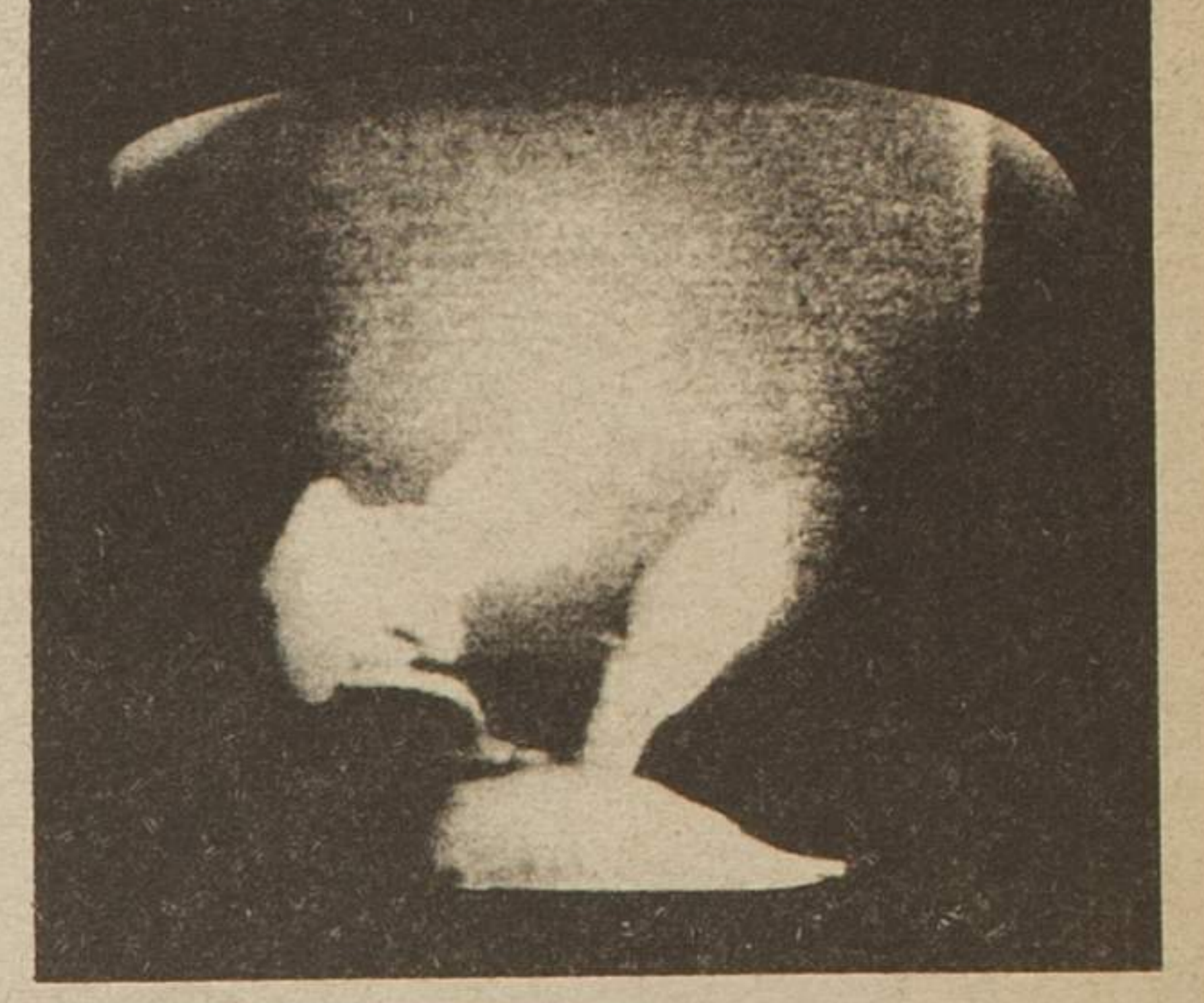
