

## JUMPER SWALLOWS DOVE IN TEN SLEEP PLUNGE

This incident is true. It happened in Ten Sleep, Wyo., June 12, 1960.

A man had shot upwards of two dozen doves the day before. He and his wife decided they would invite friends over and roast the things in the yard, over an open pit.

The wife had been up into the wee hours of Friday night preparing a marinade with mustard, horseradish, honey, olive oil and vinegar. The husband was up early Saturday morning digging a pit and spreading out layers of charcoal briquettes, then spicing up the smoke with hickory chips he'd been soaking in a bucket of water.

The guests arrived at noon, about as many as there were doves, and were hungry. They crouched by the pit, watching the host baste and turn the cooking birds.

They drank dark beer from a keg that sat in a drum of ice. A select few were having chilled resin wine and remarking how "Greek" it tasted.

Then, when all seemed well, a small aircraft passed over head, ejecting a parachutist.

Attention was taken from the basting. All eyes rooted to the khakied figure pinwheeling above.

A guest said, "Good Christ! The chute isn't opening!"

Another said, "I'm getting under the carport."

Some ran into the house and closed the jalousies.

There was so little time. Those who remained outside were witness to the parachutist's last struggles with the ripcord and the terrible dive into the coal pit. One claimed she saw him put out his hands at the final moment, as if to blunt the impact.

A reporter, on the scene quickly, recorded observations. "I was inside," one guest said, "behind the television set. It sounded like somebody threw a hundred pound sack of rice off the Berlin Wall.

Said another, "He sank into the pit about 3 feet. Missed me by a foot. The jumpsuit caught fire. Had a damned dove stuck in his mouth."

## INCUBATOR ALUMNI MEET

Thirty bouncing necronauts (see picture and related article below) who, as newly dead, spent their first days in the incubators there, revisited the original "launching pad."

From early morning the institution was crowded by the curious from many parts of remaining America, who came to examine necronauts at close quarters.

"Who could have dreamed, just 20 years ago," asked Kenny Cubus from his station on the boardwalk, "that a kid like me could be shagging flies one day, have a crazy zigzag lightning bolt burn him to the ground like a stick of punk and be here to tell the tale the next?"

Sure, it costs a sawbuck, which Americans gladly fold into the pocket of Kenny's blazer, but Kenny is the dean of necronauts, and his story grips the listener:

"Look, you Americans are all worked up over death for no need. Really, it is no more than breaking the yellow of an egg, or, in the words of Virginia Woolf, when she is speaking on the death of a moth, '... having righted himself (the moth) now lay most decently and uncomplainingly composed. O yes, he seemed to say, death is stronger than I am.'"

And Americans traipse from one dead speaker to another.

Oneba says, "Listen up. It's established--the mesoAmericans who settled here in the '90s, they buried their departed in pillowed boxes, actually dug holes and planted them like spuds. The shit with that, many said. And times changed.

"Some of the dead were coming back, in small numbers, to be sure. Only a few saw them, mostly 'cooks.' In a few months, uncles were standing in yards wanting to talk over old business. Yes, some Americans shot them, or gave them wursts loaded with drug-store cyanide. Others welcomed them back and got them busy with household necessities."

On it goes. As the Coney dusk beckons the sleepy, Americans take railcars back to the City. The thirty, homecoming, say goodnight.



He truly awed everybody

The Pincenez River has been at low water. A shanty was grounded. There were no lights on its deck, nor signs of habitation. It was a practical box cottage, nicely finished, atop a barge. The shiplap was newly painted, windows caulked, a cement flag topping it all, the bearings seized in their tracks by rust and calcification. A plaque above the door read Holly-wood or Bust!

In the shanty's parlor was a murdered family, the father reclining in a natural attitude on a davenport, the mother erect in a wingback and an infant on the floor in a sea of rags, all dead by conking.

The shanty could sleep 10. In the kitchen a duck was hung, to age, by its feet. A carpet of bluefly moved above the meat. The incubator alumni (see above) who walked out to the shanty for exercise during their meeting, shooed the flies. Then the duck's meat peeled from the bone.

when he began to creep

## COOKOUTS CAN BE MURDER

Perils of the Back-Yard Barbecue

Susnr's Americans love to root out shabbits.

It is a sport the boys are inclined to, particularly in the settlement west of Altobello, where the damp woods abound in these fat and edible rodents.

The boys just wade through the rye and timothy and head for the bramble thickets where shabbits sleep the shady days away, taking refuge under stones, roots and overhanging foliage.

There are two common methods of bagging shabbits, aptly described in the words of that great lady, June Heavens, candidate for Secretary of Consumption, in her "The Penetralia."

"First method: Take and rig a 12-volt car battery to a strong convective wire nailed with steeples along a broomstick. To the wire attach a bucket, or deep tin pan, and then glue some steel wool (course) into the receptacle and connect it to the live wire. Now you have a perfect shabbit-snuffing device. You just place the "hot" bucket over a sleeping shabbit, electrocute it, twist its neck until you hear a sharp report, then bag it.

