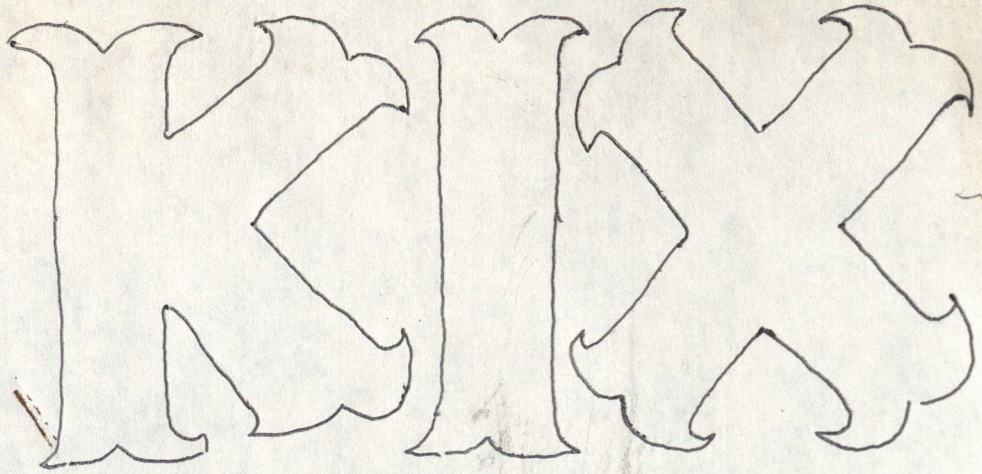

CARL ORFF

FRONT COVER
WORDING



BLAZES
NEW
TRAILS
OF
SEX

BY - CARL CORLEY

BACK COVER ART—OR—FRONT COVER ART

FOR CLEAN BLACK AND WHITE ONLY - OR — WHATEVER.

THERE IS ALSO A FULL-COLOR RENDERING ENCLOSED IN PACKAGE

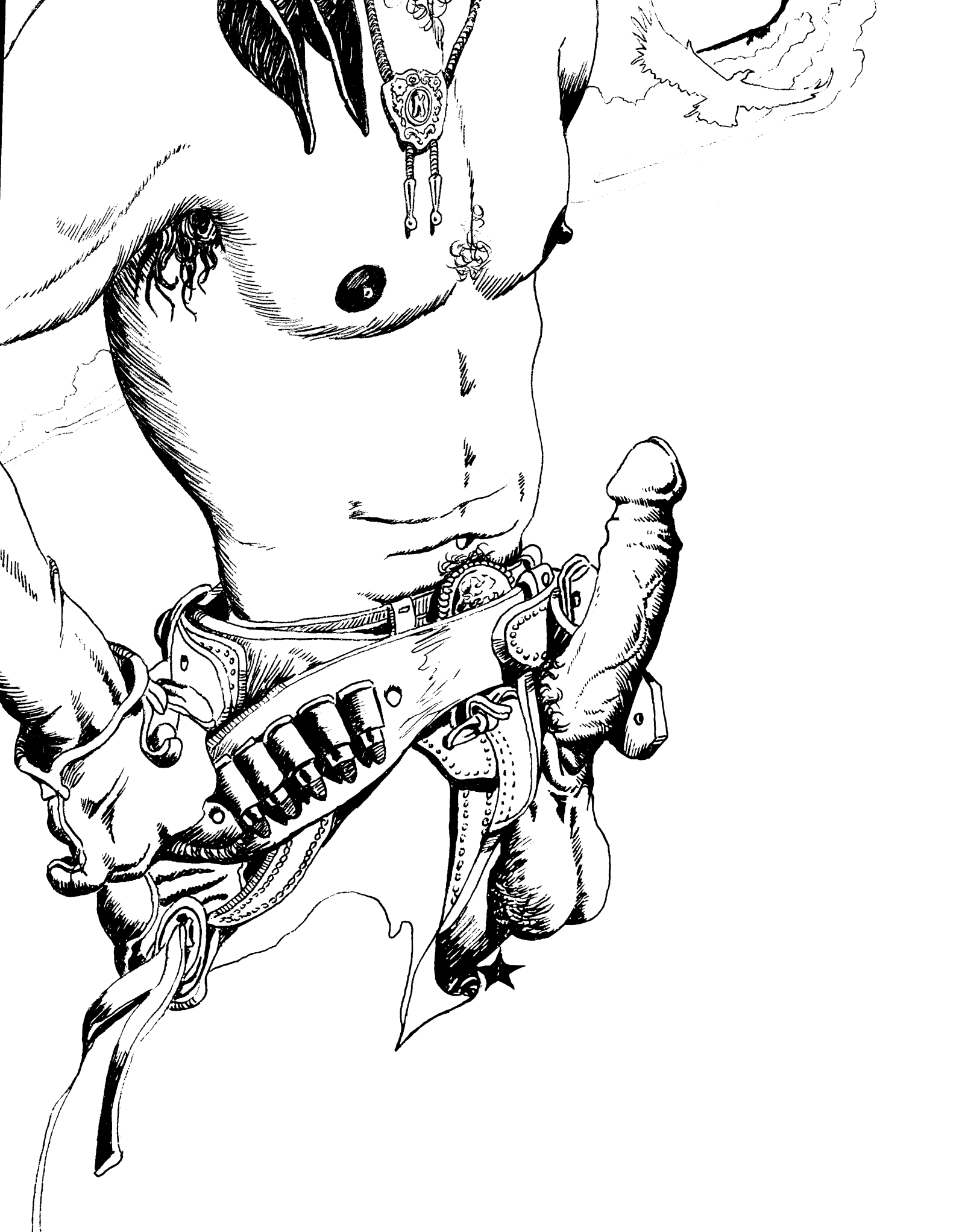


INSIDE FRONT COVER

KIX IS NOT OUR COWPOKE HERO'S BIBLE NAME. ALL COWBOYS HAVE SUMMER NAMES, LAID UPON THEM BY OTHER SIDE KICKS WHO PIN CERTAIN HANDLES ON THEM THAT FIT THEIR PERSONALITIES. KIX GOT HIS BECAUSE EVERY TIME HE SADDLED UP AND BURNT LEATHER INTO THE NEAREST TOWN, HIS EXCUSE FOR LEAVING ALWAYS WAS: "GOIN' INTO TOWN TO GET MY KICKS," MEANING THOSE GRAND TIMES HE HAD WITH THE FALLEN DOVES.

