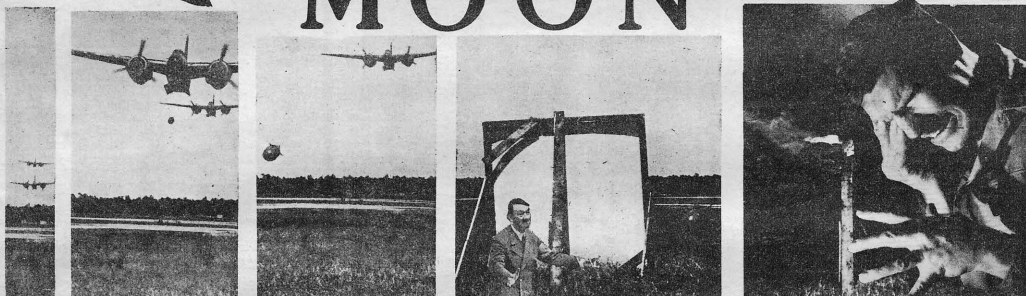


AS A PATRIOTIC  
SERVICE

25¢

# Lawrence CITY MOON



Admit 'Cruel  
Kill

## 17 ATTACK HITLER

Drowns  
In Grease

The last act of the Hitler episode was his drowning in a greasebomb flash then burning. The City Moon told you this FACT. Box 531, Lawrence, Ks. 66044



A harmless walk in the sunshine will do no harm to most mortals--Adolph Hitler is an exception, as we saw yesterday. He fell to the sidewalk wincing as the golems danced a hornpipe on his thighs, face, neck, head, trunk, feet.

The trouble with these golems is they bungle the job, maiming where they mean to murder, hacking instead of lancing, generally didding things badly. When they saw Adolph they said, We know that man, and he don't give a damn, about us blacks. So it was then, that Adolph feeling bold enough to step into a neighborhood not his own found his tormenters. He heard the gavel of the PEOPLES JUSTICES hitting an oak surface in his mind.

The diminutive murderers spun dizzily on their ball bearing toes, the golem call to violence par excellence. After the savaging they rolled off in their sidewalk bus, checking into the Holiday Inn for a white power supper. Police arrived. We say this: Round them up with bulldozers and run them towards the Grand Canyon, then scoop tons of dirt over them when they are squaring at the bottom. Pave them over with cement. Don't let them breed. Box 591



They've picked off Kennedy again as he sortied through a rally for Harry S in Harlem last night, doubling him over with a raft of bullets in the gut, after a short thunder shower of ACID RAIN that fell on the angry crowd, which caught the thieves of poor Kennedy's lives and tied them together and ignited them with gasoline and a box of matches to make them a flaming human yule log in the City square. Nice going Jack. Look for Roosevelt, wherever you are.

A man carrying a toy gun claimed he was trying to protect President Ford in the Wayne Parking Ramp yesterday. He said his name was Albert W. Zero. Sad case, since the president left a week ago. The man Zero sang glory, glory hallelujah and ram-bled about his affection for whiskey. As he was led away he yellowed out and screamed "It's a dopey gun, it doesn't fire anything, it fires dummy dopey bullets. The man said he pulled his play gun after a garage employee threatened the President. The Secret Service said, however, there was no indication of such a threat.

in 1957 and 60 I published UPO reports under the name Pioneers Institute; as a result I have been subjected to drugs in food and water, to gases in the air, and to sabotage of motor vehicles--my brakes have gone out on hills, wheels have come loose, the steering pin has dropped out while going 40 mph.... I live in isolation. But not alone; I have found footprints in whitewash or fresh concrete where no person could have access; have heard sounds in my room at night, like the click of little doors closing, the hiss of escaping gas, banging in the stove. Once when I had just started a fire in the stove the draft reversed sending flames & smoke out into the room. Among the drugs used, I think, were arsenic, heroin and lead--causing intense bellyaches, diarrhea, and a sickness (withdrawal of heroin).

CALL THE  
DEADMAN  
SOUTHWEST RENDERING  
CO.  
FREE  
Dead Animal Removal

### WHY

did EDDIE STEWART, 19, of an unknown address, sneak in EDNA's bedroom on Keaty Lane and rape her, tell her he was hungry, and then commit adultery upon her with his mouth? 'Twas 3:30 a.m.

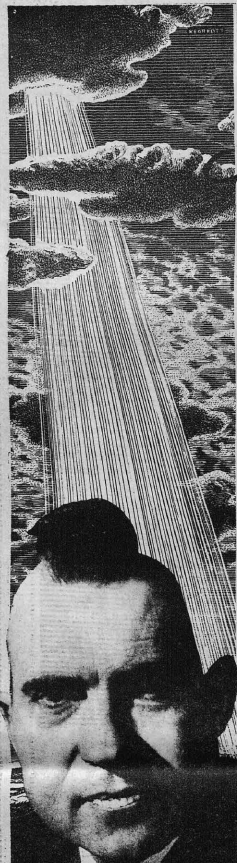
Are you one of those who wish to go out? but cannot find a baby sitter, well look no more.

GRAND OPENING OF  
20th. CENTURY NIGHT  
CARE CENTER  
3515 LINELL BLVD.



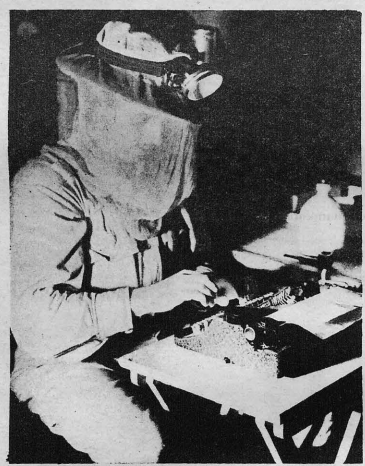
This is Harry S. I want to be your next president. Here's my platform in a nutshell: Corrupt the young, get them away from religion, get them interested in sex and the low-life. Make them hollow and superficial, destroy their ruggedness. Encourage them to read the City Moons of America, the yellow vomit sheets so often blowing in our alleyways in recent years. Divide the people into hostile groups by constantly harping on pseudocontroversy and matters of slight importance. Get people's minds off the government tricksters by focusing their attention on football games and other, often staged, colossal events, including the new so called Neconauts who pop in and out of life and walk the sidewalks of our Cities. Give them sexy novels to read, plays, and other trivialities. Always preaching true democracy while seizing power and control over the treasury of events. Be ruthless, ferretlike, take the advantage. Destroy the people's faith in their natural leaders by holding the latter up to ridicule, contempt, and scorn. By encouraging government extravagance, destroy its credit, produce fear of inflation, hike prices, speak of shortages. The only Art is conceptual art. The life jell is another pitiable hoax, designed to encourage false visions in the eyes of the old. Buttonhole in the halls and barber shops. I am Harry S. I want to be your next president. The lead-goat is taking us down thistle-choked lanes. The change is coming now. Feel it, President Cockburn, in my dream, is found dead in the rear of his Cadillac and all the men of the secret service are at my door. Vote Harry S. Don't wait. Don't vote on impulse. Keep a crowbar around is my advice.

Editor O



# MOON

## I was Dead



A grandfather is a man grandmother. I discovered this laying dead last year. My grandfather came to the room and I looked into his face. It shone.

The roses on the bureau were dead. My grandfather carried a pan with fried liver in it. He dropped the pan.

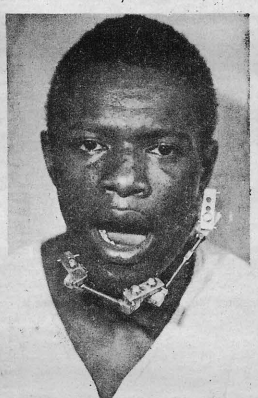
The room smelled like roses.

I call myself Oneba, the One. Things were peaceful there, but then nothing death isn't so hot under the earth, the soul hovers near the grave, thing in the world above seems like Florida, it is cold all the time.

You sigh and turn and sigh again. Rock and Roll is remembered as heavenly music. There is nothing to eat, and plenty to drink.

Leave me alone, don't write B 591

REST



### LETTER

#### TO LESBIAN STORY READERS

Dr. D. Carlos L. Scruggs  
Box 1000  
Oxford, Wisconsin 52959

Dear Editor:

From the warm letters I have received concerning my previous article on the Sexual Attitudes in America, it's source and it's course.

