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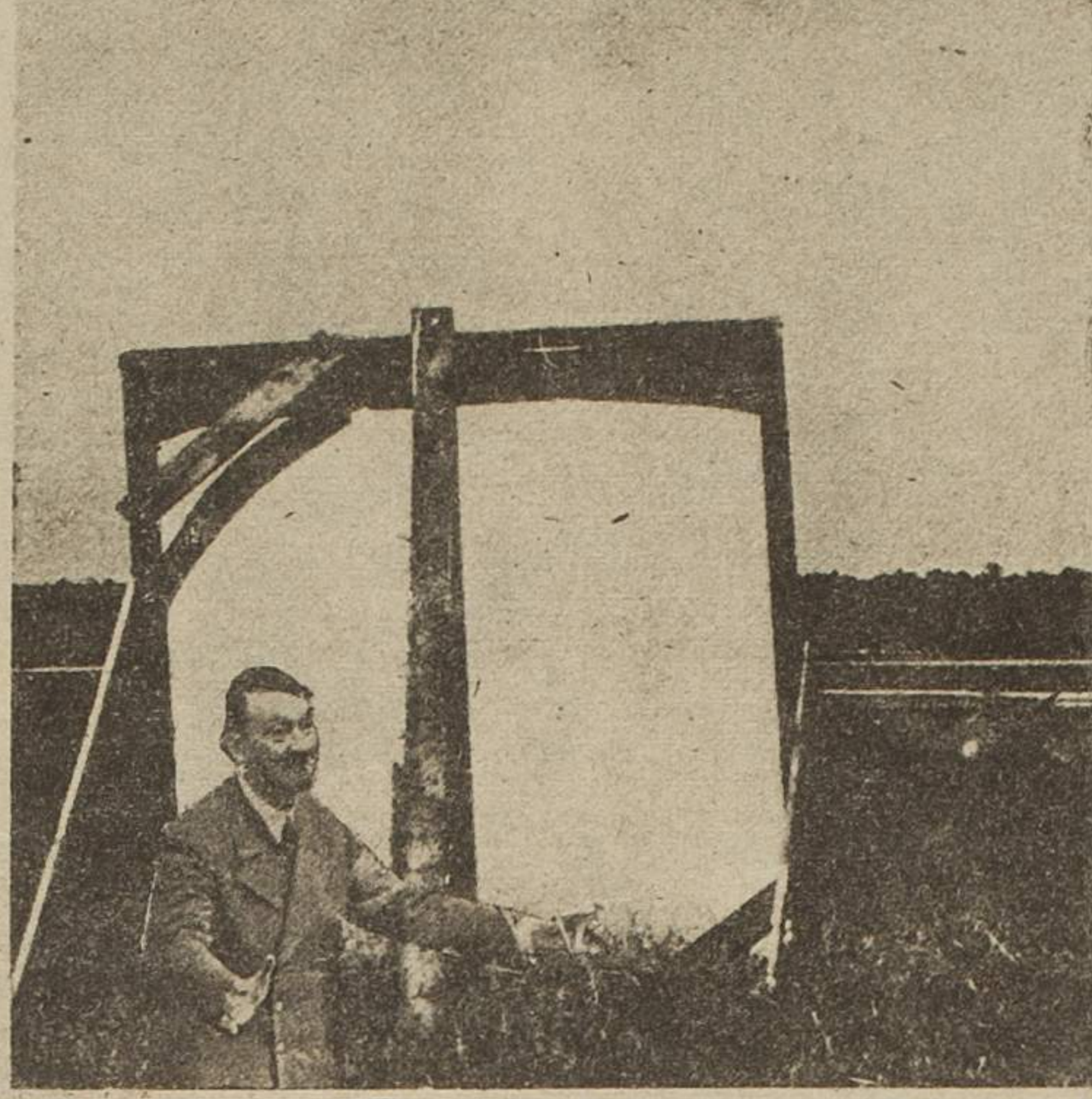
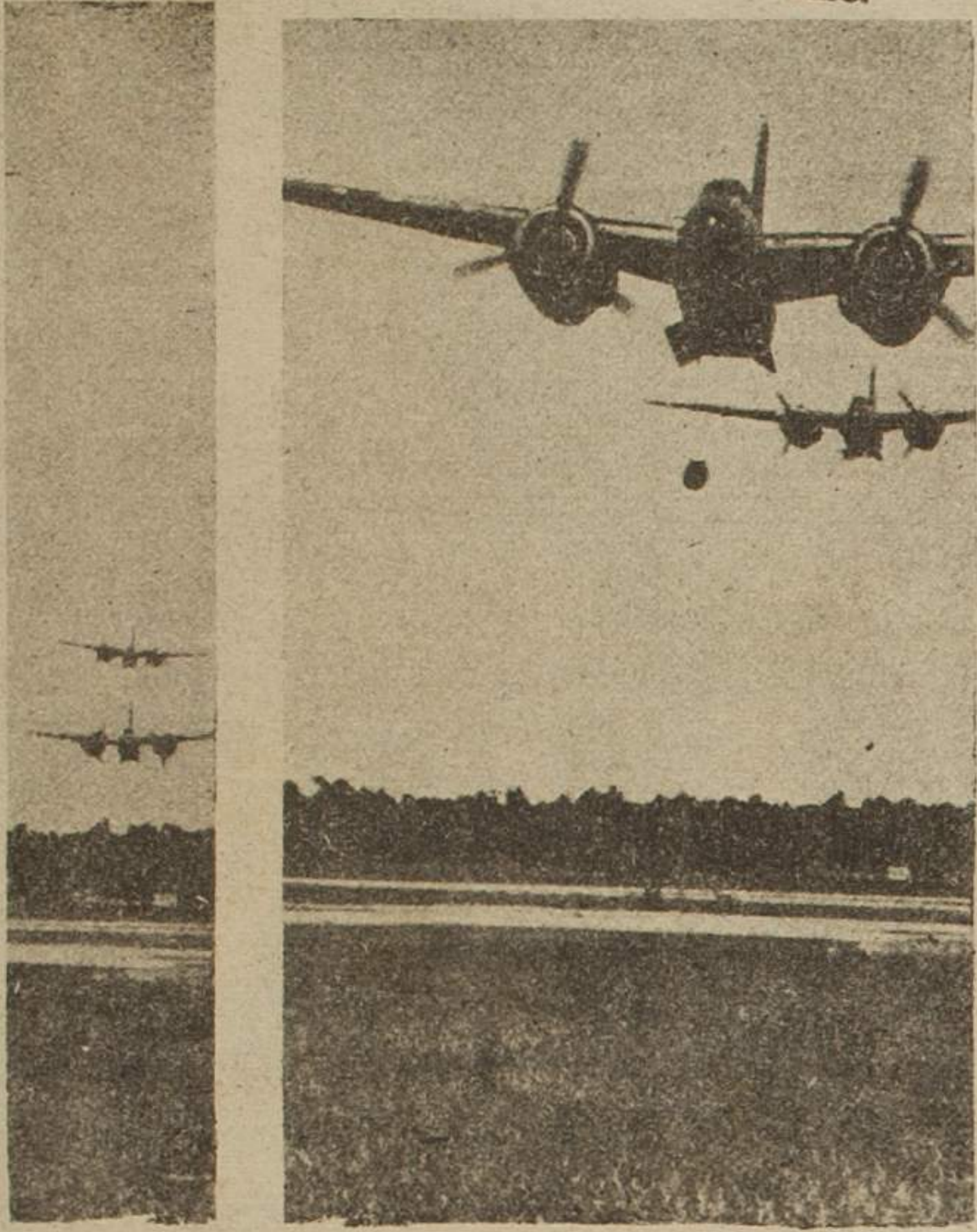
AS A PATRIOTIC SERVICE

# 25¢ CITY MOON

Lawrence

in 1967 and 68 I published UFO reports under the name Pioneers Institute; as a result I have been subjected to drugs in food and water, to gases in the air, and to sabotage of motor vehicles-- my brakes have gone out on hills, wheels have come loose, the steering pin has dropped out while going 40 mph ... I live in isolation. But not alone; I have found footprints in whitewash or fresh concrete where no person could have access; have heard sounds in my room at night, like the plop of little doors closing, the hiss of escaping gas, banging in the stove. Once when I had just started a fire in the stove the draft reversed sending flames 4 inches out into the room. Among the drugs used, I think, were arsenic, heroin and LSD-- causing intense bellyaches, diarrhea, and a shakiness (withdrawal of heroin).

