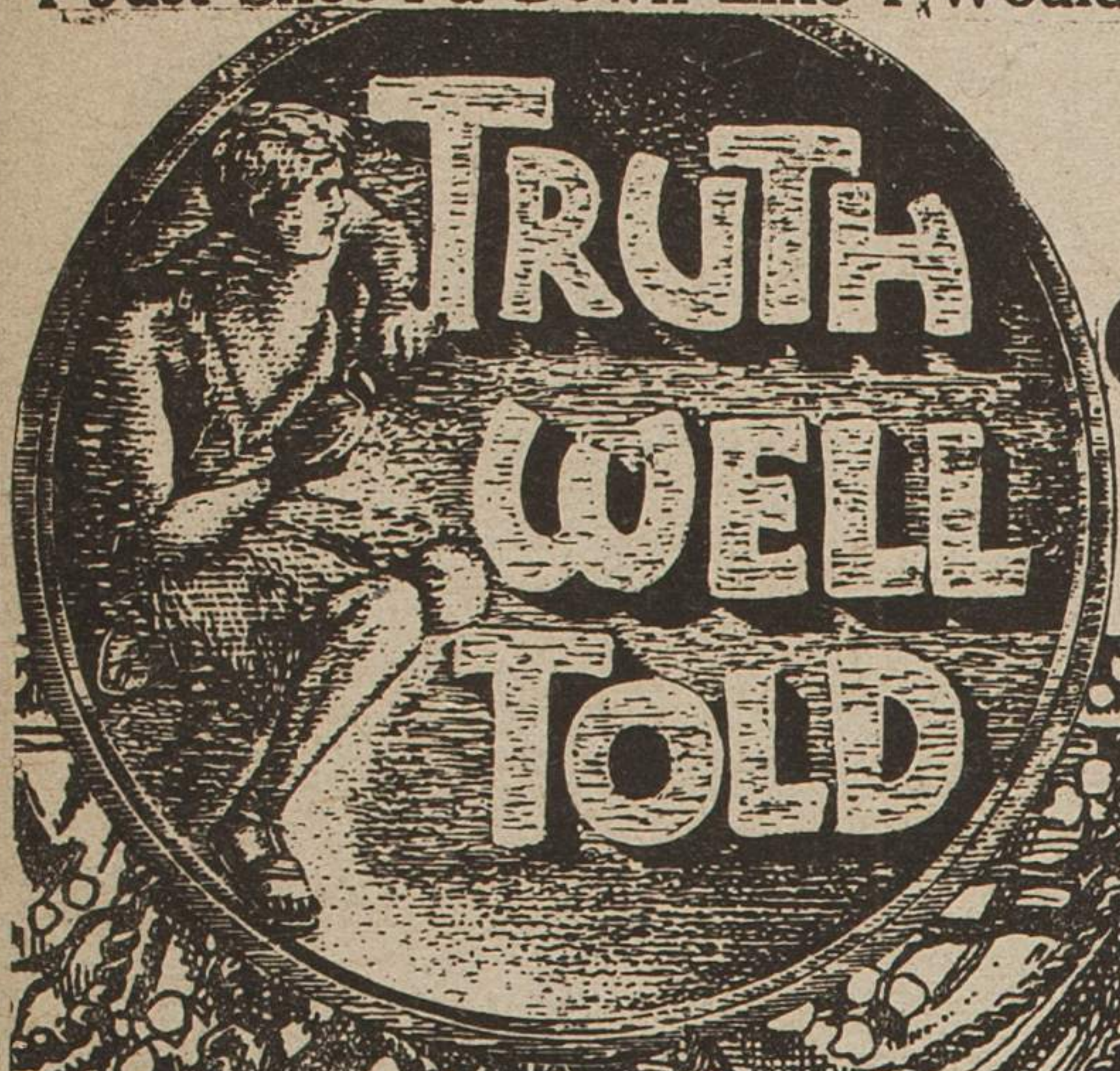


UA  
Ser.  
4/10/62  
No. 12

C.1 no. 12

'I Just Shot Pa Down Like I Would a Hog,' Boy Says



cheap 25¢

city moon



DEAD WOMAN ROBBED

MASTER RAY-X IN SHIELDED CUBICLE

# At-Home Entertainment

Fungal Attack on Rock

Vol. 9 # 7 September 5, 1975

Killer of Man Who Cursed Flag Acquitted

Cokes Blamed For 13 Deaths

Roosevelt Dug Up

"EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOW."

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE TESTS AND STUDY THE DRAINAGE OF NOXAGE PROPERTY

Hundreds of Needles Are Extracted from Different Parts of a Young Girl's Body.



