# Laws of Gravitation in Flight

Farbo here, journalist, roving for the City Moon.

The news now cautions of floccules on the sun, suggests we stay indoors and wear the headgear. Most of us do, in keeping with city ordinances, and with the memory of recent medical moons so freshly kept. They hung blue and bulbous over the city, washing us all in a bath of radio medicine. The cheeks of those at large then, without headgear, puffed out and erupted in rings of blister and pustule, white worms were seen in the feces. . . .

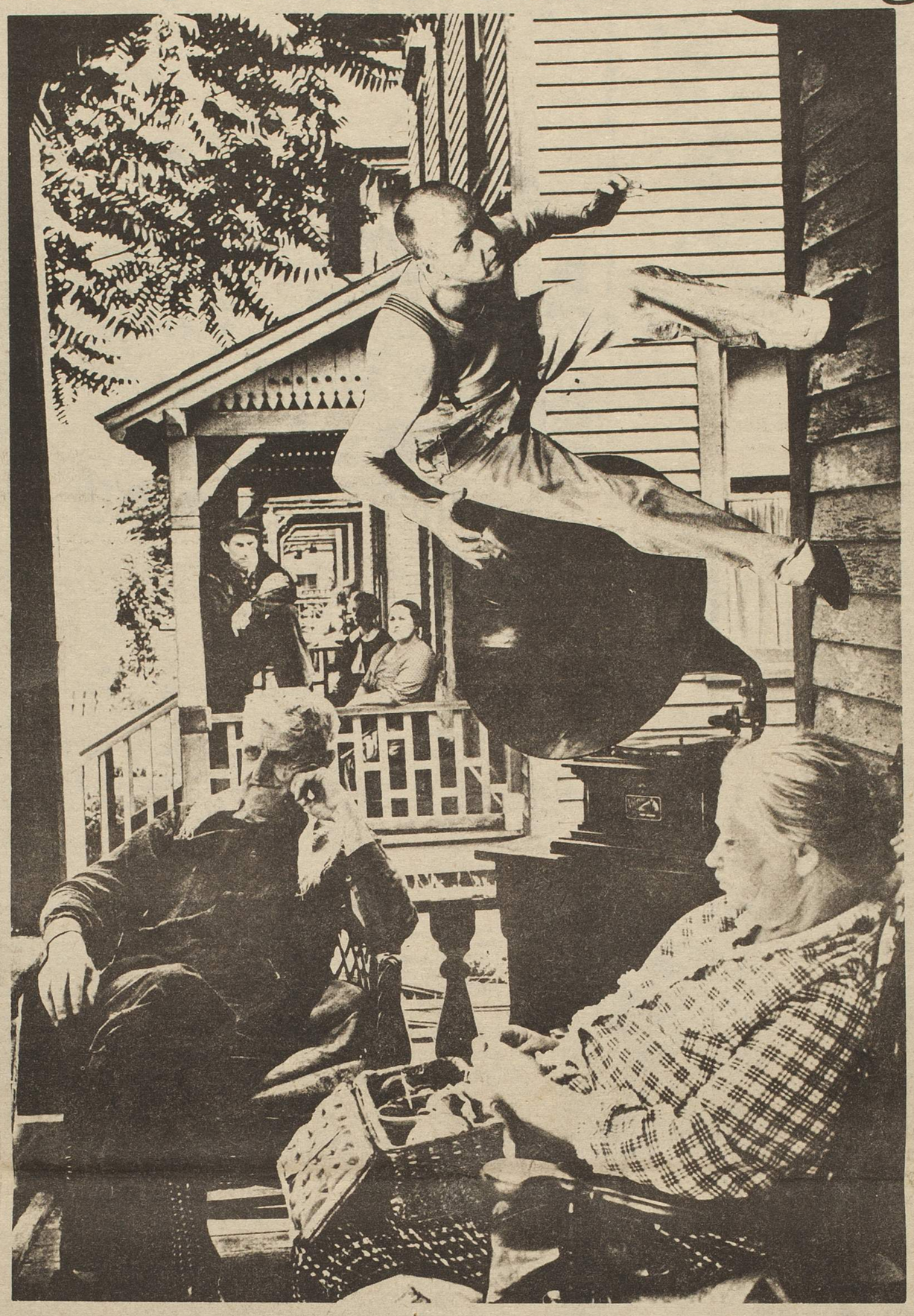
I am not one to poke my nose outside on a night like this, for the passing delight of radio medication, and risk a metabolic incident. Isn't it enough I am running now on two sheep's heart. The noisy pop of a camphorberry could kill me. No, I am not one to fiddle in an empty room. Not one to go down stairs with hands in pockets. . . . .

They've put the relics of Boy Howdy in glassine bags for the time being, eventually to be publicly chown at the Church of the Ark, all adrape in purple chintz, as Oneba was when they waked him the last time.

