

LA Ser
7/10/52
no. 4

may



The World At Your Doorstep
Vol. 39 No. 6
5c

Lollipop House wishes to thank all those who participated and supported the January 25 benefit. The amount earned with the benefit totalled \$43,507. God Bless.

How long has it been since you've tried Quince Jelly? While you're about it, pick up a loaf of fresh frozen Skrada-Kaka.

For flipping coins Henry Marks, colored, must contribute \$43.45 toward defraying the expenses of the county. Marks and two or three other negroes were arrested several days ago while engaged in flipping nickels against the gaming laws. Marks showed up in Morning Court in high-hat fashion, dressed in alligator pants and kangaroo coat.

"To see a man wear his brains in his belly, his guts in his head, a hundred oaks on his back, to devour a hundred oxen at a meal, nay more, to devour houses and towns, or as those anthropophagi, to eat one another." Bx. 591 Lawrence, Ks. City Moon -- Burton

WANTED DEAD ANIMALS
For free removal of your dead animals via state inspected truck call toll free
800-432-2771
Colby Pet Food Co.

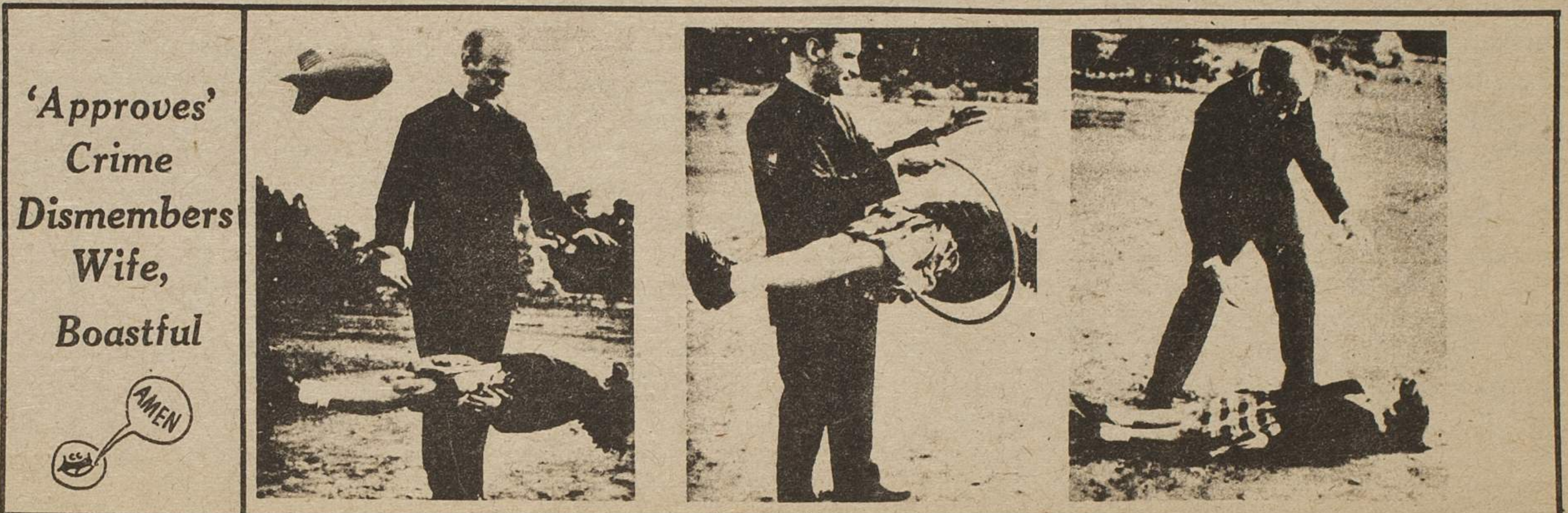
COME SEE STUFFY KOCH at the Lubrication Dept. of RALPH PORTER MOTORS. He can take care of your oil or filter change or any lube job. He has over 10 years experience in lubrication. Call 378-2134.

"EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOW."
EXTRA City Moon Pre-War Issue June, 1936. June Moon.

