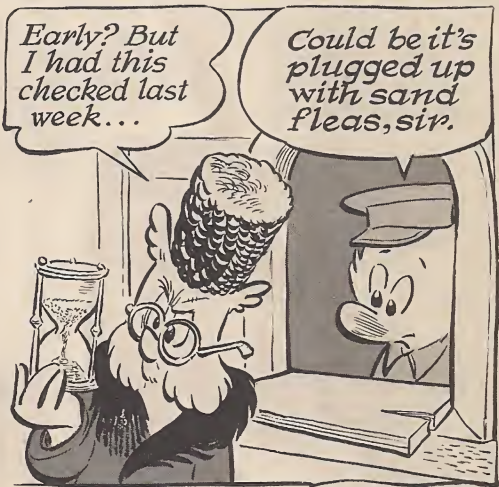
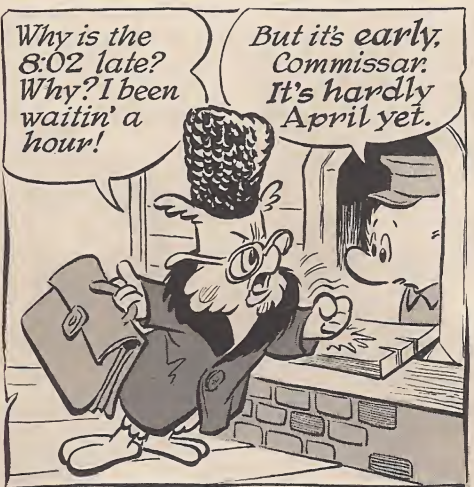


The Man From
SUFFERN
 ON THE
STEPPEES
 OR 1984 AND ALL THAT



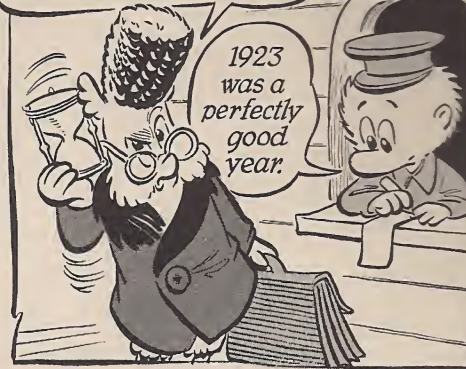
Feb. 29, 1923?
There ain't
no Feb. 29
in 1923!

There ain't even no
1923 any more. The
gummint tore it down
and built a milk bar.



No 1923? I ain't been back there
in 32 years---I'll never forget it.
Why does the gummint change
everythin'?

1923
was a
perfectly
good
year.



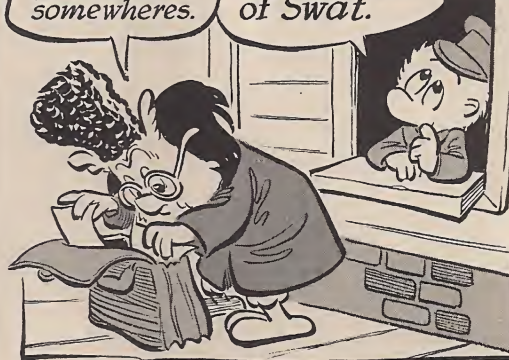
Oh boy! I'll never
forget hollerin'
"Down with the
gummint" in 1923.

I did, too---I
hollered mine
into a closet.



I hollered
mine into a
paper bag---
got it here
someswheres.

Who was the Czar
that year---? Babe
Roose? No, he was
the Sultan
of Swat.



Swat was nice in
the Summer, but
the mosquitos!
Nyat!

Sure, but who
was the CZAR?
I voted for my
mother but she
never made it.



The Czar---I think:
Kenesaw Mountain
somebody---it was
somebody, I'm
sure of that.

K.M.
Somebody?





Who was Czar in 1923, Comrade? While you're up.

Nobody, natural!



Nobody Natural?

That's it--I knew it was a name like that Natural! What a man!

Yep, nobody, natural.



What did you say was in the bag?

Mr. holler.



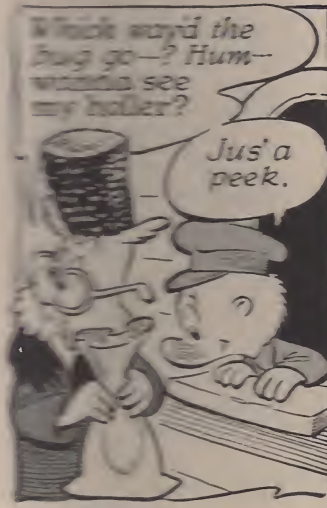
Since 1923 I was a rebel--- fought hard!

Right! You spoke up!



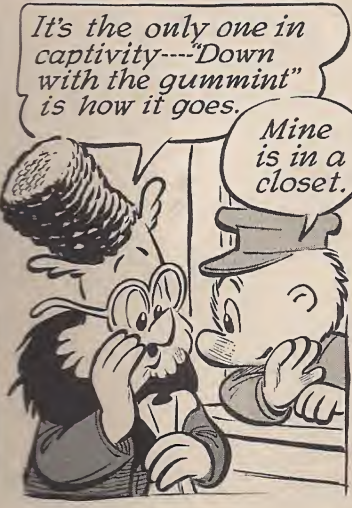
When others was knucklin' under, I hollered, "Down with the gummint."

Into the bag!



Which way'd the bag go--? Hum-- wanna see my holler?

Jus' a peek.



It's the only one in captivity--- "Down with the gummint" is how it goes.

Mine is in a closet.



Mine goes the same way. (Outspoke as all get out.)

Quick now!



There---
oop!

**Hooray
for the
gummint!**



Naturally, I
disguised it
a lil'...

You're clever,
comrade, clever
as a badger---
clever and
courageous!



How did you disguise
your holler into
the closet?

When I
hollered "Down
with the gummint"
too?



Yes---
hee hee
hee hee
hee!

