



Sniffing out stories...



"Amused by the News"
George Douglas Lee, Writer & Editor

INSIDE TODAY



Editor:

George Douglas Lee actually uses notes before typing. One man's steak is another man's tripe. George Douglas Lee is writer, editor and designer of the Galvatraz Daily Noise.

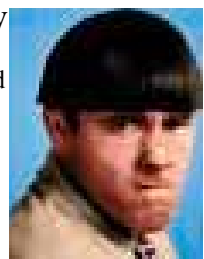
PFFT!

Part-time semi-permanent correspondent Cassanova Bignight follows the money, trying to make cents of the budget.



My Way

Daily Noise Publisher and Czar Duff Tuffington questions business failures downtown



Weather



Groucho Vlasic
Weather Guru

Forecast:
**HAPPY
NEW YEAR!**
It's a
crapshoot,
folks!

Try Zoloft with
guava nectar
for Tropical
Depressions

BIZ BUST
Looking for a job?
Try Houston.

Is something better than nothing? A plan, more or less

BY DUFF TUFFINGTON, Daily Noise Czar

Downtown isn't dead, but it's certainly decomposing. It seems like a business closes every week. City Council needs to address this serious issue without thinking, before it's a dead issue.

What can city council do? Beats me. I'm not sure what they do anyway. They have a revitalization Plan before them, presented by former mayor "Babs" Crusier and Lester Summercamp on behalf of the Galvatraz Historical Strand Seaport Downtown Feel Good Bunch for the Enhancement of Local Business and Parking Meter Survival League. (I'm sure glad they don't charge by the word).

What is their plan? They want to spruce up Harborside Drive, particularly the area around Pier 21.

What will that do? It will be pleasant for tourists to drive through on their way to the beach. Cruise ship passengers can admire it while they're waiting for their ship to come in, just like Galvatraz, after they've been to TargaMart for travel shampoo, sunscreen and disposable cameras.

The GHSSDFGBFTELBPMSL unveiled their scheme a few weeks ago. It's got the backing of those who made it up, and the Galvatraz Chamber of Comedy.

I dunno. It's not much of a Plan, and it will cost \$20 gazillion bucks. It's the only one we have, but does that mean council should just take it and run with it? We better do something before downtown becomes skid row again, and



Downtown Galvatraz on a Friday

this paper is reduced to the size of a post-it.

My beef, and the meat of the martyr is: there's no other plan. Council doesn't get to choose this versus that, or that versus this, it's this versus nothing else. Is that better than nothing, or is it something to consider even though it's nothing, or not at all? Nothing from nothing leaves nothing, if you get my drift, and I am definitely drifting.

The group with the name too long to say asked city council for three things:

They want council to swallow their deal hook, line and stinker.

They want 20 gazillion bucks.

They want the power to spend the 20 gazillion bucks as they

please.

That's enough to revitalize the Titanic plus the Spanish Armada.

Before spending taxpayer bucks on umbrellas, picnic tables, street lamps and bike trails, maybe we should take a look at why businesses are going under. Is it possible that customers don't want what they're selling? Is it possible they're way overpriced? Maybe they just don't know what they're doing.

I propose a simple test for anyone who wants to open a business downtown: Ask them if they'd like to open a juice bar. If they say yes, we buy them a ticket to San Francisco. Otherwise, maybe they have a chance. If we start encouraging entrepreneurs that have a saleable product and know how to run a business, we'll have a downtown that survives and save a gazillion bucks on trendy foo foo. And maybe we get a public restroom out of the deal.



Mayor Go Joe
wants tiny
budget cuts

Mayor Go Joe referred to these suggestions as "bummers" and "draconian, dude".

Feinberg also suggested that all houses without historically correct windows be managed by the Galvatraz Hosing Empire and be re-located to La Marque, since no one is using that city.

He continued to prod the Mayor to remove his taxpayer funded tanning booth from city hall and forego his hair and nail expense account. Feinberg was unavailable for further comment regarding his latest plan to declare all residents east of 61st street to be 21, so everyone can patronize all Galvatraz businesses and swell the sales tax rolls. He had to leave to check decibel levels at the Spot.

Feinberg continues budget crackdown

BY CASSANOVA BIGNIGHT

In efforts to balance the city budget, District 5 Councilman Irving Feinberg stated he would not vote on anything that costs money. Citing low sales tax, Hotel/Motel tax, traffic tickets, parking, drive-way fees, sea weed, sand and crab tax revenues, and rising costs of lunch for city officials, expense accounts, the mayor's hair and make-up, No Doz for the Fire Dept. and an exorbitant jelly donut

allowance for the Police.

