WOMENS by TOM AVERILL The womens are all roosting alongside the soda pop near the carts. Two of them have done their shopping already, and keep making false starts for home. The other two are checking their lists against sale prices. Vera June is the ugliest, but she's the only girl out of high school and still not married--except for Wanda May Riley, only she doesn't count because she stays home and primps while her mother goes to Charley's store and talks about nothing else but how some fella over in Circleville is probably going to ask for Wanda May's hand any minute now. 'He came over just to see her last night. They made such a nice, cute couple sitting on the sofa. They hardly even looked at the TV they had such eyes for each other.' You know how the womens talk when they want to get each other excited.

I hate like hell going into Charley's--unless it's Saturday when there's enough folks that one fella gets diluted. But the rain gummed up the bottom so bad I can't work it. The womens can do their work in any weather--as regular as a postman delivering the mail--by shopping, or just being in a store watching a fella like me pack a box full of groceries. They're like chickens, the closer you come the louder they get. By the time I load up my week's supply of peanut butter, white bread, donuts and pot pies, and head over to take home a gallon size bottle of Coca-Cola, their voices are banging and clattering against each other like dishes being put away in a hurry.

'I guess Randy ain't been to church since his Mother died." Vera June's voice pops out so sudden it scares me as much as if I'd bent over and felt the seat of my pants rip out.

'Well, invite him to the pot luck, then, Vera,"says Mrs. White, forcing a lot of air into her voice so that it'll sound like she's whispering.

'Oh, I can't," says Vera June, louder now, 'I'm too shy."

"Come on, honey, he ain't no Rock Hudson," says old Miss Dashet, not even pretending to whisper. I turn red. In the yearbook they said I was so ugly I scare possums and make buzzards sick. Still, I probably never cracked as many mirrors as Vera June, but all the womens are cackling and bending down to slap thick thighs. Like cats playing with a half-dead mouse, they won't stay interested unless I make a move. I try to stay calm.

'Pot luck dinner?" says Mrs. Martin. 'Pot pies more his style."

I look at them from the corner of my eye as I take the Coca-Cola from the shelf and hurry down past the potato chips and candy to the counter and Charley. He's smiling as he rings up the groceries, his eyes twinkling. He pretends not, but he hears everything the womens say.

'Don't worry," he mumbles. 'One of these days you'll get married and they'll mostly leave you alone."

"Fat chance," I say. I pay him the exact amount and leave. When I'm putting the box in the sea, the screen door slams shut and Vera June is heading toward me, scuffling a little so that she kicks wet gravel out into the highway. She's got a little girl smile on her face, like she's going to ask me for a penny to buy some chewing gum.

'Pot luck's Sunday night," she says, not looking at me, but at my chest.

I wonder if I'm breathing hard, so I stop altogether. She's still smiling when I look at her, and I know we're both red.

'Yea," I say, 'I can't cook."

'I'll cook for two," she says.

I can tell it's already planned out.

'You come get me at five-thirty."

I wish the bottom wasn't so gummed up. 'Okay," I say. 'I'll be there at five-thirty." I keep my head nodding as I climb into the seat of the truck. I start it up fast and rev it out onto the highway. She's moving close to the store so she won't get hit by flying gravel, and I hold my hand up until she waves, then I act like I was just adjusting the rear view mirror. I see her in it. She still has that little girl smile on her face. It'll be a grown up laugh when she tells the womens inside. Damn it.

A GERMAN STORY

The German aid to Mexico, too little too late. We think the Germans are bad hombres too. But they are not. They have sent 20 cases of Irish Whiskey to Mexico. Yo estoy llorando por la noche negra! We are under the opinion that the mexs are dumb, they are not either.

Man's Earlier Habitations Were Heated by a Fire on the Floor; from a Hole Cut in the Roof the Chimney Gradually Evolved

people

WANDO BOTEL BATTERED, G-STRUNG

The White House is in a state of horror today. Wando Botel, a recent immigrant to the city, from Tennessee, invited to a White House Homecoming for President Oneba by forces anxious to make her coming here smooth, was found, battered and naked, on the floor of the Oval Office. Ms. Botel, one of Memphis' Finest, elite, suave, a comely member of the Southern 4000, was beaten so badly in the eye and mouth area that the coroner fears total restoration of the disfigured visage may be impossible.

Ms. Botel's father, immensely powerful, was met by President Oneba at the airport this morning.