I hollered--
hee hee---
I hollered---



Mrrs mup
goble
smms---

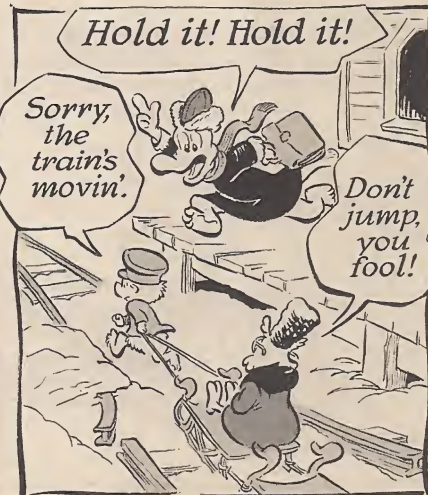
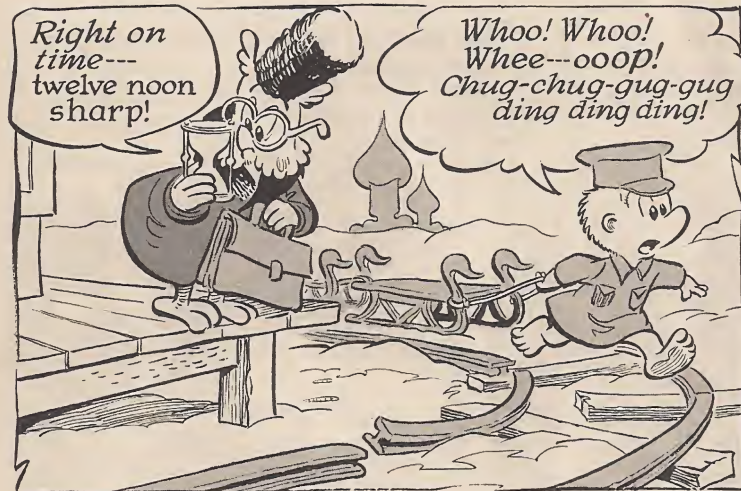
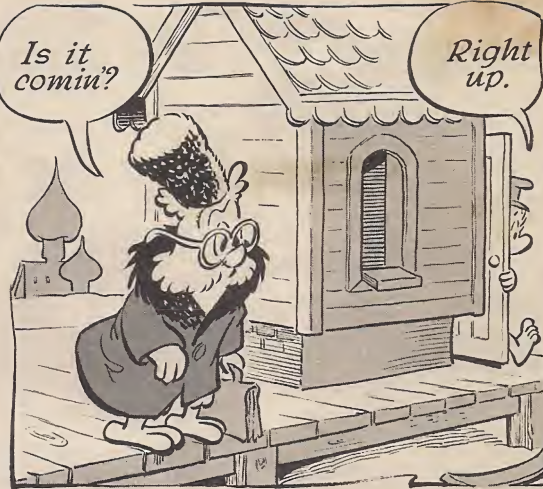
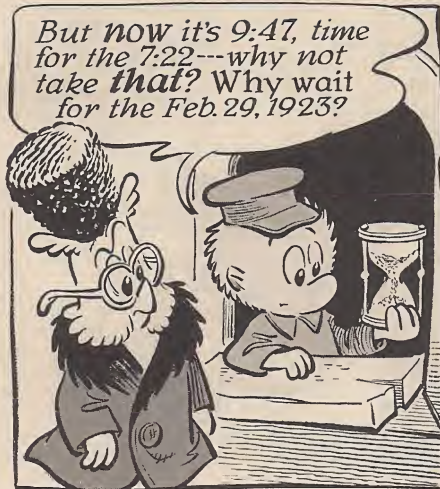


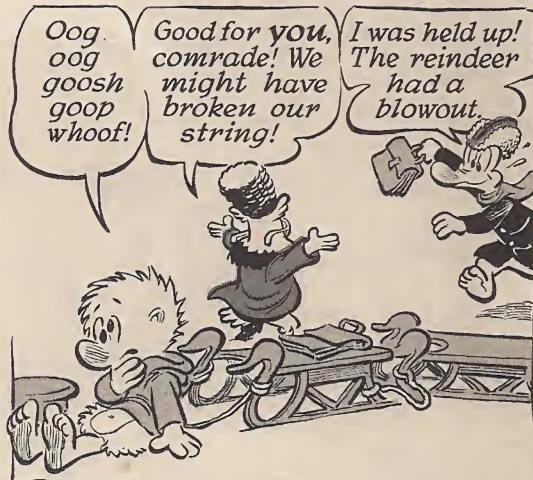
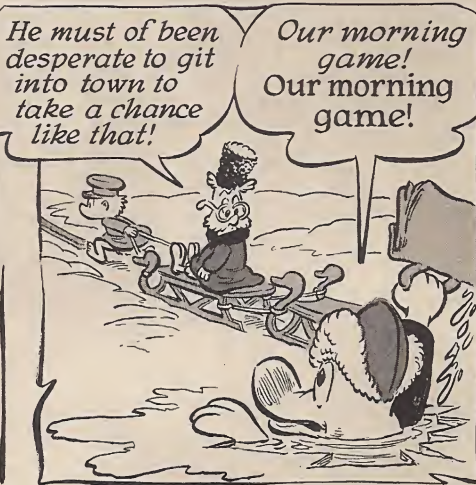
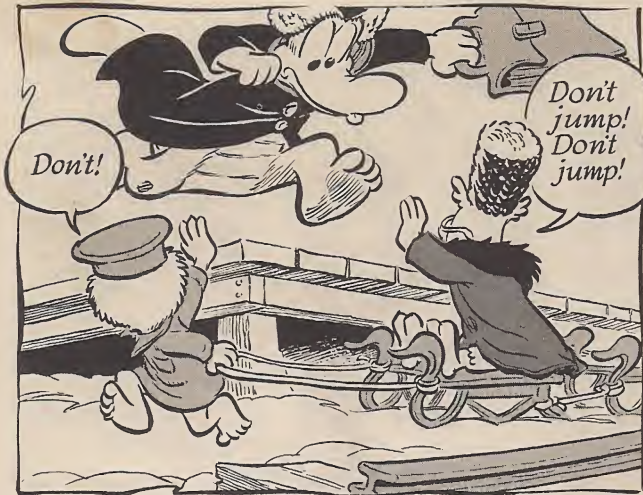
Oh boy!
Great!
Great!
Great!



Of course some people might misinterpret:
"One-two-three-four---
Who-are-we-for---
Saint Paul High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

True!
True! The
people in
Minneapolis
are a
caution!





Oh, when will they learn to not jump for a moving train?

He's a goner---

He must of been desperate to git into town to take a chance like that!

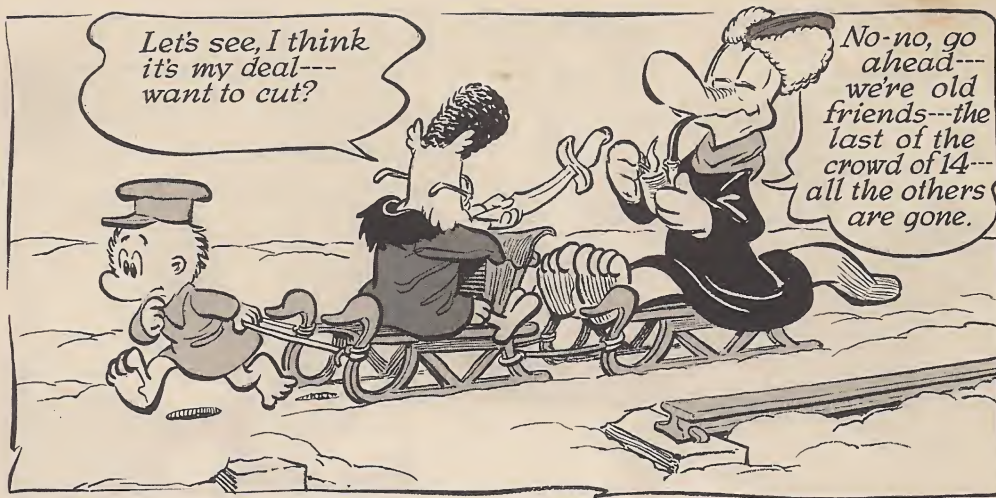
Our morning game!
Our morning game!

He's Right! Our regular morning game, uninterrupted for thirty-six years---you can stop for him!

Oog
oog
goosh
goop
whoof!

