

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.

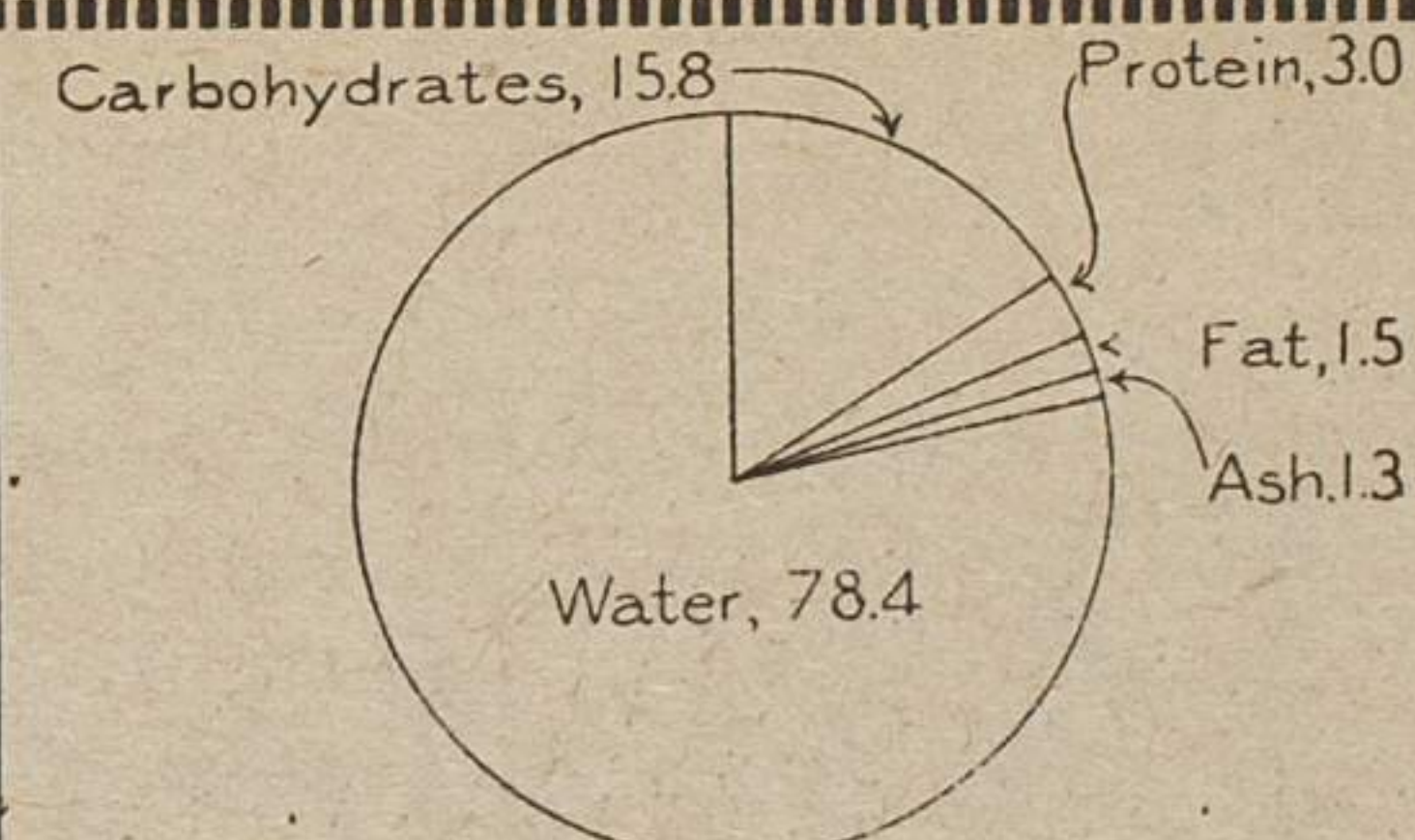
My job was section hand on the old St. Joe and G.I. railroad and thought I was set for life. Something happened and the Better Business Bureau said that for the happiness and serenity of the townspeople it would be better if I moved on. I took the hint and signed on riding shotgun on a banana boat. We 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.

