

ROCK BARS WORLD VIOLENCE

25¢

Celebrate National Week

Vol. 9 No. 6

COME SEE STUFFY
 ROCK at the Lawrence
 town Dept. of EALPH
 PORTER MOVIES. He
 can take care of your
 or other change in any
 later job. He has over 10
 years experience in the
 business. Call ST-2124



CITY MOON

Many Caught In Sexual Atrocities



As He Found How to
 Make Better Than
 Prisoner Man He can
 be Cut Back of Stone
 and to Make Bricks of
 Clay in Bulk of Stone
 Permanent Form of

With a stroke of Scripto in the National Chapel, the Rock has signed the bottom line to hated violence, the bane of American existence these last ten years. We won't see the afro-comb horrors any longer. Joy is national now, finally. Telephone calls free now. Americans talk to one another, the lines humming across the wide continent. Muncie is talking to Loma Linda. America has connected good and the juice is coursing over the great Divide. There are those who carp, who CRITICIZE the president, even from the blue rayon carpets of the Senate, and only recently had a senator been bled like a sheep in its aisles. Weapons are reported piling up in mountains the size of a 5 story building near police garages, city playgrounds.

Serving As We Would Be Served.

LAMB
MORTUARY
 "EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOW."



WELCOME
 STRANGER

WRIGHT AEROPLANIST. HURT.
 Wilbur Wrights selected Colby for his aeroplane experiments, and now he is hurt, and will probably sue this city, and has shown himself irrational. He was painfully scalded on the chest and arms yesterday as a result of the bursting of a water tube while he was testing the mechanism of his aeroplane. The boiling water scalded Wright who fainted in pain. He recovered and walked to the hotel, undamaged.

MOON EXTRA LATE BULLETIN: A SHARD, TWISTING THROUGH AIR, OF WHAT WAS UNTIL LATELY OUR MOON, SCOOPED A TRENCH THROUGH THE DAKOTAS, WYOMING, UTAH, CALIFORNIA -- WEST, AND EAST -- RIPPED TO BOSTON, EATING EVERY CITY IN ITS PATH WITHOUT REALIZING ITS APPETITE. A MINISTER IN ALABAMA SAID VIA RADIO, TO OUR SOUTHERN OFFICE THAT GOD WAS SURELY DAID TO LET IT HAPPEN.

A New Era

Joy for now. The kill orders have ceased, the last rattling machine gun fire sounds no louder than a baby toy when it surfaces in our memories. Bottles breaking in bars and mad dogs bumping and snarling at you in broken blind alleyways: this is gone. It is uneasy. Quiet. Peace has wrapped the earth in gauze, and the dripping ball of blood that the earth had become is suddenly a quiet golden round marble of meat again, a happy orb sailing hasty as ever, thousands of miles per hour, until time stops. Underneath the gauze, the surgeon knows, the workings of metabolizing and restoration twin, the skin closes quietly over the liquid flesh. Finally the hurricanes and apocalypses have ceased.

EDITORIAL

And a joy has broken loose here that sends the moon to quaking laughter fits when she laughs at all our works.

A minister that dances with a young blind girl down a church aisle in Salt Lake City.

People sunning themselves by the millions along the National Trench.

"Man in the Moon heard the far fellow. 'Oho, 'quoth he, 'the old earth is frolicsome tonight!'"
 City Moon 351 Lawrence, Ks. 66044 Thanks to \$ support, Cottonwood Review.

Eat at Mexico Lindo Cafe next time in the neighborhood. How often do you tell all your friends that you ate at a place, JUMBO FRIES special

BED BUGS IN MUNCIE NOW
 Why would two bed bugs attract wondering crowds to see them go through a set performance?

Victor Shumann, bug trainer, says he is an "insect trainer." No dispute. He taught the two bugs who are making Muncieites shriek with delight this week, as they watch the critters break hickory nuts with a miniature trip hammer. The bugs operate inside a model -- and the model operates inside the structure it imitates, the Naismith Hammer Works of Muncie. The tiny hammer imitation of the bigger Naismith original was beaten from gold. The framework of the replica is silver, the chains and gears, platinum. The original weighs 400,000.

Wanted: Dead Animals.
 We had what's dead. State trucks service. Call toll free 277.

FOOD CO.
 --R. M. Ma. Ind.

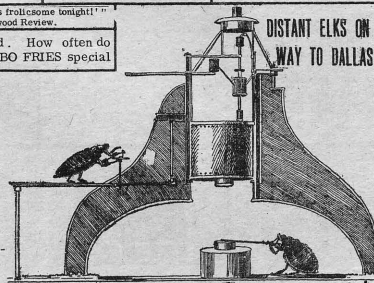
WANTED: Worn out chest type deep freeze for dog house, \$5

Strange Woman Captured
 The wildwoman has been captured in Elderville. Prior to capture, she had seemed capable of being in 5 or more places at once, was very sly and would only show herself to children or to single people, always at a distance, but in a threatening manner to scare. Her delight, as she crossed great distances with a grotesque suddenness, was extreme, but grim. It finally got to a point where negroes would not work in a field unattended and school children were afraid to go to school. The country schools operate now for one reason--the farmers--and they must send their toughest sons out to run down the wildwoman. This was mandated and so the farmers aligned themselves, outfitted with Smith and Wesson shotguns, and stalked the crazy woman of the fields.



UNCLE REMUS ALMOST DEAD

Joel Chandler Harris, the comic writer, beloved creator of Uncle Remus in the good early days of this now mournful century, is almost dead. He is locked in his house now for a month. Uncle Remus is in the early fifties and though he was forced to endure hardship in middle life (see photo) he has been rich in these last years, as editorial work was demanded of him. A recent magazine whose name was borrowed from the generous Joel, now publishes all the cartoons he can manage, as that is his new line of operation.





A DAY IN THE JUNGLE



NO ATOMIC CARS YET: BUCK ROGERS FAR OFF

Despite reports of atomic energy used in small quantities to power autos, Sen. Boruke Hicaloop said Saturday that such use of the atom's strength was only a Buck Rogers type hope not based the least in any lab development. He said, "Those men in the labs aren't thinking about cars--no--the only practical use for atomic power today and for a long time to come is making bombs. The American public shouldn't be so naive. They will wake up when their heads are all dead in their garages. They will wake up when gas nozzles are hung on walls like trophy antlers. There are no atomic cars. Get your heads out of the collective beach. No one is working on these type of cars. They are not interested in that in Maryland."

Rocky says there will be no more violence, and people trust this man. He says the Bible is right and we can put away childish things. He says it is childish to fight. He says to whip small children in a yard with a leather strap.

NEWS FROM THE COUNTRY PEOPLE

Well it's cloudie out side but the sun trying to break through. Maybe another nice day, truly beautiful as it was yesterday. Nice sunshine.

Don't believe in marriage: nothing new plenty all over the world now, getting more all the time. But there will be waking and mooring of teeth. Will the young father ever forgive this wicked work?

The young don't know how to put blisters on their hands. Seen where a treasure of the Kansas Academy of Science, 25,000 over a two year period. Stole it like a hog. But finally it came out on her. What did she gain by short changing the people, to gain riches? She maybe up in the Big Cross Bar and have a bad reputation the rest of her living days, which are few. Hope she learned a lesson. But the good friends throw it in her face. There won't be any friend for her she be talk about everywhere.

We washed today and I am tired, but will try to write a little. Dog and me are at home and have strong south wind. Also this afternoon the sewer men sure bisse putting in sewer pipe. We sure do need a new line. I hear the big turtle dipping the dirt out now all over town it looks like a jige puzzle to me.

Well we had a freeze last night but it's clear now and sunshine.

Well James back from town hope he bring some letters and pappers.

Well thanks to Richard Telar for gitting the stove good and warm. Had to it keep the traler warm. Just called my daughter to tell her about it.

Heard one of my sons have the Hong Cong Flu. I sure do pity him. It takes along time to get over it.

Big Mama Manahan 30

At the Glasgow Pie Bowling Lanes on Louis Avenue shortly after 12, three white boys claim that they were rudely attacked by a male Jap and Chinese, Puerto Rican, Mexican, Italian, and Polish. A white girl with them.

Sitting in a bar, the multi-national gang entered accompanied by a white girl. The girl eyed one white. The four went to work on him and his friends, in the raucousness, hurting them. Chains were used on them.

This is sorrowful to report.

Do we grow by accretion, or by reduction? Is it as the Bible says, that we put away childish things, or do we continue to possess these selves inside selves s that disappear like continuing mirrors into nothing in the stark gray face of death that awaits each one of us, reader?

And yet, now, extraterrestrials circling this earth in flying saucers, and finding it lucious looking, its verdure, azure seas and white-capped mountains; but not its people--their way of life. They like America's buildings, industrial plants and rich farms. But the people were too "square", too "straight", too devoted to God. The way of life was not to their liking. And there was too much difference in the appearance of our people from their appearance. So, as they began swelling the populace, a new look became the vogue, an Egyptian look, with heavy paint around the eyes and puffed up hair dos. We became accustomed to their looks, the more elongated eyes and slightly different facial structure; and now that look is as common as our own, no longer disguised.

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The Strong Vigorous Man is Supreme



NUXATED IRON
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Liberal Supply Free

FAMOUS VIOLIN MAKER DEAD

Baron Karoly Tomasomawsky de Perenczy Imparts Valuable Information on Death Bed.

Baron K., widely known in Europe and in this country as a maker of violins and credited by experts with having rediscovered cremenez varnish, is dead at Far Rockaway from diabetes, from which he long suffered. He was forty-eight. He leaves a beautiful widow and a blind daughter. To the daughter, a violin maker of skill, he gave the cremenez secret varnish recipe, on the death bed.

Missouri's non-mandatory pledge of allegiance says: "I pledge allegiance to the state of Missouri and to the ideals for which it stands. United with other states for the benefit of all, we march to a greater America." Clipped in Columbia, Mo., by artistica supremo.

Dear Tribune:

MY QUESTION: Is the TALKING LIGHT BEAM combined with another ray used to commit this ray crime on me wherever I go since 1931. I noticed off and on (while living on the farm) while I was thinking about going some place that the ray operators (miles away) made remarks -- which proved to me that tuning in on my brain (with ray) they understood what I was trying to myself. After that I made experiences trying to find out if I was right about this--I read to myself -- something I had made up: "Bingo means a game in which each player must pay money, and a prize or prizes are awarded and each player receives one or more cards, each of which is marked upon into 25 squares arranged in 5 horizontal rows of 5 squares each and five rows vertical, of 5 squares apiece, with each square being designated by number, letter or combination of numbers and letters and the center square stamped "Free" with no two cards being identical, with the players blanketing squares with square tokens as an operator announces numbers, letters, or combinations of numbers and letters which appear on tokens which are drawn, by chance, either manually, or mechanically, from a round receptacle in which have been placed objects bearing numbers, letters, and combinations corresponding to the system used for designating the squares, with the winner of each game being the player or players properly blanketing a predetermined pattern of squares upon the card being used by players. NO ONE could hear me reading (even if they had stood beside me) but the ray operators (miles away) understood it all. I made all kinds of (hurting remarks) about them. The words they used and spoke using this ray to carry the words they spoke to me PROVED TO ME without any doubt in my mind that they understood everything--everything--I had read to myself. I did this many times, I AM SATISFIED to myself that the ray operators can visualize people's thoughts by tuning in on their minds with their rays (even miles away) as easy as the people talking aloud can be heard. AMPLIFYING brain waves (thoughts) makes this possible.

Nick

South Dakota

(ED. NOTE: There's more. We felt obliged to print this much, that's all.)

GEIN WATCHING

Gein Watching is fashionable. The telephone company voted last week to have a Gein number, dial 1, and the radio station of this City will carry a Gein broadcast, at half-hour intervals.

Citizens are urged to exercise and keep limber, for the possible arrival of Gein, the most heinous killer in the Territories could be sudden, and no one wishes to be caught snoozing in the garage, far away from the woman, when this happens. Target practice now free at the landfill, thanks to Rotary Club and Lawrence Men's Club collaboration.

In the picture, Rip is partially concealed by the odd branchless tree, Rory is in the window. The tree is a visual feature of the historical east border of Lawrence. These two brothers have lived in the furthest-most east house of town, seizing it after their mother died.

The town dreams and wonders when it will be released. It crouches into its pillow as it rolls in its anxious sleep, trying to wake up from the Gein nightmare, not allowed to by the threat of Gein's arrival any moment.

Rip and Rory split the long hours of steady road surveillance, and Rory must dose himself with large quantities of A, to keep his night vision sharp. They drink coffee day and night, and play cards in those rare moments when they awake, refreshed, from a dream-free slumber.

When Gein comes down that road, these brothers will take the first shots--we hope that Gein is coming in a bullet-proof armored car, for his sake--and Geins body will probably split apart like an aged goatskin or a piece of tissue, as bullets riddle it.

If Rip and Rory are penetrated, there could be some killing, a slaughter of old people would be possible, and so the city turns again in its wearying sleep and sighs.

The brothers slug off the codeine from an ox horn that Rip dangles from his belt. The burning in the throats jars the back of the eyeballs and sharpens

(Continued soon)

POWDER ROOM

IN THE POWDER ROOM, A PINK-TOO-YOULET WAS BUILT TO GO ABOUT SLIGHTING FROM A STREET CAR UNLAWFULLY. THE RIGHT WAY IS JUST AS EASY. TRY IT NEXT TIME. TAKE YOUR SLITS AND YOUR HANDLES IN YOUR RIGHT HAND, GRASP THE HANDLE WITH YOUR LEFT HAND AND STOP FEELING THE FRONT OF THE CAR. See how easy it is to avoid this possibility of accident.



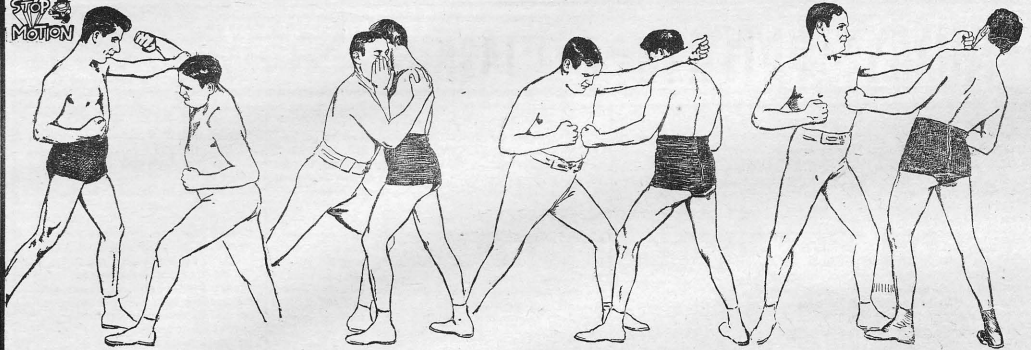
Ladies, Attention

Most women like to do things right and yet nine out of almost every ten go about slighting from a street car unskillfully wrong. The right way is just as easy. Try it next time. Take your slits and your handles in your right hand, grasp the handle with your left hand and stop feeling the front of the car. See how easy it is to avoid this possibility of accident.



cheap

CITY MOON ADVERTISING.
WHITE CITY MOON--315
591, Lawrence, Kan-60044



Microscopic examination of tissue from Benito Mussolini's brain by army doctors in the city give clues as to how Il Duce got that way. Col. Jacob Ocarinez, director of the International Army Medical Museum, says that "two scraps" from the Duce's brains, the fallen dictator, have been received at the museum. No disease or structural abnormalities were present. Personality traits are linked to these disorders. The mafia has threatened to put to death anyone claiming he can judge Il Duce, and Ocarinez sleeps a frightening nightmare of a life.

