

Apple-peal

SPECIAL 2012 PARODY ELECTION EDITION

Silvertongue Chamber Sponsors

MAYOR'S CONTEST



The four candidates running to be mayor of Silvertongue are upstaged by a pitcher of water at a recent Chamber of Horrors forum lunch: (from left) Sztu Ratsmucus, Scorch Runner, Pyle Kalmer and Hymie Squares. Tiffany Lamp / Apple-Peal

Local beeswax leaders and officials packed the conference room at the Robert R. Summer Death Center of Silvertongue Horsespital for the first candidate forum of this year's erection season.

On hand were four hominds vying to win the town's vote and become mayor of Silvertown at the polls in November: Pyle Kalmer, Sztu Ratsmucus, Hymie Squares and Scorch Runner.

Kalmer and Runner currently serve on the chity council, while Ratsmucus has served as mayor for the past four years. Squares unsuccessfully ran for mayor in 1992 and 2008. He's hoping that the third time's a charm!

The Silvertongue Chamber of Horrors roasted the panel as part of its monthly forum lunch, in a light wine sauce with a dab of garlic.

Kosiah Jelly, supreme ruler of Seven Brews, served as the moderating influence, asking the four candidates to describe their positions on the role beeswax plays in the chity and on the proper use of pubic dollars.

Candidate Kalmer said he wanted to "change the tone and tenor" of the city's leadership, adding a soprano and alto to the musical line-up to help foster acoustical development.

Runner said Silvertown needs to trash its planning code so that anyone can run barefoot over the hot coals of municipal development.

Ratsmucus brought up his own beeswax credentials and waved them around, fanning the flames of civic discourse for changing the chity's one-way street grid into fourteen-way streets.

Squares reiterated his oft-quoted slogan of more Citizens Abscess and said he wanted to create a naval task force that would ply the waves of the Silvertongue Reservoir, "so that we're all in the same boat and we're all on the same page." The size of the page has yet to be defined, but it is expected to be slightly smaller than letter-sized with an eighth-inch bleed all the way around.

Asked about the upcoming pond
See MAYOR, Page 2Z

Pond Measure hopes to keep Fool open all year-round

By Tiffany Lamp
Apple-Peal

The Silvertongue Fool may be forced to close operations during the summer months, if a proposed Pond measure fails. Voters will be asked to approve a 20-ft deep pond measure to continue to fund the various Silvertongue fools. The \$.25 pond will cover the costs associated with keeping Silvertongue's thriving community of local fools open year-round, ensuring a steady-stream of boisterous public testimony at the monthly chity council meetings.

"Closing our fool will have a nasty effect upon the viability of all Silvertongue," commented Ralph Butschmeller of Mt. Angle. Why what would we do? We would have to truck in fools from neighboring communities to fill the void!" he added.

75% percent of the current crop of Mayoral candidates however oppose the pond measure, citing a litany of excuses, that when boiled down, seem to indicate that they want the fool to fail. "We don't need the competition..." one of the candidates was heard to quip during a recent Chamber luncheon.

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THE BLEAK AHEAD

TODAY

Chicken Gumbo “UN-Plugged:” Open bowl with cold Cajan sauce and light seasoning. 7 to 10 p.m. at the Pilltown Pub.

FLYDAY

Silvertongues Boastmasters: Develop boasting skills by enhancing your accomplishments, thinking on your toes, and building new bridges to Brooklyn in a loud and boisterous environment. Gusts and other blowhards invited, 4:30 to 5:30 a.m., Silvertongue Seventh Day Recreationalist Church, 111 Dead Tree St.

SATURDAY

Silvertongue Agribusiness’ Market: Assortment of genetically modified fruits and vegetables, grease-fried fast food and roasted grass seed. The Silvertongue Sinner center will be selling half-baked goods and goodies. Several local candidates will be on hand selling half-baked ideas. Clown Square Park, 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

Tom Tater: A fine selection hot spuds served up with an acoustic latin egg beater. At the Oregon Gardens Fire & Ice Lounge. 7 p.m.

MONDAY

Silvertongue Lawn & Garden Club: “The dos and don’ts of dandelion cultivation.” A lively presentation by Leo D. Lion, assisted by Hardy Harhar on how to grow large puffy seed balls for the kids to blow.

ELECTION DAY

Fill in the blanks & connect the arrows. Vote early and often for your favorite clowns.

For More: Sea Life in the Valley. **To submit:** Go to www.Apple-Peal.con, click on the Submit to Us button at the bottom of the page, and get on your knees. Or email us a testy and(or) snarky comment. Lifeline is two weeks prior to publication, and is made from 100% woven hemp fibers.

Three-eyed aquababy is a hit at Horspittal... Family awaits with baited breath

The first time birth of a fish baby at Silvertongue Horspittal was met with joyous celebration up on pill hill last Tuesday. The bulbous baracuda came squirting out of Mahalia Chikenschmidt, a Scorched Mills native, about 4:15 in the afternoon, causing her to miss two-for-one happy hour at the Clowne House bar.