COWBOYS CAME INTO EXISTENCE JUST AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, MOSTLY TEXANS AND CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WHO CAME WEST TO SEEK THEIR FORTUNES. BEEF SKYROCKETED. FOR THIRTY DOLLARS A MONTH THESE RUGGED VETERANS DROVE THE BEEF, STILL ON HOOFS, CROSS-COUNTRY TO MARKET. BY 1895 THAT ADVENTURE WAS OVER. BUT WHEN THE DRAMA AND ROMANCE ENDED, THE LEGEND BEGAN. THERE HAVE BEEN HUNDREDS OF LEGENDARY TALES TOLD ABOUT THE EXOTIC COWBOY. HERE IS ANOTHER ONE---

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
CARL CORLEY



KIX'S OWN STORY, AS HE TOLD IT TO ME:

BEFORE THE WAR WITH THE YANKEES, AH NEVER GOT OFF MY PA'S SPREAD EXCEPT TO GO HUNTING OR SHAG-ASSING INTO SAN ANTONIO FOR SUPPLIES. BUT AFTER AH CAME BACK FROM THE WAR, HAVING EXPERIENCED SO MUCH AND GONE TO SO MANY EXCITING PLACES AND GOT A GOOD TASTE OF THEM DANCE HALL FILLIES AND SAGE HENS (WHORES), AH JUST COULDN'T SETTLE DOWN. AH GOT TO DAY DREAMING ABOUT ALL THEM HOT CUNTS, AND WAS AS FLIGHTY AS A BRONCO WITH A CUCKLE-BURR UNDER HIS TAIL. AH JUST HAD TO CUT MYSELF LOOSE AND BE ON MY OWN.



SO NOT LONG AFTER THAT AH JUST GOT MY DREAM SACK AND AMBLED OFF. AH HAD HEARD FROM A FUZZY-TAILED YOKEL THAT RANCH BARONS NEEDED SOME BUCKAROOS TO DRIVE HERD, SO AH JUST UP AND WENT-- OFF ON A LARK TO MAKE MY FORTUNE AND TO HUMP SOME OF THEM PRETTY FLOOZIES ALONG THE WAY. AH HATED TO SAY ADIOS TO MY MA AND PA THOUGH, ESPECIALLY SINCE AH HAD BEEN AWAY IN YANKEE-LAND FIGHTING, AND AH'D MISS THEM BOTH, EVEN IF MA WASN'T NOTHING BUT A DRIED UP OLD WAIF OF A WOMAN AND PA NOTHING BUT A FODDER-FORKER.



AH CUT SADDLE AT MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART'S SPREAD BEFORE AH PUT TOO MUCH TEXAS TERRITORY BETWEEN ME AND HER. AH KNOWED CAROLINE WAS A VIRGIN, JUST SAVING HERSELF FOR ME AFTER AH JAY-WALKED IT BACK FROM THE FIGHTING. WE JAW-CRACKED FOR A WHILE, ALL THE TIME AH WAS COTTON-UP TO HER. AH SURE WANTED TO GET MY KICKS WITH HER BEFORE AH LEFT-- MY MAIN DULCE, AND SHE GOT TO GIGGLE TALKING WHILE AH GOT TO ROAMING! ITS FUN BEING WITH A FILLY YOU LIKE, EVEN IF YOUR BREEDING ROD AIN'T HARD AND THROBBING FOR A HOT HOLE.



BEFORE WE REALIZED WHAT WE WERE DOING, WE BOTH DITTY ABOUT THIS KIND OF FLUKY GOINGS ON, OUR RAGS WERE CHUNKED ASIDE AND AH HAD MY BIG THING IN THAT SOFT WARM CRACK OF HER'N. AH CAN VOUCH FOR ONE THING, FOR A PRETTY LITTLE RANCH BUTTON MY CAROLINE SURE COULD DO A FANDANGO WITH THAT PELVIS OF HER'N. SHE WAS A REAL PUSSY-BACK, NOT A SAGE HEN MIND YOU, BUT LIKE A PERSON WHO HAS DONE WITHOUT SOMETHING AND WHEN THEY GET IT AT LAST GO PLUM GOONY. BUT AH TALLIED IT ALL UP THAT SHE CARED A HEAP FOR ME AND JUST COULDN'T HELP HERSELF -- LIKE SINGING WITH HER TAIL UP!



NOT MEANING TO SWALLOW-FORK, BUT IT WAS THE BEST SLICE OF TENDER LOIN AH'D EVER HAD, MAINLY CAUSE MY BIG PROD POLE KNOW'D WHAT IT WAS DOING, AND CAROLINE'S TIGHT LITTLE KNIFE SLIT, AND SO JAMOKA HOT AH PERFORMED MY BONE-SEASONED BEST. NOT THAT AH'M A BILL SHOW COWBOY, BUT AH WANTED TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESS-ION. WHEN AH BLOWED MY HOT WAD IT FELT LIKE A DROVE OF WILD GEESE FLYING OUT MY RUMP. AND AH WAS PLUM BUSHED. SO WE JUST LAY ON MY DREAM SACK FOR A SPELL, MY MAIN SPRING BUSTED, AND COOLED MY SADDLE.



