The Consuming Flame

BELLED BUZZARD IN CITY

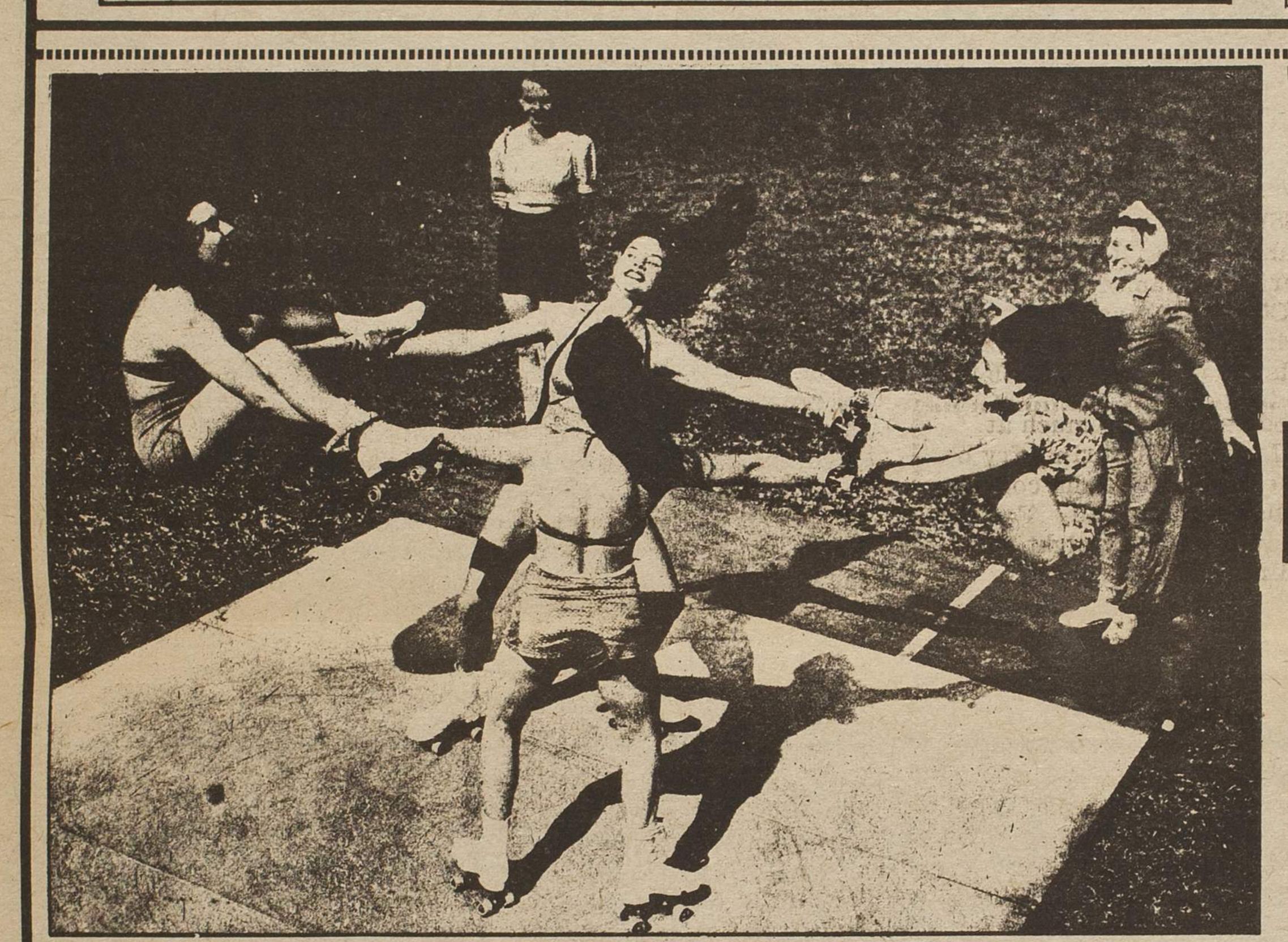
Timeless it seems, as old as Nestor was they say, first seen in Las Cruces in 1900, reported then in the Dallas Evening News, and now here in this City again, sighted by police only last Sunday, perched at the belfry of the Church of Concrete Cross, squirting foul white stool down the stone siding of the hallowed building. and his frightening screech could be heard halfway across South Park and over into the Eastside historic area. The clatter of the ancient bell around his neck, the hideous chop of his wingbeats. How long will he stay this time? My children already pale, hiding in the closets, wandering aimlessly in the yard, casting fearful skyward glances.