The first law of any land is it's religious law. Christianity (being the dominant religion in this country) adapted it's moral standards from Greece by way of the Roman Catholic Church, thus the doctrine was "Sex is sinful unless it's performed for procreation." With this attitude toward sex, all knowledge pertaining to it was forcibly withheld from the public. In fact it was "illegal" to publish or distribute any material on he subject. From the expression of this information, many marriages were unhappy and the intentions of

keeping children indecent, shameful and sinful. This attitude created a serious problem.

In 1904, Psychoanalysis was born. Sigmund Freud stated his conclusion, that the causes of nervous and mental disorder in this country was due to sexual repression, stemming from the negative attitude toward sex. However, it wasn't until 1918, that the legal restraint on publishing was lifted. With the intentions of freeing sexual hang-ups, the idea was "let's give sex a different meaning", from this point material on the subject soared the country was "Sex is sinful unless it's performed for procreation." With this attitude toward sex, all knowledge pertaining to it was forcibly withheld from the public. In fact it was "illegal" to publish or distribute any material on he subject. From the expression of this information, many marriages were unhappy and the intentions of

In conclusion, I will give a different outlook on sex, in my next article which I feel will aid to a better understanding.

Respectfully Yours,  
Dr. D. Carlos L. Scruggs



Carl Tenen

Gone but not forgotten is popular fashion plate and socialite Carl Tenen who passed at the age of 58 on "Pearl Harbor Day" December 7, 71. He is sadly missed by his mother, daughter and son, and the Evening Whirl staff and friends.

Carl was brilliant in life; And he lived it without strife.

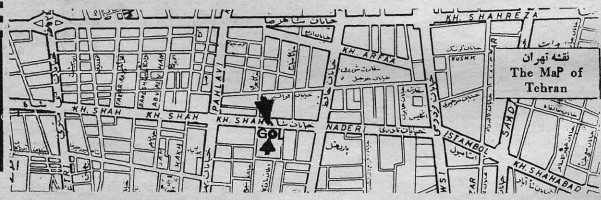
He lived a life as man should Doing all the nice things he could.

Girls and highballs were his pet. We wish that he were living yet.

He was inspiration to those who looked.

In the field of pleasure he was solidly booked.

His family and friends.



#### Gol Self Service Restaurant

Is built on the roof of one of the most magnificent and highest buildings of Tehran, you have ever seen. Thanks to the abundant multicolor electric bulbs of Gol which represent, during the night, the best picturesque of Tehran. Its spacious fanciest halls, artistic large size statues, pictures with embossed paintings, dazzling chandeliers, style furnitures covered with specific velvet, thousands of bronze pieces covered with pure gold, ceilings made after French Gobin paintings, fitted with the greatest fire-places. Such masterpieces have unified to create grandeur and magnificence of the present century.

#### HUMAN HAIR THEFT

The recent human hair thefts continue in this City. Little girls, grown women, long haired men are all potential victims of this pitiable mut. The streets are more than lousy with them these past years. This one does this: He pulls the victim down to the asphalt and applies chloroform via a sanitary napkin. This behavior has been described many times by his shaven subjects. Some say he mumbles in a barely articulate manner when he works his magic with exacto knives and manual clippers. He has not injured anyone beyond minor abrasions and superficial cuts, although an overdose of chloroform has killed one young Negro boy. Some say he mumbles his name, which they say sounds like Ozoal, perhaps Oward or Oswald. Police are fearful of what they might find when the hair thief is finally caught and the apartment entered for searching.

Clarence Scales, an American Boy carting a barrel to carry away the played chunks of the enemies he savaged did become aroused when pretty little Linda Westbrook refused to do what he begged her, then demanded her, to do. She said no daddy, not this time but Scales said, yes baby, this time. Linda's father, with a mad rush, blood in his eyes and a ten-inch shank in his hand, arrived. The old man said son you don't respect womanhood yet. You've been on this earth for 30 some odd years my lovely daughter tells me. I'm going to give you some experience and make you wise.

STAB STAB !!! UNCUT

Thanks to the most perfect dancing arena of Gol. By hundreds of exceptional protectors and by modern Stereophonic sets which are equipped with electronic acoustic devices, have rendered it one of the most interesting and equipped Stereodancing arena of the present world.

Gol waiters, attired in 18th century costume of France, serve the guests.

Its magic pool with hundreds of fountains dance to the musical tune.

Exceptional embellishments and interior decorations, demonstrate recollections of the past centuries.

- |                     |                |     |
|---------------------|----------------|-----|
| EPSOM SALTS         | 5 Lbs.         | 17c |
| SULPHUR             | 5 Lbs.         | 24c |
| Crude Carbolic Acid | Pint           | 19c |
| KRESO DIP           | P. D. and Co.  | 45c |
| FLY SPRAY           | Gallon         | 69c |
| RAT PASTE           | Size           | 19c |
| CAMPHALUM           | HEALING POWDER | 39c |
| SLUG SHOT           | Size           | 19c |
| FLY SPRAY           | Pint           | 23c |

## FREE

### Coffee

## WOOLCOCK

965 ST. LOU BLVD.



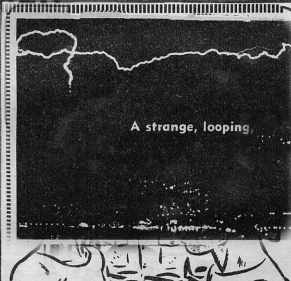
Every boy needs a father's touch

Daily changeable low superior quality and delicious dishes are offered at very exceptional cheap prices.

WELCOME TO GOL.

Will yours be warm... or cold as steel?

Special Thanks To David O.



usually no larger than a coke bottle. It is flung. When it strikes a hard surface the material implodes, yielding the characteristic mushroom cloud. There is no tick from any timing mechanism. The effects on a small area are devastating. A restroom in Detroit got it yesterday, erasing another nameless person.

Every Wednesday night, Palace Orienta features knuckle, tripe, snoot and Southern Rib. A playlot for the young ones and subcutaneous steroeophonic implants for the elders. You actually look down at the kitchen and watch Palace Orienta's spotless preparation by professionals trained in our Milwaukee Ecole. What do you have to lose? Give us a fling. At least we don't let roaches nest in our salads like Mexico Lindo

# MOTHERS EYE 4 GIRLS, SLAY 3, BEAT AND SHOOT 7 GUNMEN

## NOXIN'S DICTUMS

- Stay away from an angry fiddlemouse.
- Leave ongoing processes to work themselves out.
- Mind your manners, mind your nose, and keep your business clean.
- Write your mother monthly if alive.
- Don't give your hard-earned dollar to these fly-by-night charities.
- Don't drive west when the sun shines.
- Eat plenty of the new soy products and the ABC meats so popular.
- Go off by yourself twice a year to gain perspective on friends.
- No pig meat or birds of the air under any circumstances.
- Don't bait a golem.
- Take a rest every few minutes.
- Spray your victory garden with a #3 hose.
- Don't keep a stinky catbox in your kitchen where food is prepared.
- Don't have any truck with white bread, white sugar, and white people.

- Knowledge isn't like a movie or cartoon—you can't run it backwards.
- Never bury your mother in the yard.
- Drop a chill heart in a cup of hot bouillon for a bracing Mexican tea.
- Hold your humanity over the stove and cauterize it.
- Never toast your fecal bread.
- Don't blow your snuzzle outdoors on a get cold day.
- Leave hopscotch alone and never pay cash for parsley.
- Don't tease your dog.
- What does approval mean if you live in a vacuum?
- Never boil an olive.
- Dead godgirls mean more fertilizer.
- Never buy a painted turtle or a baby alligator.
- It seems like it never rains but it pours, like the National Drizzle.
- O/M



## from Another World!

**"GO YE" MISSION'S TOP SPINNING EVANGELIST JIM SCHREIBER**

It is almost unbelievable what he can do with a top. A top will spin in front of him, behind him, over his head, in his hand, on a string and anywhere else the master-spinner directs. While the top spins it tells or sings challenges of the Christian life and waits to those who are fascinated by this unusual demonstration.

After Mr. Schreiber had earned his B.S. at Wheaton College and while studying at Moody Bible Institute, he became aware of the fact that God could use his top-spinning talent if it was dedicated to Him. One day near the school, he came upon a small boy spinning a top. Remembering his childhood top-spinning, he offered to show the youth some helpful tricks. The boy put his top and gray string into Mr. Schreiber's hand and

then watched wide-eyed as the top spun faster and faster and faster as it was spanked and coaxed to stay up in the air.

