

One oh de things dat has caused considerable botherment to de world in general an de question ch which way de tail sh a pig damn correct to de leftward or to de right.

CITY MOON

MAN IN THE MOON HEARD THE FAR BELLOW. 'OHIO,'
QUOTH HE, 'THE OLD EARTH IS FROLICSOME TONIGHT.'

VOL 5

25¢

NO 9

NOTICE-We have picked up dead animals for years and are still picking up dead animals free

THEY WALK THE TRENCH

At 3:30 this morning, a special train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road will leave for the National Trench. They reach Petaluma in the Fall, after a stay in the lovely hotels they've built at the bottom of the National Trench, the ones under the bubbles; they're walking the trench bottom, folks, from Cincinnati to Box, Wyoming. At the deepest point of the trench, beneath the great divide above, they have built an underwater monster thrill ride they call The Green Carp or The Perve-slime.

FAR FROM THE TRENCH

We are frightened. How in the world can rocks have life? Yet they do and are moving, some toward us, some away, some indifferently, and some not at all. Gneiss and schist are the worst offenders in this case. They don't move fast. Buy a time-lapse camera, and watch the shadows. Or is it another of these Heisenberg indeterminacy cases? Drop your rocks. Box 591, Lawrence. Fast movers--10 dollars a head.

AWAY FROM EARTH

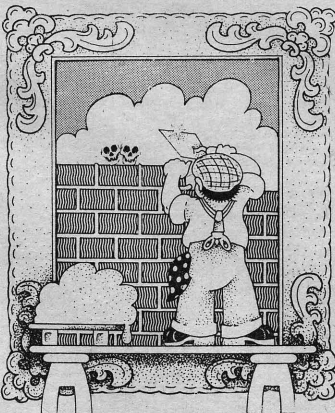
Two weeks ago they were delivered to a lawyer's office in a primitive crate. They were trimmed out like Christmas trees in human entrails. The boxes were stamped with Nazi insignia. The mayor fled as the farmers bled, the jails spilled out the boys, and the music stopped everywhere, including the New Music of the Sky which had so recently begun and promised such rosy hues for the future. Excuse me friends, Oneba here. I was carried away as I sat to write this prosy view of a hideous dream from last night's dream reports. These babies are aging me faster now. Here is a short one from Tennessee, "They acted mysterious and vaguely gave the impression that they were from another world and had enlightenment to give us. Bill looked like an earthling, but Jerry had wrap-around eyes; the slits extended around the side of his head." There is so little I can say to dreams like this. Or, "I attended an MUFON seminar in Kansas City, June 16, 1973: J Hynek has wraparound eyes hidden behind heavy glasses, like the invaders. Others were more disguised--by plastic surgery with rubbery scars, facemasks, beards and hair. A short negro sat behind me, carrying a camera; from his direction, I could hear an ultrasonic tone and my head couldn't think clearly. While I tried to explain I had information to forward, they induced a galvanic action in the wrist holding the phone, sort of a wavering involuntary flexing, not spasmic, not shaking as with fear. I ran out of coins and the operator cut me off." I'll leave the analysis of this dream to the younger men. Oneba no longer accepts night calls. Write Oneba, Box 1, City.

Dead Want World Wall

Life Dividing Into Two Camps

New rumor: rising sentiment among the dead for the construction of a cinderblock wall, somewhere, 40-50 yards high, stretching 2,000 miles if that is necessary, to "make a community." Head of Bureaucracy Ike is handling himself worse these days, since he is not being used in negotiation with the dead. There are more dead, they say, than are alive on earth now, and many of these former citizens are angry when they read the newspapers and are told the same tiring lie--that there are more living now than the cumulative sum of the dead. . . . dead writers are sending manuscripts to us now...upstarts like Cheever are quaking from hot letters sent around by FYODOR DOESTOYEVSKI.

on another front, bear worshipping is decreasing. The curious Ainu race, which originally occupied the whole of the Island of Yezo, is rapidly vanishing before the influx of Japanese emigration. According to recent investigations they now only number some 16,000. They are the haltest race in the world, are filthily dirty in their habits, and are terribly addicted to drunkenness. They worship bears. And snakes. And in some cases live in caves like the troglodytes of the Red Sea. Their skeletons have many peculiarities in common with those of the ancient cave men found in European strata. . . . The reason those coming back want the wall is to split the world in two. The only problem is the dead's claim to the two Americas and Canada, which, even with the National Trench, is the most luxuriantly rich and abundant land mass of earth. What do the living get in return? Grandfather Europe, with its antiquated farmers and blindly stupid caste system. Get ready American readers, the future is to the East. Federal money has been pried from every safe in the States to make this hefty movement of more than 300,000,000 possible. All



will go. Too bad the energy shortages have sucked away our last precious gallons of fuels, and our last vats of noxage. We're finished. . . . And yet there is the wall. Build it through New York and down through woody Maryland? America will be a ghost town, is that what you want? Write and say. Box 591, Law.



"THEY CLEANED ME OUT"

They finally did it, they broke him. Ike is penniless in Tucson. It is a national shame of course. His L.A. split level sells for \$350-00. After, he's taking a train to Tucson where he stays at Valley Acres Motel under a friend's care, tucked into a bright bed under the cleansing waterfalls of hospital glucose, blood and marrow making vitamins. He's a little ghostly in the face, ashen, livid, really, quite a nice old fellow who wants an even cut of the new emerging America. God help Ike.

Rolla Dills is driving a new new hair pickup. Larry Jones is sporting a sharp new hair style.

"Going to celebrate our day, Socrates?" asked Jefferson.

"I'd like to," said Socrates, "but times are hard and I can't afford to buy any fireworks."

"Why don't you get your wife to help? She'll blow you up for nothing," suggested Jefferson.

