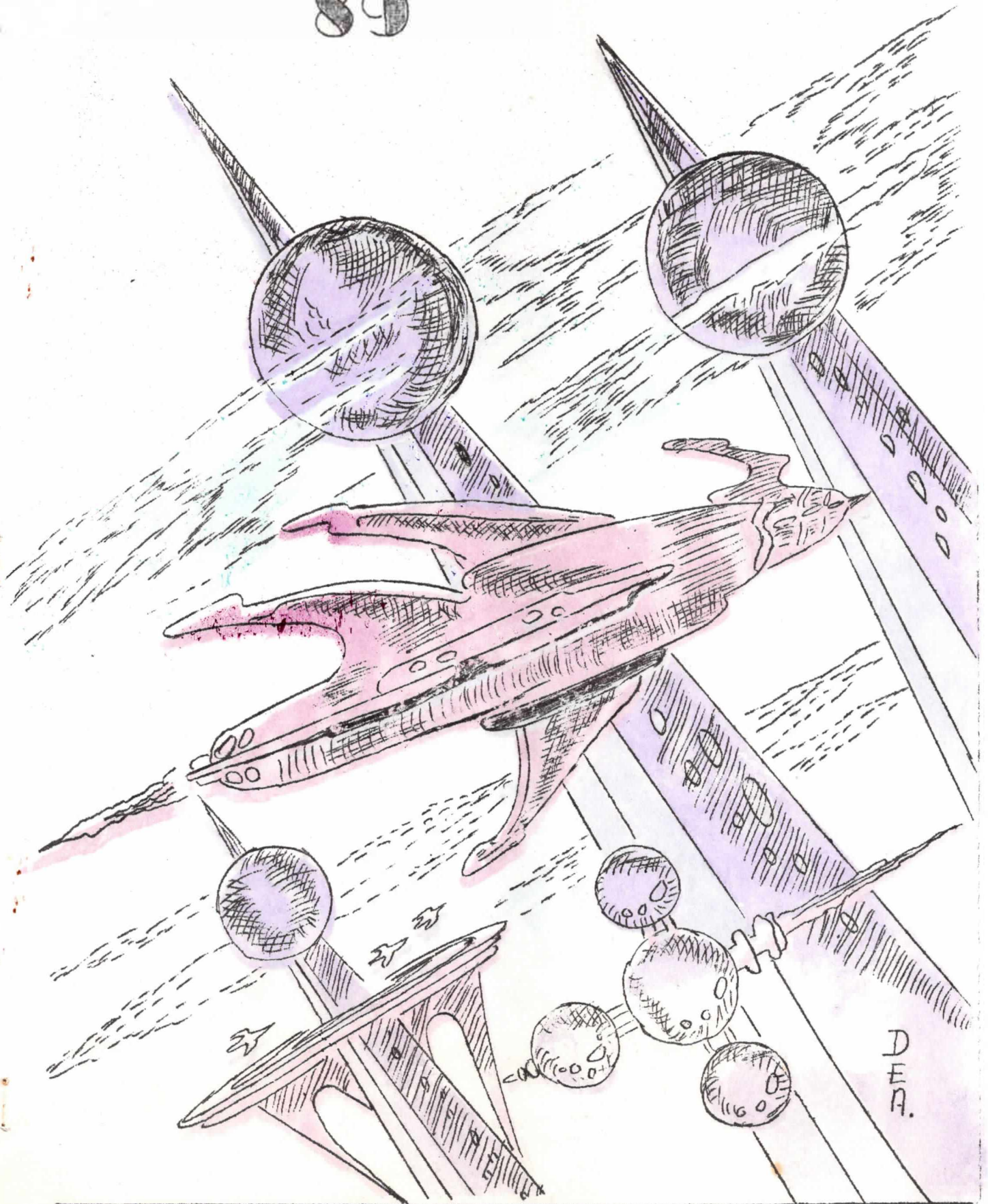


SPACEWARD

89



D.E.A.

the gripes of rapp...

