Prexy dead, boon to dangle

Brainard Franklin, the Ape of Golf, is booked in at Murder One for hope so, anyway. A baboon don't president killing, cabinet no more want to be dead than you destruction and use of asswhip.

FRANKLIN: On Death Row

Most every day he plays a nose flute. A teakettle always boils in A.G. They just better tie bowling his littered cell. A small radio balls to my feet if they expect to broadcasts the Master's Tournament snap my neck cleanly. I keep and he listens distractedly. He telling them that. They pay no reads As, I Die Lying and attention. I expect to dangle in Siddhartha. He's already written agony some time before someone the menu for his last has to jump up and tug at my legs. supper--banana pudding and I have a strong kick, by the way. peanut clusters. Final preparations It's not the noise itself that irks are being made in the death me, but that it represents an idea chamber. The rap of hammers and alien to ape culture--cruel and the scream of electric saws can be unusual punishment. Now look. heard plainly from his cot as he All I did was open up a can of feigns a nap.

City Moon spoke with Franklin on the eve of his execution.

C.M. What's your terminal weight, remembered? pal?

A.G. Fifty-five. When they jerk out the brain it'll be more like fifty-two.

C.M. Is there an afterworld for you guys?

get it. Sure, yeah, of course. I do.

C.M. Does the noise of all that gallows-making bother you?

whipass on the president and his A.G. I'd never carry asswhip cans Hawaiian slut and this is my thanks.

C.M. How do you want to be

A.G. I want a fifty-foot balloon of

C.M. Are you going to try to take anything with you?

A.G. A Russian putter I call Lefty, a doll. He's promised to defenestrate A.G. After what? For who? Oh, I from the tenth floor of Prague's APE OF GOLF, COPYRIGHT 1965

Hotel Jordan at the moment of my execution. We plan to marry after death. Kennedy never did him right. That's why he fell so passionately for a caring baboon like me.

C.M. Do you have any scores to settle?

A.G Life is a bogey, not an eagle. We are always one stroke over, always in hazard. Fairways turn foul. Every tee-off ends in a slice. The game is forever uneven. The score is never settled. I feel under par, not vengeful.

C.M. What would you do differently had you the chance?

with me. With an ape's volcanic nature I am susceptible to murderous fits. They should ban asswhip, period. Keep it off the shelves. Without asswhip I wouldn't have killed.

me in every Macy's parade. C.M. Where do you go from here?

A.G. Excuse, please, but I've got to make for the pot. I'm all loaded up again. Got to dump it.

INTERVIEW/CITY MOON.

Vegas man bangs yearling

REVENGE, LA.--A Las Vegas Man wearing a Humungous costume has been charged with sodomizing a yearling mo in Pilchard Park No. 5.

Tick Harrison, a blackjack player, had rented the costume at an Uncle Bob's Monster Shop about 6 p.m. yesterday, then driven his car to a national forest, searching for a young with which to have sexual congress.

The animal was quickly located. Forest rangers spotted Harrison's white body amid the evergreens, heard the man pitiable bray and quickly forestalled continuation of the act.

A veterinarian, Hung Ten Gonuchi, drove by and was signaled to stop. The died.

Gonuchi analyzed the ass of the dead Harrison's semen was positively identified. Charges were filed: aggravated sodomy with unsuccessful ejaculation and criminal cruelty to forest beasts, not to mention the lesser charge of criminal asspass. Harrison is expected to kill himself before a trial date is set.

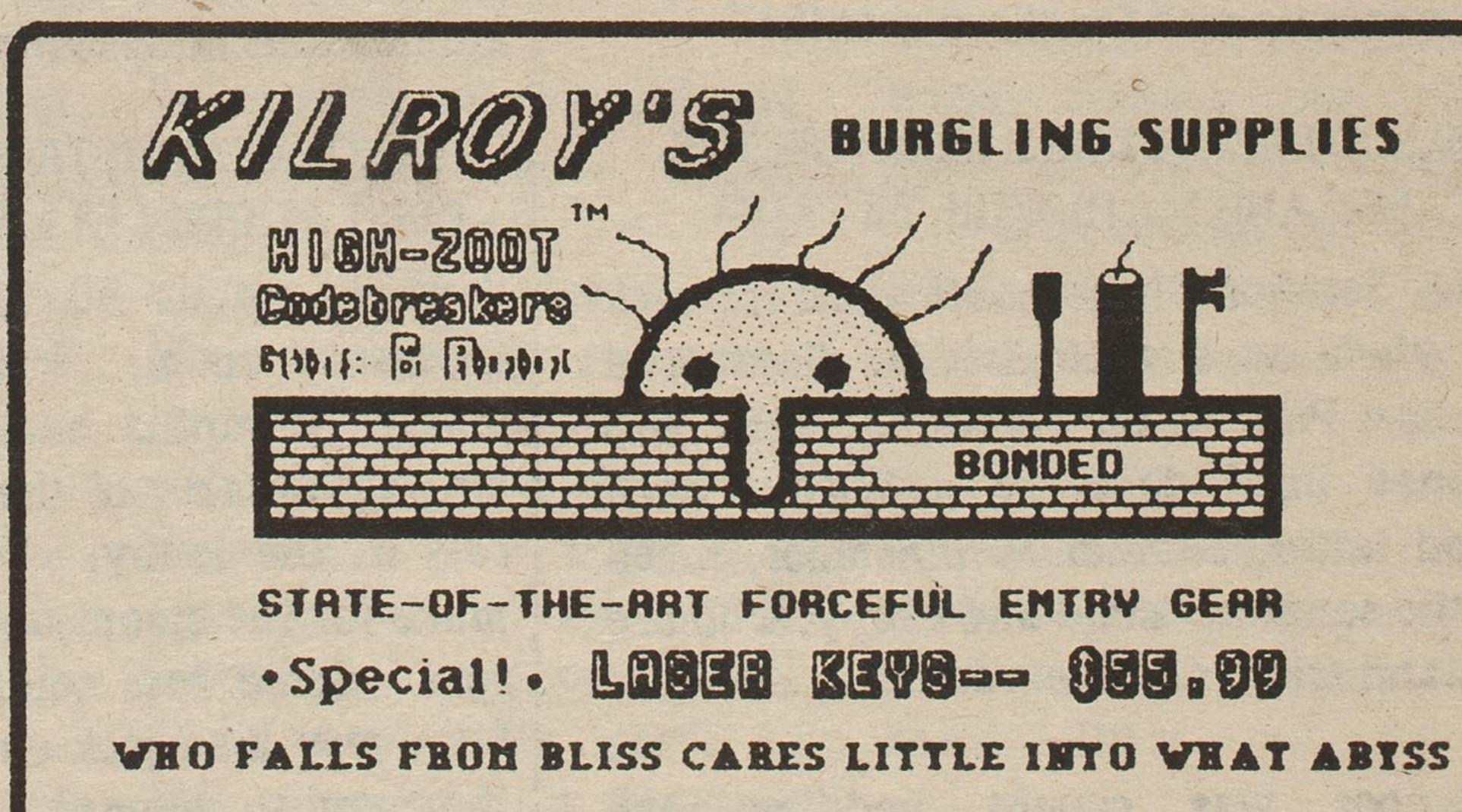
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Today is the last day of the first part of your life

-- KH