CALL THE DEADMAN FREE  
Dead Animal Removal  
SOUTHWEST RENDERING CO.



Admit Cruel Kill

# 17 ATTACK HITLER

Drowns In Grease

The last act of the Hitler episode was his drowning in a greasebomb flash then burning. The City Moon told you this FACT. Box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044



A harmless walk in the sunshine will do no harm to most mortals--Adolph Hitler is an exception, as we saw yesterday. He fell to the sidewalk wincing as the golems danced a hornpipe on his thighs, face, neck, head, trunk, feet.

The trouble with these golems is they bungle the job, maiming where they mean to murder, hacking instead of incising, generally diddling things badly. When they saw Adolph they said, We know that man, and he don't give a damn, about us blacks. So it was then, that Adolph feeling bold enough to step into a neighborhood not his own found his tormenters. He heard the gavel of the PEOPLES JUSTICES hitting an oak surface in his mind.

The diminutive murderers spun dizzily on their ball bearing toes, the golem call to violence par excellence. After the savaging they rolled off in their sidewalk bus, checking into the Holiday Inn for a white power supper. Police arrived. We say this: Round them up with bulldozers and run them towards the Grand Canyon, then scoop tons of dirt over them when they are squirming at the bottom. Pave them over with cement. Don't let them breed. Box 591

**PANDICULATE FOR HEADS**

BE WELL STRONG YOUTHFUL

HOODLET FREE

Enjoy the vigor that comes from relieving pressure on your head by 12 strokes minutes on Pandiculate. Free trial. Pandiculate is the only permanent treatment. Hundreds of testimonials and doctors use this great spinal corrective exercise. Send for FREE booklet. PANDICULATE CO., 217 Newman Stern Bldg., Cleveland, O.

They've picked off Kennedy again as he sorted through a rally for Harry S in Harlem last night, doubling him over with a raft of bullets in the gut, after a short thundershower of ACID RAIN that fell on the angry crowd, which caught the thieves of poor Kennedy's lives and tied them together and ignited them with gasoline and a box of matches to make them a flaming human yule log in the City square. Nice going Jack. Look for Roosevelt, wherever you are.

A man carrying a toy gun claimed he was trying to protect President Fodr in the Waymire Parking Ramp yesterday. He said his name was Albert W. Zero. Sad case, since the president left a week ago. The man Zero sang glory, glory hallelujah and rambled about his affection for whiskey. As he was led away he yellowed out and screamed 'It's a dopey gun, it doesn't fire anything, it fires dummy dopey bullets. The man said he pulled his play gun after a garage employee threatened the President. The Secret Service said, however, there was no indication of such a threat.

## WHY

did EDDIE STEWART, 19, of an unknown address, sneak in EDNA's bedroom on Kealty Lane and rape her, tell her he was hungry, and then commit sodomy upon her with his mouth? \*Twas 3:30 a.m.

Are you one of those who wish to go out? but cannot find a baby sitter, well look no more.

GRAND OPENING OF  
20th. CENTURY NIGHT  
CARE CENTER  
3515 LINELL BLVD.

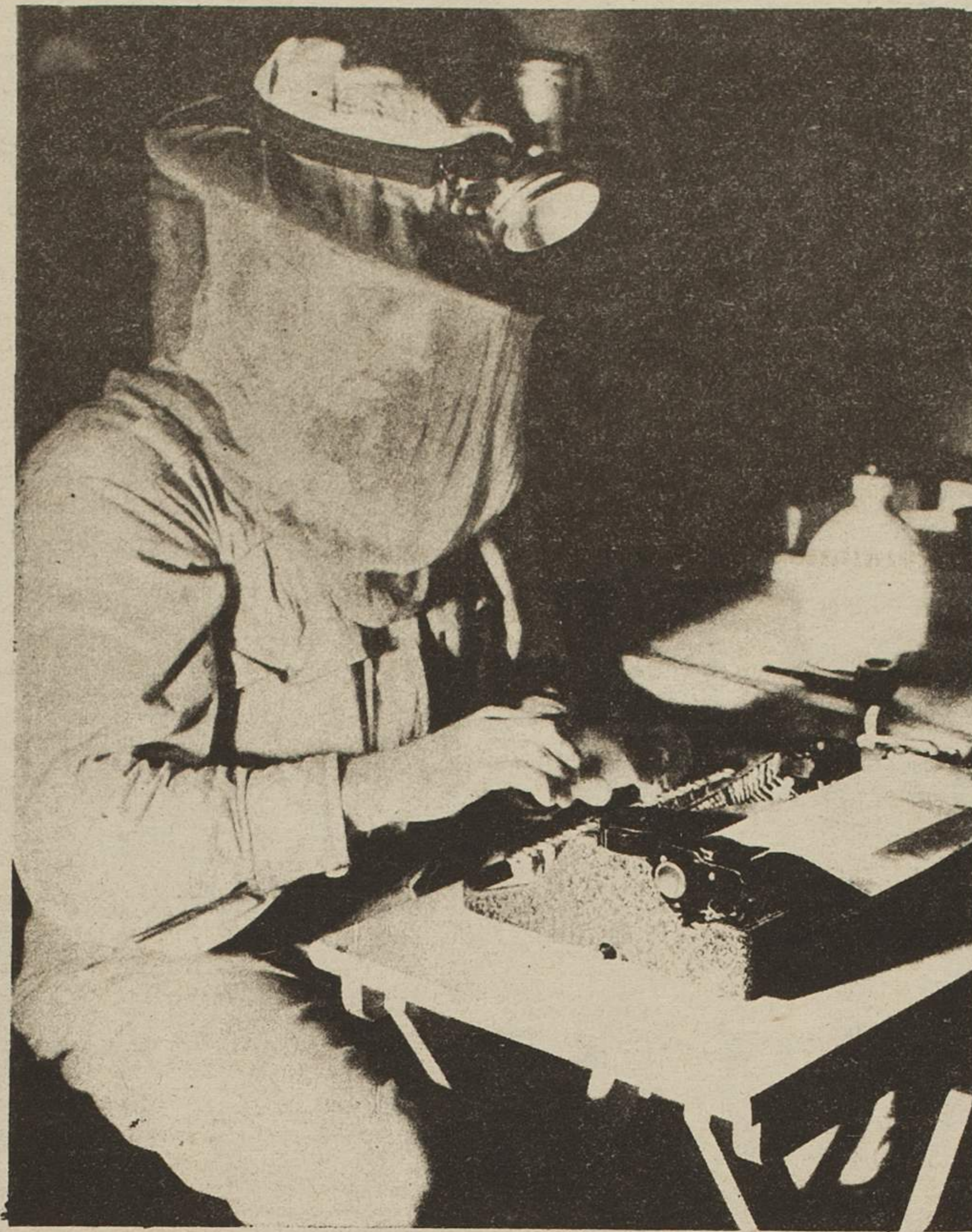
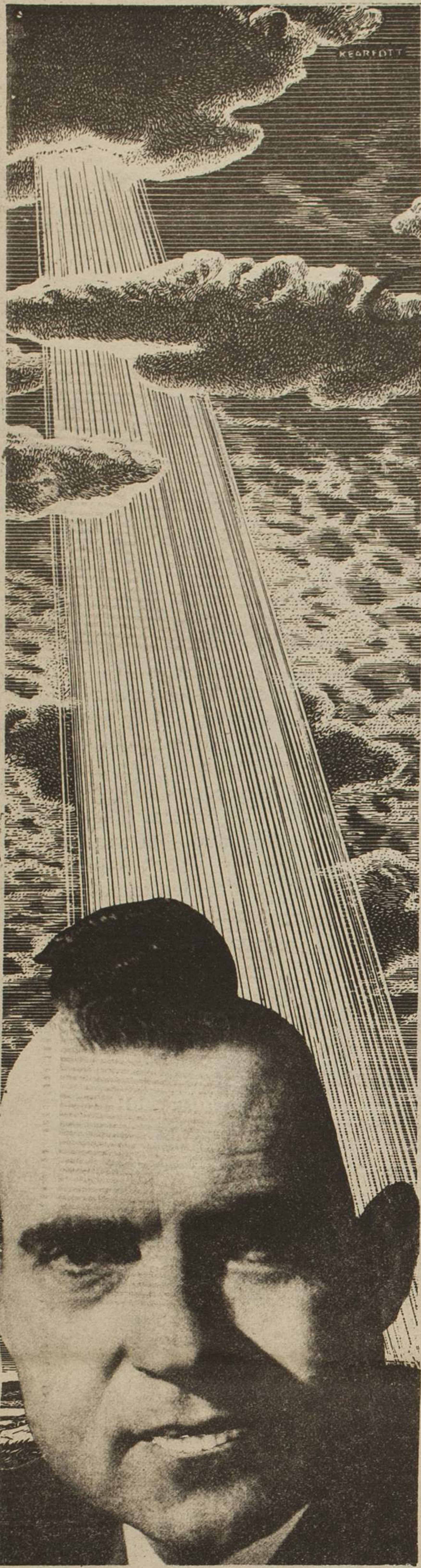