Cheese causes panic. The City council will be asked to forbid the sessions of the "Gift of Tongues" sect being held here in South Park, following a serious RIOT last night. While the enthusiasm of the zealots was at its height, some one distributed cheese cubes, innocent enough on the surface but bearing a tab of Noxage in the center. A rush for the door followed. A crowd outside started fighting the men rushing out. Scores were hurt and a free-for-all followed. Liberty Heights was awake all night.

Very recently in this city archeologists from the geological center were digging at Mont Bleu near Oneba's powerful radio station. They became excited and started raving and chattering when they found a cyclops buried up to his neck in rubble, still fully preserved, the eye intact, somehow protected from the acids in the earth by its contact with the rubble which disintegrated on contact with the skin and packed the body in a preservative sheen affair. According to Greek mythology, the Cyclops were a race of giants with single eyes in the middle of their foreheads. It is a low-level miracle. The Editors

The Ole Pickup In Pieces Caper Baffling

LIBERTY HEIGHTS
Since the Sun is angry in July and your blood gells in the freezing American winters, come live with us at Liberty Heights. One of our most beautiful features are the free group organ lessons and the all-tenant Barbecues on 2nd Sundays, and we're talking about whole chickens, beef tongue, heart, you name it. Oneba talks on Liberty radio, KFI-OG. These are closed circuit messages and available nowhere else. Come now! Get with the National Joy of Total Housing. In the mobil units you experience electronic coyote hunts using live shot guns. Hunt prairie hen without leaving your flat. We have the new patent cows for sneaking up

JOIN TODAY

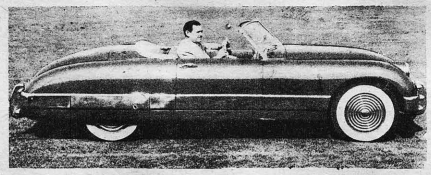
LIBERTY HEIGHTS

SOPHISTICATED

FREE 7-DAY TRIAL

on them. We allow street confrontations here--we encourage it. Soft gloves hang in telephone booths for this purpose. There are regular railcar routes from all parts of the complex to all other parts of the complex. The very finest stereo equipment in the world, supplied by Ray's Audio, plays the sounds of Andre Kostelanetz in the lobby of Liberty Heights. Security Guards are a part of the ultimate safety of living in Liberty Heights. In our obscene gardens, you will frolic with men and women of other sexes and stroke toads. None of us has forgotten the pickup in pieces caper, the frightening pseudo-crime of last Christmas Eve. But none of us let it hedge on our good times, our drinking is done in total peace now. Gein is dead, no longer walking in rumpled coveralls down Central Avenue.

New MOON



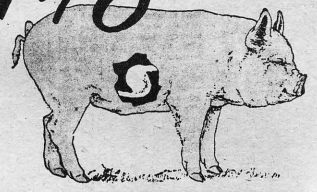
Victory Model Cars Here For Delivery Now
YOUR MOON DEALER IN THIS AREA: STUFFY KOCH
BOX 591 LAWRENCE, KS. 66044

the story of a

Pig's Stomach

THIS FACT BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MEXICO LINDO, THE LAST PLACE IN TOWN TO SERVE 1 POUND HAMBURGERS WITH EVERYTHING. OPEN 2-4, AFTERNOONS.

it holds no more than a Teacup



(SEE NEXT PAGE)

120,000 ON MARCH - RIOT

-THINGS CULTURAL-

JACKIE...

Una mujer de caucho que se parece extraordinariamente a Jacqueline Onassis es el último producto de la industria de juguetes norteamericanos. Se llama "Jackie", pesa cerca de diez kilos y se infla como un globo. También se puede llenar de agua caliente y utilizarla como dispositivo de calefacción en las frías noches de invierno.

CITY MOON 5



Minoru Kawabata's paintings are intuitive. From a distance, they pulse quietly with the pure manipulative joy of painting; close up, they seem sparse and high-strung. They are highly communicative, urgent, and eloquent,

but what they project rushes by quickly or as if it is shouted in an unknown tongue. It can't be caught in the net of rational language. Looking again, there it is again. It is and it isn't, not true of art in general.

BUGS IN MUNCIE — CONTINUED

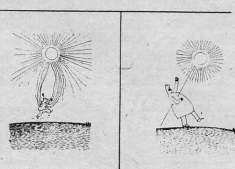
Every portion of the ponderous original is reproduced. The framework is of so fine a construction that it resembles the hair spring of a tiny watch, and the platinum wires, of which the chains are made. These are of thinness that calls for a microscope.

The bugs are watched through a series of magnifying glasses, that shrink the bugs and stretch their bulk, depending upon which you look in to. It is a queer little show. At the word of command from the insect tanner, the bugs issue lazily from small cages carved from cherry wood. One of the insects picks up a strip of metal with his forefeet, a strand of tungsten. One encircles with his fore feet the lever which raises and lowers the hammer. Shumann signals again. The bug at the lever raises the hammer and sends its crashing down upon the anvil. At least a person can imagine he hears the crash—since the largest bugs are enlarged to 5 to 15 times their original size by some of the huge lenses. The performing bugs and the golden anvil and hammer are the talk of Muncie. It is good to hear happy talk over little things in these post-hate order days.

Shumann says that if the people of Muncie will allow him to stay in America by writing to this paper and saying they want him to stay, and will throw up a cot for him at the Naismith Hammer Works, then he will teach his bugs to ride miniature horses, don leather chaps, and lassoe each other. He will turn them into tiny Vulcans, fashioning geometric figures, the dodecahedron, for example, from the tungsten. *Continued*

Noxin has joined the National Dance of Joy. He is the Noxin of old, His hair is now dark and curly, the face is firmer.

And he is dead, buried. We bury him. He lays, his hands in the dirt; he lays most softly quiet. The stillness as thousands pass by him in the train depots of America, all across the country, the United States of America, breaks with coughs and throat-clearings. He waves a cold hand at us from the coffin and we catch him at his old tricks, laying in the pink velvet like a sizable catfish or large boa, and he grins at us again, even in the pale wasted shades of hideous death, with the descent to Hell and fire.



DAILY GUIDANCE

"Buddhism is win or lose"—this means your own defeat in the struggle with yourself. In the end, the victory in life is to chant Daimoku and conquer weakness.

* If you have any warning of an A-bomb attack: Seek shelter in your basement or lower floor of office buildings, or underground subway. Never possible exits in case of building collapse. Lie flat and ducking-up next to an inside wall or structural support and be grim at us again, even in the pale wasted shades of hideous death, with the descent to Hell and fire.

WILD WOMAN --- CONTIN

She had been described in every shape and size, from giant to lion, and could run every possible speed, gallop, float, limp, crawl, and could extend her flesh, any portion of her flesh, at will into the empty space next to it.

But the big posse roared over the plains hills to catch her. They came to a woods, some riding through, since the stand of timber was so thin and easily broken. Others walked, and were rewarded upon discovering her in a little thicket. She sprang up and crushed the head of J.J. A. Reynolds, but was finally tackled by W.R. Agat. She is up on trial tomorrow for lunacy.

She talked intelligently at times, but would not answer any questions at others. She is tall, sinewy, strong, active. She wears a loose fitting Mother Hubbard. Her feet were the largest ever on police record, and were shod in the thickest toughest flesh on record. She is jet black. She had a small long sack, that would hold a peck. Mixed it were mullen leaves, ink balls, pieces of a queer root, but no food.



A U.S. Traitor

WASHINGTON, D. C. (AP) — Atty. Gen. Tom C. Clark, Monday announced the post, Extra Pound, had been indicted for treason on charges of broadcasting from Italy during the war. The announcement said the indictment charged 19 overt acts of treason and cited seven dates between Sept. 11, 1942, and May 15, 1945, on which Pound allegedly made recordings for propaganda broadcasts over Rome radio. The indictment said these broadcasts were of a treasonable nature.

Pound

Roses sont rouges
Violets sont bleus.
Dontet moi une baiser
Et Allumet mon feu
— Extra Pounds

He Joins Indians

Found Dead; Body Mutilated by Hogs

(The Hearst's Iowa News Service)
A N.Y. M.O. S.A. (A. Mason) Hunt, 65, was found dead by his wife Friday in a hog house on their farm near Elm, Ia. The body had been mutilated by hogs. No inquest will be held.

IS YOUR
BLOOD
ALL
RIGHT ?

Sun, July 1
Theme: Eisenhower-
war night has
heart.

Stew Supper 5.50,
pie free.

Lord Byron Slops the Pigs

VISIONARY BOY (cont.)

"Touch me, touch me," begged a woman. "Kiss my little boy," cried another, holding her baby up.

Neighborhood children cried "Hey, Jojo," to attract his attention, but the boy drew himself away from everyone.

Back at home, a store room made into living Back at home, a storeroom made into living quarters for his mother and father and seven brothers and sisters, Joseph was emotional and shouted for everyone to go away.

He said he had seen the blessed virgin again. She had lots of stars around her head, and she was dressed all in blue," he added.

He answered no more questions. His sister, Mrs. Theresa Campona, quoted him as saying the virgin had told him she would return no more, that she had done her work, and that she was tired of answering questions.

The store was packed with sick persons, and a steady stream of policemen pushed through the crowd carrying the sick. The boy laid his hands on them. He kissed several babies.

A priest, who said he was the Rev. Francis Mistretta of the Church of the Most Precious Holiness Blood, brought his 35-year-old sister, whose legs are paralyzed, to be touched by the boy.

A sailor moved in. His wife began to blubber watching the boy at the altar. She was dying, and he demanded in a gruff way that Joseph come.

In an instant, the boy was beside Mrs. William Kuhra. A priest administering last rites coughed and spit as the boy rubbed her stomach and prayed, and Mrs. Kuhra was suddenly awake and curious. The priest acknowledged the boy's power and called it miraculous. He said, "The blessed mother told this.

Other miracles, a girl regained sight, and yet the catholic church has taken no official stand on Joseph's story, that he first saw the virgin while he was playing in the lot, that she

NUTTED IRON HELPS MAKE RED BLOOD



told him to return, and that she directed a church to be built on the spot where she stood. Why?

We can't

STOP THE PRESSES!

Drawings by WACLAW POTOCZEK



Arrested

The former town marshal of Hope was charged with three felony and two misdemeanor counts in Dickinson County court late Monday in connection with a series of acts of vandalism which occurred in downtown Hope late Friday night.

Douglas L. Schmidt, 20, Woodbine, was charged with two felony counts of criminal damages, a felony count of burglary, a and two counts of misdemeanor theft. He was released after posting \$5,000 bond.

Schmidt was arrested at 3:30 a. m. Saturday morning by Dickinson County sheriff's officers in connection with a series of disturbances in Hope.

According to investigators, the burglary charge and one of the theft charges relate to Schmidt's alleged break-in at the City Building and removal of a fireman's coat, helmet, and hydrant wrench from the premises. Both charges were filed against the suspect by the City of Hope.

The suspect is accused of later using the wrench to open a hydrant, nearly draining the Hope standing pipe supply of water by letting the hydrant stand open. The loss of water resulted in the second theft charge, also filed by the City of Hope.

Schmidt allegedly backed his car into the overhead door at the fire station, damaging the door and causing the city to file a criminal damage charge.

The other criminal damage charge was filed in connection with the vandalism of a car on the lot at Hoffman Motors. The suspect allegedly broke all the window glass on the vehicle and badly dented and punctured the hood by beating on it with the hydrant wrench.

A preliminary hearing in the case has been set for Feb. 18 at 2 p. m. (Taken from the Abilene Reflector-Chronicle)

Freak Accident

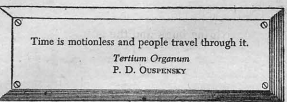
Mrs. Gerald Freeman received word that her brother-in-law, Chas. Homelka of Menden had been injured in a freak accident on Monday.

He had gone to the field to get a load of bales when he removed the tin cover from the stack there was an explosion which knocked him to the ice covered ground. He landed on his face cutting his mouth and breaking his glasses.

The Nebbs



BEHIND THE SCENES



ONEBA'S VOICES

Let's be close now. We will talk here, as though my words were tubed through my lips and cracked brown teeth. I am getting old you know. My dreamwork is difficult these last days. Don't think of me as a doomed pilot. This I am not. Still you send me your dreams to work on. Here's one from a colored man in Bliod. He says, and I quote here: I take a pony train to New Mexico. The train follows a running herd of mixed-breed cattle. We follow certain cowpaths trodden in and baked hard, some of them a thousand years old—in the dream I am white. No tires, wide or narrow grace my ponies' legs. No fences to entrap them. Something then that looked like a calf's liver wraps around the feet. I dream this happening in 1986, two years after the end of the big scare, or else much earlier, perhaps the 50's of some ancient century. Yours, Esquire Buggage. Please, no more dreams like this ranging nightmare. Please, let me sleep. Let me read books. I have many experiments with my Life Material to complete. I need TIME. Someone else writes: Please, Oneba, explain the process of the MOON. It is very simple. Mr. Pounds of Connecticut has written this: THE MOON CHANNELS THREE TRIBUTARY SKILLS INTO A SINGLE PROCESS WHOSE END IS A UNIQUE NEWS PAPER FORMAT ARTIFACT OF AESTHETICALLY CONSISTANT TEXTURE AND UNIFIED EFFECT; THE EFFECT DISCOVERS THE FORMATIVE PATTERNS OF ANXIETY AND BOREDOM, INCONSTANCY AND ABSURDITY LATENT IN AMERICAN CULTURE. ONE TRIBUTARY, THE VISUAL, ALTERS HALF TONU NEWS PHOTOGRAPHY INTO COMIC AND FRIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS; THE OTHER TWO ARE VERBAL AND, SO FAR AS THE EDITORS KNOW, STARKLY NEW AREAS OF ARTISTIC EFFORT. REPORTORIAL FICTION IS A LITERARY GENRE CREATED TO EXPLOIT THE TACTIC CONVENTIONS OF NEWS REPORTAGE; RECYCLED NEWS TRANSFORMS OBSCURE AND DATED PERIODICAL DETRITUS INTO STORIES OF REPRESENTATIVE HUMAN ACTIVITY. RESULTS OF THE TWO WRITING CRAFTS ARE BY INTENTION EASILY DISTINGUISHABLE. THE SINGLE moon PROCESS GIVES FORM AND HUMAN VALUE TO THE CRUDE WASTE AND GARBLED COMMUNICATIONS OF CONTEMPORARY life. What will I talk about now? Yes, another angry letter in the mail pouch today: Dear Moon, it's time someone and the b--s to stand up to you. One good lemon is better than two bad limes. The liberal balance to the concept of EXXON, bland as stand, it's time you took a position on the great issues of the day. The fifties was only a pinpoint in TIME. Today is today and times have changed. WAKE ONEBA UP, EDITORS. HE SPEAKS BULL---T.



