

american critic ad 1935

alias faggoty slob with a sob in whose cot
 tony onceaweek whisper winsomely pul

ling their wool over 120 mil
 lion goats each and every one a spot
 less lamb

:nothing in any way sugge

stive

;nothing to which anyone might possibly obje

ct

.& you know all he's got to do is just men
 tion something & it sells ten 000 copies.won

derful.isn't it that poor man must read all the time.

read why i'd read in my sleep for half that mon
 ey.you don't mean he.did i say anything again

st.wasn't that a.wasn't it.by what was the.such a funny name)

into which world is noone born alive