A crowd gathered, and someone remarked, "You didn't tell us about this talent, Jim. Why can't you use it in the Lord's service?"

"Well, why not?" Jim thought. He began developing a series of object lessons which God's Spirit has used, and blessed down through the years.

Today Mr. Schreiber can preach by the hour with tops flying in all directions. Although he is sometimes referred to as the TOP-MAN, he is quick to reply, "The TOP MAN is Jesus Christ. I'm just a little guy in love with Him and His work."

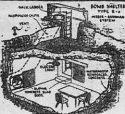
**PLACE:** United Church—six miles north and one west  
**TIME:** Sept. 28-11 a.m. & 7:30 p.m.  
**Sept. 29-7:30 p.m.**

## TRAGEDY IN THE BALLROOM.

Young Menzies of Miss. Sings! Post-Don Kille His Bride and Then Himself.

BY THE (The ball room is a dingy, shabby and mysterious was enacted in Jaure, Mehan, their night when Andre Guepment a buller creating through the hand of the young and beautiful bride and then they had their own bride. From the sight of the ballroom and with heavy laughter and ears the young couple passed into the uncertainty of matrimony. A tragedy of irreparable injury, was probably the cause.

Andre Guepment and Miss Anna Theresa were married in California, four months ago. They were both young and beautiful. He was a handsome and popular leader of the Chicago society. He was manager of the ballroom and the well known of the crowd for his father, who is a wealthy property owner. The wife was a sister of Don Terrance, the multi-millionaire co-owner of California, and a cousin of the famous and the most prominent leader in the Southern Republic. Guepment was 23 years old, handsome and debonair, while his bride was 19 years old, beautiful, so-called young girl, and very well known yesterday to visit friends and were being accompanied by them when the tragedy was enacted in the United States and that many friends here.



## A-Bombs on Your Doorstep

We hate to say it, but we think when things have come to the point where a man can order a small nuclear bomb and get it through the mail, peace is dead forever.

the heart of the suitcase bomb is fissionable plutonium. Its size is small—

## IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE GOOD

In the days when all men were good they were given miraculous power. Lions, mountains, whales and forests, and birds, rocks, clouds and men moved quietly from place to place, just as men ordered them. But the human race at last lost its miraculous power through the laziness of a certain man. He was a Bulgarian woodman, and one morning he went to a forest in the Balkan Mountains and cut firewood.

"Now mark off home," he said.

The great bundle of wood at once got up and began to walk, and the woodman tramped on behind it. So far, so good. But the woodman was a very lazy man.

"Now, why shouldn't I ride instead of

tramping along the dusty road?" he said to himself. And he jumped up in front of the bundle of wood as it was walking in front of him, and sat down on top of it. But the bundle of wood refused to go. The woodman got angry and began to strike it fiercely with his ax. But all in vain. The wood still refused to go.

Suddenly the heavens opened and a terrible voice cried out: "Man! You have been lazy and wicked, and instead of being carried by your bundle of wood, you shall carry it yourself on your shoulders."

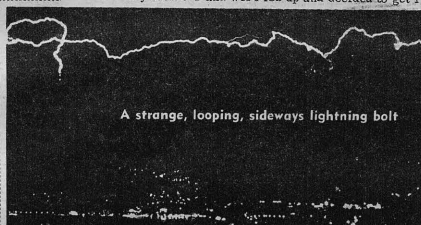
And from that time the human race lost its power.

## ALCOHOL, THE ENEMY OF LIFE



The terrible curse of drink—Robert Mearns's picture The Last Days in the Old Man.

Rampaging mothers was something we never foresaw in our wildest dreams and wham! mothers ganged up and drove wildly in Weston last night. They shot three women they called hussies. When they caught seven gunmen bouncing out of a bank on 14th and Weston, they shoved a lot of cold steel up their noses and shot them all down. Then they went downtown for more thrills. They liked their dresses down there and pulled out guns and shot windows, firetraps, pavement, everything but gas tanks. They said they were ordinary mothers and were fed up and decided to get revenge



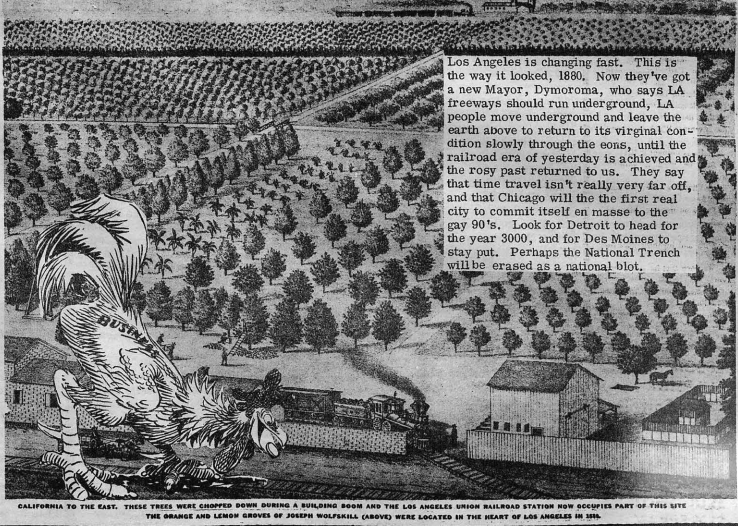
A strange, looping, sideways lightning bolt



## LOS ANGELES IS THE DAMNEDEST PLACE...

- ★ Homicide ★ Drugs
- ★ Robbery ★ Assault
- ★ Burglary ★ Rape

THE CITY THAT STARTED WITH NOTHING BUT SUNSHINE NOW EXPECTS TO BECOME THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD

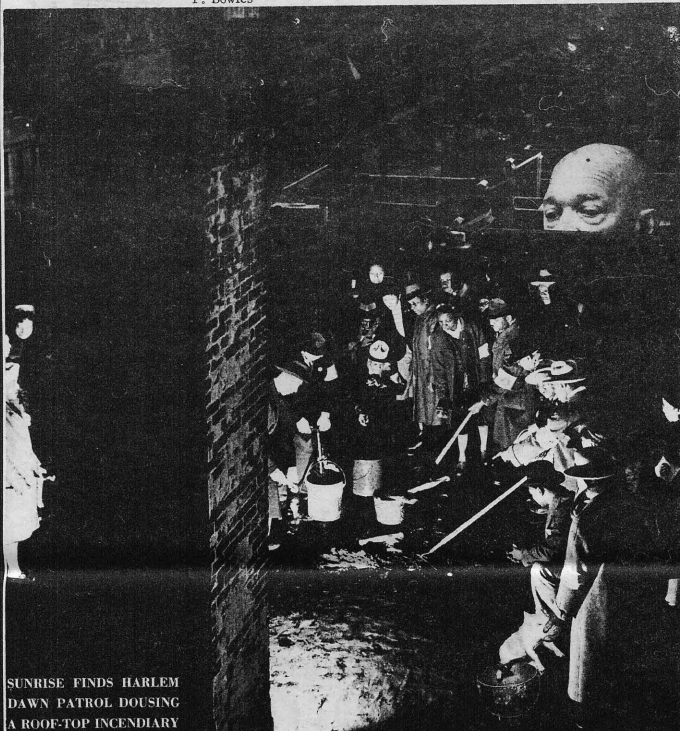


CALIFORNIA TO THE EAST. THESE TREES WERE CHOPPED DOWN DURING A BUILDING BOOM AND THE LOS ANGELES UNION RAILROAD STATION NOW OCCUPIES PART OF THIS SITE. THE ORANGE AND LEMON GROVES OF JOSEPH WOLFPINKAL (ABOVE) WERE LOCATED IN THE HEART OF LOS ANGELES IN 1855.



When striped snakes shall creep upon us  
And the nervous screams of birds  
Make silent all the fountains and the orchards and when these  
Have caught upon the wing each wing  
That flutters from the sky  
Then shall I and then shall I  
Rip out the smiles from garden walks  
Transform the minnows into hawks  
Tarantulas and bees  
Then shall I and then shall I  
Unmake each whining thing

--1929  
P. Bowles



SUNRISE FINDS HARLEM  
DAWN PATROL DOUSING  
A ROOF-TOP INCENDIARY

D-Parties at Wuntex

The pot parties of the 50's have evolved into their present form, the D-parties of the 70's. Look for them at Wuntex University of the South and Technical Arts. The only thing is, we wish they'd stop spiking the D with Estell-B, which brings us down badly. About the eighth day you begin to wonder what the party is all about, but you know it is some party. That's the beauty of these new drugs--they function like a memory dump.