Supporters: SUA (via GSC) grant of supplies support, Cottonwood Review in past years, Fed Government, via Nat Endowment for Arts, via the CCLM (money) the Society of the City Moon, the SUA Events Committee, SAGE of the English Department, and the few who read The Moon

A GREAT MODERN DRAMA--ONE OF THE FEW THAT DO NOT LEAVE A BAD TASTE AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN IT.





Imitating sodas
and making goo-
goo eyes became
their main sum-
mer occupation

ORIAL UNION

CHARITY

FAILETH

NOT



WANTED

Nudie, Newtie
or Nunday, you
name him. He's
worth \$508,000.
Turn him in.
Big money.



GradGirl



This is Bob Bennett. In 1949 he matriculated from WU, big man on campus. He took a vacation in the 18th century at WU. You can too.

Shoot your heart in the WU rifle club. Bullets free. Kill orders good, as always, until January. Join up.

Vacation in the 18th Century.



Neither
Questions
Nor
Answers

WUNTEX

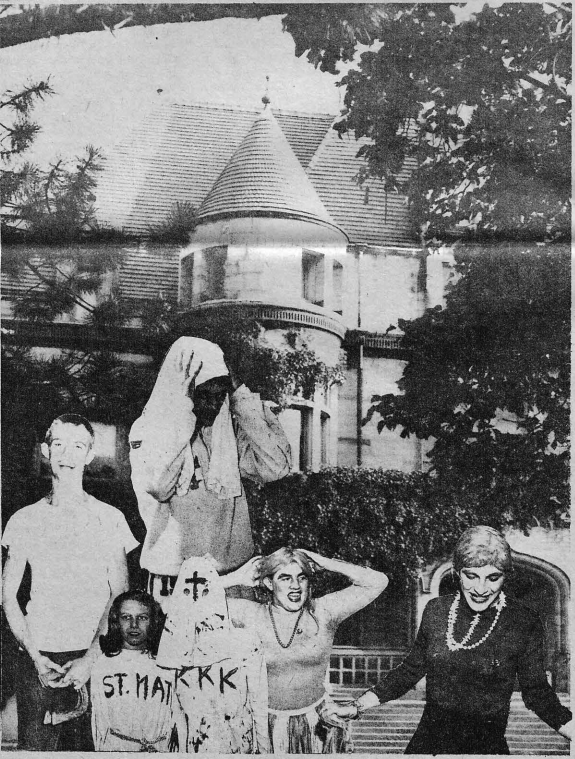
Wuntex University, founded in a chicken shack on the floodplain of the Kaw in 1908, later moved up the hill on a flat-bed truck and now fully flowering and fruiting there, invites the senior citizen to the clasp of its ivyied embrace.

In the histories of Wuntex, the early years of the red cross girls handing out hot dogs and beer in cups is seen as a school shame. Dr. Wuntex, the founder, a wealthy automatic sock manufacturer of Detroit, requested a deletion of these years from the school yearbooks, which left no yearbook at all. He came to the records office one day where the office supervisor informed him that the yearbooks did exist. His heart leapt up. He wanted to be rid of the nasty things, and soon he was asking, demanding, the books be given to him. He had remembered ordering the yearbook staff disbanded then.

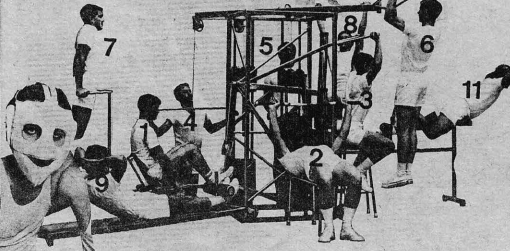
Only ten years before that, on the verge of a decade, Wuntex found a Crosley station wagon in a vacant lot. He fitted it with automatic gadgets including a hot water shower working off the crankcase and an electric weenie roaster. He drove it across America, spilling his racial ideas. He was written bad checks by university heads.

Wuntex's first metal structures were visible to Cheyenne. Suddenly the Students struggled out their houses and into the buses that lept and bucked like bronses across the plain to the new university. They arrived to the mere frames of dormitories, no roof, no sides, and so many died of the bad weather in semester I. Required: art typing, fecal baking, non-ferrous metals and falling.

For the brothers and sisters of the bigger City: Hi ya dwan. Yee hee, hey now. Climb in yo struggle buggy an git on ow here mans. No times to waste, the ole peoples comin now. Yow, Yow, Yow.



the new FOOTBALL



Smack your face into a cushion or work out on a unit in the football club. 1. QB Monty drives the machine. 2. Wesker, the tackle, runs the bar-bender. 3. Pozo Lamaca on the torque. 4. Hershell watches. 5. Omox standing. 6. Stan Mustial, the leader. 7. Pulliver. 8. Junior D. 9. Ankle rolls demonstrated. Stomach stretching 10. The prince of the pacific coast 11. An ex-pro bowler. Football club is open to all, costs almost nothing, and drags you out of the stands and onto the field, where it is hit or be hit, like the real world

Thrill of the year



On Friday, Mar. 21, the seniors of SHS presented "So This is Bliss." This play was a delightful comedy about the big choice many seniors are now facing, whether to continue their college, until he was left alone one weekend to run the family gas station-motel and take care of his infant nephew. Deck had customers and visitors of all types, including his fiancée Marcella Payne.

FIRST LITTLE GODGIRL Ed, Ohle Born in Miami, the girl had come to resemble a watercolor image of God hung over the radio set. The girl's mother, Jo Jo, returned the \$2.98 card board print to the Duckwall's where it was purchased, saying, "I'm very sorry, but it's doing something to my daughter's face."

By the third year the bones of the cranium and jaw had enlarged, grown grotesquely out of proportion to the body, and a bristle of shining reddish hairs had appeared on the cheeks and throat.