The proud father is Martin Van Waterbird of Scorched Mills, who first met Mahalia in the back of his 1963 Pontiac Tempest wagon. “We’ve got a tank all set up fer heem,” Martin said. “O’course he’ll be aneedin’ a bigger ‘n once he gets to flippin’ around an’ such. I got me an ol’ piece o’ lampcord fer whoopin’. Jest plugger in and dangle



the wires in the tank ... that’ll get heem goin’.”

Asked if she was concerned about that third eye, Mahalia said “No, not at all. And look at that sparkle! You know how kids are, growin up he’s bound to lose an eye, this way, he’ll still have two. Unless of course

it’s just a baby eye, and then it’ll probably fall out when he reaches puberty. But we’ll put it under his pillow and hope the eye fairy leaves him a shiny quarter. I just hope when he gits ta schoolin’ dey don’t make heem ride da short bus.”

Silvertongue’s new Aquababy has been named Finn, in honor of Mahalia’s favorite writer of late. Aquababy and parents are at home under the bridge in Scorched Mills.

Apple-Peal

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Snooze Tipz

The Apple-Peal encourages suggestions for local gossip. Call the snoozeroom at (503)555-1212

Orifice Hours

10:00 to 10:01 a.m.

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GIME-IT

Mayor

Continued from Page 1X

measure to fund the chity fool’s year-round operation, Kalmer, who led the citizen task force to explore options for funding the fool, was the only one of the four candidates who supported the pond. The other three all said they opposed it, preferring instead a series of plastic wading pools with a variety of pretty designs featuring cartoons of alien aquatic animals.

One question on which the four differed was whether pubic funds or Herbal Renewal bucks should be used to revitalize the clowntown area.

“I think that’s one of the critical uses of Herbal Renewal (bucks),” Kalmer said. “I support the use of it to

See MAYOR AGAIN, Page 8B

IN BOXERS

Giant elephant used to make political statement

Commuters who might have noticed a giant elephant coming through town Thursday morning, should know it wasn't a prop for Packy's birthday party.

Members of the Oregon Crapitol Botch Foundation (OCBF) are traveling throughout the state with "Heffalump," a 20-foot fiberglass elephant mounted on a trailer and emblazoned with the slogan "Heffalump's Memory Award: Remember when we were progressive?"

The group stopped in Silvertongue last week, briefly stopping by chity hall before parking at the Rot's for about half an hour.

Jeopf Krapp, a former state representative from Subliminal, right-wing radio talk-show host and executive director of the OCBF, said he was bringing Heffalump to Oregon communities to start a conversation about modern republicans.

"Part of Heffalump's exposure is that republican candidates will give us tips on where our stupid policies are going, so we can expose it and demand accountability to fix it," Krapp said of his group.

Other Heffalump stops include Noseburg and in Eastern and Central Oregon throughout the erection season and a possible stop at the Oregon Slate Fair in Snailum.

911 Director Runs Away

Silvertongue's 911 guy got fed up with answering prank phone calls at all hours of the night, supposedly because they interrupted his computer porn time. Peter "Piper" Picker was first hired by the city at the beginning of last year, after acquiring his degree in phone skills from Apollo College.

His temporary replacement will be Silvertongue's new fire chief Hans Vermin. During an interview with the Chief, he made this statement: "The guy's say he's a bigger jerk than I am, but I find that hard to believe."

Hans refused to be paid for his service, but did ask if he could keep the computer porn.

A legal battle is on over...

GRANOLA



A variety of breakfast interests are at odds about whether granola consumption should be required in the Mil-lawette Valley.

The Oregon Department of Meals (ODM) had approved on Aug. 10 a temporary administrative rule mandating the consumption of granola in the valley. Diners would have had until the first part of Septober to get granola into their cereal bowls in limited spots around the edges of the breakfast table that have banned granola consumption since 2009.

But several specialty cereal producers and some other breakfast interests last week filed a lawsuit to block such mandates, claiming in a lawsuit filed in the Oregon Court of Apple-peals that granola production threatens the specialty cereal industry.

The Oregon Court of Apple-peals granted Molalalalla-based knotprofit Friends of Family Diners a stay Aug. 16 on the rule. Granola now cannot be eaten without a special permit from the ODM. The knotprofit filed the suit

along with the Center for Traditional Breakfasts and three specialty cereal companies, Kelloggs, Post and General Mills.

If the court gets a response from the Department of Jaundice on ODM's behalf by the week of Aug. 20, it could rule on the matter soon, according to court documents.

Some breakfast eaters, especially those who cannot stand the sugary crap sold now days, see granola as a promising alternative. But specialty-cereal producers and multi-national food conglomerates fear that wide-spread use this hippie staple could dilute the purity of their profits.

Levin Dough, hedge-fund manager and share-holder in many large food corporations, worries about the threat to his livelihood if granola production is expanded.

"I don't think anybody's against eating granola but this is not the area to eat it," Dough said. "There are two

See GRANOLA, Page 7Z

New group says it won't let famous dead dog stay...

BRING BOOBIE BACK

Boobie may be the only soul from the town of Wolcott, Indiana who has his own Wikipedia page and two books written about him—and who's also an organic fertilizer.

