

U.A.
Ser
7/10/52
No. 6

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One ob de things dat has caused considerable botherment to de world in general am de question ob which way de tail ob a pig done curve—to de leftward or to de right.

CITY MOON

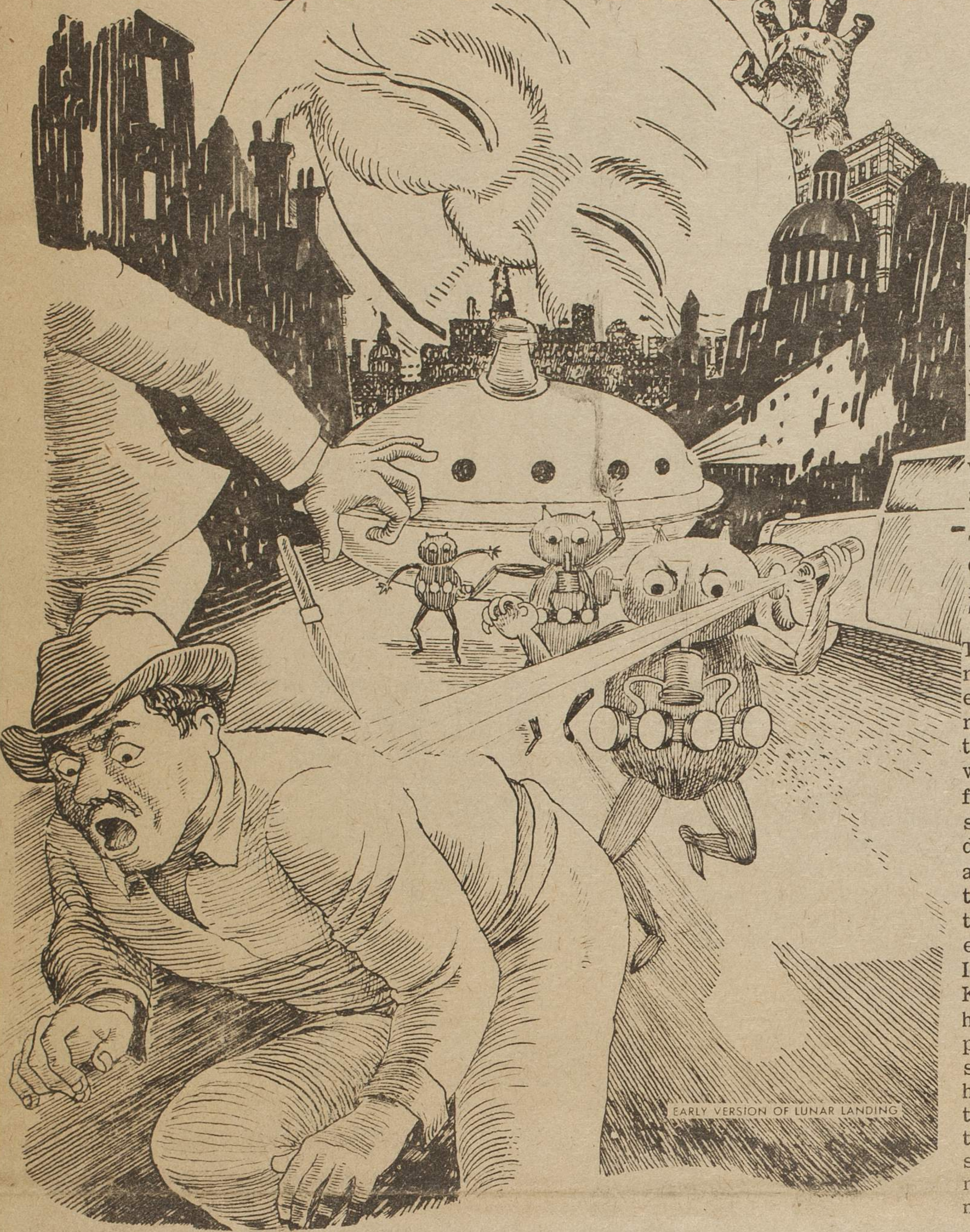
MAN IN THE MOON HEARD THE FAR BELLOW. 'OHO,'
QUOTH HE, 'THE OLD EARTH IS FROLICSOME TONIGHT.'

VOL 5

25¢

NO 9

NOTICE--We have picked up dead animals for years and are still picking up dead animals free



EARLY VERSION OF LUNAR LANDING

THEY WALK THE TRENCH

At 3:30 this morning, a special train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road will leave for the National Trench. They reach Petaluma in the Fall, after a stay in the lovely hotels they've built at the bottom of the National Trench, the ones under the bubbles; they're walking the trench bottom, folks, from Cincinnati to Box, Wyoming. At the deepest point of the trench, beneath the great divide above, they have built an underwater monster thrill ride they call The Green Carp or The Perve-slime.

FAR FROM THE TRENCH

We are frightened. How in the world can rocks have life? Yet they do and are moving, some toward us, some away, some indifferently, and some not at all. Gneiss and schist are the worst offenders in this case. They don't move fast. Buy a time-lapse camera, and watch the shadows. Or is it another of these Heisenberg indeterminacy cases? Drop your rocks. Box 591. Lawrence. Fast movers—10 dollars a head.

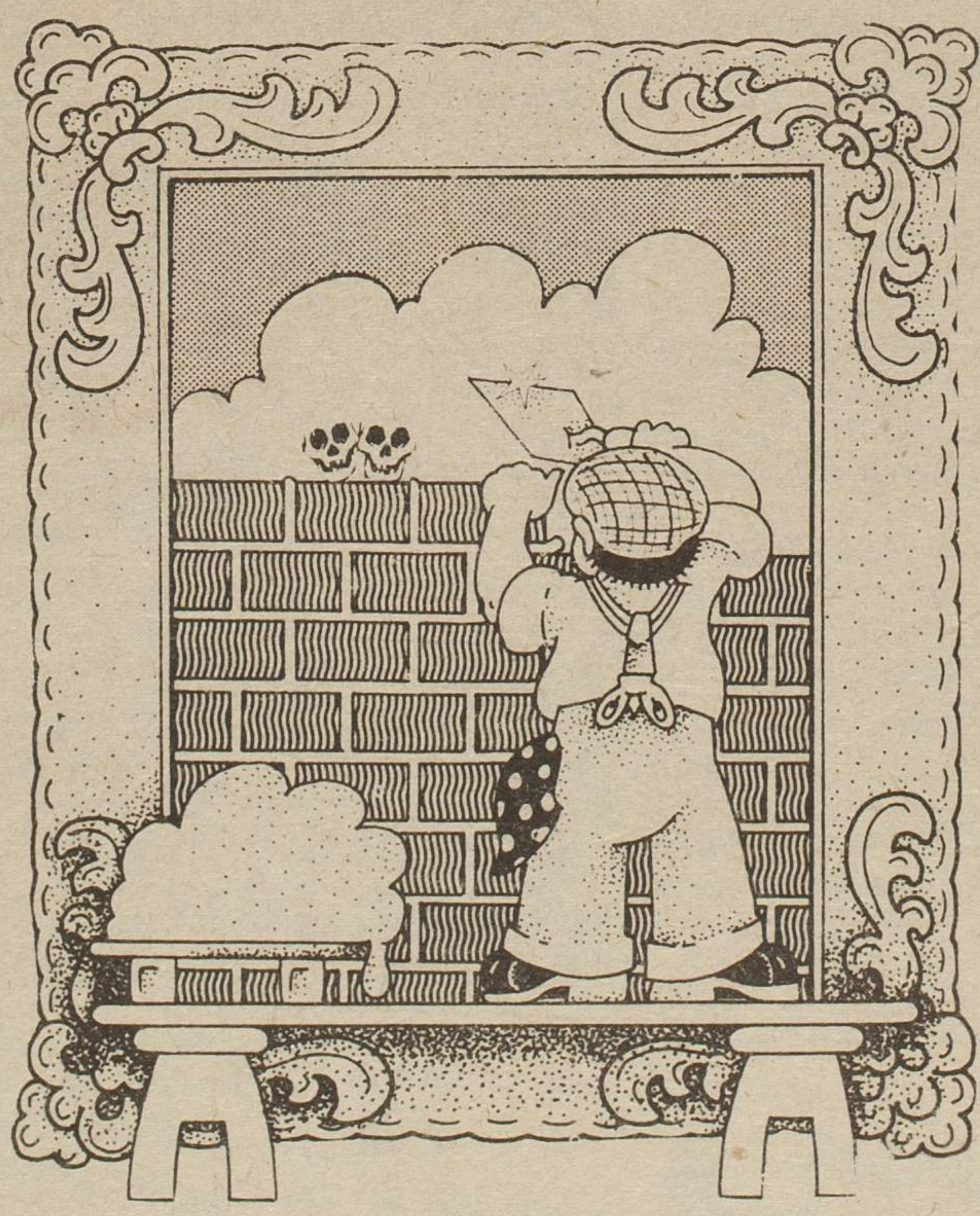
AWAY FROM EARTH

Two weeks ago they were delivered to a lawyer's office in a primitive crate. They were trimmed out like Christmas trees in human entrails. The boxes were stamped with Nazi insignia. The mayor fled as the farmers bled, the jails spilled out the boys, and the music stopped everywhere, including the New Music of the Sky which had so recently begun and promised such rosy hues for the future. Excuse me friends, Oneba here. I was carried away as I sat to write this prosy view of a hideous dream from last night's dream reports. These babies are aging me faster now. Here is a short one from Tennessee, "They acted mysterious and vaguely gave the impression that they were from another world and had enlightenment to give us. Bill looked like an earthling, but Jerry had wrap-around eyes; the slits extended around the side of his head." There is so little I can say to dreams like this. Or, "I attended a MUFON seminar in Kansas City, June 16, 1973: J Hynek has wraparound eyes hidden behind heavy glasses, like the invaders. Others were more disguised--by plastic surgery with rubbery scars, facemasks, beards and hair. A short negro sat behind me, carrying a camera; from his direction, I could hear an ultrasonic tone and my head couldn't think clearly. While I tried to explain I had information to forward, they induced a galvanic action in the wrist holding the phone, sort of a wavering involuntary flexing, not spasmic, not shaking as with fear. I ran out of coins and the operator cut me off." I'll leave the analysis of this dream to the younger men. Oneba no longer accepts night calls. Write Oneba, Box 1, City.