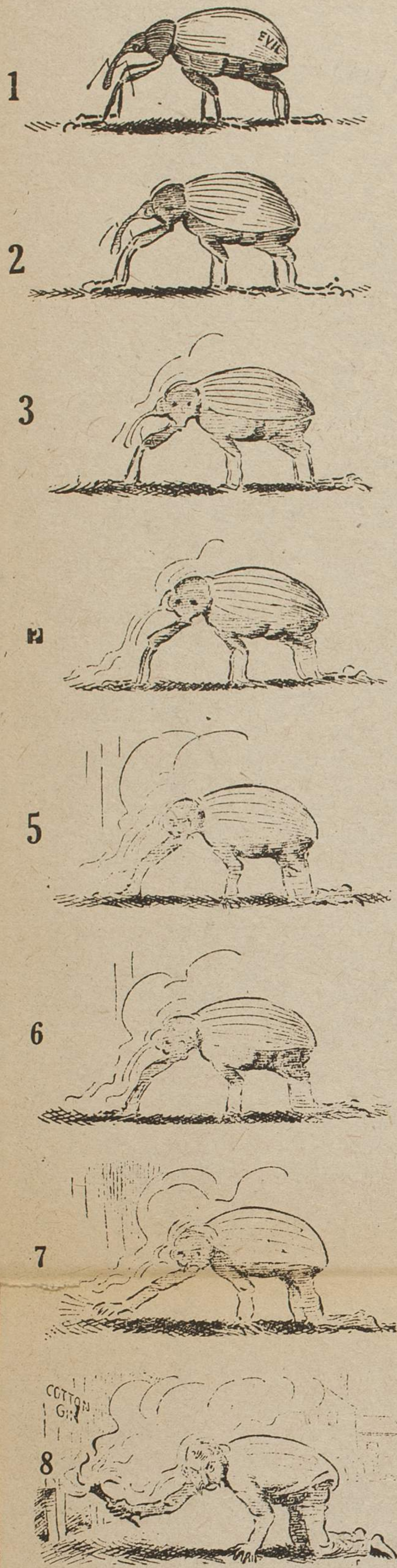
CENTRAL BUREAU  
Box 591  
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

SUBSCRIPTIONS  
c/o Ed. Grauerholz  
Box 842, Canal St. Sta.  
New York, New York 10013

OFFICES IN:  
Lawrence Kansas Ed. Roger Martin  
Austin Texas Ed. David Ohle  
New York City Ed. James Grauerholz



EVOLUTION OF THE FIRE BUG.



The Newsmagazine WE P.O. Box 8888 Rochester, N.Y.

This is probably one of the most odd ball and unbelievable stories we have ever published. However we have heard of many zanies with odd sex problems but this man has a fetish for kissing feet. Ugh!

At about 2 P.M. the mother of a 16 year old white girl reported that her daughter and two of her companions of the same age from Admiral Park had been sitting on the steps of a bakery at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Oriole Street and a white man in his twenties, about six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, with blonde hair, pink pants and a striped shirt came up to her, got on his knees, and kissed her foot. The girl reports that he then sat next to her and asked her if he could kiss her other foot and she refused. She told police that at this point he grabbed her arm and said that he would give her \$5 if he could kiss her other foot and again the girl refused.

The husband of a 74 year old woman who died in General Hospital reports that while his wife was on her deathbed somebody stole her purse having \$13 in bills plus charge plates and personal items. Police have no idea who perpetrated this ghoulish crime.

Skimming the News

A Moon correspondent was rudely forced to sit still through 5 or 6 consecutive prayers at a neighborhood improvement meeting recently in East Lawrence. In the foggy center of a room billowing with cigarette smoke, he suddenly wondered how church and state got so mixed up together, and why he was sitting there, breathing in foul nicotine. He left at the end.

The Indo China War is apparently over. Let's be good sports--the game ball goes to the Cong. And let's not forget the Rouge for their flanker and blocking work in left field. Don't be bitter, fat Americans. They beat us fair and square, even though we cheated all we could, and lied our way out at the end. Let's go back to the locker room, pat one another on the ass, and take our phosphorus burned orphans home, and our rebates, too. The oil war is next. Stay tuned to the Moon for hot news on the wars and various peaceful concerns.

In Cadillac Michigan, armed with 12-gauge shotguns, patrolmen drive around the city in the dead of night, checking areas where "invaders" have been reported. Patrol got seven in one night. Lieutenant William Irwin said this. They've killed about thirty or forty this fall. Please send local invader sightings to box 591.

No need to go hungry. Eat Russian thistles. Russian thistles, growing in abundance in this part of the country, rival the popular spinach for being nutritious. They may even be canned the same as spinach.

The body of a man was found last August floating in the Kaw near the old bridge (see related article). It was found in a stagnant pool literally cooked by the water, the temperature of which was over 160 degrees. Investigation disclosed nothing, except that the man was a stranger who had given the name Crabbe earlier in a tavern to a Moon reporter.

Familiar to movie audiences of three decades ago as the "fat boy" of the "Our Gang" comedies, Macklin Hall told a state assembly committee investigating the recent Hollywood studio beatings that he has been a victim. He was assaulted in the dark of the Paramount parking lot. The eyes were pitifully bruised, one of the fingers broken. He says he fears retaliation, and so will not implicate the criminals if they are caught.

W. Prop, prison poet, has been working with sheet aluminum and simple galvanic devices in his spare time lately. He claims to have perfected a cheap to build windpowered yard light. Write Box 591. Send \$1 for plans.