Dear City,

One of these days somebody will stab Oneba's little monkey heart and that will be that. Mark what I'm saying, Moon. Listen, this is it.

Yours,
Alley Carraby
Parchman Stop
Mississippi Farm



Dear City Moon,

Masses of a sticky threadlike material floated across Alamogordo skies the afternoon of March 16, causing general consternation among those out and about that day. It ranged from the size of a match-head to 10 ft. globules, drifting into the heart of the City, clinging to grass, metal, and cement. At first, we thought it was a synthetic precipitate of the air itself, later it seemed to be nothing more than spider webbing. At the height of the invasion, the air over the City was filled with webs at a density of almost 1/ square ft. Those of us wearing headgear found the baffles in our tubing uselessly fouled with the stuff. It was cloying sweet to sniff, but tasty and edible. We saw grackles beaking it from their wings, grounded and helpless, firescouts throttling them, breaking the necks, dropping them into canvas sidepacks. We are writing to the City Moon, praying that Oneba will answer. Please, Oneba. Help if you can.

Best Wishes,

Mother K
Seeress

A farmer who lives one mile north of Oxford, Mississippi, informed a City Moon correspondent that a belled green parrot spent the day with him on his farm. He saw it several times coming down to eat corn with his chickens. He describes the bird as being of prodigious size and having a clackerless brass bell fastened around its neck. Though it talked away while it ate, the farmer was unable to distinguish the sense of what it was saying.

A paragraph appears in the papers this week calling attention to the neglect of Thackeray's grave in Kensal Green cemetery. It is overrun with ivy, which obstructs the inscription.


**IMPROVE YOUR FACE**

FACES made younger, handsomer and more expressive by the famous Barker scientific physical culture exercises for the face. They will do more to build beauty than all the paint and powder in the world, for they get right at the root of your facial defects and overcome them. Prof. Barker is the originator of facial exercises. Send 25 cts. in coin or 30 cts. stamps for complete course.

ANTHONY BARKER
1235 6th Ave., Studio 47, New York City


THE lowly and uncultured Tartars—when books fell into their possession—ate them to acquire the knowledge contained therein.

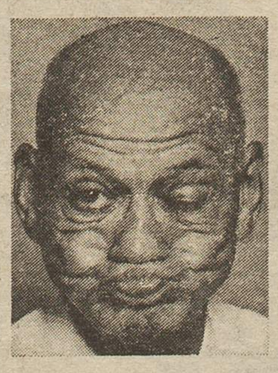
President Faunce of Brown University charges that one of the things the twentieth century will have to answer for is the "moving picture mind." All life, to many of our young people, he says, is a series of snapshots with no chance for a time exposure. Hence they can not think straight on any subject. Their minds are a bundle of transient impressions and confused ideas. There is something in the educator's charge. Thinking takes time and application and for most people in this age of the automobile and the flickering celluloid, conditions are not right for it.

**EMPHASIS WEEK**
**MAY 5th to 10th**

I'M WAITING

FOR SOMEONE TO ASK ME

to join the National Alliance to Keep and Bear Arms.



## FREAKS APLENTY—BUT NONE GENUINE

Some of Professor Freier's freaks. Top—Epho, the water elephant. Center—Lilly, the alligator girl. Bottom—the water rectangus.

Dayton, Ohio, July 2.—Shift the scene from Washington today, cast Professor William E. Freier into the leading role, and—

Be prepared for another first-class "expose."

You will find they are not real—the "Humandrella Monster, found only in the Black Hills of South Dakota;" the Water Rectangus, right from the Florida swamps, and scores of other petrified freaks you have seen in circus sideshows and street carnivals.