KILL ORDER: WILL END JAN. 1

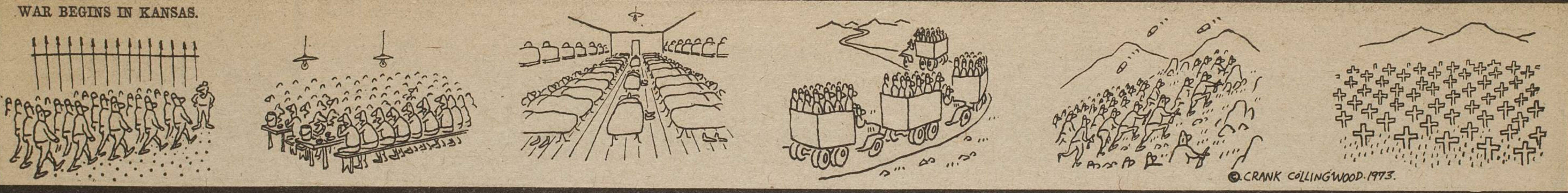
PRESIDENT SIGNS KILL ORDER
A black baby grand sighed sweet chords of Beethoven in the rose garden of the White House. Rocky was bathed in an amber sunlight as he sat at a cedar table, shoulders draped with a madras towel, signing the first United States Kill Orders. Citizens may now kill legally, if properly licensed, until January 1, 1976. What has brought this regrettable state of affairs about are the hideous blood lettings of recent months, including the Topeka afro-comb horrors, the beef-liver killings in Lawrence (with blood-letting), and piteous above all was the use of the electrical heart pump on the President, who is now lying half-dead in Walter Reed Hospital, in a mindless zombie-like state. Registered voters, exemplary citizens, all persons without criminal record, apply for kill permits at local post offices. Stop these blood-letters. Rocky says arm yourself with a license and a gun, and use real slugs. Kill or be killed. The Editors.

Crippled and Ill Flock to Boy Who Tells of 'Visions'



'Approves' Crime Dismembers Wife, Boastful

"Man in the Moon heard the far bellow. 'Oho, 'quoth he, 'the old earth is frolicsome tonight!'"
City Moon Box 591 Lawrence, Ks. 66044 Thanks to \$ support, Cottonwood Review.



Atom Bombs to Be Cheap, Plentiful, Scientists Told

By June 31, 1976, all housing in the 51 states of America will be rent free and open to anyone. Rocky signs eminent domain action in the Rose Garden tomorrow morning. He is doing this, he says, to stem the swollen tide of war, murder, cruel deflation, and seeping mayhem. When everything is free, he says, including the Noxage drugs, the pluto water of the ghettos, the national truck delivery of chicken meat, artificial greens, blood pudding, and defensive household weapons (by permit--see related article), then and only then, he emphasized, will criminality be without motive, since no one would stand to gain and all things would be One, in almost

Farmers Crops at War Level Car Dealers Absorb Cost

then the stumble, the clumsy fall to the floor. Television cameras (trained on him 24hrs a day so that the Nation may watch his daily activities, the meetings with foreign emmisaries, Cuban nationals, hungry farmers, etc.) blink on, Rocky speaks: "I am your president now. Tonight I have prayed in the National Chapel. I have advocated the intercession of the mercies on behalf of the last President who now lies sorrowfully pumped of sense and feeling."
Rock pumps something vital into the bloodstream of America's bleeding hearts: a thought, namely that the embolus of America's veins is its ghettos and

Runaway Monkey on Way To Master in a Beer Case

boy, Joseph Vitolo Jr. pray at an improvised rock altar on the crest of a bluff.
It was the sixteenth night that the boy claimed to have seen a vision of the Virgin Mary. And on the sixteenth night, he said she was to show him a miracle, perhaps the appearance of a miraculous hole beneath his feet to allow the earth to swallow him entirely, and to admit him into the ranks of its great saints.
The crowd saw no miracle, but several invalids claimed their condition had suddenly improved.

Roosevelt Dug Up Despite Death Curse

perfect harmony, and a purple haze of the New Freedom will infect the mountains of America and spread in thin sheets over the floor of the plains. Miles from the offices of the Moon, the Rock sits poised in his armchair encased in fully protective bullet resistant shielding. He is as alive as you an me, but pale, a shy grin lay over the face. He seems the victim of poor cosmetology. One of the eyebrows hangs pitifully over the spectacles. At one moment he sits there, at another he wanders toward those who stand in circles around his encasement, his hand extended for the familiar shake. And it saddens us when the fingers crack against the plexiglas,

Struck in Spine by Bullet, Pins Life on Hope

high crime areas, its cardboard houses, rust-spangled heaps of Olds' made cars, the strife over books in the schools, sanitation experts regulation of monopoly systems in water waste and sewage systems, the polyps on its consciousness those of hatred in war, burial in peace in sterile boredom of T.V., and hatred of the very, very young. You can't kill babies, infants and young girls any more.
Elevated trains rattled overhead and photographers' bulbs flashed, 25,000 persons stood in the mud of a vacant lot in the Bronx, Wednesday night, waiting for a miracle. Guarded by 1000 police, they recited their rosaries in the rain, watching a nine year old

Phelps Philips to Pflum, Heaves to Howard

At 7 p.m. the boy rode through the waiting crowd on the shoulders of a neighbor. Cripples and paralytics, men and women with crutches and bandages, a soldier with his eyes blinded, were admitted through the crowd so they could stand nearest the altar.
The boy knelt before his altar, which was transformed by banks of flowers, statues and dozens of candles.
"Look, look," spread a rumor through the lot. "He is not getting wet. The rain does not touch him." But those who were closest (continued)

BLOOD LETTERS KILL SENATOR