Good for you, comrade! We might have broken our string!

I was held up!
The reindeer had a blowout.



Let's see, I think it's my deal--- want to cut?

No-no, go ahead--- we're old friends---the last of the crowd of 14--- all the others are gone.



One by one we lost them.

Click!

Your turn.

It's nostalgic, ridin' by the spots where they dropped out.

Yes, the little mounds--- Hunnicker, there, was in cream cheese down on the street.

An' Womblit, Commissar in charge of celery--- who will be next?



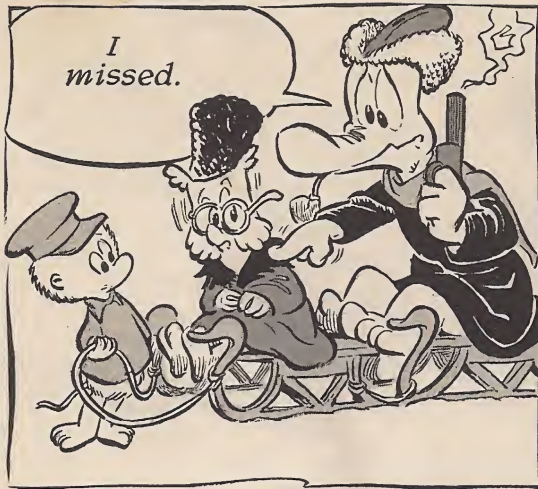
BAM!

I'm alone!



What happen? We run over a cassowary?

No---no---don't look---uh, how'd you like to sit in for my late friend?

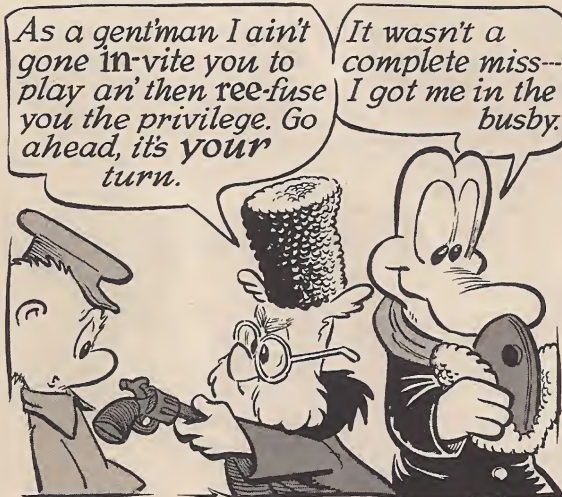


I missed.



Is you sure?
The way you
plays, you
could of hit
the bull's-eye.

No---
wait---



As a gent'man I aint
gone in-vite you to
play an' then ree-fuse
you the privilege. Go
ahead, it's your
turn.

It wasn't a
complete miss--
I got me in the
busby.



Aw, gosh, gentlemen,
I'm just a ordinary
worker-- I don't
want to intrude
myself into the
company of--

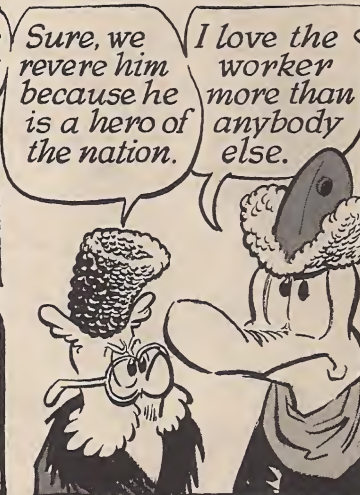
Non-
sense!
This is a
democratic
oleogarchy.



No, no, I just
want to pull
the sledge--
pull the sledge
an' retire to
Siberia.

But you make
us out to be
segregationists.
We love you
just as if you
were as good
as us.

We don't care
if you're ugly
or stupid.



Sure, we
revere him
because he
is a hero of
the nation.

I love the
worker
more than
anybody
else.

I love the great hero of our nation who is the working dog more than any other man and/or any other beast.



No, I love him more. I say phoo on the fact that he is trash! Disregard his lowly station.

I share all things with him---my pleasure, sir! You play a hand with us.

Yes, it shows we are all brothers.



Like this--?



Like that.

Just so.

It's nice to be accepted in the upper circles. This is a real thrill, believe me.



Pull it!

Perhaps I should remove my hat as a mark of respect---to my memory.



No no---we'll keep your memory green.

But my memory is more plaid, an' besides, the hat is gummint property.



What! Saboteur! Remove it at once!





How thoughtless of me! If I had blew a hole in the hat I'd of lost my job.

Exactly--we must play fair.

If this works out like it might, uh--who will pull the sledge?

That's right!



You're gummint property too! How dare you twice attempt to destroy the mother land's holdings?



You're a enemy agent attempting to wreck our railway system by sabotaging our power supply!

I'd commit suicide except somebody'd take offense.



Oh, I hope our noble scientists invent a live-for-ever serum so I can work and work and work and work!

Shows what you get for inviting a pig into the parlor

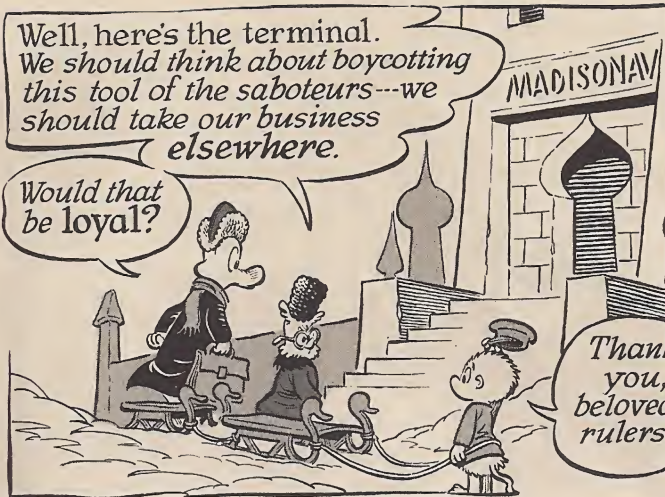
We got time for one more hand.

Not only is he barred from this game henceforth but he may even be shot.

Click!

Click!

Right.



Well, here's the terminal. We should think about boycotting this tool of the saboteurs--we should take our business elsewhere.

Would that be loyal?

Thank you, beloved rulers.



We'd have to take our business to America. Here we only got one railroad--no competition.

That's our trouble.

