



LEO PATRA?

JOKE BOOKS, COOK BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS

PRICES FOR RAGS, OLD IRON
BOBBED AUTOS REPAIRED
EXCHANGE, REPAIR, INSTALL,
RADIO SETS
ORDERS TAKEN FOR TOMBSTONES
SEEDS, SAXOPHONES, HAIR NETS

SECRETARY OF YOUTH
ANGRY

What's Your Job?

My first innovative enterprise in Jackson was frozen meat. Mostly frozen hamburger patties. I did this at a time when frozen meats were a "No-no." In 1951, bankers and others looked on frozen meats as a "war baby" or "war necessity." For many remembered the revolting taste of frozen mutton. I, Harriet Isiah Harry, secretary of angry youth, for one, did not.

BUSINESS FACT: Acquiring Liquid-plumr turned out to be a strong and successful first step toward the turnaround of The Clorox Company, which was losing to enzyme products.

ful of barrel sponges. I saw a hut near a lamasary. On two cots there were a male and a female neut with a child. The male was asleep. The woman was feeding the child the white meat of some melon. I went away, but then visited the hut on two or three successive nights. The woman was feeding the melon to the infant, always awake, always bare breasted, wearing a platinum amulet. At last, on the fifth day, I arrived to find her asleep. I chloroformed her and took her amulet, then gave her a blow on the head with a wooden mallet. She got up and cranked about the hut, groggy and sedated. I landed repeated blows until she limped into a corner and collapsed. I chloroformed the infant and drowned it in the kitchen sink. The male I let live. As you well know, they are tireless workers and ask no wage.

C.M. You've walked among giants, have you not?

O. Oh yes, a dozen or more of them are my closest friends. Let's see, I've met Machnow, the Russian giant. I've met Topinard's "Finlander," who came in at a trace over 9 feet. And then there was the biggest of all, the neutrodyne giantess, Baby Frances. I had occasion to stay in her Tampa home once, when I was beachcombing my way North, planning to be in Far Rockaway to see the return of necronaut alumni. Anyway, I dallied there so long, and grew so infatuated with Baby Frances, I married her. As it would have required an elephantine member to scratch her great carnal itches, the sex was for the most part oral. In my mouth her ***** like a 2-pound quahog, became so engorged it often choked me. She twittered with joy when I sank my teeth into it.

C.M. The record indicates she bore you six children. Is that correct? If so, by what method were they conceived?

O. Well, now, City Moon. How graphic can one be in your pages? Let me begin by asking if you've ever seen a horse-doctor midwife a mare through a difficult birth?

C.M. No, we are city people.

O. It is quite a scene. One sees the doctor put on his rubber mittens, grease his arms with petroleum jelly, and plunge elbow-deep into the mare, searching for obstructions. Why, I simply adapted the process to my own needs, depositing a handful of ejaculate as near to the opening of the fallopian as I could get it.

C.M. You've written a monograph on the subject, Nine Giants.

O. That's true. In it, I conclude that giants are, as a rule, liars in proportion to their height, telling tall tales of their relatives, their age, their experiences. They are indolent, unamiable, irascible, unsociable and unpleasant to live with. Baby F. and I were divorced in 1945. She died of flu at the age of 57.

C.M. Over the years, you've had an abiding interest in the study of neutrodyne English. Tell us about that.

O. "Bo aba-ntu babi babota tubatia" means

"They-these they-person they-bad they who kill we them fear." It is the most remarkable example of a language developed for speech alone. The neutrodyne verb does most of the work, as in American poetry.

C.M. What of drugless healing?

