called shorty no more. Chief Andone...

Friendship Club: Personal attention given every member. Join us for our regular meetings in the Crew's Mess where we play games and have fun. Learn how to do without sleep and enjoy yourself all night long.... The Poker Club

EATING LESSONS GIVEN..... The Hog

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS SALE- Jeeps: \$23, Airplanes: \$12, Field Glasses: 73¢, watches:12¢ and other unbelievable bargains... Send two hundred dollars for catalog..... Daniel Ray Young and Mark Bernard Levine International Accredited Distribution and Association of National Manufacturers Institute and Center of Novelties Studio Products and Sensational Bargain Company

Learn how to get 60 days of driving off of one gallon of gasoline - go to sea on a submarine and leave you car parked... Chief Cole's Career Counseling Ser.

WANTED: One lesbian for scientific experiment.... Sonar Room

Let me assist in restoring your vigor and vitality... Banish all fears of middle age.... Your never to old; climactic or change of life is a thing of the past..... Chief Andones father to son advice counselling

WANTED: Eating Lessons: Fatboy Stevens

Life Insurance: For just \$50 a payday I will sell you a beautiful burial plan that will releave your loved ones of a pile of bills... No salesman will call on you... Money back guarentee.... Bear's Burial at Sea Service

Stop smoking forever - give all your cigarets to me..... Chief Huckabee

SECRET POWER FOR SALE: Now! Have more power and knowledge about magic, occultism, yoga, and other mystical secrets. Be successful in love, business, gambling, etc. Exert great charm and be the master of your fellow men... Guarenteed to make you a better person... Peffley's Personality Lessons

I can't promise you a movie career but I can guarentee you a stronger more handsome body. Yes, you to can develope a muscular body - fast, in the privacy of your own bunk you can slap on 4 inches to your chest and 6 inches to your shoulders, muscularize your waist, get speedy legs... The techniques are simple, there's nothing complicated, and in fact my method is downright enjoyable. I don't care if you are one of the skinniest, flabbiest, men on board, I will change you before your very eyes. You will ripple with power, burst with energy and forthe first time in your life men will envy your body because at last you will own a body that will bring you fame instead of shame... Make your he man decision now.... It only costs 99¢..... Marcus (Madog) Levine (holder of the Chartruse Belt) special once in a lifetime service

HAVE YOU HEARD THE ONE ABOUT THE LITTLE WOMAN?
(Dedicated to the pier waiters)

Nature intended woman for the warrior's relaxation.

Without women the beginning of our life would be deprived of assistance,
the middle portion of pleasure, and the end of consolation.

Women were created for the comfort of men.

When a woman inclines to learning there is usually something wrong with
her sexual apparatus.

Men marry because they are tired, women because they are curious: they are
both usually disappointed.

A woman must be a genius to create a good husband.

The woman cries before the wedding; the man afterward.

Marriage is a noose.

Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses.

There is no worse evil than a bad woman; and nothing has ever been produced
better than a good one.

To men, a man is but a mind who cares. What face he carries or what form
he wears? But woman's body is the woman.

To love a woman is a liberal education.

It is better for a woman to marry a man who loves her than a man she loves.

A man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.

Every woman should marry - and no man.

A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.

I am glad that I am not a woman, for then I should have to marry a man.

Women and elephants never forget.

The great fault of women is to desire to be like men.

The pretty woman in the house is the enemy of all the ugly ones.

The female is one of the greatest institutions of which this land can boast.

How hard it is for woman to keep their mouth shut, or their eyes open.

The whole world is strewn with snares, traps, gins and pitfalls for the
capture of men by women.



Dear Scabby:

The other day something came over me that really scares me. I was watching a poker game and I suddenly began to tremble and my throat became all dry. I wanted to get into the game so bad it hurt. Is this gamblers fever and if so how do you cure it?

Compulsive

Dear Compulsive:

Yes it is gamblers fever. To cure it you take two APCs and soak your head in warm salt water for two hours twice a day.