THE CITY MOON

Live frogs, reptiles, beetles and other insects have been found in perfect condition although they may have been encased in solid blocks of stone for many years. Some scientists believe these lower life forms have developed an advanced technique of life saving suspended animation. Joe Molino, a miner, was opening a new shaft sixty feet below the surface in a mine in Ruby, Nevada, when his drill slipped into a small cavity in the enormous stone wall. Molino withdrew the drill for a moment and was surprised to see a handfull of wiggling worms crawl out of the stone cavity.

The king of Sweden will visit Lindsborg. Unofficial word has been received by the Moon that King Carl Gustaf, XVI, of Sweden, will visit Lindsborg in the spring of 1976. The word came from the offices of the Swedish Council of America in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He will receive the public at the Lindsborg Campground. A skrada-kaka luncheon will be catered exclusively by the Palace Orienta franchise there.

Mrs. Storey, 69, died Sunday. Her 22 children, including four sets of twins, brought the family nationwide publicity, about 20 years ago. She is survived by two of the children. Her husband, Marion, died five years ago. The two living children dwell at the Babcock home.

A dispatch to the World from London says Mascagni, the composer of the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," has attempted to commit suicide at Bologna, Italy, by taking poison. (Dallas Morning News, 1900)

THE MAN HUNG ON A KITE

He dangled up in the Air Awhile and Then Both Came Down Together

A big crowd that assembled at Thirty fourth street gazed in horror at the figure of a man dangling from a mammoth kite 500 feet in the air. While the people were wondering who he was and how he got himself into such a precarious plight, the big line that held the airship to the earth snapped with a crash like a pistol. The man and kite came to the earth with a rush and a thud.

The crowd hurried to the place where the aeronaut landed. Several police who had witnessed the soar and fall got to the wreck and discovered a straw man wearing wingtip shoes and a double breasted suit made of animal fur. The five boys who pulled the trick snickered and sallied forward to reclaim their object. The boys' cigar shaped kite had heavy cloth for its skin, was 12 ft. high, 8 feet wide and 4 feet deep. It carried 500 pounds. A curious crowd followed the boys as they carried their relics to Charlie Eautwo's barnyard, where they burned them. The police arrived as the last kite fragment was flaming up and the man lost all form. (Chi Trib)

ZERO CONSULTING CO. P.O. BOX 5358 S.F.C. 94101

We O. K. you  
Investigating Investigators  
Research Analysis/Synthesis  
Secret Invasion of Privacy  
Advance Donation Service Only  
Non Profitable Association  
Scientific U. N. Sky Lab  
Study Center



6569

Chris is Back

Chris Chubbick is laughing in Madison Wisconsin today. Everybody thought she was dead, when she suddenly put a gun to her head and fatally shot herself on TV last November. Chris Chubbick said that pulling a revolver and shooting herself after her statement "In keeping with Channel 40's policy of bringing you the latest in blood and guts and in living color you are going to see another first--attempted suicide," was cavalier and facile in the extreme, that death was sterile and ugly and long, and she wouldn't experience much of it again in the near or distant future. "I'm going to be around forever, or a long, long, long, long time. I'm really optimistic."



Arkie Dykes

As a boy he caddies at the golf club. Hence the nickname "Shagball."

Today his hobbies are art, math, acoustics.

During the long years on the shrimp boats, Arkie dreams of growing old, like his stepfather did. He learns to stare directly into the noontday sun, his boots nailed to the deck.

Marries Betty Snopes Lomax in June, 1946.

Spotted by a talent scout on the dock at Savannah; his big break.

After cashing his first check from the U. of Kansas, Arkie buys a Zenith TV, has his teeth fixed, and then comes home to whip his boy for sassing his ma when Arkie was gone.

The Cracker of the Prairie

SCIPAX: RAT CASTINGS IN U.S. CEREAL FOUND MORE NUTRITIOUS, RICHER THAN CEREAL ITSELF.



—in the mad rush thru life—  
—you may not consider what a real saving you make when you use

free — ORIENTAL OIL — free  
—just try it.

PARKS DEAD -- JANITOR IN A DRUM

Bert Parks, 58, television MC, host of 16 Miss America Pageants is dead. His older daughter found the body in the garage. She told police he had been there more than a day, and that a family cat had befouled the corpse, apparently urinating on the lapel and leaving a stool near the buckle of the belt. A can of Janitor in a Drum had been drained halfway. It is suspected he lived a number of hours in semi-agony, able to breathe only shallowly, and too weak to call out. He will be buried in the National Public Cemetary after a night-long wake at Lamanno Panno Fallo on Lincoln Street, in the warehouse district. Requiescat in Pacem. The precious teeth will be housed in the City Reliquary, near the jawbone of Edward Gein. His clean American visage will be sadly and forever unseen now, in these offices of the Moon. (Ed. O. and light proces)

The women exit the laundromat laughing  
Their halter tops hold, they have met the attendant

He showed them the marble halls, showed them the lint balls  
He asked them remarkable questions

Cats are the nastiest animals aren't they  
though a dog returns to his vomit  
and your cow engorges your afterbirth; nature  
reclaims her own

But a cat is different, he showed them.  
the cat pies on the washing machines



They come out laughing, their bottoms are green  
Some women bare their stomachs to sun and moon in-differently  
Some lead afghan dogs and carry thermos jugs

In most cases suds-killer won't cure diarrhea, but  
A cat is different they scream



Love with a Few Hairs in the Food

---POUNDS

TRIPPING  
by Arnie Meyer

Two baboons  
swinging  
on invisible vines

through the desert  
to the  
edge of the sky.