Dead Want World Wall

Life Dividing Into Two Camps

New rumor: rising sentiment among the dead for the construction of a cinderblock wall, somewhere, 40-50 yards high, stretching 2,000 miles if that is necessary, to "make a community." Head of Bureaucracy Ike is handling himself worse these days, since he is not being used in negotiation with the dead. There are more dead, they say, than are alive on earth now, and many of these former citizens are angry when they read the newspapers and are told the same tiring lie--that there are more living now than the cumulative sum of the dead. . . . dead writers are sending manuscripts to us now. . . upstarts like Cheever are quaking from hot letters sent around by FYODOR DOESTEYEVSKI. . . . on another front, bear worshipping is decreasing. The curious Ainu race, which originally occupied the whole of the Island of Yezo, is rapidly vanishing before the influx of Japanese emigration. According to recent investigations they now only number some 16,000. They are the hairiest race in the world, are filthily dirty in their habits, and terribly addicted to drunkenness. They worship bears. And snakes. And in some cases live in caves like the troglodytes of the Red Sea. Their skeletons have many peculiarities in common with those of the ancient cave men found in European strata. . . . The reason those coming back want the wall is to split the world in two. The only problem is the dead's claim to the two Americas and Canada, which, even with the National Trench, is the most luxuriantly rich and abundant land mass of earth. What do the living get in return? Grandfather Europe, with its antiquated farmers and blindly stupid caste system. Get ready American readers, the future is to the East. Federal money has been pried from every safe in the States to make this hefty movement of more than 300,000,000 possible. All



will go. Too bad the energy shortages have sucked away our last precious gallons of fuels, and our last vats of noxage. We're finished. . . . And yet there is the wall. Build it through New York and down through woody Maryland? America will be a ghost town, is that what you want? Write and say. Box 591, Law.



"THEY CLEANED ME OUT"

They finally did it, they broke him. Ike is penniless in Tucson. It is a national shame of course. His L.A. split level sells for \$350-00. After, he's taking a train to Tucson where he stays at Valley Acres Motel under a friend's care, tucked into a bright bed under the cleansing waterfalls of hospital glucose, blood and marrow making vitamins. He's a little ghostly in the face, ashen, livid, really, quite a nice old fellow who wants an even cut of the new emerging America. God help Ike.

Rolla Dilts is driving a new blue pickup. Larry Jones is sporting a sharp new hair style.

"Going to celebrate our day, Socrates?" asked Jefferson.

"I'd like to," said Socrates, "but times are hard and I can't afford to buy any fireworks."

"Why don't you get your wife to help? She'll blow you up for nothing," suggested Jefferson.

Supporters: SUA (via GSC) grant of supplies support, Cottonwood Review in past years, Fed Government, via Nat Endowm for Arts, via the CCLM (money) the Society of the City Moon, the SUA Events Committee, SAGE of the English Department, and the few who read the Moon

A GREAT MODERN DRAMA—ONE OF THE FEW THAT DO NOT LEAVE A BAD TASTE AFTER YOU HAVE SEEN IT.



Italy and Czechoslovakia Meet at a Union Rail



Imbibing sodas and making goo-goo eyes became their main summer occupation

ORIAL UNION

CHARITY

FAILETH

NOT



WANTED

Nudie, Newtie or Nunday, you name him. He's worth \$508,000. Turn him in. Big money.

Feminine Charms and Firearms



GradGirl

KING BABY ON HIS THRONE



This is Bob Bennett. In 1949 he matriculated from WU, big man on campus. He took a vacation in the 18th century at WU. You can too.

Shoot your heart in the WU rifle club. Bullets free. Kill orders good, as always, until January. Join up.

Vacation in the 18th Century.



Neither Questions Nor Answers

WUNTEX

Wuntex University, founded in a chicken shack on the floodplain of the Kaw in 1908, later moved up the hill on a flat-bed truck and now fully flowering and fruiting there, invites the senior citizen to the clasp of its ivyied embrace.

In the histories of Wuntex, the early years of the red cross girls handing out hot dogs and beer in cups is seen as a school shame. Dr. Wunty, the founder, a wealthy automatic sox manufacturer of Detroit, requested a deletion of these years from the school yearbooks, which left no yearbook at all. He came to the records office one day where the office supervisor informed him that the yearbooks did exist. His heart lept up. He wanted to be rid of the nasty things, and soon he was asking, demanding, the books be given to him. He had remembered ordering the yearbook staff disbanded then.

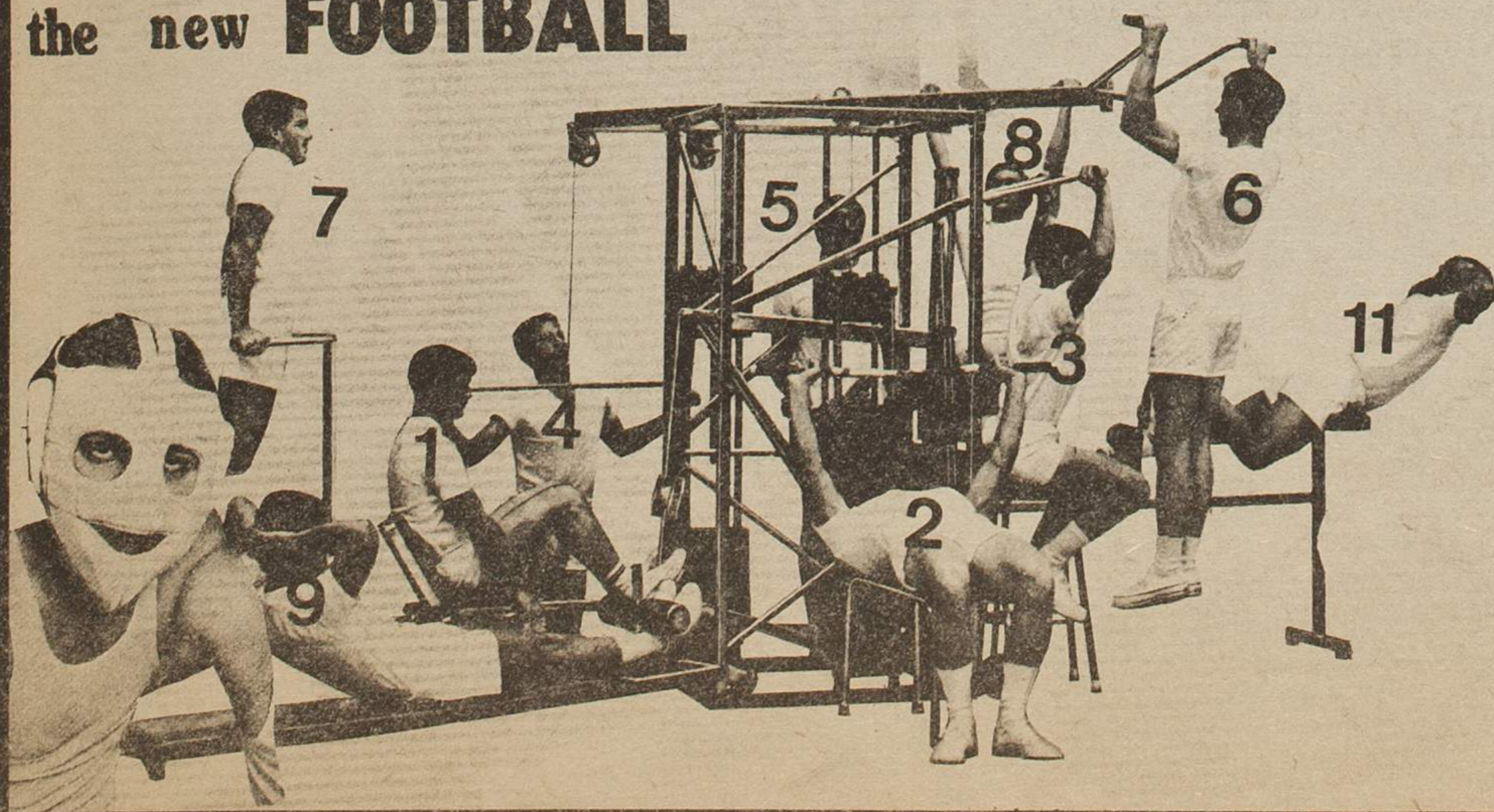
Only ten years before that, on the verge of a decade, Wunty found a Crosley station wagon in a vacant lot. He fitted it with automatic gadgets including a hot water shower working off the crankcase and an electric weenie roaster. He drove it across America, spilling his racial ideas. He was written bad checks by university heads.