Thru Darkest Mailing 83 With Cynic Snarl & Fiendish Glee...

These MCs brought to you by that newly-minted civilian, SFC Arthur H. Rapp, US Army (Retired), and unlike Rich Brown, THIS ex-serviceman had no difficulty at all in converting back to civilian life. Of course, for some strange reason I still leap up at sunrise instead of rolling over for an extra forty winks, but at least I am consoled by the knowledge that I COULD sleep late if I wanted to.

Passed the Federal Service Entrance Exam, and the Interagency Board has certified me as eligible for GS-5 or GS-7. Haven't located an opening I want to accept as yet (haven't been trying particularly hard to find one, come to think of it). Plan to goof off until the end of June, proceeding facilitated by the fact that I had 60 days of accrued leave at the time I retired, for which I received a lump-sum settlement. My outfit wants me back as a civilian employee, but of course I first have to wait out the six-month period during which, by law, I can't work for the Dept. of Defense without a special waiver. (That prohibition was passed about ten years ago, in response to the then-current practice of high-ranking officers, about to retire, arranging for their military slots to be converted into civilian jobs, then coming back to fill them. I understand there is some sentiment in favor of repealing its application to enlisted personnel, few of whom are in a position to change the status of their own or anyone else's job.)

While I SHOULD be using this unaccustomed leisure time to accomplish all those fannish projects I've been putting into the Real Soon Now category, instead I am as yet merely puttering. Mainly in the garden, which thanks to an early warm spell last month is doing nicely. In fact (8 May) we've already got one rose in bloom, and have been dining upon our own radishes, lettuce and rhubarb. Beets, beans, carrots, chard, strawberries, peppers, tomatoes and cabbages are not to the harvesting stage yet, but are thriving. The trees are loaded with what will eventually be cherries, apples and peaches. This is my first chance to garden since 1949, and I'm glad to see that my thumb retains some vestiges of green. Also the climatic conditions in Maryland are lots kinder to horticultural efforts than those of Michigan, I can assure you.

But enough of such chitchat, onward ever onward to

THE SPECTATOR 83 Tsk, I see SPACEWARP 88 failed to reach you in time for inclusion, Dave. I mailed it the second of April, too. Something drastic needs to be done about the US Postal System. Sometimes I suspect it's secretly being run by the NFFF. # It suddenly strikes me that "President of SAPS" is an inappropriate title even for the illustrious John Berry. A president is one who presides over (a meeting). And besides, it's a bloody colonial title perhaps insulting to the sensibilities of citizens of the Commonwealth. Should we not instead crown him? King of SAPS, that is. This would automatically turn all us VPs into Princes and Princesses. The only commoners around would be the waiting-listers. Serfs them right.

Welcome to the ranks of XOE's, Dave. Now you, too, can point out deficiencies (if any) of the current OE with an air of authority.

THE TATTERED DRAGON
IN BALAMEER

But, but...I don't notice any civic jokes to justify the title. Or don't you consider the local government to be a joke?

THE 1968 PILLAR POLL

OE-voting results 11 to 9: THAT should be a lesson to any of the membership who skipped voting on the theory that their ballot wouldn't change the results. Of course, I'm glad that FM&E won; I hope they got my zine that missed the last mailing, so their OEsip can start off with a two-SPACEWARP bundle. After that, they can stand anything.

IGNATZ 48 Good grief!

SPECTRUM 1

It exhausts me just to read about all the serious constructive fanatic you're involved with. Do you ever have a spare moment to sit down and read any science-fiction?

