

10-HOUR WORK DAY NOW

Dear Letters Ed., The Devil will try to talk you out of it. He'll tell you you don't need five dollars to spend on beer and the satan grass. He'll tell you you don't need a 'hot pocket' prayer cloth from the Fiery Furnace Love Store to be saved. And it's true. People have gone to heaven without one, but many more have gone the other way! I know that \$5.00 is no small sum to a working man these days--but what is the price of a bottle of whiskey when Eternal life is at stake. And you will have the immediate joy of knowing that your contribution lays one more stone in the new Jerusalem Reverend Brown and his children over the globe are striving to build, where hosts of the enemy may yet break and be hurled to their dooms. Send your \$5.00 to R. Bob Anthony, brothers, and remember me and the Rev. when you 'talk' to Jesus tonight. C/O Us P.O. SF.

P's The Tale of the Honest Sailor

This is the tale of a poor honest sailor, a heavy drinker, a hell of a cuss, a rowster, a boozier, and the drink finally sent him to hospital, where they operated, and there was a poor whore in the woman's ward had a kid, while they were fixing the sailor, and they brought him the kid when he came to, and said: "Here is what we took out of you."

An he looked at it, an he got better, and when he left the hospital, quit the drink, and when he was well enough signed on with another ship and saved up his pay money, and kept on savin his pay money, and bought a share in the ship, and finally had half shares, then a ship and in time a whole line of steamers, and educated the kid, and when the kid was in college, the ole sailor was again taken bad and the doctors said he was dying, and the boy came to the bedside, and the old sailor said: "Boy I'm sorry I can't hang on a bit longer you're young yet. I leave you responsibilities. Wish I could have waited till you were older, more fit to take over the business..."

"But, father, Don't, don't talk about me, I'm all right, it's you, father."

"That's it, boy, you said it. You called me your father, and I aint. I aint your dad, no, I am not your fader but your moder," quod he, "Your fader was a rich merchant in Stambouli."



NOTICE

I've opened season on ALL DOGS. They have killed 2 young does, one prize Buck, tore up cages in Two nights. If you want your dog keep it at home.

Bill Thompson

P.S. I traded my Sling Shot for a double Barrel Shotgun.

ZOMBIE COMPOSITION

The editor of the Lawrence Daily World, Editor Simons, was again threatened and pushed on the street Friday as he shopped for an early Xmas. There were afro-combs and a broken bottle of bourbon balls left on the sidewalk, the only indication of the scuffle which apparently took place unnoticed by passersby of the bearded hippy type. Editor Symons was responsible for The Zombie Composition. He will be honored today.

Deputies Probe Deaths Of Mississippi Couple Found at Motel Here

His Lips And Eyes Tell A Big Lie On His Heart

When little girls come my way,
I lose my frown and I'm ready to play;
I unbuck my eyes and become romantic,
My neighbors tell me I am frantic.

I like 'em cuite and I like 'em young,
I can deliver with my tongue;
I sneakingly shoot them with a drug,
Then I steal a real close hug.

But man, when they go to sleep,
I love 'em till they weep and peep;
You see, I'm experienced at the art,
I go mad and tear 'em apart.

From 6 to 13 is my thing,
I like to hear their voices ring;
Ring with a melody produced by me,
I steal their sex before I set 'em free.

SASSIN'S DIARY

Chenault headed for Lexington to kill the president after he escaped from Leavenworth. Reading about the president's visit in Lexington infuriated him. Somehow in his twisted rage he took a wrong turn at Indianapolis and accidentally headed west. Five hundred miles later he was in Topeka.

Rolling up to the two hour free parking zone south of the State House, Chenault parked the Lincoln Continental he had stolen in Leavenworth. There was a peculiar looking lemonade stand at the base of the marble steps which lead up to the second story south entrance of the Capitol building. Behind the counter of the stand a blind man with a crewcut and strangely elongated face unconsciously played his fingers over a plastic money tray. Chenault approached him and asked for a cup of lemonade. The man fumbled his hand down the counter to the Dixie cups knocking over a few in the process. Chenault screamed that he was a fake. The blind vendor pulled a small handgun from beneath the counter. His eyes seemed covered with the thin white membrane of a boiled egg. He emptied his pistol in the area of Chenault's screams, then dropped to the ground as if he were dead.

Chenault ran up the steps. "All you dreaming clowns be gonna die, swinging from the axles of my chariot army by ropes, swinging and dreaming and dangling and dying, one by one. And now Noxin be dead, he be gonna die verra verra soon," he recited.

His leather-soled shoes made short noises on the Capitol steps. Many beautiful women of Kansas passed him, but his little wicked grin made them feel sick. Inside, he looks to the mural on the east wall, a painting of John Brown. A man in a long Russian army coat who is eating in a corner and sweating covers his food like a rat as Chenault passes.