Wunty's first metal structures were visible to Cheyenne. Suddenly the Students struggled out their houses and into the buses that lept and bucked like broncs across the plain to the new university. They arrived to the mere frames of dormitories, no roof, no sides, and so many died of the bad weather in semester I. Required: art typing, fecal baking, non-ferrous metals and falling.

For the brothers and sisters of the bigger City: Hi ya dwan. Yee hee, hey now. Climb in yo struggle buggy an git on ow here mans. No times to waste, the ole peoples comin now. Yow, Yow, Yow.



the new FOOTBALL



Smack your face into a cushion or work out on a unit in the football club. 1. QB Monty drives the machine. 2. Wesker, the takle, runs the bar-bender. 3. Pozo Lamaca on the torque. 4. Hershell watches. 5. Omox standing. 6. Stan Musial, the leader. 7. Pulliver. 8. Junior D. 9. Ankle rolls demonstrated. Stomach stretching 10. The prince of the pacific coast 11. An ex-pro bowler. Football club is open to all, costs almost nothing, and drags you out of the stands and onto the field, where it is hit or be hit, like the real world

Thrill of the year



SENIOR PLAY

On Friday, Mar. 21, the seniors of SHS presented "So This is Bliss." This play was a delightful comedy about the big choice many seniors are now facing, whether to continue their college, until he was left alone one weekend to run the family gas station-motel and take care of his infant nephew. Deck had customers and visitors of all types, including his finacee Marcella Payne.

FIRST LITTLE GODGIRL Ed. Ohle Born in Miami, the girl had come to resemble a watercolor image of God hung over the radio set. The girl's mother, Jo Jo, returned the \$2.98 card board print to the Duckwall's where it was purchased, saying, "I'm very sorry, but it's doing something to my daughter's face."

By the third year the bones of the cranium and jaw had enlarged, grown grotesquely out of proportion to the body, and a bristle of shining reddish hairs had appeared on the cheeks and throat.

During the long summer days she lay quietly cool in her basement room, staring restfully at a radiating water stain on the plaster-board ceiling. At intervals this state of semi-awareness would lapse and her head would turn into her sour pillow and a whitish foam would appear at the lips.

The godgirl's eyes were dark and coyote-like, deeply set, and she was never known to sleep.

Sometimes hostile crowds gathered on the Lemo lawn, throwing bottles against the house and burning stinky rags on the grass. The plumber says he sometimes finds human saliva dripping on the front door in the morning, after the terrifying night. Jo Jo says she calls the police but they don't come.

In 1970, on a wet Miami night, in the hot middle of summer, the godgirl came up from the basement. She stood momentarily in the television light and said something in a language the Lemos did not understand. She left the house. She road the Grayhound to Jersey City and rented a room in a small downtown hotel. In the morning a colored boy opened her door to bring her coffee and found her outstretched on the bed, her hands folded, apparently dead.

FLYBABY IS A LIE BABY

The family started a restaurant on their property, after erecting an edifice of their own design and construction, with peace of mind as the central concern of the restaurant. "Fly" would say: "What we want for the people to have is the clean and good peace that eating the natural grains can give. You eat what you are. I could rap on ad nauseum about this but let us move on, then. Darker brown and lighter brown are the colors my people come on in. They must eat the food that matches their pigmentation--and I am not rapping about eating the pig to give you pigmentation. To achieve mind peace is where this cave-living you can see around you here in the gulleys will lead my flock."

Unfortunately, they threw out more than garbage when they cleaned the restaurant out one night this week. They accidentally threw a body out under an old dead pile of tree limbs, the police moved in, and Johnbaby was suddenly under arrest: the charge is murder 2.

Happy stared into the flickering light of the television. He had been back for three weeks, revived to bolster the brain trust of Folbot, the football wizard. The six-by-four room was bare except for the TV and the chair. The one-hundredth pro ball game ended. Happy shifted in his chair. His cold limbs recoiled from the heat radiating from the Magnaview console. "I think that's all he can take for now," a voice said. Somewhere a switch was pulled. The Magnaview's image disappeared. Only a small white dot remained and that shrank into nothing. Happy stared at the grey screen, then sank into the chair. The eyes were vacant. The famous half-smile lingered as Happy returned to sleep.

Cora V. Fry, pretty 19-year-old daughter of Zona Fry, a widow of Verdigras, was found dead and swollen in a water trough at her mother's home early Sunday morning by Malcolm Flannery, an uncle, when he went to the well to get a bucket of water.

Her slender throat was slashed ear to ear, and her left wrist also showed gashes, but physicians state the death was due to drowning.

Fry was to have been married at 8-o'clock Sunday morning to Gerald Koch, son of a prominent merchant of Verdigras.

The young woman had been in the best of spirits Saturday night and had gone to bed with her mother. The household slept and knew nothing of the tragedy until the body was found. In the proposed wedding room, the funeral was held this afternoon. Her trousseau was her shroud.

Dallas Morning News

FINAL DAY AT CAFE. Tomorrow the 15th of this month Bob's Cafe will close the door, sweep the floor and shut the back alley dutch gate and call it quit after 48 bitter years on the same ugly corner.

HE HAD TWO HEARTS

But George Lippert, a Barnum Freak Lived to Age of 62.

After living for two weeks with one heart dead George Lippert, 62 years old, who had two hearts, three perfectly formed legs, sixteen toes, and a double anus, is dead from tuberculosis. He was one of Barnum's wonders.

Surgeons who performed an autopsy declared that if it had not been for the consumption, which already had the upper hand, the death of Lippert's right heart would not have materially affected the like organ on the left side and that he probably would have lived for years.

Lippert may return. Many say in the will that they plan to tour death for a time, then hastily arrive back. RIP

The Evening World reports Sherrif Dodt said, "We have been putting Thorne and Nack through the thirty third degree. We dosed the food to make them feel."

BET BY A FEW LUNATICS

Tomorrow is a day of reckoning with the light headed enthusiasts who bet not wisely but too well. Those tied up with money obligations, however will have an easy time compared to the ones who yielded in a moment of weakness to "freak bets." Quite a few odd feats will be witnessed. A Wall Street broker is due to roll a peanut kernel from Fulton Street to Chicago street with a toothpick. A clerk for the American Tinsplate company is honor bound to go to Central Park and stand on one leg for an hour. If interrogated by a policeman, he is to say, "All is lost, save honor." But the saddest fate of all is that which stares another Wall Street broker in the face. It takes a Wall Street man to devise queer forfeits, but this one is fraught with danger. He is to go up to John L. Sullivan's place, poke the ex prize fighter in the ribs and then recite DMary had A Little Lamb five times--if he is allowed. Now Sullivan permits no familiarity, even from his best friends, so that this plan is a good deal like sudden death. Perhaps it will teach some of these rash people a lesson.

Pittsburg Dispatch

The whitecaps are threatening the garbageper-sons again. In the latest, Pino Doza, itinerant farmer, was found suffocated, headfirst, upside down, choked in swill. When discovered, the body was still warm. The crew chief said one of his men fainted from the overripe cow-melon odor peculiar to the caps--and that it was the fear, not the smell, that sent his man tumbling to the brick alleyway. The chief said, "Ain't gonna catch it. Ain't alive. Try to kill a brick, it's just about the same." Doza scavenged the alleys regularly, as many a farmer does in this season of despair. Why not patrol the alleys at odd hours with a machine gun and killer shepherds and wipe all but the aged white-caps out? We say kill kill kill kill them. The mayor has tried to establish contact but the caps are silent as snow. Tell us the solution. Box 591

Wanted: Groovey "come as you are" people to come sit in my house while I feed you candy which I make in my own kitchen. Dolly Roddy Box 591, Lawrence KS.-----

