

Mrs. Chelsey Bucke of 2 N. 2nd Street in North Lawrence today was the single witness of the unhappy drowning of a neighborhood youth, Jimmy W----. He seemed urged from the room, she reported. The crash with which his father fell on the bed behind him was still in his ears as he fled. On the staircase, which he rushed down as if its steps were an inclined plane, he ran into Mrs. Bucke on her way up to do the morning cleaning of the room. "Hesus!" he cried as she covered her face with her apron, but he was already gone. Out of the front door, he rushed across the street toward the Kaw River. Already he was grasping at the bridge railings as a starving man clutches food. He swumg himself over, like the distinguished gymnast he had on ce been in his youth, to his parents' pride. With weakening grip he was still holding on when he spied between the railings a motorhome coming which would easily cover the noise of his fall, call ed in a low voice: "Dear parents, I have always loved you, all the same," and let himself drop.

A THOUSAND CLONES by Mike Johnson

By that time the videoclones were hard to tell from their originals. The Medium had stored in its mneumonic matrices the imagery of a thousand of the State's glorious and seemingly immortal dead. Most of the people were fooled most of the time, though some were vaguely troubled by the appearance on popular talk shows of such people as Wally Cox, Buddy Holly, Jack Kennedy, and Walt Disney. But the public at large gradually came to wonder about the slightly fuzzy borders around the images and the situational inappropriateness of certain gestures; and then they began to doubt the authenticity of all the images and to be concerned about who was dead and who was not. And now they are totally confused; but the Medium is the only reality, so reality is simply unreal. All is image. Death is indistinguishable from life. There is no cause for alarm. There is no news. We are merely back where we started.

THE WORLDOF SCIENCE by Mike Hogan, science ed. and technical writing expert.

In the theory of Platonic evolution one holds that man evolved from a Junebug. Plato's research was sparked by his observation of the aforementioned insects trying to fly through his screen door all summer long. This was during Plato's days in Stull, near the end of a life he was happy to be done with, since he had practiced dying for many years before.

When you turn over the rocks and boulders in fertile or swampy country, fat, luminescent grubs are lying there; when you turn over rocks and boulders in dry, arid land, fierce snakes are awaiting. The best bet is to stay in your house.

Thunder in January brings small rain in June; let your animals have free run of the barn.

THE PROMISE by Michael Smetzer

Mommy's tired little boy.

She wants to play with Daddy's toy.

So hop in bed to sleep
and don't let out a peep.

And if you eat dinner and always are good,
someday your dong will turn into wood.

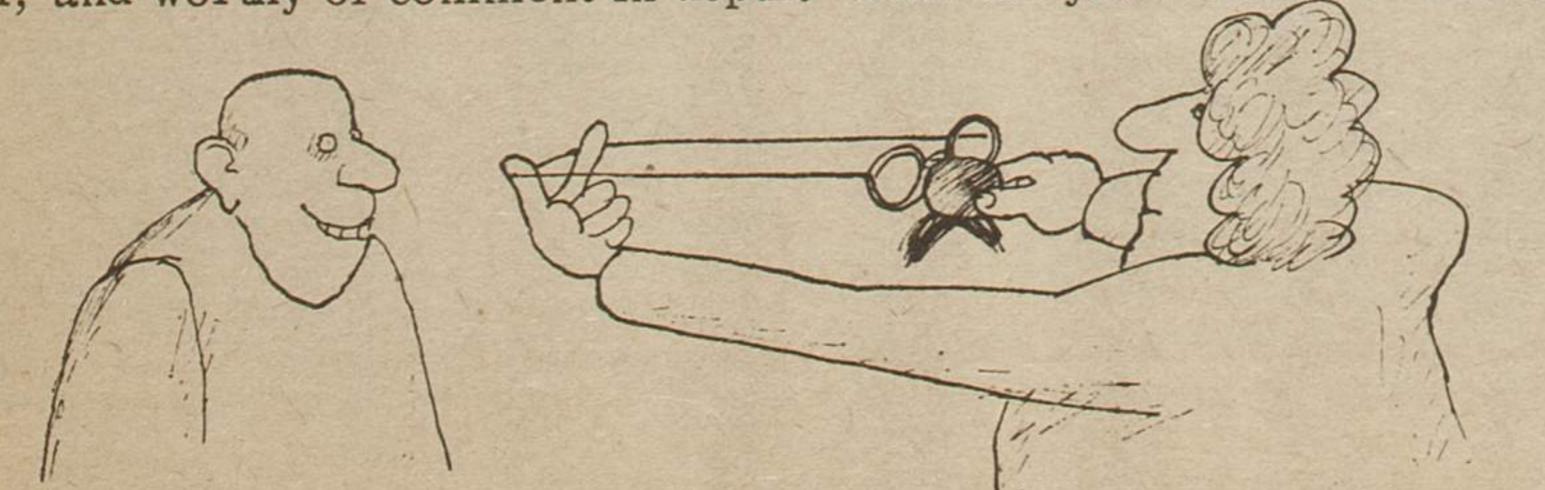
ANON--Department. Hardly is that word out when a vast image out of Spiritus Moldenke troubles my sight. Found by D. Normann.