Dear Moon: *and behold and behold*

We wish to apologize for absenting ourselves at the recent half-time at the Kukla-Collins game. At noon conference with the Chancellor, Dykes, communication broke down and we were not permitted to demonstrate the New Vegetable Life Matter Fluff at the game.

Needless to say, we regret the Chancellor's blind side. People have the bright light of illumination shine in their eyes then, like racoons will on the road-side, turn hypnotized into the light, then shake their heads and hurry on. This has always been the way with homo sapiens, and so we feel little rancor towards it.

But that does not diminish our resolve, which continues undiminished, however unrequited, like love. We intend now to redouble our efforts, to make it perfectly clear, that we will persevere.

Are you interested in helping us? If so, be at the new Bob's Place this Sunday at 8:30. Join us for breakfast consisting of eggs (ranch-style), hash brown, white bread toast and margarine plus coffee, all made from the new Vegetable Life Matter in front of your eyes. After breakfast we go out on the sidewalk and generate a harmless dog, from the same material.

Yours in the future,

Art and Jim

The Scientists and Salesmen  
of Pensivex

## EDITORIAL

What is this new pedal car craze all about. It reminds us of the old days when men and women had some dignity in what they drove but no. As the world turns madder and more sour every passing second we at the lower farm recommend a stop to this demented slap in Wormbrand's face. We have surrounded the lower farm with pain process agents plus a security force and we have the comfort of seeing their campfires aglow as we hack and how this paper together by the dim flow of kerosene lamps and old flash pots. We will tolerate no further entry to these grounds at all. Only last week the late house agent uncovered a device from the enemy planted in the pisseoir. Impeach the Cox - Sacker. O.

## PRESIDENT?



## OH, JOY!

And now America has the first occidental animal president in the White House. He is tall and owl-like, with brown spots, an overall shapelessness, and a grinding beak inside a radular mouth. His laundered shirts are no sooner doffed than soiled. His skin sores are always messing up the presidential linens, and his so called face sticks to the pillow. The Lincoln room carpets have been fouled repeatedly by his incontinent droppings. His limousine is like a hog's trough. Inside sources have seen him eating live crabs in the White House alley by the garbage cans in full daylight. Sometimes you'll find him sleeping in the back seats of public busses, snoring like a buzz-saw and attracting all manner of flies. He wings his way to Memphis and engages in sordid reverie, frequenting the brothels there and sodomizing the citizenry in more ways than one, and they are helpless to complain, because he is the commander-in-chief. However, the way we look at it, all things considered, he's the very best we've ever had. He is too busy grovelling and messing himself to think about war. His major accomplishment in the legislature has been the 200 reform bills pending. In many ways, he is gentle like a dog. He did not embarrass us in front of the world when he ate a goat's leg in the Senate. All ambassadors have been caged and given straw.

Born near Little Rock, the animal president lay useless as a stone for many years, an outcast to those who claimed that no animal could descend from the loins of a woman. He was not an animal in the ordinary way. His body was never fitted for so much as a day of work, he hated the sun, he humped about at night in his room, and his poor parent's found their lawn littered in the morning with all manner and species of trash, some of it abusive in nature. They received hate calls on the phone, vicious attacks by nameless parties. And so one day, when a moving van arrived to take their progeny from them, they did not raise a whisper against it, though they knew no more why the van came than why their son had come in the first place.

Though he is a carnivore, the animal president has a fondness for pastry. Hot donuts are served to him each morning, when the laborious process of changing the sheets begins again.

Though he is an animal, he is the only president we have, and so should receive our respect and attention. We say Hall to the Chief, his easy going ways are attractive and pep. May those who doubt some day wake up with cotton in their mouths--and may those who lie, die. O-M

## SCENE VI

It is our fault we love only the skull of Beauty Without knowing who she was, of what she died. We have the thief's guilt, but not his body. The liar's spasm without ever having lied. The sick locust scrapes his injured song. His thorax only partially destroyed. Retching is prohibited. It's wrong. The murderer feels no hate he can avoid.

Now flies bite worst where the skin is broken. Illness triumphs. Lesions. Soon tumors sprout. The bloated plants quiver, the seeds will be shaken. "Your head's bashed in, darling. Look out."

--1940  
P. Bowles

## NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO THERE YOU ARE

I should find a clothing for this face some petticle more dense than this tainted carnival of canvas tented over bone too easily pierced by any gazing Other--a change of color, something to conceal the blood an otherous, perhaps a hue. My teeth already spell Muskogee, concealing all the train conductors A smiling public countenance I'll cultivate lit at the gap with gleams of dental decay.

In later years beneath a mat of tangled beard he was given up examination to declaim. Literature is always my friend and will requi- I-iree the counterpoint of your experience-- Then he would smile. Pound

## TRACTS

DOPE IN AMERICA

Debbie Reynolds is dead. Why? Because she swallowed Draino in a public bathroom. Why did she do that? Because she was high on the new and ultrapower dope called Sominella 43. This drug is new and affects everybody--but in a different way in each case. It might make you think you're at a d-party and it might make you think you're ruptured, you might be in Sach's and you might be in Woolworth. No matter what, you can't abuse it, or it will turn on you like a Doberman after you've nurtured in peacefully for a number of years. It'll come at you with a bleeding hunk of your subconscious and a bone to pick, so temper yourself when you use it. Estell B Sominella 43 is its official name. It was approved by the new I-formation Cabinet of the animal president.

Another drug, LSD, was discovered by Dr. Paul Hagarth at the University of Basil in 1943. City vobohol are the worst of all. They are the vomity bar-room killing type that haunt the jailhouses of America and hardly worth being here. Wake up America. Get off the dope for the BICENTENNIAL. The pioneers did not have dopes and hung in line, let's fling the dope out the door like it was excrement. Let's live a little. Amnesty for Nixon, let's forgive everybody America, no one is guilty. Debbie Reynold is dead. And nobody is guilty.

Coffee, honey cola, lemon juice are all dope. In some ways all things are dope, and the dopes hooked on alcohol are the worst of all. They are the vomity bar-room killing type that haunt the jailhouses of America and hardly worth being here. Wake up America. Get off the dope for the BICENTENNIAL. The pioneers did not have dopes and hung in line, let's fling the dope out the door like it was excrement. Let's live a little. Amnesty for Nixon, let's forgive everybody America, no one is guilty. Debbie Reynold is dead. And nobody is guilty.

Gov. Wunty  
North Kansas





# halflife



Dear Mons

Hey now, I tired you all. Done had me a full day. I hoe de peas in de garden. I comes in and writes yall a lcteh. You got damn fine paper, you know dat? I luvr your was trouble and writers mans. People sayts write yalla and tell how good yalla. Ask yourselfes where colored people are at about the moon. The answer.

It insult the black male. Our brothers are learning how, in the backages of the ghetto, the ultimate chilliness that will grate and grind against yalla inside. You are not messing with a punk. Back off or those little boys you gets to sell for you goes to be ripped.

I say again—do not mess with the Evening Whirl at all.

I be gwan to get ahead on out in de garden wit my tractor. I gets ta fufillize popy guid.

Louis "de Snake" Milton

## Faith Is Fatal

Calipatria, Imperial County

A young man who says he and a friend tried to walk across the water-filled Salton Sea as a test of their religious faith was in jail yesterday. The friend was missing.

Sheriff's deputies said they found two abandoned motorcycles and two sets of footprints leading into the water Sunday—but only one set coming out.

"I lost my calling when the water came up to my eyes," they quoted John William Haven before the 24-year-old El Cajon man was booked for investigation of homicide.

Haven said he turned back and never knew what happened to his companion in the huge lake.

### Excerpts from Raghav's Confession

In 1966 I committed several murders while committing thefts, and for this the police arrested me. I did not confess, and I was released after six months. I came to Borivil in 1968. I found a bar with a big handle. I took it to Jogeshwari and got it converted into an ankda. After two or three days I went to a chawl in Jogeshwari where a master teacher used to stay. The master master was sleeping on his cot. I gave him three or four blows with the ankda on his head. He sat up. I then gave him two or three blows and he collapsed. I searched his house. In his coat pocket I found 10 paisa (1/4). Later on the same night I saw a hut near a stable. On two cots there were sleeping a man and a woman with a child. I climbed from the rear of the hut and saw that the woman was feeding the child which was crying. I saw that she wore a necklace of cold, gold beads. I visited the hut on three or four nights but the woman was always awake. At last, on the fifth day, I saw her sleeping. I gave the man two or three blows with my ankda. He died instantly. Thereafter I gave the woman similar blows. She collapsed at once. The child started crying. So I gave it also two or three blows. I thought I would have intercourse with the woman, but I first broke off the chain around her neck and put it in my pocket. I ran away. I found that the chain was made of plastic beads.

