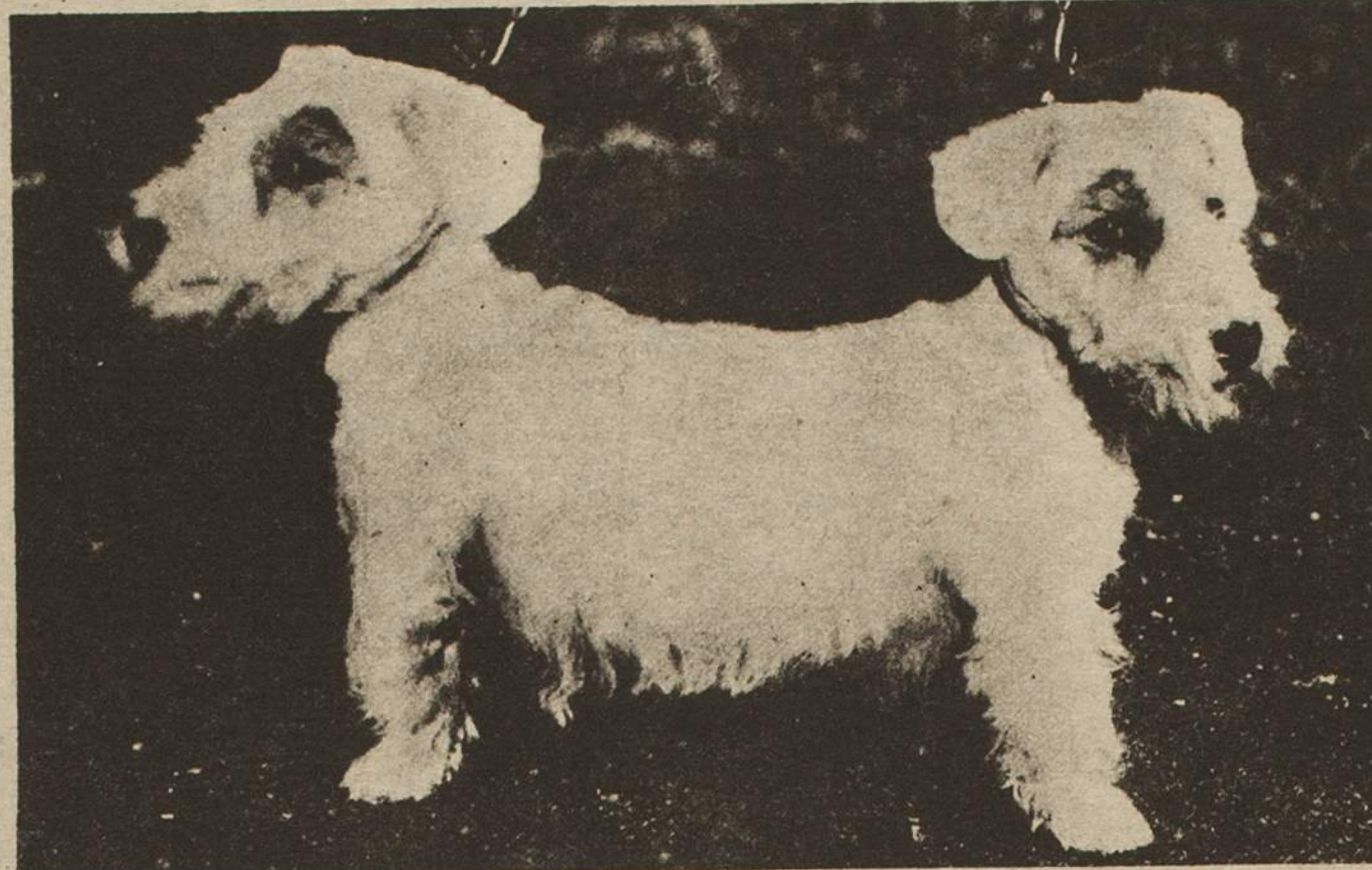