During the long summer days she lay quietly cool in her basement room, staring restfully at a radiating water stain on the plaster-board ceiling. At intervals this state of semi-awareness would lapse and her head would turn into her sour pillow and a whitish foam would appear at the lips.

The godgirl's eyes were dark and coyote-like, deeply set, and she was never known to sleep.

Sometimes hostile crowds gathered on the Lemo lawn, throwing bottles against the house and burning stinky rags on the grass. The plumber says he sometimes finds human saliva dripping on the front door in the morning, after the terrifying night. Jo Jo says she calls the police but they don't come.

In 1970, on a wet Miami night, in the hot middle of summer, the godgirl came up from the basement. She stood momentarily in the television light and said something in a language the Lemos did not understand. She left the house. She roared the Grayhound to Jersey City and rented a room in a small downtown hotel. In the morning a colored boy opened her door to bring her coffee and found her outstretched on the bed, her hands folded, apparently dead.

FLYBABY IS A LIE BABY

The family started a restaurant on their property, after erecting an edifice of their own design and construction, with peace of mind as the central concern of the restaurant. "Fly!" would say: "What we want for the people to have is the clean and good peace that eating the natural grains can give. You eat what you are. I could rap on ad nauseum about this but let us move on, then. Darker brown and lighter brown are the colors my people come on in. They must eat the food that matches their pigmentation—and I am not rapping about eating the pig to give you pigmentation. To achieve mind peace is where this cave-living you can see around you here in the gulleys will lead my flock."

Unfortunately, they threw out more than garbage when they cleaned the restaurant out one night this week. They accidentally threw a body out under an old dead pile of tree limbs, the police moved in, and Johnbaby was suddenly under arrest: the charge is murder 2.

Happy stared into the flickering light of the television. He had been back for three weeks, revived to bolster the brain trust of Folbot, the football wizard. The six-by-four room was bare except for the TV and the chair. The one-hundredth pro ball game ended. Happy shifted in his chair. His cold limbs recoiled from the heat radiating from the Magnaview console. "I think that's all he can take for now," a voice said. Somewhere a switch was pulled. The Magnaview's image disappeared. Only a small white dot remained and that shrank into nothing. Happy stared at the grey screen, then sank into the chair. The eyes were vacant. The famous half-smile lingered as Happy returned to sleep.

Cora V. Fry, pretty 19-year-old daughter of Zona Fry, a widow of Verdigras, was found dead and swollen in a water trough at her mother's home early Sunday morning by Malcolm Flannery, an uncle, when he went to the well to get a bucket of water.

Her slender throat was slashed ear to ear, and her left wrist also showed gashes, but physicians state the death was due to drowning.

Fry was to have been married at 8-o'clock Sunday morning to Gerald Koch, son of a prominent merchant of Verdigras.

The young woman had been in the best of spirits Saturday night and had gone to bed with her mother. The household slept and knew nothing of the tragedy until the body was found. In the proposed wedding room, the funeral was held this afternoon. Her tressouss was her shroud.

Dallas Morning News

FINAL DAY AT CAFE. Tomorrow the 15th of this month Bob's Cafe will close the door, sweep the floor and shut the back alley dutch gate and call it quit after 48 bitter years on the same ugly corner.

HE HAD TWO HEARTS

But George Lippert, a Barnum Freak Lived to Age of 62.

After living for two weeks with one heart dead George Lippert, 62 years old, who had two hearts, three perfectly formed legs, sixteen toes, and a double anus, is dead from tuberculosis. He was one of Barnum's wonders.

Surgeons who performed an autopsy declared that if it had not been for the consumption, which already had the upper hand, the death of Lippert's right heart would not have materially affected the like organ on the left side and that he probably would have lived for years.

Lippert may return. Many say in the will that they plan to tour death for a time, then hastily arrive back. RIP

The Evening World reports Sherriff Dodd said, "We have been putting Thorne and Nack through the thirty third degree. We dosed the food to make them feel."

BET BY A FEW LUNATICS

Tomorrow is a day of reckoning with the light headed enthusiasts who bet not wisely but too well. Those tied up with money obligations, however will have an easy time compared to the ones who yielded in a moment of weakness to "freak bets." Quite a few odd feats will be witnessed. A Wall Street broker is due to roll a peanut kernel from Fulton Street to Chicago street with a toothpick. A clerk for the American Tinplate company is honor bound to go to Central Park and stand on one leg for an hour. If interrogated by a policeman, he is to say, "All is lost, save honor." But the saddest fate of all is that which stares another Wall Street broker in the face. It takes a Wall Street man to devise queer forfeits, but this one is fraught with danger. He is to go up to John L. Sullivan's place, poke the ex prize fighter in the ribs and then recite IDMary had A Little Lamb five times—if he is allowed. Now Sullivan permits no familiarity, even from his best friends, so that this plan is a good deal like sudden death. Perhaps it will teach some of these rash people a lesson.

Pittsburg Dispatch

The whitecaps are threatening the garbagepersons again. In the latest, Pino Doza, itinerant farmer, was found suffocated, headfirst, upside down, choked in swill. When discovered, the body was still warm. The crew chief said one of his men fainted from the overripe cow-melon odor peculiar to the caps—and that it was the fear, not the smell, that sent his man tumbling to the brick alleyway. The chief said, "Ain't gonna catch it. Ain't alive. Try to kill a brick, it's just about the same." Doza scavenged the alleys regularly, as many a farmer does in this season of despair. Why not patrol the alleys at odd hours with a machine gun and killer shepherds and wipe all but the aged white-caps out? We say kill kill kill kill kill them. The mayor has tried to establish contact but the caps are silent as snow. Tell us the solution. Box 591

Wanted: Groovey "come as you are" people to come sit in my house while I feed you candy which I make in my own kitchen. Dolly Roddy Box 591, Lawrence Ks.