STUMPING 23

I fixed that non-printing "2" key, as you notice. 'Twas only a couple of loose screws among those holding the typebar assembly to the frame of the machine. I spend most of my time repairing things. Last night it was the kids' backyard pool, which lasted all of 24 hours before one of the crowd of youngsters cavorting in it managed to puncture the bottom with something-or-other. After much cogitation I decided upon patches cut from an old oilcloth table-cover, fastened with Weldwood contact cement. Much to my surprise, it worked fine, even on a hole big enough to stick my fist thru. It's a rare day when you find anything that will adhere satisfactorily to polyvinyl. # NOFORN means "not releasable to foreign nationals"; just a few days before I retired we got a long, multi-addressed message that was labeled NOTAL, which had everybody stumped for awhile until I thought of consulting the AR on authorized abbreviations and found, to our sheepishness, that it meant "not all" (i.e., all addressees got the basic message, but only some got the inclosures mentioned in the text of it). As a pun-spotting SAPSmember from wayback, I should have been able to deduce that one myself.

POR QUE? 37

Steve and Mike went thru a phase of stuffing all available keyholes with paper matchsticks and/or modeling clay. This resulted in the banning of modeling clay, Play-Doh, and similar substances for an indefinite period, just as, earlier, crayons and magic markers went on the contraband list. Of course, you can't keep EVERYTHING out of their hands: Steve did a vivid and highly indelible decorating job on walls and furniture with one of mamma's lipsticks, and Mike polished the car for me, using handsfull of mud. Ah, the joys of parenthood. Keeps one on the old toes, it does. # Thank for the Dewey Decimal info. Since last issue we've installed bookshelves (steel, from Ward's) and the info comes in handy. # You would not happen to want some Virginia Creeper, would you? When we moved here, last fall, there was this enormous Virginia Creeper growing all over the clothespost, so we chopped it down and in accordance with our gardening philosophy, cut it into tiny bits with the pruning shears and dumped them on the compost heap. Now we have hundreds of little Virginia Creepers popping up all over the garden. I'm not quite sure what to do with them, except maybe encase them in cement and haul them out a few miles into Chesapeake Bay and give them the deep six -- but I'm not sure they wouldn't survive that and proliferate even more under a few fathoms of water. Sometimes I feel like a character in an old science-fiction horror movie. Undying monsters, anyone?

Did you hear about the doctor examining a well-developed female patient who told her she had Acute Virus Bronchitis and she replied, "Never mind the flattery, just find out what's wrong with me." Owell... # I'm still sorting stuff out from our move here, which was, hmmm, 8 months ago. Getting all the books into the house helps, but the garage is still full of beer cartons of magazines, fanzines, miscellaneous papers, and souvenirs of my 21-year sightseeing tour as a guest of Uncle. Trouble is, anything I NEED is always at the bottom of a carton, and the process of locating it causes even more shuffling of the rest of the stuff. After a month of searching, today I found an old stamp album of Nancy's she wanted in order to transfer the stamps into her new stamp album (well, it is supposed to be Steven's but Nancy gets to do all the work on it). (I still haven't located MY old stamp album, tho). (Fortunately for crifanac, I guess).

RETRO 48 You mean every fanzine ought to be labeled: WARNING! FANZINE READING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR MENTAL HEALTH! # About two days after I mailed that issue of SW to Hulan, I ran across your version of "Rumplestencil" in an old mailing while compiling the SAPZIN INDEX. I thought yours was funnier, so that makes us even. Sorry about unintentionally stealing your title, tho. It DID seem sort of funny that no one had ever used it before, I'd thought. (But how I managed to forget your version in a mere decade, I'll never know). # Getting awake: For the past couple of years I followed, whenever possible, a rule of never doing anything important on Monday mornings. This was a result of several instances when what seemed like fairly routine decision-making at such times turned out later to be sad cases of misjudgement or stupidity on my part. Apparently it takes me three or four hours after the weekend break to really get my mental muscles into gear again.