Chenault passes the twin woman senators, obvious clones, he thinks, and smells the perfume his mother wore when she would pull him into bed with her after his father had gone to work. There she would force him to grind up burnt toast with his teeth and spit it at her. She would put a Sousa march on the record player. Afterwards, young Chenault began to place his hands in his feces when he went to the toilet, vomiting at the smell.

As he passes the twin senators from Galena, he smiles and reaches beneath his coat for a bowie knife he has hidden there in a leather pocket. He cut a bleeding Z into the forehead of one of the women, and the other started shouting for help. "Thus I wield the angry blade of God," were his words. One sister bent over the other. No one did anything and in fact not even a typewriter stopped typing. Chenault began to cut on the victim some more, pushing the sister back with a vicious shove. The pushed sister fumbled in her purse, drew out a derringer type gun and shot Chenault in the left leg.

It was then that he hobbled down the hallway to the governor's office, still in pursuit of the governor of Kansas, who he believed to be the president of the United States.

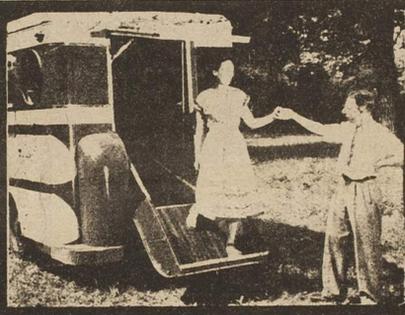
SASSIN
VOTE
ONEBA.



Promoter Bud



MISSISSIPPI COUPLE



GIANT CLAMS ON PRAIRIE

A Muncy boy scout saw the first one. The sun had come down, he had broken camp to head home. In a sorghum field he first saw an odd greenish suppurating glow. He came closer and saw what he described as clamlike, a clam-type animal of massive proportions. The boy, Bob, says there was a hideous mouth dubbed onto a great shapeless face, a wide mouth, with odd small eel-like fingers, and hozelike tentacles streaming from its mouth and something dripping from their ends like candle wax. The boy says that at this time the sun went down suddenly it seemed, as a prairie sun will do in September. A deep laughter started inside the thing somewhere, and then this reporter was called by the boy's mother. He took me to the spot and showed me the imprint of it in the soil and the withered, bleached sorghum fronds all around us, and the acrid odor of urine, of ammonia, pain-ing our nostrils. I think to myself, finitudes of peace and harmony are available to the man who stands against this newest infringement upon the life of the people on the plain. Even though for the most part these clams are lazy and erratic, they can be mastered, although the mighty power of the Nation is held at bay by a timid president. As evening comes on these creatures are known to give off a stink like rancid cantaloupe and cause the death of goats walking near them. No peace of mind will ever come now that we have these new clamlike monsters to worry about.

When one of them dies of whatever they die of out there, the Tuttle people pedal out in their little wooden cars. They'll go right through the stink with noses in the air. They'll gather twigs and make a bed of them around the clam, and then larger branches of turkey oak and hedge apple. Cutting knives are drawn when the meat is semi-cooked after twelve or so hours of careful and tedious firetending by the Tuttle men, while the women sit by apparently unoccupied, staring blankly forward in a stuporous way, in a brown study of sorts. There are no children to be seen of either sex, although chihuahua-like dogs run about in abundance, running at the sizzling white meat as it cooks, tearing out steaming hunks of it and snarling off to a safe distance for its meal. It takes a temperature of 500 degrees F. to cook one of these beauties. You can eat the good meat with bar-b-que sauces of many types, or Z sauce, also good with goat wine and buttery vinegar water to soak it, to blanch it, many say to draw out the salt. Plus, they are free. If you get to the beach and find one stinking there call up your friends. And when you have finished all go to the rear of the clam and look for a horn-like object. It contains meat in it as sweet as honey-water and health for as long as the natural processes of aging will allow. These clams are something really new to us. Editors.

10 Hour Work Day

A tree can start to look like a leaf crowned scarecrow after a 10 Hour Work Day. And so can a man in these hard times. A traditional man, according to sociologists, may find it rough psychic territory to inhabit. Work, work, work. Eventually leading down the slow spiraling path to the quicksand pit of suicide. The cranehandler dies. The taxicab driver slumps over the wheel. Executives, talking to themselves, lie in the mountains, in soft snow, being whispered to by a pine stump.

But this sort of poetic response to the situation is touched with unreality.

FACT: Blauner in his study of factory workers points out that when employees are asked if they are satisfied with their jobs from 80 to 90 percent reply positively. He concludes that this reflects less on their own satisfaction and more on a general cultural bias towards contentment whenever questions of this general sort are posed.

Ear Punctured With Afro Comb—Girl, 12

A 12 year old black girl from Clifton Street, a student at #29 School, complained to police that about 9 A.M., she had been assaulted with an Afro comb and hands in front of 135 Genesee Street by two black girls, 13 and 15 years old, and a black boy 11 years old. She suffered a punctured ear drum, loose teeth and cut lips.



Inventor Stan
ONEBA IS ONE.



Promoter Bud