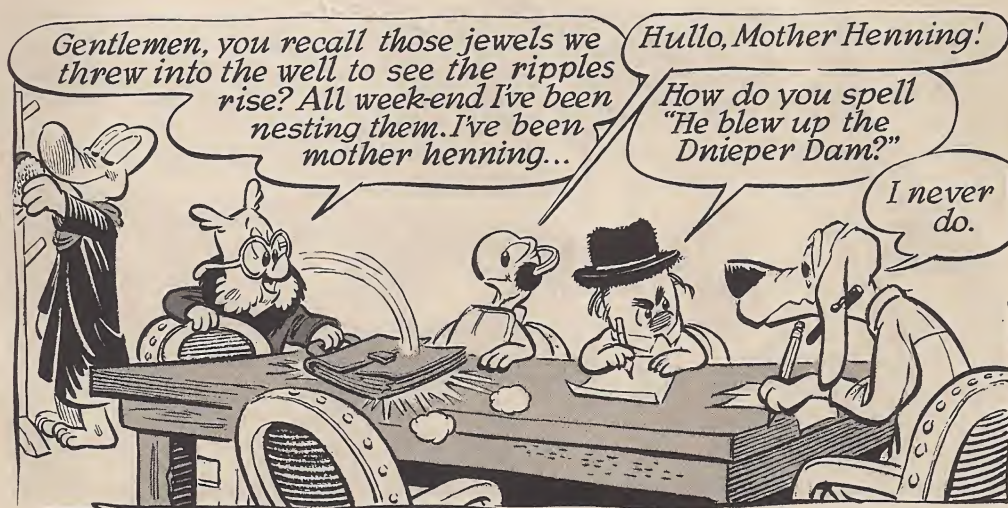


That working dog is monopolizing business because he's the last one working.

If I hadn't been cursed with a strong mind and a weak back I could be in his spot today...



Well, into the conference room! I've been incubating a nest of gilt edge eggs. I've given our ideas the full mother hen treatment.

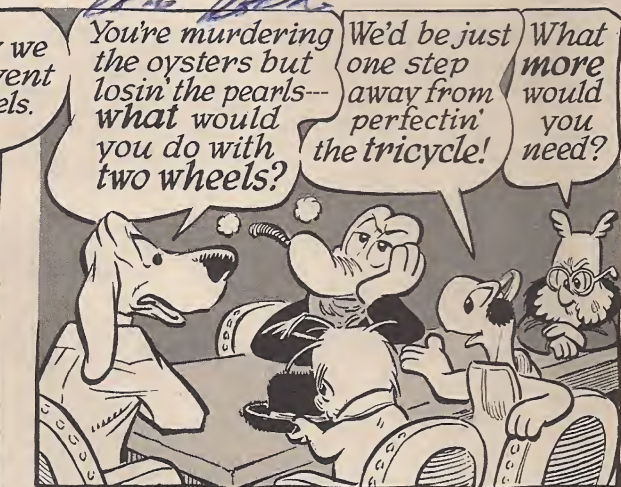
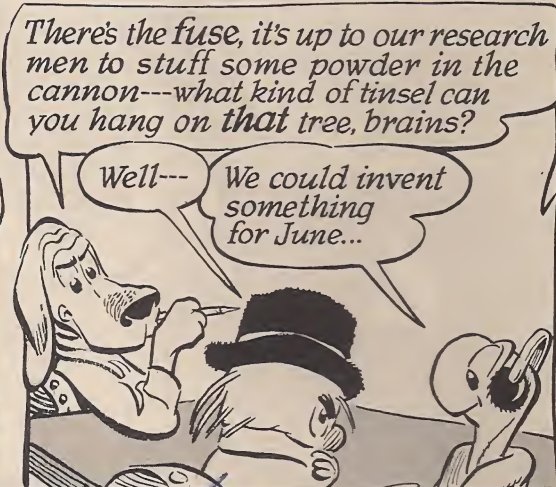
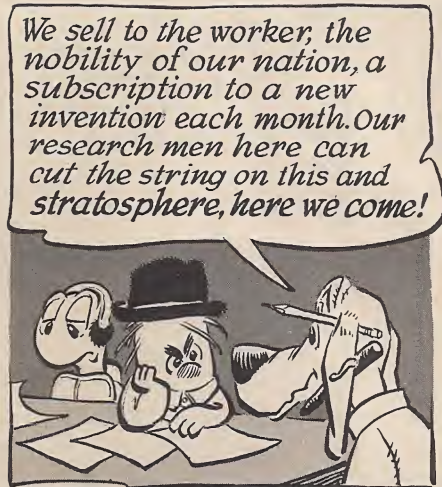
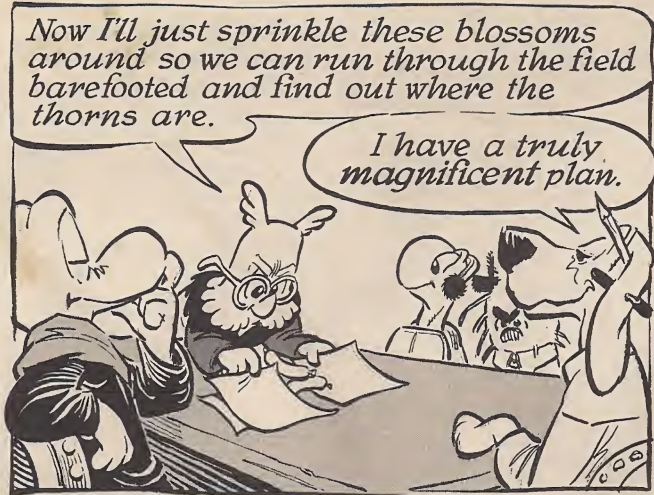


Gentlemen, you recall those jewels we threw into the well to see the ripples rise? All week-end I've been nesting them. I've been mother henning...

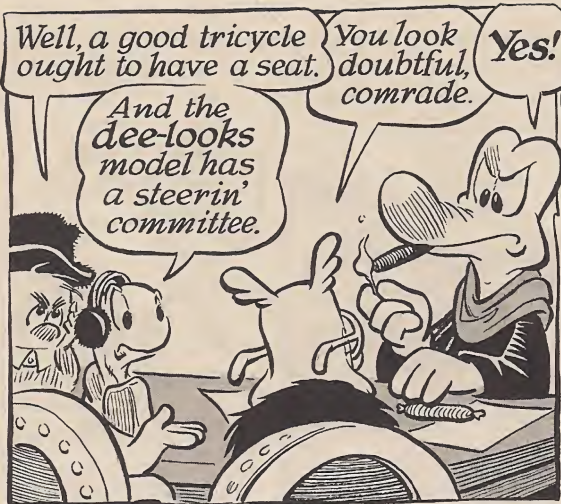
Hullo, Mother Henning!

How do you spell "He blew up the Dnieper Dam?"

I never do.



Jon Ubb.

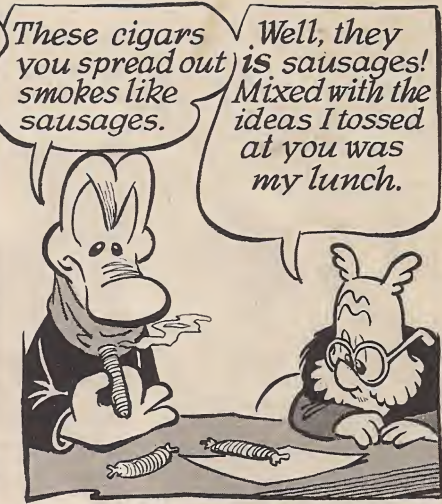


Well, a good tricycle ought to have a seat.

And the dee-looks model has a steerin' committee.

You look doubtful, comrade.

Yes!



These cigars you spread out smokes like sausages.

Well, they is sausages! Mixed with the ideas I tossed at you was my lunch.



Oh--well, as sausages they makes perty good cigars.

Oog--you ought to try 'em as sausages---oog! They's a new brand--made of rubber---last for years.