A man was sleeping in a goatsbed. I finished him off with the ankda and took from the shed a match box and some bidis from his shirt. I also found some cooked rice and a bottle of milk. I drank the milk and ate the rice. At a distance of half a furlong from this place a woman and two children were sleeping in a hut. I gave the woman three or four blows and she died. I also killed the children...

Again after three or four days, I went to a hut by the side of a nullah at Polisar. A man was sleeping on a charpoy. I killed him and found human hair under his pillow and Rs3.13 (40¢). I also found a knife and a matchbox, all of which I took. I heard an inner voice asking me to confess.

HALFLIFE is the ultimate in National Housing. Things begin to happen when you make the move to H.L. We feature the new self-cutting Tartan lawns, self-tending garden plots, Radaroma cook-stoves in every kitchen. There are no living the good life at Halflife. Free beer and wine delivery on weekends. No need ever to leave the flat, except to ride our underground Toll-way to your place of employment. Come, drive the brickwork backstreets with us. You'll never noticeably lose a moment of sleep, once you wiff the pristine atmosphere, and sip the thick water from our artesian wells. Come alive. Camp with us. President Cockburn is here at Halflife. No need to wonder what Khrushev was like. At Half Life you can pump his CHURBY HANDS.

## A Girl Who Isn't Interested in Sex



DEER HORROR



MISS AMERICA



AGING MADONNA

Here's the kind of thing you'll read in Halflife Times, "W. Prop, prison poet, made the alarming statement to a MOON reporter that a tamale man was making his hot meat rolls in the kitchen of a squalid house on the Eastside, in which members of his family are suffering the ravages of dysphoria." This is a case the health commissioner might look into with profit. Subscribe to the Halflife Times. O. Deft English Austin Tx.

"The story-teller's star—is it not the moon, lord of the road, the wanderer, who moves in his stations, one after another, freeing himself from each?" Thomas Mann wrote this.

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, Oct. 12, 1958

Three white men had set up all night in a railroad car, rifles in hand, waiting for the killer to appear. Then the men dived off. The man-eater pushed open the sliding door at the car with his paw and entered. The deer slumped dead behind him. The lion grabbed one of the men in his lion, cradled through a window with him and disappeared into the bush.

In Ankole, scene of the current reign of terror, the game department has organized a special force to go to the area to track down and shoot the man-eaters. One way of dealing with these animals is to have a marksman wait for the lion near the scene of the kill. The man-eater will often return for a second meal. Other methods of eliminating killer lions include the use of traps, poisoned bait, etc.

For professionals only, Uganda officials say that American and other sportsmen are welcome to come to the country and join in the hunt for the man-eaters. But they remind all applicants, this is a

business for experienced hunters only.

A lion, man-eater or not, is one of the most dangerous animals in the world. Africa is dotted with the graves of amateur lion-killers. Even experienced hunters run into trouble sometimes.

In shooting a lion, it is often a matter of killing quickly or dying quickly. The hunter who fires and misses or who only wounds his lion may not have a chance to fire one more shot.

When provoked, a lion often charges in great leaps and bounds. It can cover 20 feet in one leap, can move 40 miles an hour in a sprint.

C. R. Owen, deputy chief game warden in Uganda, says he has had letters from would-be hunters in the U.S. who said that, while they have never shot lions, they were "dead shots for squirrels" in their youth.

"We answer them politely," says Mr. Owen. "But we are looking for executives, not for fresh supplies of meat for the lions." (100)

## Moon leave

STRANGE DEATH

In these pages we saw the Trochilices, Onebas, old Noxin, the caps, the afro-comb raking deaths in St. Louis, we've come to know about the new miracle life material, the related life pods which so often slew the Soviet Cosmonauts, and other excitements and enticements. Yet all things die because of, for example, the hideous dinner of carp and the national trend to carps parties. Who can forget the life and death of Ozalo, or the good old days of the Process News spreading in thin sheets over the continents. But we ramble now, thinking of the hulding body, sunk in Potter, white as chalk at the bottom of the city lake, or of W Prop's Perpetual wind driven yard light glowing at dawn, just try thinking of all this at once yourself and you will see how strange this death of the once proud, powerful Moon.

At midnight last, the concatenation closed and the Hoo Hoos left, intending to enthroned the great Black Art News-paper, so called by the National Million Club, the City Moon of America. We glowed in the tepid glow of the idea. The enthronement was to happen next year.

Today, when we awoke, things seemed darker. Though the sun blazed at noon, the blue of the sky altered. After so much new joy in recollection, we tripped down the dirty stairs of thought and landed in a puddle of recognition.

The editors of the Moon found themselves sitting lamely in their houses when the news was shouted in a bray over the TV.

"Dr. Jack of Scurry told us he extracted 82 screw worms from the nose of a Mrs. Brenton, a white woman 80 years old. She is doing well and will recover."

Then came an oriental oil company of Dallas ad before the bombshell which followed this:

"How the imprisoned moon sucked water out of coal and climbed over dead barros was told by Francisco Zannarini, 23 years old, an Italian miner. He said: "As I remember, the first I knew about da fire, was aboutada 3 p.m. My partner calleda to me and asta if I smella da smok. I told him sure. We starteda down da cage to see was what da matta."

The editors began to wonder if something wasn't happening. These stories seemed far from complete, mere fragments of thought, unpalatable plate for drudges.

The animal president came on the TV. What were we seeing, suddenly. What animal president. What was happening, and who was this thing inside the house with us, dragging its hulk about in a vain attempt to kill, without seeming malice, like a slow and inaccurate dart, and yet we were so paralyzed that we thought suddenly of the hideous thousand deaths of the Moons and succumbed to it



He came sauntering gingerly into our offices, wrapped and shoes untied, unlaced, with the smile fixed on the flat face, Noxin touring in America. Welcome to the City. We are ready now.

## Boo Lan



LAGOON CAFE OPENING SOON Before you walk through the front door of the Lagoon, be sure and let Mr. Founda weigh you. If he guesses wrong, you get a free 500 LAN basket. We feature Trout 'n' Quail Reg. 12-18 Mon. nights, when we have free drinks. Omaha will do needle work on our stage, spin the footstool, and generate a live doe with a pair of life-jal. Try our hot, barf-f-- blueston taco blintzes.





## CHICKENS SHOT FROM GUNS: Part I

The aviation of birds is old as Aristotle, and they can shoot a chicken now and leave it bald as a baby when it hits the target, the chickens bowels loosen, an incongruous squawk, a light brightens everything at once before you faint. Watching this has people vomiting coast to coast. How disgusting do they get.

## CHICKENS SHOT FROM GUNS: Part II

In their efforts to make man's life more comfortable, scientists have used animals in many curious ways. They have driven rats crazy (Life, 1939), given pigs nervous breakdowns (Whirl, 1939), made ants dizzy in mazes (Life, 1941). A few weeks ago, engineers in a Westinghouse Plant in East Milwaukee stuffed electrocuted chickens into a big gun and shot them at airplane windshields at a speed of 200 m.p.h.

The entry in the laboratory's logbook begins: "22:30 bright cloud flashes—clouds still below the summit of San Salvatore—cloud above mountain a little—can see lower lights. . . . Five minutes later, the skies over Lugano, Switzerland, were split by a strange lightning bolt that is one of the most unusual ever recorded.

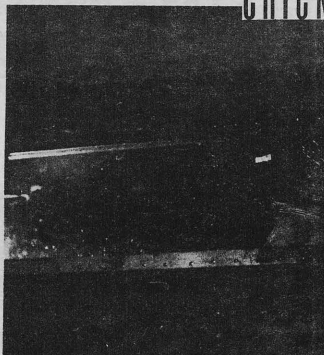
Lightning strikes downward, as everybody knows, and sometimes up, but there is now at least one authenticated record of a bolt that struck sideways.

Now was this the only peculiar aspect of the freak flash. It took off upward, from a 92-meter-high television tower atop Mt. San Salvatore just south of Lugano, inscribed a complete loop in the sky and faded away just off to the west for about two kilometers. It also lasted an unusually long time—more than a tenth of a second, compared with most bolts which are measured in milliseconds of a second.