Let's Communicate Not Hate Party putting nails in driveway on 11th St.

is known - If not stopped, will prosecute REV. H. E. COREY, PRESIDENT OF THE INT. AUTHORS GUILD P. O. BOX 1501 OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA 92064

DANCE IN JOY

Adolf Hitler told his generals 10 days before the invasion of Poland that he had given orders "to kill without mercy all the men, women and children of the Polish race, or language."

American prosecutors disclosed these brutal orders at the war crimes trials Friday.

Secret Speech. The Fuehrer's hitherto secret speech containing these words was given at Obersalzberg on Aug. 22, 1939.

It was digitized by Buchenwald Hermann Goering that he trapped in a table "and dangled like a savage," a stereotypical record of the invasion showed.



Ask why art monkeys are used rather than your ordinary one or an intelligent dog and find the youngest art monkey can mimic a Rubin, Manet, or a Vincent.

There are eight large paintings in the current show, all superb. In one, almost filling a field of red, a sudden solid folding rectangle of purple, as a dry brush hopping tracks of red, like a flat stone skipping across water, grows out of the field near top center and descends to bottom right, splitting the purple; a thin, faint, pulsing green line, part contour and part division, moves up from the lower left corner of the purple and intersects the red track somewhere near its middle. Another work has an unexpected variety of color: on a green-yellow field, a dappled rectangle of pale orange-yellow and pinkish yellow is sustained by a rigid dark yellow vertical band, wounded by an abrupt black accent

and kissed by a searing pale blue-purple, the whole giving off twinkles and lies of other colors. By contrast, Form in Red No. 5 is the beast in this company, the wild unicorn. It seems harsh, crude, obvious, almost indigestible. Its diaphanous void swiftly turns into solid surface by a lascivious aftermean of scarlet. Its red fields fold into a central rectangle-sketchy, evanescent, and empty on the left, smashing a dark solid hole or slab on the right. Looking at the left is like forgetting who you are and looking at the right is like dropping a brick on your foot. The interchange is dazzling.

Consider that this day ne'er dawns again.

DANTE ALIGHIERI

Contributor/clip-out B. Hawkins



GOOD LIVING

We've got a good idea here. I don't mean to say perfect. Like the time Verta scratched herself in public and somebody that knew we were from Vassar Swiss said right to her face: I thought where you were nobody even had an itch. Well, we never claimed it. Vassar Swiss is simply and only the newest idea for modern living and anything else you hear from rats of sinking modern ships isn't the plain truth. Paradise exists at Vassar Swiss. Vassar Swiss is solid, and we'd like to back our argument with concretes: Drive to the outskirts of this city. We're on the edge and isolated, too, which is how we like it. All our trailers are arranged in semicircles. No trees, yet. We're only one year old this month. But rats congregate. Where else do you get everything you need without leaving your mobile unit except for once a week sallies to K-Mart across the road? Where else can you visit with neighbors via closed circuit TV, or if you're a loner turn the exciting color camera on yourself and see what you look like all day? Where else do dentists and doctors come door to door begging to look at your teeth or check your bladder for cancer sign? For the little ones--we have plans for them, for they are as rambunctious and fidgety as ever little kids were, partly because of diet (which is amply supplemented at Vassar Swiss with Wunty Burger Dogs)--there is a swimming pool and ball field. Old people can play their homes. . .

COME ON IN AND CHOOSE YOUR COLOR

Folks swelling in every day so fast Miss Ludlow--come into the office and see her if you don't believe it--can't keep up with all the interviews and applications and ever anger of people turned away (they grin like dead possums at Vassar Swiss). Once you choose your color, you are color fast. Friends love you more. You choose green, it's green, and better not try weaseling out. Sound strict? Well, modern living isn't easy. That's what we tell them the moment they enter our doors. Happiness isn't a handout: it's the price you pay--even if that means exposing the results to a newshungry people. But everybody answers the same question with the same answer: Do you want to be happy? Yes, Yes, Yes.

So come be a witness to a good idea. We watch each other, constantly, without boredom. The K-Mart carries everything at good prices. Our children are happy and healthy, except for Billy Ray, and it could have happened anywhere. Don't listen to the malicious and picky press that's against modern living. Our ball field is right next to the city's newest power plant--you never have to worry about power failures at Vassar Swiss--and Billy Ray's ball rolled under the heavy set chain link fence. Billy's playmates boosted him up and over and he ran innocently towards the small white baseball. Some giggled, some cried, for when little Billy touched the ball, his lips froze white, his ears melted, and he convulsed horribly like a fish flung on dry land. And then Billy was laying dead in a pool of his own filth. And they're after Vassar Swiss for it and we'll fight the thing in a court. It is not our fault the power company refused to take Billy's body away for three days--we did call them several times. What else to do but go back inside and forget. In spite of public officials, sadness and mourning are things of the past.

CLEAN LIVING

Life here is convenient, clearly happy and content--without ugly modern trends like drugs and nudity. The stories you'll hear--thank goodness not in the Moon--about the sewage tanks are not true. Any diseases we've had, it's true we ran good doctors Lemo and Muntz C. ragged, were smugged in on covers. By taking one hypodermic our permanent residents will be immune.

We're tired of outsiders coming in and bossing. In a mobile home you can stand at one end of it and see all the way to the other. Is it so horrible to want such a thing from life, too? We have all we need: right next door are K-Mart bargains, the warmth of all this city. Yet we are hounded by running packs of city dogs and hordes of hungry rats set out of city trucks to run and dodge between our mobile homes. Filth is dumped on the other side of the power plant from us to smell and forget. Local broadcasters jam our closed circuit TV (the lifeline of our community) substituting news and I LOVE LUCY. We have enemies. Many of them. They haunt us like shadows. Yet we build a network of floodlights for a better day. We will be safe. We will persist in our dreams. Already we are stacking junk cars around us for protection and the city bothers us about permits and sends federal inspectors. They've been friendlier than we expected, making us wish we lived in the federal government instead of this gossip city.

JOIN A SWISS PARADISE

The main thing to say--for all of us: Don't believe what you hear about us if it isn't good. See us first--Miss Ludlow, and you have to see it to believe it--will take care of you. Join a community where everybody makes happiness work. When you do, turn on the closed circuit and bathe in the ambience of soap operas of a real kind. I'll be there too, looking forward to the future.

Georgette

Vassar Swiss Trailer Court
Your Hope for the Future--You'll love it.

ANGRY DUNG BEETLES EAT MCLOUTH by Mike Smother

Citizens of this small Kansas town huddle in fear by their radios tonight, while distant artillery reminds them of the horror that has left their village a scattered pile of bones in a desert of death. A horror that gnaws its relentless scars through the very heartland of our nation.

I saw the beetles coming. There were millions of them in the fields. They ate everything. Nothing lived. Blinded cattle were eaten as they fled. They moved upon my house. Their antenna pulsing the air. Their eyes shiny bubbles of a black and infinite hate. They bored through the walls by thousands. The timbers cracked. I ran. I ran. I . . .

The dung beetles arrived at McLouth at 6:00 p.m., supertime, but no one ate in those houses of doom. Rumors of their horror rolled like thunder before them in their cribs. A farmer pulled from his tractor as he sped towards safety. "They ate even the wheels."

Stragglers report they entered the city through subterranean tunnels PREPARED IN ADVANCE. Is their malice endless? How far do their plans extend? These secrets lie buried in the millions of capillaries that thread themselves like fungus through the itching bowels of the earth.

National Guard units activated in those first hours are now supported by train loads of troops from all parts of the Midwest. Bombing runs are flown hourly against the beetle concentrations. Still the terror spreads. Their numbers are endless. They are breeding faster than we kill them. The original mass has broken into traveling hordes more hungry than before. They travel through the terrain to appear without warning on the edges of towns. They have crossed the Kansas River and now threaten the state capital itself.

Mill long caravans of refugees trudge through the deepening night. In emergency centers farmers chew tobacco and spit upon the ravaged earth. The Red Cross has mobilized a national campaign to feed the starving. India is reportedly sending aid. Families sit together silent, without tears.

Only in Washington is there talk of hope. Pentagon officials have announced a two-prong plan of containment. Thousands of beef carcasses will be dropped by helicopter to appease the savage hordes while bombs surround their masses with a mile wide strip of radioactive waste. The first stage will take five years. Millions will die.

President Forb has reportedly prepared a retreat in the Azores. Billy Graham has given up hope. No one will be left alive.

YOUTH ARRESTED FOR UNNATURAL ACT WITH VENDING MACHINE BY D. Normann

Olson P. Thummers, 18, white, was arrested in the City Thursday and charged with crime against nature, resisting arrest, and abusing private property. He will be arraigned April 3 in the County Court before Judge Willy T. Tibbs.

Private guard, Doole Wells, 56, said he saw Thummers pressed close against a soft drink machine and thought, "he were trying to rob it like youths do. But then I noticed the arms was wrapped around the sides as though he were going to carry the thing off. After his head sagged to one side and his body went sort of limp, I called the police."

The arresting officers, Ptn. Jimmy Fields and Ptn. Robin Steele, came right away to Palace Orienta.

Thummers was later taken to County Mental Health Hospital where he was examined by Dr. Fritz Venise who described the youth as "a deeply disturbed young man" who has no feeling for "what is alive."

SIRS:

IN PURSUANT TO YOUR REQUEST, WE AT PRDP HAVE ELICITED ASSISTANCE FROM DR. HAROLD P. SCHIMPMANN, WHO DESIRES HIS \$20,000 DECONTAMINATION FEE PAID IN FULL, IN THE MATTER OF CREATING A NATIONAL FUND FOR ISLAND TO WIN THE FAMED HUNTER OF GREECE AND ILLUSTROUS OF ENGLAND, BY USING THE FAMOUS IRISH TECHNIQUE OF DR. C. A. AND HUNTER JERISH CELLS NOW LIVING ON THE ISLAND IN PENNSYLVANIA, SUBSIDING ON HAZAR LANE AND QUANDERS. THE RESULTS HAVE BEEN MAKING DURING ADMINISTRATION OF THE TECHNIQUE (WHICH INVOLVES, WILL RECALL, DRIPPING LARD FROM THE EYE OF THE CULLING-THREE-HOUR EYES OF THE SUBJECT WHILE FURNISHING HIM TO READ PROOF FOR THE CITY (DOOR), WE SUBSIDED IN INCLUDING SLANDING AND BINGOCHIA. SHORTLY AFTER YOUTH'S MOVE TO A NEW APARTMENT (AUGUST 1987), HE SUFFERED AN ATTACK SO SEVERE THAT FOR TWENTY LATER NEEDED A MEDICATED BLIND OF THE EYES. THE CAUTION FROM THE EYE THIS INDENTIFIED FLOWED INTO THE INSIDERS AND REDUCED THE VISION PERMANENTLY. ON SEPTEMBER 18 THE EYE HAD ALREADY BEEN BLEEDING, BUT HE WANTED TO FURNISH A JELLYTOWN ON THE OTHER EYE WHICH HAS NEARLY COLLAPSED FROM LOSS OF VITROUS HUMOR COMING FROM HIS EYE. DELAY, AND EXPENSE WE HAVE INCURRED FROM A BAND OF LA BIKERS LIVING IN TEXAS ON SPACED. THREE YEARS FROM NOW WE PREDICT THAT PENNSYLVANIA ISLANDERS WILL COLLECTED HUNDREDS OF YOUTH'S ADDICTION TO COCAINE, MORTALITY, ETC., AND THAT YOU YOURSELF WILL IN A LETTER DATED 18 SEPTEMBER 1920 TO HIS FRIEND AND OBSCURED TREASURER FELON THE GENTLE ESKA POGUE, ASK "HOW'S THAT FOR NIGHT?" BE HAVE HAD NO HOPE OVERLOOKED THAT YOU WILL RETURN FROM WRITING MOVIES PUBLISHED BY BOON VITAL PRESS AS VIKING AND KROPP. HIS NEW HOPE, UNLESSLESS LIVESSES SERIAL PUBLICATION THIS MONTH IN THE CITY (DOOR) (VOL. XXIX NO. 5), THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE AND HERMITS OF ISLANDING NOW HAVE A TRUE PATRON SAINT OF LETTERS. IF AT PRDP ANNUAL REQUEST FUNDS NECESSARY TO FURTHER THE PROJECTS OF IMPROVED NUTRITION AND WE WOULD SUGGEST THAT THE LUGOVIOV TREATMENT WILL BE FAR MORE SUCCESSFUL IN QUELLING GRADUATE STUDENT ROTS IN THE SEVENTH DECADE OF THIS FIFTEENTH CENTURY THAN WILL BE THE MENDOUS POLYOVIRUS CURE BEING STUDIED BY THE JAPANESE. ATTACHED PLEASE FIND OUR REQUEST REQUEST FOR \$25 HYPERVITAMINS, 200 DRESS REAMS OF PAPER, 2 MILLION 100 MILLI, AND 35 CUBIC FEET OF AIR TO BE STAFF BY TWO UNCLE. WE ALSO REQUEST THREE HYPEROEMIC DEZONE INJECTION KITS, COUNTRY ASPHALT FOUNDATION.

Yours, The Chairman

Excellent. Only flaw here is verbo-intellectual names.

