

"All the Moos
That's Fit
to Print"

The Daily Moos

Cow-Jones
Drops
Another Quart

☆☆☆☆

COWSMO EDITION

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COURT FINDS COW INNOCENT IN P.M.S. SLAYING OF HUSBAND

LONDON (REUTERS): They said it couldn't happen. Then they said it was improbable. Then they said it was inevitable. Now they tell us that the inevitable is a reality. Who are "they"? Why do "they" change their minds so much?

An eleven year old Holstein from Brighton is one lucky cow today, as twelve jurors (six cows, three horses, two chickens and a duck thrown in for good measure) handed down the "not guilty" verdict. It certainly was a day for firsts. The *first* time Treena Wildfong had ever been charged with the *first* degree murder of her *first* and only husband, the late Mr. Edward (Skip) Wildfong I. She is a barnwife, he was an artificial insemination technician.

This wasn't just an ordinary murder trial, though. When the "not guilty" verdict was read aloud, the former Mrs. Edward

(Skip) Wildfong made history. She was also very relieved.

You see, Treena Wildfong had pleaded "not guilty by reason of premenstrual stress (PMS)", sometimes referred to by sufferers of the syndrome as "temporary insanity" ("I'll kill you. I haven't figured out how, yet, but I'll find a way. Then we'll see who's dead and who isn't").

A jammed courtroom, with representatives from all the areas of agriculture, listened in horror as Mrs. Wildfong relived the nightmare. She spoke of how she snuck up behind Ed's chair, then asked him to guess what it was she was going to do. He was watching "Wild World of Sports", his eyes glued to the T.V.

"His first three guesses were stupid. It was obvious to me that he wasn't the slightest bit interested in our little game. 'You're going to

bake a pie, Treena.' 'You're going to polish some silverware, Treena.' 'You're going to work on one of your many little projects, Treena.' "

"I honestly didn't mean to kill him. If Ed had said, 'You're going to bludgeon me to death with a frigging rolling pin, Treena.' 'What the hell has come over you, Treena?' 'Have you gone completely mad, Treena?', I probably wouldn't have done it."

**WHEN I FEEL GOOD,
I FEEL VERY, VERY GOOD
BUT WHEN I FEEL BAD
I'M A BITCH**

"Okay! Okay! So I admit I was a bitch but it's not going to bring Ed back. He didn't even get to see the end of the show. He'll never watch 'Wild World of Sports' ever again. He'll never artificially inseminate another cow as long as he lives. And that, need I remind you, is not



A rather subdued (showing no glee at all) Treena Wildfong leaves court a free cow.

a very long time. He would have to be awfully quick. Fast Eddie or no Fast Eddie, it's almost impossible."

"It's not even like we were fighting over the cable television converter, as was often the case. I mean, that would have been reason enough."

"I was baking a pie when the feeling struck. I stopped and looked into the living room. The image that I saw wasn't harsh. It was just Ed. He was plunked down in front of the television watching his favorite

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AGRI-PHOBIA — THE CRIPPLING FEAR OF AGRICULTURE

"Nooooooo! Pleeeeease! Don't make me go out in the fieeeeeld!"

"But I don't waaaant to drink from the water trough outsiiiiide. That's why I have a water bowl in heere!"

Call it silly, call it pathetic, but this is what the day-to-day is like for millions of cows around the world.

The syndrome is called "Agri-phobia" (fear of agriculture, we think). But it's not just the cultivation of crops that these cows fear. It seems to be everything. It seems to be deeper than this. The cause, unknown. The cure, an unsolved mystery.

Some medical experts speculate that sufferers have a silly notion that one day they'll be lured into a truck, taken to the bus station and sent off, free of charge, on a three-week excursion package tour of central Canada.

What is it about Canada that these cows fear most? The climate? The Canadian people themselves (individually)? The Canadian people, en masse? Are they secretly afraid that they will have a chance

meeting with someone who works for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (C.B.C.)? Someone who has been researching a story for the past six months. A story which will cost a fortune to produce, will reach the stage of "in the can" but will, most likely, never be aired.

Others scoff at this theory. Still others scoff at the suggestion that it is, in fact, a theory at all. They feel that it's purely speculation, as is clearly stated not more than two paragraphs ago. They also feel that these "others" who scoffed are even sillier than the agriphobics because the word "theory" wasn't mentioned until they opened their big traps (and out it came).

However, "others" and "still others" do agree that the syndrome has little to do with Canada or the C.B.C. (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation). Some feel that their fears span from fence posts all the way up to (and including) the music of Barry Manilow. What is it about fence posts and, for that matter, Barry Manilow, that these cows fear?