P. Neuman, Gone Queer, Kills Self in K-Top

Just last week he was half-normal, this week he's dead as a pregnant spider killed by its mate after giving birth. He did such a hideous job on himself that it wasn't clear which was the face, which the feet. He drank enough Pluto Water to launch a small bottle rocket to Alpha Centauri. Why do they suddenly go mad like this, descending into homosexuality's velvety Lou-Reed orientated gilded palace? Then poisoning themselves? AND THEN, ON TOP OF THAT, SHOOTING THEMSELVES UP HORRIBLY, limb by limb, the smell of burnt powder and singed flesh stinking up the room like the dream ofa hideous scientist. Neuman, presumably, stared out through the suburban shudders until the blond delicate boy, with the thin germanic northern lips, rode by on his ten speed. The legs, nearly hairless, but fuzzed with light blond hair, must have caught Neuman's eye. We presume from the writings that he felt profoundly ashamed. Part of this shame was understood through a profound hatred Neuman developed for his coarse black beard and hair. He even hated his glasses frames for being the same color. The boy looked up at Neuman's face, not knowing he was watched. He could not see Neuman behind the glass but sensed he was watched. At that point, P. Neuman was transformed, his life stretching out before him, epidemic sexual activity clearly forseen. And then an open grave. Then Pluto Water and the gun came on, and shortened the drama.

UNDERDOGS

Sandy Graves has died in Florida, buried alive on the beach, a Caucasian trying to be the first such to join Chromocron Brothers, a black fraternity at the St. Petersburg branch of the University of South Florida Medical Extension. He suffocated when the sand walls of a mock grave in which he was lying collapsed and buried him, a result of what Dr. Stones calls deeply buried hostile murder fantasies now surfacing in the culture as a whole. Rufus 'Monzo Man" Antonius, the president says, 'The more he struggled, the more he became embedded in the wet sand." Graves was 6'4 inches of rugged man. Seven members of the fraternity are up on manslaughter charges... Employees of a bus terminal watchedin horror Monday night as a Miami man fatally slashed his throat and stabbed himself repeatedly in the chest. Fred Thomas was dead on arrival at a hospital after the incident in the cafeteria of the Greyhound bus terminal. He came east from California. Security guards struggled with the victim trying to get the knife away from him. 'He was split from one end to the other, screaming and gasping for breath," the guard said. 'I tried to get a pressure bandage on his throat be he must have been doped up or something. I've never come across anyone so strong." Olga Pimentel, cafeteria supervisor said, 'I ran to see who it was and saw him slashing his throat," and then she said this: 'He did it about three times. After he did it he just stood there scream ing. It sounded horrible.".....Underdogs in our town include the ones at the hospital, in Brigham South. Emily P. had a nice time with her sister the other day and evening. She seemed to have enjoyed herself, after coming back and telling us about it. We've all been working to keep our ward clean. Sometimes the task seems too much for some of the patients, but they do a pretty good job considering the circumstances. Joan T. is sometimes bringing what she can to us. David E. bought some nice things for several of us. The beutiful flowers look pretty sitting in the office.

SPECIAL SPECIAL SPECIAL EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

Eric Starvo Gault calls himself a victim. He shot Dr. Martin Luther King down. He travelled under the ESG code name with carefully wrought fake ID moving via the Holiday Inn chain motel/hotel system. Now he claims he was a victim of railroading, and alleges that the U.S. system of fair play has been damaged beyond ruin through control by the wanton. He says he is plagued by an unfortunate recurrent nightmare: of being led through a series of identical rooms. In each room he meets a man almost identical to one he has seen before, but in whose face there is something, some small detail, that has been modified, so that no two of them are quite alike. Each of the men gives him an order heaping slightly more responsibility on his shoulders than the time before. In the last room, Gault recalls, in which there is no door leading out, he meets a man whose head is wrapped in a bright, rainbow colored cloth, who, at the same point in the dream each night, draws a small knife from his suit pocket with his left hand and begins to work on the wooden desk: miraculously, with a few deft strokes, a brilliant colored wooden mallard is carved out by the man. It is nestled in soft wood shavings and coos quietly. Gault sits there and watches as the processes of miraculous reproduction proceed. The belly swells up, the head elongates the bill doubles in size; suddenly, two birds are clucking in the shavings. Gault says that at this point, he weeps openly before the man and the two ducks.

Head Discovered

MANILA — A giant shark that had promised to be a delightful delicacy at a central Philippine fish market suddenly turned prospective buyers away in revulsion when a woman's head popped out of the fish's belly as it was being cut up.

The Philippine News Agency said the shark, of the hammerhead variety and weighting about a ton, had been captured by five fishermen off Cebu Province.

Deeper in the 18-foot-long beast's belly were found human limbs and the remains of what appeared to be a dog, the news agency added.

