

ONEBA SLAPPED

A trochilic came out of an audience in Cincinnati, slapped Oneba repeatedly across the cheeks, and then escaped, through a back exit, in the midst of the confusion. His appearances are charged with mixed emotion, something subtle and unseen rides the moods of the crowds, like surface tension over stagnant pools. The slightest ripple brings up muddled creatures long asleep at the bottom. Recovered from the slapping, Oneba gave this statement to reporters: Oho, the old earth is frolicsome tonight. Be joyful. All for One and One for All. Only the dead ones feel no pain. Life is worth no more than a jitney. Spend it. We are all measured units. What's a little slap? In the face of death?

Dear City Moon:

We're plumb weary of Oneba's restorations camping on our lawns, and their fires leaving burnt circles in expensive zoysia, and their clowning faces peering in at our televisions through the picture window. We've already had to install jealousies. Three types of fencing so far tried, but nothing at all keeps them out for long. They grin at us like shit possums. We're afraid for the safety of the children.

Three angry citizens,
Names Deleted, Cincy

My dear readers. This is Oneba speaking. Listen. There are manifest differences between animals and men. My terriers naturally dig under the barns for rats and my pointers set the poultry and sparrows, just as birds fly and fishes swim. To say all men are born equal in abilities and dispositions is an insult to ordinary intelligence. Imagine teaching the average farmer that razorbacks are as good as ducros or scrub sires as good as any among the cattle and poultry, or that any kind of seed is good enough to plant. Readers, it doesn't stand to reason. Send me dreams. In these future columns I will interpret. Free of charge. See you at the Hunger Art 1 Picnic. I will exhibit my new Electric Belt and Suspensory. Boy Howdy will be there too, and even Poet Black, fully restored.

HAIRCUT REGULATIONS

So now the City council says regulate haircutting, no mo process jobs, no mo konkin, no mo nuffin bro. We all get regulation Paris Island bowl-crimp shave jobs, and stand in annoying lines to get them. We palm national jitneys and pay the barber for his rude slicing. We have little bleedings on the scalp, ticklike scabs to comb out. Come payday we all rush downtown, our khakies fat with jitney paper, so that we can get our haircuts and look like one another. So much more security that way, both personally and nationally, as Oneba has often reminded us, speaking ex-cathedra. Our children want nothing more than barber college and a national haircutters permit, and then it's a shoo-in lifewise. Easy Street. A nice bird-blue cherry perched in the driveway, a boss aluminum Airstream, with a pinch of equity in it's jealousy windows. All that any modern family unit can get a purchase on it can keep, in short, if any member holds a federal tonsorial card. One is fixed for the duration, can travel unmolested by road patrols. Oneba says this: the bagatelles of today surely will be the ordinances of tomorrow. The surprising fact is how dashing, how purposeful, how bright and coolish Americans can look, how ready to open the watergates, to let in the yellow flood. Oneba says, get those haircuts every week and await the coming of Bo'i-Ha'di. Editor O.



Another of Oneba's stories goes like this: In the days when all men were good and there were no trochilics, men had miraculous power. Lions, mountains, whales, jellyfish, birds, rocks, clouds, seas, moved quietly from place to place, just as men ordered them at their whim and fancy. But the human race at last lost its miraculous power through the laziness of a certain man. He was a woodman at Parchman Farm, a high-black nigger, and one morning he went into a forest near the farm to cut firewood for the master's hearth. He sawed and split all day, until he had a considerable stack of hickory and oak. He stood before the pile and said, Now march off home! 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 tromping along this dusty pony road, he said to himself, and jumped up on the bundle of wood as it was walking in front of him and sat down on top of it, and lo, then the wood refused to go. The woodman got angry and began to strike it fiercely with his axe. But all in vain. Still the wood refused to go. And from that time the human race had lost its power, and the life units paraded out of its members like ants from a hill of dung.