Is it his current hit (if he has one) or is it his sketchy advertising-jingle past? Was it his smash hit, "You deserve a steak today at McDonald's?" But if they (McDonald's) really and truly "Do it all for ewe", shouldn't it be sheep instead of cows who indirectly fear Barry Manilow?

Such are the mysteries of this peculiar syndrome. Such are the mysteries of these ordinary, everyday cows who could be mistaken for you and me.

Does the fact that no agriphobic has ever visited Salt Lake City, Utah, tell us anything? What is it about Mormons that terrifies these

INSIDE THE MOOS

**Pig trouble worsens —
Take-over inevitable**

**Proconfusionists — They
want "whatever", and they
want it NOW!**

**Insight: Where do we "GO"
from here?**

YOUR MORNING SMILE

**All women become like their
mothers. That is their tragedy.
No man does. That's his.**

— Oscar Wilde —

cows? They love salt, so it couldn't be Salt Lake City itself or the state of Utah. So that just leaves the Mormons. Is it the Mormon Tabernacle choir? Their incredible wealth? Their bigamist past? The bizarre hold that they have over their followers? A bizarre hold which spans from fence posts (the "everyday Joe" Mormons) all the way up to (and including) The Osmonds®. And what have "they" done musically, lately?

Do cows secretly fear domination by Mormons? Why would Mormons want to dominate cows? They have their fingers in enough pies already. Even if there were a market for "cow pies", is this an area of business they would want to expand into? I think not.

Perhaps it's none of the above. Perhaps it's the twenty-first century that they fear. Or just the fear of fear itself.

Contented they are to remain indoors. Away from the great outdoors. Away from agriculture, away from the twenty-first century. Away! Away! You please me not.

If it is, in fact, the fear of fear, then "these cows" are not going to go very far. And that suits "these cows" just fine.

Indeed, such are the mysteries of this peculiar and crippling syndrome.

PROCONFUSIONIST GROUP TO HOLD RALLY ON ABORTION QUESTION NEXT TUESDAY OR WEDNESDAY AT THE LATEST (MAYBE)

Make way for the Proconfusionists. They're the newest group in the abortion rights question and, for all they know, they may even be hopping mad.

The pro-abortion group accuses them of being wishy-washy. The anti-abortionists think that they're fence sitters. The pro-choice group feels that they are a bunch of disorganized idiots (but quickly add, "But that's entirely up to them.").

BROUGHT TOGETHER BY FATE

Nobody is really sure where the Proconfusionists came from. Rumor has it that they simply stopped what they were doing and formed a crowd. Unlike other groups, where one cow is usually the driving force and the rest follow along behind, the Proconfusionists have no one at the helm.

As one member puts it, "Having nobody running 'The Organization' (and I use these words loosely) only confuses the issue and that's the way

we like to keep it. Nice and tidy!"

Their first meeting was a rather unique experience. Brought together perhaps by fate, without quite knowing the reasons why, they became one big quagulating mass of confusion. They began chanting, "Whatever, now! Whatever, now! Whatever, now!" At least until somebody yelled out of an upstairs window (a la Bugs Bunny), "NEAAAA! SHAD AAAAP!"

A hush fell over the crowd. For a second, some feared that they might stop quagulating. For a split second, they all feared that they might become organized. Then came the second assault from the same upstairs window, "NEAAAA! WHAT A BUNCH OF MAROONS!"

The hush was much louder now and it seemed like they might even be gaining momentum. And then, without warning, they retaliated as a group: "NEAAAA! SHAD AAAAP! YOURSELF!"; followed by the lethal blow of "SO LONG

in there, damn it! A cake, Ed! You know what a cake is, don't ya, Ed?"

"I mean, in a sense Ed was right. I was baking a pie. If he'd have guessed that five minutes earlier, it might not have happened. His life was in his own hoofs and he didn't even know it. But I'll tell ya, had it been baseball trivia he'd have been sittin' up rhyming off the answers left and right and waving his front legs like a madman."

THEN, FOR A MOMENT, ALL EYES WERE ON THE DUCK

Treana Wildfong stopped talking for a moment. She had tolerated the duck long enough. She had tried to pretend that it had not been sticking the tips of its wings in its ears (if you could call them ears) while she had been trying to talk. She hoped that it would stop making the duck noises around the courtroom after a few good "Rak! Rak! Rak!"s. But it was not to be.