Dear Scabby:

Somebody got my stuffed bear. If I get the guys who bearnapped it I will give them the beating of their lives. Do you have any idea of how I can get my bear back?

The Bear

Dear Beary:

Now now that you have made such a visious threat I cant.

Dear Scabby:

I must admit it. While we have been at sea I have sinned. My problem is how am I ever going to face my wife when we get back to port?

A Secret Sinner

Dear SS:

Don't worry about it. Perhaps your wife has also sinned.

Dear Scabby:

How can I get my self respect back? I am a drunken no good, cheating, lying, unqualified, lazy, good for nothing who deserves to be hung.

A shipmate

Dear Thing:

Why don't you transfer to surface craft and then you won't have to worry about all of the above things.

Dear Scabby:

Is there anyway I can make the hair grow between my ears?

Hairless

Dear Hairless:

I didn't understand your question. If you mean is there anyway you can grow hair on top of your head - no, unless it is already growing there. If you mean can you grow it inside of your head I can only assume you must already have hair growing there.

Dear Scabby:

My feet stink. What should I do?

An Engineman

Dear EN:

Keep your shoes on.

Dear Scabby:

The other night I dreamed of a big head of green lettuce. Could there be anything wrong with me?

Worried

Dear Worried:

Check with the HN. Perhaps you are turning into a rabbit.



BELOW IS THE ANSWER TO LAST WEEKS NUMBER SQUARES - LT VEATTS WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO TURN IN THE CORRECT ANSWER AND HE WAS AWARDED THE SKUPE'S WEEKLY PRIZE.....

16	2	5	11
3	13	10	8
9	7	4	14
6	12	15	1

1	15	10	8
6	12	13	3
16	2	7	9
11	5	4	14

13	3	2	16
12	9	6	7
5	8	11	10
4	14	15	1

11	6	3	14
13	12	5	4
2	7	10	15
8	9	16	1

THIS WEEK'S BRAIN TEASER IS A BIT OF LETTER ADDITION

(A PRIZE TO THE FIRST ONE WHO TURNS IN)
THE CORRECT ANSWER

Add a letter or letters to both sides of the letters listed below so that they will form 10 everyday words of the shortest possible length. Proper nouns or abbreviations are not allowed and you may not add an ending "s" to form a word. To score yourself: count one point for each letter you add, and add 8 points to your score for each word you cannot form. We added a total of 31 letters. Can you get a lower score. The person turning in the lowest score will win.

1.TT.....
2.RT.....
3.DN.....
4.AI.....
5.TC.....
6.SO.....
7.BS.....
8.CT.....
9.TR.....
10.YG.....

FOR SOME MENTAL GYMNASTICS CAN YOU ANAGRAM THE TWO WORDS BELOW INTO ONE FAMILIAR WORD?

" R O A S T M U L E "

BEINGS WE HAVE NOW BEEN THROUGH ALL OF THE MOVIES ON BOARD THERE WILL BE NO MOVIE REVIEW IN THIS WEEKS SKUPE. MOVIES WILL BE PROMULGATED VIA THE PLAN OF THE DAY.



Where is Aboy
Howell?

THE EATOFFS

THE TIME is 1400. The date is Sunday, 11 August 1968. The ship is submerged, and quiet. An air of tense stillness lies throughout the ship in anticipation of the inevitable clash which will soon be coming. This is the day. The weeks of preparation and training will soon tell the story. The hours of training and practice. Practice until your arms are tired from lifting and your jaws are sore from the constant motion. You await with a slight flutter pulseating through your heart for you know that in just two short hours everything will be laid on the line, or in this case the table.

In the Sonar Room, one of the most feared contenders talks excitedly, vividly describing his plan of attack. He is bedecked in white cape with red beret. He is the Inhaler!

In the Torpedo Room a small frail human tapeworm slowly uncoils himself from a skid bunk and his eyes dart nervously from place to place, refusing to allow the panic contained inside to escape. The Rabbit!