After an animal is bunted and lipped, he is marked by obeisance, alternated by a surliness that froths.

Depending on the presence of drawl, slur, or clippage, one's very phrasing can affect the moral velocity of helium atoms. Dr. Volar Kammal showed the way.

From Wyenette to Bach, from the Airplane to Japanese Kabuki music, on K-FROG 109 FM

ONEBA SPEAKING: The new incredibly amazing miracle life-matter is available from Oneba Products Now at 10¢ a pound, and everything is coming up roses. This life material is like a yogurt culture; it regenerates. A pound of it could last you a lifetime, is productive enough to feed you and your family from now till they get to Betelgeuse with tractors, and can be stored in a coffee can for all eternity. It comes to you in plastocene bags, odorless, perhaps the slight musk of decaying peat, nothing more. Children can fashion life play animals. We can send you art-monkey molds for the young ones' endless pleasure. It will assume any shape your hands can mold and a charge of simple house current will give it temporary life. Write me on this. I want to hear your experiences with this new product. We want every American happy nowadays, now that the gentle Rock is leading us. I've been perusing the Chinese Materia Medica Part 2. According to Shen-nung, the head and feet of a hedgehog are like a rat. The use of this animal for regurgitation and various stomach troubles was common during the time of Pieh-Lu. It was found in the hills and cultivated in the plains of Hupeh. The skin of the hedgehog should be cut up and roasted black. It is bitter, bland, nonpoisonous, for all kinds of bleeding piles, it is mixed with noxa; the ash with oil is applied to prolapse of the rectum. It is smeared on the breast to quieten a frightened baby. And the Otter's liver, which is sweet, warming, poisonous, is given for chronic coughs, malaria, all kinds of demonic possession, debilitating sweats, nervousness, weakness after childbirth, anal fistula, given by Mongols for retention of urine. A letter tells me: 'I was at the Red Marvin place northwest of Olathe, which he farms. The farm house is deserted, the area unused. They found a complete 1974 model Chevrolet pickup inside a couple weather beaten out buildings, with weeds grown up around. Law officers took a quick inventory of the vehicle and couldn't find hardly any parts missing other than the top had been taken off to allow it into the building. A black tarp was thrown over the chassis. The truck was dismantled in one building, the motor in another. The laws took a serial number off the frame, and threw it in their computers. They said it would soon be found to be a stolen truck, and why someone would take a 6000 dollar pickup and dismantle it would be known, in such a remote location. The vehicle check showed nothing, even though the vehicle in question was undamaged before the theft. Another service available to the laws was tapped but again a dead end. The frame number was wired to the Chevy Factory in North Detroit in an attempt to unravel the Gorgon's knot. The dealer was traced and the owner was traced. The laws said they smelled blood. Law officers in the town where the owner lived went to his door. Let's say the weather was a little DARK in the neighborhood. The house was papered on the outside, and an ugly garden lay on its southside, where no light would hit it until four o'clock in the afternoon. It was as if something truly evil was coming out of the walls of the house, like yellow ghosts, but still the pickup was sitting there, identical year and make, in the driveway. It is a mystery which laws shake their heads over and people shake their concerned heads over, and who knows what the dollars and cents loss was to whoever the owner might be. What do you make of this one, Oneba? Interpret it--if you can." Easy enough, rural friend. Darvon, take Darvon. If this doesn't work, try a little Noxage in your milk before bedtime. This will have a tendency to simplify your dreams and make them less tedious, more symbolic, more artful, and worthy of comment in depth. Send me your dreams. Oneba, Box 591.



## Dixie Peanut Bar

They Are Styling



MISS TONI AND DERANDO

The eagle flies on Saturday night. Any way you can possibly ever imagine peanuts, we've got them. Miss Toni and Derando dance on the bar of in-laid peanut shells. They are amazing. Little Derando likes to feature his handbone work, and Miss Toni blowing the shorthorn. They like to style, especially when the glorious and bounteous fullness of spring lays like a musk over each persons soul. These are beautiful black people, mother and son. They are true and pure styling. They will squeeze your head. 12 dollar cover. 10 drink min. Roses, 39¢ doz.

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.

120 N. Main 227-3363