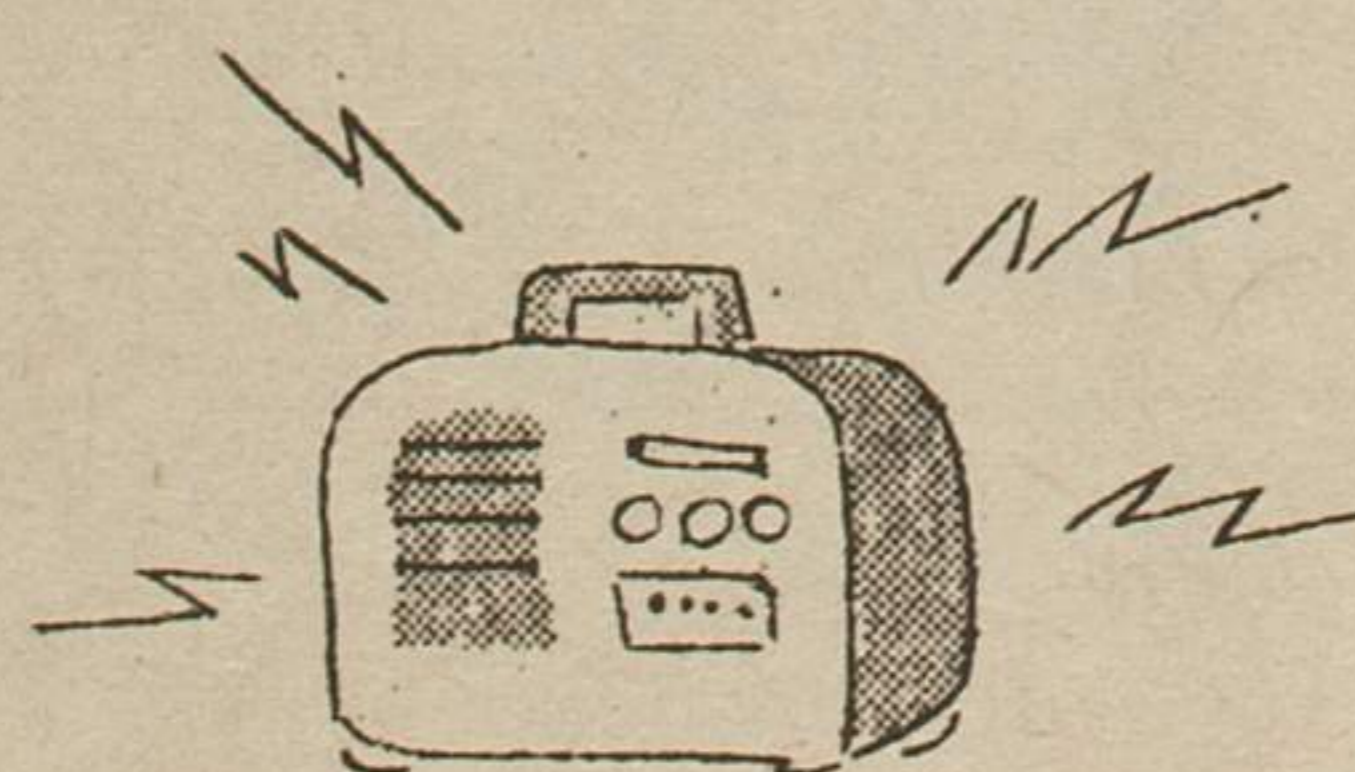
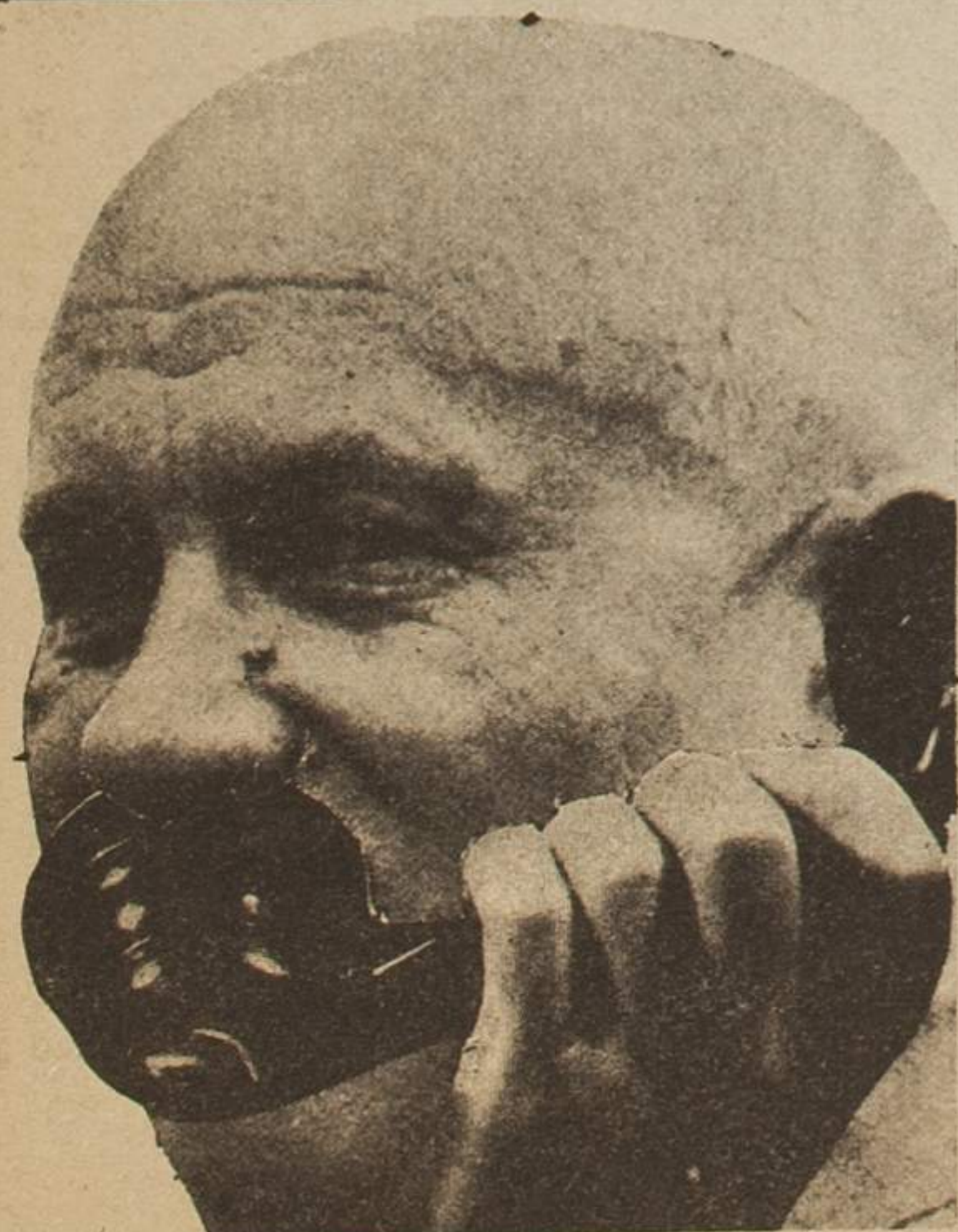
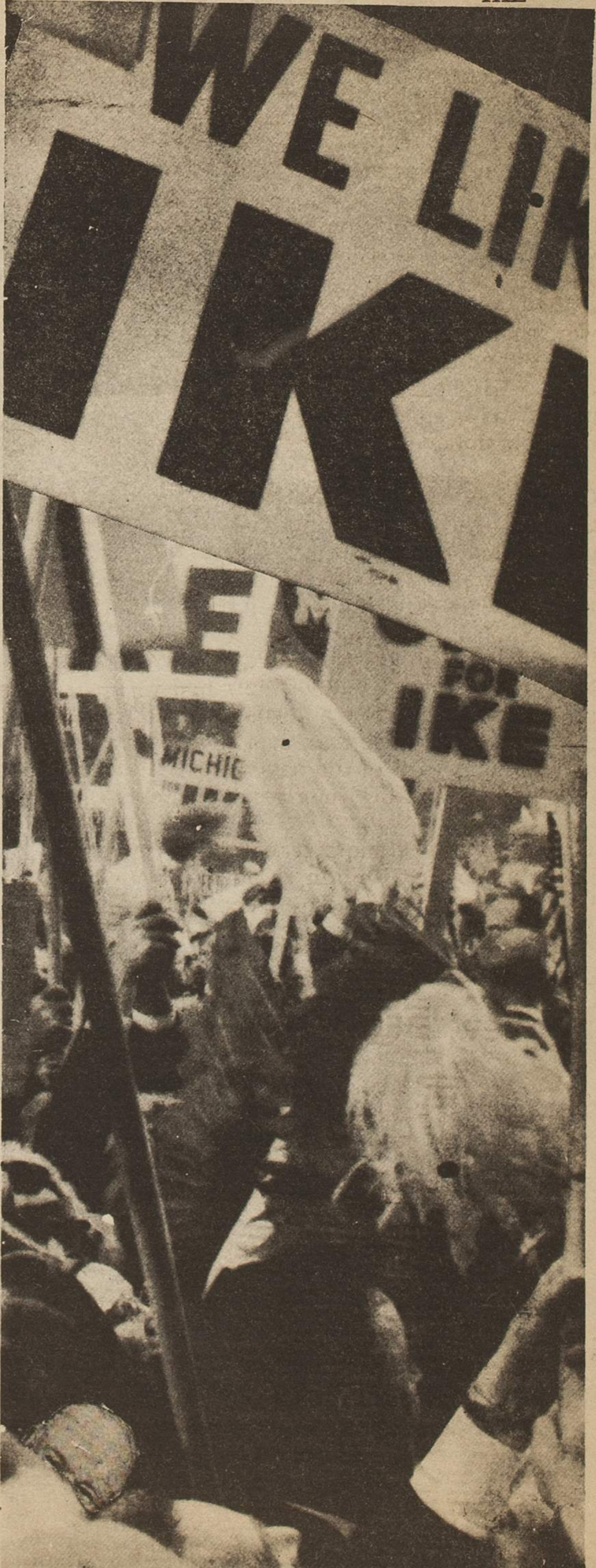
INDIAN RED BOY EAT

Bob's Cafe this week is featuring INDIAN CHOPS and iced chicory coffee. Joe Lapchick is welcome back for this special, you always were your own worst enemy Joe. He will answer any questions on meat. We have T-bones, corn and perch chowders, frenchfried green tomatoes in organic pig's feet oil, this week only. You can eat your heart out at Famous old Bob's Cafe in Lawrence, 14th and Mass, or try a heartburger special.

Racial Mess



Mayor Clark traces the old historic Trench route in pursuit of whitecaps, who are intransigent. Soon he will enter D.C. ---IKE---



IKE WILL BE CALLING YOU SOON. BE PREPARED.