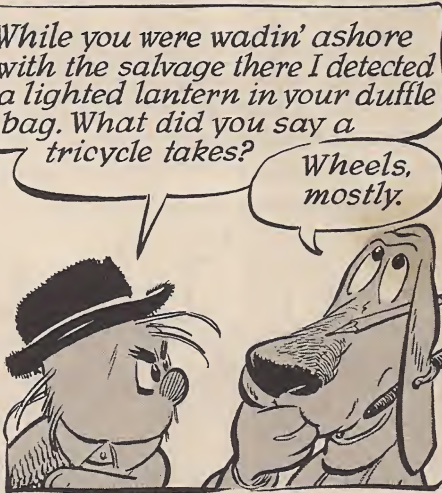


Now, comrade, you spun a clinker into your last spider web there. You said a good tricycle ought to have a seat---the noble working fish of our nation doesn't need a seat---he doesn't even need a good tricycle.



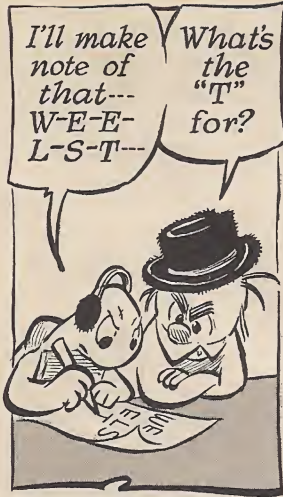
If it's a no-good tricycle he needs, we can guarantee satisfaction.

Good! Now you are putting lace on your pancakes---a no-good tricycle takes three wheels, a few rods, some space and courage.



While you were wadin' ashore with the salvage there I detected a lighted lantern in your duffle bag. What did you say a tricycle takes?

Wheels, mostly.



I'll make note of that---
W-E-E-
L-S-T---

What's the "T" for?



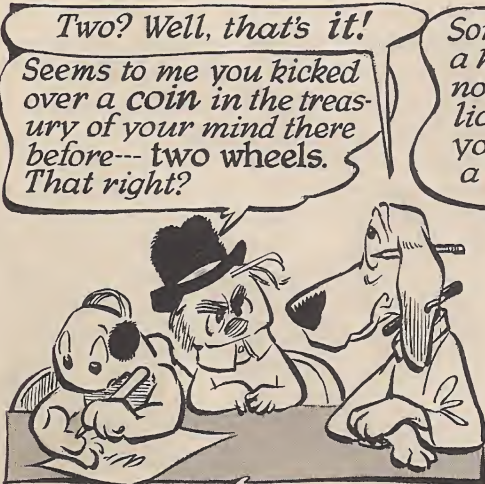
In case we sell to China.

Great! A lotus blossom jus' exploded. How many wheels, comrade?

How many did you invent so far?

For June an July, one and um---

That finger is a two---two wheels.

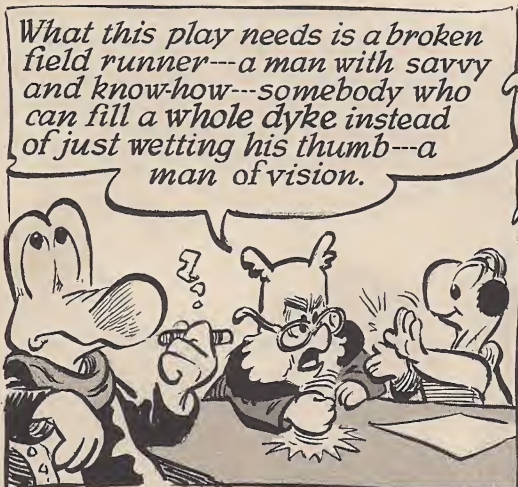


Two? Well, that's it!

Seems to me you kicked over a coin in the treasury of your mind there before--- two wheels. That right?

Somewhere there you had a hold of a rainbow but now, unless we recall the license plate of what hit you, all we got is a empty pot.

It's what I get for talkin' off the top of my head--- I'll be bald and nothing to show for it.

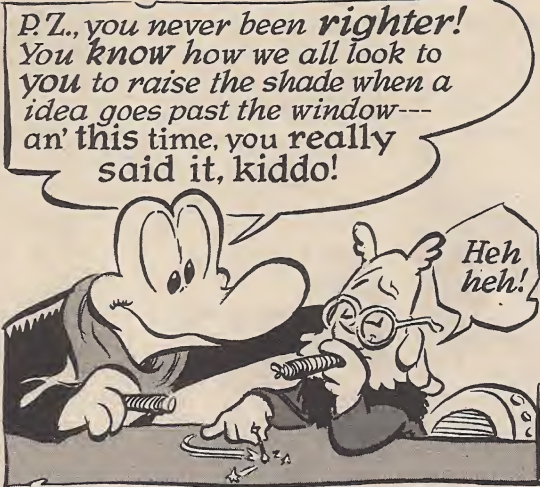


What this play needs is a broken field runner---a man with savvy and know-how---somebody who can fill a whole dyke instead of just wetting his thumb---a man of vision.



Modesty prevents me from pointing the finger but I know just the rifle who can curve this sweet potato past the umpire.

You don't mean me--- again?

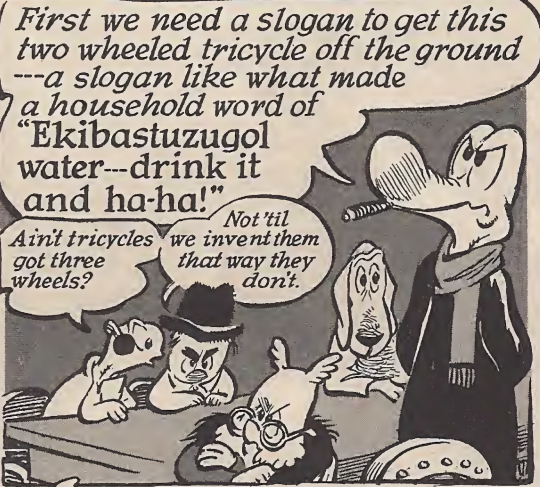


P.Z., you never been *righter!*
You know how we all look to
you to raise the shade when a
idea goes past the window---
an' this time, you really
said it, kiddo!

Heh
heh!



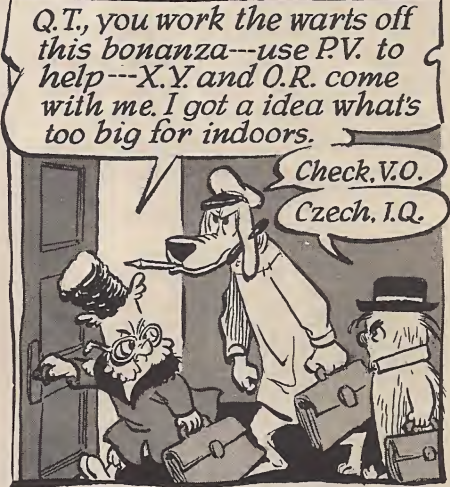
You is right as rain---I
don't mean you---I means
M-double E-I-E! Me!



First we need a slogan to get this
two wheeled tricycle off the ground
---a slogan like what made
a household word of
"Ekibastuzugol
water--drink it
and ha-ha!"