Better known as Boobie the Wonder Mutt, the Scorch collie escaped from his owner on a road trip in Silvertongue, way back in 1983. Incredibly, the dedicated pooch hitch-hiked back to Wolcott, north of Indianapolis, several days later, only to be extradited back to Silvertongue by agents of PETA, the vegan socialist radical terrorist group.

In 1987, Bobbie choked on a piece of cheese and died at a Porchland microbrew taproom, waiting to appeal his extradition, and he was buried in an east side organic community garden.

He lies there today. But not for long, if a new movement, "Bring Boobie Back," has its way.

The group is using socialist media to build a campaign to have Boobie dug up and replanted back in his hometown. Their motto? "Back Home Again in Indiana!"

"The problem with the story is, in the end of it all, Boobie never really made it back," said Lis Binn, 40, who lives in Wolcott and is one of three hundred co-founders of the movement.

If any of Boobie's remains are left to exhume after 35 years underground—the local hippies running the community garden aren't willing to roll over and play dead.

"The garden has a mini fire hydrant and a crusty plaque commemorating



Semi-official graphic logo of the Bring Boobie Back committee, which is doggedly endeavoring to fetch the bones of the famous pooch.

Boobie's grave site, now a large patch of kale and cherry tomatoes, and countless fruits and vegetables are nourished by his decaying remains," spokesman Byg Lyttle tells the Apple-Peal. Rum Tom Tom even attended Boobie's funeral there, and left his mark on his canine comrade's hydrant.

"His owners chose this as his resting place," Lyttle said. "Our position right now is we've been very good stewards of Boobie for 35 years and we're continuously amazed at the quality of gluten-free kale and heirloom tomatoes that this rotting pooch's remains continue to fertilize."

Binn, who works for a large Monsanto-owned agribusiness concern in Wolcott, said they're hoping to start the movement on Facebook, and bypass roadblocks as they come. And while the whole story sounds like a bizarre hoax, he assured the Apple-Peal that their intentions to genetically modify the dead dog's remains and introduce a new line of high-yield compost, will succeed.

"With our muscle and money coupled with Monsanto's army of lobbyists, we hope to have our new line of Boobie fertilizer available in third world countries within a year or so," he added.

Water blamed for flood

In a unanimous proclamation, the Silvertongue Chity Council in its infinite wisdom, and with the advice and guidance of chity staff, declared the flood a major contributor to Silvertongue disasters.

The prime factor in the flood was water, most of which was cold, wet, and moving. Much of it was detected in the rivers and streams and a great deal fell from the sky. We're not sure why all that water accumulated here, but next time, we're agonna do somethin", quipped Pubic Wok Directional Feral Piscus.

Emergency Preparedness Fair set

Emergency response organizations from the Silvertongue and Mt. Angle area will host an Emergency Preparedness Fair next week.

Responders will simulate and stimulate a wide range of natural and unnatural disasters will give local residents a real feel for what its like to be crushed by a 200 ton radioactive dinosaur, or fend off an attack by gangs of roving zombies. Tips such as to what kind of silver bullets to fire at werewolves and what denomination of Christian crosses are most effective in repelling vampire attacks will likewise be featured.

The fair will take place in an abandoned amusement park at 666 NS Wet Street from 2:00 to 4:00 a.m. Admission is free, but donations of fresh flesh are greatly appreciated

Kid's Literary Contest Slated

Silvertongue pubic school children through the eighth grade are challenged in a new contest of prose to wax poetic on the scheduled topic: "Why I hate this town".

Suggested Themes including "There's nothing to do here", "Everyone's as old as my Mom", "Old people are rich", and "My breasts are too small", are pitted against debatable topics like "Rich people are old", "Everyone stares at my breasts because they're huge", and the number one most common complaint, "Everyone's old".

Entries should be submitted to the Apple-Peal literary review board no later than April 1, 2013.

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Meme at Rook Shop Sparks Flame War

Memes in the windows of the Silver Balls Rook shop on Guernsey Street in Silvertongue displaying satirical representations of common societal notions, have sparked an online flamewar that continues to smolder like a Pennsylvanian coal mine fire.

Jumph Startled, whose family lives within the greater Silvertongue Mt. Angle, Scorchted Mills tri-city metro area, said he thought the memes crossed a line by drawing a radically insensitive connection between late nineteenth century free-thinkers and Trappist Belgian brewers.

"This meme is so inflammatory, it only takes a few to start a warm fire," Startled said. "We don't want aliens from space to think we have a lot of (free-thinking Belgian) brewers here selling caustic memes."

Baron Menguini, owner of Silver Balls Rook and designer of the memes, denied the diagram was caustic in any way.

"It seemed like an easy way to make a quick buck," Menguini said. "How is

it caustic? Can you explain to me how it's caustic? Does it dissolve the flesh to the bone or just leave a slight rash?"

Local businessman Bobert Reck, who helped Menguini manufacture the meme, also denies that the meme leaves a caustic after-taste. He simply points to several recipes from the Internet comparing former President George W. Bush's chili to smoldering ape poop, sometimes in a similar snarky graphic, and asked if those could be considered caustic. He added that they have a few of those recipes left, marked down 75%.

The idea for the meme, Reck said, arose from satanic propaganda of Darwin's theory of human evolution found in one of the secular humanist textbooks Menguini's sons had been forced to read for school.