"It don't add up. I'm going to take a tough stand," groused Feinberg as he sat down.

"We've got to get these numbers under control so we can fix the infrastructure and repaint my reserved parking space."

Feinberg, a former city councilman, has always "had a passion" for budget cutting, spending reductions and cheese blintzes.

Earlier, Feinberg had recommended measures to save city funds, i.e. an all volunteer city staff; an underwear dress code and open window policy to save on utility bills; candlelit council meetings; paving streets with oyster shells; and eliminating expense accounts by providing ramen noodle soup and requiring any trips over the causeway to be conducted on gotomeeting.com



THE DAILY NOISE

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Spiritual Chaos Erupts at Seance

 BY LORRENDOUS ELDERBERRY, Daily Noise Biz Bust Distorter

Ply Wood

Ply Wood and co-owner Kimmie Woodn't of the Witchy Watchery got more than they bargained for at their Dickens Victorian seance. Wood reported a freakish and sobering event during a seance hosted by their occult bookstore and novelty emporium, the Witchy Watchery, when a psychic experienced lapses in synapses and an onlooker was goosed by a ghost sometime next week, according to psychic friends who were not there but knew about it.

"It was sobering," said Ply Wood, pale and trembling following the ghostly occurrence. "In fact, I was sober for nearly three hours."

The Witchy Watchery hosts Victorian style seances during Dickens on the Strand every year for the past year, according to psychics. There are two each day of the event, followed by a puppet show featuring Mayor Go Jo Imyurbudski, committee organizer Betsy Massengil and Mayor Pretend Dr. Lucinda Cobalt. The three entertain guests with somnambulistic mutterings and clever shadow mime.

Both seances were well attended and most of the guests appeared to be living. It was

during the second, late evening seance that a series of strange, unexplained psychic phenomena occurred, much like the police department.

At 8 p.m. sharp, the massive doors leading to the Witchy Watchery's chamber of spirits were closed and locked from the outside as the antique genuine simulated replica of London's Big Ben chimed the hour.

Thirteen guests were seated around a thirteen foot table lit by thirteen candles made



Kimmie Woodn't

from sacrificial goat fat and Transylvanian menudo.

"It was sobering," slurred Wood. "In fact, I was sober for nearly an hour."

The medium, Alistair Swakhammer, great grandson of infamous occultist and ginsu knife psychic, Alistair Crowley, rose up through the floor as an eerie mist shouded the room. Swakhammer, of Swakhammer, Dimsdale and Wunderlich, psychic friends and spiritual pest control, began the solemn event by attempting to summon an economy for the island, reminiscent of the Victorian era prosperity that Galvatz enjoyed prior to 1900. The only

item of interest to appear was an eviction notice from a FEMA trailer that had been stuffed under one of the table legs to keep it from wobbling during the



Katrina Dewdrop

seance.

Swakhammer was unable to conjure anything resembling an economy, as some things are too dead even to appear at a seance.

As Swakhammer chanted the very authentic sounding jibberish "honors flysis incombs beesis", several guests were startled by otherworldly vibrations. It was not the spiritworld, it was local massage therapist Georgina Doumbek's cell phone. Other guests reported tingling sensations in their legs and the sensation of being groped, but neither the Obama or former Judge Lent were there.

Among the guests was local found furntiture legend Katrina historically accurate Victorian sports bra and matching poodle skirt. She wore a tiara she crafted herself from sea beans, crab claws and mullet scales. Miss Dewdrop generously donated the enormous seance

table, which she constructed from deck timbers washed ashore from a sunken Victorian era seagoing kayak.

In fact, it was Miss Dewdrop who first noticed the suspicious signs of trouble at the seance. As Mr. Swakhammer the medium chanted "Nimbus Agnosticus Lasom Badar" to summon some sense of puirpose or identity for Galvatz in the spirit world, Dewdrop noticed assistant medium and psychic talk buddy Eugenia Clapsaddle swaying in her chair as if delirious. Dewdrop supernaturally assumed that Ms. Clapsaddle was possessed or telepathically communicating with the spirit of some otherworldly force. But in fact, she was in the throes of a very real and earthbound wedge.