SPORTS NOTE

Mack's Men Lay Collegians Low--Yankee's spent today in Iddleness as a result of heavy rains, which swept this City from early morning to late afternoon--Dick Butkus takes overdosage in Peoria Penthouse, found half dead. A young colored boy of Pittsburg says he "knew" Dick.... 'And suddenly the City was rocked by the darker nuances of the news as the story spread cancerously out--It was a beautiful fall bluish day last Saturday and all of Wuntex University clustered heavily on the hills like grapes above the Kaw to watch the school's oarsmen work out on the brown water. Then Mack's Men came

COOK IT UP--RECIPE 1

Two medium size dills are called for here. Dice them up. Put them aside and don't do anything to them because that isn't kosher! Rye bread goes good here. Fry a plantain in a brown sugar oil combination. Bananas are alright, but not so sweet! Sprinkle fried banan as with a little chopped parsley and blend dice dill and add a quarter cup of water stirring, all the time frying the whole thing up. Now let it simmer, boiling is o.k., simmering perfecto! This meal will cook itself if it is left alone. Nothing more needs to be added, except for the remote likelihood you like it a little thicker, then add some milk. If its too bland, add some garlic or throw some onion in. Some like more sugar on the plantain.

"The Butcher"

Amiable Ed Gein, whose secret life was a Pandora's box of horrors when the lid was lifted in 1957, wants out of the booby hatch. But the good burghers of Waushura County, Wisconsin, are far from sympathetic with his aim.

PEOPLE IN THE SCENIC lake region of Wisconsin's Waushura County got mighty uncomfortable one day this summer. It was like you were dozing off in a chair in your backyard and someone sneaked up behind you and dropped an ice cube down your shirt.

For there was Ed Gein sitting in the witness chair in the courtroom in the county seat at Wautoma and telling a judge that no matter what he was 17 years ago he was now sane and would very much like to be turned loose from Central State Hospital.

He was mild and soft-spoken and somehow that was even chillier because there were people around who remembered that Ed was mild and soft-spoken back in 1957. That was the year the police grabbed him and dredged up his secret life, which was a horror.

An Amiable Man

Back in 1957 Ed was a 50-year-old bachelor living on a rundown 195-acre farm seven miles from Plainfield, a village of 680 residents about 125 miles northwest of Milwaukee. He'd been brought there as a youngster of 6. He lived with his parents, George and Augusta Gein, and an older brother, Henry.

The Geins, with the exception of Ed, were unneighborly and uncommunicative. Ed was friendly and gentle and liked people.

Augusta Gein dominated the household. She was a stern woman who generally wore stiff sateen dresses and had straight dull hair drawn tightly to a prim knot at her nape. She would warn Ed over and over about women. They were hand-maidens of the devil. She didn't include herself, of course, in that category.

When Ed reached the age for dating, Augusta made sure he didn't date. His father and brother died in the 1940s and then Augusta had her favorite son all to herself.

She kept him thoroughly brainwashed. If on occasion Ed did get an urge to go out with a girl, his mother made certain the urge was quickly suppressed.

One day Augusta had a paralytic stroke. Ed nursed her himself but for all his tender care she died. He turned her room into a shrine.

The Perfect Neighbor

Eventually his grief wore off and Ed became the perfect neighbor. Even in middle age, he was always available to do baby-sitting.

He never cursed, smoked or drank and women whose husbands did frequently alluded to him as something of a model. This may have annoyed the menfolk but even they admired him because he was not only such a pleasant guy but an accomplished handyman. He never turned down a carpentry or masonry job and always showed up for it on time and he never overcharged.

Good as he was with a saw and hammer and knives (especially knives), Ed was pretty sloppy in the housekeeping department. The rooms of his farmhouse became a clutter of junk. One reason may have been that he had developed a hobby, which became rather obsessive. It gave his dull routine life some excitement and a lot of night life, so to speak. It was one of those hobbies that simply had to be pursued by night.

Somewhere along the line, in spite of the warnings of his revered mother, Ed became interested in a woman. She was a spinster named Adeline Watkins who wore horn-rimmed glasses and had her hair in bangs. She lived with her widowed mother in Plainfield.

Ed and Miss Watkins generally got together at her home and never at his. Maybe he was ashamed of the cluttered rooms. Or of something else.

Dug Crime Yarns

Usually the couple talked about books. Ed liked books about lions and tigers but he was partial to murder stories, true and fictional. Ed was quite a critic of criminals and also the people who pursued them.

"He'd tell how the murdered did wrong, what mistakes he made," Miss Watkins recalled, and Ed's perception of

"GUNS DONT KILL PEOPLE---- PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE" Oneba said this, 1945 **SHAME**