



PS ZUMB 36 RAMBLING RD. PALESTINETX 75801 (pal'es·tēn)

ON TIME COVER THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS BONES UP AT THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL.



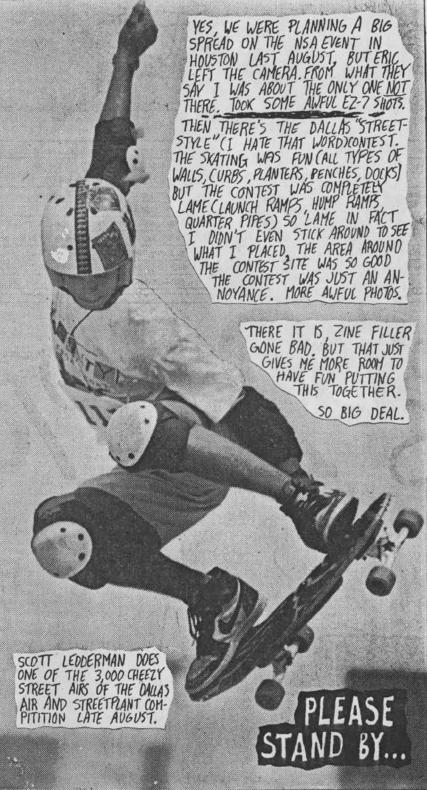
"THE STAFF"
(Yeah, right)
AAARON PENDLAND,
SCOTT GOTCHER,
PEYTON LOVE,
SONNY ROBERTSON,
GREG. ACRID (EXMAKER OF ACRID
ZINE), NUKE BOY
KEMAL, JC & BM.

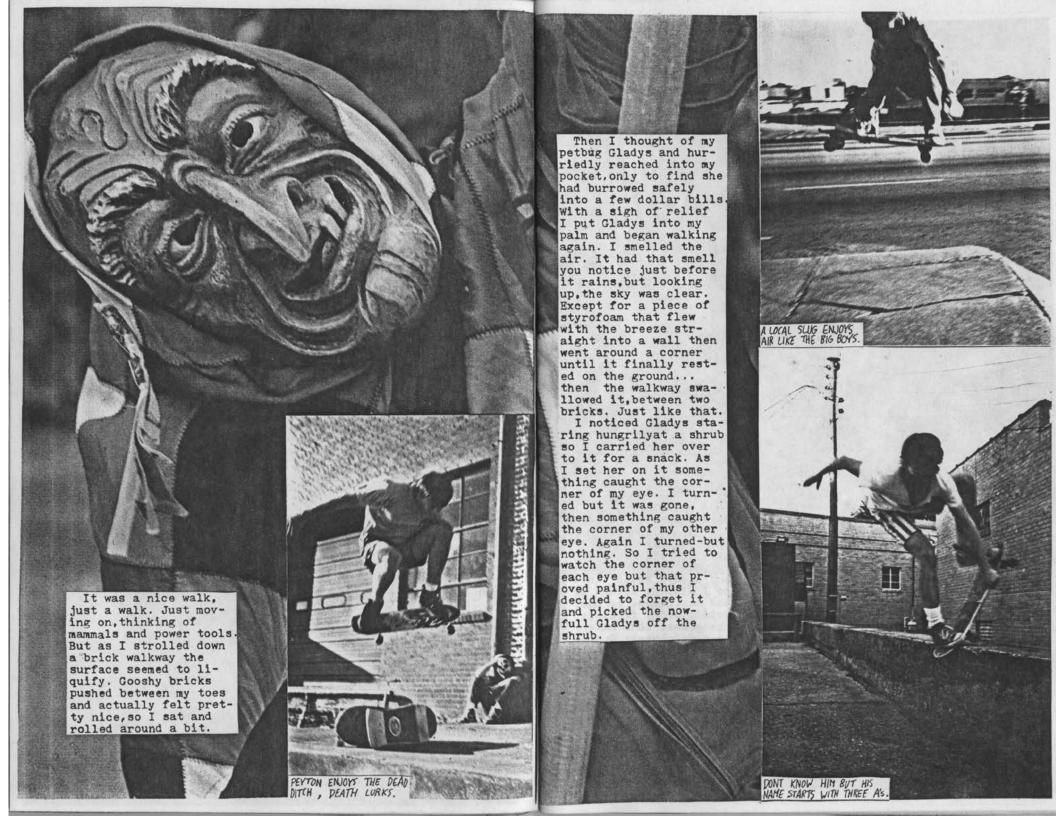
HERE WE GO AGAIN AND MAN, WE'RE LUCKY TO. I'M SURPRISED WE GOT THIS ISSUE OUT ON TIME, MICH LESS A GOOD ISSUE... A SMALL STEP BACK MAYBE. WE'VE HAD CAMERA PROBLEMS—EITHER NO CAMERA OR A BAP CAMERA, NO FILM OR BAP FILM, NO MONEY OR NO MONEY. LAST WEEK I HAD TO GO ON SO-CALLED "PLEDGE PRIVES" AMONG THE LOCALS TO DEVELOPE FILM, THANKS GUYS. WHEN I FINALLY COLLECTED ALL THE PHOTOS I STILL DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH STUFF FOR A REGULAR SIZED ZINE SO THIS ISSUE'S A LITTLE SMALLER THAN USUAL AND IT ALREADY HAS FOUR PAGES (SKATE CULTURE) PONATED FROM GREG ACRID! WE WERE ALSO SHORT ON TIME (THAT EXPLAINS ALL THE BEAUTIFUL HANDWRITING THROUGHOUT). I VASN'T EVEN ABLE TO PUT LARRY'S LATEST EPISODE DOWN YET. WELL, NOW THAT I HAVE MY OWN CAMERA AND FREE DEVELOPING HOPEFULLY THIS WONT HAPPINGAN