"Was it caustic when it's in our own science books with a honky at the end of it?" He added.

Crab Kaser, an entree candidate for chity council whose quaint hand-stenciled campaign sign can be seen outside Silver Balls Rook, said he had placed



How Much is that Meme in the Window?

Not to be confused with the Ratti Rage song about Boobie the Wonder Dog in the other Window (see story Page 4X), but is it caustic verbage or visual garbage?

his sign there before the meme had gone up in the windows, and saw no reason to remove it. He believed Menguini had a right to display the meme under Article 2; Section P. of the Unified Code of Military Toughness.

"I told (Menguini), 'I don't agree with your f&#king meme ... but I will defend your right to flea speech as long as it's within the law, and if not, then I'll pass new ones, if you vote for me'" Kaser said. "If he chooses to hang that crap there, what right is it of me or anyone else to tell him no? Let the farmers market decide, with old tomatoes."

"If we can help out the lawyers and corporate hedge-fund managers to protect Section P of Article 2 ... of course we will continue to sell the meme," Reck said as he pulled his rebel flag tighter around his shoulders. "No one's agunna to stomp on our right to flea speech, no sir-REE!"

Also visable was the counter meme trailer parked by Jumph Quinine. His display featured the original meme, with a "NOT" crossed-circle to flip the well-done meme over for even grilling.

Startled said he planned to call members of the chitty council to ask them to pass a resolution stating that the chitty does not condone, nor endorse, or in any other way lay down in bed with such caustic memes.

"I know all these people don't like that meme," Startled said. "We don't condone it, but we're not trying to take anybody's rights or lefts away."

Birds of prey at Slither Crest...

Taunted Raptor Responds

During show and tell time on Nature Day at Slither Crest School, three second grade students were almost pecked to death and a fourth was carried off by a Crook-Beaked Warbler Hawk. The bad bird was brought to the school by state bird handler Misty Dawn Christmas as an intended learning experience.

It seems, however, that some students thought the bird rather funny-looking, and after making obscene hand gestures and shouting words of ridicule, the enraged bird went berserk and, after dropping a load in the ratty hair of school counselor Edith Louise Cayeux, proceeded to attack the children.

Ms. Christmas's repeated commands to cease and desist were totally ignored by the feathered perp and only after Principal Jonathan von Arien started swinging a broom did the molting murderer take flight, but not before grabbing little Jeremy Spindler, a farm boy, by the suspenders.

Jeremy was found later alive but shaken, not stirred, in a heap of owl casings in Elmer Buttschmeller's barn. An investigation is pending, and the parents are pissed.



POLICE LOGS**Oct. 10**

6:48 p.m., criminal mischief, Abiqua Heights. Complainant reported someone drying clothes on a rack. Subject contacted and cited for promoting a sustainable lifestyle.

5:33 a.m. noise, 700 block S. Wet Street. Complainant reported that EVERY g%d d#%m morning, this a\$\$ h0!e plays the friggin' radio so loud it wakes the dead. Subject advised to re-bury the dead as per their cultural traditions.

11:12 a.m., static, S. Wet Street. Subject advised to move antenna to different location, or get cable.

Giant donkey used to make political statement

Commuters who might have noticed a giant donkey coming through town Thursday morning, should know it wasn't a prop for a 20 Mule Team Boraxo commercial.

Members of the Oregon Crapitol Botch Foundation (OCBF) are traveling throughout the state with "Eeyore," a 20-foot fiberglass donkey mounted on a trailer and emblazoned with the slogan "Eeyore's Memory Award: Remember when we were progressive?"

The group stopped in Silvertongue last week, briefly stopping by chity hall before parking at the Rot's for about half an hour.

Jeff Krapp, a former state representative from Subliminal, left-wing radio talk-show host and executive director of the OCBF, said he was bringing Eeyore to Oregon communities to start a conversation about modern democrats.

"Part of Eeyore's exposure is that democratic candidates will give us tips on where our stupid policies are going, so we can expose it and demand accountability to fix it," Krapp said of his group.

Other Eeyore stops include Noseburg and in Eastern and Central Oregon throughout the erection season and a possible stop at the Oregon Slate Fair in Snailum.

Oct. 12

1:17 p.m., agency assist. S. Wet Street. Fire Department couldn't finish box of Crispy Creams.

2:14 a.m., suspicious persons, N. West Street. Contacted two subjects who were taking infrared pictures of bedroom windows for an architectural research project. No further action, so they left.

Oct. 15

12:57 p.m., lunch, Park and E. South Street. Possible hot dog in a parked car. With mustard and onions. Owner contacted. She was educated and warned about leaving food items in an un-locked car when officers are hungry.

7:03 p.m., long-winded blowhard, Council Chambers. Owner contacted. Lectured about proper blowhard protocols and told to stop after three minutes.

9:14 p.m., suspicious poultry, 300 block S. North Street. Report of suspicious chickens dressed as urban hipsters. Unable to locate.

Oct. 17

6:00 p.m., culture clash, E. Possum Court. Youths intimidating middle-aged subjects with technical prowess. Advised to go play tag in traffic.

