

-- THAT SINKING FEELING!

by David Ord (and the Portfolio Editors)



"Hey, let's go rowing! I've never rowed before!"

Little did John Cunningham realize he might *never* want to row again. But oblivious to feelings of impending doom, we hired a rowboat, collected our oars, our change, and our dates, and launched off from the Vale of Evesham boatshed.

We skimmed down the river to the happy accompaniment of lapping waves and gurgling tenors. In fact the rowing looked so easy that Bev and Sylvia, our dates, voted for a go. The change-over was perfected without a hitch. We rowed smoothly down the centre of the river, relaxing in the afternoon sun.

"Say, the boat's becoming wet in the bottom!" someone bubbled. Everyone glanced down. Sure enough, a trickle of water appeared from between the boards.

A seaborne summit conference was quickly convened and a unilateral course of action decided on. "Full speed ahead to the landing stage!" While the men took over the rowing, the women helped by grunting. Everyone worked as a team — after all, we were all in the same boat.

Soon a gaping hole appeared in the floor of the boat. Remembering a famous historic precedent, John stuck his finger into it — and then

two — and then his entire fist. But his plan did not hold water. The whole idea was a washout!

By this time Sylvia and Bev splashed to the rescue. They grabbed the nearest coffee cups and started salvage operations with whetted appetites. Then, as we neared the bank, the river became too shallow for rowing. Too much time had been lost — we had to throw in the towel!

John and Sylvia jumped and landed safely on terra firma — and as far as they were concerned, the more the firma the less the terra. Bev wasn't so lucky. She was about

to take the plunge, but got cold feet, slipped, and sat in the half-filled boat. *Water predicament!*

Once on dry land we hailed Ian Henderson to tow our wrecked craft down to the landing stage. While the others dried up, John dripped off to see the owner.

He listened thoughtfully to the story and commented placidly, "Well, I'm not a bit surprised. Heavy flooding last week gave the boats a good bashing!" We wondered if heavy flooding affected boat owners the same way.

HOW NOT TO DO IT!

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the second and did likewise with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink, which I drank.

I extracted the cork from the fourth bottle down the sink, poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

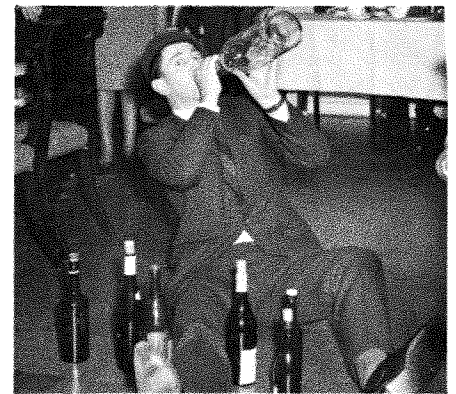
I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next glass and drank one sink of it and threw the rest down the glass.

I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the sink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand, counted the glass, corks, bottles and sinks with the other which were 29 and as the house came by, I counted them again and finally I

had all the houses in one bottle which I drank.

I'm not under the affluence of incohol as some thinkle peep I am. I'm not half so thunk as you might drink, I feel so foolish I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand here, the longer I get.



"Then there was this sink . . ."

It is easy to tell how fit a man is by what he takes two at a time — stairs or pills.

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Short employment story — Hired, Tired, Fired.