

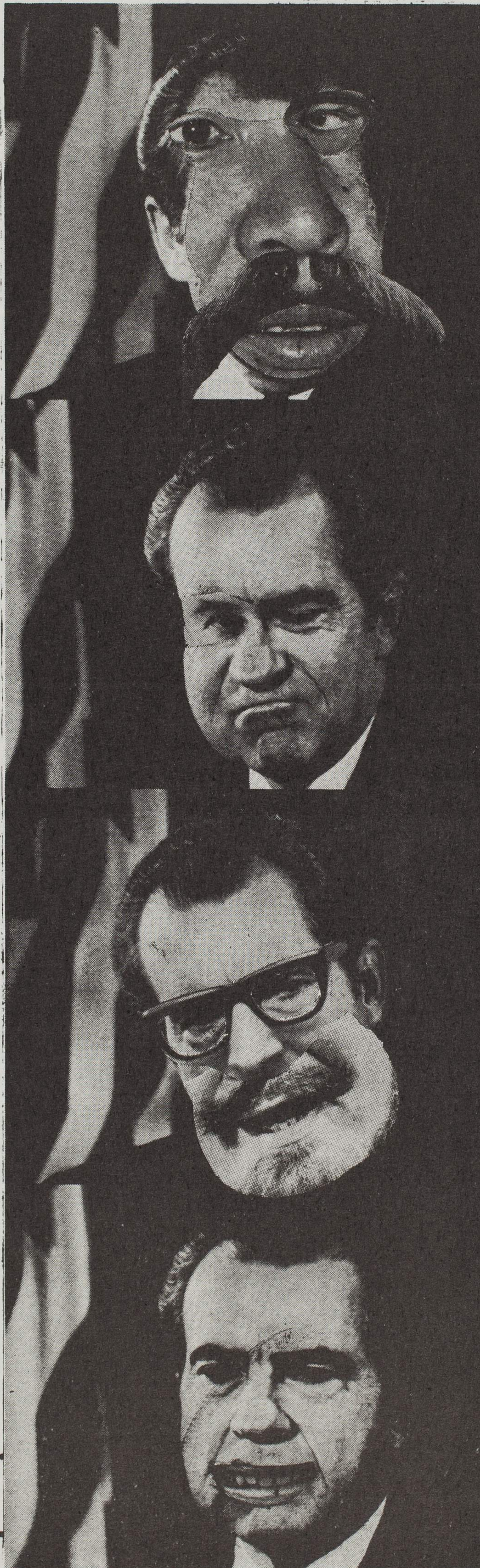
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### Could the President Be Altered?

Dead chickens have been gutted, smeared on the white house rotunda. A spirit of besmudgement has polarized the American citizens against one another. Neighbors ask neighbors, "Can a president be altered?" Yet no one knows the true answer. We can all marvel at the amazing feats performed by the government physicians, one day we see him in the rose garden with a wide jaw and tiny reduced eyes. The next day he's having a big lunch in Italy looking so much like he did in the old days, the good thick health oil of Florida combed into his hair. But now he goes around the white house corridors like those pitiful running rats in the drainage systems of the City. Who of us can tell if he's been altered? Not since the cold days of the Coolidge administration has there been so much facial emphasis. We know from sources inside that the president, for example, spends a good third of his workload at the bathroom mirror counting brown spots on his face. Weren't we so surprised when we saw the first photos of him on the balcony with the new moustache and the elongated face. Did we laugh as he expected us to? No, we waited, and then he went on the t.v. with the wide lips and clown-like teeth. Why?



### CHELSEA FISH PAVILION

Jumbo shrimp, fat lake crabs, mudcat roe, mull et, diamond trout, froz needlefish, sting-ray chops, crawfish--peeled and boiled live & by the sack, turtle meat in sea son, skiffs & motors for rent. Cane poles & blood bait. Chicken gut.

### HOWDY DOODY

What was Howdy Doody doing the night the then vice-president Noxin exposed his dog Checkers before the T.V. Cameras of the nation? He was sitting in a little bucket seat watching T.V. and eating caramel cornballs with Phineas T. Bluster as a hard-oak fire roared in the hearth. They were watching Uncle Miltie in a dress, having cold spaghetti thrown in his face by Italian stagehands. The T.V. suddenly jumped and rattled on the table as though it were in a cartoon, when a clown-like pancaked moon of a face with hanging jaw and yellowed teeth suddenly loomed owl-like on the screen. The Vice-President came on. The dog lay bloated. It seemed a harmless dog, it could have been his own dead pet on the desk. But Howdy and Phineas were not impressed. Phineas jumped up and snapped off the set, while Howdy blew out the kerosene lamp and Phineas unbuttoned his shirt.

This number funded by and dedicated to S. Butcher.