A Camel-Udder Box

Mr. Bowles writes from Tangier a Tangerine desert fruit is ludicrous in California we laugh the sun sets summer fades

the red birds alight, their feet are red the horror of the men the menace of flight they are armed serious like soldiers is this Armageddon we gather in a shabby foyer for the end

There is menace in the elevators state-of-siege outside the balconies earth rumble of heavy weaponry

I am frightened small white helpless bullied and believe in hell I am Dondi no-teeth look

The shine of the far-riding animals and we detect the fetor in the grime crocodiles part the immaculate leaves school girls dry in their dictionaries

discharge haunts them nightly the nestled cunning, sleek deceit through lifetimes of acedia make substitute for repose they could not seize

we got off the icebox quarter past noon when all the goons on 12th street set up high refrain

the tiger dreams awake the the jungle heat it beats upon Marpasian rock fraying strands of days payed out like line

the jeering cats in silence of garages caught in their own jism seethe in smuggled cauldrons of infamy skimmed off the cream of animals

the jungle is deleted the white man screams in the living room gorgeous and beaten his mind fertile to the inserted fang

the twenty-four inches of his dream whang slipped bang into the daylight there by the bolus tree

W. Pounds

Overnight rod repair



Entee Shine, knocker at a slaughterhouse locally, let it flow today for a girl at the Victory Dress Shop and was seized by police shortly after.

Apparently Entee took a real shine to a checker girl and displayed his better half to her innocence, at which she screamed and he jumped into a pile of fake Christmas logs nearby; inexperience got Shine shortly slammed into a jailhouse rock wall, while the laughter of armed blues outside the cell shook Shine.

Now he is withering in Cell 28, Block 41, stumbling because his eyeglasses have been stolen, beaten at what little checkers he plays, and broken; seven hungry mouths wiggle in the air in his house, and blacken his name. Shine needs help. This is a basically decent man who married early, lacking experience, and wandered through the world a pool of curiosity. At the slaughterhouse they say no individual can replace Entee, and

THEY'LL DIE

FIRST OF THE CHAUFFEURS

Were men who in fantastic garb terrorized the ruralites of France

Chauffeurs existed long before there were automobiles.

History tells us the appellation of chauffeur once terrified old ladies, though at present it evokes in us only cheerful and pleasing thoughts of automobilism, in which nothing but the roads and paved streets are scorched--in contrast to the original chauffeurs.

About 1795, there sprang up in France, principally in the eastern and central regions, fantastically dressed men with their faces blackened with soot and their eyes carefully concealed, who gained admittance to farmhouses and other isolated dwellings at night and committed all kinds of depredations.

They had an outrageous habit especially, from which they obtained the name that posterity has preserved for them. They first garrotted their victims, and dragged them in front of a great fire, where they burned the soles of their feet. Then they demanded of them where their money and jewels were concealed. Such interrogatories could scarcely be resisted.

STAG PARTY

At The Anchor
North Of Salt Plains
Friday

* In Norwalk, Calif., an immigrant dairyman, Gerben Van Dyke, hooked up twenty-four of his cows to a milking machine, watched horrified as a short circuit knocked them down, killing thirteen. He complained: "Nothing like this ever happened in the old country."

Life Not Extinct in Chicken's Heart Taken From Egg 8 Years Ago

By The Associated Press. New York, March 13.—One of the most remarkable experiments in the indefinite prolongation of living tissues by artificial methods, it became known today, is the specimen of a chicken's heart, extracted from an egg in the embryonic state eight years ago, which has not only retained the spark of life, but had grown many times its original size. This minute organism was removed from its natural gestative place by Dr. Alexis Carrel, noted surgeon, in January 1912, in an attempt to sustain its growth under scientific conditions. Dr. Carrel has announced that the organism is still functioning, and disbaring accidents will continue to grow indefinitely. The organism has been nourished regularly while cultured in an aseptic solution. From information obtainable, it was said that in this experiment Dr. Carrel had gone further than any scientist in his quest for the immortality of the living tissues. Dr. Carrel was awarded the Nobel prize in 1912 in recognition of his surgical achievements.

HOUSEHOLD TIP

During dog days, watch your drains. Scalding and washing soda must be spooned down sink drains each day. In the bathroom, to destroy injurious germs all the pipes should be thoroughly flushed each morning with boiling hot water. At night, sprinkle into each pipe a large spoonful of chloride of lime. Drains can kill.

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