BASINGSTON 8 Our livingroom is theoretically off limits to the youngsters, a rule that has to be repeated, with various degrees of bloodcurdling threats, daily. We don't really object to their presence, it's just that they can't keep their little paws off the Italian ceramics, the taper, the Grundig, or Nancy's table full of potted plants. And somehow, anything they get their destructive little paws on is seldom the same again. # Wally's essay on the perils of duplication reminds me of the time I tried to simplify the process of duplication. You see, to get anything run off on a mimeo we had to fill out a form in duplicate, get the project approved by the publications officer in our office, then send it to the publications room where, if THEIR publications officer approved, somebody would run it off, sloppily, on a mimeo. Well, for this particular project we needed 50 copies of a standard printed form with a couple lines of text added at the bottom margin. Rather than overprinting by mimeo (which would be a fairly simple task if I were doing it, but which I despaired of ever explaining coherently on the request) I figured out a delightful substitute. A neighboring office had a Frieden flexowriter, which is a typer-like device that either (a) perforates a tape when typed on, or (b) types out whatever is on the perforated tape fed into it. My idea was to perforate the overprint I wanted added to the blank form on a tape, then feed this thru the flexowriter 50 times to imprint the words on the forms. The NCO in charge, who owed me a favor, promised to have one of his operators do the job for me in a couple of hours. However, it was almost a whole day before the finished forms were ready. When I asked what took so long, I learned that the flexowriter operator had discovered what none of us previously suspected: that the machine wouldn't line-space accurately enough to place the text in the margin where it was supposed to go. So she'd typed it in manually on each copy.

So much for innovations in the art of reproduction (tho as I recall, Buz once used an endless-loop tape fed thru a teletype to produce a last page of RETRO for SAPS, once.)

THE WSFA JOURNAL Thank for the friendly review of SW. Yer a Doll.

KITTLE PITCHERING HUBBLE DE SHUFF We're not anti-social, Don. It's just that there's so MUCH to do and so little time to do it in, that we need involvement in local fandom like another hole in the head. # 5-suit decks: If local magicians' supply shops can't furnish them, write the American Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. They either make 5-suit decks, or can tell you where to get them. But tell me: after you get a 5-suit deck, what are you planning to DO with it?

SAPSFIELD 10 Now if your grandmother is looking forward in time, and glimpsing a parking ramp that will someday be built in that location, think of the opportunity you have to ferret out advance details of styling changes, to peddle to the industrial espionage people of Detroit... Of course, there is this clipping which by a fantastic coincidence Nancy just dropped on the floor from an old notebook of mine she was reading. I can't date it precisely, but on the reverse it mentions President Eisenhower, which would make it 1953-1960...and here's a mention of Defense Secretary McElroy, so that makes it 57-59. Anyway...

NEW AF CAMERA REPORTED
REACHING BACKWARD INTO TIME

MIAMI, Fla (AP) -- The Miami Herald says the Air Force has developed an infra-red camera which can reach backward into time for a picture. In a copyrighted story from Eglin Air Force Base, Fla., the Herald said the camera took a picture late at night from a reconnaissance plane of an empty parking lot and came up with a picture of cars which had been parked on the lot hours previously.

"Officials at this air proving ground center explained that the camera absorbs heat rays, emitted by solid objects, instead of light rays, to record its picture," the paper said.

"Extreme sensitive equipment which can distinguish in thousandths of degree of heat registers the picture by heat contrasts of objects in the picture.

"For instance, the cars on the parking ground would radiate more, or less, heat than surrounding objects, or the cement lot. The greater the heat contrast, the easier it is to take the picture."

Hmmm, maybe these extra-dimensional parking lots are where the extraterrestrial tourists park while taking sightseeing rides in flying saucers? # Wups, you caught me on that statement I made about there being no hippies in India. Of course, the holy men of India represent a sort of model for American hippies to pattern themselves after. But in India this sort of person isn't rejecting the values of his society, he's cooperating with them, just as ministers, priests, and rabbies are performing the same function in American culture. That's a good question: what WOULD one have to do in Indian culture to be the equivalent of a hippie in Western culture? Subsist on a diet of Sacred-Cowburger perhaps? # Don't put your mother down, man: even Norman Mailer doesn't know who Norman Mailer is. Else, why would he write so much self-centered prose on the subject?

Speaking of newspaper clippings, here's a more recent one, a photo caption in the Baltimore Evening Sun of 8 June 68:

WOULD ACCEPT DEATH--Evangelist Billy Graham told the Southern Baptist Convention that "My being shot or killed would glorify God, and I would accept that type of death unflinchingly." Three bodyguards were at his side.

