



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 puny. 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

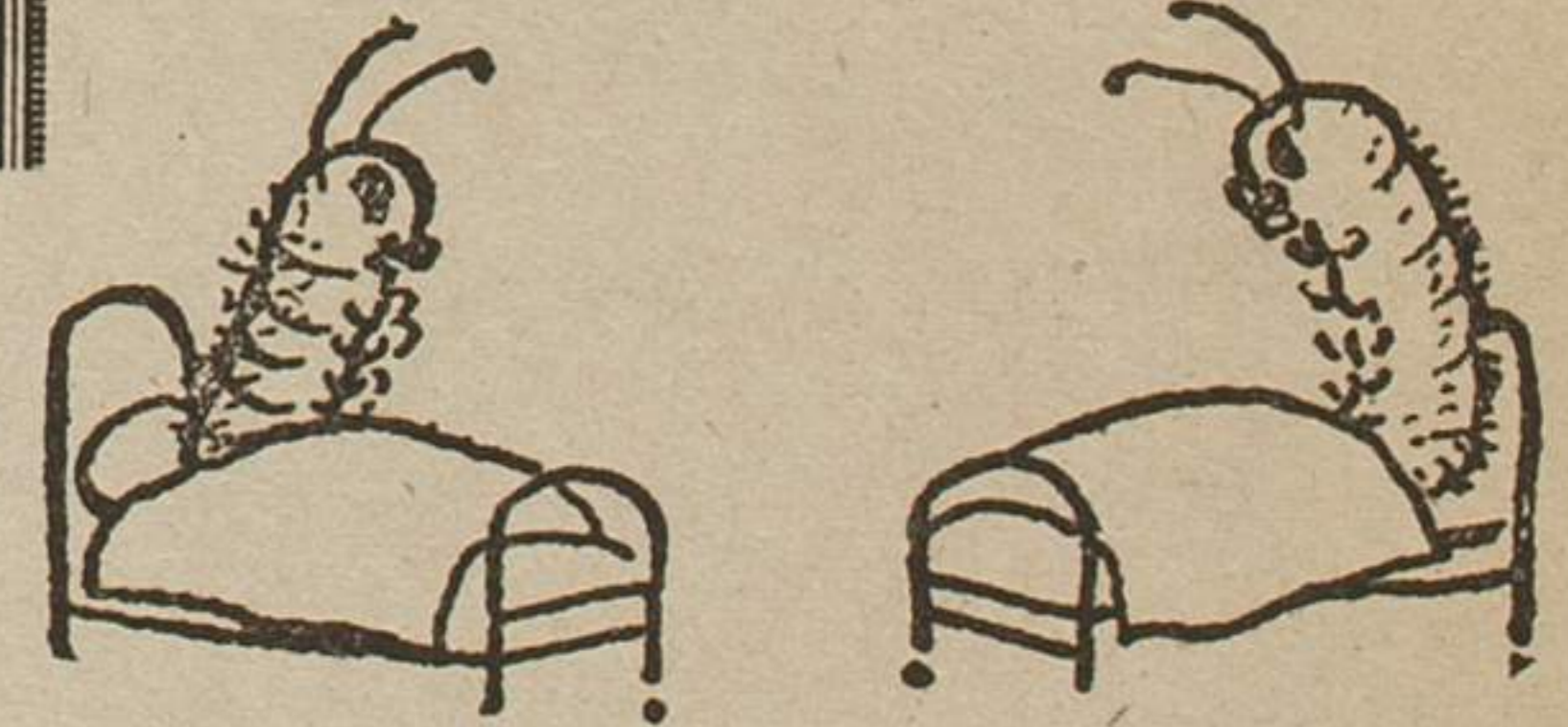
sports car enthusiasts.

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