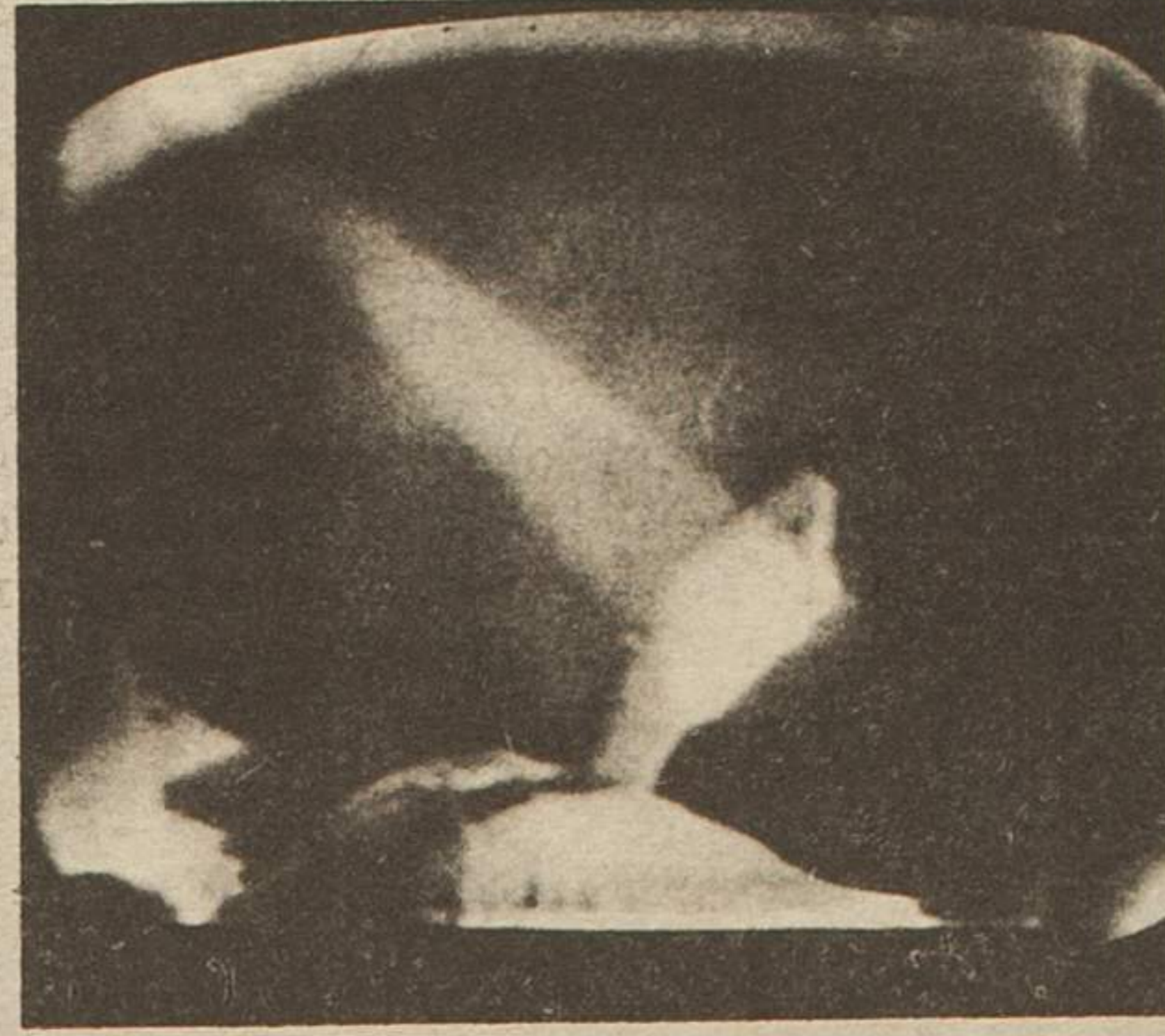