GRO 7 Most illegal-weapons laws concerning knives specify a maximum blade length (usually around 3" or so) and anything larger is illegal. Then as I recall there was a case about a year ago in New York where a woman shot her would-be rapist with a tear-gas pen and got arrested and tried because those are illegal in New York. (I think she got a suspended sentence, which is OK I guess unless she has to illegally shoot someone else, which might land her in serious trouble.) # The Governor of Maryland appointed a commission to look into the matter of discipline in the state's schools, and make recommendations on how to reduce the incidence of students being punished for various infractions of the law occurring in and around schools. The commission published its report a couple weeks back. They concluded (and this is exact, not an exaggeration of any kind) that one of the ways in which the number of incidents involving students could be reduced would be to transfer or eliminate teachers who require students to obey the rules. ("Failure of the teacher to adjust to the educational environment" is about how they phrased it).

SPACEWARP 87 The most notable goof in The SAPzine Index that I've found so far is that I somehow dropped Ron Maddox's Afriganza from the listing, after pointing out in the introduction that it was the first zine in the First Mailing, yet!

SARDONICUS 5 Do you suppose anyone but their families remembers that the crew of the Pueblo are still being held by North Korea? What happened to all the fire-and-brimstone demands for immediate action that all the politicians were spouting when the seizure happened? # Hang around until SAPS Mlg 100, about four years from now, Milt, and someone is sure to review ALL the past mailings. Won't you, Wrai?

MURIAS 8 OK, I'll bite--what's that cover drawing supposed to be? Nancy says, "Father Christmas and Little Lord Fauntleroy" but that can't be right (no Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer). # Physics lab used to be great training -- in mathematics, that is. You'd run the experiment and get a series of readings and substitute them in the formulas and come out with the wrong answers, so you'd have to figure out just how much of a Finagle Factor to combine with each reading to bring the final results somewhere near where the textbook said they should be. (Of course, since the result wasn't what you expected at all, it first of all caused you to meticulously repeat the experiment, this time reading all verniers on the high side (or low side) in order to bring the final result nearer the goal, and so on. # Of course, one doesn't always have to know what he's doing to solve a problem: I remember one troubleshooting test at radar school where I triumphantly narrowed the malfunction to a particular tube and with an ohmmeter demonstrated that it had an open filament. The instructor conceded the correctness of my solution, but pointed out that in locating the filament pins in the tube socket from the underside of the chassis I'd counted in the wrong direction, since the tube-manual diagrams showed the pins as viewed from above. (The filament pins happened to be symmetrical with respect to the index position on this particular tube).

The thing that makes electronic repair in actual practice a cross between magic ritual and applied artform is that ordinarily you don't know what's causing the trouble, particularly an intermittent one. So you poke, turn, tighten, jiggle and thump all the components in the vicinity in hopes that the trouble will go away, which it often does. This can be repeated a dozen times or more with minor revisions in the ritual until the significant portion can be separated from the extraneous.

DEADWOOD SAP #14 As a gourd expert, tosk, perhaps you can explain why, in the packet of Hubbard squash seeds I planted yesterday, half the seeds were white and the other half pink? I suspect that the pink ones had had some kind of insecticide treatment or something, but I didn't want to commit myself so when Nancy asked, I merely told her the reason was too esoteric to mention in public. # While listening to some idiotic college students on TV last night, Nancy and I got to wondering if college professors, who are supposed to be intellectually honest, ever advise their students to shut up and learn something before trying to tell everyone else how to cure the world's ills. Nancy regretted that we hadn't asked you about it. I pointed out that, as a professor of mathematics, you probably didn't encounter as much of that as, say, a professor of political science, or history. Maybe Chalker can enlighten us?

THE SPECTATOR 82.5 Sometimes the administration of SAPS gets complicated, doesn't it?

FINAGLE'S WORK #4 This would make great continuity for a comic strip.