This stranger arrived at the Osawatomia Savings & Loan at an hour when the bank was totally empty yesterday--a friek according to the Vice-President who was apparently the last to abandon the building in what he called "a funny daze." He was clearly leaving the bank, and yet he knew he was the last person present and shud stay on. Luckily, the cameras of the City Moon were flickering steadily onward, recording the arrival of the strangest pair of the decade.

Tape recorders caught gems like this: "Hurry up Midge, hurry and bring it, I'm awful hungry for a God." The girl is Midge Prop of New Orleans, whom many know the story of how she ran away from the preacher and went to the south to ripen slowly in the gypsum sun. Nobody noticed what make car they drove, though it set in front of the bank. God said, "Thirsty Midge, thirsty, too bad for a God. Bring a dixie cup of quenching water." Midge says, "There was a Kentucky Fried on the boulevard and I know there is a Rib Place farther in." God, "I want something quick. now. I'm ravished."

God is apparently not a force after all, but a person, more or less. He can get in through locked doors without making alarms go off. Midge can too, now.

The stranger did not look old, and Midge looks lots younger. He watched Midge through most of the length of the recording. He seemed to address the bank cameras, which are concealed, directly from time to time. They are from New Jersey, they say, where they live in a religious community. It is their permanent home, and their acceptance is high.

How did they wind up in Osawatomie? They are looking to trade their vehicle, which no one can readily identify. They say they will listen to reasonable offers. God and Midge want to leave town. We wouldn't stop them. Write B 591, Lawrence.

## WHAT TRIGGERED THE CURRENT CONTROVERSY?

EAST TOPEKA by R Harp

Although my friends forget to write  
Don't correspond the way they might  
My mailbox bountifully fills  
With advertisements and money moochers.

My sister often sends me a copy and I read with great interest every column inch of your interesting and inspiring newspaper. I was born in Wodonga 76 years ago. I knew Mrs. Pevely very well and wonder how many are alive who remember the day she danced all day long with all the wonderful young men (she was courted by all) and how wonderful she was, hour after dizzying hour. And how when the last number of the orchestra was run out, she was not and kept on a dancing into the night and early morning hours. How her parents tried so hard but got nothing for it but a dead daughter. That was in the Pevely's first house on Wodonga Creek. I watched that house brought on a waggon pulled by 11 or 13 horses owned and driven by Mr. Pevely. It was about 1910.

I started work with a dress maker in a little shop next to the sentinel office. I guess I'll never see Wodonga again, health broken down, but I loved every rubbery inch of its magnificent land. I was last there in 1956. Memories, Memories that live and burn and none can take away though you are robbed of every other thing. I was one of the Smith girls who rowed the boat with the folks caught between those two broken bridges in October 1917. About 178 dogs too, and a lady with a baby, across the flood waters. Constable Toowell gave me permission to cut the wire near the line so I could get the boat right to the line.

Have had many cards and letters recently wanting to know if we were still here. Yep, we are still here, until our creditors catch us and we have to move on.

Thanks for writing the story of the Southern Cross. Now I have it complete for my grandchildren to read. I keep a memory book of events. How vividly I can see that huge house on Huon's Hill called de Kerilleau.

The first wedding I ever saw was Charlie Gordon and Middie Connor, Mr. Stead and son Henry, Paddy Mylon, Jim flower and the soft drink factory of Mr. Sam Mason.