He had been zeroing in on minority groups, mostly sheep and goats. You want to hear a sheep bleat? Give it a weird look and go "Rak! Rak! Rak!" in its face in a public situation where a reserved conduct code is required.

The judge hadn't said anything. It was, after all, the *first* time a duck had had this type of official duty bestowed upon it. The judge didn't

SCREWY, SEE YA IN ST. LEWIE!"

Divided they stood. The Proconfusionist group was born.

SO WHAT ARE THE ISSUES?

The issues are precisely what they don't intend to find out at the next meeting. That is, if they manage to succeed in having a next meeting. They are aware of the realities of their situation. They're caught up in a Catch-22. You can't have a meeting without issues but without a meeting, you won't know what the issues are. Well, maybe a Catch-20 or 21. It's right up there in that area of the low "Catch-Twenties"; that's for sure. Ain't no doubt about it, they're caught up in something that has a catchy name and they don't like it one little bit.

THE CURE A MYSTERY, THE CAUSE UNKNOWN

The Proconfusionists are not stupid. Neither are they rebels without a cause. They are rebels; this they know. The cause? Well, it appears as though someone has either misplaced it *or* it hasn't come in on the truck yet.

Not unlike other groups, the Proconfusionists aren't sure if there is a solution to the abortion question. A better understanding of what the abortion question *is* might provide some answers. If the answers happen to appear of their own free will, then it's fine and dandy with them. But the Proconfusionists are not about to upset any apple carts to go looking for them.

want to publicly embarrass the duck and, in a sense, all ducks. Those present in the courtroom and, of course, those back in the barn watching the trial on television. His Honor had fully intended to take him aside during recess for some crash lessons in court procedure. Unfortunately, the accused took it upon herself to spare His Honor the bother.

Treana Wildfong was not about to let the duck get away with anything. In her mind, court was not an ideal setting for improv. This was not a comedy cabaret. It was her day in court and she's already heard six more Rak! Rak! Rak!s than she cared to hear today.

A strange look passed over her. Her tail began switching. Beads of sweat were noticeable on her forehead. She addressed the Judge.

"Maybe, Your Honor, if the duck insists on making faces and rude noises . . . just maybe it would like to step out in the lobby and I could demonstrate how I make pie over at my place. Would the duck enjoy a few seconds of home economics instruction? Hmm?"

The duck slunched down in his seat. He was trying to look as much unlike a duck as possible. It wasn't

SO WHAT ABOUT THE BIG QUESTION?

As far as the "Big Question" (when are they having their next meeting?) goes, many soon-to-be-members think that next Tuesday would be a nice day. Wednesday at the latest (maybe). But a handful of purists believe that it should, again, just happen and to organize one would be sacrilegious. Almost every other will-be-member expressed a deep concern about giving away party secrets and felt that they weren't prepared to comment at the time because this sort of thing would naturally be discussed at the next meeting. Then and only then would they be prepared to spill the beans. "But thanks, anyway," they said.

Such are the mysteries of the Proconfusionist group.



They simply stopped what they were doing and formed a crowd.

working. There wasn't one question he could think of, off the top of his head, that he cared to ask Treana Wildfong in the area of home economics. Besides, he suspected her of having an excellent recipe for duck soup. There was no question now that the Rak! Rak! Rak!s had been a horrible mistake. A mistake that he would have to live down. The duck world holds no place for wise guys. He had already resigned himself to the fact that it was not going to be an overnight comeback.

With the quacker well in his place, Treana Wildfong went on to finish her gruesome story. And in the end, she did manage to win the sympathy of the jury, including Mr. Face-maker, the court jester.

And when she stopped talking, you could have heard a pin drop in that courtroom. But did anybody drop one? No! They had all been too busy listening. They just sat there in shock; cows, pigs, horses, chickens and ducks. All of them. And all of them were thanking their lucky stars that their name wasn't Edward (Skip) Wildfong. And if they ever *had* wanted to be "The Skipper", it certainly wasn't today.

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Ed's Dead

program, his belt beginning to show strain from the beer gut he's been working on. Ed's project. Ya! Ed had a gut. Lots of guys his age do. Do I kill him for that? No, I wouldn't think so."

"But then this thought popped into my head. This quiet little voice that said, 'You *know*' (It gave the word "know" special emphasis.) Ed would probably just as soon die as not get to watch 'Wild World of Sports.' And that was it. I didn't have to look around for a murder weapon. I was already holding the rolling pin as best I could. It was BONK and down Ed went as effortlessly as the middle of a cake when you open the oven door before its time. Ed was the worst for that. I'd say, 'Ed! Don't open that oven door! I've got a cake