A NOTE TO THE SCUM THAT CLEINED OUT SCOTT'S SKATESHOP-JUST TRY TO RIDE OR SELL ANY OF THE STUFF YOU STOLE AND WE'LL BE ALL OVER YOU, SO GO RHEAD. TO ANYONE ELSE-IF JUMEONE YOU DUNT KNOW TRIES TO SELL YOU A NEW BOARD FOR SID, LET US KNOW. THE NUMBER IS 729-6823. HEY, HELP OLE SCOTT GET BACK ON HIS FEET. GO BY THE SHOP AND SPEND.





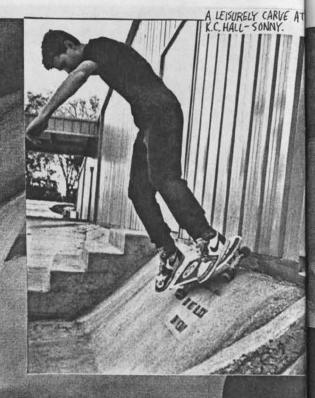




As we continued on I felt a few cold drop-lets on my arm. I looked up to find the sky filled with grey clouds ready to pour. The smell was right. So Gladys and I retreated into a building's doorway out of the rain. But just as quickly as it had started the rain was gone. Bewildered, we set out again.

Rounding a corner I came to a box completely filled with holes. Looking inside I saw nothing, so I stood and thought for a moment. I concluded that the inside, as well as the box itself, must be filled with holes. Seeing as you can't see holes.

PEYTON SLIDE-RIDES AS THE PRINCE WAITS PATIENTLY FOR A MISHAP.



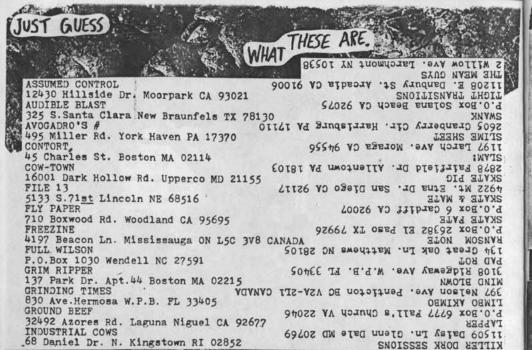
Then something caught the corner of my eye again, I almost saw it, but not quite. Then once again, a dark flash, to the left. Almost, but not quite.