BELL BUZZARD HITS, BOY DEAD

A sleepy negro boy is laid out cold tonight at Lamanno Panna Fallo, morticians, at 9th & Toledano. Why? Because he strayed away from his playtime chums, wandered into one of the Eastside government parks, tarried to nap under a shady cottonwood, and was sorrowfuly mauled by the old belled buzzard. Reports have the boy carried wailing over rooftops, the head cracking against chimneys and inflicting terrible injuries to the Negro, called High Hat in the Genessee school. In an empty lot the gut was torn open by the slicing beak, the boy's vermiculate organs spilling into the hot dust. Boy Scouts came, drove the bird off with hickory bats and digging forks. Some threw jagged stones. An eye had been pecked out, a reddish jellylike substance spread on the cheeks, smelling oddly of prussic acid. Requescat. Come down to Lamanno Panno, see the boy.



CITY MOON- A home-town paper, devoted to home-town news; borrowed by some, Read by All. Box 591. Lawrence. Ks. 66044



Now, the latest joy-religious crusade, a fire tornado from Muncie, has penetrated the prairie areas. Called The New Trochilics, they can do a 360 degree rotation on their skates. They sing of Oneba who is the one, and of the national joy. Trokes, as they are called here, claim to be followers of the science of rotary motion called Trochilics, or gyrostatics. The leader is known as Jody or Dolly now working at the audio house. Mobile homes have been destroyed, sucked into the whirling vortice as the chants become more intense. Jody points to the sun and signals the trochilis to begin the dance of joy. The town of Muncie was powerless to stop them when Jody or Dolly led the new trochilics into East Muncie. Now the streets

The New trochilics

are empty, scarred by the cruel metal skates. Must this happen here? Why is the Symons organ silent, impotent in the new joy? Trochilic leader, also known as the master Ray-X, speaks of paving the rivers for skating." Let us pour the concrete into the Kaw to make the waters solidify," she says. "We will go down the Kaw, through the Missouri, into the Mississippi, and down to the Gulf. This will give us the sea." The Moon has seen how Noxin was given temporary youth by the dance, blooming and shrinking. Thousands of converts converged on Muncie, rotating wildly on their skates. The whirling symbolizes the Trochilic theory of universal movement, that of our galaxy likened to a screw.

Two elderly sisters have been arrested on an arson charge and are suspected in an "Arson and Old Lace" scheme involving more than 400 fires, including the National Fire, and millions of dollars in insurance claims, city police

The 22 year pattern of suspicious fires suggests the work of 'one of the oldest arson rings" ever encountered by the Fire Department, said the department's secretary, Robin Perez.

Rosie and Sylviette Cushman, identical twins, both 63, were arrested on charges of hiring a "torch"- a professional arsonist-to burn a vacant \$50,000 house north of Wellsville. The house belonged to



READERS TALK

Extemporanius musings of the ordained clergy in mass media affects the populace with ephimeral results. This statement alludes to renown individuals such as Norman Vincent Peale, Bishop Sheen and Billy Graham.

I figure more folks read Dear Abby or Annie. Those two gals are sisters and are always good reading for the spice in life. Homey folks tend to steer clear of big words and rightly so. The only people I know that use a lot of big words are folks like Howard Cosell and Muhammid Ali, college professors and a few politicians and preachers that want to impress themselves.

This country is the last place I thought I would ever see small cars, a president mess-up in office, integration of minorities, a losing season by the Kansas City Chiefs, a lady that owns a legal house of prostitution running for a senate seat, recession and inflation at the same time and plenty of jobs open, large unem. ployment and people interested in doing more with their lives than taking care of ole No. 1.