An audible gasp was ignored, as Ms. Clapsaddle sank back in her armchair and slid onto the floor. Several attendees said they noticed a luminous cloud hovering above the unconscious woman.

"It looked like Jabba the Hut," said Dewdrop. Others thought it resembled a large floating yam. Still another claimed it bore the likeness of former council-



Yam shaped gas cloud

member Taurus the Bull Woodtick, although oddly was silent.

"I was afraid of a lawsuit," said one spectator. It was later determined that the spectral yam shaped mist was merely a cloud of harmless gas still lingering

Bar.

"A good coffee shop is a good place for good ideas," said Daily Noise editor Peeper Trailer, who has no psychic friends.

Owner Ply Wood was summoned from napping in a dark corner, and he immediately called PMS who sent a pair of medics to treat the prostate Ms. Clapsaddle. Wood quickly strapped on his bagpipes and began playing an ancient Celtic melody that is said to ward off evil spirits and disperse gaseous emissions. The screaming also aroused several feral cats and sent hundreds of small rodents scurrying down Post Office street in the direction of Brainworks.

After some difficulty with removing her recalcitrant hoopskirt and voluminous petticoats, Ms. Clapsaddle was gently carried outside to the Little Miss Cupcake emergency vehicle waiting at the curb, and taken to the emergency room of U (the medical center formerly known as UTMB, where health pays) for observation and a wedgectomy (a revolutionary treatment for an embedded thong). She was pronounced in stable condition with second degree chafing.

Shaken spectators gathered at the ODD coffee shop and discussed the traumatic event over complimentary high fiber spinach bars and soymilk.

Wood said in the furutre, he would hire pat down experts and security grope personnel from the TEA to thoroughly investigate the underwear of seance patrons before conducting any further seances.

"It was a sobering experience," he said. "I may never be sober again."



BY PEEPER TRAILER, Daily Noise Editor

The Fishing Report from Captain Kneemo

The Creel Deal by Robert Strelvel aka Carpe Diem



John "Swiftly" Kerry herding on porpoise

The annual run of porpoises from the Gulf up the ship channel to the Buffalo Bayou and Trinity River winter breeding grounds has begun, and those lucky anglers who got porpoise tags in the lottery are in hot pursuit. It is quite a sight to watch the converted Viet Nam Swift Boats rigged with prow platforms allowing the sportsman plenty of room to fire the harpoon guns accurately. A reader swears John Kerry was at the helm of one of the Swift Boats.

Look for Porpoise Po Boys to show up soon on island menus. Those wishing to have their porpoise mounted for display on their office or den wall can't do better than using H. Melville's Taxidermy located in downtown Vidor.

Now for other area fishing news of interest: Rumor has it that Clarence Sparrow, the Tennessee Titan of Torts, has compelled bay area refineries to stop dumping toxic benzene into the bay waters. This is bad news for redfish enthusiasts since these fish are naturally white, and their vermilion color is due to chronic benzene exposure. But a source at the plants believes this is temporary. The refineries will soon resume spilling waste chemicals which should return the fish to a beautiful candy apple red.

On site reports from Lake Madelaine bait camps indicate that the layer of foam on the lake's surface seems to be breaking up, and residents may yet enjoy a dazzling algae bloom this Spring.

Rumors that a fourth sand bar had been created as a result of the latest multimillion dollar sand nourishment

project were disproved by Billy Ray Rightguard who was rewarding his mowing crews with a day of surf fishing in front of the Zircon Beach Resort. After 6 cases of Lone Star they decided to use the empty beer cans as flotation devices and bounced into the surf in search of the fourth sand bar. The five who made it back to shore confirmed it didn't exist.

There was quite a stir at Moody Gardens on Wednesday when Johnny Camerones hooked a 12 foot hammerhead shark in 3 feet of water off the white sand beach. All efforts to keep the catch out of the news failed.



"Skipper" Carpe Diem
The Creel Deal

Fishing legend Captain Carpe Diem has announced the inauguration of night fishing excursions up the canals of the West Bay communities of Blackbeard's Cove, Portuguese Grant and Kon Tiki Island. His fleet of 17-foot pontoon boats will each carry up to 6 anglers. Beer and boom boxes are included. Limits guaranteed as Carpe's experienced guides know where the best homeowner underwater lights are located.

Consulting firms report that the harvest of sand dollars on Galveston Island seems endless.

There is no offshore fishing to report as the deep water party boats remain in port while they are fitted with 50 caliber machine guns. Last month's attack by Somalian pirates still has nerves rattled.