MY SWEET CAROLINE HAD HER OWN SPREAD. HER MA AND PA KILLED IN A RUN-AWAY STAGE AT THE FIRST START OF THE WAR. AND THE ONLY FOLKS SHE HAD, SORT OF, WERE FANNY AND JUD, QUADROONS FROM NEW ORLEANS SHE UP AND FREED, BEING SO KINDLY AND NICKEL PLATED. SO-- AFTER THAT FIRST HOT GO AT IT-- DANG SWANG! AH JUST STAYED ON FOR AWHILE, SINCE THERE WAS NO ONE TO PEER AT US CEPT THE TWO DARKIES, AND THEM NOT CARING. ANYWAY, WE CHUCKED, FOR THE GRUB WAS BOGGY-TOPPED, DRANK SOME ROT GUT, AND AH UNCORKED HER ROUND THE CLOCK, AND EXPLORED HER MEAT CRACK LIKE A BUTTON KID WITH A TRINKET.



WHEN AH FIGURED THAT AH HAD DONE EVERYTHING A COWPOKE COULD DO TO A FILLY TO GET HIS KICKS, THROWING IN A HEAP OF CABALLERO LOVE MAKING JUST TO MAKE HER DANCE A JIG, MY SWEET CAROLINE UP AND ASKED ME A QUESTION THAT CLIPPED MY HORNS. SHE SAID THAT SINCE AH HAD BEEN SO EXPERIENCED WITH THE LADIES OF THE EVENING DURING MY YANKEE TRAVELING WOULD AH TEACH HER SOME OF THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE-- SO AS TO ADD TO HER REPERTOIRE OF SUITORS-- IS THE WAY SHE SPOKE IT. RECKON AH HAD BEEN IN THE WRONG PEW, SETTLING MY SKULL THAT SHE ONLY HAD EYES FOR ME. BUT-- FLIBBER TO GIBBET! AH COULDN'T GET RILED ABOUT SHOWING MY LITTLE DUDETTE ANYTHING. AH JUST RATTLED MY HOCKS AND PITCHED IN.



AH THOUGHT AH WAS BONE SEASONED, AND KNEW IT ALL ABOUT GETTING MY KICKS WITH A MAID. BUT IT LOOKED LIKE THE MORE CAROLINE AND ME DID IN THE SACK THE MORE THERE WAS YET TO BE DONE. NOT THAT AH'M NOT HOT TO RIDE IT OUT. ON RECALLING AND REMEMBERING EVERY TANNIGAN BAG OF FACTS TO TELL THIS SORDID TALE, LOOKS LIKE HER AND AH DID EVERYTHING IN THE BOOK AND THREW IN SOME OF OUR OWN. AH'LL DECLARE, AH DIDN'T KNOW TWO PEOPLE COULD GET SO TANGLED UP WITHOUT SNAPPING A FEW BONES. LIKE TWO RATTLERS IN A FREE FOR ALL, CEPT MY LITTLE CUP CAKE AND ME WEREN'T FIGHTING. AND EVEN WHEN WE DID UNWIND FOR A SHORT SPELL TO CATCH OUR BREATH SHE BUSIED HERSELF JUST EYE-BALLING THAT BIG THING AH'VE GOT BETWEEN MY SHANKS.



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WHEN WE GOT BUSHED WE'D STUFF OUR GUTS WITH FINGER-LICKING CHUCK, THEN AH'D GRAB HER BY THE GETTING UP END AND CRAM MY BIG BELLY-BUSTER IN FROM THE RUMP SIDE. THIS PUT SOME WEAR AND TEAR ON THE FURNITURE AND A NUMBER OF CAT SCRATCHES ON THE FINE MAHOGANY WHEN AH GOT TO RAMMING TOO HARD AND SHE GOT TO GRITTING HER TEETH AND CLAWING. DANG SWANG! AH COULD HAVE GONE ON FOREVER LIKE THIS, JUST PUMPING AWAY WITH SLOW AND EASY GABS THAT WOULD MAKE A BREED STUD ASHAMED OF HIS-SELF.



AH CAN'T RIGHTFULLY TELL THIS TALE WITHOUT PUTTING IN THAT LITTLE HARMLESS BAD MEDICINE IN THE FORM OF MY CAROLINE'S CHAMBER MAID, FOR IT WAS A ANTI-GODLIN POINT IN MY SWEETIE AND MY LIFE AHEAD. IT WAS EITHER TO PUT UP WITH OR SHUT UP. SO, ONE FINE AFTERNOON WHILE MY CAROLINE WAS ENTERTAINING SOME OLD BIDDIES FROM THE LOCAL CHURCH, AH HERDED FANNY INTO THE BARN. NOW SHE WAS A PURTY LITTLE THING, AS SHINY AS A COPPER PENNEY, AND HAD A PAIR OF THE WHITEST TEETH AH EVER SAW ON A HUMAN BEING-- LIKE PEARLS ON ONE OF THEM SOCIETY WOMEN'S GOWN. SHE HAD TWO MELONS TOO, AS SOFT AS A WAD OF COTTON, AND A RUMP THAT RAISED MY PROD POLE JUST TO WATCH HER WALK. AH HAD NOTICED HER LOOKING AT ME LIKE A CAT AT A MOUSE HOLE WHEN MY DUDETTE AND ME WERE MAKING OUT, AND AH KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED. SO WHEN AH GOT MY CHANCE AH SNAPPED AT IT LIKE A DUCK AT A JUNEBUG.