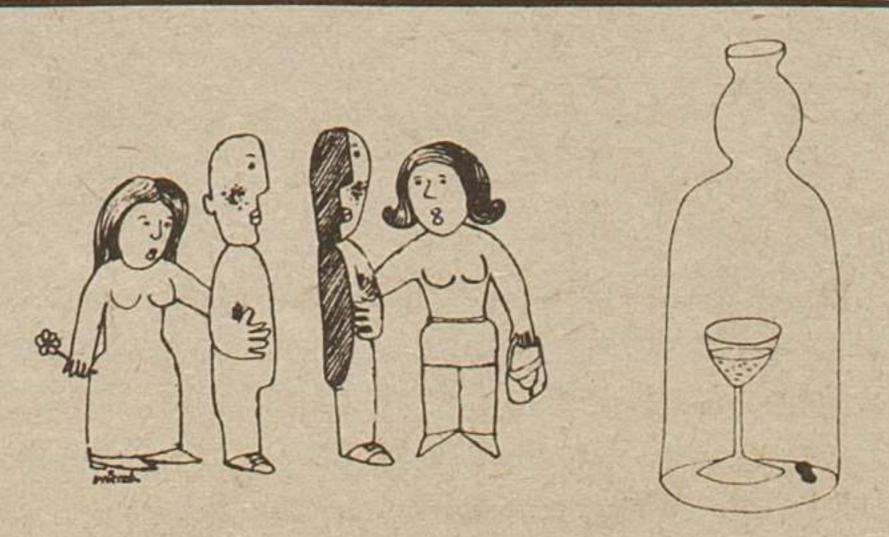
I haven't flipped all my cookies when I say the country could amount to something. I even heard the other day of a family inviting another family over for a meal for no other reason than the fellowship. Wow.

Little things like complimenting a person for their appearance. Taking dinners to old folks and visiting in a friends home just to return a borrowed tool that had been taken two years previous make life worthwhile.

The news isn't good. Or is it? We are not as independent as we thought. I'm working with a guy that goes to work at 6 a.m. and goes home about 7 p.m. He likes his job, has been there 12 years, and he says every day is something new.

Is there something new in your life or do you just feel comfortable keeping everything the same? Well, friends, the only thing that is not changing is change itself. Continued

WIDOWS DANGLE Four white women of this City (400°s - 12th St.) whose car dangled for an hour from the jaws of the raised Kaw bridge before being lowered to safety earlier this week became honorary members of the Green Era Club yesterday. Dolly Roddy, 74; Nora Bender, 75; Olive Balm, 78, and Urilda Latapie. They were trying to cross to the Northside, they say, with hot Skrada-Kaka for ageing friends there. The drawbridge snagged them, caught the underside of their car and hoisted it and the womens into the limelight. Citizen certificates were presented to the frightened widows on the scene. The Editor of a local newspaper, Editor Symons, was there, lauding the womens from the back seat of his limousine for 'hanging in there." The Moon is sick of this new Boosterism. Can Symons and the whole City crowd at Town Center. We want free hot meals in the local stadiums for poor people. Save the old people. Remember Remus? However, we back the Green Era Clubs one thousand percent!!!!



Drawing by ANDRZEJ BORKOWSKI

That is kinda heavy till you read it but I'm sure by now you know I tend to throw a heavy thing in now and then.

Don't say politicians are crooked, offices politicians hold don't have to account to everyone for what is done. That is why we think they are no good. The human can hide some error, or are you errorless? We even say it about the local mayor, the county commissioner and every little office for elected officials.

My Dad says two preachers crooked him one time so he thinks preachers are crooked. I disagree, I just think you make people honest by trying to be honest to yourself. If you want to bad mouth a politician, school board member or the likes, remember that every. thing you do in public office should be made public. That, ladies and gentlemen, is HARD. People aren't bad, organizations are bad - because it can hide the persons guilt in the red tape or runaround or the office.

There's hope but only if you believe it.

Mme

see you next week, den.

The City's Finest Foods

