



# WE KEEP THE WIRES

## MEXICAN DEAD BACK--NECRO-NAUT CARNIVAL

It's a common belief in Mexico that on the night of All Saints and All Souls the dead come back, but not to haunt. It's more a social and family call. During the latter half of October the pastry shops, toy stores, and groceries are well-stocked with the special delicacies that the dead relish. Most bakeries have a sign, 'Buy your Dead Men's Bread Here,' and all candy stores have frosted sugar skulls, skeletons, coffins in chocolate, and other dainties in the same line. On the last night in October you set a table in the form of an altar, candle-lighted and decorated with orange marigolds, these being the favorite flowers of the dead. For the children you put out sweetbread, baked pumpkin, and toys such as sugar bones that rattle, funeral processions that move gaily, etc. In the morning the live children have their party with whatever the 'little dead ones' have left them, and the whole family goes for a picnic in the graveyard, during which 'adult' dead come back to talk over unfinished family matters and eat a hearty warm meal.

Kenny Cubus, a.k.a. Boy Howdy, was born on a shanty boat, and will no doubt die, once again, on one of them. Once the shanty boats were drydocked annually and painted, caulked, repaired, now left to moth and rust, corrode and calcify, finally to disintegrate on the murky bottoms of the trench, without maintenance, without salvage. Oneba doesn't care, The City Moon mentions the shanty's only in passing. Nothing is lost.

MMMMMM Medical Moons MMMMMMMMM

The first of the medical moons will float blue and horrible over houston come january next, assuredly a prize baby of Viet technology.

Surgeon Gen. Wunty

## HORNPOUT RECORD

Mother K., a seeress of Alamo-gordo, in a single evening, caught five hornpout ranging from 10 to 14 inches long and weighing a total of nine pounds, exactly as she had predicted the evening previous, to a travelling actor, Buster Crabbe, in the Gregory Room of the Hunger Art Cafe. It was a new hornpout record for the state.

## WHITE BOY PRESSED IN PARIS

Paris, Texas

The report of a ghastly find has been filed here today. The particulars of the discovery, as they are ascertained, are to the effect that during the past week, while the cotton gin at the outskirts of Paris was being run at its full speed, a little 5-year old white boy, whose name cannot be learned, was in the gin house watching the machinery. When night came he could not be seen anywhere about and a vigilant search was made, but the little fellow could not be found. Then, three days later, the attention of parties was called to a bale of cotton by reason of the fact that green flies had been attracted there in large numbers. When the bale was broken, it is understood that the victim was found crushed in a horrible manner. It is supposed that the boy was looking at the work of the press and, at an unguarded moment, got too close to the edge and fell over into the box, a depth of 12 or 15 feet, and that with the noise his cries could not be heard, and the lint cotton was poured down upon him, smothering and pressing the very life out of him.



## Prison Poem

Man Stepping into the Forst  
Hearing the Eako of his Voice  
Folling In It Direction  
With No Pertection

From Where he First Awoke  
To Him His Voice Spoke  
He thought Nothing Could Speak But He  
Untel he met a Sting Bee

The Birds They Lafe in the Tree  
When He Began to Flee

On and On He Went  
Not Known a Word They Ment

In the Forst He Were Shut In  
Using Fourst to Make It Thin  
No Train Were To Be Had  
He had No Son to Call Him Dad

Nothing From Him Did Run  
For There Wont No Gun  
But the Idea Came to Him  
And He Pick up A Lim

Joe Massey  
Ohio Penitentiary