THIS FANNY AND ME DIDN'T BURN DAYLIGHT GIGGLE-TALKING. WE GOT RIGHT DOWN TO THE BUSINESS END OF IT. NO DILLY-DALLING-- JUST PRONTO AMEGO! SHE HUMPED HER TAIL UP LIKE A MULE IN A RAINSTORM, AND AH ANCHORED MY STUD POLE INTO HER BELLY WHICH SUITED MY WILD TASTES LIKE PLUM-DUFF PIE. WE DID MORE TALE TWISTING THAN YOU'D SEE AT A BRANDING PARTY, AND JUST DOWSED OUR SWEATY HIDES WITH HONEY SO HOT YOU COULDN'T COOL IT WITH AN ICEBURG.



BUT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN THINGS ARE GOING THEIR BEST THE WORST STARTS. IT WAS A BAD PLACE TO HAVE YOUR GUN STICK. THAT HEN PARTY WAS OVER-- IT SEEMED- BEFORE IT GOT GOING, AND BEFORE AH COULD RETRIEVE MY PROD POLE FROM FANNY'S HOT HOLE, AH HEARD THE BARN DOOR SQUEAK.



JUST LIKE A WOMAN -- MY SWEET CAROLINE GOT ME BACK -- IN DUE TIME. SHE GOT MADDER THAN A DRUNK SQUAW, EVEN WHEN AH TRIED TO EXPLAIN, THAT AH WAS JUST GETTING MY KICKS, AND IT DIDN'T MEAN A THING -- LIKE GETTING SAUCED THEN SOBBERING UP AND CAN'T REMEMBER A THING. WELL, CAROLINE DIDN'T TAKE TO THAT SO HOT, AND SHE REALLY KNEW HOW TO HURT A HOMBRE. THE VERY NEXT DAY AH CAUGHT HER PUTTING HER GET UP END TO JUD, HER COMELY YARD-BOY FROM NEW ORLEANS. NO LONGER MY COW BUNNY -- TURNED SAGE HEN! IT HURT LIKE A RUSTY AXE IN MY SHOULDER BLADE. AH DECIDED THEN AND THERE IT WAS TIME TO CHINCH-UP AND HEAD ON.



MIDDLE-PAGE SPREAD
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BUT THAT NIGHT WHEN AH TOLD HER AH WAS ON THE PROD SHE STARTED CRYING. WE ENDED UP BOOZED ON TONSIL VARNISH AND ON THE FINE WOVEN CARPET. WE WERE SO STARVING-MOUTH FOR EACH OTHER WE HAD TO GET TO EACH OTHER SO CLOSE YOU COULDN'T BLOW SMOKE IN A BIBLE, AND DONE SOME UNHEARD OF THINGS.. SUCKING AND SOPPING AND CURLY-BILL SPINNING OUT BOOZED HIDES END TO END AND RIGHT BACK AGAIN TO CALF-SLOBBER EACH OTHER'S THING-A-MAJIG.

BUT WHEN AH HAD GOT MY KICKS AND JUST LAY THERE TONGUEING HER SOFT WARM DITTY, AND MY MIND KEPT SEEING PICTURES OF HER AND JUD, AH KNEW IT WAS OVER. IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO AMBLE ON TO PARTS UNKNOWN.





WITH A HALF-HEARTED PROMISE TO CAROLINE THAT AH'D DETOUR BACK AND SPEND SOME MORE JOY TIMES WITH HER, AH HIT THE TRAIL. BUT AH WAS TOO YOUNG AND FILLED WITH VINEGAR TO TIE BONNET STRINGS WITH ANY ONE WOMAN. AH HAD A WILD HAIR UP MY RUMP, AND A BLIND HANKERING TO GET MY KICKS. AND EVEN AS AH PONDERED THESE FOOLISH THINGS AH HADN'T MADE TRACKS ON THE EL SABINE REAL THAN AH CAME UPON AN OLD SCRUBBY GOAT-HERDER AND HIS SPANISH DAUGHTER. AH GOT AN INVITE TO TAKE EVENING SUP, AND FROG-SQUATTED BEFORE THEIR LITTLE CAMPFIRE WHILE AH EYE-BALLED ANOTHER KIND OF INVITE OUT OF THE CORNER OF ONE EYE, YET NOT ENOUGH SO THAT OLD GREASY PEPPER GUTS COULD START SOMETHING HE COULDN'T FINISH.



THAT POT-BELLIED WRANGATANG TURNED OUT TO BE A REAL BLACK-SMITHING PIMP, SELLING HIS YOUNGUN FOR A FEW DO FUNNIES. BUT HE MUST HAVE SEEN ME COMING, FOR AH HANDED OVER THE GOLD WATCH PA GAVE ME THAT BELONGED TO HIS PA JUST TO PUMP MY MEAT INTO HIS KID'S BEAN-POT. AH WOULD REGRET THAT LATER. BUT AT THE TIME AH WAS SO HOT FOR THAT LITTLE GREASY SENIORETTA AH WOULD HAVE HANDED HIM MY PAIR OF SAP GOURDS. SWANG DANG THOUGH. THAT LITTLE JUMPING BEAN SURE KNEW WHAT IT TOOK TO PLEASE A FLAT-HEELED-PEELER LIKE ME.