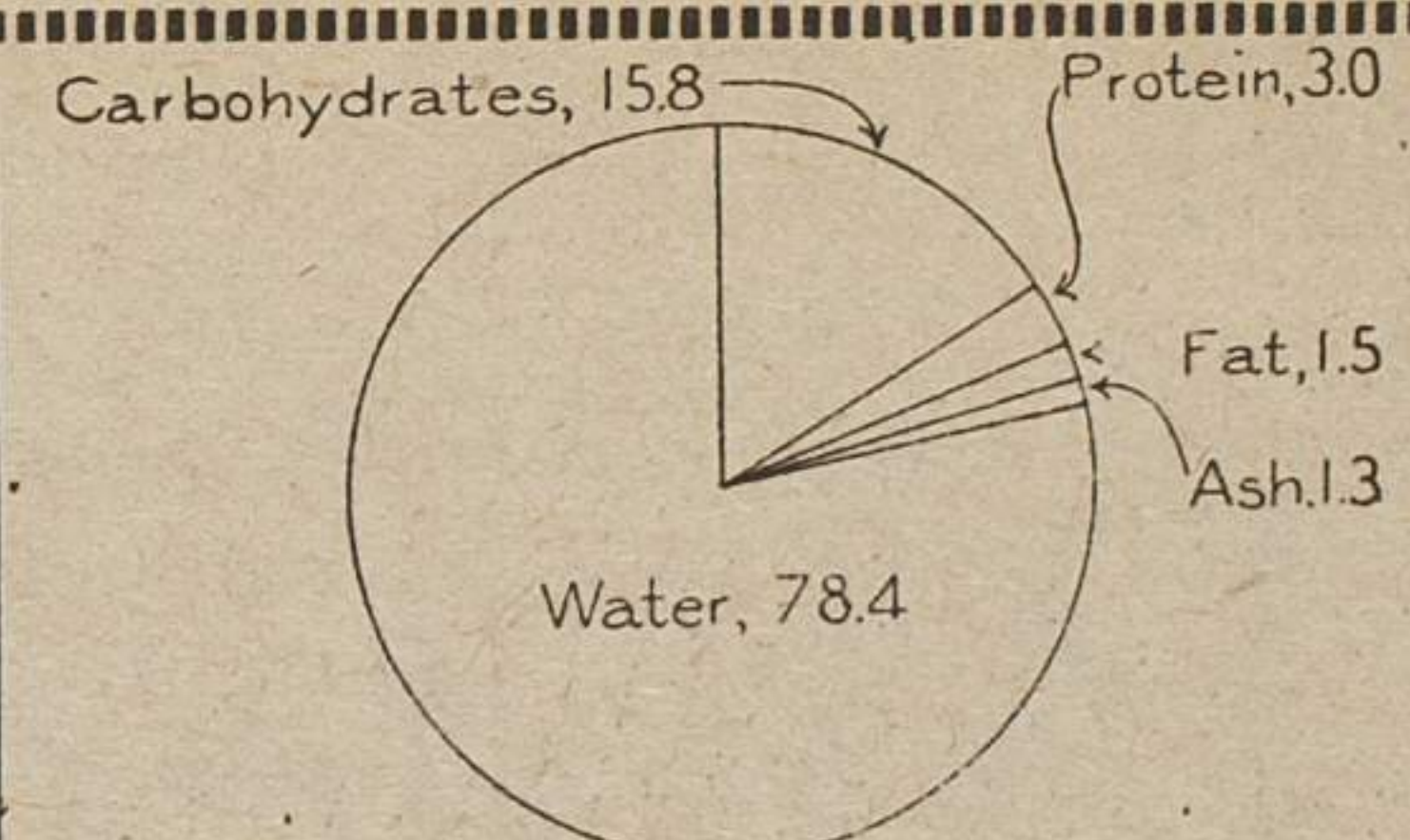
My job was section hand on the old St. Joe and G.I. railroad and thought I was set for life. Something happened and the Better Business Bureau said that for the happiness and serenity of the townspeople it would be better if I moved on. I took the hint and signed on riding shotgun on a banana boat. We ran ashore at Sterling Col., but by this time I had ate all the bananas.

Many a picnic we had on the banks of Bork's lagoon, named after George Bork who left here and played such fine football in the Canadian league. Many a time we gathered wild violets along House Creek 7. All of us were christened at St. Lukes.

I am presently looking for employment. If anyone back there needs a one-legged janitor, contact me. My bank reference is Abe's Pawn Shop.

The constant drip of water wears away the hardest stone.  
The constant gnaw of towser masticates the toughest bone.  
The constant cooing lover carries off the blushing maid,  
And the constant advertiser is the one who gets the trade.

All is changed. Lots of luck.