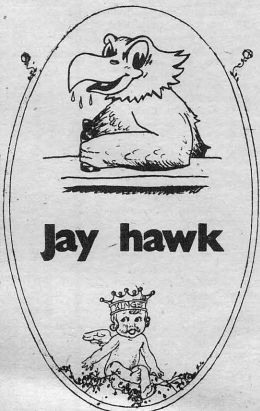
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of
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Chancellor Archie R. Dyles

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oneba speaks

The pips body gets out of the sto-mach just what you put into it. Feed

I read the Moon today. Oh boy. It is a well known fact that birds and wild animals know what other animals they have to fear. Thus, birds that will fly from a man or a dog will hop around a cow, even walking right under her leg. Man has now taken advantage of this fact to facilitate the slaughter of birds and other game. A Kansas man has invented a patent cow for hunters. The invention presents the perfect outward semblance of a most peaceable and the amiable cow, but the forelegs and hindlegs are infact the two pairs of legs of two men. They are armed with guns and have a plentiful supply of ammunition. The patent Cow moves along the cowpaths like an ordinary harmless rum-inant until it is in the midst of a flock of prairie hens or unsuspecting red squirrels, when it comes open and the two men inside blaze away. And that's not all folks. Oneba sees ALL tonight. He sees the Moon. Listen to this one, troops! When Hawthorne was writing the House of the Seven Gables he selected Pyncheon as the name of one of his characters. Of all possible names he might have selected, this one for some reason suited his purposes and simply "flashed" into his head. Whether he knew it at the time or not, New Eng-land was full of Pyncheons, and the book hardly had been placed on shelves when a reader wrote him a very bitter letter complaining grevously of the injustice done his worthy ancestor, Judge Pyncheon. In all Hawthorne is said to have answered complaints from forty seven of the pesky Pyncheons and had serious thoughts of publishing this correspondence in book form, but died before completing the task. And that isn't the half of it, friends. Here I am at my desk, my tools all around me, my boards, my books, my instruments, my pyramids and whatnots. I'm wearily reading the Hat. The beautiful flux of celestial storms like rain on my helmet. Yes, I am finally at peace. The memoirs are written. The rises and the falls safely recorded. Two hearts now. One meat, one plastic. Something comes to mind now. I was riding the St. Phillip Street railcar. Something odd happened. A colored man came up to a white woman and, taking an aluminum comb from his hair I saw the glint of its precisely honed points. I then saw him pull the comb roughly through the flesh of the woman's pitifully rouged and sagging cheeks. There were sudden scarlet beads of red blood on the white flesh and something like candlewax dripping from the ruined eyes. She said nothing, the woman, she took the pain in silence. She braves it for the other White people on the car. I looked out of the window of the car toward South Park. I saw the arms of a century plant, cobralike, yellow & green.

ONEBA REDIGS CHEAP. Avail. fr.m. gov't. reliquary. Fragments of gaberdine trousers in plasticene cube. Guaranteed 3rd degree relief. Hang from rear-view. \$1.00 per lot.

Noxage Coupons redeemable at gov't. mkt.

Fat Girl Foto Mat. This speedy service outfit sends you p.k.t. stuffed fat with fatties in all positions. Hair, crack, nips, all shown clearly. 25%.

Lipstick Law. Now that the new lipstick regulations are in effect across most of the Nation, get this pamphlet explaining all the nuances of the law. Don't get caught red handed. Read this pamphlet.

Crab Eye Bracelets. Send wrist size and 50 cents and I'll send you a pretty crab eye bracelet. Box 232, Pass Christian, Mississippi.

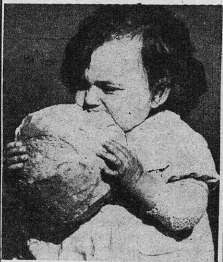
Hair Value. Now that the City is buying hair again many are collecting it whichever way they can. The editors of the Moon offer a dollar a sack, a full ten percent above what the City is paying. Call us, we'll send a truck out.

Objects d'art: Presedry fiddlelike avail for your desktop, plastic novelty roaches, turds, vomit. We have Napoleon's death head carved in walnut shells, human hair petholders, rubber popcorn, poison chewing gum, Jap flags, various Noxage items, apothecary bottles, monkey skull ash trays, other whatnots.

KABUKI ACTOR DEAD:

SWELLFISH POISONING
Mitsugoro Bando, 68, noted kabuki actor designated as a Human National Treasure, died of Swellfish poisoning at a restaurant in this City. He was pronounced Dead at the Memorial Hospital at 4:40 a.m. Thursday. Bando had dined on seafood, particularly Swellfish, at a party given by his local fans at the Dunbar's restaurant in the Eadside Historic area. He returned to the Eldridge Hotel complaining of stomach pain about 10 a.m. that night. He then returned to the restaurant about midnight, apparently free of any discomfort, the spasms having ceased. But then, at the bar after the meal, sipping La Perla Soda, he developed a high fever and began to walk toward his Hotel room. He was taken with a severe spasm on 12th Street. He was rushed to the Hospital, but was unfortunately dead on arrival. Bando's real name is Toshio Arita and his home address is at Moto-Akasaka, one-chrome in Minato Ward, Tokyo, Japan.

Pathetic



As you remember, Kenny Cubus returned from the dead 20 years ago in this paper. Today he is alive, as you and I, and remembers the refrigerated rooms and the silent days in frosty discomfort, his breath balling in front of his mouth like a cloud of snow.

KILLED BY BOY SCOUTS

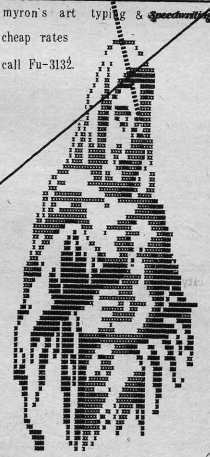
They asked an old man for food and on, being refused set upon him with knives. It happened in Fort Smith Arkansas at the turn of the century. Two boy scout tramps stopped at the home of an old man named Gramlich at Bloomer, Sebastian county, and asked for food. When Gramlich refused to give them anything the tramps set upon him with knives and cut him to death. Both escaped.

The two young sodomy experts with their salivary lipps hanging like warm liver sagging through a coarse grate decided they'd rather see little Richard dead than to escape their sexy clutches. The white gas was sprinkled in front of a closet door. On the inside of this closet there lay Richard with his hands and bound together and attached by a rope to an I-hook in the ceiling, scream-

Flatulence. This new device connects to ordinary house current. Small colorless unit, easily hidden behind drapes, behind bookcases, in closets. Eight panel glows softly green as the presence of methane is detected. Charm neighbors, friends, with this new Oneba flatulence unit. \$19.99, shipping chge.

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the mother ran like a white coward into the house and tried to pull the shodd down can off the little head, with the success of Earl Butz and his Happy America tour. A neighbor said, "I can split that can with mule shears if this can is just a little rusty or weak." When that failed, he hitched up his Oldsmobile and tried to tear the darn thing off with a rope tied to the bumper. Just after the first little crunching pitch forward on the asphalt for the child, the wife took the can off easily, and the baby was half-smothered. The head of the little boy was terribly black and blue, he was crying the mother was hysterical, the father sat crying silently in the car. The sun spiked



Vitolo's Apparition, by Myron

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NATIONAL HOUSING

Mayo

TIN CAN ALMOST KILLS INFANT
Child Puts Molasses Receptacle Over Baby's Head, Causing Household Panic in Eudora. While the 8mo. old baby of a farmer here was in the house alone with it's 8yr old brother the latter shoved an empty tin gallon molasses can down over its head. A rim on the inside of the can slipped and fastened under the baby's lip, and the little brother could not pull the can off. He became frightened and ran out to his mother who was boiling crawfish near the garden. Attracted by the baby's screams (Continued)

ate Mexico Lind's Hamburgers with everybody who patronize us Saturday afternoons. The rest of you seldom pay us a visit. Why? Why?



Eisenhower fun night falls on Thursday at 5:30, starting time.

Is the Chimp the White Man of the Jungle?

Wayne's Place by Tom Russell Hump DoMan is the big league Moon reporter who has blown the lid off the tuna trade and some other sick practices that have been used to keep his marriage together. The practices don't include his children, or any of those funny excuses he makes for them. He likes his kids all right, but the eldest has a cheap kind of palsey and the others get tired of reruns so they don't have anything else to do but sit around blubbering at each other. It must be like living in a goddam zoo. Hump reported in his last Moon exclusive, The Moon, because it has no popular taste, is not hot for Hump to blow the lid off palsey; but Esquire, low down and high brow, and which had previously wanted Hump to process his first-hand account of how Junior Johnson makes, now has its expensive feelers out testing carefully the shakey waters of this subject to see if Hump can dig up something cute about these poor devils.

What the Moon, a dynamic new media, had in mind was much more veined in the lighthearted. We asked Hump: "What's the single most important American institution you could throw a wrench into, you big lug?" He asked if this was multiple choice, and we threw out answers a, b, c, d, and none of the above. His reply was short in coming. He was sitting around one moment in his mauve pucca underthings, with the picture of a Schiltz can emblazoned on the rump side, and the next thing we knew we were face to face in the harsh half-light of Wayne's Place with a raging fixture of disgust. Hump was drawing in magic marker across the front of his ketchup-stained tee shirt (with bulb in bazoons) which he had pulled from his new journalism costume trunk behind the jukebox, a crude picture of Mr. Moo Cow, grazing placidly in a field. He then divided the cow up into portions which he labelled flank steak and rib eye (the reporter submits a graphic drawing here, which sadly could not be reproduced by our photographic equipment) and knee joint. The cow had chink eyes and big thick glasses and smoked a stogie. We all have said confidently in the 3 a.m. of our soul, that we could figure out Hump at the drop of his pants, and here we were nodding back and forth and pretending we each had a handle on this latest caper.

It wasn't until Hump went behind the jukebox again and came out 11 seconds later that we knew we were in for the biggest time a journalist can have, bar none: a genuine Moon revelation. Hump quickly stuck a quarter into the juke, then stood back as little pretty Miss Wynette layed into "Yer Cheatin' Hort." His head was cocked. His hair was bouffant, to deflect wind for two whole weeks. His noticeable, gold, pork-pie earrings tinkled together under his elevated chin like so many loose fish on a stringer. His seven ergonomic zones--he still had on those luscious bazoons--were protected from the acrid elements of Wayne's Place by a tan, camel-hair coat, an unabashed parlay down the front we realized later, and thus actually decreasing the number of protected ergonomic zones to four or five, depending on what turns us on. Frequent flashes of jasmine smell were emitted on the pulse spots of his juglar, yet were held in such control, as smells go, by Hump's skillful emission of them that they rose no further from his body than six feet, not even enough to attract the punk flits that were crawling over Wayne's face behind the counter and looked like they would jump at any new smell if they had the chance.

Some of us who were witnesses to this; who have been in the business of life's news 15, 20 years; who like to keep a bottle of rye in the back pocket, a sport hat with Moon Press cocked on the slant; who carry over our shoulder a beatup polystyrene typewriter case from which we can produce a miniature live monkey, if we have to, or a chihuahua, for a really fine story; for those of us who were there that day with Hump, we all just simply broke down and bawled on the spot.

A sick hatred and black bitterness made us say, "If this is what it takes today to write journalism, it just ain't worth going on, what do you think?"

No sooner had our eyes been deposited on this extremely personal journalist, twitching those golden rockers of his under Bob's overhead fan, than a furious argument ensued between the Hump we knew and the Hump that was now, before us. Hump was snarling himself, baring his one monkey eye, looking like the Old Hump, the crachot objective reporter, was trying to pull the New Hump's bazoons off. But then the new Hump would come back saying strong things like, "Try writing your name in the snow now, buster, and see how far you get."

R. M. had gone over to a back booth and had taken his chihuahua out and was observing him closely to see if we could get some new angle on "The Moon Man: Every Man as Reporter." It sounded good and it didn't take us long to come up with some stuff for the Sunday MOON. Hump had pretty well argued himself down to nothing. We newsmen see the tragedy every day, but we've got a job. Tomorrow it might get us. That's the risks you take working for the Moon.

"It is the Moon that plays the largest and most important part in the formation of the Earth itself, as in the peopling thereof with human beings. The Lunar Monads or Pitriss, the ancestors of man, become in reality man himself. They are the monads who enter on the cycle of evolution on Globe A, and who, passing around the chain of planets, evolve the human form as has just been shown. At the beginning of the human stage of the Fourth Round on this Globe, they 'ooze out' their astral doubles from the 'ape-like' forms which they had evolved in Round 3."

-----M. Blavatsky

WHITE PUNCTURED (CONT.) his hair, I saw the glint of its precisely honed points. I then saw him pull the comb roughly through the flesh of the woman's pitifully rounded and sagging cheeks. Suddenly there was a scarlet bead of new blood, like a wax dripping, flowing from the ruined eyes. She said nothing, the woman. She took the pain in silence. She braved it for the white people, for the colored, for her friends who are afraid to go at large in the city at night, for her husband Scooter whose heart valves, she told me in a calmer state, had fluttered and without but a few hours warning, gummed, stuck closed and left him pale, and later dead with a purple splotching on his face. The furrowed scar I saw was healing as we talked in the solarium of I'hotel Dieu, the city hospital. The arm of a century plant, green and yellow and cobaltlike, dangled its joint just above the bowl of bluish hair that sat upon her head. She squinted at me through what at first seemed an underwater mask. She went on to explain that her eyes would now be sensitive the rest of her life and she would have to wear these ugly blinders and wander mulelike through the streets selling pralines and plastic instant coffee cakes back. She reminded me that other women, other white women, and colored, had been cruelly torn by combs on the St. Philip Street car. I asked if she had gone to Angel Billy and asked for a healing touch. She said no, she feared him, his powers were mysterious to her. I corrected her saying no, no, they're accepted by the agency, even Vitolo is within reasonable understanding to say. And so it was. PHILLIP STREET CAR carries on its bad reputation, almost like a tradition, through a generation. In all, 50 women were punctured, and ten percent did not survive the wounds. And now they dip the combs in henbane. All is confusion, what we call the Great National Confusion. We're waiting for the end now. All joy to the National Noxage. Kudos and cheers to the National City Moon. The future is finally as perfect as A and B.

Pierre Normale, gloomy gus and corrective agent for the City, told the Moon (the foremost NEWS organ of the Plain) that he sees no profits in the near future. The Moon realizes the hardship of a world without profits. It is our solemn pledge that when the Teltle bolts over, soup lines will be aforming, that when the noise of private assemblies grows too loud, scissors and knives will be broken out, that when currency regulations no longer permit an honest man a fair slice of the pie, we will be there with you. From Contributor B, processed by Martin.

Dear Moon--Oxford Dictionary of quotations, 2nd edition, no. 12.20 Toujours perdrix! Said to originate in a story of Henry IV's having ordered that nothing but partridge should be served to his confessor who had rebuked the king for his liaisons. I bet toujourns is no longer than any ol' 40 days. Your Missississississippi Correspondent Still not flood level yet 20.3 feet.

Dear Moon: I'll try to describe our trip for Moon readers; We are shooting for an economic base which combines the maximum economic self-sufficiency with the maximum of environmental mobility. The general idea is to live as parasites on a herd of ponies and a pack of dogs. These are the 2 easiest animals to truck around with. The live off the land horse has to be the size of the Indian and Mongol pony, about 13 hands tall, about 800 lbs. My family of 6 will need 12 mares plus 3 or 4 geldings and stallions for heavy duty work. The ponies provide milk meat and transportation and cartage as well as hides for tents, harness, rope, etc. The dogs provide meat and furry hides for sleeping bags and warm winter clothing. Twelve mares should produce 12 colts a year. Butchered at 9 months old at an average weight of 200lbs each, probably more, we would have 2400 lbs of livind tissue to consume. We can use a pressure cooker to reduce the bones and extra hides, if any, down to a consumable form and feed it to the dogs or eat it ourselves if we have to. The greatest part of the weight of the bone is living tissue locked within the mineral structure of the bone. Besides this, the 12 colts provide about a 100 to 150 square feet of hide. Boiling down joints, hocks, hooves,

provide oil to waterproof the hides. It all hangs together in theory and I'm sure we can work it out successfully. We have nine ponies so far. We have named them after the Muses. It will be at least 2 years before we set the trip to a functional stage. The dream of being free of the nerve racking money trip inspires us and drives us on. We will live as nomadic squatters, but that is a lifestyle very attractive to people of our sort. We are "turned on" bikers. There's my testimony, Moon. Sounds OK? It's a little gory, but we really do love our bears, in spite of how it may look to a more sensitive soul. 72752

I'll be out of the rat race sooner than you. LOVE, Glen and gang. Write Lion, Pettigrew, Ark.