This is Harry S. I want to be your next president. Here's my platform in a nutshell: Corrupt the young, get them away from religion, get them interested in sex and the low-life. Make them hollow and superficial, destroy their ruggedness. Encourage them to read the City Moons of America, the yello vomit sheets so often blowing in our alleyways in recent years. Divide the people into hostile groups by constantly harping on pseudocontroversy and matters of slight importance. Get people's minds off the government tricksters by focusing their attention on football games and other, often staged, colossal events, including the new so called Necronauts who pop in and out of life and walk the sidewalks of our Cities. Give them sexy novels to read, plays, and other trivialities. Always preaching true democracy while seizing power and control over the treasury of events. Be ruthless, ferretlike, take the advantage. Destroy the people's faith in their natural leaders by holding the latter up to ridicule, contempt, and scorn. By encouraging government extravagance, destory its credit, produce fear of inflation, hike prices, speak of shortages. The only Art is conceptual art. The life jell is another pitiable hoax, designed to encourage false visions in the eyes of the old. Buttonhole in the halls and barbar shops. I am Harry S. I want to be your next president. The lead-goat is taking us down thistle-choaked lanes. The change is coming now. Feel it. President Cockburn, in my dream, is found dead in the rear of his Cadillac and all the the men of the secret service are at my door. Vote Harry S. Don't wait. Don't vote on impulse. Keep a crowbar around is my advice.

Editor O

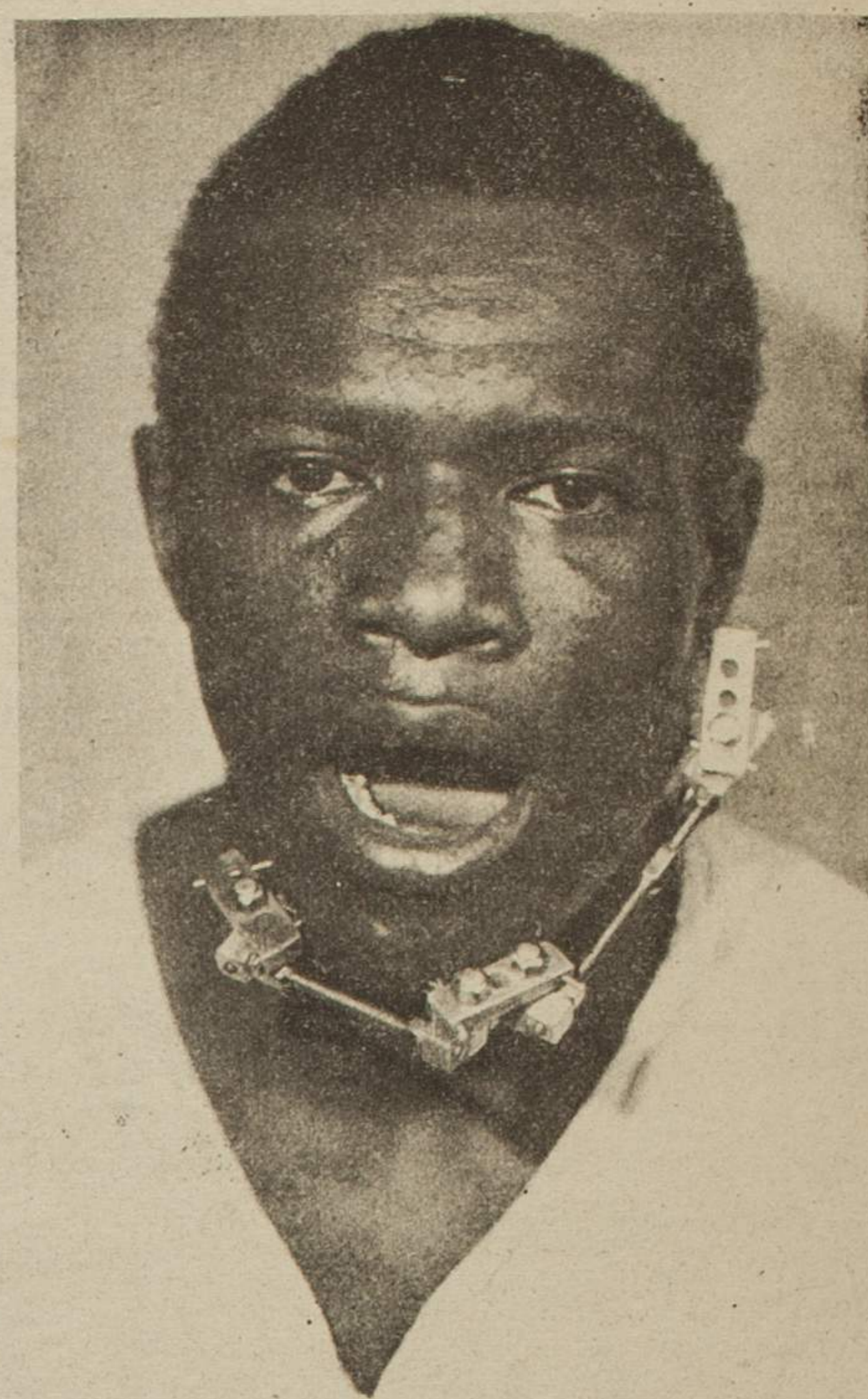
# MOON

## I was Dead



A grandfather is a man grandmother. I discovered this laying dead last year. My grandfather came to the room and I looked into his face. It shone. The roses on the bureau were dead. My grandfather carried a pan with fried liver in it. He dropped the pan.