INDIAN RED BOY EAT

Bob's Cafe this week is featuring INDIAN CHOPS and iced chicory coffee. Joe Lapchick is welcome back for this special, you always were your own worst enemy Joe. He will answer any questions on meat. We have T-bones, corn and perch chowders, frenchfried green tomatoes in organic pig's feet oil, this week only. You can eat your heart out at Famous old Bob's Cafe in Lawrence, 14th and Mass, or try a heartburger special.

Racial Mess



Mayor Clark traces the old historic Trench route in pursuit of whitecaps, who are intransigent. Soon he will enter D.C. ---IKE---



Can we talk ?



IKE WILL BE CALLING YOU SOON.
BE
PREPARED.

Whoopie

WHAT ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS?

To many, the decision to build or not to build a shelter seems to turn on consideration of the neighbors. Should you join them in apathetic conformity, or should you go ahead and build a shelter and shoot the neighbors at the door when the siren goes off?

Silly questions like these are probably the greatest obstacle to a full blown family civil defense program. Fear of being laughed at.

In these times, only fools will laugh. Your next door neighbor probably has thought secretly of building a shelter, too. He's afraid of what you might think.

How about a group shelter? Then you will not be alone when the time comes. The morale factor is acute here and your wife and children must learn to shift for themselves. The presence of even one other family would give her the communication she wants.



GOD DEAD?

Man, 52, Rapes His Girlfriends Daughter

Oscar Wilbert, 52, apparently had his mind set on younger, tenderer meat the other day and he went crazy when his eyes were set on his girlfriend's 12-year-old daughter. Whatever it was that Wilbert did, it really wasn't worth it because he ended up behind bars when the young victim complained to a policeman.

The wife was told that Wilbert, who resides at 5574 Frieiling, Kinloch, was given the shore by his girlfriend to take her daughter to school. Wilbert thought that he could teach her something that he don't 'suppose' to do in

school. Instead of taking her there, he pulled his 'wheelie' onto a vacant lot at the rear of 2255 Rutger street, and went to work on the lesson for the day. She claims that he raped her when a policeman drove up and began inquiring. Residents of the area had noticed the vibrations of the parked car on the isolated spot and they figured there was some 'ranky punky' going on, so they called the police station. Patrolman Charles Lawson of the 3rd District responded and there on a possibility that he will tell in court what he saw between the 12-year-old girl and the 52-year-old man. The victim was taken to City Hospital No. 1 where it was confirmed that something like a rape actually had occurred in the little girl's life at that time.



I knew a little boy in a hotel who made his living picking the lint pennies and bobby pins from the cracks in the lobby of the Hotel de Anglias on the esplanada in Agadir. He did this. Scherbel

POETRY

He is falling. I will finish him off

I see the target, a large one.
Its altitude is 100.
I am 201. I see the target. Attack!
I am 201. I am attacking the target.
You are understood.
I am attacking the target.
Stand by.
The target is a large one.
Roger.
Attack, attack, 218 attack.
Stand by.
582.
Roger.
He is falling.
Roger.
He is a large one.
I will finish him off.



EIGHT COUSINS OF PUSSY-BY-THE-FIRE

So rare in the heat for the big cats to be active but the male mountain lion is horny the strange cries come from him and from his of his mates he pats with his paw the rock-colored fur she growls licks at his face slides from beneath him he follows growling licking her flank in dark wet strokes

Among these proletarian mummies and their sweaty kids youvars all a bad pun ("mounting lion") dies in my throat I see my soft white gut my hairless torso flaccid doing their used breasts blue-veined legs loose bellies but eyes bright and fixed on the sexed-up lion

What could they think in the face of such heat ("I don't know bwana Tarzan plenty juju man") the cat's human whimpers moans his trapped hot petitionings

An unknown crazy man, claiming to be a relative of Ulysses S. Grant and the Prince of the Pacific Coast was taken into custody Thursday afternoon by Deputy Sheriff deVine and because of his mad ravings and wild actions was locked in the padded cell. The man carried a small grip containing numerous papers and clippings but no definite clue as to his name could be found. Various letters are among the effects. The man is probably 55 or 60, and claims to have fought in Shenandoah Valley in the war. He refuses to divulge his name.

Red-belly Piranhas, 4 inch long. Call 911. City.

Rattlesnakes: lepidus, cerastes, mol-
ussus, mitchelli, long-head. Serious
calls only. 854. City.

Frederick Douglass, eminent semi-African, it is said objects to any other term than negro being applied to his race. Apropos of this the New York Sun recalls one cold night during the civil war when Frederick Douglass got out of a train at Jersey City. He wore a bigshawl on top of his overcoat, and a New York reporter, seeing the dark skin and towering form of the traveler, stopped him with the question: "Indian?" "No!" shouted Douglass, "Nigger!"

Many cosmologists worry about not finding
antimatter in the universe.

City Moon: Doing good to the world by dribbles amounts to nothing. I am for doing good to the world once and for all, and be done with it. Think of the maelstroms of pagans in China. People here have no conception. On a frosty morning napper pagans are found dead in the street, like nipped peas in a bin of peas. Like snow flakes in a snow squall. Five score of missionaries is not enough. Send a million missionaries. Convert them en mass. The thing is then done, and turn to something else.

Non Jones

Poetess Rescued 391 Miles at Sea

HONOLULU, HAWAII (U.P.)—Blonde Tonya Jones, 33-year-old seagull professor, has been picked up in rough seas 391 miles from Oahu by a navy craft, ending her attempt to make a solo voyage from Hawaii to San Francisco, the navy announced Thursday night.

The heading enthusiast sailed alone from Hawaii 30 days ago in the 38-foot ketch "Audacious." She had expected to arrive in San Francisco by Jan. 1.

Miss Jones sailed from Oahu after four previous attempts to get started. Her final departure featured a "showaway"—a Stars and Stripes army newspaper reporter, who accompanied by mail, missed the first day out and was sent back aboard a pilot boat.