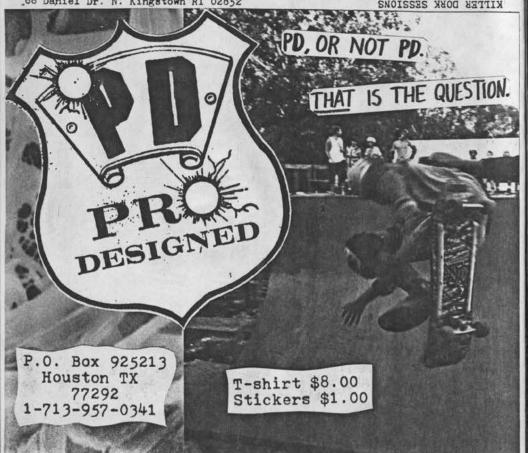
I disregard it and move on with Gladys. We pass through a park and Gladys seems tired so I stop at abench so she can sleep. As she drifts off I focus on the grass. If I watched very closely I could see the blades grow and, with patience, could hear the new grass push from the ground. After watching a group of weeds bloom Gladys woke and we were off again.

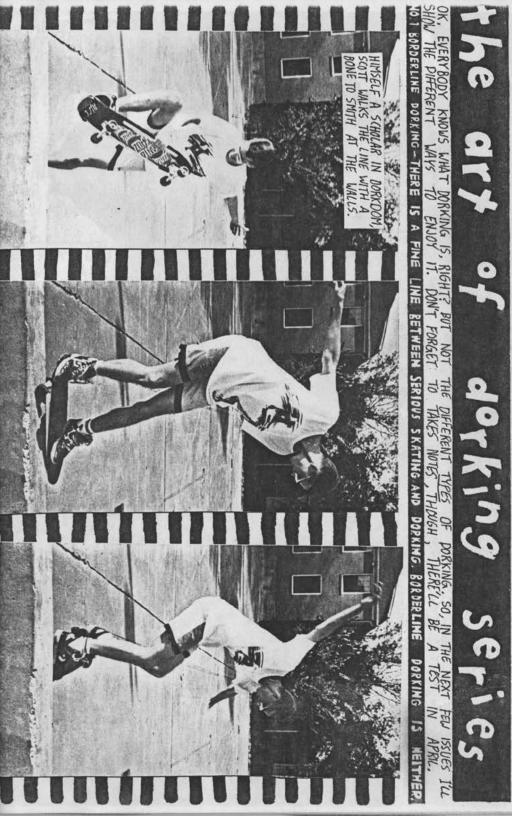
It wasn't long before Gladys met another bug, a beetle from Detroit named Carl. They mated, she laid her eggs inside my ear, and before you know it the whole family is gone. Settled down in a tree somewhere between here and there. But those days of Gladys and I downtown are the type a man never forgets.

I've seen that thing in the corner of my eye.