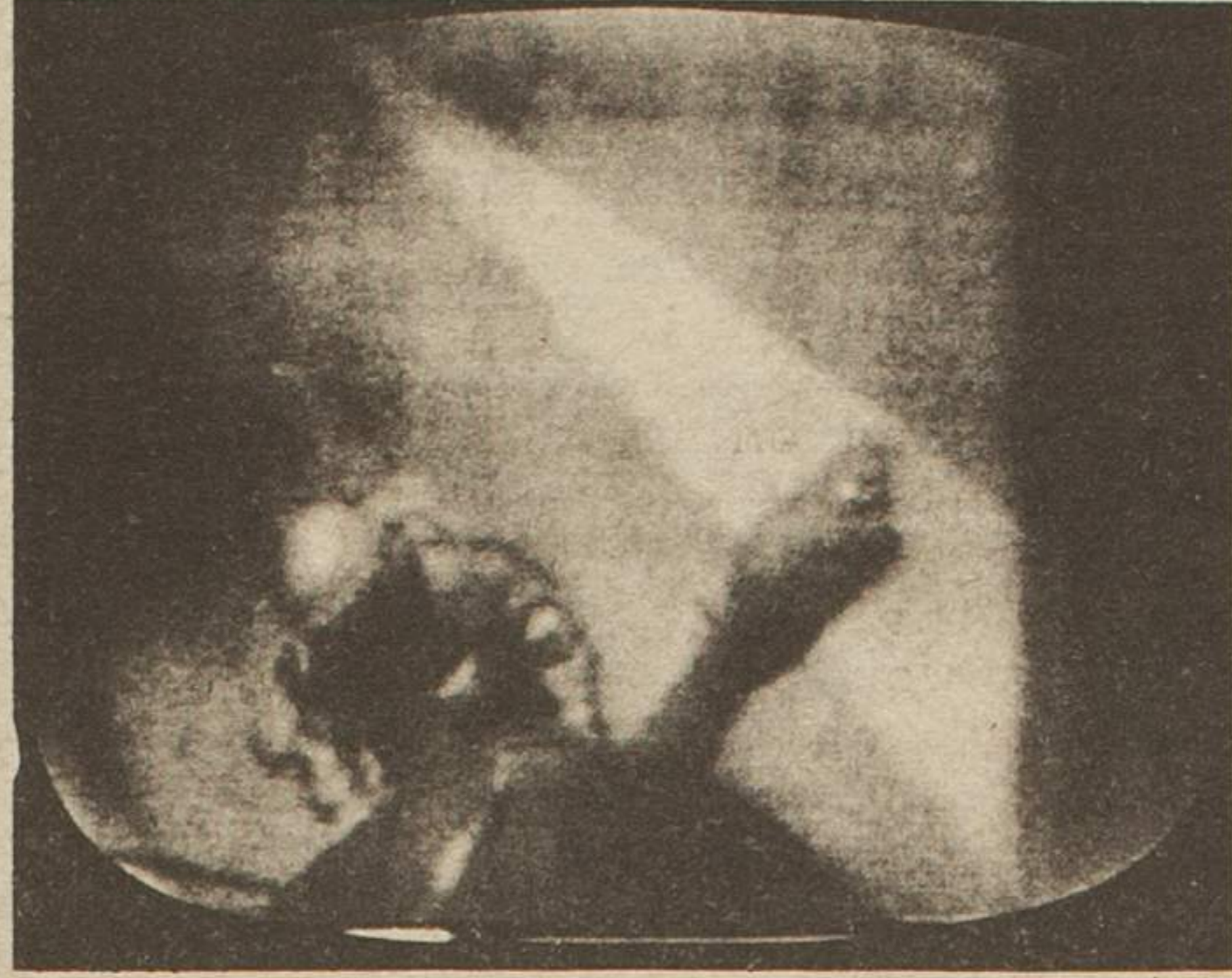