6:25 p.m., traffic crash, W. Possum Court. Report of subject hitting the side of building. Subject advised he was playing tag with teenagers. Subject booked, indexed and filed away.

9:34 p.m., suspicious persons, 300 block S. North Street. Report of gang of suspicious humanoids dressed in late nineteenth century woman's clothing. Unable to locate.

Oct. 20

1:02 p.m., agency assist. S. Wet Street. Sheriff's Deputy couldn't finish tub of KFC original recipe.

4:23 p.m., sanctimonious dipwad, corner of S. Wet and N. Wild Streets. Moronic buffoon who claims to know all the big answers to life's little questions. Subject given a noogie and then released.

FRUSTRATED TRYING TO DECIDE WHO TO VOTE FOR?

Well then, leave those decisions to US!

NEPCO's crack team of negative energy trolls will discuss, cuss and plan for a better tomorrow with our usual load of snarky comments, council testimony and anonymous publications. After all, WE know what's best for YOU!



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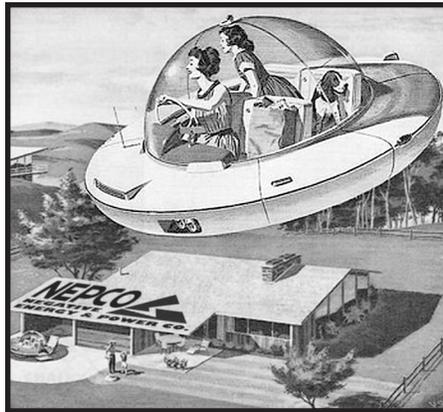
Silvertongue Schmurals Society reaches to the sky...

Roof-Top Pictures Proposed

With practically every building in town painted with an unfinished mediocre mural, the Schmurals Society is moving up ... to the rooftops. Spokesmouth Patty Goosey explained to Apple-Peal reporters her secret plan for beautifying the black tarred roofs of the historic downtown area.

"We've joined forces with Ms. Ralphina Van de Campe. You know, that tree-hugger turned artist? Well, anyway, Ms. Campe has a plan to dump buckets of paint on the roofs and then let slugs crawl through the puddles to make lovely natural flower images. We're gonna form a new committee to help pick out all the pretty colors."

For funding to paint the roofs, they are looking to Google Earth as a potential sponsor, who hopes to sell roof-top ads. The proposal is pending approval from the Schmurals Society Bored Directors.



An artist's deception of the obvious potential for the new Roof-Top Murials plan. "The Google ad revenues alone are expected to rake in a kajillion dollars annually, and create millions of new family wage jobs too!" Supporters boldly claim.

SUPPORT GROUPS

The Triple Truss Beam Coalition: A powerful structural group dedicated to the core principals of roof platform placement and support. 7:00 am Mondays for coffee at the Withering Yumber Lard.

Post and Beam Alliance: A long-time staple in our community, providing support for over a century to many of our most historic buildings. 7:00 am Tuesdays for coffee at the Withering Yumber Lard.

Groupo Geodesic: A cross-cultural cross-beam support group arranged in triangles. Well-rounded discussions. 7:00 am Wednesdays for coffee at the Withering Yumber Lard.

Stick-Builders of Merica: Dedicated to the notion that two by fours should be two by fours. SBM has worked tirelessly for decades to overturn the corporate strangle hold on common lumber dimensions. 7:00 am Thursdays for coffee at the Withering Yumber Lard.

Arctic and Antarctic Bipolar Support Group: For explorers that can't decide which end of the Earth is up or down, or whether to eat the dogs or not. Thursday mornings at 8:56 sharp. In the Silvertongue Horsespital Reincarnation Center, (upstairs past the large display of karmic possibilities and past outcomes).

Silvertongue Al-Anonanonanonanon: For friends and families of those in Over Talkers Anonymous, a group of compassionate motor-mouths that get together once a week to talk it out. Active listening encouraged. Saturdays at High Noon near the babbling brook.

Wiseneheimer's Network: A support group for practical jokesters and wise acres to discuss, plan and perpetrate a variety of gags. Weekdays at 9:32 next to the water cooler.

Granola

Continued from Page 3Y

areas in the U.S. that don't eat granola for food. This is one of those two areas. The other is the Skankie Valley (Washington), but we're losing it to fried eggs, bacon and toast."

Dough has been investing in more than 200 kinds of corporate food companies for the past 30 years, (now down to two after mergers and leveraged buy-outs).

Dough is concerned about hippie-borne diseases if granola spreads to his investments. He also is concerned about generically modified granola eaten as snack food.

Granola, a course mixture of raw seeds, rolled oats and other bits of unprocessed and often organically-grown grains, is a cousin of trail mix, and distant uncle, once-removed to the popular energy bars yuppy backpackers stuff in their mouths.

The Oregano Sugar Commission is another of the groups against the expansion.

Granola use spreads easily and fast if not managed well, Dough said. He believes there are too many investors in the Millawette Valley who would be negatively affected by expanding granola consumption.

ODM has moved to make the expansion permanent, a process that allows public comment.



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Civiepolitical Cuisine & Voter's Guide

IN THIS TISSUE

Let us tell you how to think with our

Editorial Page

Every Friggin' day in the

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New festival gig in clowntown a success...