Can we talk ?



age

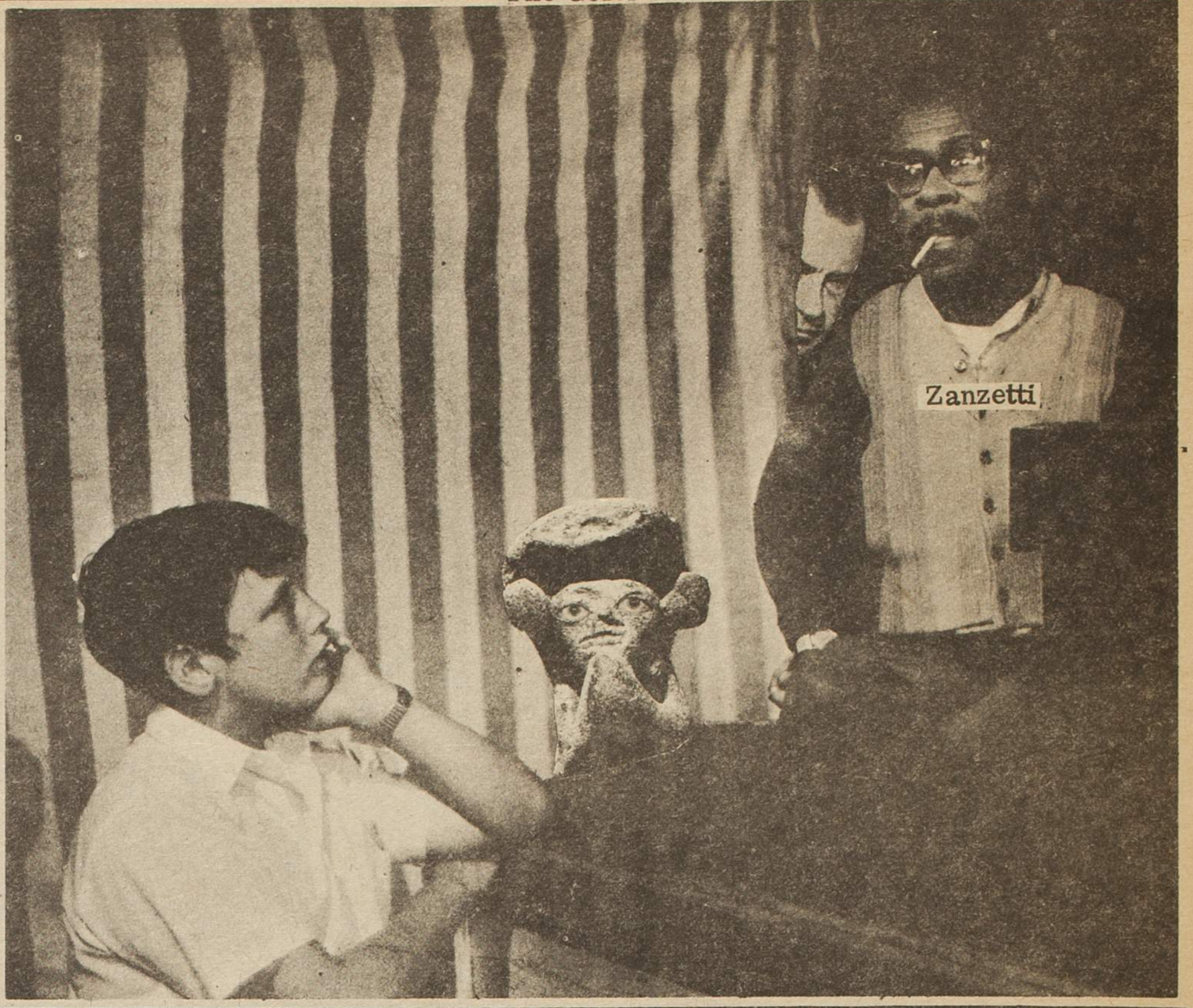
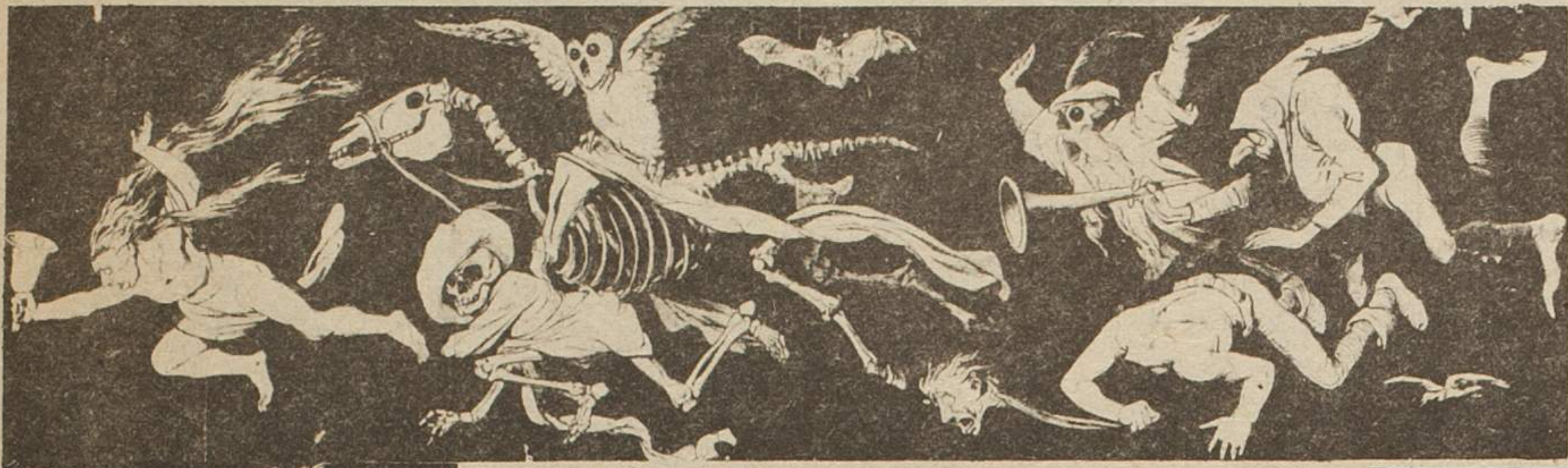
WHAT ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS ?

To many, the decision to build or not to build a shelter seems to turn on consideration of the neighbors. Should you join them in apathetic conformity, or should you go ahead and build a shelter and shoot the neighbors at the door when the siren goes off ?

Silly questions like these are probably the greatest obstacle to a full blown family civil defense program. Fear of being laughed at.

In these times, only fools will laugh. Your next door neighbor probably has thought secretly of building a shelter, too. He's afraid of what you might think.

How about a group shelter ? Then you will not be alone when the time comes. The morale factor is acute here and your wife and children must learn to shift for themselves. The presence of even one other family would give her the communication she wants.



GOD DEAD?

Man, 52, Rapes His Girlfriends Daughter

Oscar Wilbert, 52, apparently had his mind set on younger, tenderer meat the other day and he went crazy when his eyes were set on his girlfriend's 12-year-old daughter. Whatever it was that Wilbert did, it really wasn't worth it because he ended up behind bars when the young victim complained to a policeman.

The Whirl was told that Wilbert, who resides at 5574 Frieling, Kinloch, was given the chore by his girlfriend, to take her daughter to school. Wilbert thought that he could teach her something that they don't 'suppose' to do in

school. Instead of taking her there, he pulled his 'wheels' onto a vacant lot at the rear of 2255 Rutger street, and went to work on the lesson for the day. She claims that he raped her when a policeman drove up and began inquiring. Residents of the area had noticed the vibrations of the parked car on the isolated spot and they figured there was some "hanky panky" going on, so they called the police station. Patrolman Charles Lawson of the 3rd District responded and there as a possibility that he will tell in court what he saw between the 12-year-old girl and the 52-year-old man. The victim was taken to City Hospital No. 1 where it was confirmed that something like a rape actually had occurred in the little girl's life at that time.



I knew a little boy in a hotel who made his living picking the lint pennies and bobby pins from the cracks in the lobby of the Hotel de Anglais on the esplanada in Agadir. He did this. Scherbel

Book POETRY

He is falling. I will finish him off

I see the target, a large one.
Its altitude is 100.
I am 201. I see the target. Attack!
I am 201. I am attacking the target.
You are understood.
I am attacking the target.
Stand by.
The target is a large one.
Roger.
Attack, attack, 218 attack.
Stand by.
582.
Roger.
He is falling.
Roger
He is a large one.
I will finish him off.



EIGHT COUSINS OF PUSSY-BY-THE-FIRE

So rare in the heat for the big cats to be active but the male mountain lion is horny the strange cries come from him and from one of his mates he pats with his paw the rock-colored fur she growls bites at his face slides from beneath him he follows groaning licking her flank in dark wet strokes

Among these proletarian mummies and their sweaty kids voyeurs all a bad pun ("mounting lion") dies in my throat I see my soft white gut my hairless torso flaccid dong their used breasts blue-veined legs loose bellies but eyes bright and fixed on the sexed-up lion

What could they think in the face of such heat ("I don't know bwana Tarzan plenty juju man") the cat's human whimpers moans his trapped hot petitionings

An unknown crazy man, claiming to be a relative of Ulysses S. Grant and the Prince of the Pacific Coast was taken into custody Thursday afternoon by Deput Sherriff deVine and because of his mad ravings and wild actions was locked in the padded cell. The man carried a small grip containing numerous papers and clippings but no definite clue as to his name could be found. Various letters are among the effects. The man is probably 55 or 60, and claims to have fought in Shenandoah Valley in the war. He refuses to divulge his name.

