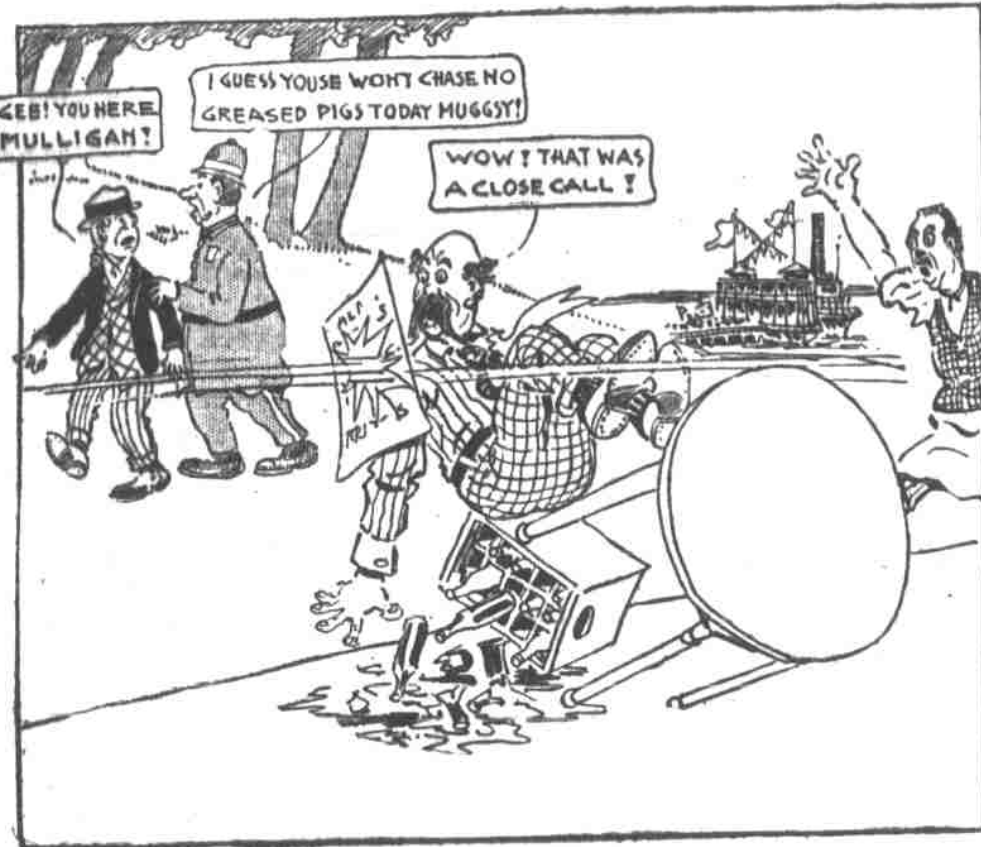
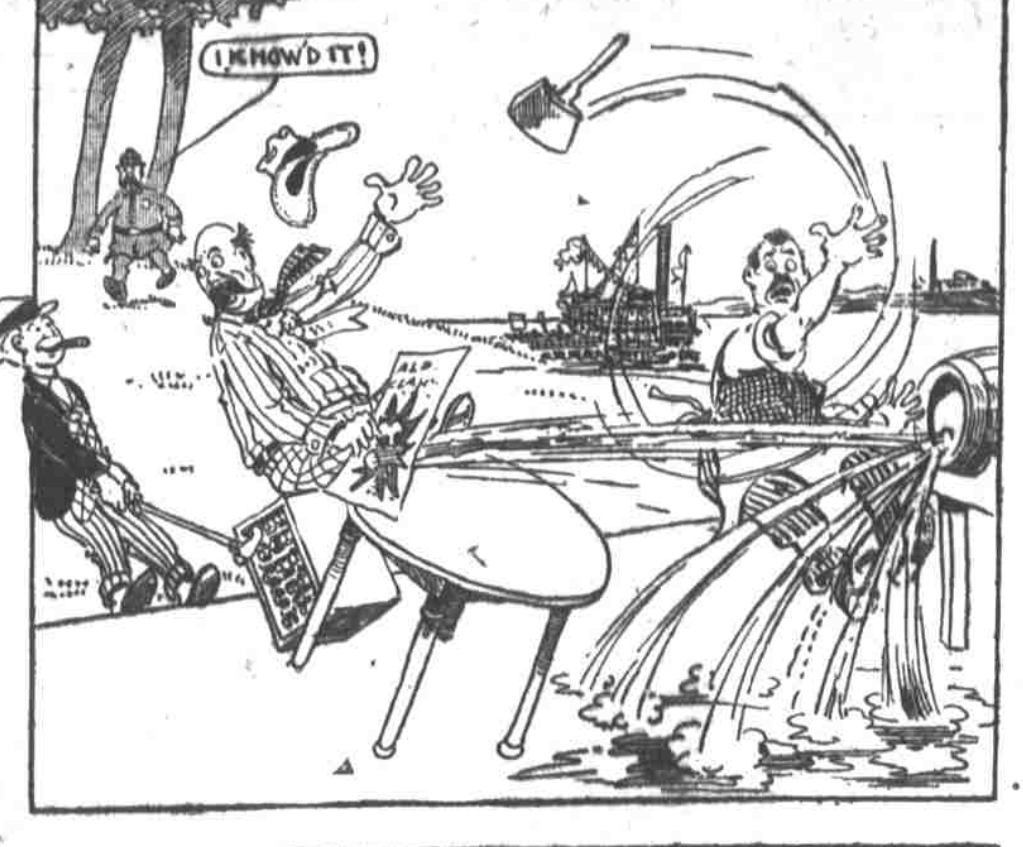