In her first 30 days at sea, Miss Jones had covered less than one-fifth of the distance to San Francisco.

Soldier Hanged In an Attack Case

WILMINGTON, DEL. (U.P.)—Alexander D. Butler, 23, former soldier at the nearby New Castle army air base, was hanged Friday for rape of a 12-year-old girl.

LAST ARKANSAS BOB CAT LASHES OUT Doug Hill

It has been many sad years and the bob cat is angry. It is alone and the sun is lancing through trees. If this weren't enough, Mr. Antioch Sclermer, Arkansas Forest ranger happened along the tree filled by the last known Arkie bobber. He stood underneath the tree, lighting one of the cigarettes strewn on the ground where he was found. The cat was dreaming lost doe-buck dreams and jumped right away onto Sclermer, sinking claws in deep to the fur. What was it that drove the bobbie away from Sclermer so fast that he didn't even take pause to put his claws in the old ranger? Probably the aqua-velva and old spice combo Sclermer dosed himself about with upset the last bob cat in Arkansas. They will hunt the cat and chip its ears for easy integration into the zoo atmosphere. (Light process)

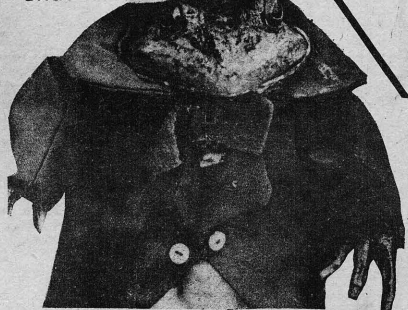
BEAT'S WIFE, STAYS AWAKE

Pablo Strockitz of Euclid Ave. Ridgfield Pk., was arraigned this forenoon on charges. Magistrate presiding, Tutex. We heard this description by a neighbor lady: "I see him in the window down low. He come in low, like, bobbie and weavin." Wife Susan, also the victim of these bizarre events, agreed that his footwork was good, but spoke bitterly of his sudden feints as the treacherous trumps that laid her low. "He sure did, he had me all off balance just trying to back through the kitchen door when me foot went into the dog dish."

Strockitz seemed to be silent now, only the fists whizzing like paddle balls could be heard, and the flies buzzing around the sweating Tutex. The one man crime ring is now broken, and the citizens of Geinsville can rest a little easier in their mobile homes. Even janitor April Metschler, who had such a fright on seeing Strockitz brought in live. She swung out wildly with her big gray mop, splattering Strockitz' extra sandwich. No one really believed the first stories that leaked out, how he used to beat the dog to stay awake. Now the awful truth can be told, and the dog Bambuger bears a silent witness. Her drooping red eyes had seen it all, the powerful strokes of Strockitz' fists avenging themselves on her harmless topknot. Faithful to her master towards the end, his quirks forgiven, and only bit him once on the face for it. Now we must carry this new knowledge.

---Holsack FFRs.

Bar spree ends



This frog is decked out as a colypso dancer. It is one of Clarence McKoy's pets. McKoy has been dressing his frogs in fancy fashions for five years. He is 39.

year-old bachelor said he dresses frogs primarily for his training projects. "It's fun, but I wouldn't want to do it all year long," he said.

30,000,000 Dogs

I'd rather have a child with me,
Than any kind of dog,
To walk with me and talk to me,
In rain or sun or fog.

And anything a dog would eat
Would feed a hog or hen.
So our potential friends could have
Some eggs and bacon, then.

The bark and smell and filth of dogs,
Destructive dogs, and mean
And rabid dogs and vicious dogs,
Are everywhere now seen.

While medicine and books and tools
And fuel, foods, and clothes
Are lacking for allies we need,
When nations come to blows.

With twenty million cats around,
And thirty million dogs,
We now ask help from men who eat
Grasshoppers, rats and frogs.

--H. E. Hostetter
"True Stories in Rhyme"
Holton, Kansas

Dear Editor Moon,

I'm writing to share timely bit of information with all your local readers. However, readers or not, there is a noise heard (usually evenings and nights) north of 16th Street and east of Tennessee extending how far I do not know, but at least one-half mile. It is a soft but distinct beep-beep-beep. Some (of unmentioned affiliations) prefer to refer to it as a 3-part whistle. In any case, each beep of about one second is separated by silence of about 1/2 second.

What I want to tell you is that this famous noise has no point-source. Using university acoustic equipment I've discovered that the noise emanates evenly from the Air itself. It has become apparent zno to me and my shadow. That the atmosphere above Lawrence is puny. And is trying to communicate with mankind.

David Price
945 Connecticut

(Heb., or name, or the name of God.)

HUMPHREY CRUSHED

Dignified, gray-haired Mrs. Geneva Humphrey was charged Friday with chasing her husband with an automobile, cornering him in a blind alley and crushing him death atop a garbage pile in front of a cellar door. She was held on a murder charge.

VILE LANGUAGE ON RADIO

This is a new one. A man from Skyview Drive complained to police that a white man living on Bay Street had used vile and obscene language over his citizen's band radio. The man from Skyview Drive told police the man had used vile and threatening language over the citizen band radio against him. Another man also told police that he heard the language over his TV set at home. The complainant said the man asked for him by his call name and when he answered the man called him pig, nare and then the obscene phrases. He said the man also threatens to shoot him when he sees him.

Oodum, a very old French town in the Dept. of, founded 721 A.D. pop. 4,000.

It is a little known fact that Louisiana's troubled governor, was watching TV the night Oneba began to grab the waves boomed out by the great TV stations to the North and changed things enough to send the governor to state mental hospital. Two hundred shock treatments later, private psychiatrists say, "We failed." A coroner's hearing ruled he was suffering from paranoia schizophrenia, drugged on noxage, cursing, claiming the godhead, and resisting his way off to State.