In the Wardroom, looking into the mirror, wondering, thinking, hoping, praying, is one of the real dark horses. But still, stranger things have happened. The Baby smiles a low wicked smile. What trick of fate will decide the outcome?

In some mysterious cauda, known only to a few select personal friends, much activity is taking place. The manager, the assistant manager, the assistant-assistant manager, the trainer, the advisor, the public relations man and countless other official are at work. In a corner, completely unnoticed sits the cause for all this flurry - Fatboy!

In the Stern Room, in a peaceful quiet bunk lies Bubbleass, telling himself over and over again in his mind, "I won't puke! I won't puke! I will win! I will win!" He alone knows that the world is not all roses and Man-o-chevits.

In the fifteen man stateroom, being examined by the Corpsman there is a dreaded contender who carrying a knowing smile, knowing that he will not be alone in his battle, for he alone has countless friends riding with him into the battle. SEVEN LEGS!

In the Scullery, hardly noticed, but impossible not to see, slopping about in the deep sink is a trim but competent possibility. In his head races visions of the soon coming battle and the climax for he loves climaxes. Downit!

In the six man stateroom, zipping off a few zees, like the truly unconcerned contender. His campaign has been one uncomplicated spontaneity. A hunk of hastily scribbled masking tape here, a handshake there, but no fear. Never show fear. Dumpster!

In the Crew's Mess, munching on a sandwich, hunger pains slowly nipping away within his mammoth gut, joking with the boys, looking ahead to the upcoming card games. Confidence personified. The Belly!

Running, racing, training, preparation, thought's of victory. Thought's of three days on the beach at Waikiki, thought's of happiness. But still, there is a lot of awful good men, and age. Could age be a factor. We wonder? Grubby!

Someplace in the Engine Room, among the hot pipes, the valve wheels and the roaring machinery, nestled greedily against a warm vibrating body of some metal machine. Tummy feeling all warm inside. No fear. Can do! No reason to worry. Klumsy.

By the attack center, a small dark figure huddles silently in the corner, his mind a total blank. Inside his stomach a miracle is happening. An unexplainable miracle that no scientists could ever comprehend. The miracle: Churning, crushing, squeezing, ever devouring, massive glands are in the perpetual process of converting mass to pure energy. The Hog!

In the Crew's Mess, preparations are being made. Gobs and gobs and more sticky gobs of dark sweet chocolate pudding simmers slowly in a large pot while the fiend Phillippy watches the master pie-maker Huckabee work. In still another pot a massive mountain of whipping, churning white sticky meringue.

There are smiling faces, waiting, patiently waiting. Fosters are everywhere. "The King of the Dumpster - Dumpster Dimock - will win, if everyone else drops out." "The King Sleeps Here" "Back Baby - Pride of the Dirty Dozen" "If the Judges are Smart and the Judges are Wise - They'll know it's Fat Boy and Chocolate Pies" "Chew it, Gobble it, Bite and Lick - Eat if fast but don't get sick" "Brown and White, Black & White, Brown and Black Too - Fat Boy Eats Pie like a GDU" "Inhibit the Inhaler" "I can only regret that I have but one pie to eat for my country", "Roll out the Pie Crust, Poor in the Filling - Here comes Fat Boy, Ready and Willing" "Mom! Chocolate Pie! The girl next door. Go Fat Boy!" "Support the Poverty Program! Held feed those hungry little mouth. Be Big Hearted! Vote for the KENNEDY's" "KENNEDY say's... quote 'It's my turn to chew for a while.' Support Seven Leggs!" "KENNEDY WILL WIN OR ELSE!" "Beware The Rabbit - Eating's His Habbit!" "THE RABBIT knows no obstacles." "Rabbit can eat gobs of Chocolate Pie - They're his bag!" "Beware Hungry Rabbit-No loitering or Bunking Within 50 Yards." "The Inhaler Can Suck Crew's Mess!" "Rig Crew's Mess for the Inhaler!" "Fatboys: Breakfast of Inhalers" "Crib the Baby" "You pie eating creeps - you think you're so keen. Hold onto your O'rings when the Inhaler makes the scene." "Don't throw away that old pie when you're through: The Inhaler will eat them to. In fact, he may even eat you." "Fatboy - we sure wish you luck - but to beat the Inhaler - you gotta suck suck suck." "Did you ever see a chocolate pie fog? Well just don't stand behind the Hog!" "Hog Hassel say's Grunt! Oink! and BURP!" "Dont wrestle with Hassel - Everybodies Hog!" "You've never seen a snorkler until you've see the Hog" The odds are posted and the champs have all boasted. Adrenal glands are pumping away. Hot sticky bodies are pressed tightly together..... The four judges are seated.... They have made up the Eatoff Lists..... The list is handed to the Ringmaster.