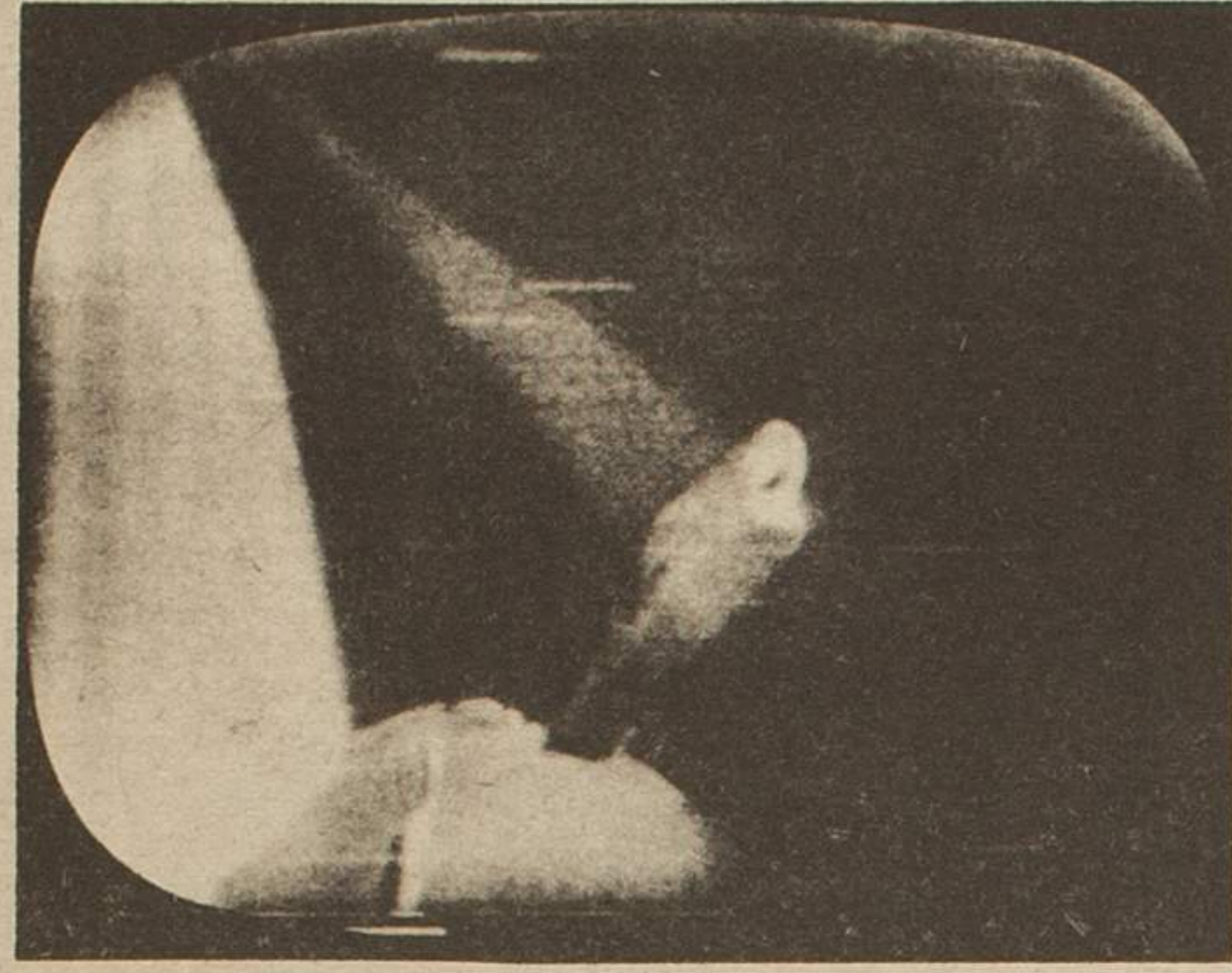