AFTER MANY UNCOUNTED DAYS OF DRIFTING, AND MANY UNCOUNTED SAGE HENS AND CALICO QUEENS AND DUDETTES AND FALLEN DOVES AH CHANCED UPON A HOLDING OUT-POST FOR WAGON TRAINS AND CATTLE HERDS HEADED WEST. AH PUNISHED SEVERAL HOURS AT SMALL TALK, ALL THE WHILE EYE-BALLING THE HOT FLOOZIES WHO ALWAYS FOLLOWED ENCAMPMENTS SELLING THEIR WARES-- AND AH DON'T MEAN POTS AND PANS AND CURE-ALL TONICS. IT WAS NO TROUBLE TO LOCATE ME A TOP-SCREW (BOSS) TO TIE ON WITH, CAUSE COW-HANDS WERE ALWAYS IN DEMAND. RIGHT OFF, WITH A HOT ITCH IN MY STRADDLE, AH KNOWED AH HAD LATCHED ONTO THE RIGHT HOOTEN-ANNY TO MAKE MY FORTUNE AND TO GET MY KICKS!



WHEREVER THERE'S MEN-- CROSSING SOME FLAT-IRON DESERT, UP IN THE TALL TIMBERS, ON ONE OF THEM BIG BODIES OF WATER TRAVELERS FROM FOREIGN PARTS SPEAK OF-- YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND WOMEN. AH DON'T RIGHTLY KNOWS WHICH HAS GOT THE HARDEST HANKERING FOR THE OTHER. MY POINT IS: THIS OUT-POST WHERE AH JUST AMBLED ROUND WAITING FOR A HERD TO BE RIDING OUT, WAS SWARMING WITH FEMALES, AS THICK AS FLIES ON BOGGY-TOP PIE- YOU NAME'EM AND IT HAD'EM-- SQUAWS, CALICO QUEENS, SAGE HENS, TRINKETS, DUDETTES, COOKIE PUSHERS, DULCES, FEMALE BANDIDOS! ALL HOMELESS AS A POKER-CHIP AND ALL WITH ONE THING IN COMMON-- TO SUCK A MAN'S PROD-POLE INTO THEIR HOT BELLY'S. WITH NOTHING ELSE TO DO, AH OBLIDGED THEM.



IT DIDN'T TAKE ME NO LONGER THAN IT TAKES TO SKIN A BUFFALO'S GOURDS TO BUILD ME A FINE REPUTATION WITH THE LADIES AT THE POST. AH CALL THEM LADIES JUST TO BE POLITE, CAUSE THE REB ARMY LEARNED ME HOW TO BE A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN. THERE WEREN'T NO LADIES AT THAT PLACE, NOT ONE SINGLE VIRGIN, AND IT SHOWED. WORD GOT AROUND WHAT AH HAD HANGING FROM MY FORK, AND AH ALMOST HAD TO SET UP OFFICE AND STUD THEM BY APPOINTMENT.



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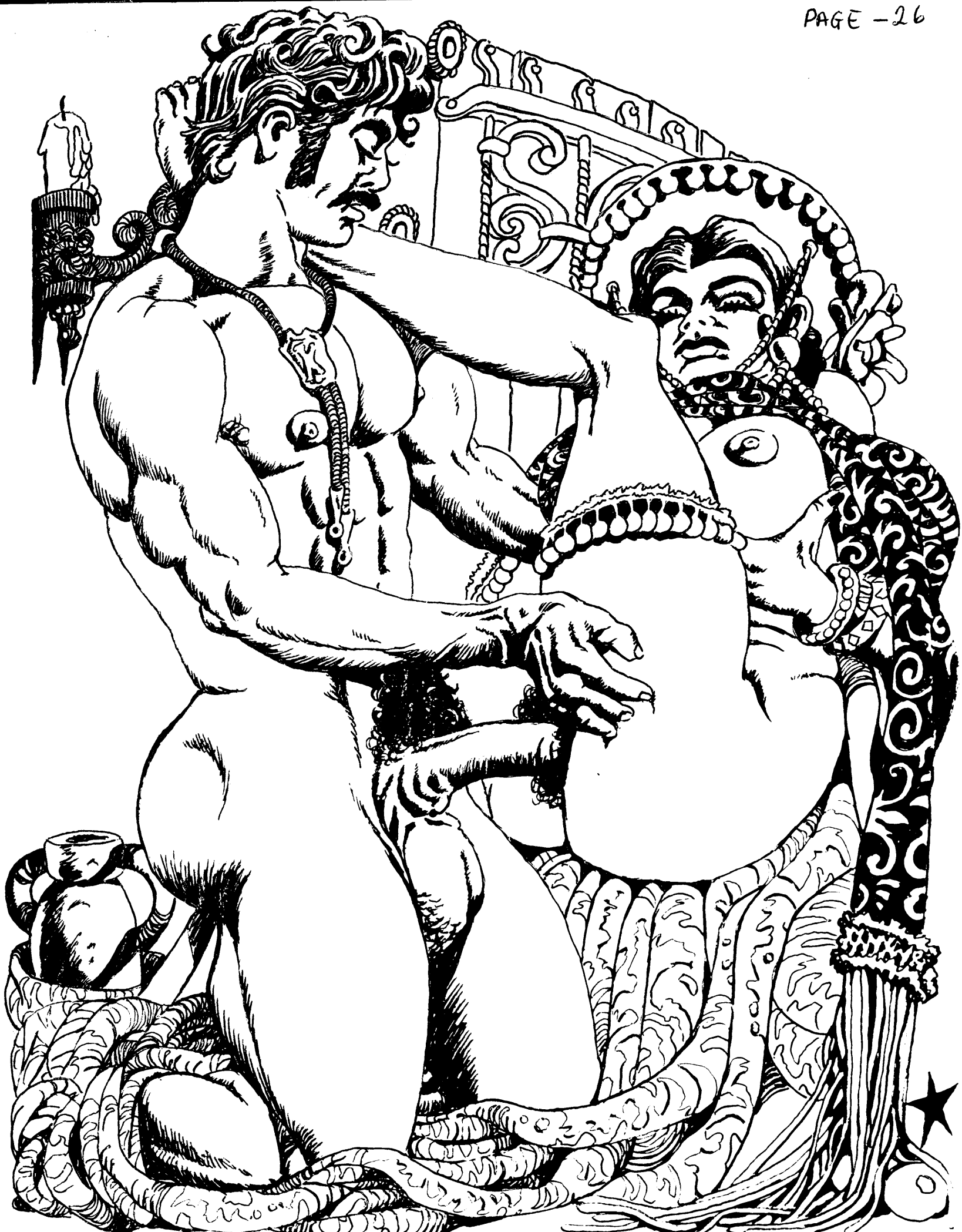
LOOKING BACK ON THOSE FROLICING GOOD TIMES. AH KNOW NOW AH SHOULD HAVE KEPT A FANCY DIARY LIKE SOME OF THEM SLICK SWIVEL-DUDES WHO KEPT A BOOK OF CLEAN PAPERS IN THEIR SADDLE-BAGS AND JOTTED DOWN SPECIAL THINGS AND FIXED THEM WITH THE MONTH AND YEAR. COURSE, IT'D TAKE A MIGHTY THICK BOOK TO WRITE DOWN -- AH PUT THE MEAT TO WUNA, AN INDIAN SQUAW TODAY -- OR -- AH GOT THIS SPANISH TRINKET IN THE HAY AND SHOWED HER WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE RAMMED BY A COWBOY. OR -- AH THRUST MY STUD-POLE INTO THAT LITTLE MEXICAN PEPPER POT TODAY AND SHE TURNED INTO A JUMPING-BEAN. BUT -- WHAT A BOOK!