## AVIATION



## CHICKEN GUN



## CONTINENTAL DRIFT

Continuity again here, loaded nowadays between 1) those who say the earth is moving and 2) those who say they have drifted to their present position. The point that all continents were at one joined together life one million years ago is not new. The point that the earth is moving is new. The point that the earth is moving is new. The point that the earth is moving is new.

## Second Notice

Don't forget to move peonies this October and place them at the head of grave in direct line with stones, so they will not be destroyed.  
--Winning Cemetery Ass'n #7

The question is the same wherever this Moon reporter goes, from Muncy to Laredo. Who is the president, who is in charge of things? Is it this foolish man Nixxon tramping through the backstreets of Georgetown, or is it Mr. Cockburn, the Washington Star? Does it matter? It's hard to tell where the great Moto companies end and where the government begins, as indistinct as the timberline on Mount Whitney. We think he looks more than pitiable in his paper cape and open-tongue boot setup. When is Oswald when we need him, so many ask. The staging of events is a common practice nowadays. How surprised we were to find out that half of America was watching the other half and nobody was looking ahead. So here we are, the bow of the ship of state already rasping coral on the great REEF. Who would have ever thought a year ago that it would come to this, when we would waste a night for Nixxon-old rosy cheeks, the wide lying tooth. He was more of a rock than Rocky, who can deny it? When the next election comes up the Moon suggests you go to the polls and vote. CELEBRATE NATIONAL WEEK. O.

A woman of Tuttle, Kansas has written to the Moon complaining of On the Nulform monkeys nightly dragging her from the porch eying and at the window screen. She says they come in pairs, carrying wooden buckets. The spend the night spitting at one another and carrying on with deafening noise. The woman says they sometimes fill the buckets at her pump and sit like children, dipping their fists into the water, trying to fetch the moon. O.

WE SAVE YOU TIME AT THE MEXICO LINDO CAFE. FIGURE THE TIME IT'S TAKING YOU TO FIX YOUR SUPPER EVERY NIGHT. LEAVE THE DISHES ON YOUR TABLE WHEN YOU LEAVE.

Tortillas \$.99  
Tacos \$3/ doz.

We challenge you to find prices like these in Kansas or anywhere. Try our all new automatic spaghetti fork. Come as you are.

LARGE EATERS



## Pod Ejected Pilot

Logan, Texas, June 6. An inanimate object of considerable size and weight with no visible power or energy source, suddenly was ended with life, bouncing, whirling, jumping, darting all over the street and through a plate glass window at the endlessly remodeled Lagoon Cafe. Chinaware and drinking glasses were knocked about with a splintered clatter; startled diners and passersby were panic stricken and staggering breathless on the sidewalks.

The neighborhood lay in awe and wonderment until the thing had spent its force and crumbled in the gutter panting exhausted. All this, it may be said, is not a usual occurrence. It actually happened, however, on First North street here, in Logan, last evening. The amount of yellow, sulphurous mist which came in plumes from its mouth has condensed above us into an envelope, and the sun shines through it with multiplied ferocity. The cheeks of our loved ones now flower with rash and blister. A motorman was hauling this radical new form on the deck of a trailer van, strapped, he thought securely, encircled by rings of inch thick iron cable. But no, it rolled off at a narrow turn. It hit the pavement in such a manner as to break the valve connected to the facelplate, and then the escaping gas got into the works causing some of its numerous tinkledorf orifices to open and likewise spew the choking mist. The motorman looked back, not believing his eyes. The thing seemed to take after him and he applied his foot to the accelerator. When the escape of the RADICAL FORM was over and it seemed to be breathing its last, some valorous soul went up to it and stroked it kindly. It remained perfectly still. Then somebody who seemed to know explained how it happened to this City Moon correspondent. Ed, O The City Moon Austin Dep. of Eng

The prairie urchin (Prabum cynomys) lives in burrows under the high plains region of Kansas. Similar in size to its cousin the sea urchin, this creature emerges from its burrow and gulps quantities of air. Now inflated many times their natural size, urchins allow themselves to be blown over the plains. The last urchin invasion of any size occurred in Scott County, 1899. The winds came first. The farmers gazed into the wind, scanning the horizon. Clammy hands grasped hoses and rakes. Adam's apples bobbed nervously and then came the cry, "Here they come!"

The urchins made no sound. There was only the soft rustle of their spines scraping the parched earth. The slaughter was over in minutes and the shifting wind rolled the urchin horde across the horizon, leaving the last corn field in the county an empty rectangle of loose dirt.

Moon Knifed Two At March

## TRAGEDY

Hard times must indeed be upon us all when even routine events end in tragedy. For that is what the crime, whose picture is an ending, seems to have done. It was found, strangled in a strong room, hanging from a tree branch near Williamsport, Pa.

port, Pa. Above, a scene was in the making. Perhaps the difficulty of wartime living were too much for Mrs. Robin. PUTNER YANNUCCI Williamsport, Pa.

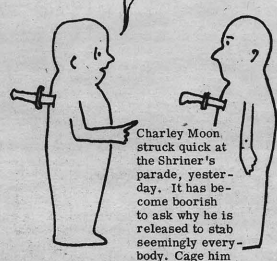


## 'Woman' Fugitive Man

DALLAS, April 9 (AP)—Police said yesterday that Elizabeth Carmichael, the bread-shouldered, 300-pound fugitive founder of an automobile company, is really a man who has been hiding authorities for 13 years, but a Federal Bureau of Investigation spokesman said their fingerprints did not match. Capt. John Driscoll, head of the Dallas Police Department's identification section, said Mrs. Carmichael was really Jerry Dean Michael.

37 years old, a federal fugitive from Florida Mrs. Carmichael is sought on charges stemming from an allegedly phony stock deal involving her Twentieth Century Motor Car Corp. The FBI spokesman said the FBI had checked fingerprints of Mrs. Carmichael against those of Michael and found they did not match. Capt. Driscoll said late last night that identification was not based on fingerprints. "I cannot reveal the details," he said, "but I am

HOW CAN YOU RATE SPECIAL TREATMENT? CHARLIE STABS MOST PEOPLE IN THE BACK.



Charley Moon struck quick at the March 12 parade, yesterday. It has become boorish to ask why he is released to stab seemingly every body. Gage him until he dies.

# The Ignorant Ones Do It In Los Angeles



This man squeezes the shit out of dogs. He's the new-est of the new trochilic oriented conceptual artists, also known in SF circles as art blinders (e.g. Monty Cazazza the dead cat imitator). He calls himself a 'human parasite of vitality'—I do dog squirts, that's my life, he says. I sneak up on dogs and push in hard on their stomachs and literally squeeze the shit out of them, and the piss too, and once three little premature puppies. He says he doesn't hate himself, in fact is totally free of anxiety and has no earthly wants. As open as his floodgates are, the Moon can't abide this unproductive behavior. We think it's the final comedy playing out, these modern ages we're creeping through, led by a series of temporary presidents, like the recent Oneba ascendancy and fall. Like Leon Kimball said, "Nothin' worth doin' pays any money." O.

## "What Can Do To Schickelgruber?"

### BE QUIET



There are no known fingerprints of Mrs. Carmichael, the postal inspector added. The 6-foot-1 Mrs. Carmichael came to Dallas in January from Los Angeles with plans to produce a three-wheeled, gasoline-avariac automobile. She is sought on charges of conspiring to commit theft in a phony stock and car dealership scheme. The person known as Mrs. Carmichael disappeared in February after the indictment.

ments were brought. Marvin Cantt, the company's former public relations director, said that in the 4½ months he worked with Mrs. Carmichael he never suspected she might be a man. "It boggles the mind," Cantt said in Los Angeles. "The thing that makes it so hard for me to believe she was a man is that she had five kids." Cantt said "She had a 15-year-old named Brian who was always around the office and four other kids, including one about 1½ years old."

Michael has been sought by federal authorities since 1962 when he jumped bond after being charged in connection with a swindle scheme in Florida. Capt. Driscoll said "He's been running loose ever since."

### KILL FOR MONEY

#### HOW CAN A DOWNEY BAT A THIRSTY THORNS AND ALL?

The inside of the mouth of some of the animals differs widely according to the kind of food the animal lives on. In your own mouth the lining is quite soft and easily injured. In some animals the membrane which lines the mouth is extremely tough, and is covered with thick scales, enabling the creature to crush foods which would injure a tender mouth. This is the case, to a certain extent, in cattle and in all animals that feed on hard kinds of grass. The donkey's mouth is an example.