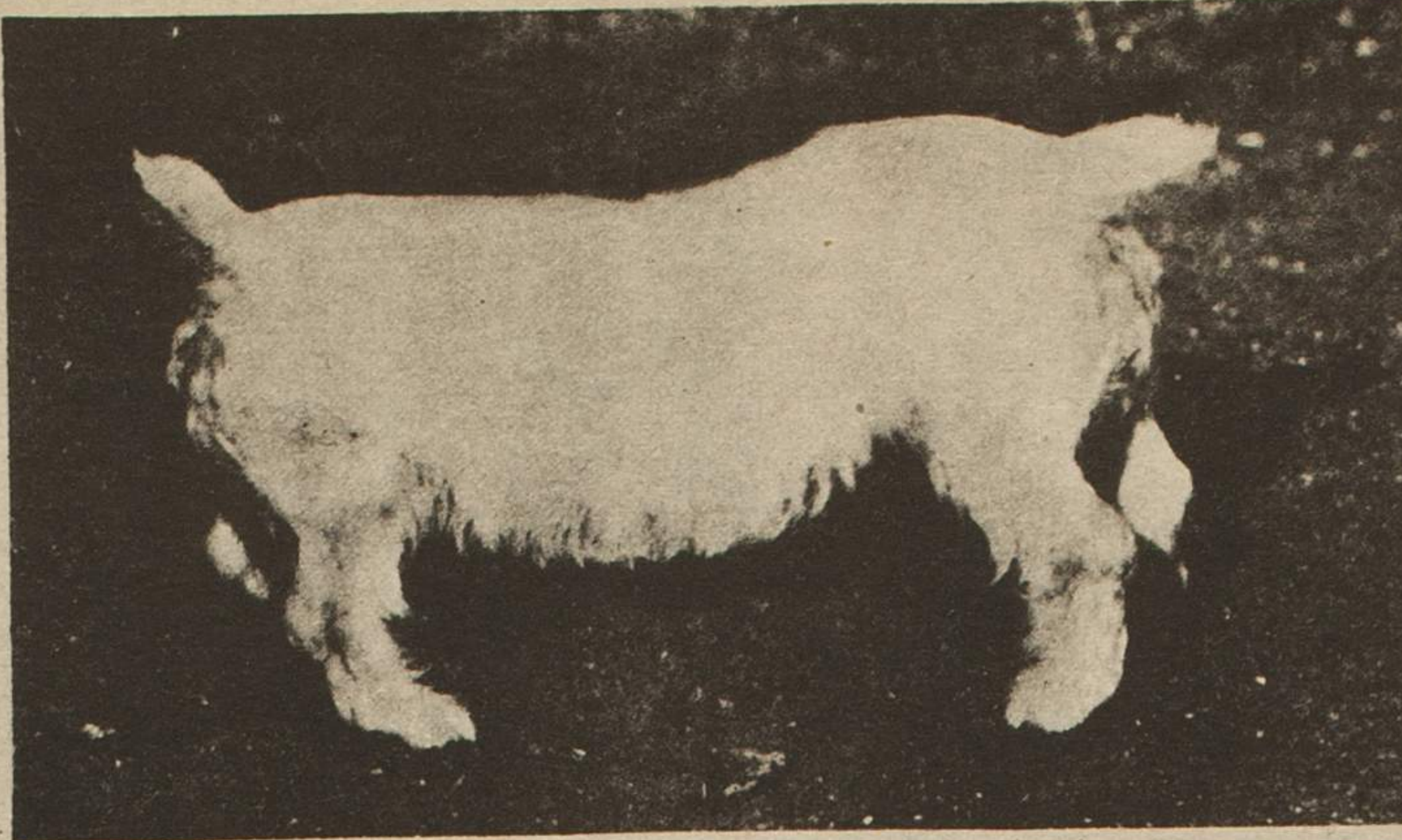