COLLECTOR Jan67 Good ghod, Howard, at first glance this looks like a Pelzine! # What do you intend to do with all the printing equipment, retire someday, join a mundane apa, and become a second Wilfred E Meyers?

HALF A COUGH 2 Seems to me I read a paragraph buried in the back pages of the newspaper not long back that revealed some of the puzzling periodic variation in radiati on from quasars turned out to be a malfunction in the observatory recording equipment.

GLURF! Good grief, you sound like an oldtime fan, Jack, with all those stf-oriented activities and interests. Makes me feel old and gafiated just to read your zine. But 'twas one of the most interesting (as well as the most fannish) in the mailing, anyhow.

THE CHARLOTTAN 14 We saw an episode of Dark Shadows at my sister's home last week (she and several of her offspring are wild about it). Yechhh, Peyton Place with weirdos, yet. Maybe it grows upon one after 15 or 20 episodes...

MAINE-IAC 35 As one bheerfan to another I hate to confess it, but having forgotten to put the brew in the cooler this afternoon, I'm stencilling this evening fueled by Continental Sweet Red Wine a product of the St. Julian Winery, Paw Paw, Michigan. It's a shmooth drink, or, as Nancy sez, all us cats just love sweet wine. # Your researches into early SAPS history remind me for the mmpteenth time that some of the gems in that mountain of manure ought to be reprinted (to mix an interesting metaphor). I've often intended to issue a volume of reprints, but usually end up reprinting my own forgotten crud, in true egoistic fanstyle. One difficulty, to which my Index was intended as a partial solution, is that it's so hard to locate a particular item in all those stacks of bundles. Real Soon Now I'll get at compiling....

NFLHEM 23 Good luck on your new home, new job, and general reshuffling. I'm currently weathering the home-vs-job conflict myself. I've gotten offers from all sorts of agencies for all sorts of interesting positions, all just a little bit beyond convenient commuting range. And I'm not about to move after just getting settled into this place. Aside from the geographical aspect, I'm crogged at the variety of opportunities which I brought upon myself by passing that Civil Service exam. I've been invited to become such varied things as a bank examiner, a publicist for the Dept of Agriculture, an investigator for the Internal Revenue Service, a personnel manager at Aberdeen Proving Ground, a Customs official, a public-relations man for the US Naval Academy, and a contract negotiator for the US Air Force. And the offers are still coming in. It's getting to the point where I feel that whatever one I finally accept, I'll probably kick myself later on for passing up some of the others.

COLLECTOR Apr68 Ever notice that on the highways Greyhound busses are practically always exceeding the speed limit? And yet I remember from my bus-riding days that they stuck pretty close to the timetable. Seems to me some legal-minded driver who got tailgated by one of those monsters just once too often ought to be able to get some sort of court order forcing the company to allow enough time between stops so the bus drivers could stay within the legal speeds.

MEST 24 Oh, come now: demolishisms: Stephen - ; Otto 5er (oops, I got hold of the waiting list, not the membership roster!) FM BusB; Don MillR; Fred PattN, Bruce PLs; Milt StevNN; Howard D4; Earl TomsN. Not to mention ~~k~~-tRapp. I'll admit things would be easier if Karen &rsen were still with us, or Larry *k # SAPS a benevolent dictatorship? I prefer to think of it as a totalitarian anarchy. # With the easing of censorship in recent years, perhaps it is time that a long forgotten whimsical project of fandom be brought to reality: a Pornographic Amateur Press Association. After all, isn't pornography today in just about the same status as science-fiction was in the '40's? # In your mc to SAPSAFIELD, did you mean "satyrical"? You're either fiendishly clever or a classical exemplar of the Freudian slipper. (Say, there's a million-dollar merchandising idea: moccassins with risque designs embroidered on them: Freudian slippers). # The reason for the sudden surge of current when you turn on a lightbulb is that the filament is cold, and resistance is directly proportional to temperature. And current is inversely proportional to resistance. It's a sort of negative-feedback servo system -- the current produces heat which increases the resistance which decreases the current, and eventually the system attains equilibrium -- if the filament can handle that initial overshoot. Incidentally, some of the newer TV sets eliminate the time-lag between "switching on" and a picture by allowing a small current to keep the high-voltage tubes hot even during periods when the switch is "off". The cost of the additional electricity is negligible, but I imagine tube life in terms of viewing hours is considerably less than with the ordinary TV set -- or maybe not. Buz, you got any data on this? # Say, Ted, you've got a fine idea there -- if we all get on the waitinglist as well as being members of SAPS, it'll keep snotty young upstarts from getting into our exclusive organization. Except by marriage of course. Of course, eventually we'd end up with a SAPS membership composed of one individual who had joined 30 (or whatever the limitation was at the time) times. This would be a mutual admiration society with a vengeance. Besides, what would Bruce do with all those bundles? # Judging from critical reviews of current Broadway plays in various publications, the birth of a baby live onstage might not yet be in the offing, but anytime now the conception of one will be demonstrated for the