The room smelled like roses. I call myself Oneba, the One. Things were peaceful there, but then nothing death isn't so hot. The soul hovers near the grave under the earth, it never strays far from the skeleton. Everything in the world above seems like Florida, it is cold all the time. You sigh and turn and sigh again. Rock and Roll is remembered as heavenly music. There is nothing to eat, and plenty to drink. Leave me alone, don't write B 591  
REST



### LETTER TO LESBIAN STORY READERS

Dr. D. Carlos L. Scruggs  
Box 1000  
Oxford, Wisconsin 52959

Dear Editor:  
From the warm letters I have received concerning my previous article on Lesbianism, I am tempted to write a brief history as to the Sexual Attitudes in America, its source and its course.

The first law of any land is its religious laws. Christianity (being the dominant religion in this country) adapted its moral standards from Greece by way of the Roman Catholic Church, thus the doctrine was "Sex is Sinful unless performed for propagation". With this attitude toward sex, all knowledge pertaining to it was forcefully withheld from the public. In fact it was "illegal" to publish or distribute any material on the subject. From the repression of this information, many marriages were unhappy and with the intentions of

keeping children indecent, shameful and sinful. This attitude created a serious problem.

In 1904, Psychoanalysis Sigmund Freud stated his conclusion, that the causes of neuroses and mental disorder in this country was due to sexual repression, stemming from the negative attitude toward sex.

However, it wasn't until 1918, that the legal restraint on publishing was lifted. With the intentions of freeing sexual hang-ups, the idea was "let's give sex a different meaning", from this point material on the subject soared the country from all sources, thus, sex gained the opposite meaning "lustful" which has also created a problem, for "Lust like Heroin is Addictive".

In conclusion, I will give a different outlook on sex, in my next article which I feel will aid to a better understanding.

Respectfully Yours,  
Dr. D. Carlos L. Scruggs



Carl Tennon  
Gone but not forgotten is popular fashion plate and socialite Carl Tennon who passed at the age of 58 on "Pearl Harbor Day" December 7, 71. He is sadly missed by his mother, daughter and son, and the Evening Whirl staff and friends.

Carl was brilliant in life; And he lived it without strife;

He lived a life as man should  
Doing all the nice things he could.

Girls and highballs were his pet,  
We wish that he were living yet;

He was inspiration to those who looked,  
In the field of pleasure he was solidly booked.

His family and friends.



#### HUMAN HAIR THEFT

The recent human hair thefts continue in this City. Little girls, grown women, long haired men are all potential victims of this pitiable nut. The streets are more than lousy with them these past years. This one does this: He pulls the victim down to the asphalt and applies chloroform via a sanitary napkin. This behavior has been described many times by his shaven subjects. Some say he mumbles in a barely articulate manner when he works his magic with exacto knives and manual clippers. He has not injured anyone beyond minor abrasions and superficial cuts, although an overdose of chloroform has killed one young Negro boy. Some say he mumbles his name, which they say sounds like Ozalo, perhaps Oxward or Oswald. Police are fearful of what they might find when the hair thief is finally caught and the apartment entered for searching.

Clarence Scales, an American Boy carting a barrel to carry away the flayed chunks of the enemies he savaged did become aroused when pretty little Linda Westbrook refused to do what he begged her, then demanded her, to do. She said no daddy, not this time but Scales said, yes baby, this time. Linda's father, with a mad rush, blood in his eyes and a ten-inch shank in his hand, arrived. The old man said son you don't respect womanhood yet. You've been on this earth for 30 some odd years my lovely daughter tells me. I'm going to give you some experience and make you wise. STAB! STAB !!! UNGUT!

#### Gol Self Service Restaurant

Is built on the roof of one of the most magnificent and highest buildings of Tehran, you have ever seen. Thanks to the abundant multicolor electric bulbs of Gol which represent, during the night, the best picturesque of Tehran. Its spacious fanciest halls, artistic large size statues, pictures with embossed paintings, dazzling chandeliers, style furnitures covered with specific velvet, thousands of bronze pieces covered with pure gold, ceilings made after French Goblin paintings, fitted with the greatest fire-places. Such masterpieces have unified to create grandeur and magnificence of the present century.

Thanks to the most perfect dancing arena of Gol. By hundreds of exceptional projectors and by modern Stereophonic sets which are equipped with electronic acoustic devices, have rendered it one of the most interesting and equipped Stereodancing arena of the present world.

Gol waiters, attired in 18th century costume of France, serve the guests.

Its magic pool with hundreds of fountains dance to the musical tune.

Exceptional embellishments and interior decorations, demonstrate recollections of the past centuries.

Daily changeable superior quality and delicious dishes are offered at very exceptional cheap prices.

WELCOME TO GOL.

Will yours be warm...  
or cold as steel?

Special Thanks To David O.

- |                     |                     |     |
|---------------------|---------------------|-----|
| EPSOM SALTS         | 5 Lbs.              | 17c |
| SULPHUR             | 5 Lbs.              | 24c |
| Crude Carbohic Acid | Pint                | 19c |
| KRESO DIP           | P. D. and Co. Pints | 45c |
| FLY SPRAY           | (Cattle) Gallon     | 69c |
| RAT PASTE           | 25c Size            | 19c |
| CAMPHALUM           | HEALING POWDER      | 39c |
| SLUG SHOT           | 25c Size            | 19c |
| FLY SPRAY           | Pint                | 23c |

**FREE**  
**Coffee**  
**WOOLCOCK**  
965 ST. LOU BLVD.

Every boy needs a father's touch



THE CHINESE HAS A SMOOTH FACE...THE JAP RUNS TO HAIR....LOOK AT THEIR PROFILES AND TEETH...C USUALLY HAS EVENLY SET CHOPPERS--J HAS BUCK TEETH...THE CHINESE SMILES EASILY--THE JAP USUALLY EXPECTS TO BE SHOT...AND IS VERY UNHAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING...ESPECIALLY IF HE IS AN OFFICER!



usually no larger than a coke bottle. It is flung. When it strikes a hard surface the material implodes, yielding the characteristic mushroom cloud. There is no tick from any timing mechanism. The effects on a small area are devastating. A restroom in Detroit got it yesterday, erasing another nameless person.

