

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.

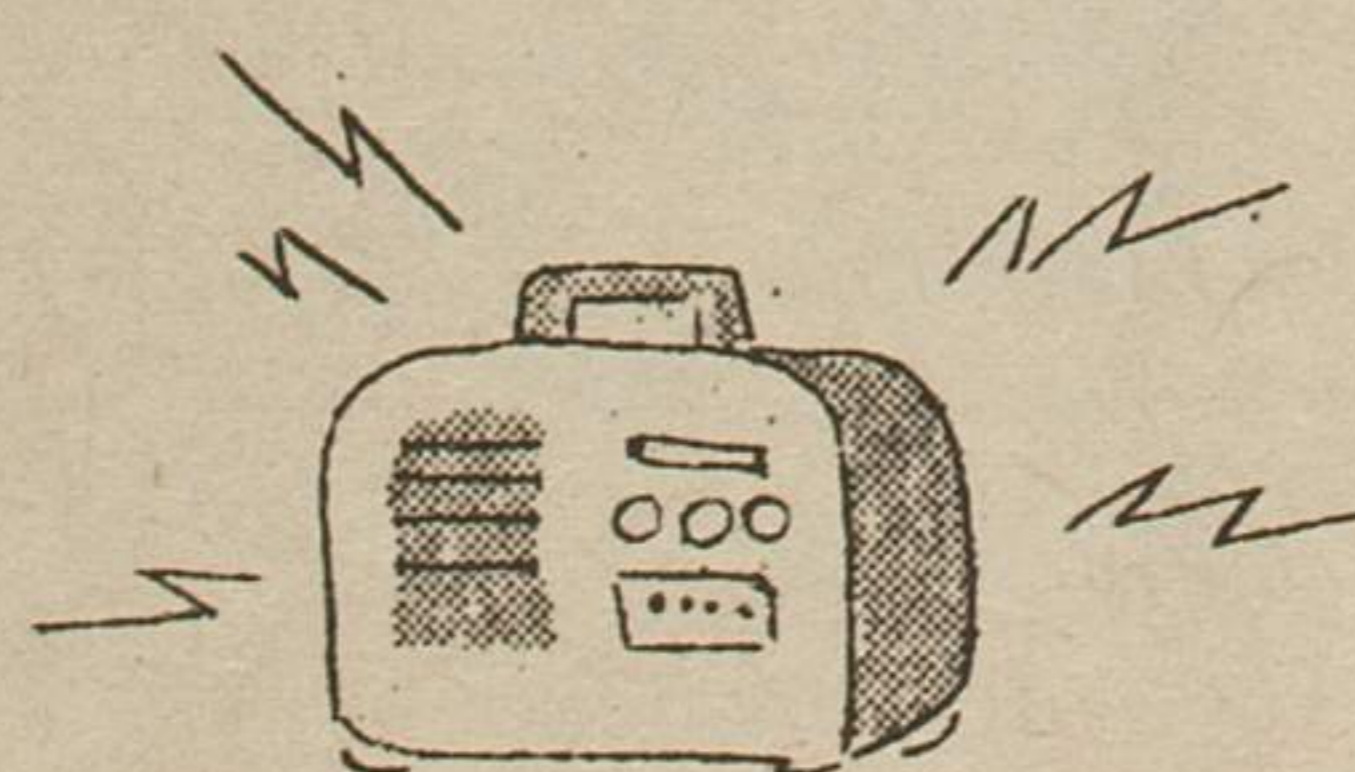