# TWO MAKE A TEAM

PRIVATE ENTRANCE TO  
**Contessa Motel**

The Contessa has the lowest rates in North St. Louis, with extra low daytime rates. Come in the day and save.



A National Scientist named Zanzetti has created a new dog style. For one, it is a team of two, but for another, it is a beast which, though it be two, is as one. Balls and Mulligan, the treated Scotties, never stray from each other's sides-- and in fact Mulligan goes nowhere at all without a blind charge by Balls, all energy without restraint, feet churning to nowhere in perpetual motion, Mulligan's only motivation.

Without the propulsion of the mated hind-quarters, Mulligan embodies no compulsion to move. Instead he rests, stares, and entrances spectators at Lagoon Park, or in the lobby of the Gons Hotel, where the duo starred last week.

Zanzetti says the pair are mechanical devices purely, and not to be confused with Oneba's low-priced pups generated from life matter. He says he thinks of himself more as an artist of the beautiful than as a scientist, seeking to replicate organic life with machined duplicates. The Moon finds this more worthy than diddling with the genetic code.



## Stoned in Athens

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The editor of the *City Moon*, above, is stoned in Athens. This, he says, is his last issue. He's catalogued a thousand ways of dying, and now he's off working on death in a more personal corner. But he wants to give credit where credit is due. He says the paper is in good hands now, with Roger Martin and David Ohle at the helm, and Grauerholz navigating. He wants, especially, to thank *Life* in the 40's, for its generous photo contributions. As always, he says, "The Old Earth is frolicsome to-night." Write Box 591 Lawrence, Ks. for more.

# Hog plant remains dream

City Moon:

Why have you forgotten Professor Casimer Eagleman, Jr., the man who perfected Radiola? He was born in Poland, as I understand it, and I am sure you will find no problems in gathering fine resumes of his life. I am one who owes her well being, as well as her splendid magnetism, to Radiola, the top name in life-gell manufacture.

Yours--  
Mother Oswald  
Parchman F.

P.S. -- My experiments with planimals continue, but my hog plant still remains a wild dream.

Dear City Moon:

Ponies uncountable honk and patter in the mud of Alamogordo's streets. The place is a bog of dung. We ask you, when will there be nomo rain?

A. Reader-witheld

Vacation is a good time to overhaul your brain from the frontal lobe to the cerebellum. Review your axioms, revise your postulates, and reconsider the unexpressed minor premises of your habitual forms of logic. All your reasoning, however great, may be vitiated by some fundamental fallacy, carelessly adopted and uncritically retained. Get a blubber lamp and peer into all the dark corners of your mind. No doubt, you keep the halls and reception room in fairly decent and creditable order. But how would you like to let your friends look into your cerebral garret and subliminal cellar, where the toys of childhood and the prejudices you inherited from your ancestors mold and rot? Hunt out and destroy every old rag of superstition, for these are liable, at any time, to start that spontaneous combustion of ideas we call fanaticism, against which there is no earthly insurance. A little decaying superstition in the mind of a great leader has been known to conflagrate a nation.

Here is the latest from Radio Universal. What do you make of it?

skaht: dehcnic ti dah eh, ylluterger laa ta ton snialpxe eh sa, esuaceb Elay ta Hene am eh, tcaf ni taht ddn retsgunoy a sa Eporue ni emit hcum tneps Ycrad wnok oh wef yrev eht ot gniffab erom eht lla. Yldrah. Msilaicnorp nretesw nrob buts fo elm rentre Naeporue a, ta deiks elnol tel. detisiv neve reven sa ah dna, anacs wnos lan eht no nem laitneulfni tsom eht fo eno si eh ereh. Srebmun etisoppo dna seugealloc si

# RADIOLA

The Italian Radiola usestelepathy on beasts. He says he can transfer thought to them at a distance of less than 4 yards, a result of his study of the forces behind telepathy and hypnotism since 1919. He transfers human thoughts to animals while he is enclosed in a specially constructed iron pyrite box. He chants to them, he says, until they succumb to the physical rays that emanate not only from his brain, but from the entire nervous system of every animal organism.