Someone for the Moon (found in our mailbox) "Mr. Macaulay!" exclaimed the two young ladies at the zoo, when they caught sight of him, "Is that Mr. Macaulay? Never mind the hippopotamus!" Macaulay later said this was "the proudest moment of my life."

Some have said that the minds of the Moon's editors are like pudding with maggots in it. Write to us and tell us if you agree or disagree. No poetry, please.

"The eagle flies on Friday," says Danny Owlfeather, a Sioux visitor to the City from Ponca City, Oklahoma. "And Saturday I go out to play," he often adds. But when this red native buck arrived all the stars and stripes dollars will buy, when he's been arrested for staggering blind drunk, taken to the judge and sentenced to six days in the slammer, then it's "Blue Monday, how I hate blue Monday" that he always says. From Contributor M, Ph. D.

Syrup of Figs and Eldkr of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine cure.



The blue and silver whisperjet from Kan City, the proud home of the now reduced and shameful Chiefs, circled over the green swamp of the Crescent City, over the faded Lake Pontchartrain, the Bonne Carré spillway which holds back the swollen Mississippi twice a year when the water from the North churns down loaded with shit and garbage and various deadly chemical combos, and landed at what once was Moisant Airport in my boyhood there, now called the New Orleans International Airport. We belled in over the squat brick houses of Harahan and I saw kids waving in the yards. They had eyes the color of cats eyes. I now the parents were inside sucking Kools and Springs and drinking Gallo sherry to burn off the noise of the jets. I felt oddly guilty and sad. I remembered the Watergate, my jet landing in Washington, the tedious taxidrive in the city heat. I went to the stainless steel lavatory before I got off the plane to urinate, so I wouldn't have to do it in the crowded terminal around the desperado's that handfuck you in their minds after they leave, and while you're there they stand around coughing, washing their faces in the sinks. In the taxi I fell sleep. I had already asked the driver to take me to my 80 a day room at the Sonesta Hotel on Royal. A nigger porter gently tugged at my shoulder and woke me up. He said, "No bags in yo rooms aready, suh." I went upstairs, stretched out on the bed and turned on the massage. A white boy brought ice and a bottle of Pimm's Cup #3, a cold cucumber, and a silver knife to cut it with. I got on the phone to Smetzer, the Moon correspondent who usually works this area, and asked him what was what. He said Scally fixed the game. It would benefit me to stay in my room, suck dope, drink wine, eat po boy sandwiches from the Desire Restaurant down a block and over on Bourbon St. Anything, but stay away from Tulane stadium. When Scally fixes a game, it stays fixed. The fans would be in serpentine moods. I thanked him for the advice but decided to go anyway. I called down and told the lobby to ring me at 5 a.m. I finished the Pimms and went to sleep hearing leather slap, thinking of scrambling Tarkenton patting the buttocks and bearded face of Bradshaw after the game. I saw Mean Joe Green and all the others. Smetzer said, it was Pitt all the way, there was no doubt of it, as Bing Crosby says on the orange juice commercial. When they rang me I went down in my robe and took a naked dive in the pool below my window even though it was 40 degrees and raining. I knew I wouldn't be bothered under those conditions and I wasn't. After that I walked down to Madame Dunbar's New Orleans and had a Cuba Libre while I waited for my table. The place was crowded with red checked yankees in vintip shoes. I remembered the times at Palace Orianta, where I would order a light breakfast wine, a Chateau Neuf, and hot French bread would be brought to me. I had had poached eggs over triangles of fried trout with a vinaiseuse of some kind at the Palace in the North. But even here, at Madame Dunbar's in the south, the eggs were round, as perfect as golfballs. I couldn't figure out how they did that, but I didn't ask. For desert there were fresh strawberries and vanilla ice cream. At the table next to me there was a dish of bananas foster filled to the brim. The waiter poured Triple Sec over bananas trying in a silver skillet in sugar sauce and lit it with a match, and of course during all of this I sipped a dark roast coffee with fresh cream. I then took the taxi to the stadium, the last year it will be used. The new Superdome may be ready next year, as it was supposed to be this year. I walked through the wet grass, the sky threatening rain. A boy scout usher in the stands took me to my seat. Scally and Pitt took it easily, 11 to 9. Scally held a giant street celebration for Pittsburgh, and danced on more than one car hood though he is pushing 74, and quite vital.

A SUCCESSFUL RAPE IN THE MEN'S DRESSING ROOM OF THE LAWRENCE MUNICIPAL SWIMMING POOL, by William Gallagher

In the men's dressing room
[redacted] are raping
a twelve-year-old [redacted]

First they offered her money;
then they showed her a knife.

She pretended fear
and took the money.
But mainly she wanted them,
their almost [redacted]
yellow drug-addict eyes they roll back in their brains;
flesh-colored tongues flicking
in and out of their mouths like lizards;
the [redacted] snakes they keep coiled inside them.

They are [redacted] age, she thought,
trying to guess.

It really wasn't very much, they came so fast,
afraid the attendant they bribed
would call the cops anyway;
jabbering a language she couldn't understand.
She lay like a rock and
But she kept her eyes open.

Only once, with the second one,
she reached up to touch the [redacted].
Savagely, he bit her shoulder.



bulls of the public waltz

人間はなぜ失恋自殺するの？

Why do so many people fall in committing suicide?



SPECIAL TO THE MOON -- PRESIDENT IN TOPEKA. The new president Rocky flattered

down to the plain like a bastard on a greenworm. Air Force One, the flying object lesson. He anticipated the faces in the plain crowd awaiting him. A blind vendor made the rounds through the reporters and public officials selling lemonade soda and cotton candy. And Pepsi Cola only. It was oddly warm on the tarmac that February day. Rocky was coming, the man who will always smile and shake your hand, a goodfirm grip, but so much like painting a dead carp on the bank of the ugly Kaw. The governor is there, the good old Waddy, the governor of the jayhawk state, or is it sunflower seed state? The grain alcohol bakist of the National drunk. The governor pitifully tries to make political hay out of the President's visit, but it's like a dead cat in the drying machine, stinking up the state's laundry. No one here who watches television or owns a goat could have anything but contempt for the man, but here he is in the bread basket, on the banks of the National Trench. In the oval window of the great AFO I see him picking at a crust in his nose, feigning a casual nose-ear extraction. He was half asleep, the suit rumpled. A common man indeed. His eyes are like black cherries, the black avellana custard. Vern Miller, like a [redacted], at least not dead enough to bury, as Beckett said of his mom and dad in Molloy, or perhaps himself, perhaps he said it of himself. Security. I'll mention security at the arrival: Robots. Knowing what a drab cliché it is I say Robots. No, it won't be like the Sci-Fi adolescents will have it. No robots. Not even sinister ones. It'll be plenty more cancer and cardiac arrest. We will sip chemical soda, sitting around with nothing to do, waiting for the end. It won't be a sudden whoof. We will have little pains here and there, teeth will rot, the breathing will sour. The [redacted] security for this ass hole in a dark suit and three unshaved whiskers spiraling on his throat. I hate the man on sight as I knew I would. A blue eyed robot, rigid, with eyes shifting systematically in the gridwork of the small assemblage. Farts are mostly methane? A fart can explode. None of us dare fart around the president. We must wear balcon like sacks hanging out of our asses. I suspect Rocky really did play with his helmet on in those days, despite the rumors, but alas he has it off now. President Rocky likes to [redacted] Flying Dutchman in a hickory pine, and so do his [redacted] majority leader under President Lyndon (R.I.P.) [redacted] used to criticize Lyndon on the grounds that the latter was not fighting nearly enough or spending nearly enough money in Viet Nam. Frenzied clutch of people grasping to see him, bankers pushing little girls away, lapels pulled rudely, police like black dogs moving with Rocky. More carp handshakes. No niggers in the crowd. All wimpy whites. At one point it was over, the time frame closed on the episode. He gets back on the plane and flies off in a wake of black smoke and hideous noise. The leader. Fact: he was never elected president of the United States. But we [redacted] prefer this [redacted] nations elected their officials by popular vote. Who elected Buford Watson? Who elected the Lawrence City Planning Commission? Did you? Heart heavy -- Reporter Milton.



Dearest Oneba,

William Carlos Williams and his wife were at a small party -- he and I were talking about Kipling and Kipling showed up. Kiplings stories came under discussion, and I told him that I had always loved Gunga Din. I admired its imaginativeness, but Williams turned rude, suddenly, and said that that story wasn't made up, or imagined at all, that it was fact. I said what? He said it was a straight dream report, and then spit on my shoe and vanished, shortly after he refused some dope that was passing around. Say what is meant here.

Dolly Roddy

DR. LAUMAN DROWNS

The body of Dr. J.H. Lauman, who was drowned in Blue River yesterday, was recovered about 9 o'clock last night and brought to this place. The doctor was one of a fishing party of six. Armstrong, an ancient enemy, and the good doctor rode their horses into the river to give them a swim. This was just above a deep and dangerous place in the river, known as the jump off, where there is a shoer descent from comparatively shallow water to a depth of 25 to 30 feet. Lauman, being a good swimmer, boldly rode his horse over the ledge and they at once sank from sight. The horse soon surfaced and swam ashore. Lauman appeared a few seconds later, but sank again almost immediately and rose no more. In some way Lauman had received a blow from his horses hoofs which stunned him so he was unable to swim. Armstrong surfaced seconds later from the churning foam, his hair hung with the roots at the turgid bottom of the pool, and matted with greish clay. Dr. Lauman was a young man of splendid character and attainments and most popular. He formerly lived in Dallas. Contributed by Dallas Evening News

From the Philosopher, Burton: "What's the world itself? A vast chaos, a confusion of manners, as fickle as the air, domicilium insanorum, a turbulent trove full of impurities, a mart of walking spirits, goblins, the theatre of hypocrisy, a shop of knavery, wherein every man is for himself, his private ends, and stands upon his own guard. No charity, love, friendship, fear of God, alliance, affinity, consanguinity, Christianity, can contain them, but if they be any ways offended, or that string of commodity be touched, they fall foul."

from Astrology: "The moon represents Instinct and Habit, born of heredity, the Personality, feeling, memory, imagination, receptivity, impressionability, Desire for new experience...It signifies the mother, the wife in a male nativity, the common people, sailors, shopkeepers, those whose work is connected with liquids. If afflicted, there is passivity, caution, negativity, moodiness, fancifulness and inconstancy."

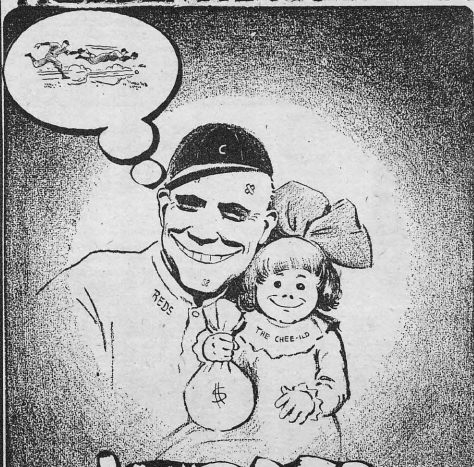
When you start searching for 'pure elements' in literature you will find that literature has been created by the following classes of persons:

1. Inventors. Men who found a new process, or whose extant work gives us the first known example of a process.
2. The masters. Men who combined a number of such processes, and who used them as well or better than the inventors.

---POUNDS

"As among Chaucer's canterbury pilgrims, or oriental ones, there was no lack of variety. Natives of all sorts, and foreigners; men of business and men of pleasure; parlor men and backwoodsmen; farm-hunters and fame-hunters; heress hunters, gold-hunters, buffalo-hunters, happiness-hunters, truth-hunters, and still keen-er hunters after all these hunters. Fine ladies in slippers and moccasins squaws; Northern speculators and Eastern philosophers; English, Irish, German, Scotch, Danish, Occidentals and Spaniards; Santa Fe traders in striped blankets, and Broadway bakers in cravats of gold; Kentucky boat-men and Japanese looking Mississippi cotton-planters; Quakers in full drab, grinning Negroes, clay eaters and Indian chiefs solemn as high priests. In short, a piebald parliament, an Anacharsis Cloots congress of all kinds of that multiform pilgrim species, man."

PRESIDENT ANXIOUSLY AWAITED BIG GAME COUNTRY



MURDER

Doctor Oneba.

The end of the world. Of time. No cars. No ships. No planes. Travel illegal. Everything restricted. Air riots. All wait. Short tempers. I am an outlaw. I am travelling on a ship with friends. All move, since no one waits in one place for the end of the world. We argue hysteria. I tell them we should put on shows, we are the actors, and shall pretend anger. People are committing suicide all over the ship, some with great style, others with abject efficiency. The cultured European Jews spill blood in the green pools. I cannot swallow water to suicide. I am told to kill a wealthy doctor. I slide in beside him on the car seat. He jitters, jiggles, fat, frightened, blubbering. We fear each other.

Jack Shenker

I GOT A BUNCH AND YOUR ADDRESS FROM WILLIAM BURROUGHS PUT ME ON THE LIST — Wilson

The main purpose of the Tortilla is as a substitute for bread. A variation of the Tortilla are those made of flour, which are eaten mainly in the northeast of Mexico. There are two types of Tortilla. One is "Tortilla de agua". It is a thin disk about 12 inches wide, and the other is "Tortilla de maizena", which is thicker and not more than five inches wide.

EDITOR BLOWN AT

This Moon editor was loitering close to a metal Dumpster in the alley between 11th and 10th last Sunday morning, just out walking, heading generally in the direction of the Moon office, also on the watch for useful trash in the alleys. I saw the good Christians of the community scurrying in and out of churches in the vicinity, all with sour frowns on for some reason. I suppose if I were a Christian I'd be pissed off too, the way poor Jesus is being spat upon and rudely thorned, the way he was in the old days. Anyway, I was spying and beginning to finger a perfectly good lamp and shade combo, sorely needed in the dim Moon offices. So, here comes a Volkswagen down the alley, 'f blowing at me, as though I were mute and deaf and mentally defective, as so many downtowners are, and the weird alley people of this town. The VW had stupid jayhawks hopping across the back windshield. There she was in the passenger seat, Nancy Hambleton, ex mayores, now city commissioner. The nerve of her driver blowing at me as though I were a common tramp. It scared me and I resented it. My guess is that Nancy is cruising the alleys on the way to church looking for trash and dogs. The Moon staff attended the last City Commission meeting and had a good time. Nancy said the reason for all the alley trash in the student neighborhoods is dogs. Dogs do it. She hates dogs. She said Buford Watson (The pitifully hang-toothed, soft spoken, City Manager) had to do something about the dogs. I was fondly reminded of the sunny day last summer when the city dog catcher (who elected him?) carried out Nancy's warrant and stole my dog from the lawn, even though my 6 yr old daughter tried to stop the ass hole, took him down and gassed him. The dog was perfectly harmless, more a good baby sitter than a dog. He was humble enough to let the cat eat from his dish. Nancy's dog hate made my daughter cry. And she blows horns at people. She doesn't blame the trash on the trash itself, but on innocent hounds. Now I don't like dogs shitting in my garden either, or biting my knee. But why does Nancy insist on gassing innocent dogs with the rest. Would she like it if she were made to suffer along with Nofin for the things they said and did together.