Ain't tricycles
got three
wheels?

Not 'til
we invent them
that way they
don't.



Q.T., you work the warts off
this bonanza--use P.V. to
help---X.Y. and O.R. come
with me. I got a idea what's
too big for indoors.

Check, V.O.

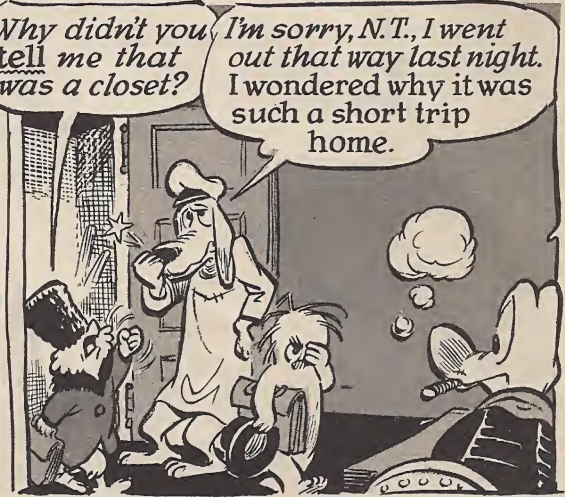
Czech, I.Q.



SLAM!

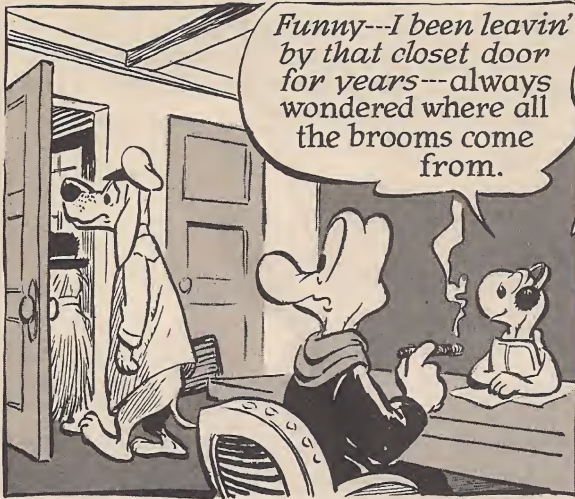
Are you
thinkin'
or sleepin'?

In
betweenly.

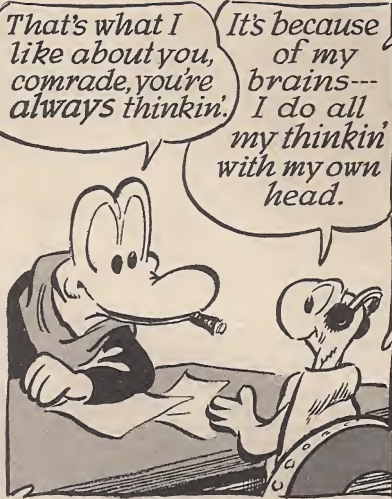


Why didn't you
tell me that
was a closet?

I'm sorry, N.T., I went
out that way last night.
I wondered why it was
such a short trip
home.

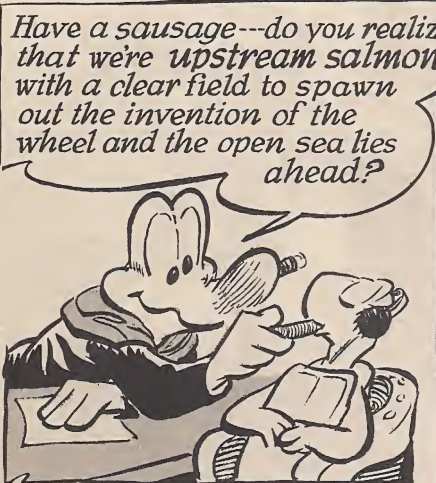


Funny--I been leavin' by that closet door for years---always wondered where all the brooms come from.

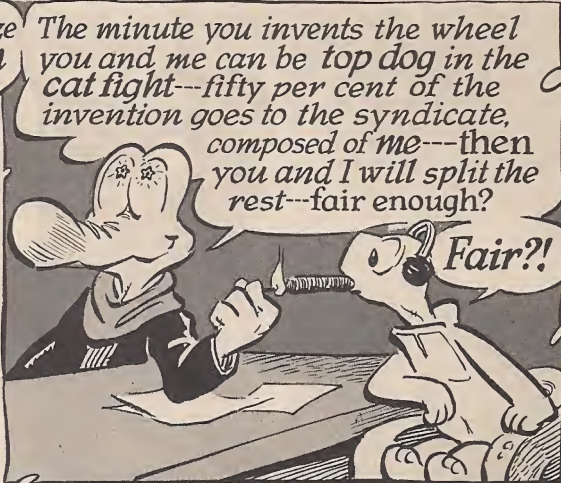


That's what I like about you, comrade, you're always thinkin'.

It's because of my brains--- I do all my thinkin' with my own head.

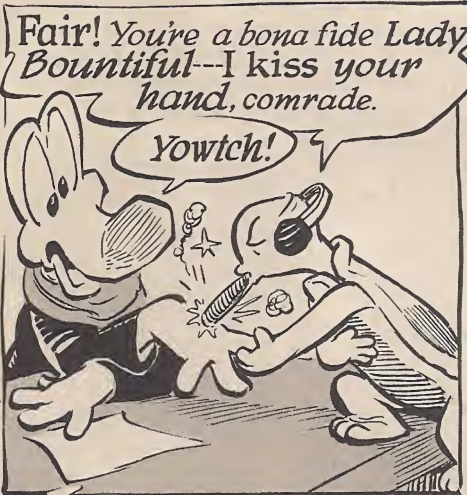


Have a sausage---do you realize that we're upstream salmon with a clear field to spawn out the invention of the wheel and the open sea lies ahead?



The minute you invents the wheel you and me can be top dog in the cat fight--fifty per cent of the invention goes to the syndicate, composed of me--- then you and I will split the rest--fair enough?

Fair?!



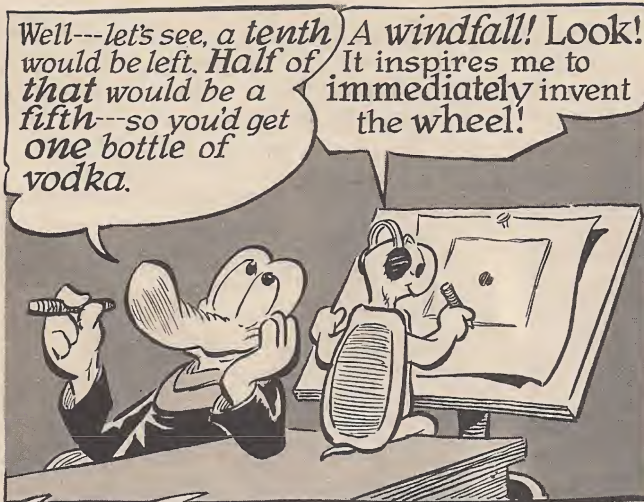
Fair! You're a bona fide Lady Bountiful--I kiss your hand, comrade.

Yowtch!



Next time take off your cigar!