"Or you may go the more merciful route, namely, to slowly and lightly let your fingers caress the shabbit's smooth belly, working gradually forward. In five minutes time, the fingers reach the

on Susnr.

"We spent the following weeks getting ready, packing suitcases, selling off unwanted items, storing bric-a-brac, boarding up the windows, burning trash, trying to leave the house in a tidy condition.

"Then the day of the trip arrived. "Susnr was directly above, like a great mud pie. Looking up, I could see schools of massive junefish gaming in the surfswells near the coast of Sinatra, the queen City. All of us were terribly anxious to get there.

"We boarded the Diagle 1010, a crusty old American shuttle, and in a few hours were breathing the rich Susnr atmosphere.

"Father said, 'Tonight, we'll camp in those bottoms at the edge of Altobello and tomorrow, venture into town, where I may show my credentials to prospective employers, and perhaps drink chocolate phosphates in a drug store. For supper, we will root out a shabbit and roast it.'

"By the time we had hiked to the campsite, we were hungry enough to eat anything that would go down. Us children would stop now and then long enough to gnaw some bark, or pop a bitter ground-cherry into our mouths, while father tramped through cattails and briars looking for a shabbit. Mother was

## Did Your Boy Ever Root a Shabbit?

gill slit. Continue to massage the central belly line. Then, with a firm and steady pressure, lock thumb and forefinger into the gills. Bag as though it were a pompano."

The boys then lug their bagsful of shabbit back to the dads, who take enormous pride in cooking them outdoors, "Bar-B-Q" style, while the others whip up concupiscent curds of gelatin salad.

But, as the Americans are quickly learning, a shabbit poorly cooked can be murder.

Let us return now to "The Penetralia" and consider this cautionary tale, one that is no product of the fickle imagination--it is alarmingly true, even today, on Susnr:

"When I was a very young girl, my family moved to Susnr. At that time the planetoid was brand-spanking new, a bright bauble in the night sky, sometimes passing so closely over the rooftops of Prairie du Chien that we could see details of her terrain: the Fire-cracker Sea, the Tekite desert, even the blooming crape myrtles in Pilchard Park. As we cruised over, we left a breeze behind that pulled the feathers off poultry.

"I remember my father arising one morning in a foul mood. He cranked around all day in a bathrobe, smoking his pipe and thinking aloud. When he was done, he announced to the assembled family that he would soon give up his position at Lamanno Panno Fallo as upholstery cutter #2 and take his chances

reduced to eating bull crickets and an occasional beetle grub.

"At last, just as Earth was dawning, washing the Susnr landscape in its blue-green light, father caught a good-sized shabbit. A fire of dry bramble was built immediately, and a few twigs of fallwood added to flavor the meat.

"When the coals were ready, father gutted the shabbit, unscrewing its head, pulling out the smelly bladder and sticking the carcass onto a makeshift spit.

"We sat there, gazing up at Earth, awaiting the moment when father would declare the shabbit cooked.

"When it finally came, we tore at the meat like animals, even though it bled at the joints. Poor mother, as the rest of us were so greedy, was left with nothing but the charred skin to chew and suck.

"Then, while the rest of us were burping and nodding sleepily, mother fell into a swoon and collapsed.

"Her breathing was labored. Her face was pale as a dinner candle. She became a waxy image of her former self.

"Father put her bare feet into the coals to see if he could revive her, to no avail.

"She was dead, murdered by the skin of a shabbit."

FACT: It was a singular act of boldness to start a new college in the pit of the Depression with just a large house, 15 acres of land and no endowment.

## KAVOOTS TREED BY TWO TRAMPS

A Russian, Kavoots, is now addled. He was held up Sunday by two tramps. Later, he was found, rasping curses and cradled atop a weeping willow growing from an island floating in the No. 3 settling basin of the city's sewage plant. He gave his last sawbuck to the bums. Now, Kavoots is sewing dried peas into handmade lace for the rich, on Wall's Island. The island appears to be crumbling. The city will try to remove it tomorrow.

## MASON WHIPS UP ON SAROYAN

James Mason slapped William Saroyan in a Hollywood theatre in 1952. "Oh hell, Bill," said Mason. "Hold your tongue or I'll hold it for you."

## MACARTHUR FUND NIPPED

Gen. Douglas MacArthur tasted the brevity of fame when a Japanese committee trying to raise funds for a memorial in his honor sadly reported that it had collected only \$222.

## TURNED MILK POISONS TURTLE

Flukes in bolixed milk slew John Shumfeng's pet turtle near a plastic palm tree in San Diego.

## CARBOLIC FOR FIVE MILLS

Louisa May Patra laid her last five mills on the counter to buy carbolic acid. "How long does it take to die?" she inquired, lifting her veil to show a goiter.

## TERMITES PEG RENO MAN

In 24 hours, termites nearly ate a Reno man's wooden leg.

## CIRCLED HINDUS MASHED

A sacred cow trampled five Hindus closely circled on a Madras streetcorner.

## CAT KILLS MRS. ZIEGLER

Sheet clawed, sarcoma victim dies in fright in a Clatsop Spit boarding house.