STATUARY RAPE

I knew a man once assaulted monuments.

It was odd the way he'd paw and grunt

to get a hold on marble, granite, little figurines

of lapis lazuli or chalk and once an Easter bunny

made of late spring snow.

Then, 'the preacher had a talk with him:

'Pagan,' you could hear across the old asphalt.

Most didn't care thinking pigeon-

dropping more disfiguring,

but those who did stayed up at night

to guard their pink flamingos.

A student Junk City U.



SHIT

EDITORIAL--THE NATIONAL TRENCH. We all saw the Moon as fundamentally a pie, perhaps the last one in the baker's case, but indeed a pie. And now, suddenly in America, a slice of it has come flaming to earth and cut a deep canal from Muncy to Loma Linda. Still a great apathy hangs over the Nation. They stand on the banks of it, drinking La Perla, crabs under the sizzle of the national Sun. The laughing moon changed to an angry one, as Black Elk forespoke. The editors pedal down to Madame Dunbar's for lunch. News of the Vitolo apparitions at travelling up and down the counter. We sip dark chorty coffee, eat Skrada-Kaka, talk to the customers about the undercurrents of the social river in this central city. We ask about the National Trench. One man tells us his frail daughter has come down with open blisters of the lip after drinking a quaff of its dim green water. Says another, dead catfish, carp, gar, perch, and all manner of fish are floating up dead in the stagnant pools along its rigid length, unbending the slightest for a thousand miles.

Cottonwood Editor:

The picture of the dog, Marbles, and his ex-cr--nta, plus wipping, sounds unsuitable for our organ. Other pictures always considered.

In the future if anyone has any complaints concerning Orl Secors they should be directed to me, the Neighborhood Chairman. I do not appreciate my journal being harassed by anonymous phone calls. Berry Sebene. The most diminutive offender known in this part of the country is now in the hands of the govtm. Officers here. He is a negro boy 12 years old and 3 feet 9 inches in height. His name is Junior Johnson. He broke into a postoffice in Colorado and swiped \$9.

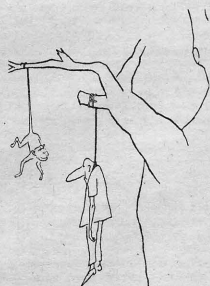
AMERICANS EAT, IGNORE RAIDERS Twenty Americans were enjoying a barbecue in a U.S. Army abattoir Saturday when 75 unarmed Chinese soldiers attempted to raid the building in search of fresh meat. The Americans proceeded calmly with the barbecue; American employed coolies drove off the attackers, and none was seriously injured in the scuffle. The sour note of the pungent Kawayan show was the overshadowing of the purpose of the affair. Little emphasis was given towards the needs of the flood victims back home instead, eager beavers drum beat for the balibkayan. A complete nuisance, too, was the Department of Tourism photographer who didn't know when to stop taking moving pictures. The Bayanihan dancers selfconsciously loitered around bearing that spoiled look of mannequins who are about to be mashed. They can learn a thing or two from the stars of the show, the pangkat kids.

ADVANCE GUARD OF INVADERS BEGINS MARCH TO TEXAS

Richly caparisoned in all the splendid panoply of successful war, with trappings flashing in the sun, the advance guard of the invading army of Elks that will on Monday take the city have left their homes in the remote sections of the Union and have begun to move on Dallas. The signal corps that General Atwell maintains, yesterday reported that a special train loaded with a detachment numbering 180, recruited from both New Jersey and New York, would leave Jersey City tonight and arrive in Dallas on Saturday. Accompanying this delegation will be a crack band. A detachment 200 strong has just left the Utah capital, bringing with them a musical aggregation of many pieces. By Friday night the trained ears of the outlying scouts will be able to detect the heavy tread of the coming hosts and by Saturday morning the defenders of the city will hold the flag of truce upon the walls and capitulate. In the approaching army will be many "big guns" and Gen. Atwell has pledged "unconditional surrender." The siege guns of the city have been put away in camphor balls and the invaders will take possession without firing a shot.

Today, the city's decoration work will be undertaken in earnest. Strings and clusters of incandescent lights are being gotten in readiness and flagging and bunting with paintings and cuts and statues of Elks, O-n-e-ba and relic objects of various types, are beginning to appear. Decoration will be finished by Friday night. A vast attendance is expected. Hotels and restaurants should be able to take care of the eating question.

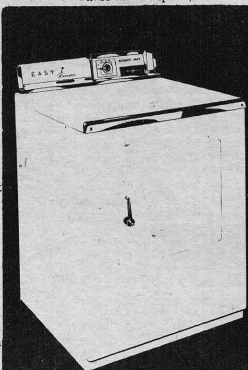
Fresh Luplog \$3.50 ORENTEX
Pansit Luplog \$3.25 "Home Style"



Tension

SUIT FILED

A Eudora woman has filed suit in Topeka claiming her husband drank a Coca-Cola bottle of Purex bleach after reading the City Moon. The allegation is that he told his wife he felt despondent after reading the paper. He said new insights had opened up inside him, as though moths had hatched in his lungs. He said he was going into the garage to glue his cutouts. The woman claims she found him dead on the cement two hours later. No note was left. Help us defend ourselves. Send defense money to Bleach Suit, City Moon, Bx 591.

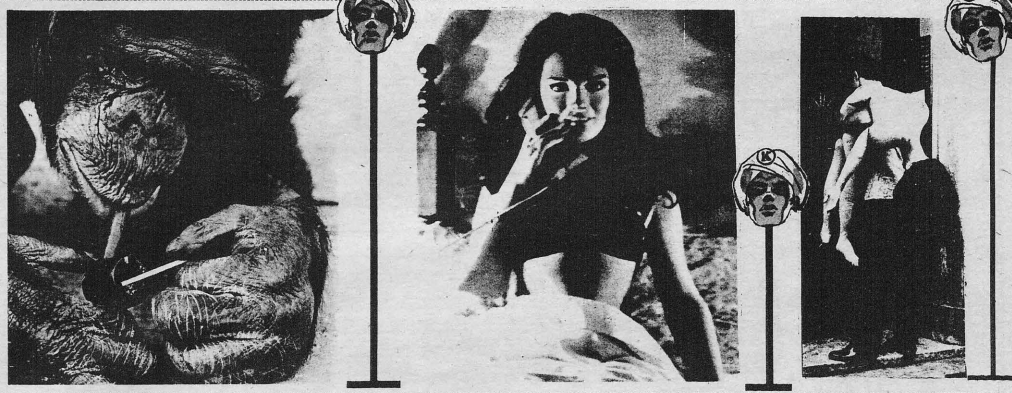


Get one from Jeff Miller, cheap. B. 591

KALIMAN

No Joke
La droga mas peligrosa

Fill a Kaliman love-drug doll with warm water, or give your favorite pet art-monkey a Kaliman love- pipe- either way, you'll enjoy yourselves thined in the most ridiculous way by the most dangerous drug of all, Kaliman-HI. This is a PAIN DRUG IN THE WRONG HOUSE, AND YOURS MAY BE WRONG. The proximity of an art-monkey owning one of these pipes is dangerous to your family, the wife and kids. Get them out of your house now.... Jackie has her admirers across the many lands of earth.... Love- dolls are worthless, puncture easily and can be dangerous if they soak a nearby radio....



Who was with Simon the night the then editor showed up, drunken and pitiful, at the High School Leukemia dance, probably out of his mind on Kaliman, judging from appearances and tried to cut in to dance with his daughter's 11 and one half year old girl friend Materna, a dark haired gypsy witch? Was it the wife? Chalmers old set,?

Ray Audio

WHITE PUNCTURED. This sad incident has taken place recently on a Lawrence streetcar in front of Mmine Dunbars. Scotty Monroe Nelson White rode in a Gold Cross ambulance, the last mile of his life Sat. nite, and then sucked oxygen pitiously until his white power heart stopped pumping the lifeblood, and he died. This MOON reporter was happily on the St. Phillip St. railcar when the incident took place. The City twilight was a deep and that summer night. The work rush had crested and we experienced a calming diminuendo after laboring a day on the City paper, the outstanding local publication, CITY MOON, the sheet that doesn't cater to the dope-stained hippies of Centrola Park.***** Drank one paper cup of cherry water before I left the office. I felt a nerve rising in me. I saw the connection among distant and superficially unrelated events clearly. Out of the railcar window, of oval shape, I saw the familiar triangular flights of waxwings along St. Phillip, above the Japanese Plums which line the esplanade, the White people crowded in front, close to the automatic driver. Some said his name was Lemonade Kenny before he changed it to WHITE. Others claim he is Clovis Baudelaire of Cincinnati. This reporter saw him clearly but dares not name him in print. The sizzling afro sat on the brown nut of his head like a Texas Tumbleweed. He was clearly on one of the new hellish Noxaze drugs, and judging by the tubelike emergence of his flute-like lips, I'd guess it was KALIMAN. And then a WHITE woman said, "Wha hee grain doo, bee pop sum mo'fu wiff hee's coomb? I saw him approach White , the deceased, sliding the hard aluminum afrocomb from Continued

CATCH ANIMAL RAIDERS!



Dear Process Box 591:
Don't you dare! A tetralunar with low animal form slighting pages? Scarring tabula rasa worse than dogas yapping and fucking on school yards in this? United States: NEVER! Onets dead must not be. Cloudbanks will not cover such bright Sun. And direct. Pointed. Throbbing hearted living pain of new moon? We will fight it. Must. Take it to court--Supreme if necessary. We're tired of being stepped on. Masked by trash drivet that points chancy and luck like hideous baboon's naked tail at no real object. Thank you--prefer to remain anonymous--Neil "boots" strongArm P.S. Will you run an ad for my Mobile Home? (Ed. Note--Sure we will.)

Starling pie is divine. Use beaks, feet in soup.

GEIN WATCHING (CONT.)
their vision as they crouch in the abandoned parsonage of the dead Baptist church of the city.

They talk of shooting Gein in the foot and the arm, crippling him, and then working him over with hot needles. The drinking turns fierce and Rip waxes to his feet and stumbles forward to the window, where his fingers crack the thin glass panes, one by one breaking out his protection against the cold, and the gun is poked out and fired three times at whatever is moving in the muddy ruts of the East Road of the city.

It is a troubled nightmare that plagues this cities vision, a holocaustical ministering angel descending on it with the kick of a Kaliman high.

Dial 1 to stop Gein. The kill orders are null. Ed.M.



Ray Audio

13 E. 8th Lawrence
HI quality LO price

BUGS IN MUNCE (CONTD.)

Shumann says, 'I have trained many insects but for choice give me the dispised, persecuted and maligned bed bug. A dead bedbug is not as pretty as a pretty little girl is. These bugs of mine will come at my call, and as you see will obey my commands instantaneously when ordered to work the hammer. I claim they are possessed of unusual intelligence, finer than that of an ant, or even a less.intelligent rat. I trained them by forcing their forelegs in crude iron stocks and yoking them, and the tiny iron bars they both carry in the right direction. The bugs, of course, were for escaping, at first, but they soon learned no harm would come to them by keeping as they were--and so finally they did their tasks automatically. I also use voice control.'*

KFROG

Friz Weber, a grocer in Bloomfield N.J., sold 14¢ worth of cheese to a woman customer yesterday. A few hours later the woman returned to the store, asked Mr. Weber if he had lost a diamond ring. He replied that he had not, for he never owned one.

The woman then produced a ring set with three glistering stones, which she said she had found imbedded in the cheese he had sold her. She was happy when told that the grocer did not own her find, which she said would enable her to take a needed vacation.

It is believed the ring, which is valued at \$1000 got into the cheese at the factory.

Weber could not be inducd to give the name of the lucky woman customer.

4H cooking Tuesday after school. Ben's grill-ed franks and cheese featured. He will again demonstrate his secret at 4H day July 1.

We tried different ways of keeping the crust off pudding. We used sugar, plastic and wax paper. Sugar is the best way.

Jeff made instant pudding and we compared the time for making.

How to make instant hot chocolate was demonstrated by the leader, Glada Iso.

MEXICAN RAIDERS!

Melancholy Incident on the Wachito.

There's not a man among us who takes a half hour's nap after dinner but when he wakes up he raises his head and asks, 'What's the news?' Some give directions to be waked every half hour for no other purpose. After a night's sleep the news is as indispensable as an indispensable as the breakfast. 'Tell me anything new that has happened to anybody anywhere on the globe'--and he reads it over his coffee and danish, that a man has had his eyes gouged out this morning on the Wachito River; never dreaming the while that he is a cyclops in the dark unfathomed mammoth eye of his world, and has but the rudiment of an eye himself. E. Pound

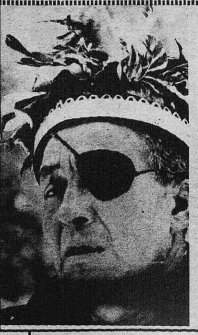
KFROG

The name, Prince Lindo, the game, food. I serve the BEST IN THIS AREA, if you just come out to my place. Try us. When did you visit last? No franchise automatic cinnamon - fried chick en or leaden burgers--just real good home-cooked. Big Burgers with everything. Stop in.

MEXICAN CUISINE

Menu this Week

Quahogs (Fried)	99¢ a dozen
Lamb Fries	2.50
1000 Year Old	
Egg Spec.	85
My famous mis-ter salty ham-burger	1.35
Jerky, Chips,	
Beer (Small dixie size)	1.00



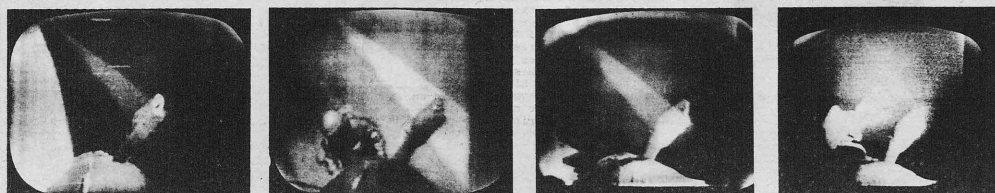
move it quickly. J.J. made cocoa syrup and added milk for hot cocoa. Everybody ate.

Later, "Grizzly Adams" was attended, in Bellevox, by the club.

Scott Monroe Nelson, the Ku Klux Klan's vice presidential nominee

EAT AT MEXICO LINDO

Universal Life



Dark Side of MOON Fertile, Mushroom-Like Spores, Growing to Great Heights, Called "Life Pods," Russian Cosmonaut Atomized at Approach.

