

# If You Know What I Mean...

*A while back, the following advertisement appeared in a popular boating magazine:*

FAMOUS YACHTING AUTHOR  
needs personal sailing secretary aboard  
his classic 44-foot yawl *Iolaire* cruising  
Caribbean islands in winter, summers  
in Ireland. Reply to Donald Street,  
Box 249, St. Georges, Grenada, West  
Indies.

*Following is one letter of application submitted  
to the dean of Caribbean sailors:*

From the desk of  
Miss Daisy June Whigger  
Gopher Hole, Texas, USA

Dear Captain Street, Sir,

I just seen your ad in the magazine and I am trooly all excited and twittery and tingly about hopefully becoming your personal sailing secretary aboard your fine old classick yatch *Iolaire*. I have read and relished and cherished every single thrilling word you have ever written about all your "adventures under a spread of sail" down there in paradise in those legundary romantic islands and I know that I am trooly the best person for your new position . . . if you know what I mean.

I have a very interesting background, including graduating ala cum laude from the Gopher Hole Institute of Business, Basketweaving & Massage. I lernt to sail at an early age on Muddy Crick and Sewer Plant Pond, including lots of experience in moonlight cruising . . . if you know what I mean.

I realized very soon that I was destinated for a romantic, litterary life at sea aboard a salty windjammer with a trooly rugged adventurous and handsome famous yatching auther down there in those wonderful Caribbean islands.

I just trooly know that I will fit into your dashing and valerous life because, just like you, I am very brave and courageous and bold and high-spirited and daring—I will try *anything* at least once . . . if you know what I mean.

Besides my many other talents, I also write poetry, so I trooly know that I can be of very great help to you in many scholerly ways. Following is a sampling of my poetic skills:

Singing sea chanteys, holding her steady.  
Coming about when nobody's ready!

Incredible beauty, indescribable class.

Look out for the vomit or you'll slide real fast!

His cooking will make your stomach curl.

What Cap'n Don really needs is a salad girl!

The gentle roar of a faraway reef,  
fragrant frangipani in the air.

What's all that laughing and giggling  
coming from good old *Iolaire*?!  
She's very old and kind of leaky,  
But we'll keep her sailing, me and Squeaky!

But we'll keep her sailing, me and Squeaky!

Palm trees and moonlight, a fabulous scene.

Exotic romance . . . if you know what I mean!

So this gives you an idea of some of my natural talent.

Perhaps we can clabberate on a beautiful sea story liberally sprinkled with your purls of eloquent wizdom and electrifying adventure, and my poetic rhapsody. I also hope and dream that the two of us can sail good old *Iolaire* on a trooly classick rounding of Cape Horn east to west, just like in olden times, "iron men and wooden ships", then perhaps a non-stop circumnavigation of the Great Southern Ocean straight to weather into the gale-driven fury of the Roaring Forties, Raging Fifties, and Savage Sixties. Oh, my, what an exciting and joyful passage that would trooly be! What fabulous epick stories you could weave for posterity and what inspiring poems I could paint with words!

My last job as a personal sailing secretary was aboard the yatch *Tumbleweed* with Fritz Seyfarth. Enclosed is a letter of recommendation that he so kindly writ for me. I had to leave Cap'n Fritz because he keeps going out and running into big old nasty freighters so's he can have something to write about. He should change the name of the boat to *Tumbledown*. Also, I trooly think the sun and salt water and rum have just about cooked his little old peasized brain to a charred frazzle. Also, he began putting mir-

*(continues)*

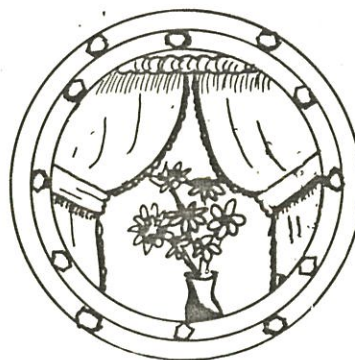
rors over the bunks and making me wear leather chaps and boots and spurs that jingle-jangle-jingle. And then that weerd creep started collecting whips. That's when I left—when the leather came on board. Now I trooly don't mind a little fun-frolicking between manuscripts, but I don't much go for that kinky stuff . . . if you know what I mean.

But I'm sure there will be no such spooky problems with you, Cap'n Don, because I know you must be a straight-arrow, suffisticated yachtsman and gentleman with unpeckerable credentials.

The enclosed photograff is for your eyes onliest, so trooly *please* don't show it to anyone else, expeshally your wife. In a moment of weekness up in the hayloft, I allowed it to be taken by my ex-boyfriend Homer Husks, who is a real country jerk with no class at all; he likes going to the 4-H Club meetings better than being with me. But the Pearl Beer salesman really likes me . . . if you know what I mean.

I don't expect any salary as your personal sailing secretary. As a matter of fact, I have a little "hope chest" savings account at the Gopher Hole National Bank (upstairs over the pool hall) and I would trooly be thrilled and honered to add it to our cruising kitty, assuming of course that the position will have some "fringe benefits" . . . if you know what I mean. Also, I can fix up good old *Iolaire* with things like little porthole curtains and lace doilies and fancy pillows to make her real comfy and homey.

I am eegerly awaiting your reply and I trooly hope you will be able to right away send me an airplane ticket to join you down there in paradise in those legundary romantic Caribbean islands and I can get out of this crummy little hick town and put my true talents to work. Maybe we could make a deal about the cost of the ticket . . . if you know what I mean!



Secretarily yours,  
Dee-Jay  
Daisy June Whigger

Aboard the *Tumbleweed*  
Swashbukcler Cove  
Virgin Islands

To Whom It May Concern:

Daisy June Whigger is quite a lady . . . if you know what I mean.

Yours trooly,  
Fritz Seyfarth

Words From Readers:

Dear Editor,

I am surprised that such a high-class magazine would publish such an abusive personal attack on my maskulinity as purvayed by one Daisy June Whigger in your June issue ("If You Know What I Mean"). As a Fighting Texas Aggie, I will be forced to file a \$1-million slander suit -- unless proper apolokees are promptly rendered, henceforth and to wit.

Yours trooly,  
Homer Husks  
Attorney-at-Law  
Rattlesnake Bar & Grill  
Gopher Hole, Texas

P.S.: What a face, what a figger.

My 4-H pig is cuter than Dee-Jay Whigger!