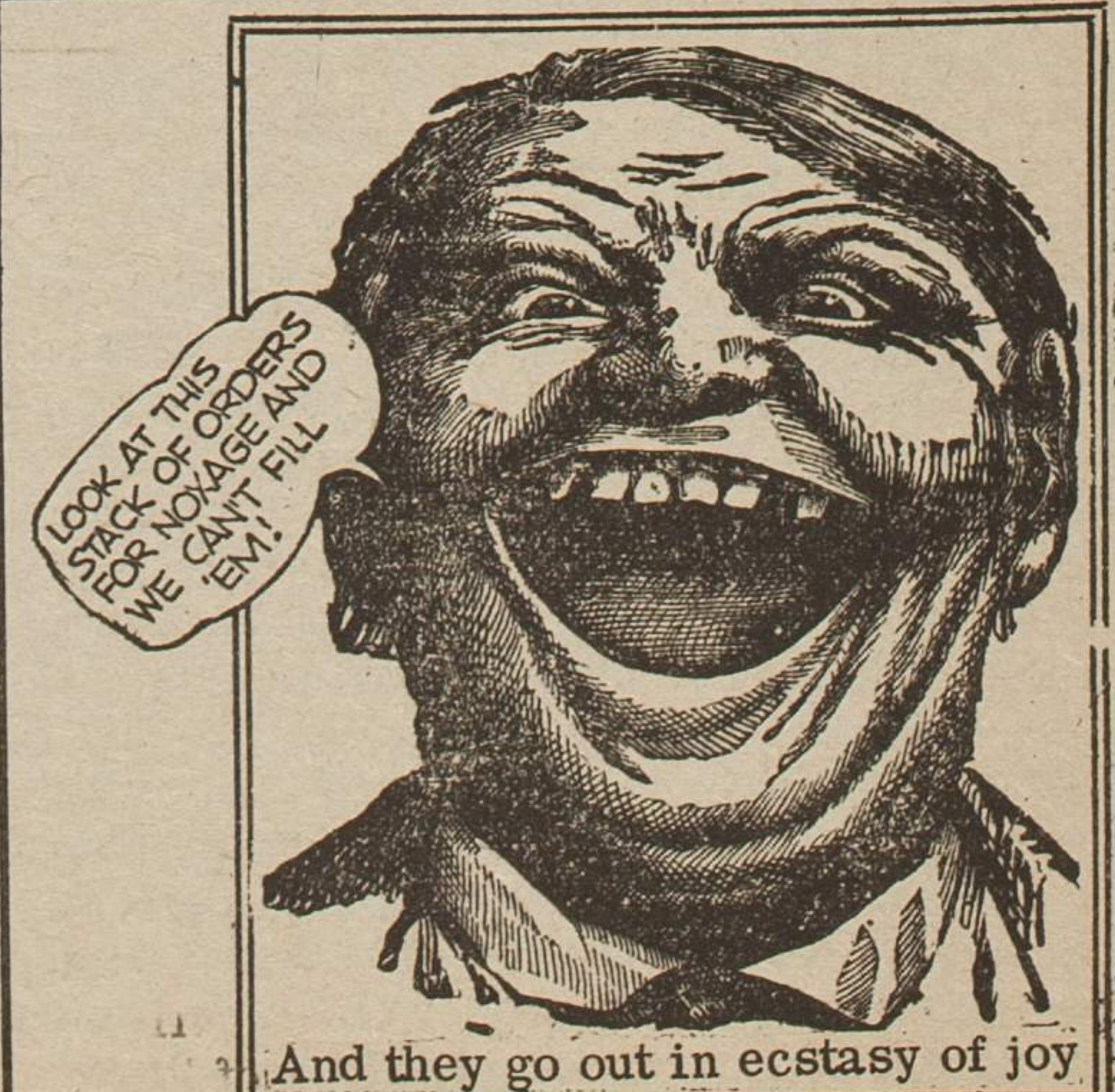
The constant drip of water wears away the hardest stone.  
The constant gnaw of towser masticates the toughest bone.  
The constant cooing lover carries off the blushing maid,  
And the constant advertiser is the one who gets the trade.

All is changed. Lots of luck.



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)



And they go out in ecstasy of joy

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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

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