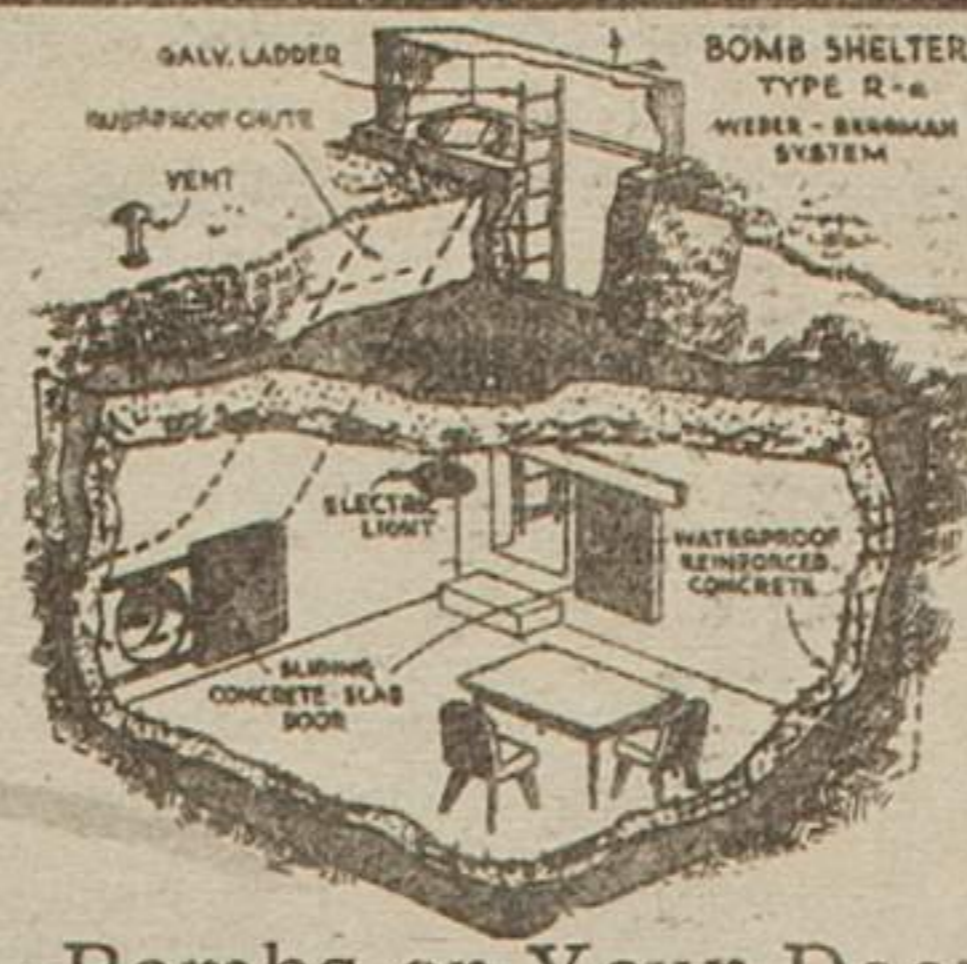
**TRAGEDY IN THE BALLROOM.**

Young Mexican of High Social Position Kills His Bride and Then Himself.

El Paso, Tex., April 16.—A tragedy shocking and mysterious was enacted in Juarez, Mexico, last night when Andres Garcia sent a bullet crashing through the head of his young and beautiful bride and then blew out his own brains. From the lights of the ballroom and with happy laughter and the music of the orchestra ringing in their ears the young couple passed into the uncertain darkness of eternity. Temporary insanity, superinduced, doubtless, by a fit of unreasonable jealousy, was probably the cause.

Andres Garcia and Miss Anita Terrazas were married in Chihuahua four months ago. Both belonged to the first families of Mexico and were popular leaders of Chihuahua society. He was manager of the Jockey Club, the swell resort of Chihuahua, owned by his father, who is a wealthy property owner. His wife was a niece of Gen. Terrazas, the multi-millionaire ex-Governor of Chihuahua, and a cousin of Enrique Creel, the most prominent banker in the Southern Republic. Garcia was 23 years old, handsome and debonair, while his bride was 19 years old, beautiful, accomplished and in love with life.

The young couple came to Juarez yesterday to visit friends and were being entertained by them when the tragedy was enacted. Both the young people were educated in the United States and had many friends here.



**A-Bombs on Your Doorstep**

We hate to say it, but we think when things have come to the point where a man can order a small nuclear bomb and get it through the mail, peace is dead forever.

The heart of the suitcase bomb is fissionable plutonium. Its size is small--

**IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE GOOD**

In the days when all men were good they were given miraculous power. Lions, mountains, whales and forests, and birds, rocks, clouds and seas moved quietly from place to place, just as men ordered them. But the human race at last lost its miraculous power through the laziness of a certain man. He was a Bulgarian woodman, and one morning he went to a forest in the Balkan Mountains and cut firewood.

"Now march off home," he said.

The great bundle of wood at once got up and began to walk, and the woodman tramped on behind it. So far, so good. But the woodman was a very lazy man.

"Now, why shouldn't I ride instead of

tramping along the dusty road?" he said to himself. And he jumped up on the bundle of wood as it was walking in front of him, and sat down on top of it. But the bundle of wood refused to go. The woodman got angry and began to strike it fiercely with his ax. But all in vain. The wood still refused to go.

Suddenly the heavens opened and a terrible voice cried out: "Man! You have been lazy and wicked, and instead of being carried by your bundle of wood you shall carry it yourself on your shoulders."

And from that time the human race lost its power.

**ALCOHOL, THE ENEMY OF LIFE**



The terrible curse of drink—Robert Martineau's picture The Last Days in the Old Home.

Rampaging mothers was something we never forsook in our wildest dreams and wham! mothers ganged up and drove wildly in Weston last night. They shot three women they called hussies. When they caught seven gunmen bouncing out of a bank on 14th and Weston, they shoved a lot of cold steel up their noses and shot them all down. Then they went downtown for more thrills. They hiked their dresses down there and pulled out guns and shot windows, fireplugs, pavement, everything but gas tanks. They said they were ordinary mothers and were fed up and decided to get revenge