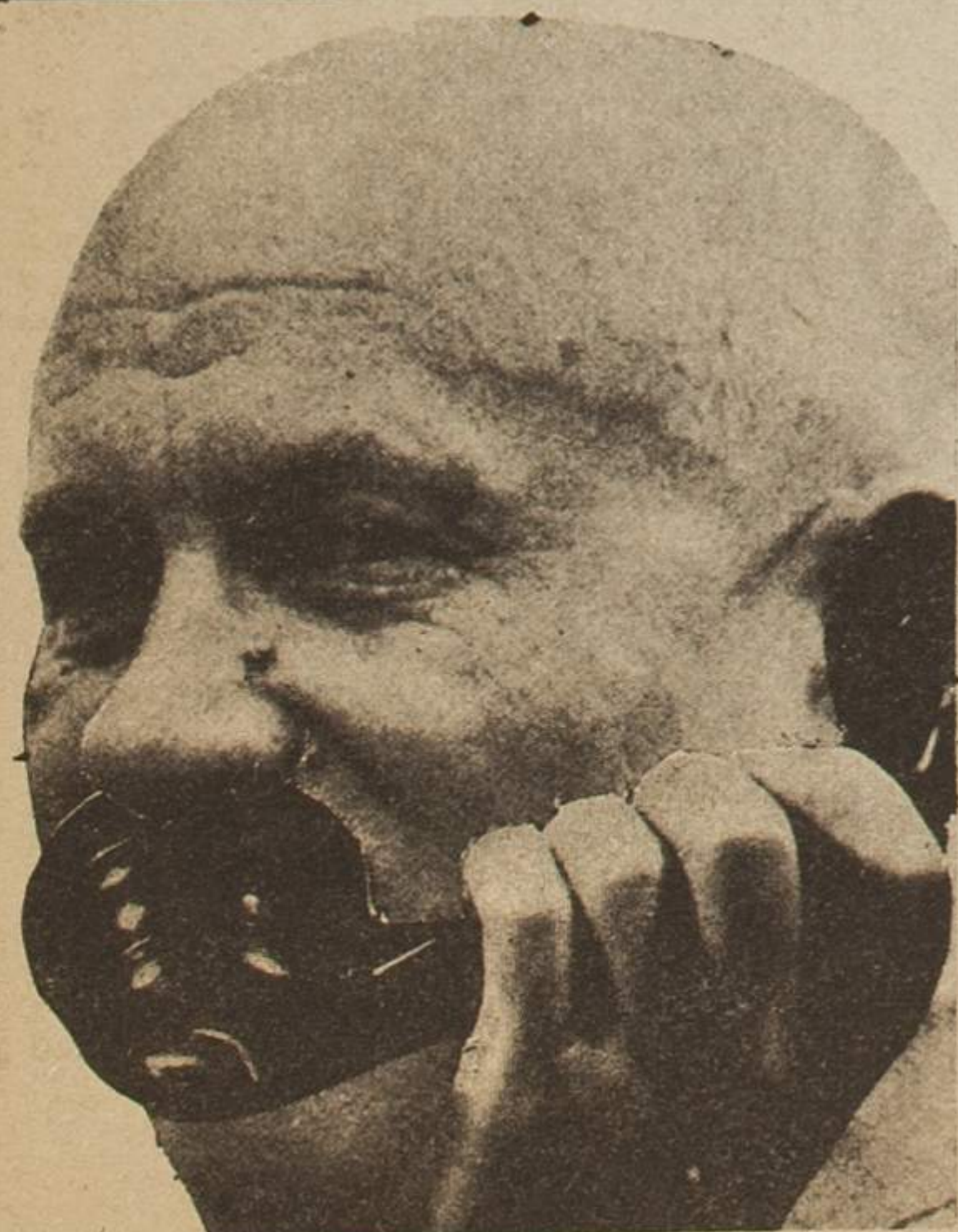
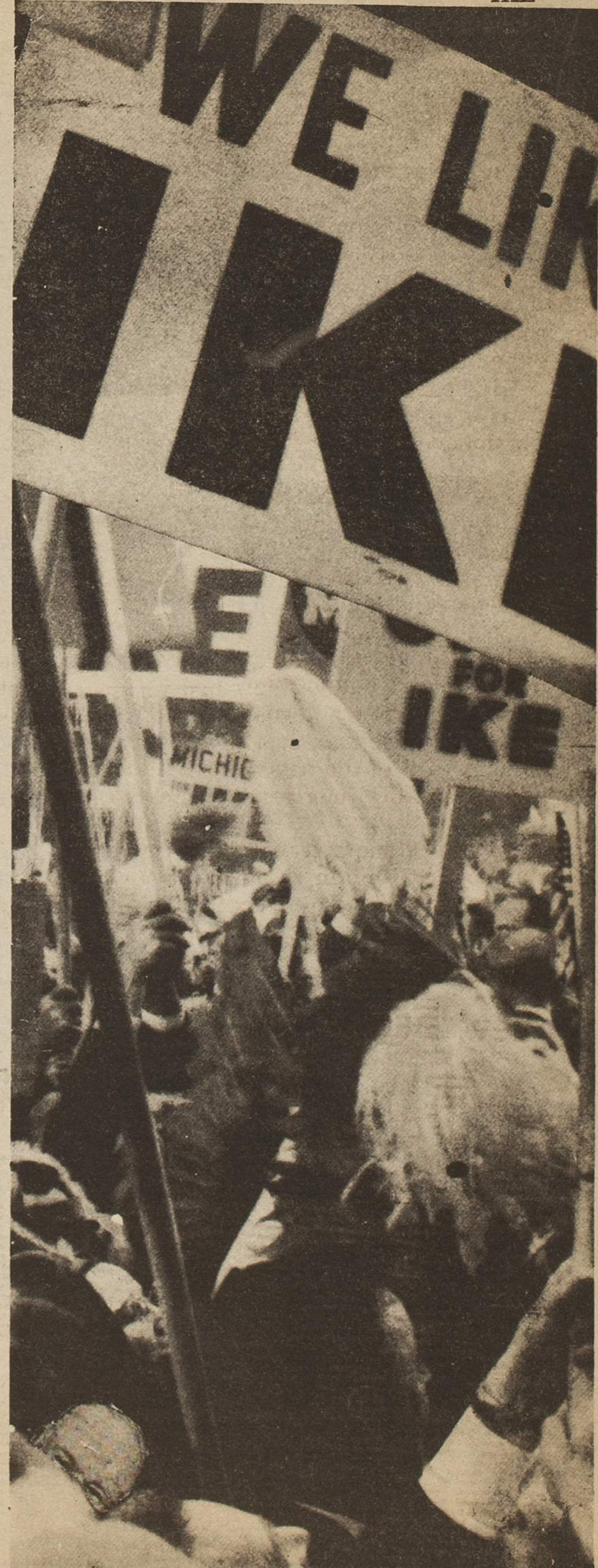
INDIAN RED BOY EAT

