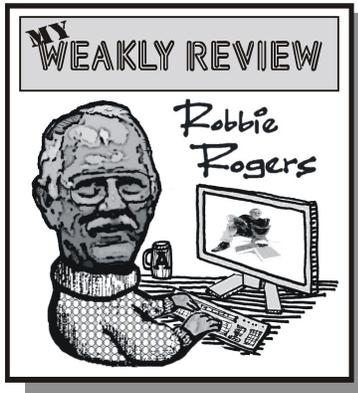


## Weakly Review Column (700 Words) Rights Reserved

Title: Now We Know Where Unemployed Defense Workers Go



If didn't want trouble, I shou'd'a not bought a computer. It was bad enough to bury my old Hewy P computer and printer. It was probably kin to the fella who invented the Hewy P. Long Bridge in New Oww'leens. He always said he was a crook, at least you knew he was. Better know than to find a strange bedfellow in the wood pile.

Speaking of New Orleans and Voodoo, if you forgot to give yer sweetie a birthday goody or something else and she flat left you, according to the voodoo powers that be you can poke a hole in an orange and sleep with it under your armpit, it'll get her back.??!!

They claim no real lover can resist such a smell??? Yet according to the French (who listens to them?), the person who eats such an orange will fall in love with you. just don't let her know where you kept it; or, you could invite her to the ancient rites of fertility, the ole Roman's numerouno rites called "Lupercalia." The women dress as wolves?? That's a switch. The men (??), wearing loincloths, whip them!?? According to participants, "The women go

out of their way to get whipped. It's a cheering event." The practice although outlawed by Pope Pious the whose-it in 495 A.D., continues during Mardi Gras. Now they use a harmless whip of plastic streamers. Ah young love at its finest??? Who said what happened to tradition? I saw them doing that on a Mardi Gras float.

If that doesn't work, you can eat some of the smorgasbord foods called "lewd food." Such stuff as Rhinoceros snouts and hyena eyeballs, or artichokes, and figs (yuck I used to like `em). Did you know bananas were banned for women to eat in public until Pope Paul in 18-something another said they were okay.

Such food as looks like body parts or functions inspires like feelings, they say. Whoever the "they" is?? But they even forgot about what all us southerners eat, Oysters!! Everybody knows what that does to fertility rites.

Then there was a lady (??) who accidently killed her husband cause he was too cold in the bed (that's my version); she gave him antifreeze. It happened in Marshall, Arkansas. It's true. They say she really did it to collect a \$600,000 estate.

They found him dead in a local motel. Guess he was trying out the orange eating thing and she was sniffing his armpits. Who knows what evil lurks in rural Arkansas, another Clinton may be forming from the dust.

Equal rights and all that stuff makes you wonder. They say (again with the they), men die 7-years earlier than women, why do women want equality? Men's suicide rate is six times higher, with twice as many men victims of violent crimes and then they are three times more likely to be murdered.

While the cancer rate of men and women who die is about the same (prostate vs breast cancer), breast cancer receives six time more cancer research money. That about makes up for the unbalance of male to female heart-attack ambivalence.

But what the hey?? Speaking of fun things to do... how about bowling? Now they have a bowling ball that promises to make 110-pound weaklings equal to 200-pounder. Or 200-pound weaklings equal to 110-pound what-ever. Intricate Core bowling balls with Reactive Materials for outer shells can make a standout bowler out of dubious one.

They speak of such things as outside coefficient of friction and restitution, moment of inertia, and radius of gyrations, improving the probability of strikes with greater-angle-of-entry into the pocket and greater-energy-transfer?????

Now we know where all the unemployed defense workers go!?? You guessed it... Arkansas.

**So what's next?**