Beat His Friend To Death

Mad mad wineo VERN "BUNNY" WILLIAMS who goes up in alleys with his wine drinking buddies to consume fifths of wine night or day, did in LEON MCCOY, 28, of the 4200 block of Moffitt.

"BUNNY" who is 24, weighs 140 pounds and lives at 4522 Cottage ave., drilled a nail through a stick and took it up the alley with him.

This nail on the end of the stick is what "BUNNY" used time and time again to black hammer and draw blood from sagging McCoy who asked



VERN WILLIAMS

"BUNNY" to just let him live.

BUNNY denied MCCOY the opportunity to live, and drew him as their friends watched and kept on drinking wine.

A Simple Koan

reaching for the moon in the water.

and of play; meet, it.

Well, don't you tell, mouth.

See, you know, spiel.

Never, an app.

like it.

One of the displays is a black brick with three holes drilled in it. It's labeled "Polish bowling ball."

GARDEN CITY—Old automobiles don't just fade away. They wind up on the banks of the state's rivers and streams.

The junkers are there in the name of erosion control. The convenience of that method of disposal is the main reason.

What puzzles Mel Baughman, extension forester, Kansas State University, is that "ever since the automobile was invented those metal monsters have been pushed over banks without a single public outcry."

The cars are rarely stripped of loose items and staked to the bank. They always seem to end up in mid-stream, scattering a tranquil scene and disturbing the natural flow of the waters.

The Chinese believe that a god lives in a jade palace in the constellation of Ursa Major!

Ever Been Mistaken For the Other Sex?

Blanche Hudson, artist, Dulube street: Oh, honey, they've mistaken me for just about everything. Today I really have them confused. I guess it's my white lace tights. My black platform soled ankle straps. My bright red tank top and my black satin hot pants. Oh, and my box. The beard is a giveaway though. That's why I wear my box. It hides my beard.

Popular Pastor Mad About Love

The pastor's wife and their children were there to witness the spectacle. One sister stood up and yawned. One of the brothers patted her on the buttocks and yelled, "Hey hey! Where is the whiskey?" A mourner said, "He threw it in the well."

One of the complainants said Rev. Tom Jones ousted the old board of trustees and deacons so he could get complete control of the church and its finances and he could be the dictator and the pastor too. They claimed he was money hungry and wanted his salary for one day a week, which was Sunday, raised from \$250 to \$500. They objected vehemently to this and decided to relieve him of his duties. Rev. Jones resigned this and began working among and with his admirers and followers. This included the very old or the senile and the very young. He even strove naïvely to put a teenager on the board of trustees. Rev. Jones told the congregation surrounded by policemen and bodyguards that nobody but he, himself, Rev. Jones, could call a meeting. One sister called him an improvised liar with a nursing desire. The meeting of defense rolled on, but the membership voted his bidness OUT. He refused to go, but after all he had police protection with their guns and plenty bullets.

One sister yelled up, "Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin!" Music took over to drown out the mixed voices of confusion. Maxwell Things got good, oh so good and Sister Alberta Tate Walker strolled up to the front of the church to face the dissident audience and deliver a speech saying, "My good sisters and brother, Amen! let's take up a special collection to pay these security guards and policemen for escorting and protecting our beloved pastor. Dig deep into your pockets and don't come up with pennies and nickels. Thrust dollars into the basket and on the table." The armed protectors came from Pegasus according to one of the members who recognize some of them. Church service by the gun raged madly on, but it was likened unto an outer meeting more than a sermon.

At a meeting and discussion in the White office it was brought out that two members of the church followed Rev. Jones and one of the 18-year-old church beauties to the 3900 block of Palm street where they mooched with tongue and cheek and tight embraces as they shook her shoulders like a snake dance and charmer. One of the observers said things got kinda rough and the reverend seemed to be polishing the girl's teeth with his tongue as she closed her eyes. These same two observers said they followed on Rev. Jones and Sister Ashland on another occasion after he had dropped off other girls in his auto. They said on this trip both characters were frisky and then in deep silence the girl stroked the reverend's plump jaws and he stroked her about the breast with little rest.

Food for Thought

In 1923, a group of the world's most successful financiers met in Chicago. Those present were:

The President of the largest independent steel company.

The President of the largest utility company.

The President of the largest gas company.

The greatest wheat speculator, Arthur Cutten, died abroad, in secret.

The President of the New York Stock Exchange.

A member of the President's cabinet.

The greatest "bear" in Wall Street.

Head of the world's greatest monopoly.

President of the Bank of International Settlements.

Certainly we must admit that here were gathered a group of the world's most successful men. At least men who had found the secret of "making money." Twenty-five years later, let's see, where are these men now?

singers who indulge in (origins)

(before). Medi say it's really

a pretty stupid way to exist.



BEWARE OF TRAPS



Last night a Houston Businessman saw a perfect likeness of Oneba in the sky above the most sumptuous steak house in America, the elegant Palace Orienta, which Castenado now owns and operates on the City's suburban south flank, with financing by Westopher Santee. Oneba's heavenly manifestation was encircled in a scarlet ring of bright clouds that seemed to catch every ray of light from the moon and bend each one so that Oneba's image could be seen perfectly clearly. The Houston businessman swore it was Oneba, and his wife does too, and they both offer to swear an affidavit in substantiation of what they saw. Castenado said he was too busy running the City's most Lush and Sumptuous Restaurant, Palace Orienta

Dear Moon: Have any of your readers lost any children yet to "Ray's Syndrome?" It is a disease that attacks the nerves, can cause brain damage or be fatal. I know the Doctors spell it "Reyes," but I have learned its cause; at night I sometimes wake up in a cold sweat and sometimes find it difficult to breathe, so that I wondered has the oxygen been reduced in the air? or is there some chemical retarding oxygen utilization? But no, because there is another explanation. Several times I awoke after dreaming of being paralyzed or immobilized by some sort of vibrations. Once I was awake and heard steps on the concrete over-head--then there were electronic vibrations that put my brain into a stupor. Last night I was semi-conscious and aware of that stupor, then they turned it off. I heard a click or clang of some metal shifting under my bed and suddenly my brain was free; I was awake, but sweating and having shallow breathing. Ray's Syndrome is due to the focusing of an electric device on some sleeping person, a device similar in effect to a microwave oven, producing damage to nerves and in some cases a paralyse re sulving in Death. This device could be focused from rooftops, from hidden equipment under floors, from miniature mobil robots introduced into rooms, even in Liberty Heights. And they are killing children with it. If you guys at the Moon can't handle this one, forward this letter to Oneba the One and label it a dream, Okay? Yours, Billie Alonzo, Golden Missouri. 65658

At last the new knowledge is upon us and we are surprised to find out "things were not so complicated as we thought. First we read in the paper (not the Journal world--they don't know about it yet.) about ur. untex and his experiments with "loplasma on the lower farm" he takes a "petri dish of it out to the pond and sets it on a stone under the hot rays of the sun. He then attaches thin wires from the jellylike life-substance to a simple, galvanic device. Returning to the lab he waits. He slips lemon tea to keep the spirits up for the duration "then, normally 12-24 hours later the signals begin to come in. The needles jump and the green-faced scopes dance with light. untex leaps to action, jotting down figures, calculating on his calculator. untex says he doesn't understand the meaning of the signals, but is sure they come from the shoulder of Orion, perhaps Betelgeuse, both distant red stars. He says there is a general chatter going on between distant animated life and animal life on earth. He says government and C.I.A. have been working round the clock for a period of 6 months in an attempt to break the code so that we can listen to the chatter with some comprehension and gaining new knowledge from them. Yes, it is surprising to find out, for example, that a mouse could learn to play the fiddle, yet they have As a result of this new knowledge the vision of mankind changes--we no longer view him (or her) as the paradigm of living forms, but as perhaps the lowest form of all, which is suggested by all the new evidence coming in through untex's bowl of jelly.

PASSOR BRINGS 5 ARMED GUARDS TO HIS PALACE



Mrs. Chelsey Bucke of 2 N. 2nd Street in North Lawrence today was the single witness of the unhappy drowning of a neighborhood youth, Jimmy W----. He seemed urged from the room, she reported. The crash with which his father fell on the bed behind him was still in his ears as he fled. On the staircase, which he rushed down as if its steps were an inclined plane, he ran into Mrs. Bucke on her way up to do the morning cleaning of the room. "Jesus!" he cried as she covered her face with her apron, but he was already gone. Out of the front door, he rushed across the street toward the Kaw River. Already he was grasping at the bridge railings as a starving man clutches food. He swung himself over, like the distinguished gymnast he had once been in his youth, to his parents' pride. With weakening grip he was still holding on when he spied between the railings a motorhome coming which would easily cover the noise of his fall, called in a low voice: "Dear parents, I have always loved you, all the same," and let himself drop.

ROSES

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE by Mike Hogan, science ed. and technical writing expert.

In the theory of Platonic evolution one holds that man evolved from a Junebug. Plato's research was sparked by his observation of the aforementioned insects trying to fly through his screen door all summer long. This was during Plato's days in Stull, near the end of a life he was happy to be done with, since he had practiced dying for many years before.

A THOUSAND CLONES by Mike Johnson

By that time the videoclones were hard to tell from their originals. The Medium had stored in its mnemonic matrices the imagery of a thousand of the State's glorious and seemingly immortal dead. Most of the people were fooled most of the time, though some were vaguely troubled by the appearance on popular talk shows of such people as Wally Cox, Buddy Holly, Jack Kennedy, and Walt Disney. But the public at large gradually came to wonder about the slightly fuzzy borders around the images and the situational inappropriateness of certain gestures; and then they began to doubt the authenticity of all the images and to be concerned about who was dead and who was not. And now they are totally confused; but the Medium is the only reality, so reality is simply unreal. All is image. Death is indistinguishable from life. There is no cause for alarm. There is no news. We are merely back where we started.

When you turn over the rocks and boulders in fertile or swampy country, fat, luminescent grubs are lying there; when you turn over rocks and boulders in dry, arid land, fierce snakes are awaiting. The best bet is to stay in your house.

Thunder in January brings small rain in June; let your animals have free run of the barn.

THE PROMISE by Michael Smetzer

Mommy's tired little boy.
She wants to play with Daddy's toy.
So hop in bed to sleep
and don't let out a peep.
And if you eat dinner and always are good,
somebody your dog will turn into wood.

ANON--Department. Hardly is that word out when a vast image out of Spiritus Moldenke troubles my sight. Found by D. Normann.

After an animal is bunted and lipped, he is marked by obeissance, alternated by a surliness that froths.

Depending on the presence of drawl, slur, or clippage, one's very phrasing can affect the moral velocity of helium atoms. Dr. Volar Kamml showed the way.

From Wyenette to Bach, from the Airplane to Japanese Kabuki music, on K-FROG 109 FM

ONEBA SPEAKING: The new incredibly amazing miracle life-matter is available from Oneba Products Now at 10¢ a pound, and everything is coming up roses. This life material is like a yogurt culture; it generates. A pound of it could last you a lifetime. It's productive enough to feed you and your family from now till they get to Betelgeuse with tractors, and can be stored in a coffee can for all eternity. It comes to you in plasticene bags, odorless, perhaps the slight musk of decaying peat, nothing more. Children can fashion life play animals. We can send you art-monkey molds for the young ones' endless pleasure. It will assume any shape your hands can mold and a charge of simple house current will give it temporary life. Write me on this. I want to hear your experiences with this new product. We want every American happy nowadays, now that the gentle Rock is leading us. I've been perusing the Chinese Materia Medica Part 2. According to Shen-mung, the head and feet of a hedgehog, are like a rat. The use of this animal for regurgitation and various stomach troubles was common during the time of Pieh-Lu. It was found in the hills and cultivated in the plains of Hupeh. The skin of the hedgehog should be cut up and roasted black. It is bitter, bland, nonpoisonous, for all kinds of bleeding piles, it is mixed with noxa; the ash with oil is applied to prolapse of the rectum. It is smeared on the breast to quieten a frightened baby. And the Otter's liver, which is sweet, warming, poisonous, is given for chronic coughs, malaria, all kinds of demonic possession, debilitating sweats, nervousness, weakness after childbirth, anal fistula, given by Mongols for retention of urine. A letter tells me: "I was at the Red Marvin place northwest of Olathe, which he farms. The farm house is deserted, the area unused. They found a complete 1974 model Chevrolet pickup inside a couple weather beaten out buildings, with weeds grown up around. Law officers took a quick inventory of the vehicle and couldn't find hardly any parts missing other than the top had been taken off to allow it into the building. A black tarp was thrown over the chassis. The truck was dismantled in one building, the motor in another. The laws took a serial number off the frame, and threw it in their computers. They said it would soon be found to be a stolen truck, and why someone would take a 6000 dollar pickup and dismantle it would be known, in such a remote location. The vehicle check showed nothing, even though the vehicle in question was undamaged before the theft. Another service available to the laws was tapped but again a dead end. The frame number was wired to the Chevy Factory in North Detroit in an attempt to unravel the Gorgon's knot. The dealer was traced and the owner was traced. The laws said they smelled blood. Law officers in the neighborhood. The house was papped on the outside, and an ugly garden lay on its southside, where no light would hit until four o'clock in the afternoon. It was if something truly evil was coming out of the walls of the house, like yellow ghosts, but still the pickup was sitting there, identical year and make, in the driveway. It is a mystery which laws shake their heads over and people shake their concerned heads over, and who knows what the dollars and cents loss was to whoever the owner might be. What do you make of this one, Oneba? Interpret it--if you can." Easy enough, rural friend. Darvon, take Darvon. If this doesn't work, try a little Noxane in your milk before bedtime. This will have a tendency to simplify your dreams and make them less tedious, more symbolic, more artful, and worthy of comment in depth. Send me your dreams. Oneba, Box 591.

Dixie Peanut Bar

They Are Styling



MISS TONI AND DERANDO

The eagle flies on Saturday night. Any way you can possibly ever imagine peanuts, we've got them. Miss Toni and Derando dance on the bar of in-laid peanut shells. They are amazing. Little Derando likes to feature his hand-bone work, and Miss Toni blowing the short-horn. They like to style, especially when the glorious and bounteous fullness of spring lays like a musk over each persons soul. These are beautiful black people, mother and son. They are true and pure styling. They will squeeze your head, 12 dollar cover. 10 drink min. Roses, 39¢ doz.

How long has it been since you've tried Quince jelly? While you're about it, pick up a half of fresh frozen Shred-A-Kake.

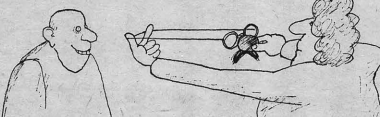
120 N. Main 227-2823

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST



OHLE-GOT A COLLAGE
AND A STORY FOR YA-
IS THE DEADLINE? I Gotta
GET THE NEGATIVE OF DORRAN
SHOT TO SEND YA BUDDY OF
MINE WAS SOME PHOTO-MADNESS
FOR YA AS WELL-BEEN BUSY.
HOW WAS THE BIG EAT? LOT
ME KNOW. O.K.?