Time 1630.... Date - Sunday, 11 August 1968..... The Eatoffs...

The ringmaster looks at the slip of paper the judges have handed him.... A slow evil sadistic smile plays across his lips... He makes his announcement..."Ladies and Gentl..." Boos from the crowd.... "Alright, gentlemen..... The first contest will be between those two feared contenders.... That well known master of the knife and fork and terror from the Auxiliary Division: Seven Leggs Kennedy" Cheers and applause. "vs the little runt from the Admin Department: The Hog!" More cheers and many looks of consternation. What dirty trick is this? Surely anyone can see that the little man dosen't have a chance. Seven Legs outnumber him a thousand to one, at least, and the poor little Hog stands a strapping 62". Sympethy from the crowd - not on your life - they came to see a massacre:..

In comes the pie. Lovely, splendid, beautiful lofty piles of meringue rising to a mountainous peak some 6 to 8 inches and on tops sits a bright red maraschino, pitless we hope....

The contestants are seated, opposite each other, and their hands are lashed behind their backs. Seven Leggs looks calm, cool and confident while the little Hog sits quietly, perhaps saying a prayer. The starter gives the ready signal. Throats are dry and quiet suspense builds up to a nerve wrecking crescendo. All eyes are on the two big mountains of white.

"GO!" The eatoffs are underway.....

Seven Leggs dives headfirst onto the top of his red maraschino, devouring a cupfull of meringue and bouncing solidly off the bottom of his pie. He eats like a starving hobo, devouring huge mouthfuls of chocolate and white meringue. He glances calmly over the top of his pie, a look of pity towards the Hog. But wait! What is that blur? That fantastic spinning, chomping, jumping, grunting, thing of motion? Could it be? Yes, it is. It's the Hog. The roar of the crowd is comparable to standing underneath a jet exhaust while it warms up for takeoff. All eyes are filled with water. Time is relative now.....

Seven Leggs raises his head up to stare in disbelief at the unbelievable Hog who is racing back and forth across the top of his tray, his mouth open like an all devouring pit, scooping up the remnants of his pie. Kennedy, with sudden panic dives back into his pile but it is too late. At 4 minutes and ten seconds it is all over. Hog Hassell utilizing the famous typewriter method of chocolate pie eating has emerged victorious, against the overwhelming odds...

Seven Leggs is helped away, a dazed expression on his face. The Hog stands around with a grin on his face, as if looking for something else to eat.....

The old trays are carried away and two new pies are brought in, looking as delicious as the first two. The Inhaler watches calmly, a slight aura of apprehension on his face. The Ringmaster announces the next two contenders....

"Ladies and gentl...." The crowd boos.... "Alright, gentlemen - the next contest will be between those two feared contenders.... First from the Wardroom, fresh from the Academy that high spirited, fast eating, terror known as Baby Bina..... "Cheers from all the officers and a few whitehats... "vs that mountain of bubbly blubber and well known terror from the Quartermaster Gang.... Belly Bott!" Cheers from all of the whitehats... except the losers.....