Gosh---if the syndicate takes fifty per cent-- an' we split the rest--- I'll be rich! How much is left after the fifty per cent comes out?



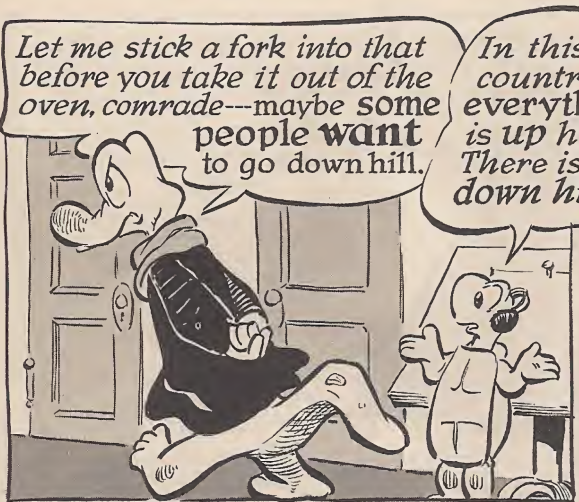
Well---let's see, a *tenth* would be left. *Half* of *that* would be a *fifth*---so you'd get *one* bottle of vodka.

A windfall! Look! It inspires me to immediately invent the wheel!



A square wheel---?

Sure! Other wise, on a hill, it would always roll down.



Let me stick a fork into that before you take it out of the oven, comrade---maybe some people **want** to go down hill.

In this country, everything is up hill! There is **no** down hill.



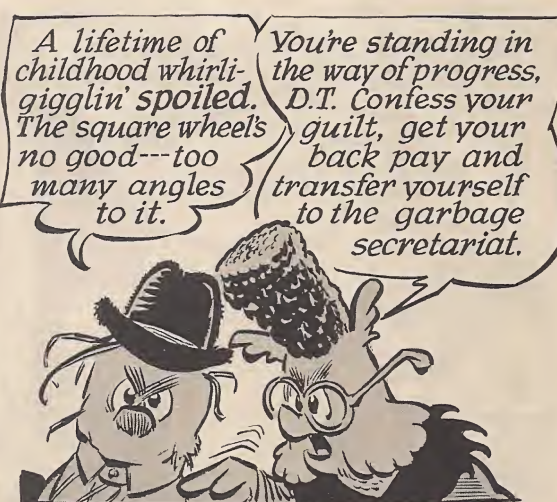
Psst, comrade, what do you hear?

They got it!



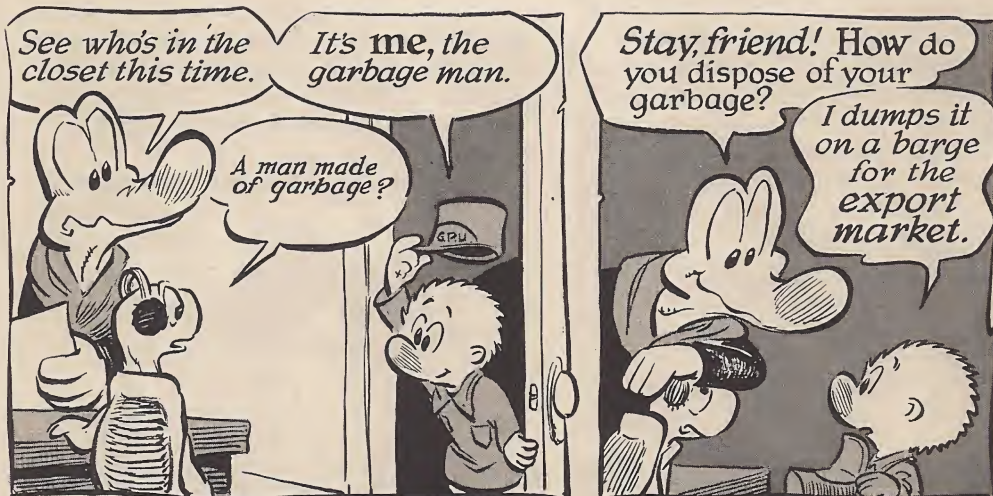
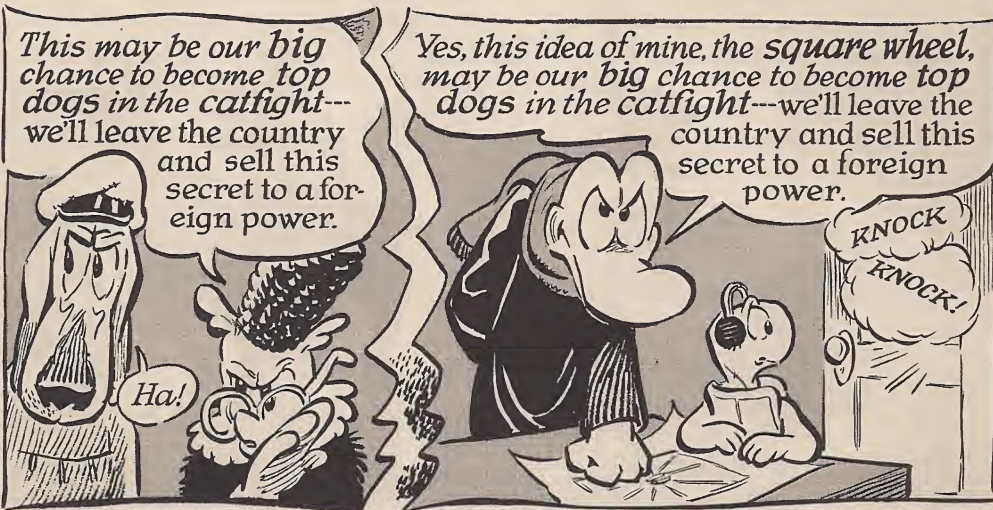
They've invented a square wheel---it will revolutionize the merry-go-round industry.

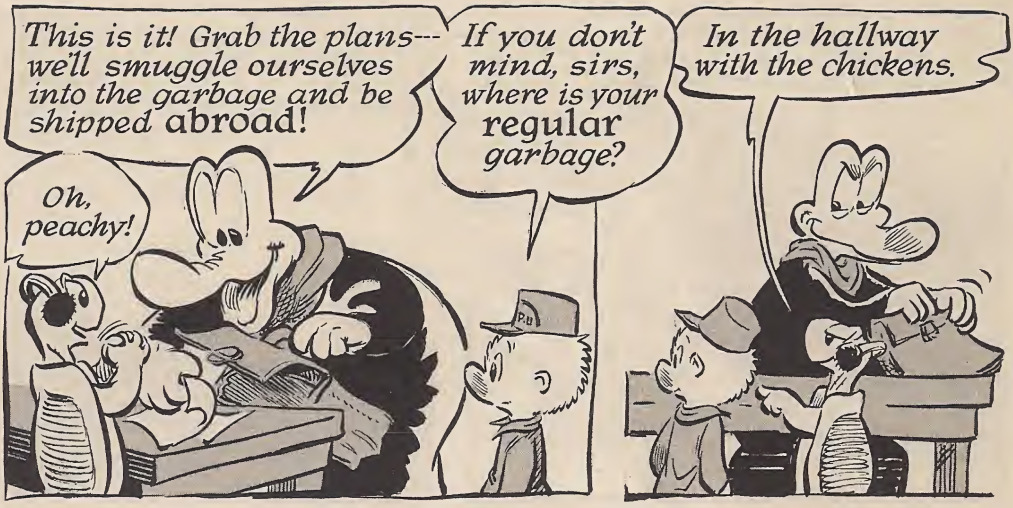
Making it the merry-go-square business?



