A True Story, with Morals:
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In the summer of 1950, while my dad was CO of the naval base at Portsmouth, NH [or ME .. there's actually some dispute about this], a marine guard making a random inspection of yard workers' cars asked a driver for his keys, to open the trunk.

A minute later he returned them to the driver, with a bewildered expression saying "Hey, Buddy! You know there's a goat in your trunk?"

"Yeah. I picked her up from the Vet this morning and left her in the car this shift. She's OK."

"Well, she's your goat, I guess."

Returning to the guard shack he laughingly yelled "Hey Sarge! That crazy son of a bitch had a goat in his trunk!"

"Son", said the duty officer, "You phone the hospital and ask if they have any goats over there?"

Yup. They did [for vaccines], and their goat count had been shrinking lately. To shorten the story a bit: the FBI got to the farm before the returning worker did, admired the nice flock of white goats in his front yard, and arrested him on a federal rap [those were US goats!]. During the trial he threatened the judge, and that was about it for the next 20 years.

MORAL#1: If you keep goats, count 'em. If you don't keep goats maybe that's because you forgot to count 'em.

MORAL#2: Don't get the judge's goat.

Cheers,
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