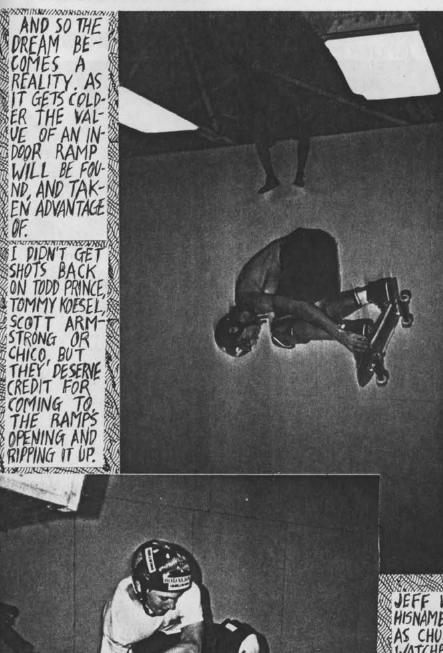












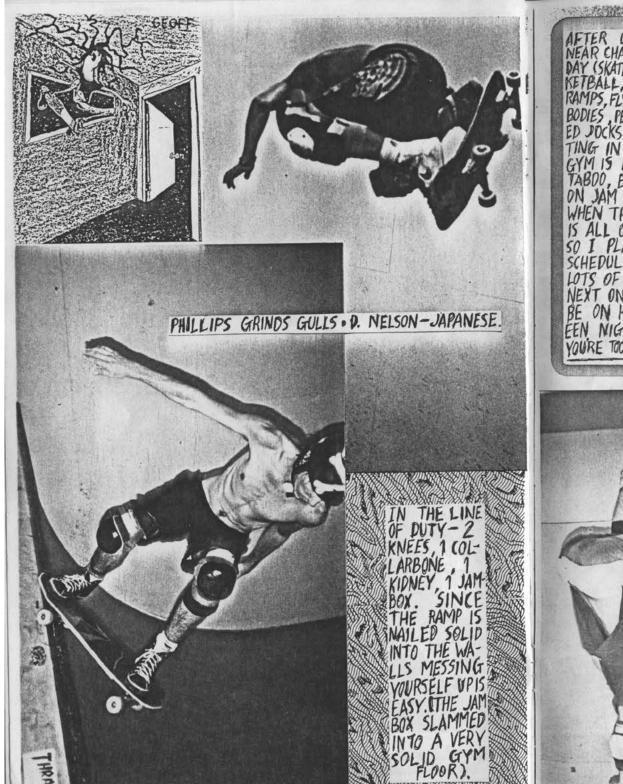
JEFF WHAT'S HISNAME AIRS AS CHUCK WATCHES FROM & THE CHEAPSEATS.

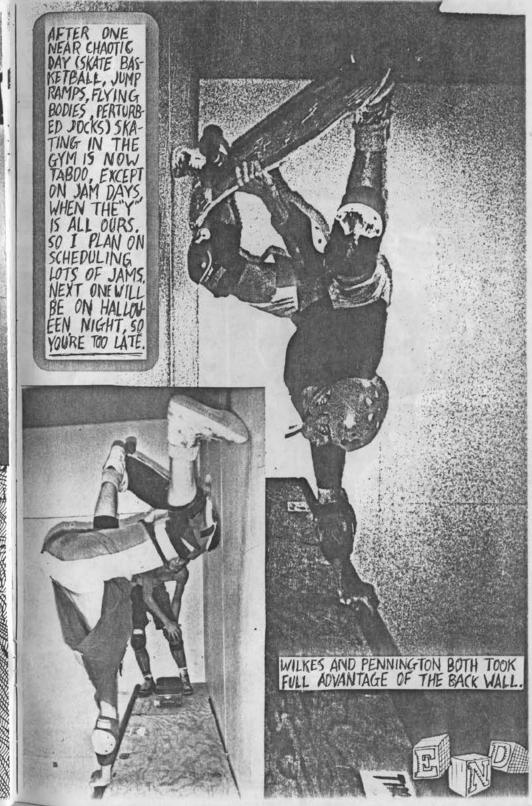
A LATE LAY-BACK SHOT OF THE EYER SUNNY SONNY.



Peyton Love, 17, loves to hang out around the YMCA's indoor skateboard ramp after school. The ramp was built by YMCA director Phil Noble and is open to the public. Love, a Palestine

High School junior, says he spends as much as six or seven hours at a stretch on the ramp. Air to axle in his usual clumsy style.











"Left Over
shots from
that little
silver Box in
my top Left
hand desk
Drawer"

AS YOWE PROBABLY GUESSED, THIS IS JUST SOME OLD EXTRA PHOTOS TO FILL A COUPLE PAGES. BUT THANKS TO NUKE BOY AND KEMAL FOR SENDING THEIR OLD EXTRA PHOTOS.