Well that's it for this month's "Creel Deal", the Galveston area fishing report brought to you by Captain Kneemo.

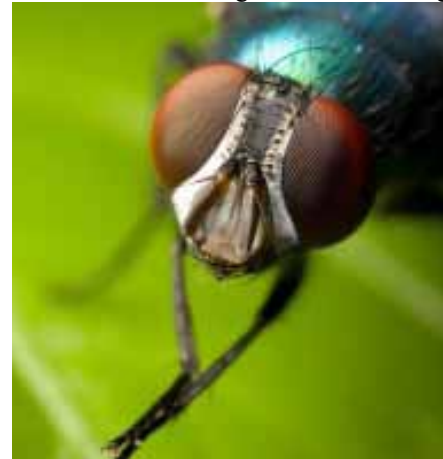
Next month we'll tag along with the Galveston City Council as they go on a joint bay excursion with La Marque's Mayor Sam, the La Marque City Manager, Quantum X and the Texas Rangers.

Until then, keep your waders on.

I'm a Texan. I like Texas history. Especially the homespun stories and the tall tales. I wear a Tony Llama bow tie.

I was at the ODD coffee house and high fiber eggplant shop last week. I was reading a book. Coffee shops are good places to read. Good places to think. Good places for coffee.

I was reading about Prince Frederick Schwinghammer of Prussia. He was a German immigrant who settled in the Hill Country and created some of Texas' finest sausage. Some is on display in the Flatonia Sausage Museum. Jurassic Pork. He smoked sausage for years, then switched to cigars. Fredricksburg



"Old Tom" Historical Housefly

is named after him. So is the Fat Freddy little sizzler.

As I was reading the long article on a short piece of paper, a fly landed and crawled across the page. I was amused by how the fly seemed to read a sentence or two, then buzz to the edge of my coffee mug and defecate. I recalled a heartwarming story from the early days of the Texas Republic, when Prince Frederick was a member of the fledgling state legislature. Giants of history like Sam Houson were in that organization. We know he's a giant because of the enormous white elephant of a statue of him that scares motorists on their way to Huntsville.

It seems that there was an emergency in the new government. It required a vote. It required Prince Frederick's signature to break what had become a deadlock. Just as Prince Frederick was about to sign his name and cast the tie vote that would determine Texas Statehood, he passed

out.

Not many people know that Prince Frederick had a pet housefly named Old Tom. Most flies don't live more than a few days, but Old Tom had kept the doddering Prince company for over twelve years. Some say the fly was the only thing he loved after his wife, Olga, left him for another man who promised to make bigger and better sausages.

Old Tom was at that historic meeting. As Fredrick sat, slumped in his chair, Old Tom tried to wake him by crawling on his nose, his cheek and doing what flies do to annoy people. A junior congressman, not familiar with Frederick's fly, attempted to swat Old Tom, nearly changing Texas history forever.

Though arthritic, with gouty wings, Old Tom brushed past the rolled up copy of Texas' oldest newspaper and landed on the historic statehood document about to be signed. With the grace of a ballerina, Old Tom dipped his back legs in an inkwell, then carefully walked over the document, and signed Frederick's signature with his back legs, without so much as a wiggle or a smear. Thus, a critical moment in Texas history was saved - by a housefly. That's the buzz.

Coffee shops are good places to read about flies.

"Genius is a term mistakenly applied to a master of vagueness." B. Wilder



Peeper likes folksy stories
Daily Noise Editor



Prince Frederick of Prussia founder of Fredricksburg, Frederick's of Hollywood and Hair Club for Men

News Briefs



BIZ BUST: OASIS JUICE BAR REOPENS-



Kathleen Diesel
Yogini

for Galvtraz.

Previous Oasis proprietor Peggy Sue Barkalounger left the business because she "lost her passion" for the restaurant business to pursue other interests. Barkalounger is considering a career

in blogging on Inyourfacebook, or perhaps in home remodeling as a stud finder.

Diesel, a yoga instructor known as yogini, is an expert on physical and spiritual health, helping clients to maintain healthy chakras and achieve a Zen like state of consciousness, essential in Galvtraz.

Yogini Diesel plans to expand the Juice Bar to include health supplements and organic food, similar to GNC, but without toxic acronyms. She is considering adding a drive-thru organic chiropractic window to untangle amateur yoga clients who became



Yoga Victim

"It's better than Happy Buddah", said local chakra enthusiast Molly Boysenberry. "And they'll have yummy things that are good for you like soy root pulp extract with sea salt. Mmm!"

