

LOVE TO HATE

DR. AMBROSE M. QUICK, MD.

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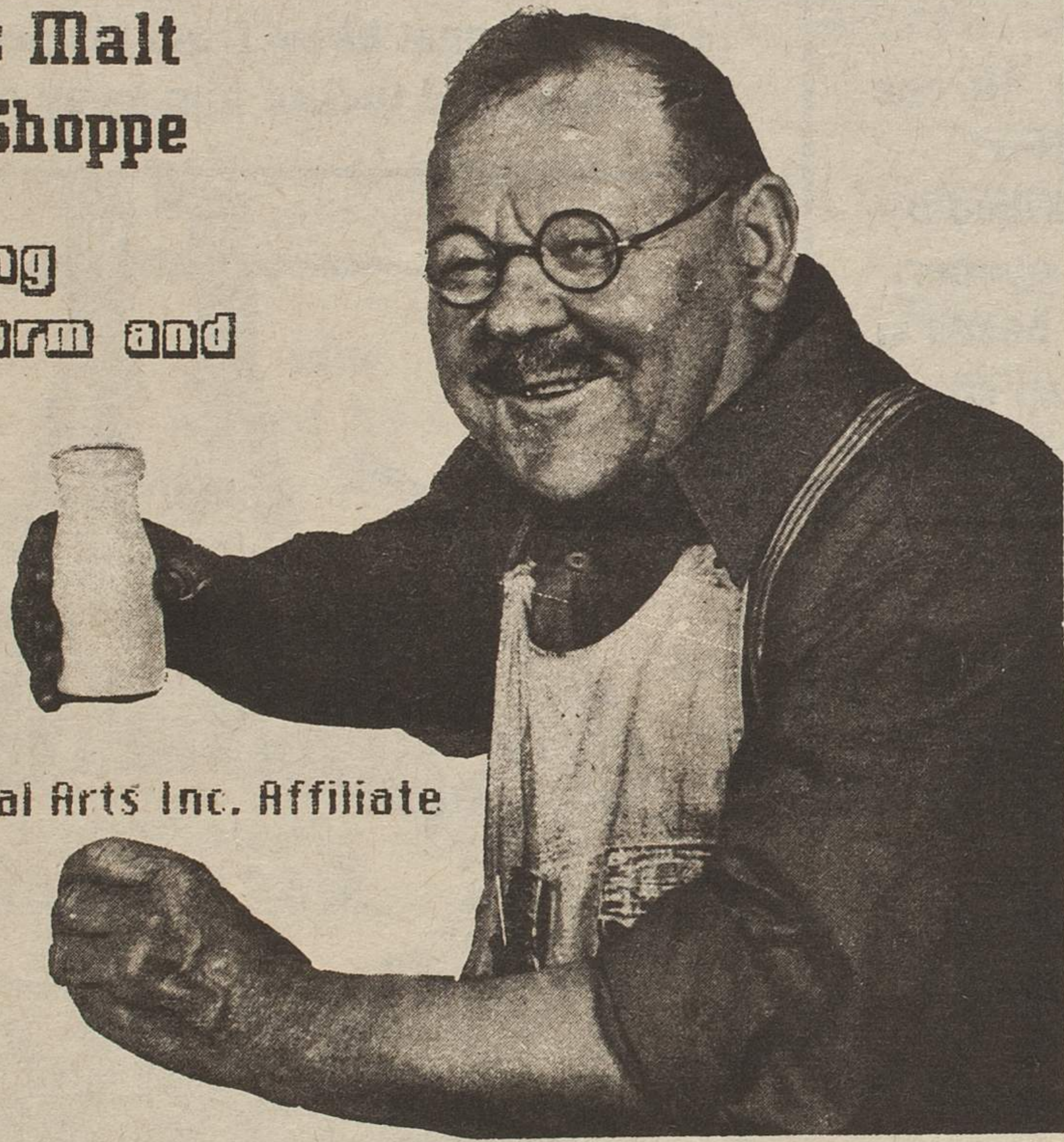
Big Ernest's Malt and Dental Shoppe

Teeth-rotting
malted, warm and
with knives

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There's
one near
your house



Hospice tramps succumb to inferno; the dying are saved; arsonists at large; Disney talks flick rights



BELIKIN CITY, Belize--The remains of six male tramps were found in the rubble of a hospice fire. Five hundred dying patients survived.

until the nurses would kick her butt out.

Lurch. Burned beyond recognition.

The fire started in a wastebasket in a cellar beneath the Hotel Dieu Hospice, 1010 Sacre Bleu, where the tramps were living at night.

Les Porch. Everybody knew him, some liked him. Figwort wine man.

Crisped were Ken Cubus, Les Porch, Charles Lurch, Effie Pfeffer and Parliament Spaniel, plus Buick "H.H." Skylark.

Kenneth Ronald Cubus, inventor of the paddlewheel toaster, around 1906, was no ordinary tramp, but a former owner of a stock-exchange seat, a belle star from chic Chicago and president of Hellhounds Bus Co.

H.H. first. 1899 to 1961. Malefic and hemiplegic, mesomorph. Favorite drink: wallbanger. Favorite saying: Poverty is the sixth sense.

That's all the tramps who died. Survivors include Enfield and Sissy Peterbilt. Sissy is the mother of 12 midnormal children and two runted, shapeless, blindgut demons with nasty habits and a right to life. Some other survivors are Capt. Silent Smith, dying of melanoma; Jackie Onassis, of metastatic licksalami; and Johnny Horton Sr.

Brings us to Parliament Spaniel. Tall in the loin cloth. Carries a big hammer.

Pfeffer. Tough broad, like a guy. Through her tattered clothes, small vices appear. Hung around the hospice. Jawed with the near dead.

Car of desire

For the rambler in you

Make way for power with a new thrill. Make way for the car of your dreams. These are totally cherried '53 Merc models--in papier-mâché, dream-inducing, cheap to keep.

Put this cruiser on your nightstand, light a votive candle near it, go to sleep and get ready for a ride on the night highway. You'll be driving I-80 through Tensleep, Wyo., when you spot Dewey, the dream killer, hitching, and remember the rule: Don't pick up strangers in dreamland.

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