# Universal Life



Dark Side of MOON Fertile, Mushroom-Like Spores, Growing to Great Heights, Called "Life Pods," Russian Cosmonaut Atomized at Approach.

## Beat His Friend To Death

Mad mad wineo VERN "BUNNY" WILLIAMS who goes up in alleys with his wine drinking buddies to consume fifths of wine night or day, did in LEON McCOY, 38, of the 4200 block of Maffitt.

"BUNNY" who is 24, weighs 140 pounds and lives at 4522 Cottage ave., drilled a nail through a stick and took it up the alley with him.

This nail on the end of the stick is what "BUNNY" used time and time again to hack, hammer and draw blood from sagging McCOY who asked



VERN WILLIAMS

"BUNNY" to just let him live.

BUNNY denied McCOY the opportunity to live, and slew him as their friends watched and kept on drinking wine.

### Food for Thought

In 1923, a group of the world's most successful financiers met at The Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Those present were:

The President of the largest independent steel company.

The President of the largest utility company.

The President of the largest gas company.

The greatest wheat speculator.

The President of the New York stock exchange.

A member of the President's cabinet.

The greatest "bear" in Wall Street.

Head of the world's greatest monopoly.

President of the Bank of International Settlements.

Certainly we must admit that here were gathered a group of the world's most successful men. At least men who had found the secret of "making money." Twenty-five years later, let's see where these men are:

swingers who indulge in orgies

(below). Most say it's really

a pretty stupid way to exist.



## BEWARE of TRAPS



Last night a Houston Businessman saw a perfect likeness of Oneba in the sky above the most sumptuous steak house in America, the elegant Palace Orienta, which Castenado now owns and operates on the City's suburban south flank, with financing by Westopher Santee. Oneba's heavenly manifestation was encircled in a scarlet ring of bright clouds that seemed to catch every ray of light from the moon and bend each one so that Oneba's image could be seen perfectly clearly. The Houston businessman swore it was Oneba, and his wife does too, and they both offer to swear an affidavit in substantiation of what they saw. Castenado said he was too busy running the City's most Lush and Sumptuous Restaurant, Palace Orienta

### A Simple Koan

A pair of monkeys are reaching for the moon in the water.

A white man had this to say, and He swears it is not a pun or any kind of play; "Black men are crazy about white meat, They seem to think it is a rare treat."

They hem up us white boys in our cell, And say, 'I'm gonna fix you up and don't you tell; Pull down your pants or open your mouth, I am ready to end your drouth."

"They chase us all over the place, And what they do is really a disgrace; They make us yield and they make us kneel, And then they begin their romantic spiel.

Homosexuality then takes over, They plead and grunt like my dog, Rover; If we resist they beat us up, And treat us like we're no more than a pup.

Too much sex thrives in our jail. Those black boys beg us for our tail; When we don't give it they take it, Pop their fingers and tell us to shake it.

One of the displays is a black brick with three holes drilled in it. It's labeled "Polish bowling ball."

GARDEN CITY--Old automobiles don't just fade away. They wind up on the banks of the state's rivers and streams.

The junkers are there in the name of erosion control. The convenience of that method of disposal is the main reason. What puzzles Mel Baughman, extension forester, Kansas State University, is that "ever since the automobile was invented those metal monsters have been pushed over banks without a single public outcry."

The cars are rarely stripped of loose items and staked to the bank. They always seem to end up in mid-stream, scarring a tranquil scene and disturbing the natural flow of the waters.



WOODROW SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE 1205 1/2 Elm Street MRS. O. D. WOODROW, Principal. Fall Term Opens Sept. 1st.

The Chinese believe that a god lives in a jade palace in the constellation of Ursa Major!