Red-belly Piranhas. 4 inch long. Call 911. City.

Rattlesnakes: lepidus, cerastes, molussus, mitchelli, long-head. Serious calls only. 854. City.

Frederick Douglass, eminent semi-African, it is said objects to any other term than negro being applied to his race. Apropos of this the New York Sun recalls one cold night during the civil war when Frederick Douglass got out of a train at Jersey City. He wore a big shawl on top of his overcoat, and a New York reporter, seeing the dark skin and towering form of the traveler, stopped him with the question: "Indian?" "No!" shouted Douglass, "Nigger!"

Many cosmologists worry about not finding antimatter in the universe.

City Moon: Doing good to the world by dribblets amounts to nothing. I am for doing good to the world once and for all, and be done with it. Think of the maelstroms of pagans in China. People here have no conception. On a frosty morning pauper pagans are found dead in the street, like nipped peas in a bin of peas. Like snow flakes in a snow squall. Five score of missionaries is not enough. Send a million missionaries. Convert them en mass. The thing is then done, and turn to something else.

Noon Jones

LAST ARKANSAS BOB CAT LASHES OUT Doug Hill

It has been many sad years and the bob cat is angry. It is alone and the sun is lancing through trees. If this weren't enough, Mr. Antioch Scllemmer, Arkansas Forest ranger happened along the tree filled by the last known Arkie bobber. He stood underneath the tree, lighting one of the cigarettes strewn on the ground where he was found. The cat was dreaming lost doe-buck dreams and jumped right away onto Scllemmer, sinking claws in deep to the fur. What was it that drove the bobbie away from Scllemmer so fast that he didn't even take pause to put his claws in the old ranger? Probably the aqua-velva and old spice combo Scllemmer dosed himself about with upset the last bob cat in Arkansas. They will hunt the cat and clip its ears for easy integration into the zoo atmosphere. (Light process)

BEATS WIFE, STAYS AWAKE

Pablo Strochlitz of Euclid Ave. Ridgfield Pk., was arraigned this forenoon on charges. Magistrate presiding, Tutex. We heard this description by a neighbor lady: "I seen him in the window down low. He come in low, like, bobbin and weavin." Wife Susan, also the victim of these bizarre events, agreed that his footwork was good, but spoke bitterly of his sudden feints as the treacherous trumps that laid her low. "He sure did, he had me all off balance just trying to back through the kitchen door when me foot went into the dog dish."

Strochlitz seemed to be silent now, only the fists whizzing like paddle balls could be heard, and the flies buzzing around the sweating Tutex. The one man crime ring is now broken, and the citizens of Geinsville can rest a little easier in their mobile homes. Even janitor April Metschler, who had such a fright on seeing Strochlitz brought in live. She swung out wildly with her big gray mop, splattering Strochlitz' extra sandwich. No one really believed the first stories that leaked out, how he used to beat the dog to stay awake. Now the awful truth can be told, and the dog Bamburger bears a silent witness. Her drooping red eyes had seen it all, the powerful strokes of Strochlitz' fists avenging themselves on her harmless topknot. Faithful to her master towards the end, his quirks forgiven, and only bit him once on the face for it. Now we must carry this new knowledge.

---Hcknsck FPrs.

Poetess Rescued 391 Miles at Sea

HONOLULU, HAWAII (U.P.)—Blonde Tonya Jones, 33-year-old seagoing poetess, has been picked up in rough seas 391 miles from Oahu by a navy craft, ending her attempt to make a solo voyage from Hawaii to San Francisco, the navy announced Thursday night.

The boating enthusiast sailed alone from Hawaii 30 days ago in the 30-foot ketch "Audacious." She had expected to arrive in San Francisco by Jan. 1.

Miss Jones sailed from Oahu after four previous attempts to get started. Her final departure featured a "stowaway"—a Stars and Stripes army newspaper reporter, who succumbed to seasickness the first day out and was sent back aboard a pilot boat.

In her first 30 days at sea, Miss Jones had covered less than one-fifth of the distance to San Francisco.

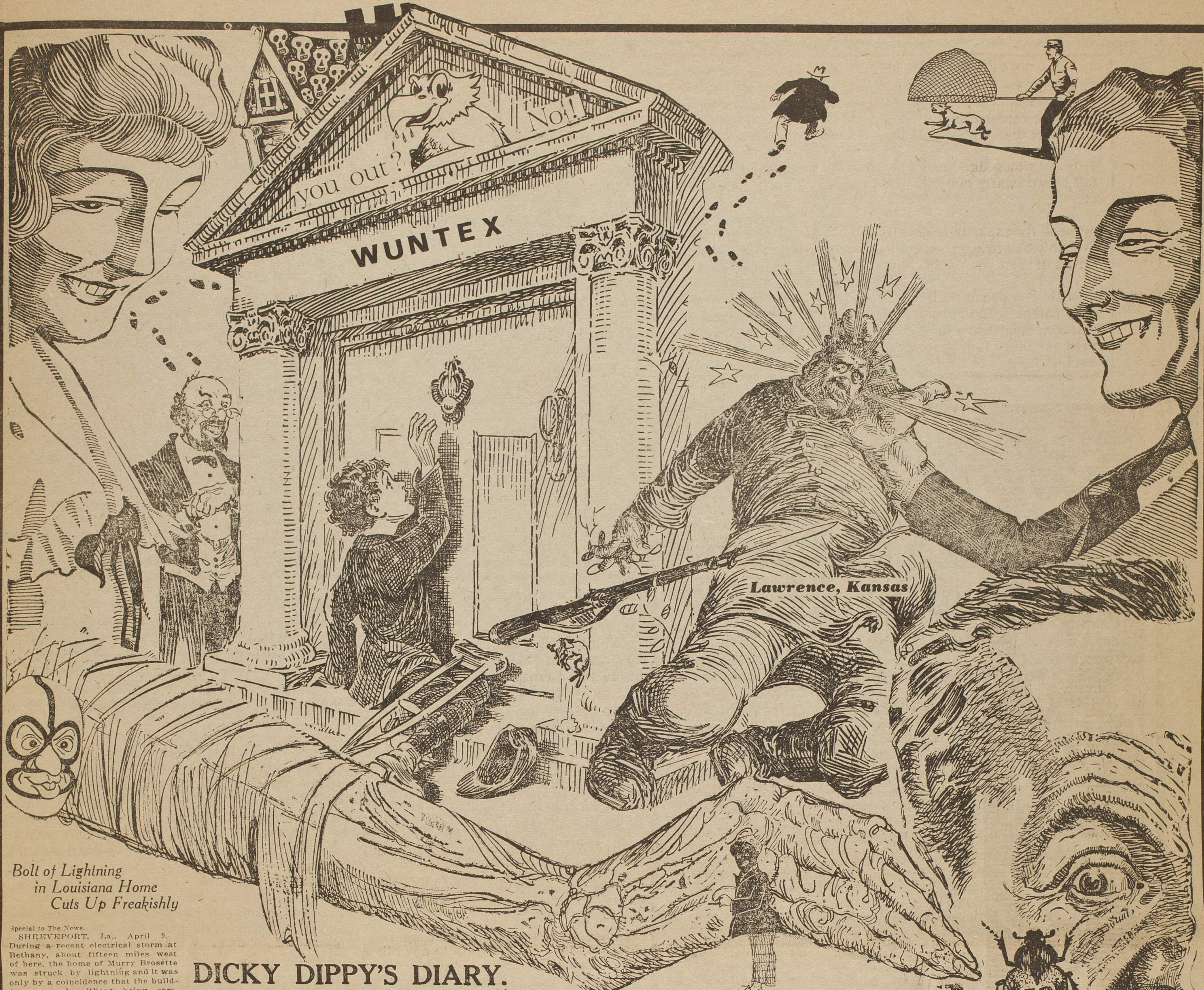
Soldier Hanged In an Attack Case

WILMINGTON, DEL. (AP)—Alexander D. Butler, 23, former soldier at the nearby New Castle army air base, was hanged Friday for rape of a 12-year-old girl.

Bar spree ends



This frog is decked out as a calypso dancer. It is one of Clarence McKosky's pets. McKosky has been designing fashions for frogs for five years. The 39-year-old bachelor said he dresses frogs primarily for fund-raising projects. "It's fun, but I wouldn't want to do it all year long," he said.



Bolt of Lightning
in Louisiana Home
Cuts Up Freakishly

Special to The News.
SHREVEPORT, La., April 9. — During a recent electrical storm at Bethany, about fifteen miles west of here, the home of Murry Brosette was struck by lightning and it was only by a coincidence that the building escaped without being completely destroyed. The bolt of lightning came down the chimney, jarring loose from the house and dislodging some of the bricks, and fell on the floor in form of a large seething ball of fire. It rolled through the house, literally burning its way through everything it came in contact with, and left a trail of soot and cinders in its wake. Coming to a trunk, it burned its way through, scorching garments and articles on the inside and melting off the corners and finishings on the outside. It then passed on through the wall and burned a hole through it, melting off the heads of nails, bending others, and jarring planks from their places. The bolt also melted its way through wire screens and burned in two the chain of a porch swing and went down through the floor and disappeared having jarred vases and other things off the tables and left scalded metal throughout the house. Notwithstanding the damage to the house and contents, it left the inmates of the building absolutely uninjured.