edification of the audience. # In order to avert civil disturbance this summer, the Baltimore civic authorities lined up several hundred jobs for the slum dwellers. Were the local civic rights groups overjoyed? Hell no -- they protested that the jobs were menial, and offered little prospect for advancement. Apparently they don't consider it of any value that in applying for some better job the applicant might cite the fact that he'd at least shown he could show up for work on a regular schedule (employers offering jobs to the hard-core unemployed are cautioned that their most difficult task will be to educate their employees to a sense of responsibility). (Most of the city-provided jobs, for which they are having a hard time finding takers, are in the sanitation department. It is interesting to note that City of Baltimore garbage collectors start out at approximately the hourly rate that I was getting from the Army after 21 years of service). (The member of the crew who drives the truck gets about 50% more). # A Ghodly pub, Ted.

FROM SUNDAY TO SATURDAY Harlan Ellison was on the Joe Pyne show last night (tho Joe Pyne wasn't). He came off pretty well in the exchange of insults, tho I wasn't impressed by his claim that as the only Jewish boy in Painesville, Ohio, he was the victim of anti-semitic persecution. It might have seemed that way to him at the time, but as an adult he should at least consider the possibility that it wasn't so much Jews his acquaintances disliked, as the Harlan Ellison personality. He touted a book of short stories he'd just had published, titled Sex is Love Misspelled, and denounced the commercialization of sex in advertising. The moderator didn't think to ask him why, in that case, he used that particular title for a collection which could have been given any number of non-sexy titles.

MISTILY MEANDERING 24 Bookstore browsing sounds like fabulous fun and fills me with nostalgia for the days when I used to unearth 10¢ copies of FFM and FN in the Salvation Army stores. Nowadays all I can find are classical 78's for 10¢ at the Goodwill Industries, who have shelves of books, but, alas, practically all consisting of old Book of the Month Club forgettable crud.

DINKY BIRD 26 You're a maniac, my dear. A bibliomaniac, which is the very worst kind. Happy hunting.

SPELEOBEM 39 Verrry in-ter-est-ing, but damned if I can find a comment hook.

BANDERSNATCH 4 My trouble is that the particular item I need to consult is usually not a book, but a magazine (or worse yet, fanzine) article, and no bibliographic classification helps there. What I need is sort of a Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, only more an Individual's Guide to Available Literature. Owell, even then I probably wouldn't get started on all those wide-ranging critical survey articles I've been tempted to do at various moments.

Thus endeth the commentary on the 83d SAPS Mailing. If I get ambitious, this issue of SW will contain something besides mc's. Cover is mimeo-hecto process and was drawn by DEA many years ago. I wonder if she'll be surprised when the contributor's copy reaches her?

Arthur H Rapp 1700 Park Drive Baltimore, Md 21222

Here's a ballad I scribbled into a notebook some 18 years ago, and never got around to printing until now...