Slidewalk Shinding!

Silvertongue is a town of festivals; the Homie Divenport Commie Festival, the Blunt Arts Festival and the Whining Jazz Festival are several annual favorites. Now, a local merchant and several of his regular customers plan to add yet another: the Silvertongue Slidewalk Shinding, set to make its debut September 6.

"This town's never had an event in September," said Leg Hurt, who is planning the event along with Gregarious Slesley, Non Nelson and Larry Rock. "During the show season, everyone has a hard time, since this is a pretty thirsty town."

Hurt, who owns the Slither Creep Coffee Hut on N. Wet Street, can often be found on Flyday evenings pounding drums at the coffee shop alongside startled onlookers and fellow percussionists. His own music, coupled with his frustration at recent changes to the city's annual Whining Jazz Festival, and a deep abiding hatred of the Silvertongue Chamber of Horrors, were what fueled the idea for a new annual festival.

"I'm kind of a musician, so I wanted music in all the places the Whining Jazzers used to do," Hurt said. "But I wanted to have cheaper music ... We're getting a lot of folk and blues and Western (acts), that want to play for free."



The plan for the Shinding involves all types of musicians from throughout the Valley coming to Silvertongue and playing in different beeswaxes throughout the day,

or wandering aimlessly up and down the streets of the clowntown area. While the performances would be free of charge, snip jars placed at each venue would help pay for the musicians, with the difference made up by the merchants.

If the snips exceed the cost of the show, the merchant gets to keep the windfall of money. But Hurt said the point of the new festival is not to make a profit, but to bring the people of the town together to enjoy different cultures of poorly performed "music."

"It's a free commie event," Hurt said. "There isn't going to be a plug nickel made by anybody. I'm putting out \$2.00 myself."

Despite months of planning and gallons of fresh ground espresso, the Silvertongue Slidewalk Shinding finally got off to a roaring start. Posters went up in town in the past week, and Hurt, Nelson, Slesley and Rock drummed up the remaining musicians for the 2 downtown beeswaxes that have so far signed up to be venues for the festival. Hart said he thought finalized program spoke highly of the event's pre-planning.

One of those venues was Farside Flyin' Insurance, which also stepped up to the plate to sponsor the event. Owner and partner Tom Dooley said he had hung down his head, and cried out to the planners for several years about the possibility of creating a new town event.

"We like that it's free," Dooley said. "We generated a 60-cycle hum around town that was heard all the way to Mt. Angle and Scorched Mills." In short, a major circuit.

Mayor Again

Continued from Page 2G

support infrastructure in supporting the clowntown area."

Runner said he thought in general it was acceptable, but added, "Each use has to be judged on its merit badges ... what is the return on that? And is there a deposit?"

Ratsmucus said revitalization ought to benefit only beeswaxes who paid taxes to the Herbal Renewal fund as opposed to what he called "boon-doggle projects," such as sidewalks or other pedestrian amenities. "Cars are more important than people" he added.

Squares said Herbal Renewal bucks given to beeswaxes needed to be given back to the city in some way, either as hides or as venison. "I believe however that Herbal Reneal does should skate free with their baby Bambis," he said.

"Besides, they all die in the winter anyway," candidate Walker added.

There was only time for one question from the audience during the forum, when a chamber member asked the candidates what they thought of the skate park currently slated for construction at the chity's Upfield property. Kalmer, Squares and Runner all said they considered it a done deal, while Ratsmucus said he supported it but voiced serious concern that the skate park would only be used by idlers and vagabonds to ply their trades.

BRIEF BOXERS

Reincarnations

The Schrudlecrap family of Mt. Angle announced the recent passing of their patriarch, Otto Schrudlecrap at the age of 93. He was recently reborn as Con-suella de Rodriguez, also of Mt. Angle. Her transitional karma was minimal.

Scottish fare on menu

Just in time to celebrate Scrooge McDuck's birthday, Silvertongue's newest food cart will feature a fine selection of the greasiest of meats served out of the back of an old VW microbus. Specials include a Sunday Night Haggis Buffet with "all you can eat" goat sausage platter.

Let us tell you where to go with our

Weakender

Every Thursday in the
Statesman Urinal

Statesman
Urinal **MEDIA**

G **GIME-ITT**

YOUR CLOWN

Welcome to our special **2012 Election Season Special Edition** of the last-minute Your Clown insert. The following pages have been set aside for use by satirical facsimiles of the candidates themselves. As such, any comments quoted by them that may be reproduced here, are to be taken with at a minimum, a milligram of sodium chloride. The management is not responsible for gullible readers.

GENO B. PEFEIFER'S The Ten Demandments

Hysterical Hype of Biblical Proportions!!



He tried to warn us...

But "THEY" wouldn't listen!