Bridge

Death is the bone that barks in the dog's dream.
He is the only story teller who can put pines to sleep.
Someday he'll be fit for a sideshow.
Death thinks he can gain his satori
riding a feather a feather across an oriole's song.

William Harold
Milwaukee

Rubber Carp: the latest spinoff of the popular new Noxage. They stick by suction on coffee tables, walls, dashboards. Take them along on picnics in Municipal park, set them loose in the lagoon. They swim 10 circles and then return to you. Children can handle them easily. These models not eaten. \$2.99 lb. Chicago Pet Parlor, Chicago, Ill. Bx. 240.

'Yes she's a remarkable case, Dr. Froebisher. But is she newsworthy? Can she sing and dance? 'Twas she eber. Watch this, Bookie.' Obviously I'd rubbed against Dr.'s keen interest. Nurse Fits wast his arm, gawking at her own reflection in his wingtips. R.M. was at my arm. He had alreadydommed his terribly chic, black vinyl processing apron with the Moon logo over the pencil pocket: Oneba sings--You dance. The apron for us at the Moon is the robe, the cross and Lloyd C. Douglas of our needs. No one processes without an apron, and of course the first heady feel of against the flesh spin R.M., grunting and weaving against his better judgment, on a direct line with Nurse Fits. We hastily reminded him that she was not news, "you cannot make her news for your own sick desires," but it was too late. He had processed her into a Ford Granada and she had no choice but to tool up and down the hospital corridor, leaving rubber. Dr. said, "Yumferal, vannerul, vat kind milage you got," but Miss Fits was already down in obstetrics with her Bobby Vinton cassette turned up full blast. There we were, the greatest bunch of little journalists you'd ever want to meet and we were being made sport of by a piddly feature story. We love all news, so don't get me wrong, but it takes a heavy toll. Poor R.M. was all crazy inside now the news had got away and it was terrible to watch him scratching up the patient's flowers by putting them in the crotch of his arm then walking into walls. Dr. meanwhile, who had been a shepherd last year but had been processed by Cosmo over Christmas, and how wrote a steady stream of dating do's and don'ts, began to pace the small disposable room, which was in the exact shape and size of Ms. Yoko Ono's highly publicized and liberated cavity. We had to read about it in Nat'l Geographics and McCalls but it seemed smaller than we imagined. It was ridiculously cramped and slanted hopelessly sideways and the Dr. gingerly watched his step at each painstakingly teacher's angle lest he be thrown against the barking Helen Gurly Brown look-a-like vibrators--Brad and Tad--that darted here and there across the strewn pages of Dr.'s latest article: "What if My Waterpick Only Has a High School Diploma? Can We Compare Signs After the Second Date?" This was deep stuff and helped to detract from the funny institutional smell of the place. I felt naked here but I didn't want to leave. I should have known Dr. was giving us the treatment, but it wasn't entirely comfortable and I let Dr. do things to me, as a journalist, which I would not have consented to otherwise.

by Russell (to be con'd)

If government officials would all take a f w big dose of laxative instead of talking about them, they might not be as full of what they are full of.

Teacher: Now what little boy can tell me what a pyramid is? Sammy Slummer--Why dat's de shape de pool balls is set up in frug de break.



What Came Of the Waltz by Hogan

They danced each dance, Verl perpetually outtag in, Estelle haughty and coltish at first, then stumbling dizzy under his spell, Verl "mad bunny" Williams, the sword of St. louis. Now Verl says ier'll hang around town. Estelle's father won't let her out of the house, still she pines for her lovely mad bunny. She slipped his pictorial photo under the frame of her dressing mirror and she laps milk from a saucer laid on the tabletop, her eyes fixed on the photo of Bunny's face, trancelike. This is the only food she'll take. Meanwhile, Verl lurks in an alley off Massachusetts street. He drinks from a winebottle and fumbles with himself. He tells his friends not to fear him, to come closer, to gather round. Eventually his slick talk takes effect and they all huddle together for warmth. They'd like to break sticks and make fire, but can't. Without fire only Verl will survive, warmed by his hot love for Estrallita.

NOXOLA, by Governor Acorn. Surely nothing can come of a vacuum of ideas welded to an unpleasant style. This combination slashes Noxola, floating it forever in the lower soup of literature. In the end, this book is quick to read but weak. Namby pamby fiction and sullen dialogue show that the Governor should probably stick to governing, kick the fairy's out of the statehouse, and put a gag on him, self, at least as he appears in print. Required reading again, though, so read it, and be ready for the state examination next March. Sample: "It was that day that beclouded day sooted with too much earthly grief. I was on the rolling Zephyr of anxiety all that afternoon. Then, suddenly, during a drunken sleep I had the first revelation, and it was this, that the Noxage is a substance resembling peat moss, that life could be generated from this material, a low and crude form of vegetable life, occasionally seen as a mass with rudimental intelligence, something invariably oysterlike, smelling of prussic acid, and a tiny finchlike beak protruding grotesquely from its cold, amorphous body."

It was exactly this talk that made people say Acorn was begging for incarceration. Acorn claims he writes his books knowing they will cause a sensation as many wonder whether the writing is the man's life. "The truth is I make everything up out of my head. I think every reader has the right to judge the book, as everyone is just as smart as the fellow who wrote the book, in this case me. I'd like everyone in the state to please read my book. I want every person to pass the March exam and for there to not even be an April exam.

NOXOLA stinks. At 1 dollar a page for a paper product of inferior quality, you couldn't even wrap fish in it. It's only positive feature is the fact that you can have it come to your door for free if you can't get out. For short review sheet of NOXOLA, write your local paper, B. 591. This item is a must now.