DICKY DIPPY'S DIARY.



Honey, I can tell. I'm one. I'm on Estinon, it's a hormone. I get oil shots and already my breasts are a size 32. Most transsexuals are big. I mean, most of them are huge. They might be in female attire but they are still burley, like a man. Hormones can change so much about you. You even think differently. You're not as aggressive and you're much more sensitive. You cry easily. You react like a

The 4-H girls tricks for treats class met at Glada Isaacson's home Tuesday March 4, 1975. Debbie Hardy demonstrated how to make cinamon toast. Sharlot Brown demonstrated how to make chocolate syrup. Then nobody showed up later at the cakewalk.

Man With D.T.'s Marks
Hall Of Justice Walls

Another bizarre story. Police report that a 50 year old white man, who has no home address, was caught defacing the walls of the Public Safety Bldg. and the Hall of Justice about four o' clock in the afternoon. They say that a man was wandering about the Hall of Justice marking the walls with a pencil and talking in an hallucinating manner and they fear that he had the DT's. An ambulance was summoned and he was taken, handcuffed, to Strong Memorial where he was treated for mental illness.

TRAGEDY AT A DANCE.
The Rivalry of Two Negroes Results
in a Killing.

Special to The News.
Paris, Tex., April 1.—Albert Leach, colored, who lived on Red River, near Slate Shoals, was killed at a dance Saturday night. While another negro, Harvey Williams, was dancing with a girl the deceased went up to her and asked her to dance with him. She refused. Becoming jealous, he pulled a razor and advanced toward Williams, who ran out of the house and fell over a woodpile. While Williams was down and the Leach negro was still advancing, a shot was fired, which took effect in Leach's bowels, killing him almost instantly. Another negro received a serious wound accidentally in the hip. Justice of the Peace Andrews of the Arthur City precinct, was sent for to hold the inquest, but couldn't go on account of the smallpox. At last accounts the dead negro was still lying unburied where he was shot. Harvey Williams came to Paris this morning and surrendered, claiming self-defense.



MOON readers may be interested in this reproduction of a 1934 daguerreotype snapped on the steps outside the stupa of chandi-kar. First row, left to right, Larry Scott, Harpo Marx and Marshall Zhukov. Second row, Duane Eddy, James Joyce, Martin, M.A., Doctor D. and Edward Strainer. This group was branded with the name "dealate circle" and shuddered the university set by its obtuse usage of color in art, words in literature and strategem in mathematics. Scott, a joke to the rest of the company, their little pet puppy, Scott the unrecognized, is the only survivor, living in Stuben City, a janitor at the primary school, scorning everything. In his last months, M.A. Martin attempted to pull his way out of the lethargy that finally paralyzed him when all of the circle but Scott had finally gone on. He wrote Scott. Scott stared at the return address on the envelope a long time before dropping the letter from a cold hand and letting it lay on the floor for some months. Then he noticed it again one evening, staring at him across the dry heated air of his wintry apartment. He tried to call Eddy, the most famous of the group (as he died a heroes death trying to create a petty state south of Antioch) but he was already gone—a bullet greased with pig-fat ripped his lung 1 night in Detroit. The story goes that the letter then smoked and flamed up, apparently without the contact of fire. Correspondant Scherbel--Processed

There is a peculiar pet at the residence of Thomas Forbes, Jr. It is a full grown buzzard, as gentle as any barn yard fowl. It understands and hops up in answer to calls for "Junior." When the family lived at Texas City, the bird soared, then answered any family member's call. He is slightly fastidious, eating only fresh carcass. Any sitings of Junior near you? B. 591

FLYBABY IS A LIE BABY

Johnbaby "Fly" Paperstock, head of two dozen women and children of the Children of the Valley of Life, whose family dug earth pits off the sides of gulleys and lived like bees, even in floodtime, who says he calls himself snake "because you never know what a snake is going to do," has been booked for murder in the city.

Neighbors complained of a reek from the Paperstock yard, that seemed to come from a pile of tree trash and old dead limbs. These good folks had long ago observed the nervous excavating of cave pits by the Paperstock people, and at night endured endless drumming and the choking motorcycle racket. CONTINUED

Hot dog injures
youthful hunter

ONAWAY, Mich. (AP) — State police reported Monday that Todd Sexton, 17, was shot in the leg — with a hot dog. As troopers explained it, Sexton and a younger brother went hunting Sunday. After the hunt, Todd's brother removed the pellets from a 12-gauge shotgun shell casing, replaced them with the weiner and shot Todd in the leg. "I understand he wasn't hurt too seriously," a trooper explained matter of factly. "But it did break the skin



If you like little traffic.

Pedal to Mmme. Dunbar's
The Plain's Finest French, American & South of The Border Specialties; Skrada Kaka \$2.50 portion--Chili Hearts 99¢ a bowl. Big HAMBURGERS with Orders



Party putting nails in driveway on 11th St. is known - If not stopped, will prosecute

! WARNING!
To the one or ones who plowed circles in my wheat field with their vehicle last Weekend. Possible death if repeated. I have guns and 5 tough sons. Farmer Wunty, Outerditch Rd. Box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044





30,000,000 Dogs

I'd rather have a child with me,
Than any kind of dog,
To walk with me and talk to me,
In rain or sun or fog.

And anything a dog would eat
Would feed a hog or hen;
So our potential friends could have
Some eggs and bacon, then.

The bark and smell and filth of dogs,
Destructive dogs, and mean
And rabid dogs and vicious dogs,
Are everywhere now seen.

While medicine and books and tools
And fuel, foods, and clothes
Are lacking for allies we need,
When nations come to blows.

With twenty million cats around,
And thirty million dogs,
We now ask help from men who eat
Grasshoppers, rats and frogs.

-- H. E. Hostetter
"True Stories in Rhyme"
Holton, Kansas

Dear Editor Moon,

I'm writing to share a timely bit of information with all your local readers. However, readers or not, there is a noise heard (usually evenings and night) north of 16th Street and east of Tennessee extending how far I do not know, but at least one-half mile. It is a soft but distinct beep-beep-beep. Some (of unmentionable affiliations) prefer to refer to refer to refer to it as a 3-part whistle. In any case, each beep of about one second is separated by silence of about 1/2 second.

What I am proud to tell you is that this famous noise has no point-source. Using university acoustic equipment I've discovered that the noise emanates evenly from the Air Itself. It has become apparent znop to me and my shadow. That the atmosphere above Lawrence is pungy. And is trying to communicate with mankind.

David Price
945 Connecticut

[Heb., = name, or the name of God].

HUMPHREY CRUSHED

Dignified, gray-haired Mrs. Geneva Humphrey was charged Friday with chasing her husband with an automobile, cornering him in a blind alley and crushing him death atop a garbage pile in front of a cellar door. She was held on a murder charge.

VILE LANGUAGE ON RADIO

This is a new one. A man from Skyview Drive complained to police that a white man living on Bay Street had used vile and obscene language over his citizen's band radio. The man from Skyview Drive told police the man had used vile and threatening language over the citizen band radio against him. Another man also told police that he heard the language over his TV set at home. The complainant said the man asked for him by his call name and when he answered the man called him pig, narc and then the obscene phrases. He said the man also threatens to shoot him when he sees him.

Condom, a very old French town, in the Dept. of Gers, founded 721 A.D.; pop. 4,700.

It is a little known fact that Louisiana's troubled governor, was watching TV the night Oneba began to grab the waves boomed out by the great TV stations to the North and changed things enough to send the governor to state mental hospital. Two hundred shock treatments later, private psychiatrists say, "We failed." A coroner's hearing ruled he was suffering from paranoia schizophrenia, drugged on noxage, cursing, claiming the godhead, and resisting his way off to State.

Bridge

Death is the bone that barks in the dog's dream.
He is the only story teller who can put pines to sleep.
Someday he'll be fit for a sideshow.
Death thinks he can gain his satori
riding a feather a feather across an oriole's song.

William Harrold
Milwaukee

"Yes she's a remarkable case, Dr. Froebisher. But is she newsworthy. Can she sing and dance? 'Dus she eber. Vatch this, Boobie.'" Obviously I'd rubbed against Dr.'s keen interest. Nurse Fits was at his arm, gawking at her own reflection in his wingtips. R.M. was at my arm. He had already donned his terribly chic, black vinyl processing apron with the Moon logo over the pencil pocket: Oneba sings--You dance. The apron for us at the Moon is the robe, the cross and Lloyd C. Douglas of our needs. No one processes without an apron, and of course the first heady feel of it against the flesh spun R.M., grunting and weaving against his better judgment, on a direct line with Nurse Fits. We hastily reminded him that she was not news, "you cannot make her news for your own sick desires," but it was too late. He had processed her into a Ford Granada and she had no choice but to tool up and down the hospital corridor, leaving rubber. Dr. said, "Vunnerful, vunnerful, vat kind milage you got," but Miss Fits was already down in obstetrics with her Bobby Vinton cassette turned up full blast. There we were, the greatest bunch of little journalists you'd ever want to meet and we were being made sport of by a piddily feature story. We love all news, so don't get me wrong, but it takes a heavy toll. Poor R.M. was all crazy inside now the news had got away and it was terrible to watch him scratching up the patient's flowers by putting them in the crotch of his arm then walking into walls. Dr. meanwhile, who had been a shepard last year but had been processed by Cosmo over Christmas, and how wrote a steady stream of dating do's and don't's, began to pace the small disposable room, which was in the exact shape and size of Ms. Yoko Ono's highly publicized and liberated cavity. We had to read about it in Nat'l Geographics and McCalls but it seemed smaller than we imagined. It was ridiculously cramped and slanted hopelessly sideways and the Dr. gingerly watched his step at each painstakingly treacherous angle lest he be thrown against the barking Helen Gurly Brown look-a-like vibrators--Brad and Tad--that darted here and there across the strewn pages of Dr.'s latest article: "What if My Waterpick Only Has a High School Diploma? Can We Compare Signs After the Second Date?" This was deep stuff and helped to detract from the funny institutional smell of the place. I felt naked here but I didn't want to leave. I should have known Dr. was giving us the treatment, but it wasn't entirely comfortable and I let Dr. do things to me, as a journalist, which I would not have consented to otherwise.

by Russell (to be con'd).