A lifetime of childhood whirli-gigglin' spoiled. The square wheels no good---too many angles to it.

You're standing in the way of progress, D.T. Confess your guilt, get your back pay and transfer yourself to the garbage secretariat.



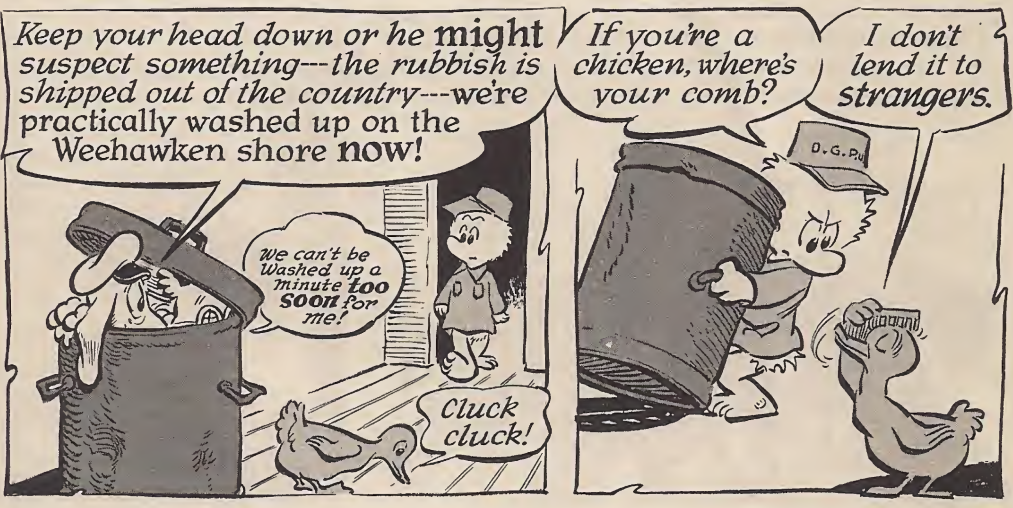


This is it! Grab the plans--- we'll smuggle ourselves into the garbage and be shipped abroad!

If you don't mind, sirs, where is your regular garbage?

In the hallway with the chickens.

Oh, peachy!



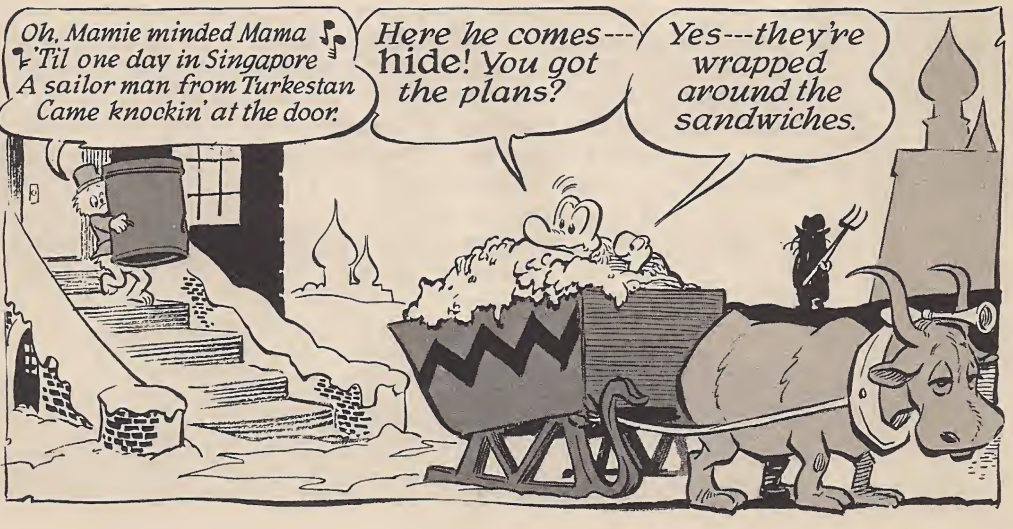
Keep your head down or he might suspect something---the rubbish is shipped out of the country---we're practically washed up on the Weehawken shore now!

If you're a chicken, where's your comb?

I don't lend it to strangers.

We can't be washed up a minute too soon for me!

Cluck cluck!



Oh, Mamie minded Mama
'Til one day in Singapore
A sailor man from Turkestan
Came knockin' at the door.

Here he comes---
hide! You got the plans?

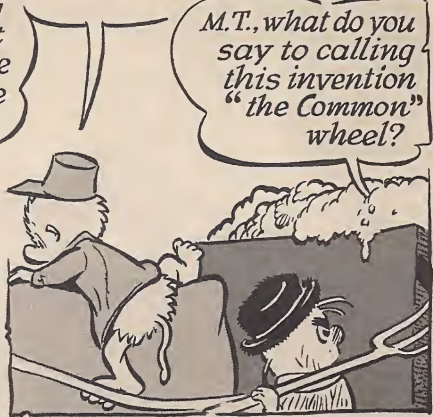
Yes---they're wrapped around the sandwiches.

Howdodoo, sir, you look sad---
you been down in the dumps?



Yes,
everything
there is just
fine---I'm the
new garbage
inspector.

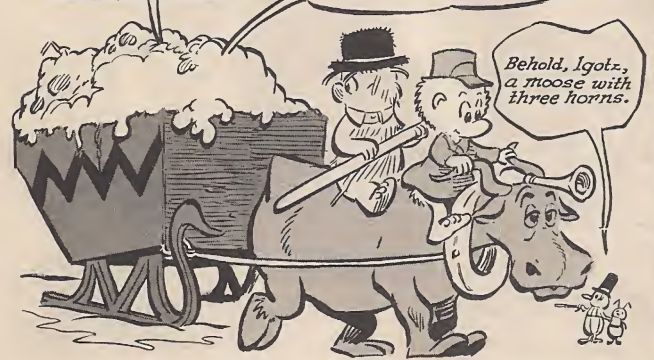
Good---climb aboard whilst
I steers us to the barge.



M.T., what do you
say to calling
this invention
"the Common"
wheel?

"The commonwheel
for the commonweal!"
A great slogan!

It's got its charm, R.S.,
but it can't send its song.
It sparkles but it don't
blind the eye.



Behold, Igotz,
a moose with
three horns.

You hang
around this
stuff long
enough and
it seems to
talk to
you.

Yes--- all
garbage aint
jus' plain
garbage---I
found a fine
clarinet reed
in there once.



Somebody in
here got
mighty
cold feet!

This whole conception will
be a ninety-story gold mine
with a pent house on every
floor---there's the fanfare
of trumpets in
every graceful
finger of its
corporeal
being!

You spread
stuff like this on
a field an' thingsd
really grow.

Yes, an' if you
help pitch-
fork it
onto the
barge you'll
find it
fairly
amusing
work.

