(Continued from page 1)

Mulligan, when set free, gave a yowl of redemption and bounded toward an oleander thicket, where he lost himself and has never been found, though diligent searches were made.

"It was a mistake," said
Adolph Waters, chief sexton of
the Alamo Masonic Cemetery,
where the interment took place.
"We should have put the dog to
sleep, permanent-like, but
that went against the decedents
expressed wishes."

Oneba's body was removed to a temporary morgue, where an autopsy was performed. Nothing seemed grossly irregular, aside from a white, fibrous mass about the size of a fig-bud found in the brain, adjacent to the hypothalmus.

A biopsy revealed the mass to be benign.

The body was returned to the Alamo Masonic.

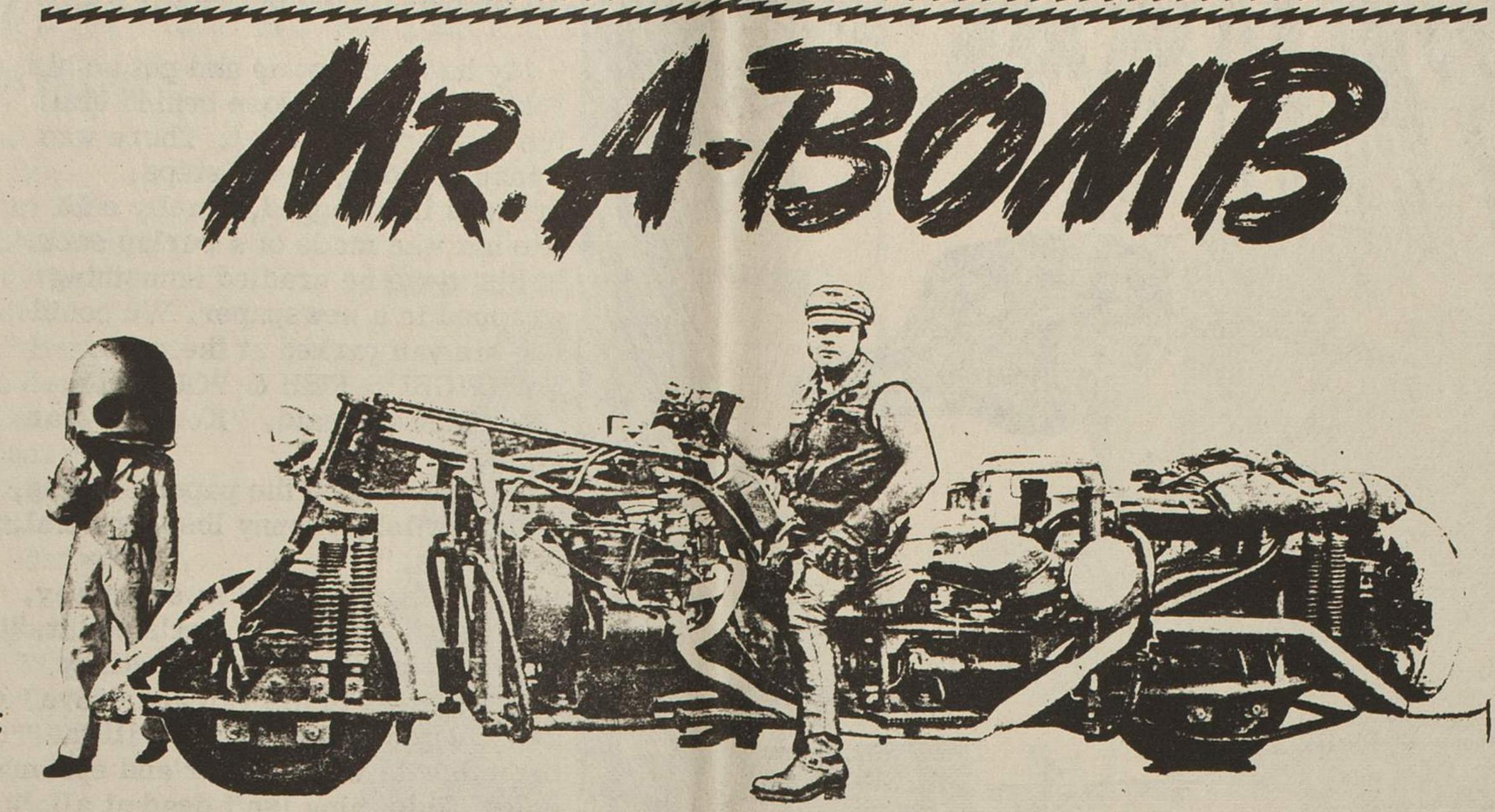
In the interim, attendants had refurbished the car. The battery had been charged, the wiper blades replaced, the finish buffed and polished. The upholstery soiled by Mulligan's waste or clawed by his diggings was either laundered or sewn. Every surface was treated with disinfectant. Stacks of sandwiches were fixed. The ale jug was filled.