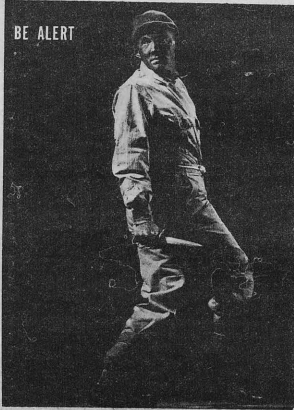


A donkey feed in Portugal.

Lazarus came out of his capsule by the command of Jesus, and stood wrapped in clothing the size and shape of Space Wrappings today. The master said, "Loose him and let him go." (John 11: 44) Lazarus had been into space and back. Can we find in life what has been believed we can find only in death?

## turn cannibal

### BE ALERT



#### ITS OVER NOW

Goodbye, ESpecial thanks to the Malsley brothers, who founded the Pensivex Advertising Company, upon whose broad and wonderful base was built a narrow but brilliant diamond of a tabloid newspaper, throwing out rods of light like shields, south to Amarillo, west to Cheyenne, north and east to Muncy and south to Lexington — of course we speak of the City Moon of the American Land, Pity Nothin. Say hello KKK and Ike, when you see them. Buy yourself a pile of microfluff and go to work in your basement. The bell buzzard may be soaring above you right now. Thank Da Ha, Tim Mil, TJ, LTD, 345, Scherbel, Oneba, Horton Headlight, Arizona Highways, Jesus to the Communist World, Baseball Guide 1946, Soviet Life, St. Louis Evening Whirl, the finest of its kind in San Luis, Missouri, the WE Magazine, Popular Science, Popular Mechanics, Mechanix Illustrated, The Book of Knowledge, 1936, US News and World Report, Jaywalker Yearbook, 1949, David Brune, who is founding a humanist party in Tokyo deserving more recognition than it will receive, Drakes for Bakes, Life Look, Kansas Skunk, Dallas Morning News, Deseret News, Des Moines Register, Caldwell Messenger, Hope Dispatch, Iola Register, Valley Falls Vindicator, Wellington Dailey News, Chicago Review, Century Reference Library, AP, UPI, Reuters, Pat Newman, the Master of Magic, the Master Rayon X of Cincinnati, the Little Girl Girl, The City Moon, Tom Russell, Mike Allen Valk Junior, Jean Valk, Kelly Linda Eric Doty Junior, triple Sam and Knot Zero, Roy, Jerry Baromme, and Martha, Bogan, Fred, Eric, and Paul, and Don Byrd, John Moritz, the San Francisco Chronicle, Science News, House Beautiful, Scandia Journal, the great Sir Gowan and the Green knights movie, and Bitter Syrup, Iowa's only truck vegetable store. W. Prop of Iowa, visiting here, will take short calls only before he travels north of Cincinnati. God Love the Bicentennial. Forget B 591. Sorry Barkley, you're OK. The white caps are yonah and they're dying off fast. I guess the Lagoon won't be opening on time after all. Further Moons appear only in Austin, David Ohle, Dept. of Eng. Good luck. Buy the set, all eight big ones in this newstand or in the Oreash shop. Forgive us this commercial trust and write ONEBA BOX 591. Perhaps we shall meet again under different names in times even more sour than these, but we doubt it. I am a very old man and no longer wish to write to these limited audiences and so I am migrating to a larger city near here to retire and not do any more dream work at all, period. Strike ONEBA BOX 591 off the list.

### BE A KILLER



#### IN EVERYDAY LIFE



YOU see Sam anywhere around?" inquired the bartender. The station agent shook his head. "He was around here yesterday," he said, "but I ain't seen him since." "The tanker went further to search of Sam," "What singer?" said the postmaster, peering through the grated little window, "you in here yesterday morning and got some mail from old man Montaine-hansen, but he ain't been back." "The tanker went to the back hoping that Sam might have shown up. He had said. The one room of the bank divided by the size now get partitioned only Henry Miller hookkeeper and general utility man of the bank. "Sam been back?" inquired the banker. Miller shook his head. "No, he has I haven't seen him, Mr. Pitkin," he said. The banker sighed. "Sure that's true," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "I've never been when I want him. If I could get anybody else for a porter I'd hire him."

We went to the liquor store, Jesse got out and got some Strawberry and Apple wine, Jesse got back in the car and then what happened?

We sat in the car for awhile and started drinking the wine. Where did Jesse take you?

To the laundromat. Is there an apartment attached to the back of the laundromat?

There is an apartment with five rooms. There were three bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom.

Was there anybody else there while you were drinking the wine?

Three other men came in and one left.

Do you remember what happened in the apartment when you were drinking?

I became drunk and I don't remember exactly what happened after that.



## WALK! is mah feet sad!

Book by Alfred P. Ganes.

M. N. O.



# UNFAMILIAR WORLD

"What then is a tick's world like?"  
 For Lashoff has described in a  
 counting of a wolf of historic oak, an  
 ability to sense warmth (the infrared  
 end of the spectrum), the touch of  
 fur and the taste of blood. Since ticks  
 are known to have gone without  
 food for as long as 18 years we can  
 assume that they are of time  
 passing is also very different from our  
 own. But ticks such as anadromous  
 ticks and for away from our ears  
 and nose that they are not  
 likely to be asked to cooperate in  
 designing a tickery, a home for ticks."

DEB P. OSWOND  
 "Worlds Apart"

## A BUNGLEBOMBS HANGING

Confessed Hit Crime: Police: One  
 version and Foreign His Crime  
 Key Word: The Dept. 24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-12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The bomb has finally come.  
Now what? Here are eight parents and ten children sitting in a hole three feet underground with Armageddon burning in the new millennium overhead. You feel like spewing all the foul words you ever heard whispered as a boy, all the awful cursing you picked up in service, every nasty phrase gleamed from a thousand shady barroom stories. You discover everyone in the shelter is looking at you. This makes you even more angry and frustrated. Isn't it enough you saved them from that insanity outside? What more do they expect?

The children. Your own and the others. Somehow at this moment you find it difficult to tell which are yours and which are not.

Instead of cursing, you take a deep breath to stop trembling, and say: "I guess we're going to be all right now. We'll get organized later, but right now we've got some things to do in a hurry."

The small children are left in the shelter under the care of one woman and the older girls. They will also monitor the radio. The adults and bigger boys run outside to round up tools and equipment and fight budding fires. You have told them to keep working until the first fallout or until they are called back to the shelter because of another approaching attack. There is no second strike, you have 30 minutes to an hour, at least, before fallout will start. You tell them they will be able to see it like fine falling ash when it starts. The early fallout will not hurt them if they return to the shelter immediately.

You decide it would be helpful to talk about the psychological reactions, insofar as you are able. You realize the greatest hazard is panic, and the best weapon against panic is understanding.

You tell them that from what you have read, there will be a very bad period of depression two, three or four days after they first entered the shelter. If they know this in advance, if they can recognize it when it comes, each person will be better able to cope with it in himself and understand it in the others. It is in this period of depression that despair can set in. After shock has worn off and the dreadful monotony of shelter life takes hold, activity is one of the best remedies. Each person should have regular tasks to perform. In the off-duty periods, there should be reading, games, ball-lessons—anything to keep from dwelling too much on one's self.

After a day or two of depression, you can expect a noticeable lift in spirits. People will start to talk about what they will do when they come out, make plans for reconstruction or evacuation. They will start to wonder how to plant truck gardens and what to do about the too-low residual radiation around the area. When this happens, you are over the hump. They have decided tentatively to accept life on its new terms, whatever they may be.

Ten years later, you come home from work to be reminded by your wife of a meeting this evening with the neighborhood council. President of the council is your next-door neighbor. His son is now an industrial engineer. His daughter is expecting her third child. Of the others who populated your shelter, most are leading reasonably productive lives. One died of cancer two years ago, and no one knows whether it was from radiation or if it would have happened anyway. Another was drowned swimming in the lake last year. Of eighteen, 16 are still alive.



## A Freeloader Dies With His Napkin On

Maisburg, Germany

The last reckoning caught up with a 37-year-old West German man wanted by police for eating in restaurants and not paying his bill.

He died at a restaurant table after tucking into a large plate of cold ham followed by a crisp roast knuckle of pork, police said here yesterday.