**MOTHERS EYE 4 GIRLS, SLAY 3, BEAT AND SHOOT 7 GUNMEN**

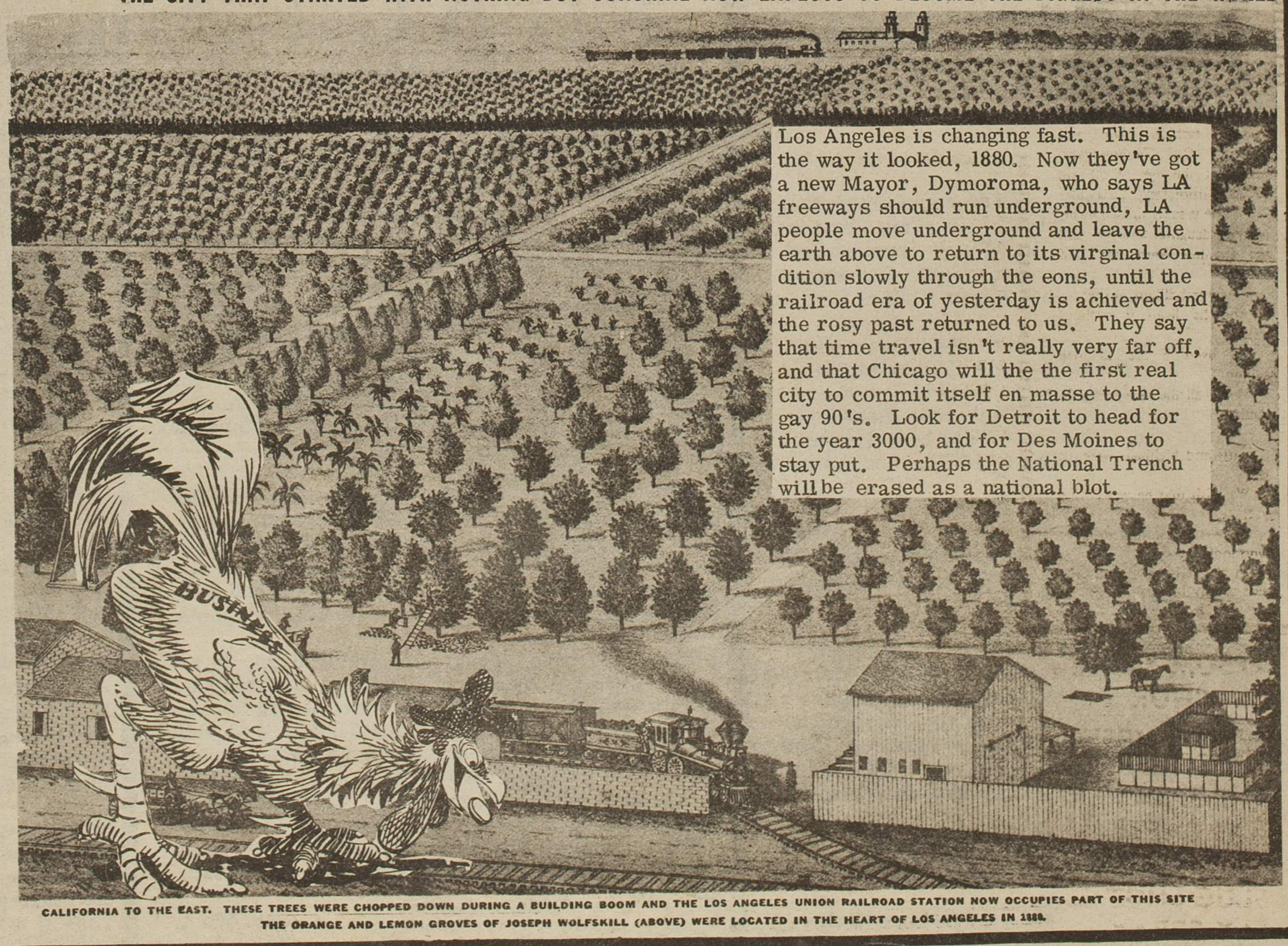
**NOXIN'S DICTUMS**

- Stay away from an angry fiddlemouse.
- Leave ongoing processes to work themselves out.
- Mind your manners, mind your nose, and keep your business clean.
- Write your mother monthly if alive.
- Don't give your hard-earned dollar to these fly-by-night charities.
- Don't drive west when the sun shines.
- Eat plenty of the new soy products and the ABC meats so popular.
- Go off by yourself twice a year to gain perspective on friends.
- No pig meat or birds of the air under any circumstances.
- Don't bait a golem.
- Take a rest every few minutes.
- Spray your victory garden with a #3 hose.
- Don't keep a stinky catbox in your kitchen where food is prepared.
- Don't have any truck with white bread, white sugar, and white people.
- Knowledge isn't like a movie or cartoon--you can't run it backwards.
- Never bury your mother in the yard.
- Drop a chili heart in a cup of hot bouillon for a bracing Mexican tea.
- Hold your humanity over the stove and cauterize it.
- Never toast your fecal bread.
- Don't blow your snozzle outdoors on a cold day.
- Leave hopscotch alone and never pay cash for parsley.
- Don't tease your dog.
- What does approval mean if you live in a vacuum?
- Never boil an olive.
- Dead godgirls mean more fertilizer.
- Never buy a painted turtle or a baby alligator.
- It seems like it never rains but it pours, like the National Drizzle.
- O/M

**LOS ANGELES IS THE DAMNEDEST PLACE...**

- ★ Homicide ★ Drugs
- ★ Robbery ★ Assault
- ★ Burglary ★ Rape

THE CITY THAT STARTED WITH NOTHING BUT SUNSHINE NOW EXPECTS TO BECOME THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD



Los Angeles is changing fast. This is the way it looked, 1880. Now they've got a new Mayor, Dymoroma, who says LA freeways should run underground, LA people move underground and leave the earth above to return to its virginal condition slowly through the eons, until the railroad era of yesterday is achieved and the rosy past returned to us. They say that time travel isn't really very far off, and that Chicago will be the first real city to commit itself en masse to the gay 90's. Look for Detroit to head for the year 3000, and for Des Moines to stay put. Perhaps the National Trench will be erased as a national blot.



from Another World!

"GO YE" MISSION'S TOP SPINNING EVANGELIST JIM SCHREIBER

It is almost unbelievable what he can do with a top. A top will spin in front of him, behind him, over his head, in his hand, on a string and anywhere else the master-spinner directs. While the top spins it tells or sings challenges of the Christian life and walk to those who are fascinated by this unusual demonstration.

After Mr. Schreiber had earned his B.S. at Wheaton College and while studying at Moody Bible Institute, he became aware of the fact that God could use his top-spinning talent if it was dedicated to Him. One day near the school, he came upon a small boy spinning a top. Remembering his childhood top-spinning, he offered to show the youth some helpful tricks. The boy put his top and grimy string into Mr. Schreiber's hand and

then watched wide-eyed as the top spun faster and faster and faster as it was spanked and coaxed to stay up in the air. A crowd gathered, and someone remarked, "You didn't tell us about this talent, Jim. Why can't you use it in the Lord's service?"

"Well, why not?" Jim thought. He began developing a series of object lessons which God's Spirit has used and blessed down through the years.

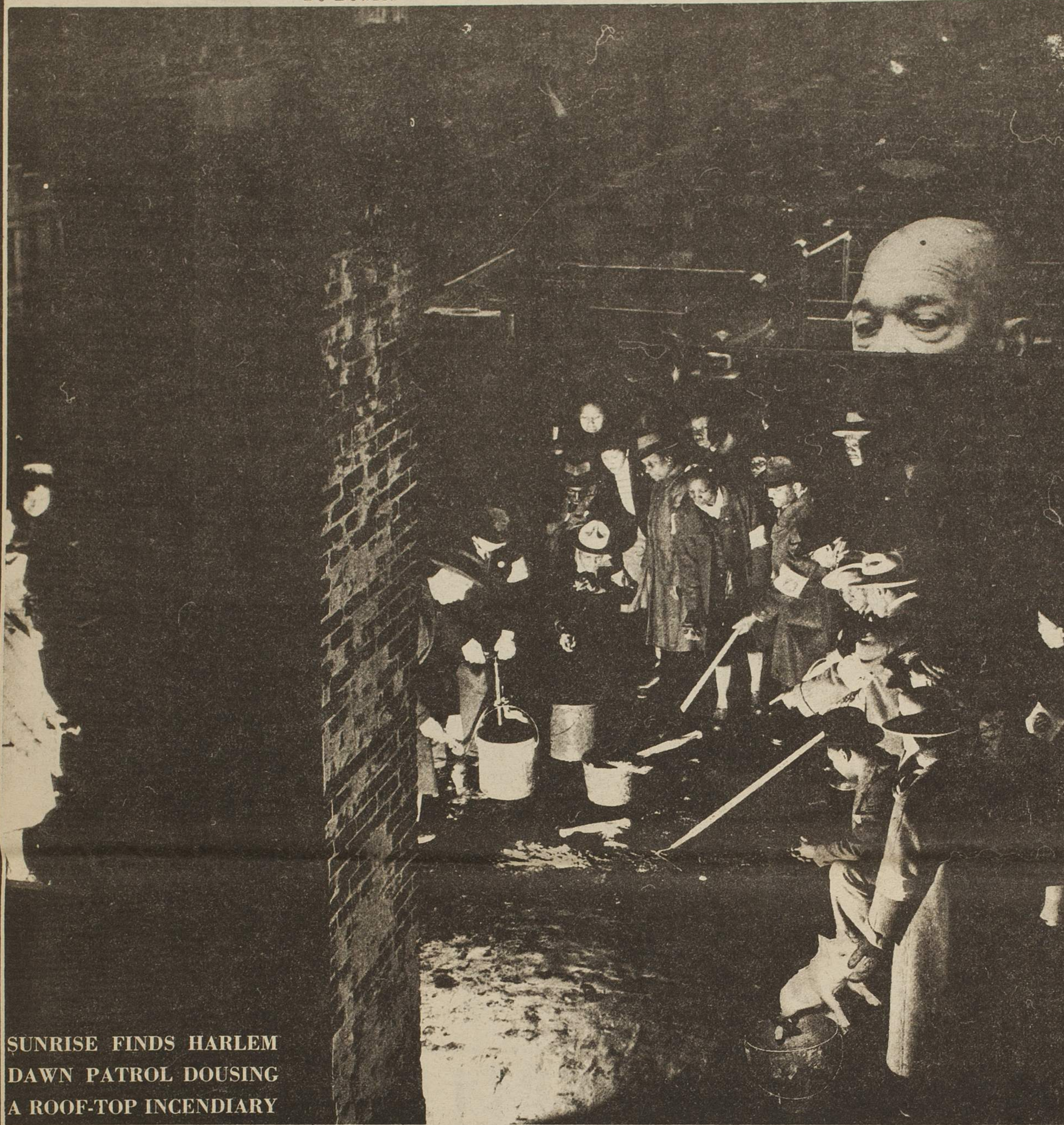
Today Mr. Schreiber can preach by the hour with tops flying in all directions. Although he is sometimes referred to as the TOP-MAN, he is quick to reply, "The TOP MAN is Jesus Christ. I'm just a little guy in love with Him and His work."

