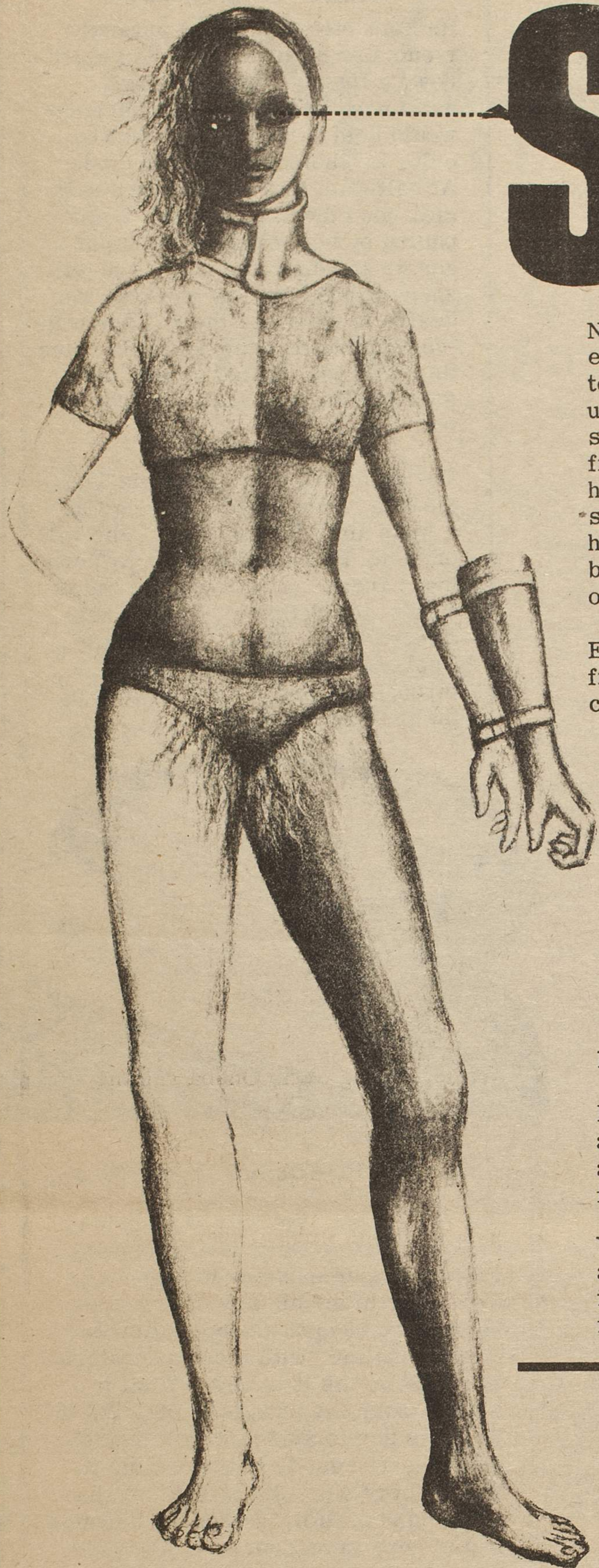


SAPPERS



Now the word sapper comes from everyone's lips. A sapper, we are told, is a type of female land troll, usual habitat of so-and-so bridge, a stinky woman who comes out at you from a low ditch with mud caked to her hair. Because her hand is palsied, she straps a plaster model to her arm to alarm her natural enemies: boys with switches, girls with sticks, old men with rods.

Equestriansappers pick young men up from the spot where they stand and carry them off.

kitchen to catch the spaghetti boiling over hearsthe doorbell ring. At the door she receives a gift booklet that, when used, produces a change in her over time.

American climate seems to have something to do with this.

It draws the strings on our nervous systems tighter and tighter, until now they are ready to snap.

We are changing from a life in the open to a life in service to the brain.

A warning to people

Some people would think this heavenly.

But the sappers kill their young men afterward, ride to the nearest town, and chuck their sox on the lawn in front of the police station.

You can chalk this whole situation up to a result of business-as-usual rapid living. The formula for making a sapper is simple: the housewife running to the

This tendency will continue. We can't help it.

City Moon Analysis: We warn you people that we have more to fear than sappers. Neutrodyne cottagers near Coggeshall Avenue are fleeing the devilish new red bees, *papilina*, as though it were Armageddon dawning early. A Thon boy of the neighborhood, stung on the cheek, developed a head quite like a medicine ball.

Queen of the Mud Opera

QUESTIONS

Who is the queen of the mud opera?

Why have three, and now four, families ended up face down, knee deep in the Big Muddy?

What possessed tatterdemalion Hockaday to jump on railcars and jitneys shouting, "North, north, to the station at Thule"?

Where is Pigeon EZ 8, 894?

A: No one knows for sure, but what Feris, a riverside farmer, stumbled upon last evening may give a clue. He was driving his two boar hogs, Indole and Skatole, home after letting them feed on groundnuts and stinkhorns in the pinery. The two hogs came upon the badly mudded and corrupt body of a well-dressed, queenly neutrodyne woman in an out of the way corner of a rice field. Beside the body lay an empty laudanum bottle, and in a small satchel was found trick cigars,

bichloride of mercury tablets, a bag of lithia, and a tin of sour ass. The body could not be identified and was burned on the deck of the shanty at Wall's Island.

A. Because the troll lured them in and chose to drown them, after first beating their butts raw with oaken sticks.

A. None know, but in his torn pocket was discovered a miniature book entitled, "Prisoner of Zelda," by Felix Grendon, popular author of "Nixola of Wall Street," a romance of business and pleasure.

A. On a fisherman's line is where it is. A motorman, Moldenke, had an unusual experience while fishing hag in Pince Nez Brook yesterday afternoon. In an extra effort to throw the line far into the stream where the biggest hags lie, Moldenke slung it high in the air, with the result that the hooks, sinker and line became lodged in a pigeon in a tree 35 feet tall. A thon boy descended with the prize, saying, "This is EZ 8, 894, Dink."

CIVIC NOTICE:
Mudfights at
Dickey's Gym
cancelled Sun.

FACTLET: Canned ass
has a shelf half-life of
4,000 years.



Fourth family beaten with sticks