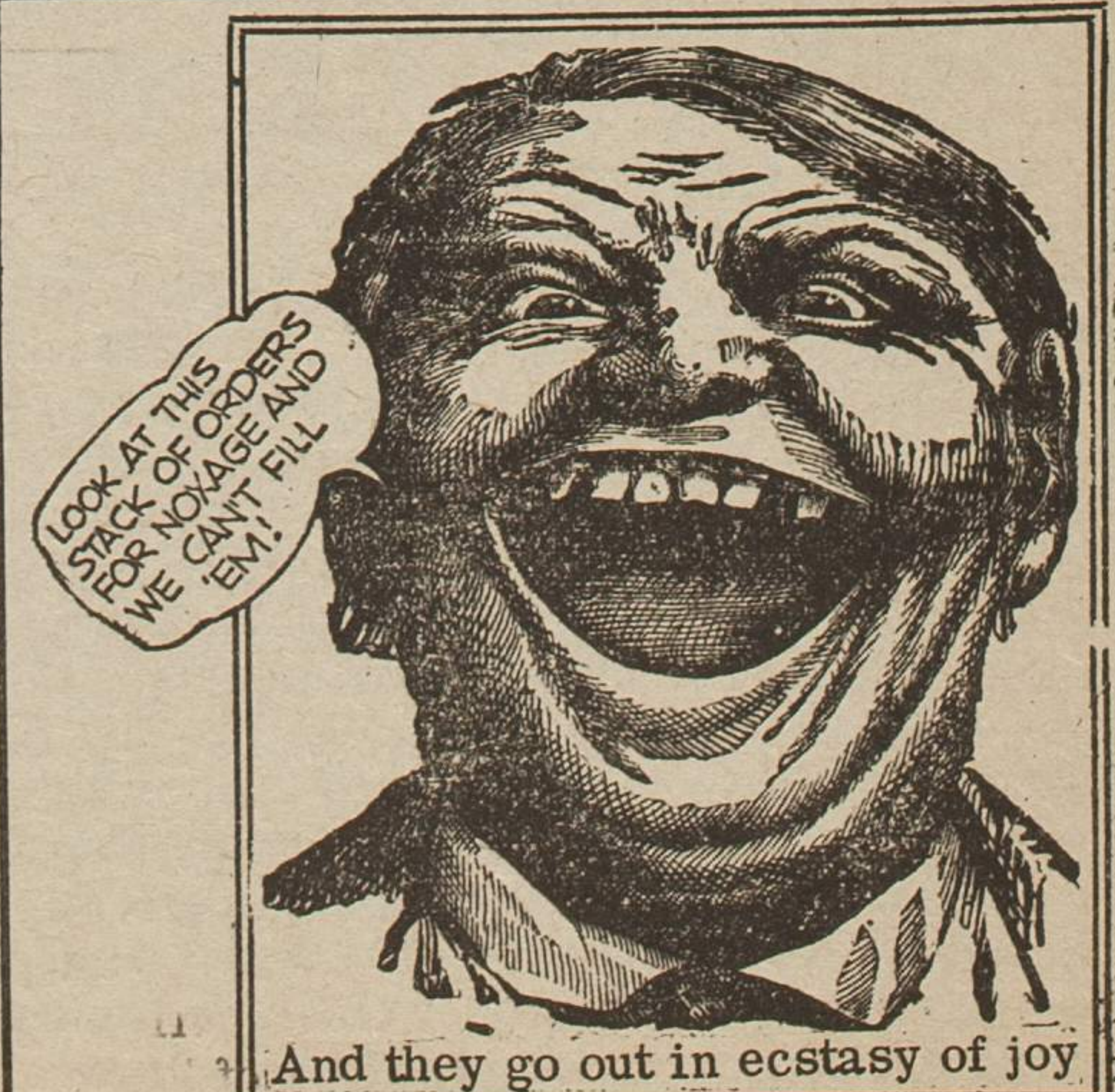


cheap



COMPOSITION OF MACARONI Its fuel value is only about 400 calories per pound, when ready for the table, ranking below the poorest parts of beef and pork, but much above tomatoes and pumpkins.

(American Fork) A governmental police operative espied a man making sketches of the Delaware river wharves at the foot of Market and X Streets in American Fork, Texas. Arrest was made. Search revealed works, a very small calibre gun, probably under 18 calibre, an incomplete sketch of wharves, three or four messages, odd notes, a complete drawing of Bethlehem Steel's shell loading plant, a drawing of the munitions plant at Eddystone, where a horrible fatality occurred last month as a result of explosion. The man is locked inside the prison system somewhere in New York City, or is lingering in a nuthouse in Connecticut. Now the Moon does not know of this man personally. And so it will make no lugubrious attacks on him personally. But when asked his name he said it was Smith, when asked his family circumstances, he said bachelor, when asked his intentions he simply said, destruction, I would like to kill everything that is alive. The police say they will enforce his arrest with atom bombs, if they have to. Why do all these nuts come to American fork? Some people plan a little too much. Ed. Martin (B. 591)



Good News Fat Folks  
Chicken and Trout  
LAGOON OPENING SOON- SKRADA KAKA LUNCH  
Sharkfin, raw puffer, potato wine



When in Berkeley, friends of the MOON stay at the Durant. Burroughs slept here Ginsburg, and in later years-Sonny Barger too. Cheap rates. Box 591

Hotel DURANT

2600 DURANT AVENUE • BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94704

...and now it's time for



**Mantids Walk Austin Streets--** During the predawn hours of August 7, 1973 large numbers of mantids, relatives of the better known "praying mantis" were observed moving north along a 4.5 kilometer stretch of North Lamar Boulevard in Austin, Texas. On the night of August 8, more mantids appeared again in the same general area. On both nights the mantids seemed to be evenly distributed wherever they were observed. No mantids were seen on parallel or intersecting streets on either nights. This species of mantid is normally quite rare in the Austin area, and the cause of the strange migration is not known. All the mantids examined were females, needless to say.

**Acid Cloud--** A storage tank owned by the Stauffer Chemical Company, containing oleum, a cleaning solution of saturated sulphuric acid developed a leak and created a huge cloud of sulphuric acid mist that rose over the Carson-South Los Angeles Area. The usual hush hush evacuation was carried out and a few people were hospitalized. Nothing much to worry about. Once you've seen one of these honies rising aloft, you've seen em all.

THE INDIAN AMERICANS: PART II

The rest of the story Benjamin, the stage driver, does not like to tell, and we won't tell it in its entirety. The other prospector was at once bound and turned over to the women and children. Ben hid beneath a table, but was found. They did nothing to him that would kill him at once, and when he fainted from the awful agonies they inflicted upon him they would revive him with cold water, only to commence new and more ingenious tortures. When it seemed he could bear no more, the younger members of the band got about him, smoking and laughing at his frightful shrieks and fed a slow fire that was kindled on his stomach.

The next day and the one after that Benjamin supplied the fun for the camp. A comely young squaw came to him and tried to make him open his mouth. He saw her purpose was evil and refused, so she took a hatchet and one by one knocked his teeth in, smashing down his upper jaw. Then she took a rough pair of wooden pincers and grasping with them his tongue at the roots dragged him about the place, convulsed with mirth at his torment and his attempts to scream.