The ring is ready... People look at the Baby with sympathy for this match is even crueler than the first. The Belly, a mammoth mountain of humanity tipping the scales between 290 to 5000 pounds vs the Baby who couldn't possible weigh over a hundred pounds sopping wet.... But still... stranger things have happened...

Bott stares coolly at the Lieutenant..... A hush falls over the audience. An occasional tear slides down a cheek..... The Ringmaster lowers his hand and they are off.

The Belly hits the plate with a massive plop, splattering meringue over near by bystanders. The Baby studies the pie speculatively, planning his pattereden of attack. The Bott Belly huffs and stuffs and puffs and chomps at the mountain of pie. He seems deep in thought.... perhaps thinking of catsup.... or poker.... or chocolate pie even. The Baby has his system figured out and he starts picking away, an officer and a gentlemen even in a savage battle like this.....

Time goes on.... then on some more... and very much like the tortoise and the hare the Baby starts to gain on the Belly and in exactly eleven minutes and four seconds of the second pie it is all over. The Belly reneges and the Baby is declared the winner.... He looks as if he had just ran the Indianapolis 500, without a car... The Inhaler looks like he paced him...

A few minutes later we are listening to the Ring Master mast away on the next contest... "Ladies and G...." The Crowd boos.... "Alright, gentlemen... The next bout will be between that well known terror from the E Division... Klumsy Kuffner..." Cheers from the crowd.... "vs that well known terror from the GDU Division, that reknown Mess Cook.... Downit Downs....." Cheers from the crowd...

The novelty is wearing off a little bit now and the audience is demanding more and better performances..... The contestants are eager... but in their heart they wonder..... "Go!"

Downit Downs starts a slow steady attack, hardly, stopping to chew, but making occassional grunts... perhaps to appease the audience... perhaps to amuse himself..... Klumsy Kuffner employs the first side attack of the day, sweeping the meringue completely off the top of his pie and then slopping up on the chocolate. He is like a machine, open mouth - go down on pie, close mouth - swallow pie... etc... Suddenly Klumsy finds the cherry in the pie and a smile slides across his chocolated lips, as he sucks the cherry down with the ease of a vacuum cleaner...

Klumsy is obviously ahead on points..... But still Downit is eating rather fast, don't you think.... Let's watch him a while..... What style... Like a professional.... a big hunk of crust..... a gob of chocolate..... a mouthful of meringue..... at five minutes and 42 seconds: the winner (but close) Downit Downs....

It's been a rough battle..... The next pies are ready.... The Exec/Ring Master announces the next bout.... "Gentlemen..." A sly look on his face... "Gentlemen the next contest will be between that Much Terrorized Eater and pride of the Torpedo Gang... Bubble.....ass.." Snicker from the crowd.... "Mehochko..." Cheers.... "vs that extremely well known contender and pride of the M Division Fat Boy Stevens....." Cheers and cheers

Fat Boys manager does a rah rah..... "Fat Boy Stevens - he's our boy - when he eat's pie we jump for joy...." Several people jump for joy... except Fat Boy and the Inhaler who has now taken on a kaleidoscopic effect fluctuating from pale greens to filmy vermilions..... WE WONDER.....

This is a big one..... Fatboy! A legend already..... What a campaign.... what an eater.... Can anyone else have a chance? Wait and see.... On your mark... get set.... go!

The Bubbleass dives in eagerly, taking to the meringue like a fish to water, skorkeling about through the foamy white, scooping up chunks of solid matter and goo. Suddenly he stops..... He looks up.... "This stuff tastes terrible.."..... but he dives back in anyway... We wonder what he would do if he liked it.... Meanwhile... the old Fat Boy has kinda gotten off to a slow and somewhat dissappointing start.... His crew looks anxiously at him, wondering when he will shift into second.....

The Bubbleass is clearly ahead, within easy scoring distance and the F/B looks somewhat dejected.... Coult it be he overtrained?...Or was he just overcampaigned?... In any case it is almost over when suddenly.... "BARF!" In 5 minutes and 35 grueling seconds the winner: Fat Boy by a barf.... Bubbleass has made a hasty retreat, followed closely by the Inhaler.... Fat Boy looks a wee bit peaked himself.... But still, we can't deny the fact that he won....