O. Since the beginning of homeopathy, followed by osteopathy and chiropractic and chiropody, drugless healing has taken tremendous steps forward. When the Americans realized there were other ways of healing than medicine, they were not slow to forsake the nauseating draughts. Many are now convinced of the efficacy of the drugless systems and have become strong advocates of, and willingly testify to the adequacy of, drugless methods. For example, if I find myself "stove up" of a Monday morning, I pick a pail of dewberries, pound them and make a concentrated juice, using it to wash down a few Pepitron tablets. Once, when I was working the Mummy Day carnival in Reno, and staying at the Tunney Hotel, a friend of mine called me on the telephone. His name was Stekel. He was in a panicked state. "O'neba! Help me! My bowels haven't moved in a month. Jesus, I'm terribly plugged up. It feels like I got a belly full of cornhusks." Stekel, I said, what would happen if you paraded yourself to an M.D.? You see, in proper healing, you must ask the right questions of the patient, and you must use persuasive arguments in prescribing the RX. Stekel

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said, "Well, I guess he'd go to probing in me with a sanitary finger, try to work loose whatever's atrophied and blocked the bung." Of course! I told him. Do it yourself and save the money. Stay home and be cool. A little vaseline, a private moment, a washcloth soaked in warm water. That will do the trick. And besides, an artful finger, in dislodging the blockage, can also tickle the neighboring prostrate, and thereby crack the cookies, as it were--an added natural benefit of drugless healing.

C.M. How do various foods affect the production of flatus, as long as we are on the subject?

O. Avoid onions, cooked cabbage, raw apples, radishes and beans. Not to mention fatty meats. Their contribution to the aroma of flatus is unavoidable.

C.M. Did you at one time live the life of an Italian, Tony Baccacio, who came to America thinking he would pick up some of the gold bricks to be found in the gutters of Wall Street?

O. Oh, yes, yes. I was a handsome boy of 19 years, living at No. 208 Mulberry. I'd left behind me, in sunny Italy, my Teresa, whom I'd promised to marry as soon as I could scratch up the jack to send for her. I bought a hurdy gurdy and a trained monkey. I prospered only meagerly until the carriage of a wealthy fat cat ran over my monkey and burst the hurdy gurdy. I never saw Teresa again. I

believe that was my third go-round. Really, a brief and bitter episode. It ended appropriately enough, when I'd taken work driving buttermilk out to the Legion Camps. One morning, the wheel of my van caught in a chuckhole, overturned, and I drowned in buttermilk. Sure, the lifesaving crew came out from the Camp and applied some sort of rubber appliance, drew the milk from my lungs, but no, I was a gone goose. My third life was over. I still carry Tony with me, in a way. I won't touch a cocktail unless it has in it a caper-stuffed olive, wrapped in anchovy. Tony was very fond of them. Often I find myself wondering what became of Teresa.

C.M. You came back to us once as Dr. Tom Dooley, medical missionary. What was that all about?

O. I appeared many times on the Jack Parr show. Then I was stricken with cancer of the pancreas, or the bone marrow. My recall of that life is ephemeral. It comes and goes. There are times when the memories return in splendid detail, and other times when the reception is as sassy as late-night radio. Let me see if I can dredge up something for you now . . . Ah, case No. 44. I was with a sick woman yesterday. She has vomited everything for a month continuously, with the exception of certain piquant foods, so for the first time I prescribed: Cocaine & Aqua chloroformant, saturated & Spirits of Methol & Naturized Sulphur and Aqua Foenic. All without result. For eight years she suffered with arthritis deformans. Her hands were nothing but clubs. She was once very pretty. Was admired by the whole village for her beautiful hair. Just a month before her visit, she dreamed that her dead husband embraced her, kissed her, lay down with her in bed and performed regular coitus, as never in life, and which ended for both of them in indescribable orgasm. I said to her, "Think of it! Sleeping with a necronaut, being impregnated by one and bearing a child at the age of 53. Is that not horrible; is that not disgusting; would one not vomit!"

C.M. What is the longest word in legitimate usage?

O. Llanfairwyllyngyllgogrywyrndrobwilland-siliogoggoch, the name of a Welch settlement in Angel-sea. The meaning is, "The church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel, near to the rapid whirlpool, and to St. Tisilio, by a red cave."

C.M. Were you up on Susnr for this year's Mummy Day?

O. I never miss it. The blue corn artist was operating at the Exposition tent. Over a crackling mesquite fire he has hung his kettle upon an iron crane. The pot bubbles and boils merrily and the hungry crowd munches the savory ears with a broad grin on its face. Blue corn never tasted so good. It was soggy, for it had been boiling for hours, but what difference does that make?

C.M. How many bombers are kept aloft at all times by the neutrodyne air force?

See Mo' Oneba simply by turning this page