Another pleasantry was to mass a quantity of glowing charcoal on a strip of damp bark and bind it about his head. When he would swoon and the coals would be removed, he recovered; in an instant a fresh lot was applied. They were somewhat tender with him, for he was the last prisoner they had, and he made such sport for the women and children that his death was to be as long drawn out as possible.

The children enjoyed breaking his feet. This was called bastinette, and apparently the French taught them the trick. The stagedriver was staked to the earth and the soles of his feet were clubbed until every one of the innumerable little bones were broken and the flesh reduced to a jelly.

He was staked out on a red ant hill. It seemed cycles until he fainted. The next day he was tortured further. The third day, signs indicated the Indians were breaking camp. Benjamin was shot with arrows, where they would not immediately wound him mortally. A flint arrow head was used to pin his thigh to the dirt, and a squaw cleft his chin with a hatchet so he would remember her. All the time, a bullet was lodged in his head, and still forms a great protuberance there.

He was asked why he didn't have the bullet cut out. He said, "The doctors would charge me \$25, and I can't spare the money." Dallas Morning News 1897

To the EDITOR OF THE DYNAMIC RIVER CITY MOON

A real find for you all. I swear to god, I found it in a 1957 US News and WORLD REPORT. Nikita Khrushchev is back from the dead and amazing--getting loaded every night in Philadelphia. He was dead, cold dead, over a year before these pictures popped up and now its smeared all over every front page in this land--Nikki was a filthy inebriate. I don't believe my eyes when I stare at these pictures. Some suggest faking and deception, and that these pictures be ignored as a cheap prank. Is Nikki back from the dead or not? Write and tell. Box 591 Lawrence, Ks.

Krushev lifts a lusty glass of potatoe wine to his parted lips and kneads the rim of the glass with drawn lips. The eyes are dimming variously from moment to moment. Is he happy? Ask any dingy alcoholic ridden trash laying out in the gutter on Meditteranean Street. Living in Philadelphia, confusion will haunt him no matter he lives 2 or 3 hundred years. Why isn't Eisenhower, his new buddy, in this picture. Where Kissenger?

They say he shoots a half pound of cheap light noxage a day



BOTTLEMAN KHRUSHCHEV

**GIRL FOUND DEAD NEXT TO NEW SUIT** The 19 year old daughter of a former junior high school principal of Shiga Prefecture, scheduled to attend a coming-of-age ceremony Wednesday, died of carbon monoxide poisoning in a fire which broke out at 1:45 a.m. the same day and destroyed the second floor of her home. The body was found lying by the side of a new suit

It is a regrettable indication of a nation's literary taste when it chooses a national anthem beginning with the words, "Oh, say." Lionel Calhoun Moise

# Well Painted Decay--

For 17 months, Kawabata's photorealist paintings have left photo mailers (the post office) drowned like rats. The unabated oceans of prints, etchings, reproductions, small biographies of the man himself, record albums, t-shirts are frightening the postmaster sick. Bacterial Mats and Gingivitis in the Gum Tissue (related photo) sells where authorized, and that is everywhere but church. Who is buying it? None of our people. Box 591, Lawrence... a mass murderer in Wisconsin had no plan to use the mails but he hoped to bring back millions from the dead. Who would want them? Not even Noxin. The secret appeal? Everyone owns one of the dead. That's the kicker in the deal. He believes in the electrical/mechanical method of bringing back dead humans. (Ed)

## Literature

The water tub. By Ed. Ohle. In the supermarket Bert was dizzy, leaning over bloody meat, half blind in a shower of reflections, each tight parcel of meat and bone another facet of light. He saw chicken and moved down to it. He moved his palm over a row of thighs, picked up a package of livers and hearts and smelled at it. Some of the liquid ran out into his hand and he took out his nicely ironed and folded handkerchief to wipe it. The gel left pinkish snotty streaks on the cloth. He would explain it the next wash day when his wife asked him what it was. He would say, "In the market last Saturday. I got some chicken blood on it." Then she would say, "I don't remember that." He would say, "You were getting the cooking oil." She, "No, we didn't need cooking oil last week, because I remember the week before that I bought a gallon on special." He, "It doesn't matter." She, "I know it doesn't." He, "Let's kill the subject." She "I know I know. Of course it could be another kind of blood, couldn't it?"