Dr. Wilfried Seibke, a physician sitting at the next table, ran to help when the man fell forward with a moan, gasping for breath. He choked to death on a piece of pork.

Earlier the same day, three summons had been taken out against the unemployed publisher's clerk for eating meals and evading payment, police said.

On the day of his death he had lunch in another restaurant and walked out through the emergency exit when the bill came for soup, herrings with onions and cream, shoulder of pork with cabbage and mashed potatoes, six pieces of ice cream, three pieces of cream cake and seven beers.

A simple lunch trimming job Wednesday by Southwestern Bell Telephone Division may have solved Mrs. Eugene Thompson's "talking wall" mystery.

Mrs. Thompson, 1019 Lawrence, has been plagued since Sunday with a growling sound which seemed to originate from a bedroom wall on the west side of her house.

"It was a hideous sound," said Mrs. Thompson. "Sometimes it was like an old dog moaning and other times it sounded like a person."

"One time it would be up near the ceiling and other times, it would be near the floor," she explained.

Mrs. Thompson said a check of the solid concrete foundation and the roof showed there is no way an animal could have crawled in between the walls.

Mrs. Thompson's landlord, several neighbors, a newspaper reporter and a newspaper photographer heard the sound Wednesday from both inside and outside of the house.

"It wasn't too bad during the day but at night it got worse and really scared me," Mrs. Thompson said. "But my two children think it's really neat," she added.

If the sound to think there are little animals between the walls," she said. "If the sound returns since Mrs. Thompson plans to ask her landlord to remove a small section of the bedroom wall and investigate.

"It's been exciting, but a little scary too," Mrs. Thompson said. "I just hope the ghost is gone."

### ROCKEFELLER'S STATEMENT.

Says He Will Make No Comments and Is No Longer Active Head of Company.

This is a great great granddaughter of Daniel Boone. Her name is Daniela. She has a trained mud dauber, that hovers so close to her chin that strangers who do not know the trick think the insect stands upon the lovely face of the lovely wench. They are totally, completely wrong. Daniela is a great beauty for her age, and were she cast in the crusted setting of a Russian novel, we would not be surprised. This summer she hiked 300 miles, bleaching under the Kansas sun, begrimed by dust of travel after a journey on foot from far away St. Louis. The attractive woman left home May 1 and took the dirt back roads, stopping for food and shelter wherever the day's journey happened to find her. She declares her sole idea in making the trip to be to see Governor Wuntz of North Kansas. She believes him the greatest man in the world. Secretary Ben Davis did not deem it advisable to have his chief bothered with the curiosity seeking relative of the Boon family.

## Word Age Seen By Miss Suchrow

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. (UPI)—

The correct use of words is "important and even critical" at the present time, Ruth Suchrow, Iowa journalist, told 700 members of the National Council of Teachers of English at a banquet meeting here.

"Everything depends upon the reliability of communication between men and between people to disseminate their ideas," Miss Suchrow declared, "and the use or misuse of words can have deep influence on important events."

## Girl, 4, Found Wandering On Beach At 1 A.M.— Drunken Mother Nearby

About one o'clock in the morning police received a call from a man who informed them that he had found a four year old white girl from Driving Park (DPPA) Avenue walking around the beach on Durand Eastman Park while her mother was unconscious on the beach apparently intoxicated.

Police report that they went to Durand Eastman beach and found the mother asleep on the beach with three different whiskey bottles next to her. Police report they had a difficult time waking her up and when she awoke it was found that she was highly intoxicated and needed assistance in standing. They also report that her clothes were badly torn and that when she spoke, she merely mumbled.

Police report that when they asked her where her daughter was she told them that the girl was around somewhere sleeping. The woman, police say, had to be assisted up the hill and she was placed in a police car and then was arrested for Public Intoxication. The 4 year old girl was taken to the Shelter planet.

In a foster home for the night. A report was also made to Social Services.

Charged with Public Intoxication was Jane (Joyce) ———, 28, of Driving Park Avenue.

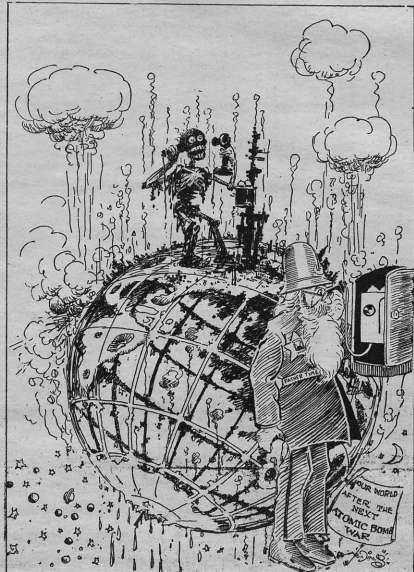
Profile, or Octopus.

## Naked Man Walks Hospital Lobby

At 3 A.M., security guards at St. Mary's Hospital report that a completely naked man walked into the main lobby of the hospital and he was taken to the emergency department as it appeared that he had been in a fight.

Police say that the man refused to tell them anything and the only information that they could get out of him was that he was on his way to see a girl on East Main Street (600's) and that his clothes were in a driveway on Genesee Street. Police say they found his shoes in the driveway at the house on Genesee (100's) Street but could not find the rest of his clothes. They also report that he appeared to be in shock or suffering from a mental disorder. There was no arrest.

Downtown Hutch



# CITY MOON

Another tale in the American Munty  
by Editor O.

And so Buster came to a path not noticed at first, at last, where he had remembered seeing American Lemo at a crouch, on a willow log, waiting. At this sight at this point Buster thought the better of joining his partner for the time being. He would take his business to the city. Walking later on the dirt road he is taken by a very powerful sleepiness which he couldn't shake off and so slept by the roadside all the night until he heard the dawnlight singing the creak of someone's mechanical mule. Standing up to view the scene he listened to the clatter of iron and glass. He waited for the right moment. As the old mechanical army mule rolled by the spot he threw any stone he could find at his feet and knocked the driver (who was a white American Munty) apparently. But he was not hurt and angry. He indicated by pulling the stop cord and halting the hot animal in

the sunlight dirt rut. Temporarily Buster became blind in the moment he was not able to plug in his belt unit and became very critically short of breath. He thought of partner Lemo having had the foresight to have himself rigged into a self-system whereby he recycled his pooters from the bungleho throo a hose connected to a facemask blower in which he breathes his own gasses and has a happy time of it. A southern wind is now blowing the tops of the pines. Buster and the mule driver stare at one another throughout the blazing day and tense. As this is happening Lemo has gotten up to urinate and fallen over weak, the ants get onto him and crawl on his facemask. His eyes closed. In the city Busters eats at Patty Dominicks and has one heartburger for tentchit. Lemo dies in the sand and the body swells and crows fly down to peck at his eye but Busters seems relaxed enough. He rents a cheaper Hotel Room in a T-creek motel and stays there. This is

where the other agent has scheduled to meet him and talk of the recent vicious attacks on the others. But as this episode closes it becomes apparent that the agent has other ideas in mind. Busters on the bed sees a black balloon floating outside his tenth story hotel room.

Well fall is here. Dying leaves flutter and dance and talk of the shrouled earth, here in L.A. The suicide of President Ripley snapped us, like pigskins across the void. We now seem to have the new football president. Compulsory football spreads across the nation like the hungry flames of the Great National Fire of 1950. first reported to you in a MOON exclusive. Pray for Rip tonight, in our homes, cars, everywhere. He was wonderfully courageous and fully alive. He lost his nose in WW2 and had missing toes. His sinuses, delicate and bleeding easily, were connected with the open air by plastic tubules. His protectors were

sickened daily by his elusive tricks and sleights, his invitations to passersby to join him for a quick game of touch, or just to hobby around for a day with him, to see what it was like to be the Commander in Chief. They say he loved Chili Heart Soup Sandwiches the best, and laughed at Carol Burnett on the T.V. on Tuesdays. At times however, he was transformed into a thing far worse than any animal, his mind seemed empty and he stumbled and crashed then in the Oval Office. R.I.P. President. O/M

An artificial star that lasted about 10 minutes was created by scientists in Los Angeles, launched in Needles, California, and exploded above Torrance. They shot nitrous oxide gas 10 miles into the heliopause with a rocket. This gas caused free oxygen atoms to combine into oxygen molecules and emit light. At first the flash was twice as bright as Venus, then it grew until it appeared four times as big as the moon.