GRYLIDAE TAKEOVER UNCERTAIN

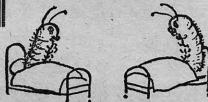
(Douglas Quadrant 13, 17) For several weeks now Sector 71, 21 (principally Subsectors 45, 68 and 46, 67) of Douglas Quadrant 13, 17 has been subjected to infestations of insectoids that are believed to be biological in origin. Since bio-originated forms have not been sighted in this Quadrant for more than four decades, the matter is one of some alarm. The mood of the populus is ambiguous but tense, ambiguously tense, tensely ambiguous, perhaps even nearly hysterical or hysterically near. CONTINUED

FRUG SKIN A FREIGHT PUZZLE

A most unusual question in classifying frog skins as freight was lately asked of the freight agents of several railroads in Louisiana by their rural agents. The question ismwhether a frog skin shall be classed with wild animal hides, bird skins, fish or in a class by itself, for which double rates will be charged. Dealers have had the skins shipped under each of these headings, but so large has become the industry of sending them east for manufacture into covers for pocketbooks that more uniformity is demanded.

ORIENTAL TEST OF DEATH

A Chinese physician tells us one test of death is to fill the prostrate man's mouth and nose with red paint. If he blows it out, he's still alive, if he doesn't, he's dead. You can call for the coroner.



In the Worm Hospital

Things go on pretty much as usual at the worm hospital. The patients chatter ceaselessly, calling out to one another from bed to bed. These are the things that make them joy: they trade some pathetic article of their bedside toilet for the otherfellow's pillowcase and they make sport of their drone nurses. This is what they fear: to feel the doctor's calloused hands on their soft bellies.

Pillow Hearts: Living latex semi life material, heartshape, the size of a heart ranging from that of small nutria to that of a killing swine. These beauties made cheapest in America. Guaranteed against disturbing flutters and electric stroke damage.

Palm Cafe NO FREE BEER This Friday Night GOOD FRIDAY THUR

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE
 DEVICE FOR WAKING PERSONS FROM SLEEP
 Specification forming part of Letters Patent No. 256,265, dated April 11, 1952
 Application filed December 14, 1951. (No model)

The object of my invention is to construct a simple and effective device for waking persons from sleep at any time which may have previously been determined upon, the device being also adapted for use in connection with electric or other burglar-alarm apparatus, in place of the usual gong-alarm.

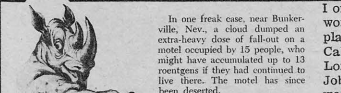
Ordinary bell or rattle alarms are not at all times effective for their intended purpose, as a person in time becomes so accustomed to the noise that sleep is not disturbed when the alarm is sounded.

The main aim of my invention is to provide a device which will not be liable to this objection. In carrying out my invention, I suspend a light frame in such a position that it will hang directly over the head of the sleeper, the suspending cord being combined with automatic releasing devices, whereby the frame is at the proper time permitted to fall into the sleeper's face.

In the drawings, A represents the frame, which consists of a central bar, a, having on each side a number of projecting arms, b, the whole being made as light as is possible with proper strength. From each of the arms b hang a number of cords, c, and to the lower end of each of these cords is secured a small block, e, of light wood, preferably cork, the only necessity to be observed in constructing the frame being that when it falls it will strike a light blow, sufficient to awaken the sleeper, but not heavy enough to cause pain.

✓ You can now use several types of **radioisotopes** at reduced prices from the Atomic Energy Commission. Among them are: **Carbon 14**, which is widely used not only for medical research but also industrially.

Oneba Life Doll Available: at a fraction of its potential worth. Patent shoes, soiled socks, buttoned up ratfur coat and porkpie hat. This model does not walk. \$50 / 10 lot. D, Ohle

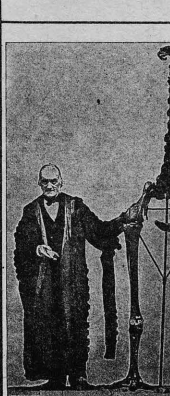


In one freak case, near Bunker-ville, Nev., a cloud dumped an extra-heavy dose of fallout on a hotel occupied by 15 people, who might have accumulated up to 13 roentgens if they had continued to live there. The motel has since been deserted.

Ramon Tusca, vice-consul of the Ministry of Exo-skeletal Biota (MEB) and director of the Bureau over Gryllidae (BUG), although barely in control of himself, spoke somewhat articulately on the problem yesterday at a meeting of the board of directors, under the leadership of 47.77. Tusca is the humanoid of the hour here, because there seems to be no doubt that the infestation consists entirely of organic Gryllidae, what the Old Ones called "crickets," for which synthaform he is entirely responsible in the central-continental Quadrants.

"Sh-t," said Tusca. "We don't have any idea how this situation came about. ICCH (the Insectoid Central Clearing House) released only 4 X 10¹⁰ Gryllidae this year—only the number required to replace, by our best statistical estimates, those accidentally squashed by auto-autos or otherwise destroyed by perverse embryos, larger synthaforms gone berserk, whatever. However, the total number operative in certain Subsectors of the environment seems to be considerably higher than what it proportionately—absolutely or relatively—should be. BUG believes the increase may be due to some form of

Girl Attempts Suicide When Bashed Differ By Drunken Father



STR. RICHARD OWEN AND THE SECRETARY OF A BIRD PROTECTOR FOUND this skeleton of a Thrasher, as extinct bird, that it still was had seen, from a single Westmontshire.

"I believe that important truths are often in the surface, though," says ex-President Cleveland.