A ROUND & A ROUND & AROUND

With both feet on the ground, except one on the rail
Let's drink up the first round, so foaming and pale;
With dew on the glasses and elbows on bar
Let's drink up the second and stay where we are;
Where the musical clinking of glasses is heard
Let us order another and drink up the third;
Let's take turns at buying, to even the score,
And lift up the bottles with round number four;
Let's show our enjoyment at being alive
By hoisting the glasses with round number five;
Let's open the bottles and let the caps fly
And down with the sixth round, in case we run dry.

Fresh from the bottle or aged in the wood,
Round number seven is tasty and good;
Now we seem to have trouble in seeing quite straight
But das machs sehr nichts -- down with round number eight!
The brew is delightful, the party is fine,
Put a head on 'em, waiter -- it's round number nine;
Ho! Whazzis? The glashes 'r empty again?
Shay there, bartender, bring round number ten!

Are you shure that we're keeping the count straight, I think?
Itsh sheleven or shumthing -- no matter -- let's drink;
Does this make a dozen? Ask someone who knows--
I could take off my stockings and count on my toes...
Whassamat, pal? You look sort of green;
Don't tell me you've had it at only thirteen?
This is fourteen, I reckon (as well as I'm able);
Shay, why are you lying there, under the table?
People just aren't the drinkers now they used to be:
No more for him, waiter -- just bring round fifteen for me!

Little Willie, feeling wicked,
Decided to go out and picket;
Bought stolen goods meanwhile, since
He wished to be a picket fence.

Little Willie, feeling mean,
Poured No-Doz on the TV screen;
Explained in answer to a query:
"Those summer shows are pretty weary!"

THEME SONG FOR A FANNISH EVENING

Ballantine's, Horlacher, Budweiser, Schlitz,
Yuengling's and Carlings, Rolling Rock, Schmidt's,
Miller's, Fox, Altes (with foam high upon it),
Old Dutch and Sterling, and good old Bluebonnet,
Twenty Grand, Frankenmuth, Alpine, Duquesne,
Fehr's, Falstaff, Goebel's and more of the same!
Bock, lager, pilsner, Bohemian, ale,
To hell with the glass -- bring it on by the pail!

Here's one which was written so long ago that many of its references will probably be incomprehensible to younger SAPS:

Now some have admiration for a great vocabulary

And choose each use of wordage with a weighty dictionary,
And some are fond of channels (which are much the same as ruts)

But McAuliffe at Bastogne found that the best reply was "Nuts!"

Julius Caesar conquered Gaul and took in hand a pen
And TWX'd headquarters thusly: "I came, I saw, I won."

This seemed to satisfy the cits, but then of course I guess

J. Caesar fought the French campaign without the INS.

When the Japs hit Mindanao and the huts began to burn

Douglas found it wise to go, but threatened to return;

It took some years and some Marines to carry out his threat,

But, having said his piece and scrambled, MacArthur's fighting yet.

Long speeches at a banquet are the order of the day

And if you are averse to them you simply stay away,

But inasmuch as Generals' words all reach the public prints

Attention is invited to the few foregoing hints.

If you say "Lafayette, we're here," or "Send us some more Nips,"

Like Cates and Pershing you may find your name on public lips,

But if you say six thousand words your fame will soon be dead

For no one will recall you if they don't know what you said.

CHERCEZ LA FEMME

Cease chasing, my boy, and believe what you're told:

Intelligent women are rarer than gold.

You'll find women with talent and women with beauty,

But a woman with brains is a rare bit of booty.

If the one you have found is deficient in brain

Enjoy what she has, then go searching again;

But say no farewells, just pack up and get started,

For hell hath no fury like women discarded!

And if in pursuit you're persistent, my son,

You may search till you're eighty without finding one,

But when you're successful you'll know by this omen:

She'll make you forget that you want to go roaming!

Little Willie, in a sulk,

Slipped cyanide into the milk.

I'm lucky to be standing here,

Thankful I drink only beer.

Mary had a little lamb,

With this you are acquainted,

But do you know what happened then?

The obstetrician fainted!