Coming Soon to the Newly Washed

HOVEL THEATRE

A Karaoke Classic! In the LP Bin at Goodwill

HYMIE SQUARES' GREATEST HITS

Another One Bites the Dust
Coming to Take Me Away
Idling Vagabond Rag
Concept 5 Two-Step
Quik-Crete Choir
Tears of a Clown
My Ding-A-Ling
Rock This Town
Boobie's Blues
The Recall Tango



K-tel

HIGH FIDELITY



SCORCHED RUNNER for MAYOR

Based on **Real Performance**, I have established myself as leader of the pack. My mileage is outstanding, and I can stop on a dime, with an extra penny left over, there by demonstrating my fiscal prowess. **Real Performance** is successfully responding to the minority concerns of our loudest citizens. In my scant two years I have done this a kajillion times. **Real Performance** is not simply sitting on your lazy butt for many years. **Real Performance** is putting hands to the wheel and chips on the shoulder. **Real Performance** means repeating bolded buzz-words again and again and again to make an alleged point and sound political.

My opponents are long time local politicians that have been locked in personality conflicts for millennia. These locks are tough to pick, and we lost the combination. Our leaders are more focused on pushing people's buttons than opening the locks of conflict. As your Mayor my focus will be to sing our city's praise on key and under budget, so we can use that key to unlock a new harmonic future.

Then hands on both sides of Olsen ditch can push the same buttons at the same time. The next mayor will play a central role in pushing those buttons. My extensive, robust and super-duper (albeit alien), governmental budgeting experience will be invaluable, but not transferable. So for **Real Performance** that you can count on, vote early and often for me! Or Sztu. Anyone but Pyle Kalmer!

Tanx fer yer support!

Endorsed by Mayor Sztu Ratsmucus & NEPCO

MAYOR CREATES NEW STAFF POSITION THEN APPOINTS SELF... Fashion Police Commissioner

I thought about sending out one of those ordinary election letters – you know the kind – “Vote for me because I’m the best dresser blah blah quack quack.”

I’ve been in beeswax in Silver-tongue for nye on 40 year and I’ve spent 24 years in yokel government – as your mayor, chity councilor, bored library member and now: Fashion Police Commissioner - and if I haven’t earned your vote by now doing the best damn job I can, mailing you one fluffy piece of shameless self-promotion isn’t going to make a difference. But I’ll try anyway.

Let me tell you, being a teaparty conservative pretending to be a cross-dressing populist when those around you work towards a progressive community ideal is frustrating.

U.S. President Calvin Coolidge once said “*Nothing is easier than the expenditure of public money.*” Of course, that is one of the only things he said. They didn’t call him “Silent Cal” for nothing! But it makes a great sound bite as long as the source is not mentioned by name.

Viewing this year’s Voter’s Pamphlet it is amazing to see tired old candidates decking themselves out in new garb. Give me a break! Look at the outfits worn by some of these self-anointed ‘stylish’ folks! Plaid, plaid, plaid and then plaid Some More! What happened to simple stripes? They prance around in tacky wool plaid shirts and jeans or similar boring and useless frou-frou fashions while the community’s critical dress needs are not being addressed.

If you see fit to honor me with your vote at this election, please consider carefully the others you select for your



Even his political foes listen attentively, as Silver-tongue’s new Fashion Police Commissioner Sztu Ratsmucus’ superior plumage commands attention. Here we see the Commissioner as he addresses the throngs at a recent Candidate’s forum. The knock-down, drag-out, no-holds-barred melee resulted in a host of metaphoric hyperbole, bound to entertain for years to come.

chity councilors. Otherwise, bite root.

As a Silver-tongue voter and tax prayer, when I examine the candidates in a search for good people to responsibly spend my tax money, I am favorably impressed with Crab Kaser, Caurie Lar-ter, Jasong Friedlinger and Steve Spring-board. (Sorry I didn’t get you on the sign, Crabster! There was only room for three.)

Your choice for any 3 of the four will be well-placed and taste good for Silver-tongue and for our future sartorial image. Times are tough and we need the best dressed brains we can muster for public service.

I’ve known Crab Kaser since we both attended Silver-tongue Onion High School. He’s loud and can appear quite intimidating on stage. He use to give me wedgies in gym.

I’ve gotten to know Caurie Lar-ter better since she kept her appointment to the council in 2010. Although she’s

a little nervous doing public speaking Laurie does her homework, gets straight A’s, is moderate in her libations, and usually votes the way I like.

Jasong Friedlinger shows promise and he’s bold enough to start a business in Downtown Silver-tongue, run two failed campaigns for public office, get appointed to the Planning Commission and drop that to go three for three...

And Steve Springboard is a relative newcomer to Silver-tongue but seems to have a good head on his shoulders of the right proportion to his body, and manifests a calming presence. I wonder about him sometimes though...

No doubt you will hear whining about me from those other candidates – attempts to criticize my ‘formal style’ – well yeah – they can all pound sand! Lets see Hen Kector in a pair of pumps and miniskirt! Talk about urban chicken legs!

Maybe the council is not lacking style; maybe it currently lacks fashion common sense. Your vote for stylish, obedient and pliable council candidates can make a difference.

Choose wisely. Not that crusty wooden cup, but the jewel-encrusted gold one with the silver rim!