In a few minutes they come and take away the deceased er... miscarriage... and bury it at sea.. On with the game....

"Gentlemen and Ladies...." Boos from the crowd.... "Gentlemen... the next contest will be between that well known Reactor Plant Mouth and Champion Grubby Gruber" cheers and catcalls.... Grubby is sporting a white full neck sport-under-shirt, with chiaroscuro shorts over bony knees... He features white buck shoes with dapple-white socks and unquestionably wins the best dressed contestant award... But enough of that - we are here to eat pie!!!

"Vs that well known contender from the E Division: Dempster Dumock,,,,, er... Dimpstur Dumpster.... er, Dupster Dimster..... er,.... this guy over here..." Cheers and applause.

2 for the money, 4 for the show, 6 to git reddy, and 4 2 go.....

Grubby Grubber jumps in, starting methodically at the top of the whipped meringue, eating it bight at a time, chewing it thouroughly to eliminate any dead meringue bones. Dumpster Dimmock leaps in like a champion, using a very neat hunk and peck system. Suddenly in an inspiration Grubby shoves a heap of his pie over into Dumpsters pan.... Good thinking Grubby.... Now Dimock is bouncing away splashing and tearing at his pie.... it's going to be close.... Dumpster stands his crust on the edge and plunges downward on it..... Grubby is turning red and both candidates come up for a breather.... They look at each other unbelievably... then ease back into the pies, with less heart but still fighting.... At eleven minutes and fifteen seconds the Dumpster is declared the winner...

The Inhaler is back at the edge of the crowd, looking better.... He know's that he is next.... "Gentlemen.... The next two contestants are that much publicised but slightly mysterious Rabbit..." a few cheers from the crowd.... but a lot of uncertainty..... The Rabbit.... Who is faster than a GDU... Jaws more powerful than a locomotive....Able to eat tall buildings in a single gulp... Look, up in the Attack Center!... It's a roadrunner! It's an Anteater! It's a warthog! No! It's Rapid Rabbit!... We wonder.....

"Vs that well known contander from the Seaman Gang..." Protestations from the Inhaler.... "Er that well known contender and pride of the Sonar Gang... The Inhaler..." Cheers and laughter from the audience... The Inhaler has lost not only most of his aplomb but we fear his courage too... He has heard of the rabbit.... and he has seen the pies.....

On your set... Get marked..... Ready!

The Inhaler was ready.... He makes a beautiful swan dive into his pie, landing nose first and ear deep in the white pool. The Rabbit eyes are big, like huge marbels and he watches the Inhaler nervously... Perhaps he is afraid the Inhaler will exhale on him.... But the Inhaler is now on familiar ground and he chomps his way enthusiasticall through the gooy mush, using his own invented trick of breathing through his ears.... The Rabbit takes small tricky bights.... living up to his namesake... He tosses a chunk of crust up into the air and catches it in his mouth.... Applause from the spectators.... The Inhaler's huge mouth works like a steam shovel, ripping huge gaps in the pie.... He pauses a moment to rest... letting the pie digest... He burps... then he jumps back in.... leaving teeth marks in the bottom of the pan.... The Rabbit has already ate almost four ounces off the top of his pie and the Inhaler is finishing up..... The winner: (But only because rabbits are vegetarians) in 8 minutes and 33 seconds, the Inhaler....

The judges enter into a long conference of about three minutes and decide to hold an eatoff of three men at a time..... A slight pause while the Inhaler refreshes himself... and the pies are readied...

The three eatoff contenders are ready on the firing line for the first heat. They are: Hog Hassell, Baby Bina and Downit Downs.

All eyes are upon them as they sit looking at their pies. Downit looks at his pie as if it were a bowl of maggots.... Baby Bina looks at his pie as if it weren't there. Hog Hassell looks at his pie with a twinkle in his eyes, licking his lips..... We wonder....