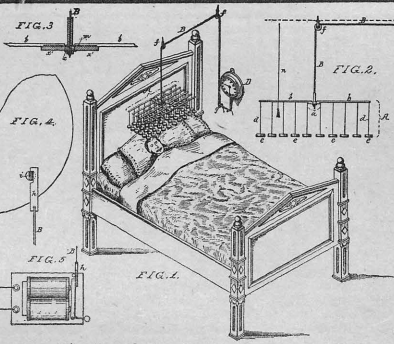
FRESH
 Frozen Bengus
 Sempelco
 Bayshore
 Kamias
 Dups
 Delagging Sukid
 Sempap

WIDE SELECTION SHOP

REEVES GROCERY

900 MISS.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS



From the prairie schooner past, the modern trailer coach is a vast step forward. Roger W. Babson, able statistician says: "Within 20 years, more than half the population of the United States will be living in automobile trailers!" In some of the larger trailer colonies of the south and Pacific coast may be found a thousand trailers, averaging 5 persons per unit; they stay for a week or two, then hit the trail. For a dollar a week, it's not bad. Electricity and water are free.

I once knew a boy who went down into the mines at 5 years. He worked there from 5 A.M. to 7 P.M., and never had time to play. He went to night school and learned Latin. His father was a Calvinist and the boy feared for his celestial self, not having felt the Lord. The Congregationists saved him. He gave up his factory job and studied Scottish theology in Glasgow. Later on this man went far in a black world failing at all he attempted, who was he? Scherbel

biological reproduction. If so, such an unauthorized process must be stopped with all haste—since we all remember (at least some do) what things were like before the global CAP (Control of All Processes) programs went into effect just over a half a century ago. Hell, we don't have any feedback on this thing's behavioral parameters at all."

The conference was briefly interrupted by the intrusion of a humanoid. Apparently one of Tusca's aides, the humanoid, attired only in torn pajamas, the left side of his face seemingly eaten off, burst through the circle of medioids and tried, without success, to communicate something to Tusca by means of gurgling shrieks through his bloody hole. But he was quickly subdued and removed by Quadrant police.

When asked how bioforms could have originated in one of the Quadrants under his control, Tusca mumbled for some seconds, conferred with the legal aid at his side, and then said, "We don't know, but we do know. We don't know in the sense that we aren't certain as to manner. We do know in that we

away and told him to leave her alone. He is also said to have gotten partially on top of her. The girl stated that at the time her brother came in the kitchen for a glass of water and then had returned to bed. She said the father had stopped molesting her but the brother asked but that previous to that he had been fondling her in the upper region.

The girl said that when her father went into the kitchen to get a can of beer she went to the bathroom and dressed. She said that when she came out, the father was very remorseful and took about ten barbiturates. At this time she attempted to leave the apartment but he tried to stop her so she waited and, when he passed out, she awoke her brother who summoned an ambulance for the father, and when it arrived, the father became belligerent and refused to go. She said that she had contacted her mother and the mother had told her that she should forgive her father. She also reported that because of this, and the fact that the mother seemed to be blaming her for the incident, she was upset and tried to commit suicide.

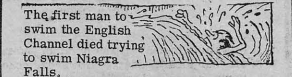
She reports that she went to a sister-in-law's house in the city and there ingested a quantity of pills. Police report in an interview with the mother at the hospital, she stated to them that the father had previously molested another daughter.

Police report that they interviewed the father and he became feebly upset and began to perspire. They say that after several minutes he admitted fondling the girl in the upper region and denied the other vice act. The daughter however, also made a sworn statement concerning an incident and the father was arrested. He was charged with Sodomy in the 1st Degree.

Yes, they began to scrutinize the negro curiously enough; so he with the wooden leg was forced to retire. The rest, finding themselves left sole judges in the case, could not resist the opportunity of acting the part; not because it is a human weakness to take pleasure in sitting in judgment upon one on a box, as surely this unfortunate negro now was, but that it strangely sharpens human perceptions, when instead of standing by and having their fellow feelings touched by the sight of an all-culprit severely handled by some one justiciary, a crowd suddenly comes to all justiciaries in the same case themselves; as in Arkansas once, a man was deemed unjust by the people, so that they rescued him to try him themselves; whereupon they, as it turned out, found him even guiltier than the court had done, and forthwith proceeded to execution; so that said gallows presented the truly warning spectacle of a man hanged by his friends.

Herman Melville
 IS IT A GENUINE CORPSE by Dr. Talmag

We made a minute examination of premises. We saw the shallow depression where the alleged petrified body lay last night. Tie Gimm, who found the body, ran away last night. Sills took away a piece of the broken thumb for making a microscopical analysis. The doctor knows infallible tests to perform to determine if it is a genuine corpse (petrified) or a cement formation. The result will be known tomorrow.



The first man to swim the English Channel died trying to swim Niagara Falls.

know we were allotted only a limited amount of neuro-modular materiel and acrylic substrate for the production of Gryllidae. We know ICCH didn't make the godd—n things, in other words."

Asked if Someone Else could have manufactured the overload Gryllidae, Tusca answered that probably they did not, especially since the insectoids were organic—and, besides, the EATER (Energy and Technology Effectiveness Research) Agency had placed an absolute limit on the petro-resources available for specific purposes, and all resources had been accurately accounted for.

Tusca refused to speculate on the outcome of the infestation, but he urged again and again that there was no reason for concern on the part of the Quadrant populus and that the was was investigation. However, he did note that no personnel had been assigned to the investigation, which project now proceeds under the acronym WITLIF. Mr. Tusca declined to elaborate on the meaning of the project name.

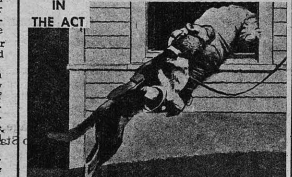
Michael L. Johnson

[If This Sunday is an average day, 750 people will starve

to death while we are at church. It seems a good

preparation for Easter to alleviate that death toll.

Mike Lies



Top, Box holding "Grimace" After Tripping Miss. Bottom, Dragging "Barker" from Window by Using Legs and Feet. Life Aims and Joints

TRAINED DOGS TRIP CRIMINALS WITH THEIR FRONT PAWS

Almost human in action, the trained dogs of the New York police department chase, trip and hold fugitives.

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