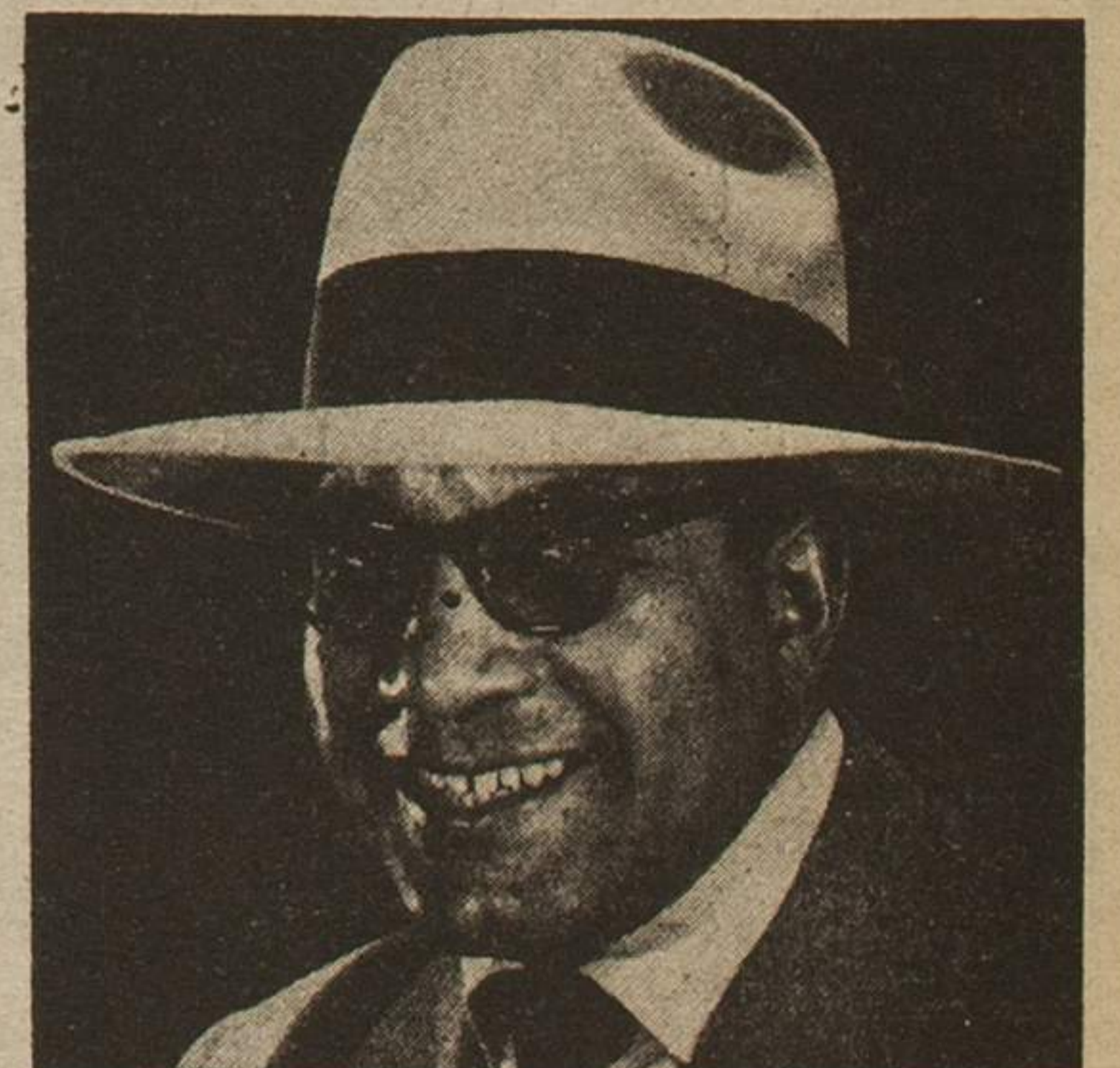
Radiola was among the passengers who yesterday arrived from Glasgow on the anchor liner *Neutrodyne*, returning from a half century of exile at Tumu-Tumu, Kenya Colony, British East Africa, during which time he lived among people

who made good beer from honey, good jelutong from human urine, and good times from burning the feet soles of travellers dreaming of establishing small empires on the backs of native laborers.

In this jungle setting, Radiola's psycho-animism spawned and grew fervid, along with the conviction that he must come to America and let his discoveries be known, via the C.B. network.

Calling his new discovery Radionics, he drove through Oklahoma City on July 9 last, when a tatterdemalion darted from the crowd toward his car. It was Woody Hockaday, a harmless screwball whose antics have made news at various times. Hockaday said, "I just wanted to shine Radiola's shoes."

"His name stinks



in my nostrils."

Clayton, Mo.—A 23-year-old man is accused of using the 30-pound bone of an extinct mastodon to beat another young man unconscious during a brawl over two women, police said.