PLACE: United Chapel Church-six miles north and one west  
 TIMES: Sept. 28-11 a.m. & 7:30 p.m.  
 Sept. 29-7:30 p.m.

EACH WHINING THING

When striped snakes shall creep upon us  
 And the nervous screams of birds  
 Make silent all the fountains and the orchards and when these  
 Have caught upon the wing each wing  
 That flutters from the sky  
 Then shall I and then shall I  
 Rip out the smiles from garden walks  
 Transform the minnows into hawks  
 Tarantulas and bees  
 Then shall I and then shall I  
 Unmake each whining thing

---1929  
 P. Bowles



SUNRISE FINDS HARLEM  
 DAWN PATROL DOUSING  
 A ROOF-TOP INCENDIARY

D-Parties at Wuntex

The pot parties of the 50's have evolved into their present form, the D-parties of the 70's. Look for them at Wuntex University of the South and Technical Arts. The only thing is, we wish they'd stop spiking the D with Estell-B, which brings us down badly. About the eighth day you begin to wonder what the party is all about, but you know it is some party. That's the beauty of these new drugs--they function like a memory dump.

Dear Moon:

We wish to apologize for absenting ourselves at the recent half-time at the Kukla-Collins game. At noon conference with the Chancellor, Dykes, communication broke down and we were not permitted to demonstrate the New Vegetable Life Matter Fluff at the game.

Needless to say, we regret the Chancellor's blind side. People have the bright light of illumination shine in their eyes then, like racoons will on the roadside, turn hypnotized into the light, then shake their heads and hurry on. This has always been the way with homo sapiens, and so we feel little rancor towards it.

But that does not diminish our resolve, which continues undiminished, however unrequited, like love. We intend now to redouble our efforts, to make it perfectly clear, that we will persevere.

Are you interested in helping us? If so, be at the new Bob's Place this Sunday at 8:30. Join us for breakfast consisting of eggs (ranch-style), hash brown, white bread toast and margarine plus coffee, all made from the new Vegetable Life Matter in front of your eyes. After breakfast we go out on the sidewalk and generate a harmless dog, from the same material.

Yours in the future,

Art and Jim

The Scientists and Salesmen of Pensivex

EDITORIAL

What is this new pedal car craze all about. It reminds us of the old days when men and women had some dignity in what they drove but no. As the world turns madder and more sour every passing second we at the lower farm recommend a stop to this demented slap in Wormbrand's face. We have surrounded the lower farm with pain process agents plus a security force and we have the comfort of seeing their campfires aglow as we hack and hew this paper together by the dim flow of kerosene lamps and old flash pots. We will tolerate no further entry to these grounds at all. Only last week the late house agent uncovered a device from the enemy planted in the pissoir. Impeach the Cox - Sacker. O.

PRESIDENT?



OH, JOY!

And now America has the first occidental animal president in the White House. He is tall and owl-like, with brown spots, an overall shapelessness, and a grinding beak inside a radular mouth. His laundered shirts are no sooner doffed than soiled. His skin sores are always messing up the presidential linens, and his so called face sticks to the pillow. The Lincoln room carpets have been fouled repeatedly by his incontinent droppings. His limousine is like a hog's trough. Inside sources have seen him eating live crabs in the White House alley by the garbage cans in full daylight. Sometimes you'll find him sleeping in the back seats of public busses, snoring like a buzz-saw and attracting all manner of flies. He wings his way to Memphis and engages in sordid reverie, frequenting the brothels there and sodomizing the citizenry in more ways than one, and they are helpless to complain, because he is the commander-in-chief. However, the way we look at it, all things considered, he's the very best we've ever had. He is too busy grovelling and messing himself to think about war. His major accomplishment in the legislature has been the zoo reform bills pending. In many ways, he is gentle like a dog. He did not embarrass us in front of the world when he ate a goat's leg in the Senate. All ambassadors have been caged and given straw.

Born near Little Rock, the animal president lay useless as a stone for many years, an outrage to those who claimed that no animal could descend from the loins of a woman. He was not an animal in the ordinary way. His body was never fitted for so much as a day of work, he hated the sun, he humped about at night in his room, and his poor parent's found their lawn littered in the morning with all manner and species of trash, some of it abusive in nature. They received hate calls on the phone, vicious attacks by nameless parties. And so one day, when a moving van arrived to take their progeny from them, they did not raise a whisper against it, though they knew no more why the van came than why their son had come in the first place.

Though he is a carnivore, the animal president has a fondness for pastry. Hot donuts are served to him each morning, when the laborious process of changing the sheets begins again.

Though he is an animal, he is the only president we have, and so should receive our respect and attention. We say Hail to the Chief, his easy going ways are attractive and new. May those who doubt some day wake up with cotton in their mouths--and may those who lie, die. O-M

SCENE VI

It is our fault we love only the skull of Beauty  
 Without knowing who she was, of what she died.  
 We have the thief's guilt, but not his booty,  
 The liar's spasm without ever having lied.  
 The sick locust scrapes his injured song,  
 His thorax only partially destroyed.  
 Retching is prohibited. It's wrong.  
 The murderer feels no hate he can avoid.

Now flies bite worst where the skin is broken.  
 Illness triumphs. Lesions. Soon tumors sprout.  
 The bloated plants quiver, the seeds will be shaken.  
 "Your head's bashed in, darling. Look out."

--1940  
 P. Bowles

NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO THERE YOU ARE

I should find a clothing for this face  
 some pellicle more dense than th  
 this tainted carnival of canvas tented over bone  
 too easily pierced by any gazing Other--  
 a change of color, something to conceal the blood  
 an ochereous, perhaps an iron hue.  
 My teeth already spell Muskogee  
 conciliating all the train conductors  
 A smiling public countenance I'll cultivate  
 lit at the gap with gleams of dental deceit.

In later years beneath a mat of tangled beard  
 he was given upon examination to declaim,  
 Literature is alright my friend but still requi -i -ires  
 the counterpoint of your experience--  
 Then he would smile.

Pound

TRACTS

DOPE IN AMERICA

Debbie Reynolds is dead. Why? Because she swallowed Draino in a public bathroom. Why did she do that? Because she was high on the new and ultrapower dope called Sominella 43. This drug is new and affects everybody--but in a different way in each case. It might make you think you're at a d-party and it might make you think you're ruptured, you might be in Sach's and you might be in Woolworth. No matter what, you can't abuse it, or it will turn on you like a Doberman after you've nurtured in peacefully for a number of years. It'll come at you with a bleeding hunk of your subconscious and a bone to pick, so temper yourself when you use it. Estsell B Sominella 43 is its official name. It was approved by the new I-formation Cabinet of the animal president.

Another drug, LSD, was discovered by Dr. Paul Hagarth at the University of Basil in 1943. City volunteers drank it in small paper cups mixed with a cherry flavored-liquid, were placed in small cells, and endured convulsions lasting up to 6 hours and had terrible hallucinations, like so many of today's hippies.

Coffee, honey cola, lemon juice are all dope. In some ways all things are dope, and the dopes hooked on alcohol are the worst of all. They are the vomity bar-room killing type that haunt the jailhouses of America and hardly worth being here. Wake up America. Get off the dope for the BICENTENNIAL. The pioneers did not have dopes and hung in fine, let's fling the dope out the door like it was excrement. Let's live a little. Amnesty for Nixon, let's forgive everybody America, no one is guilty. Debbie Reynold is dead. And nobody is guilty.