They're off.. Wait a minute!!..... What the hell! He's off. The other two are trying but somehow it looks like they are in slow motion. The Hog is a blur of action as the spoon defines the speed of light... He swings it like a madman..... This is more unbelievable than anything Alford Hitchcock ever dreamed of.... We focus our eyeballs but it's too late. In one minute and forty seconds..... The Hog wins the first heat.

A few minutes later, we still aren't over the shock when they bring out the pies for the next heat, consisting of Fat Boy Steavens, Dumpster Dimmock, and Inhaler Long.... Their hearts aren't in it....

Hit it! They jump in, enthusiastic as heck.... The Inhaler handles the big spoon like he was born with it in his hand.... Fat Boy sort of sips at his pie, the strain obviously taking it's toll on him.... Dumpster Dimmock makes a brave effort but folds early leaving the Inhaler and Fat Boy to battle it out. When the fog has cleared away it is the Inhaler, who has now turned six sheets of green, the winner.....

While they are mixing up the last two pies, the audience awaits anxiously, wondering who will emerge the victor... Will it be the Inhaler.... if he last's that long.... Will the incredible mouth of Hog Hassell see him through?..... While we sit and wait, and the Inhaler explains how he hates meringue, the Hog goes into the galley to fix himself a small wedge. He comes out into the area area chomping away at it... just to keep him going between pies.... The Inhaler don't look so pretty good at all...

THIS IS IT! THIS IS WHAT WE HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR.... The next few minutes will tell who is the straight gut... who has the garbage disposal crown.... who is the champion..... we think we already know....

The "Go" is given but it is all over before it even starts. The photographers have adjusted their cameras to the fastest possible shutter speed, so as not to blur the photographs. The Hog is absolutely incredible... He is a walking pit... he is the jolly green giant and the jolly green tapeworm all in one.... he is the champ...

It's all over.... In the incredible time of 35 seconds the undisputed winner and champion chocolate pie eater of the SARGO and perhaps the whole world::: HOG HASSELL'

Who is this strange little eater? Who is this quiet little giant among men? Where did he learn to eat like that? How is it all possible? This reporter talked with the winner shortly after the contest.... The results of that interview follow....

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HOG

- RR: How do you feel Hog, now that you have walked away with the contest? Are you hungry?
- HOG: No! Actually the pie filled me up pretty good. I could use something to drink though.
- RR: Tell us something about yourself Hog. Where were you born? How did you learn to eat like that?
- HOG: Well I don't know. I guess it's all right.... I was born at a very early age in Batavia, Illinois. I was a small baby.... I started out on the bottle and er, you know those other things... By the time I was three I was eating steaks and hamburgers.... I have never had any real training as an eater... I guess it just come naturally...
- RR: What did you do before you came in the Navy?
- HOG: Well I worked as a beer salesman. My father is a beer lobbyist and I suppose that drinking a lot of beer may have been a help to me.
- RR: I see... Did you enjoy the pie?
- HOG: Well actually, I don't care too much for chocolate pie. It was pretty tasty though, once you got through the meringue.
- RR: Would you have rather eaten Lemon Meringue?
- HOG: Oh yes. That would have been a lot easier.
- RR: How about your favorite pie. What is your favorite?
- HOG: Apple. But actually I like them all. I could eat a lot of apple pie though. I love apple pie and beer..
- RR: Yeah! Well what's next champ? Where do you go from here? How about the All SUBPAC Title, then the All Navy, then the All Armed Services, then the Nationals and then the World... Are you going to go after them.
- HOG: Heck no. I'm not after the glory. I just did it for the fun of it.
- RR: Do you have any advice to the youngsters who admire you?
- HOG: Well I guess if they want to really learn to be a big eater they have to use my system.
- RR: What's that?
- HOG: Beats me. I just shove it in. I haven't the faintest idea where it goes.
- RR: How about the ERA Manifold Race?
- HOG: Ah come on Chief!!