AH'LL JUST HAVE TO RECALL THE HOTTEST LITTLE TRINKETS THAT GOT A TASTE-- AND A DOSE-- OF THIS BIG SAUSAGE AH'VE GOT, AND TALLY UP THEIR OWN, SPECIAL BRAND OF POISON. AH SAY POISON, FOR THATS WHAT IT IS. DANG SWANG! IT GETS INTO YOUR BLOOD, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE SIGHT AND SCENT OF IT IS MIXED WITH A COUPLE SWIGS OF ROT GUT. SO THE FIRST ONE THAT JUMPS OUT OF MY MIND WHILE AT MY HOLD UP AT THE POST WAS A DARK LITTLE FART FROM ALBUQUERQUE WHOSE HANDLE WAS CHITTA DE MORES-- OR-- THATS WHAT SHE LIKED TO CALL HERSELF. THE POST WAS MADE UP OF SO MANY OUTLANS AND BANDITOS RUNNING FROM THE LAW FOLKS WEREN'T TOO FOND OF GIVING OUT THEIR BIBLE NAMES.

NOW THIS PINT-SIZED PETER MACHINE WAS SO HOT MY TEASING-POLE SMOKED, AND SPARKS FLEW OUT MY RUMP HOLE LIKE THE FIRING OF ONE OF THEM CONFEDERATE CANNONS. MY GOURDS ACHE TO THIS DAY WHEN AH CONJURE HER UP IN MY MIND.



SYBIL WAS A BIG YELLOW-HEADED SWEDE. HER PA HAILED FROM AMSTERDAM AND HE SET UP ONE OF THEM FANCY BROTHELS IN THE BOWERY, WITH SYBIL ONE OF THE GIRLS. AH DIDN'T TAKE TO HER COARSE MANNERS MUCH, BUT AH DIDN'T CUT A SHEET WITH HER TO HEAR HER BELLY ACHES. SHE WAS SO BIG IT WAS LIKE RAMMING A MARE. HER HOLDING OUT POWERS BUSH-WACKED ME A MANY A TIME, CAUSE AH'D SHOOT MY HOT SAP BEFORE SHE EVEN GOT STARTED, BUT SHE WOULD DO THINGS TO A COWPOKES FRAME THAT MADE HIM THINK HE HAD DIED AND GONE TO PEARLY GATES, THINGS LIKE GIVING YOU A SCRUB DOWN WITH HER TONGUE, AND PRESSING HER HUGE PAIR OF MELONS AGAINST YOUR MEAT-POLE, OR LETTING YOU RAM IT TO HER TAIL-GATE. SHE KNEW ALL THEM LITTLE TOUCHY SPOTS ON A MAN'S POLE AND GOURDS THAT MADE YOU LEAP OFF THE SACK A FOOT WHEN SHE LOLLED THEM WITH HER WET TONGUE, AND SHE WAS NICKEL-PLATED WHEN IT CAME TO PRIMING YOUR ROD LIKE ONE OF THEM OLE RUSTY WATER PUMPS. SYBIL WAS BIG HEARTED IN HER GIVING, THINKING ONLY OF THE HOMBRE WHO HUMPED HER AT THE TIME, AND NEVER THINKING ABOUT HERSELF. THERE AIN'T MANY FOLKS LIKE THAT.



POM'PON WAS A PINT-SIZED HELL CAT FROM PARIS. SHE CAME TO THE OUTLAW TERRITORY WITH HER HORSE-FACED AUNT, ONE OF THE FOPPISH OF ALL MADAMES. AND AH SAW MY BELLY FULL OF BIG-BUSTED MADAMES DURING THE WAR IN YANKEE LAND. POM'PON WAS CATERED TO HAND AND FOOT, A REGULAR SPIT-FIRE. AND SHE CARRIED A LITTLE BIT OF THAT HELL WITH HER TO THE SACK. RAMMING HER WAS LIKE MAKING SOPPY LOVE WITH AN APE. YOU DIDN'T QUIT PUMPING HER WHEN YOU GOT ENOUGH. YOU QUIT WHEN SHE WANTED TO QUIT. BUT SHE SMELLED LIKE MORNING DEW IN HEAVEN, SO YOU DIDN'T MIND A SNORT DOING WHAT SHE LIKED THE BEST-- TONGUING THAT SOFT LITTLE CRACK OF HERS AND SUCKING THAT LITTLE NOODLE INTO YOUR MOUTH.

