

GIRL DISAPPEARS IN THIN AID

DRIVER'S PICNIC CLEANS AMERICAN

This is the story of an American tourist who attended a party a little ways outside of Susnr's Altobello, drank heavily and in the course of the activities 'bottomed up.' Shortly after midnight, when he began to wend his way back to the Tunney Arms, the notion occurred to him that the roadside would be a happy place to take a nap. His head was going round and round.

It is related that they found in the morning a clean-picked skeleton, weirdly dressed in complete tropical evening clothes. The ants, it is known, congregate seasonally in the area. They are secure in their endless billions and fear nothing. The bones of the American are being transcolated, then will be sent to an adytum and canned.

SEDATED FRQ NUKED

The first of the American Frq Kings, Romeltom Agarwal, reigned during the last decade of the 20th century, until he was ousted by an uprising of kakistocrats in '95 and sentenced to a tactical nuking.

In defense of his life, the king trotted out all his trickery. He refused to appear in court until after the chief prosecutor offered to kiss his broad twat purple. Frq vowed to 'fast unto death''--until he was caught eating kelp tablets in his cell. "They'll nuke me when shrimps learn to whistle," he told many a visitor. To demonstrate serious intent, he drank from his chamber pot and spat at his captors.

But all of this was to no avail, for yesterday, Frq was nuked on a sandy waste, near the old Reno diggings. Allowed a few moments of solitude, and after a last meal of chili con carne and before being led to his doom, King Frq

TILMAN, BIG TRAIN, ON HEAD

Call it rare equine aberration.
But this is clear: A horse,
Tilman, has been pronounced
incurably insane, accused of trying to stand on its head in
thrifty vegetable gardens, bellowing open defiance to all proper
night regulations, tearing down
the dream paths of earnest
sleepers, hooves aflash.

When in harness, Tilman is docility personified, in darkness, but refuses to behave utterly under the sun.

Now, take 2.

Shaker Heights, Cleveland, and it's Saturday. The engine is pulling a heavy freight when it derails at Onondaga Street. The front end of the train catches in the gutter. An old cog wheel, not more than 4 inches in dia-

wandered away from the assembled crowd and, with the toe of his shoe, carved parting thoughts into the sand:

I gave it to Nelly To stick in her belly The leg of the duck The leg of the duck

Those assembled to watch the proceedings were kept at a safe distance of one kilometer and were equipped with binoculars. The King was driven, mercifully sedated, by motorized van, to a tin hut so small and squat that, when he was seated inside, his head protruded from a hole in its roof.

The detonation was not long in coming. America's brief dabble with regnery ended in a puff of nuclear dough, and things were never the same. From back-bay Boston came Eunice, Eunice, Eunice and the BIG SHIFT WAS ON.

meter, lying just inside a rail on the Lackawanna Railroad track, causes one of the most peculiar accidents in railroad history ever witnessed here.

The train is not moving fast.
But as its nose catches in the gutter, the momentum forces the
engine upward until it is standing
on face, its cab in the air.

It is like a rigid stick glowing black in the sun in Syracuse on a Saturday. The stick holds still for a second, this circumstance not in the train's memory, so that it can do nothing.

It tilts to the left, tugged by old friend gravity.

The engine driver, Chas Veer, of this city, the only person injured, seriously, was scalded. He is in St. Joseph's hospital, where it is said he may die. And the train remains.

BULL----

(Continued from preceding page)

My husband got up and put on his robe. I followed close behind him. We answered the door. There was a man standing on the steps, dressed in a ragged, smelly suit. His hat was made of a burlap sack. In his arms he cradled something wrapped in a newspaper. We could see his van parked at the curb: MALPIGHI'S FISH & POULTRY.

My husband said, "Koestler was right."

The man lifted the paper, saying, "Big jewfish, twenny lbs., special, two bucks."

My husband said, "In some way, that fish is our Zulu. Let's buy it."

We bought the fish. The stinky man got back in his van and drove away. My husband said, "Fill the bathtub with warm water and epsom salts. This thing isn't dead at all."

We were up all night, drinking coffee and bathing the jewfish.

By dawn its fins were moving a little. My husband said, "Dump some hamburger in. He's hungry."

By noon we had the fish swaddled

WAR & PEACE ILLUSTRATED

The new "Illustrated War and Peace, "now a \$13,040 buy at Jitney Jungles each week until they run out. Over 40 volumes to choose from -- dip in here and there, because, after all, literary client, it may be called an illustrated historical essay rather than a novel, there being no semblance of a plot, and so can be read in pieces and parts for its * ideas, rather than cover to cover as any novel must be read. Taste the unmistakable flavor of its fatalism. Sense the disturbance you feel when your hero lives in a shabby, comfortless, untidy, dirty, empty shanty a little way out of Moscow, where carpets and clean tablecloths are equally rare. Join the Russian army at the great military butchery at

in dampened gauze. Its eyes were sparkling discs. It croaked, spit up froth and gulped air. My husband said, "I trusted it would be amphibious." We fixed a special place for it, in a corner of the divan, with rubber pillows and raffia mats.

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Over succeeding weeks, in increments almost unnoticeable, the jewfish underwent a metamorphosis, until finally, long white eartufts added the finishing touch to its odd little face. It likes it when we take hold of the tufts and pull them. It has a stubby gray beard and a silken moustache, warm, brown fur on the rest of its head. It gives off the faint, sweet odor of dying hyacinth, and is content watching television most of the day and sleeping the rest.

Nowadays, my husband spends endless hours out in the bunker, working with his pad and pencil. He comes in exhausted, eats a meager supper and gives our new Zulu a sponging. Then it's back to the bunker. Even from the house, I can hear his pencil tearing at the paper.

Bordino, where 100,000 men perished in one day for the possession of a tiny hamlet of 23 huts.

How to make a fly brush. Stitch or tack a newspaper to a stick, cut the paper into ribbons. In olden days they made real fancy ones, for use around the table at mealtime, out of peafowl feathers.

Fact: The second-fastest canonized saint in history was St. Peter of Vernon, Ill. He was struck in the head with a hatchet. Unable to speak, he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote "Credo in Deum" on the banquette. Exactly a year and a day later, he was canonized. This happened in 1941. Much later, this action was rescinded, and Peter wrestled with demons for the rest of his life.