DAVID OHLE
% RIVER CITY MOON
BOX # 591
LAWRENCE
KANSAS, 66044





The Consuming Flame

BELLED BUZZARD IN CITY

Timeless it seems, as old as Nestor was they say, first seen in Las Cruces in 1900, reported then in the Dallas Evening News, and now here in this City again, sighted by police only last Sunday, perched at the belfry of the Church of Concrete Cross, squirting foul white stool down the stone siding of the hallowed building, and his frightening screech could be heard halfway across South Park and over into the Eastside historic area. The clatter of the ancient bell around his neck, the hideous chop of his wingbeats. How long will he stay this time? By children already pale, hiding in the closets, wandering aimlessly in the yard, casting fearful skyward glances.

BELL BUZZARD HITS, BOY DEAD

A sleepy negro boy is laid out cold tonight at Lamanno Panna Fallo, morticians, at 9th & Toledano. Why? Because he strayed away from his playtime ohms, wandered into one of the Eastside government parks, carried to nap under a shady cottonwood, and was sorrowfully mauled by the old belled buzzard. Reports have the boy carried walling over rooftops, the head cracking against chimneys and inflicting terrible injuries to the Negro, called High Hat in the Genesee school. In an empty lot the gut was torn open by the slicing beak, the boy's vermiculate organs spilling into the hot dust. Boy Scouts came, drove the bird off with hickory bats and digging forks. Some threw jagged stones. An eye had been pecked out, a reddish jellylike substance spread on the cheeks, smelling oddly of prussic acid. **Requiescat.** Come down to Lamanno Panna, see the boy.



CITY MOON - A home-town paper, devoted to home-town news: borrowed by some. Read by All, Box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044



Now, the latest joy-religious crusade, a fire tornado from Muncie, has penetrated the prairie areas. Called The New Trochilics, they can do a 360 degree rotation on their skates. They sing of Oneba who is the one, and of the national joy. Trokes, as they are called here, claim to be followers of the science of rotary motion called Trochilics, or gyrostatics. The leader is known as Jody or Dolly now working at the audio house. Mobile homes have been destroyed, sucked into the whirling vortex as the chants become more intense. Jody points to the sun and signals the trochilics to begin the dance of joy. The town of Muncie was powerless to stop them when Jody or Dolly led the new trochilics into East Muncie. Now the streets

The New trochilics

are empty, scarred by the cruel metal skates. Must this happen here? Why is the Symons organ silent, impotent in the new joy? Trochilic leader, also known as the master Ray-X, speaks of paving the rivers for skating. "Let us pour the concrete into the Kaw to make the waters solidify," she says. "We will go down the Kaw, through the Missouri, into the Mississippi, and down to the Gulf. This will give us the sea." The Moon has seen how Noxin was given temporary youth by the dance, blooming and shrinking. Thousands of converts converged on Muncie, rotating wildly on their skates. The whirling symbolizes the Trochilic theory of universal movement, that of our galaxy likened to a screw.

Two elderly sisters have been arrested on an arson charge and are suspected in an "Arson and Old Lace" scheme involving more than 400 fires, including the National Fire, and millions of dollars in insurance claims, city police say.

The 22 year pattern of suspicious fires suggests the work of "one of the oldest arson rings" ever encountered by the Fire Department, said the department's secretary, Robin Perez. Rosie and Sylviette Cushman, identical twins, both 63, were arrested on charges of hiring a "torch" - a professional arsonist - to burn a vacant \$50,000 house north of Wellsville. The house belonged to Rosie's 46 year-old son, Lamont Cushman.

"JACKIE" POLITICIANS ROB



Exxon Corp. is expected to exceed General Motors as No. 1 firm in the United States.

READERS TALK

Extemporaneous musings of the crained clergy in mass media affects the populace with epigrammatic results. This statement allows to remove individuals such as Norman Vincent Peale, Bishop Sheen and Billy Graham.

I figure more folks read Dear Abby or Anne. Those two gals are sisters and are always good reading for the spite in life. Honey folks tend to steer clear of big words and rightly so. The only people I know that use a lot of big words are folks like Howard Cosell and Muhammad Ali, college professors and a few politicians and preachers that want to impress themselves.

This country is the last place I thought I would ever see small cars, a president messaged in office, integration of minorities, a losing season by the Kansas City Chiefs, a lady that owns a legal house of prostitution running for a senate seat, recreation and inflation at the same time and plenty of jobs open, large unemployment and people interested in doing more with their lives than taking care of the No. 1.

I haven't flipped all my clothes when I say the country could amount to something. I even heard the other day of a family inviting another family over for a meal for no other reason than the fellowship. Wow.

Little things like complimenting a person for their appearance, talking diners to old folks and visiting in a friends home just to return a borrowed tool that had been taken two years previous make life worthwhile.

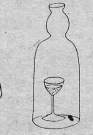
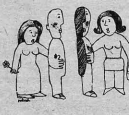
The news isn't good. Or is it? We are not as independent as we thought. I'm working with a guy that goes to work at 6 a.m. and goes home about 7 p.m. He likes his job, has been there 12 years, and he says every day is something new.

Is there something new in your life or do you just feel comfortable keeping everything the same? Well, friends, the only thing that is not changing is change itself.

Continued

WIDOWS DANGLE

Four white women of this City (400's - 12th St.) whose car dangled for an hour from the jaws of the raised Kaw bridge before being lowered" to safety earlier this week became honorary members of the Green Era Club yesterday. Dolly Roddy, 74; Nora Bender, 75; Olive Balm, 78, and Urida Latapie. They were trying to cross to the Northside, they say, with hot Skrada-Kaka for ageing friends there. The drawbridge snagged them, caught the underside of their car and hoisted it and the widows into the limelight. Citizen certificates were presented to the frightened widows on the scene. The Editor of a local newspaper, Editor Symons, was there, lauding the widows from the back seat of his limousine for "hanging in there." The Moon is sick of this new Boosterism. Can Symons and the whole City crowd at Town Center. We want free hot meals in the local stadiums for poor people. Save the old people. Remember Remus? However, we back the Green Era Clubs one thousand percent!!!!



Drawing by ANDREW BOROWSKI

That is kinda heavy till you read it but I'm sure by now you know I tend to throw a heavy thing in now and then.

Don't say politicians are crooked, officers politicians hold don't have an account to everyone for what is done. That is why we think they are so good. The human race is full of some error, or are you errorless? We even say it about the local mayor, the county commissioner and every little office for elected officials.

My Dad says two preachers crooked him one time so he thinks preachers are crooked. I disagree, I just didn't you make people honest by trying to be honest to yourself. If you want to be much of a politician, school board member or the like, remember that everything you do in public office should be for the public. That, ladies and gentlemen, is HARD. People aren't bad, organizations are bad - because it can take the persons guilt in the red tape or runaround or the office.

There's hope but only if you believe it. see you next week, den.

Mme D's

— The City's Finest Foods



Menu Tdy.
Skrada Kaka
Sauce Piquant
Fried Romano
Peony Torto

John Emick wants a bill BIRD-DOGGED, he wants the day-care centers Wanted to see that money does not go to support Tennis Players or Alcoholics in Bars, like Jake Rose talked about. Barkley Clark is wise when he says that a 19 year old boy was doing a "heckuva" job being mayor of a town in Indiana. But Nancy Hambleton got very stiff, and said, "Let's make 'em be 21!" As it stands, by new state law, all you've got to be is a member of the electorate to run for city commission now. Nancy is afraid, no that's not right, she is ANGRY at the thought of an outside agitator from outside the area coming in. This big Kaplan guy stepped up to the City Commissioner Microphone and said the problem wasn't that a green kid would be elected, nope, the problem was apathy in the at-large populace over elections. Stop and figure. Ain't no 18 year old going to get elected in Lawrence, because the 6000 people that turn out at all the elections are the Kwanias Club or Moose guys. What's to worry over this 18 to 25 age slump apathy crowd? They're all as good as dead politically. So why were these people going crazy over this, dividing over this issue, Barkley getting hacked and Nancy getting frozen all over until we really just went to say RELAX, RELAX, it will be alright, Ms. Hambleton! We love the merry goings-on on our City Council! This is the best group we've had in here in years. Take what Jake Rose said. We have brought cameras into this offices and made our hearings public: Mr. Kaplan, we must demand a certain relevancy, and your remark seems irrelevant. Mr. Kaplan had a moment ago explained his position. Jake Rose from his seat and explained more forcefully the need for relevancy in Mr. Kaplan's comments. Mr. Kaplan stuttered like a bad outboard motor in his reply but sounded perhaps a touch like a savior for a moment, when he explained tirelessly that students too could be poor, and needy of day care too, and a pence messed with the pipe he got for Christmas once, and still John Emick looks like the good ex-California governor, Ronald Regan. The afternoon wound up, the brothers Buford and George exchanging remarks as the brown sun filtered in through the Venetian blinds. pence said that he had a lot of friends who were also students. Kaplan had a good many exciting points about walking up the street and bumping your legs, cracking bones because the sidewalks, which should be public domain, are maintained by property owners anarchistically, so that a patchwork prevailed rather than a smooth and running concrete walk from one end of a level block to the other. Kaplan's mind worked this way. Of course the sidewalks should belong to the city, since everybody uses them, and anybody could nowadays this includes some real doozies) can. And why the heck can't people pick not to have sidewalks? Ruination of the earth when the spring rains turn the grass to mud, and people have to slosh around a little? Isn't sloshing in mud really good? That was what was most grating about the discussion of sidewalk maintenance--other than the fact that some people in a target area will soon be asked to fixed their sidewalks or have them fixed by the city and be charged--that poor Kaplan met so much hostility. Barkley tried to play the diplomat on this one, and nearly winked, when he told Kaplan to take his argument to the statehouse in Topeka. Finally pence said, "I'm capable of being on the city commission, but I'm not capable of being president of the United States."

IF A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH, WHAT DOES A CROSSWORD DO? Back again to tease your brain and test your wits is that man (of the cloth) about town, Rev. Miller, A.B., M.A., M. Div., M. Phil., O.S.M., with yet another in his series of Gamut Crossword Puzzles. And in an attempt to suit the wide variety of tastes in the MOON's reading public, this puzzle is a little different from the run of the mill, pushover New York Times Sunday Magazine crossword: this is an all number crossword. So sharpen your pencils, plug in your calculators and take on Gamut Crossnumber 2!

- ACROSS:**
 A. Pi to 15 decimal places
 N. States in the union
 P. square root of 77841
 Q. 15 hours of F and one hour of D would yield
 R. (316X10) plus 4
 S. Number of Torah laws
 T. Age of Methuselah
 V. Street one mile south of 23rd.
 X. Ottawa-Oskaloosa highway.
 Y. _____ or flight.
 AA. Date of creation, B.C.
 CC. Number of seconds in a day.
 FF. A year's worth of days.
 HH. 2:3 : 5310x
 KK. Number of people Jesus fed had there been 71 more.
 MM. Boiling point
 NN. Information number
 PP. Wichita-Salina highway
 RR. Volkswagen model number
 SS. 0 to 15 decimal places
 FACT: Jacques Cousteau was a certified Naqas collaborator. This from Hogan, Sci. Ed.

- DOWN:**
 A. It's a dirty little war.
 B. Commandments
 C. Series: 2,4,6,8,10...
 D. Jewish year
 E. Sheep left in the fold.
 F. Number of the beast
 G. End of a story.
 H. Series: 9,10,7,8,...
 I. Theses
 K. Countdown
 L. Area of Luxembourg in mi²
 M. Kansas Beer
 S. Retirement age
 U. A thousand baseball baseball teams
 W. Big plane
 Z. (2X9X) minus 100
 BB. 13/250, in decimals.
 DD. Type of record
 EE. Buckshot
 GG. Dylan's highway X 100 plus 14
 HH. Big plane
 JJ. Emergency number
 LL. Friday's badge number.
 PP. Red Grange's number
 QQ. Smallest two digit prime number
 RR. Number of states inferior to Kansas.

The Casbah (9th and Mass) features delicious coffee and a rotating or unchanging menu, depending on your point of view. Tempura is wonderfully battered.

Instant screw-slarter
 To start a screw in a tight spot, hold it behind the ends of a pair of paper clips held to your screwdriver with a rubber band. Screwdriver will pull away easily afterward.—William Swadlow, Brooklyn.

Vassar Swiss

fragment by William Burroughs

founded by Grauerholz, trashcan, hotel Durant.

There was the consul decided something well odd about the pale cold eyes that seemed to be looking at a distant point far away and long ago. "He is looking through a tg telescope" the consul realized with a certainty that surprised him. (and then you turn the page over) There was the consul decided something well something well finis.

Painting at left called City Moon. It is by Kawabata.

SPECIAL TO THE MOON

SHALIBERTIES BETWEEN PHOTOLATOLY REMAINS RECENTLY FOUND IN TEXAS AND THE FAMILAR BELLED HUBBARD REPORTED ROMANIN IN OHLANDIA HAVE PROMPTED SPECULATION AMONG THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY OF IDEALISTS, ANTHROPOLOGISTS, BIOGENETISTS AND ORYTHOLOGYTISTS HERE IN THE HUBBERT THAT THE OLD-WORLD HUNTER-GATHERER HALLS OF DUNE FROM FRIGIDS TO MOUNTAIN LANDSHIPS OF THE NEE PENE INDIANS IN PERU, TO SAY THE LEAST, MUST NOW BE CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF UPDATING. Indeed, the fact that the TESSONED PLATED HUBBARD SUPPORT OUR CONTINENTS ARE IN ACTUALITY PROTOFERRATOLATOLY SLIDING THERMAL DRAFTS BEING PLOW NOTION NEOLITHIC AND THE TORSO BEING EACH SURFING FROM THE NECK A HILLSTILLED REBEL MORE TOLLING GREATER THUNDER AND EARTHQUAKES. FOUNDATION-WISE FLYING, THE PHOTOLATOLY MUST BE REMINDED TO REE BLOOD CELLS RETURNING TO THE GREAT FLUID LIDS OF NATURE OUBISHING THE NIGHTY DOWNSIDE OF EACH PHOTOLATOLY WING. 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Figure Cost



Figure Feed

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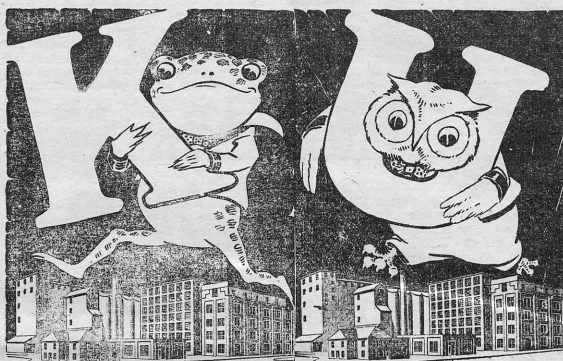
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