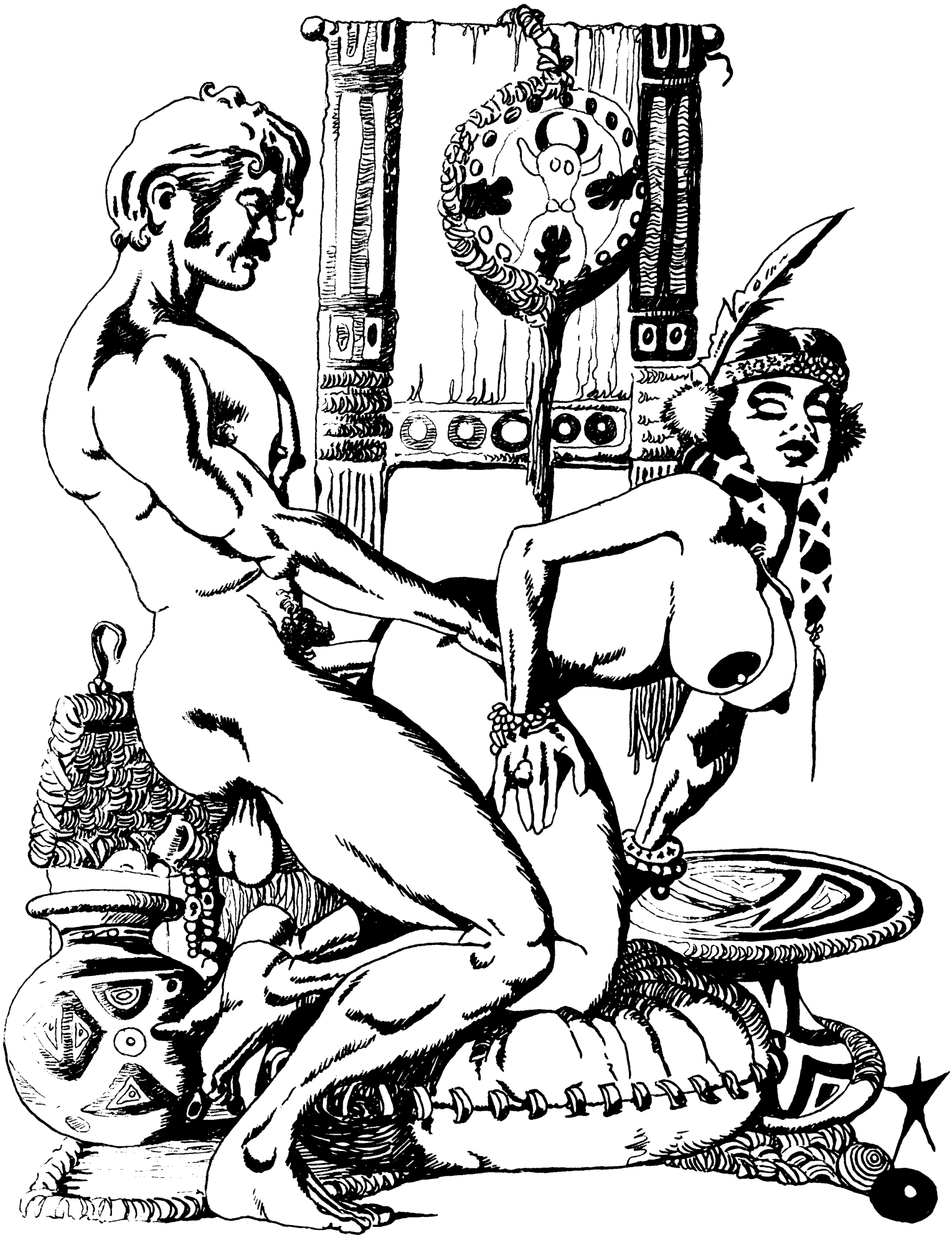


LING LEE WAS FROM CHINATOWN IN CALIFORNIA, FOLLOWING A COVEY OF FALLEN DOVES WHO BECAME CAMP FOLLOWERS RIGHT AFTER THE CIVIL WAR. AS WHITE AS COW'S MILK, WITH HAIR AS BLACK AS DAKOTA COAL, SHE WAS AS FRAGILE AS A BUTTERFLY. AS ONE RANCH-HAND HAD COMMENTED AFTER HE SPLIT A SHEET WITH HER: "SHE'S TOO CLEAN AND FRESHLY WASHED FOR A GOAT SMELLING WISACA TO PUT HIS LICE CRAWLING POLE IN. YOU HAFTA EAT THAT!"

AND EAT IT AH DID, THOUGH AH FAVORED PUTTING MY OTHER END INTO HER STEAD OF MY TONGUE. BUT, DANG SWANG! AH AIN'T NO MUFF-DIVER BY A LONG SHOT, BUT LING LEE WAS THE SORT OF FILLY YOU COULDN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO UNLESS YOU ATE IT LIKE BOGGY-TOP PIE.