If government officials would all take a few big doses of laxative instead of talking about them, they might not be as full of what they are full of.

Teacher: Now what little boy can tell me what a pyramid is? Sammy Slummer--Why dat's de shape de pool balls is set up in fur de break.

NOXOLA, by Governor Acorn. Surely nothing can come of a vacuum of ideas welded to an unpleasant style. This combination shackles Noxola, floating it forever in the lower soup of literature. In the end, this book is quick to read but weak. Namby pamby fiction and sullen dialogue show that the Governor should probably stick to governing, kick the fairy's out of the statehouse, and put a gag on himself, at least as he appears in print. Required reading again, though, so read it, and be ready for the state examination next March. Sample: "It was that day that beclouded day sooted with too much earthly grief. I was on the rolling Zephyr of anxiety all that afternoon. Then, suddenly, during a drunken sleep I had the first revelation, and it was this, that the Noxage is a substance resembling peat moss, that life could be generated from this material, a low and crude form of vegetable life, occasionally seen as a mass with rudimental intelligence, something invariably oysterlike, smelling of prussic acid, and a tiny finchlike beak protruding grotesquely from its cold, amorphous body."

It was exactly this talk that made people say Acorn was begging for incarceration. Acorn claims he writes his books knowing they will cause a sensation as many wonder whether the writing is the man's life. "The truth is I make everything up out of my head. I think every reader has the right to judge the book, as everyone is just as smart as the fellow who wrote the book, in this case me. I'd like everyone in the state to please read my book. I want every person to pass the March exam and for there to not even be an April exam.

NOXOLA stinks. At 1 dollar a page for a paper product of inferior quality, you couldn't even wrap fish in it. It's only positive feature is the fact that you can have it come to your door for free if you can't get out. For short review sheet of NOXOLA, write your local paper, B. 591. This item is a must now.

GRYLLIDAE TAKEOVER UNCERTAIN

(Douglas Quadrant 13,17) For several weeks now Sector 71, 211 (principally Subsectors 45, 68 and 46, 67) of Douglas Quadrant 13, 17 has been subjected to infestations of insectoids that are believed to be biological in origin. Since bio-originated forms have not been sighted in this Quadrant for more than four decades, the matter is one of some alarm. The mood of the populus is ambiguous but tense, ambiguously tense, tensely ambiguous, perhaps even neurally hysterical or hysterically near. CONTINUED



Negative Spring Does New Tricks

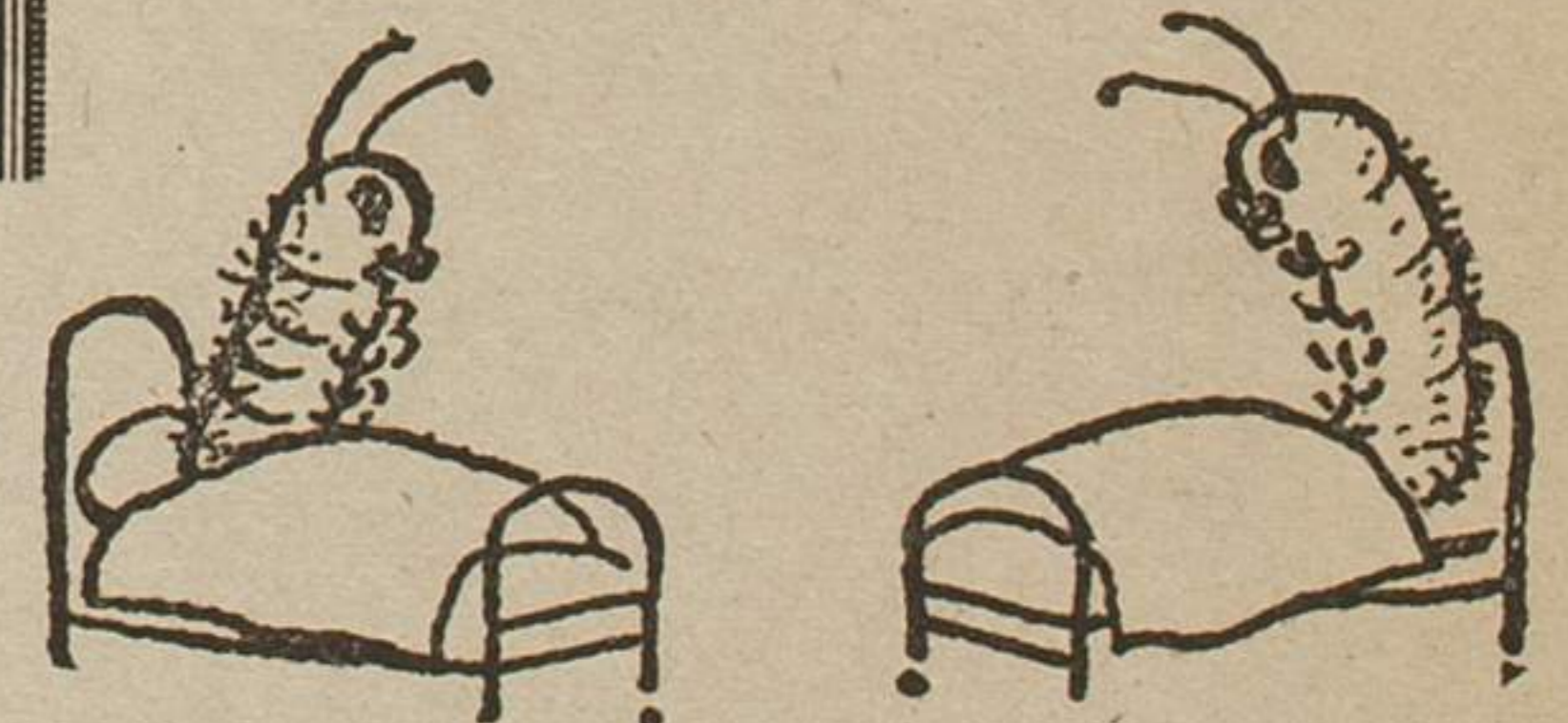
sports car enthusiasts.

FROG SKIN A FREIGHT PUZZLE

A most unusual question in classifying frog skins as freight was lately asked of the freight agents of several railroads in Louisiana by their rural agents. The question is whether a frog skin shall be classed with wild animal hides, bird skins, fish or in a class by itself, for which double rates will be charged. Dealers have had the skins shipped under each of these headings, but so large has become the industry of sending them east for manufacture into covers for pocketbooks that more uniformity is demanded.

ORIENTAL TEST OF DEATH

A Chinese physician tells us one test of death is to fill the prostate man's mouth and nose with red paint. If he blows it out, he's still alive, if he doesn't, he's dead. You can call the coroner.



In the Worm Hospital

Things go on pretty much as usual at the worm hospital. The patients chatter ceaselessly, calling out to one another from bed to bed. These are the things that make them joy: they trade some pathetic article of their bedside toilet for the other fellow's pillowcase and they make sport of their drone nurses. This is what they fear: to feel the doctor's calloused hands on their soft bellies.

What Came Of the Waltz by Hogan

They danced each dance, Verl perpetually cutting in, Estelle haughty and coltish at first, then stumbling dizzy under his spell, Verl "mad bunny" Williams, the sword of St. Louis. Now Verl says he'll hang around town. Estelle's father won't let her out of the house, still she pines for her lovely mad bunny. She has slipped his pictorial photo under the frame of her dressing mirror and she laps milk from a saucer laid on the tabletop, her eyes fixed on the photo of Bunny's face, trancelike. This is the only food she'll take. Meanwhile, Verl lurks in an alley off Massachusetts street. He drinks from a winebottle and fumbles with himself. He tells his friends not to fear him, to come closer, to gather round. Eventually his slick city talk takes effect and they all huddle together for warmth. They'd like to break sticks and make fire, but can't. Without fire only Verl will survive, warmed by his hot love for Estrallita.

Rubber Carp: the latest spinoff of the popular new Noxage. They stick by suction on coffee tables, walls, dashboards. Take them along on picnics in Municipal park, set them loose in the lagoon. They swim 10 circles and then return to you. Children can handle them easily. These models not eaten. \$2.99 lb. Chicago Pet Parlor, Chicago, Ill. Bx. 240.

Pillow Hearts: living latex semi life material, heartshape, the size of heart ranging from that of small nutria to that of a killing swine. These beauties made cheapest in America. Guaranteed against disturbing flutters and electric stroke damage.

Palm Cafe NO FREE BEER This Friday Night GOOD FRIDAY THUR