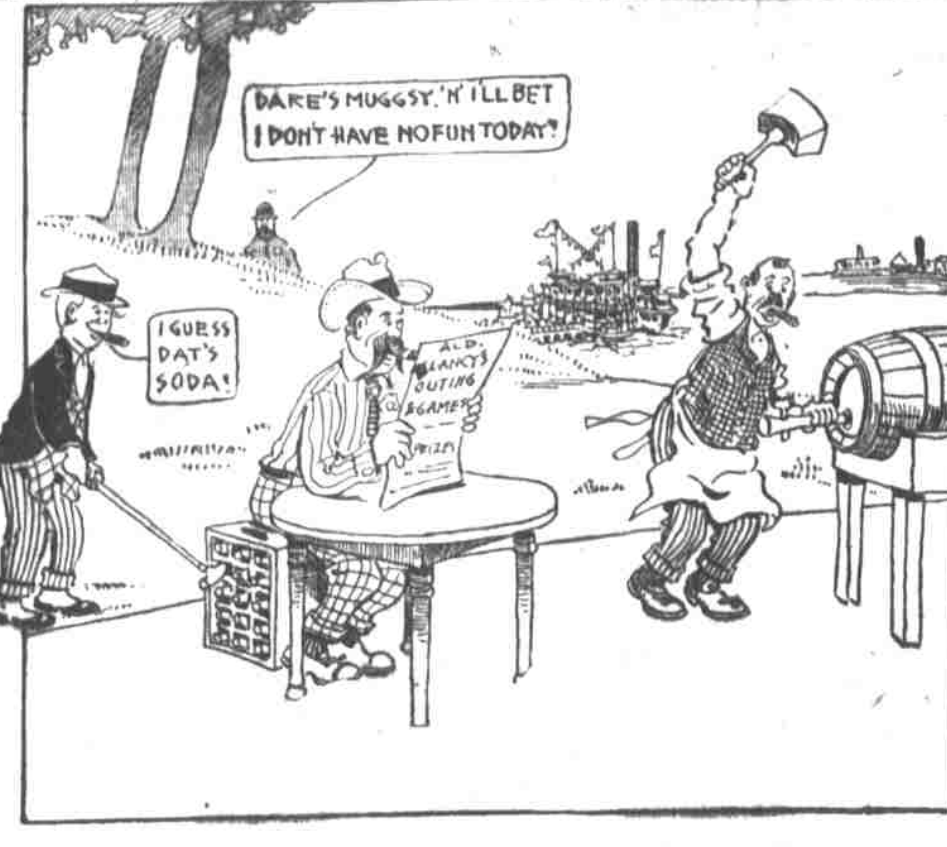