## Ever Been Mistaken For the Other Sex?

Blanche Hudson, artist, Duboce street:

Oh, honey, they've mistaken me for just about everything Today I really have them confused. I guess it's my white lace tights. My black platform soled ankle straps. My bright red tank top and my black satin hot pants. Oh, and my boa. The beard is a giveaway though. That's why I wear my boa. It hides my beard.



## Popular Pastor Mad About Love

The pastor's wife and their children were there to witness the spectacle. One sister stood up and shimmed. One of the brothers patted her on the buttocks and yelled "Hey hey! Where is the whisky?" A mourner said, "He threw it in the well."

One of the complainers said Rev. Tom Jones ousted the old board of trustees and deacons so he could get complete control of the church and its finances and so he could be the dictator and the pastor too. They claimed he was money hungry and wanted his salary for one day a week, which was Sunday, raised from \$250 to \$500. They objected vehemently to this and decided to relieve him of his duties. Rev. Jones resented this and began working among and with his admirers and followers. This included the very old or the senile and the very young. He even strove madly to put a teenager on the board of trustees. Rev. Jones told the congregation surrounded by policemen and bodyguards that nobody but he, himself, Rev. Jones, could call a meeting. One sister called him an improvised liar with a nursing desire. The meeting of defense rocked on, but the membership voted his holiness OUT. He refused to go, but after all he had police protection with their guns and plenty bullets.

One sister yelled out, "Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin!" Music took over to drown out the mixed voices of confusion. Me-lawd! Things got good, oh so good and Sister Alberta Tate Walker strolled up to the front of the church to face the dissident audience and deliver a speech saying, "MY good sisters and brother, Amen!! let's take up a special collection to pay these security guards and policemen for escorting and protecting our beloved pastor. Dig deep into your pockets and don't come up with pennies and nickles. Thrust dollars into the basket and on the table." The armed protectors came from Pagedale according to one of the members who recognize some of them. Church service by the gun raged madly on, but it was likened unto an oyster meeting more than a sermon.

At a meeting and discussion in the Whirl office it was brought out that two members of the church followed Rev. Jones and one of the 18-year-old church beauties to the 3900 block of Palm street where they smooched with tongue and cheek and tight embraces as the girl shook her shoulders like a snake dancer and charmer. One of the observers said things got kinda rough and the reverend seemed to be polishing the girl's teeth with his tongue as she closed her eyes. These same two observers said they followed Rev. Jones to Sarah and Ashland on another occasion after he had dropped off other girls in his auto. They said on this trip both characters were frisky and then in deep silence the girl stroked the reverend's plump jaws and he stroked her about the breast with little rest.

# at last

At last the new knowledge is upon us and we are surprised to find out things were not so complicated as we thought. First we read in the paper (Not the Journal world--they don't know about it yet) about Dr. wuntex and his experiments with bioplasma on the lower farm. He takes a petri dish of it out to the pond and sets it on a stone under the hot rays of the sun. He then attaches thin wires from the jellylike life-substance to a simple galvanic device. Returning to the lab he waits. He sips lemon tea to keep the spirits up for the duration. Then, normally 12-24 hours later the signals begin to come in. The needles jump and the green-faced scopes dance with light. wuntex leaps to action, jotting down figures, calculating on his calculator. wuntex says he doesn't understand the meaning of the signals, but is sure they come from the shoulder of Orion, perhaps Betelgeuse, both distant red stars. He says there is a general chatter going on between distant animated life and animal life on earth. He says government and C.I.A. have been working round the clock for a period of 6 months in an attempt to break the code so that we can listen to the chatter with some comprehension and gaining more new knowledge from them. Yes, it is surprising to find out, for example, that a mouse could learn to play the fiddle, yet they have. As a result of this new knowledge the vision of mankind changes--we no longer view him (or her) as the paradigm of living forms, but as perhaps the lowest form of all, which is suggested by all the new evidence coming in through wuntex's bowl of jelly.

# PASTOR BRINGS 5 ARMED GUARDS TO HIS PULPIT