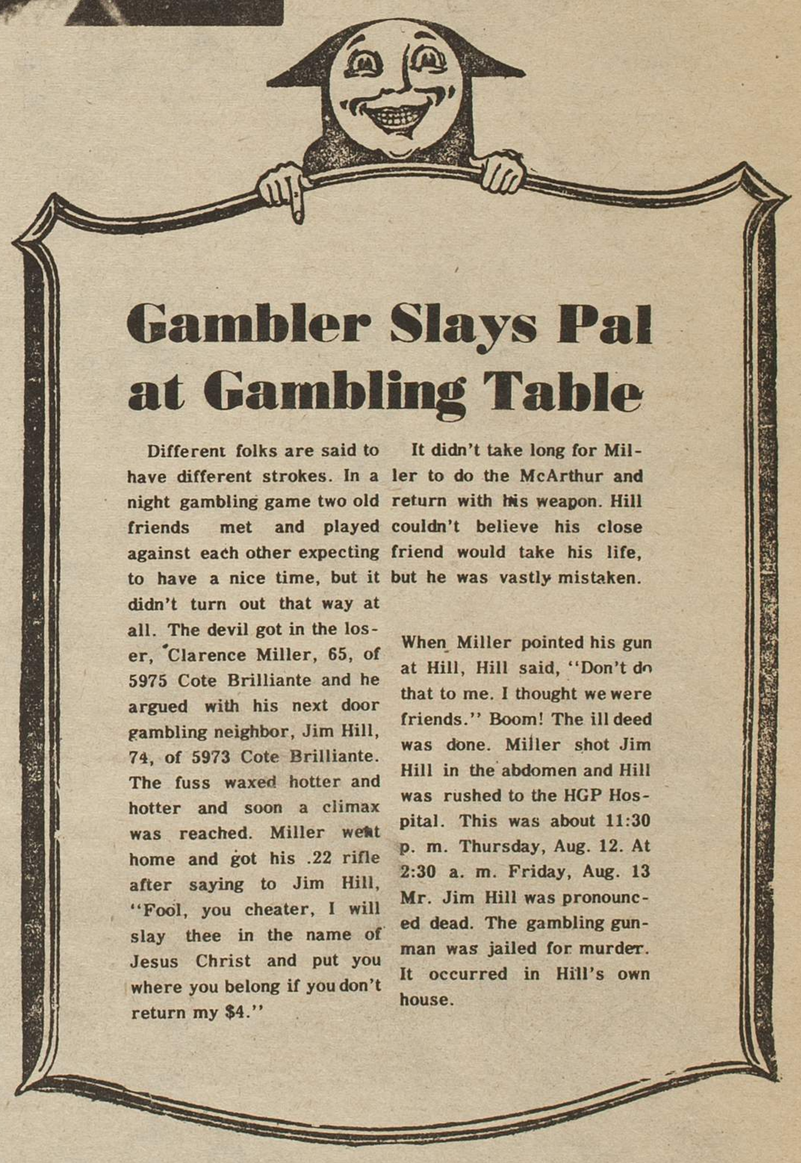
And Professor Freier will tell you they are not real. He readily confesses they are fakes, for made them with his own hands.

Many of the freaks placed before the public in the last twenty years have come from his "Freak Foundry."

His process? Well, it is simple. A vivid imagination and a certain skill at vivisection of small animals and fish make up the most of it.

His latest designs, "Lill, the Alligator Girl," and "Epho," a water elephant, are being turned out to this year's shows.

Epho is a combination of stray teeth, the skin of Miami river fish and bones of deceased Dayton domestic animals.



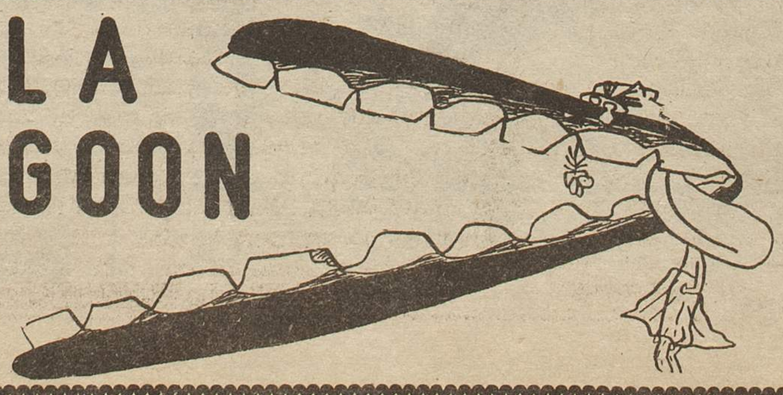
## Gambler Slays Pal at Gambling Table

Different folks are said to have different strokes. In a night gambling game two old friends met and played against each other expecting to have a nice time, but it didn't turn out that way at all. The devil got in the loser, Clarence Miller, 65, of 5975 Cote Brilliante and he argued with his next door gambling neighbor, Jim Hill, 74, of 5973 Cote Brilliante. The fuss waxed hotter and hotter and soon a climax was reached. Miller went home and got his .22 rifle after saying to Jim Hill, "Fool, you cheater, I will slay thee in the name of Jesus Christ and put you where you belong if you don't return my $4."

It didn't take long for Miller to do the McArthur and return with his weapon. Hill couldn't believe his close friend would take his life, but he was vastly mistaken.

When Miller pointed his gun at Hill, Hill said, "Don't do that to me. I thought we were friends." Boom! The ill deed was done. Miller shot Jim Hill in the abdomen and Hill was rushed to the HGP Hospital. This was about 11:30 p. m. Thursday, Aug. 12. At 2:30 a. m. Friday, Aug. 13 Mr. Jim Hill was pronounced dead. The gambling gunman was jailed for murder. It occurred in Hill's own house.


**LA GOON**



The La Goon cafe is finally open in the South Parchman historic area. Prairie clam steaks, gumboot pie, rooster comb salad, chili-heart cold plates. Little Toni on the pianoforte. No minimum. Proper styles of hair and dress. Passcards will be inspected. Come, have a great time, despite all. Relax here. Oneba does electrocautery Sunday nites. Look for the sign of the headless cock. 24 hrs.