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



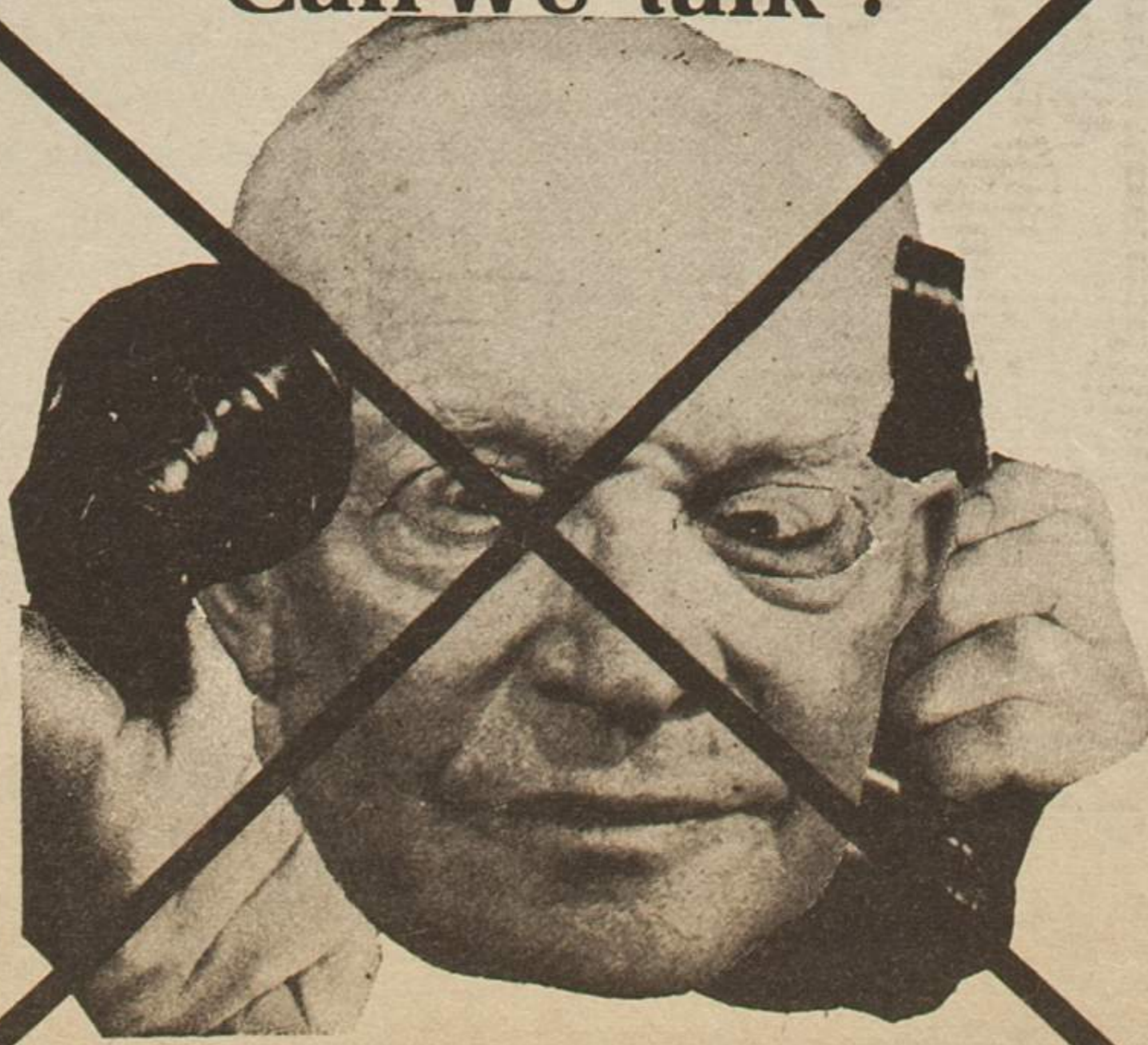
Mayor Clark traces the old historic Trench route in pursuit of whitecaps, who are intransigent. Soon he will enter D.C. ---IKE---



IKE WILL BE CALLING YOU SOON. BE PREPARED.



Can we talk ?



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