Oneba was again installed comfortably behind the steering wheel, in a fresh nightgown. A final, fruitless search for Mulligan was carried out. Then the crate was renailed and the crane brought into service.

At the last moment, a stuffed facsimile of Mulligan was placed in Oneba's lap.

Will take likenesses of sick or deceased. Call when all hope flees. Employ technique used by Macedonians--beeswax, plaster-of-paris, rubber molds. Call before the rigor comes. Call quick. Buggy is fast. Wait on families in or out of City. Surcharge on Susnr calls.

--A. J. Beals
Bucyrus Camp No. 24



TONGUES, PROPHECY, REVELATION, VISIONS

Look, can I help it if I was born Anton Bombay, in Boscobel, Susnr's California, in '41, and that they called me Mr. A. Bomb in normal school? One's destiny is wrapped up in one's name, right?

In '53 I built that bad motor you see above, with the help of a Boscobel mechanic, Nathan Wallenstein. Nathan always hid his head under a cam basket when photographers approached. I never knew why, unless he was on the lam.

In the spring of '55, the motor was ready. We busted a bottle of bubbly on the handlebar

RECENT OUTBURST

and called the thing Urizen, after a book Nathan had read, and I took off for Los Alamos, leaving Nathan to watch over the shop.

It was not an easy ride. Making those tight mountain curves on the Urizen was like turning a drumstick into a doughnut. Many a time I ended up with my front end forking over the edge of a thousand foot drop, and many's the time I peed in my leathers. But I got there and told them Nathan's secret.

Soon, the Rosenbergs fried.

Lallapalooza

The plutocrats have a candidate of their own, one asking for the immediate squassation of the kakisto-crats, after which he would set them free to wandering, their foreign aid consisting of seed corn and a hoe.

His name is Joe Jitso. He claims: "If you can take it, take it, but otherwise, vote for me, and I'll take it for

both of us. The theme of my campaign is the new uses of the modern can these past 70 years: for condensed sterile milk, military Spam, C and K rations, bug bombs and war mutton. As I fill your ear with my thoughts, you'll think what you're hearing is just what you thought a few second before, more or less, yourself."

BIG CELLS, GUNNY SACKS
AND BROKEN BOTTLES
BRING ON DREAM FILMS

Out of the blood stream and through cell wall, the molecular migrants tramp. Giant brain cells, called pons, will feast tonight, then dispatch a projectionist to pull a dream film while they get out their toothpicks, belch and pass gas.

Will a woman woo us tonight, then chop us with her frightening teeth when we edge toward her? Here's what we know so far about the process and the dream team that makes it all happen.

As our food troops slip, one by one, through the trapdoor of our stomachs and into the larger of the two colons, a kind of axe-man awaits in the basement of the thorax. Beard radiating from face like the spokes of a wheel, he sharpens his tool.

He dices the food and prepares a molecular dinner, which he then, metaphorically speaking, bottles.

Bottles are next moved by a dumbwaiter-type process to the hypothalmus, the most vital staging area in the dream process.

Chemical handlers, call them husky Norwegian dockworkers to picture their task, stand on steel grates and smash the bottles thereupon, releasing their molecular load.

Below the grate await the pons, spreading gunny cloth to catch the manna and then chow down.

Orders are shouted and the projectionist leaps to action, slapping a reel on a spindle, threading film in the din.

Down a line of projectors he moves, loading them all, and as he finishes each, a blind helper is posted nearby.

"On with the show," shouts a sated pons when the projectionist is half finished. He douses the house lights and numbers are yelled at the helpers, who fumble to their machines and fire them on, until they hear a second number that darkens their screen.

As dawn breaks the dreamer stirs. The films are pulled from their projectors, thrown into a crucibel and melted.

The Legend of the Jewelers Philadelphia Bulldog.

How different it was eight years ago when a Philly bulldog, as purebred as Canadian snow, came into our lives.