WAMPUM TAIL WAS AN OGLALA SIOUX. HER FATHER WAS THE "LATER TO BE" FAMOUS SPOTTED EAGLE. AFTER THE PEACE COUNCIL ON THE ARKANSAS RIVER, SHE HAD MIGRATED EAST WITH NOMADIC TRIBES AND, LIKING THE POST AND WHAT IT OFFERED, SHE REMAINED TO SELL HER SPICEY LITTLE WARES TO SOLDIERS AND COWPOKES LIKE ME. HER NAME FIT HER OCCUPATION AND, AFTER YOU'D HAD YOUR FILL OF HER, YOU HONORED THAT PROFESSION BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE LITTLE WOODEN BOX PLACED NEAR HER WICKEY-UP. AT THE POST SHE WAS A FAWN. IN THE SACK SHE WAS A WILD CAT. AH DONT RIGHTLY KNOW WHAT SHE DID TO THAT SPUIT OF HERS THAT KEPT IT SO TIGHT, MAYBE SOME INDIAN SECRET THE SIOUX USED IN TANNING HIDES. BUT ALONG WITH HER WAMPUM BOX WAS ALWAYS A CLAY POT OF BEAR GREASE -- FOR HER CUSTOMERS WHO REALLY HAD BIG'UNS! SO AH ALWAYS SLAPPED A HAND FULL OF THAT STINKING STUFF ON MY BEAUTIFUL BREED-POVE FORE AH CRANED IN BETWEEN HER THIGHS. ONCE YOU GOT IT IN, IT WAS SLUSH AND SLOP THE REST OF THE WAY TO COWPOKE GLORY.



SOMETIMES, ON RARE OCCASIONS WHEN AH HAD GONE WITHOUT MY KICKS FOR TWO WHOLE DAYS OR MORE, JUST ONE HAIRY SUIT DIDN'T SEEM ENOUGH MEAT FOR MY HUNGRY POOE, AND AH'D TAKE ON A COUPLE OF FILLIES AT ONE TIME. THIS WAS SOMETHING DIFFY FOR THE TIMES AND PLACE CAUSE NO FEMALE, EVEN WHORES, CATERED TO THE IDEA OF GETTING BUCK-ASS NAKED IN FRONT OF EACH OTHER. BUT ONCE COAXED, THEY WENT OVER MY ANXIOUS FRAME LIKE AN OIL FIRE. AH COULD REALLY DILLY-DALLY WITH ONE FILLY SWINGING ON MY POOE LIKE A CALF SLOBBERING ON ITS MA'S UTTER, AND ME WITH MY TONGUE GOING IN AND OUT OF ANOTHER FILLY'S SLIT, AND NAKED ARMS AND LEGS TWITCHING LIKE A BED OF STARTLED SNAKES. THIS KIND OF GOINGS ON MADE FOR A REAL WHOOP-DE-DO PARTY THAT LASTED TILL THE COAL OIL HAD BURNED OUT IN THE LAMPS.



WITH NO SIGNS OF CATTLE DRIVES FOR MARKET, AND AH JUST SAT ON MY HOCKS PLAYING POKER IN THE RAMROD SALOON, AND FILLIES SWARMING LIKE FLIES ON A COW-CHIP. AH GOT TO THE HORNY STAGE WHERE THE MORE SLIT AH GOT THE HARDER AH WAS TO PLEASE. AH'D GUGGLE A FEW DRAMS OF TONSIL VARNISH, CUT ONE OUT OF THE HERD THAT SUITED MY FANCY AT THE MOMENT AND WE'D CUT A SHEET. THEN, HALF-BOOZED, THERE WOULD BE TWO IN THE SACK, THEN THREE, AND FINALLY ONE FROM EVERY NATION -- EACH WITH HER OWN BAG OF TRICKS.



INSIDE BACK COVER

FINALLY, ME AND MY SIDE-KICK WOULD RUN HERD ON A PASSEL OF THEM BUTT-SWAYING LADIES OF THE NIGHT AND WE'D THROW A CALF BRANDING PARTY. EVERYBODY NAKED-- EVERYBODY HOT FOR HUMP-MEAT AND PLUM-DUFF PIE... EVERYBODY ON FIRE WITH THEIR BELLY'S FLUSHED WITH ROT-GUT AND ANXIOUS TO SHOOT THEIR SAP. THESE KIND OF FESTIVALS WERE TRUE-BLUE FUCKAROOS, THE WILDEST GOINGS-ON AT THE POST OR ANYWHERE WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI FOR THAT MATTER. BUT SUCH ANIMAL GOINGS-ON JUST COULON'T LAST-- TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. BESIDES, AH WAS KILLING MYSELF, AND IT WAS ALL MY BREEDING POLE'S FAULT. THAT FUCKER JUST COULON'T GET HIS BELLY FULL OF FUCKING!

INSIDE BACK COVER



WORK SAVED US BOTH IN TIME. DEAD WINTER WAS COMING ON, AND THE BIG BOYS WANTED TO GET THE DESERT-WHALES (CATTLE) TO MARKET FORE SNOW AND ICE BARRED THE LONG COLD DRIVE TO PLACES UNKNOWN.

LEAVING THE POST WAS A SAD THING TO MY HEART, AND MY RAMMING POLE TOO. WE'D BOTH MISS IT, THE FROLICS, THE DRINKING, AND GAMBLING AND THE FLOOZIES. WE'D SURE MISS THE WOMEN, BUT MY BREED-POLE MORE THAN ME. HE LOVED EM!

EVERY BODY SAID ADIOS TO EVERY BODY ELSE, AND AS AH WAVED AT EACH FILLY IN TURN MY MIND WOULD CONJURE UP HOW SHE LOOKED NAKED BY LAMPLIGHT, AND WHAT SHE WAS LIKE IN THE SACK.

AND ALL OF THEM KNEW SOMEHOW -- THAT AH'D BE BACK.

INSIDE BACK COVER-ART