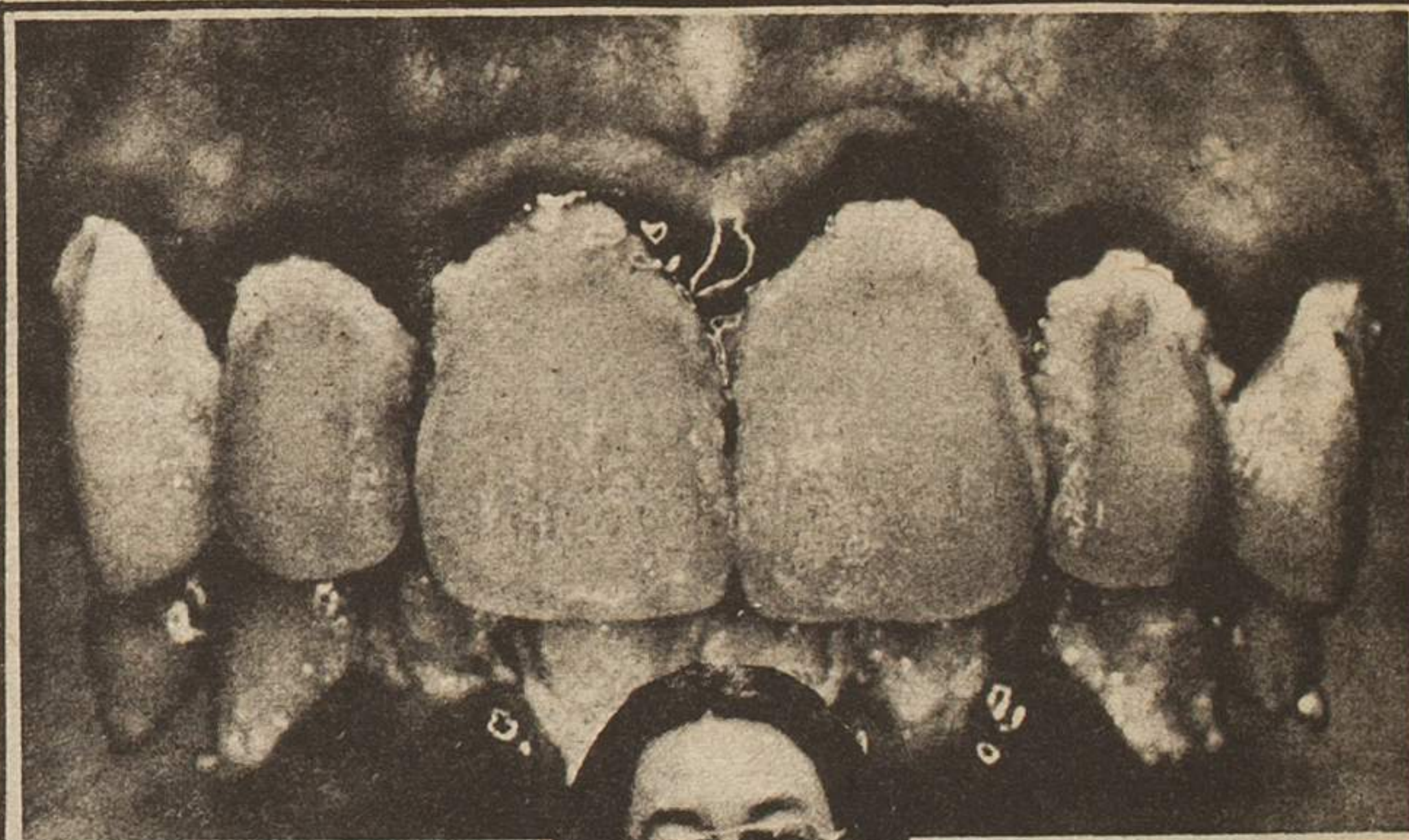
He hefted a pound package of cat weenies and read the contents, and artificial bologna. By the frozen foods his knees bucked and jerked. He crawled behind his cart like an animal, butting it along with his shoulders. He found his wife at the vegetables, wearing butterfly sungalsses. She said she would not take him home until she was completely finished with the shopping,

and even then she had to definitely stop at the drug store and pick up her prescription. Bert remembered the coin-sized stains she left in the sheets when the moon was full.

Her cycle was one in 50 million in perfect harmony with the pulls and pushes of the solar system, she could respond to all signs with equal intensity, Gemini and Scorpio were equal in her eyes, all work seemed the same to her as did all company, all weather, all food, drink, smoke, beds or bottles, everything was equal, and so she was extraordinarily regular.

He drank a Coca Cola for strength, for the little burst of mock energy it gave him. Gradually he worked himself toward the no admittance door. He had been watching employees emerge carrying heavy boxes of various things. Each time the door swung open he saw the dark warmth behind it. He wanted to get out of the air conditioning for a breath of heavier air.

**DUMB DHARMA JOKES #15 & #16** (for Paul E. Johnson) "The Dharma and the Watering Trough" It is easier to drill a hole in the bottom of a watering trough, than to drill a hole in the bottom of the Dharma. Though the Dharma is like the watering trough in that it is too big to bail out and too heavy to turn over, it is unlike the watering trough in that it is bottomless; or so it is reported by one Urizen who tried to bottom out and couldn't even. As a matter of rumor, the Dharma was last seen dancing in a topless joint in pink slacks, outside of Jarbalo, Kansas. However, there are some, namely Jack Kerouac and Felix Frankfurter, who maintain that the bottom of the Dharma is everywhere at the same time. Which means you could drill a hole in a doughnut, an easy task, and be drilling a hole in the bottom of the Dharma.



Kawabata

Which is why the Dharma is like fucking in that it is hard and easy all at the same time.

Easy as the Dharma  
Hard as the Dharma

Even the Dharma has to take a joke.

#16 How is the Dharma like a dummy? A. They both talk without talking. (Look who's calling the Dharma a dummy!) (Anon. Grad. Stud.)

Hi. My name is Susan Larsen and I represent the Rubermid Party Plan. If you would like a generously illustrated catalog mailed to you, please write or call RR 18 2043 by phone. No obligation. (P-Body Gazette)