My husband and I were having coffee one morning, before the picture window, in 1956. The coffee tasted exceptionally fresh and I told myself I'd buy that brand in the future. I remember that I was remarking to my husband how odd it was to see a jeweler's truck go by at such an early hour when, from the rear of the truck, jumped a dog. The truck sped on.

My husband called the jewelry company but they claimed nobody there owned a Philly bull, that it must have been stowing away on the truck, or hitching a ride across town, as roving dogs will do. My husband opened the front door and let the dog in. He was a tiny version of pictures of bedecked Zululand

Freed in our house, he began defying us. Belligerently he swayed from side to side, his fur bristling. His piercing cry was deafening. Arrogant with fighting spirit, he pitted his will against ours. He explored the house, running up the curtains with effortless agility. He managed the smooth surfaces of the furniture and doors. He found ingenious ways to go from room to room without touching the floor. Gradually, he began to accept us as movable fixtures in the house, and a source of no disturbance to him. Yet he remained nervously alert, and when he took sun baths on the window sills, he sat in a tense, tight ball.

A satchel is Zulu's bed. We can carry him about anywhere we go, as he refuses to stay at home alone. The one time we tried it, we went to see a Mitzi Gaynor movie and when we came back, Zulu had kicked in the television screen, clawed his way into the refrigerator, eaten everything, then upchucked a terrible red pool on the divan. So now, Zulu goes where we go. We put a warm, yellow blanket in the satchel. When it is removed for laundering, there

is another to replace it.

One day I presented Zulu with some grasshoppers in a safety match box. He could hear them thumping. Perhaps he could smell them. He slid the box open and daintily bit each of the hoppers in a way that would immobilize, but not kill. He put them in a pile on the carpet and watched them slither and agonize and twitch. When they were dead he ate them, not so much because he enjoyed the taste—he wheezed and coughed and snorted and had a tough time getting them down—but out of a sense of duty, the way a hunter first will look askance at his venison stew and then eat it distastefully.

We cannot have overnight visitors. In the morning, if Zulu finds someone has stayed over, he fiercely barks. He is so glad when the visitor has gone that he sings for hours afterward.

For Xmas we received an envelope addressed to "Zulu Menaboni" containing a year's supply of Easter Seals. Zulu is fond of licking the glue from them. We could never leave a bottle of mucilage around, as it would drive Zulu into a frenzy and he would not be satisfied until I took off the rubber nipple and poured the sticky stuff down his throat.

Sometimes, particularly if it was a cold night and my husband had a blaze going in the fireplace, Zulu would curl up near the hearth and I would read to him. Not just any book was acceptable. No. There was only one he wanted to hear--Alfred Sherwood Romer's excellent "Man and the Vertebrates." He would sneeze and snarl at all other proffered reading, though only mildly so at Getting Acquainted with Liver Flukes, a monograph by Jane Goodlet.

Like I say, we had Zulu eight years, and then he went away as abruptly as he had come, in the same truck. As before, my husband and I were having coffee. Zulu was out on the lawn taking a shower in the sprinkler. I heard my husband say, "Look, that

jewelry truck again. "It was the first time in all those years we'd noticed it pass. The truck stopped, its rear door swung open, and Zulu leaped in before we could get up from our chairs.

My husband called the jeweler's. They said they knew nothing of any bulldog, that dogs were always hopping on and off their trucks, and that people had no business letting dogs run loose, that it was asking for trouble. I believe "wooing folly" was his term for it.

That weekend my husband and I drove to a branch library that was close by. We browsed in the science stacks until we found a book by Arthur Koestler called "The Roots of Coincidence." We checked it out and drove to Pilchard Park with a picnic lunch. My husband sat under an oak tree and read the book in less than an hour. He got a pad and pen from the glove compartment and absent-mindedly scribbled as he pecked at his drumstick. After a while, he said, "There is no such thing as coincidence. As both Koestler and Jung have shown, it, like everything else, is governed by physical laws. Zulu will return to us, according to my figures, two years hence, on this same day, in a fish wagon."

My husband was so confident in his calculations that we began making preparations. We fenced the backyard in tall, sturdy iron mesh. My husband built a bunker behind the house, using pumice stone mixed with concrete and sand. It was to be Zulu's "home," and was completed with a flush toilet and metal shower stall. "He'll be meaner than ever this trip," my husband said. "Let's try to accommodate

Weeks drifted into months, until the eve of the day arrived. My husband and I stayed up late, sipping sherry, telling old Zulu stories. We were awakened by the doorbell at 8 a.m.

See BULL, upper right next page