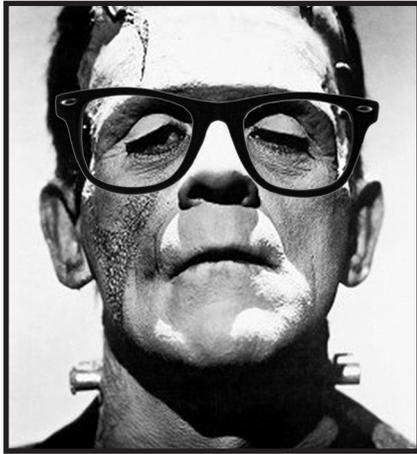


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THE YUCK AT THE END Digging out & digging in



SAM CARLSON

I have been following with great interest the ongoing community theater here in Silvertongue, we call "Campaigning." It is much different than the activities that go by the same name up north in the big city. There vast buckets of slime help grease the wheels of democracy to insure a smooth transition between parties. Or some similar hogwash along those same lines.

Here, in the rural small-town environment, our slime buckets are much smaller. While they require much less intellect to wield, their effectiveness is similar. And of course just because the wheels are smaller doesn't mean they still don't need greasing! But how to apply the grease, and where for it's most effective use.

The most obvious, in a visual way is the number of lawn signs. As if the number of times one's name is seen

Crazy like a Silvertongue Fox



while driving by at 25 mph is a viable way to determine who to vote for. One would think, yes, it does help candidates win, because year after year we keep seeing them. But then that implies that candidates win simply by having their names displayed in public right-of-ways on pieces of corrugated plastic.

As usual, I do have a solution. And it is quite simple! Lawn Signs should be required to have much more relevant data about any one specific candidate, printed on their signs. This would

mean smaller type to get the information to fit, and shrinking the main egos, er NAMES. This could make reading them from a moving vehicle a bit of a bother.

But being smaller, it will be easier to read up close. The signs with extra information could instead be published in a printed booklet, and mailed to every registered voter in the state to help them make an informed decision. Admittedly a far fetched concept. But it would sure beat all those lawn signs!



"Help me give City Government a Wedgie!"

**FOR NO-NONSENSE
KICK-ASS COUNCIL**

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Silver Balls Rook Shop & Caustic Meme Emporium
Mayor Sztu Ratsmucus Administration
Negative Energy & Power Co.

**Crab
Kaser
for Silvertongue
Chity Council**

Say What?

Edits to the Leditor

Who the Heck is Behind this?

I am shocked. SHOCKED that this community would put up with a collection of drivel like that found within these pages. We demand to know who is responsible so that we can wave our fingers and give them the stink eye on First Flyday.

Millicent Meddlesome

Editor's Response:

Hi Millie! Yes, once again, I claim full resposibilty for this publication and its contents. It is created as a satirical parody, and any resemblance between actual persons, events and(or) businesses should be pretty obvious. If I have offended anyone, well sor-RY!

Gus Frederick

Sports

SHS Rodents Win - AGAIN

The undefeated Rodents once again vanquished all foes. Recent games have become repeats of themselves.

"Bring in the next team ... haul out their remains." BORING!!

Words vs. the broken record

The first Silvertongue candidate forum presents these concerns: words versus the broken record.

The record shows that Sztu Ratsmucus and Scorch Runner are consistent in good platitude delivery; However, words of Hen Kector and Pyle Kalmer do not match our broken record. Or even the 8-Track for that matter. They come closer to an .MP3 file.

How responsible are these two when they know full well that the dam will break in just a matter of minutes, flooding all of Silvertongue, and leaving a soggy wasteland in its wake. Well, time to wake up!

We urge one and all to pop down to the newly repainted Hovel Theatre to watch my latest film adaptation of Chick N. Little's classic work, "The Sky is Falling" (into the reservoir which will cause the dam to break ANY MINUTE NOW!)

For this release, we have renamed it "The Ten Demandments", and the first four are to vote out those damn team players.

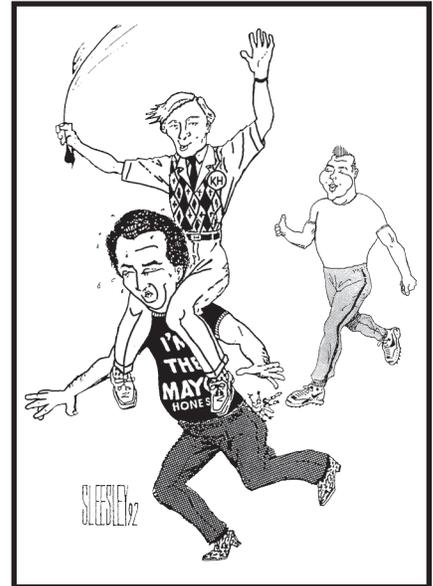
I urge one and all to only vote for those NEPCO-anointed candidates instead of people that actually think things through and work towards a common goal.

Geno B. PeFeifer

The Way We Thought We Were

Talk about a sign of the times! We had to go deep into to the Apple-Peel archives from April 1, 1992 to find this classic account:

Council to Whip Mayor into Shape



It is a time of great social turmoil. The Mayor struggles under the yoke of Chamber manipulation and is brutally controlled by it's duped minions on the chity council.

All his wishes and progressive actions cast aside like last year's fashions.

Meanwhile the buff popular savior of the lumping proletariat soldiers on.

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