MUGGSY HAS THE TIME OF HIS LIFE AT CLANCY'S CLAMBAKE



JINGLING JOHNSON IS TURNED INTO A HUMAN FEATHER DUSTER

AT EVENING SHADE THE OLD CHURCH BELL DOTH TOLL THE PARTING DAY, THE WANDERING MINSTREL THEN DOTH SEEK THE WELCOME STAKE OF HAY. TAKES OFF HIS COAT, REMOVES HIS SHOES, WITH BRAIN AND CONSCIENCE CLEAR, HE SHUTS HIS EYES AND OFFERS THANKS THAT HE CAN POUND HIS EAR.



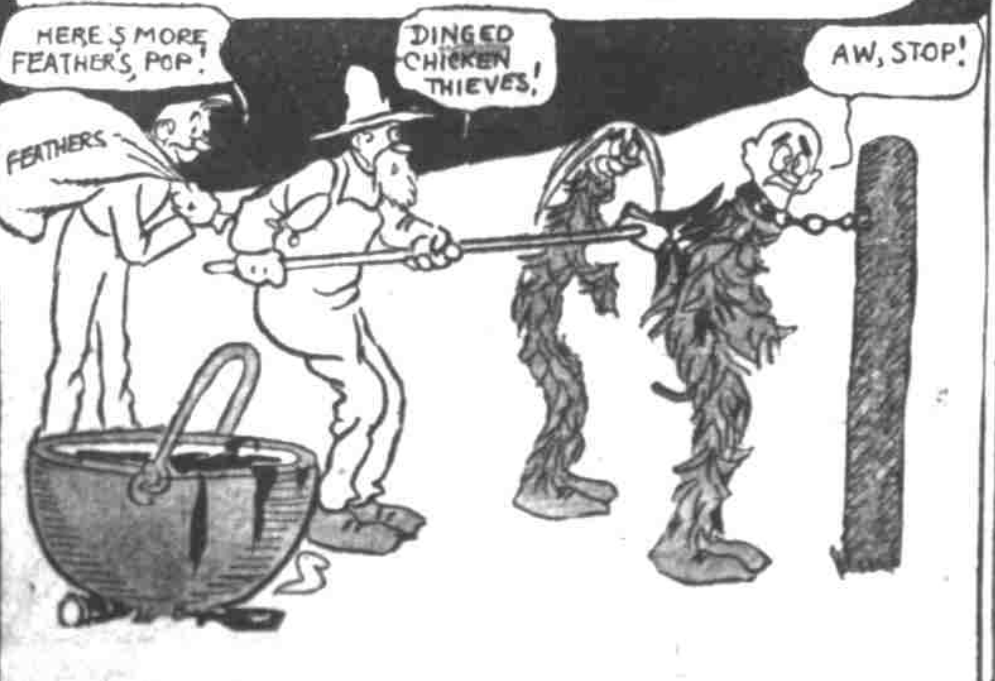
THE STARS COME OUT AND SHED THEIR LIGHT, THE MOON SMILES DOWNWARD, TOO. THE ROOSTER, IN A SUBDUED VOICE SAYS 'COCK-A-DOODLE-DO!' ALL NATURE IS IN SWEET REPOSE, THE SPARROWS FAINTLY 'CHEEP' BUT I MUST JINGLE ALL NIGHT LONG FOR, POBTS CANNOT SLEEP.



UNEARTHLY DEMONS FLY AND FLIT BEFORE MY HALF CLOSED EYES, AND PANGS OF HUNGER DO ASSAIL - MOORAY FOR OYSTER PIES MAN, WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW - TO BACCO AND A PIPE, I KNEW A MAN WHO LIVED 4 YEARS ON APPLE SAUCE AND TRUPE



THE WILD EYED WHISKERED FARMER IS A CRUEL HEARTED MAN. HE HAS A SACK OF FEATHERS AND HE HEATS TAR IN A PAN. NO CRIES FOR PITY TOUCH HIS HEART, NO MERCY DOTH HE SHOW, AND GAILY HE DOTH SLAP ON TAR, AND FEATHERED WE MUST GO.



ONE HAPPY THOUGHT DOTH REACH MY BRAIN - E'N THOUGH ALL MAY BE LOST, WE GET NEW SUITS, OR COVERING, AT VERY LITTLE COST. SO BLAP IT ON, I DO NOT CARE. LIFE'S FULL OF BITTER GALL. AS FEATHER DUSTERS WE'LL GET JOBS, AND FOOL 'EM AFTER ALL!



COLUMBUS STRUCK AMERICA, TIRE, HUNGRY, SORE AND BROKE, BESIDES, HE WAS SO THIRSTY THAT HE THOUGHT HE'D FAIRLY CHOKED. SO ON AN EXPLORATION TOUR, WE'LL START WITH FONDEST HOPE. WE ARE SO FULL OF TAR, THAT WE'LL HIRE OUT FOR CAKES OF SOAP!



Bradford