Kathleeni Diesel, local yogini, former activist and proprietor of the The Yoga Heaven Hot Rock and Torture Therapy Zen Nest, is reopening the often dormant Oasis Juiceless Juice Bar after the 37th owner in one year, a record even



Former Oasis Bar owner Peggy Sue Barkalounger

stuck in impossible and embarrassing positions. The old Juice Bar is being telepathically enhanced and should be open by mid-January according to psychic friends.

ISLAND MUSIC UNDER MANAGEMENT



Bubba Doolittle
cogitates

"Bubba" Doolittle confirmed the substantiated rumor when he arrived on Wednesday to open on Monday.

"Yep, boy howdy, we're now open for business or whatever, six days a week," c a c k l e d Doolittle. "If I'm not here, go ahead and start without me. I'll catch up with ya'. Just shove five bucks under the door."

Doolittle, a BOI, BFD and SOL, is proud to be the only Ball High graduate (after only 4 years as a senior) to own a music store.

"You gotta be pretty dumb to open a music store anywhere", he said. "But only an idiot would open one in Galvzatrax!" Island Music and Chicken Emporium offers a wide selection of limited items, including some musical instruments, a Moroccan gourd once smoked by Willie Nelson and two coconuts. IMCE also features chicken coops, chicken parts and chicken feed.

** Correction: This article was already in process before the editor noticed that the words "under management" should read "under managed". The Daily Noise deeply regrets the error and apologizes if this false information damaged Island Music's sterling reputation for a total lack of management, oversight or anything resembling efficient business practices. G.D.L.*



Bubba Doolittle in chicken suit measures customer's decibels

GHF FUNDRAISER - In conjunction with Artist Bloat, Galvtraz Historical Friends will hold a fundraising event on Saturday and Sunday from 10 - 4 pm, benefitting GHF's friends and relatives hiring program and Artist Bloat's annual seaweed cookoff to promote vegetarianism



Eco Art and save the Vegetarian sustainableworld. The shows kayak safety event, called Paint pal

Partners will have participants competing to see who can finish painting GHF properties and Artist Bloat kayaks first, using soy based lead-free paint in historically approved colors. Admission is \$10 for adults, \$25 for children. Contestant fee is \$50. Please bring a canned ham or other canned goods to donate to the city's lunchtime austerity drive. Prizes will be awarded, including



Gail Borden meat biscuit replica

autographed simulated oil paintings of GHF board members and Artist Bloat sustainable eco-art coordinators. The winner will receive a framed, autographed picture of "Wrong Way" Corrigan and the Gail Borden Meat Biscuit.

Do You Have Talent?



One day, this man, with very neat handwriting, auditioned for Electric Theatre. He neatly played bass noise on original songs

**He now owns a Bentley.
Bass Player needed for
Electric Theatre Band!
Call George Lee
409-370-7350**



Holiday Briefs

GISD HOSTS HAPPY HOLIDAY DIVERSITY DEBATE - Galvtraz Illiterate School Dilemma will host a special event and fundraiser "Holiday Crosstalk:



Michael A. Cidic
Daily Noise
Curmudgeon

Diversity Diatribes" at the Ball High School Cafeteria on Saturday, December 19 at 7 p.m. Irritable Daily Noise editor Michael A. Cidic will attack the "specious arguments" presented by GISD board member and Greek economics professor Normal Cous

Cous. Cous Cous has proposed litigation by GISD against the Galvtraz Hosing Empire's latest plan to rebuild 569 (magic immovable number) units on the island. Mr. A. Cidic will argue that Cous Cous' manifesto "weighs too much" and that relocating "poor Normal Cous Cous people" to the moon is GISD Bored and costlier than educating Greeconomics Professor



them. Admission is free for only \$10 dollars, includes earplugs, weapons and assorted pies for use in the climactic food fight. Proceeds will be used to provide generous benefits for GISD administrators and self-defense training for teachers.

BOB'S GROCERY SQUEEZES

YOGINI - Yogini Kathleen Diesel plans to open a health food convenience store downtown met with resistance from long-time grocery store and bank owner Bob Fairless. Fairless suggested Diesel consider another location less prone to accidents, following a series of mysterious incidents at Diesel's slightly charred store.