Gov. Wunty  
 North Kansas

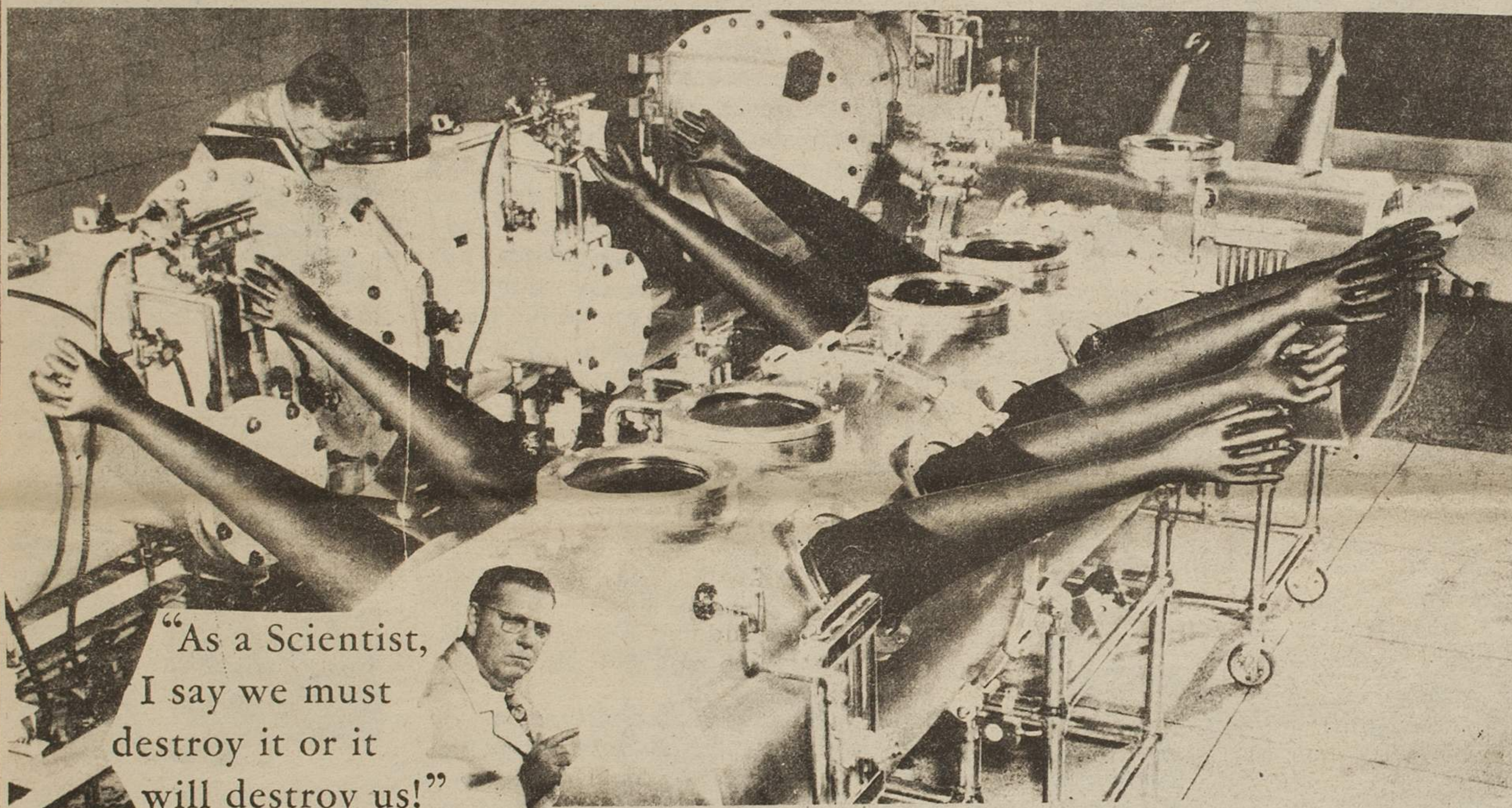


**WHAT WILL THE ATROCITIES OF TOMORROW BE LIKE?** by Pound

Now at last in my own voice I am free to speak to you. My time before entering the Ineffable is held in a vice of brevity, I will speak true. I am the Enlightened Oneba, the One—I am Uno, I am Ultimo. Draw close now. I will speak of the secret mortification of the grave, familiar to me now ad nauseum across shoddy millenia of generation. I have known the penetration of the funeral acids into the bone, the metallic pangs of lunar chill in the pelvic marrow, I have been meat and drink to maggots and a house of whoring to the necrophile. I have been washed out and washed up in the putrified ebb and flow of the swamp of Being. I

have seen Judas and at last I can speak. Life in your great countries on this globule of cosmic bacon fat you call terra firma is a process of multiplying corruption only reversed in time by the relative purification of rot. So we are born endlessly in order to die again but each time the refinement of mortification is less efficient, the living carry increased quantities of death within them. Now we have the halflife, the new trochilics, the necronauts; in time the quarter life, the fifthlife, the sexlife—an arithmetical spiral into sordid whirlpools of Nonbeing. Why you ask does an Enlightened One submit himself to so palpably noxious a process as this fecal swim in iniquity? Let's get it straight. One, I've had enough, this is my last testament. Dream interpretation has been

supplanted by miracle deaths. Two, I have had the vision of Judas, and there as in a mirror saw myself truly and strange with the final message I bring you now in the soon faded splendor of the Lawrence Moon. I bring you now the punctual prophecy not of a momentary dream but of the whole atrocious future. In me God made Himself totally a man, in Oneba he made himself a man to the point of infamy, a man to the point of reprobation and the abyss. To save us, he could have chosen the Animal President, he could have chosen Cockburn or Folbot, he could have chosen Governor Wunty. He chose the vilest destiny of all all He made himself Oneba. No way else could he find the certainty he found in degradation. I am Oneba.



"As a Scientist, I say we must destroy it or it will destroy us!"

**DISCOVERIES SHATTER IDEAS**

The prairie urchin (*Pratum cynomys*) lives in burrows under the high plains region of Kansas. Similar in size to its cousin, the sea urchin, this creature emerges from its burrow and gulps quantities of air. Now inflated many times their natural size, urchins allow themselves to be blown over the plains. They eat young vegetation.

Early settlers were plagued by the prairie urchins and their efforts to protect gardens and crops have resulted in near-extinction of the creature. Tumble weeds have been shot at due to their resemblance to prairie urchins. Dogs were useless for hunting urchins after once encountering the sharp spines. A shift in wind often turned hunters into the hunted. Prairie urchins have had to change their feeding habits from day to night to survive. (see photo)

Urchins may have migrated up the Mississippi River and its tributaries, finally settling in the great plains. They probably evolved from the Diadema urchin, whose rock-boring ability accounts for the completely honey-combed surface of the coral rock of the Bahama Islands and elsewhere. The Great Plains sandstone is perfect material for burrowing. Should the sunrise catch an urchin far from its burrow it may duck into a farm pond or stream, emerging from hiding at dusk.

Prairie urchins have rudimentary gills and tube feet with which they inflate themselves.

D. Hann



The brain of Heinrich Himmler was brought to the Los Angeles Surgical College late last evening, packaged in a brown grocery bag and wrapped in plastic paper.

**HARRY S.**

CLAIMS HE SUPPLIED GEN. LEE WITH MANY CHICKENS.

**UNCLE STEVE EBERHARDT.** Among the veterans attending the Confederate reunion at Houston was Uncle Steve Eberhardt, the only colored member of the Floyd County Camp at Rome, Ga. He also claims the distinction of having been a body-guard of General Lee and he told of many thrilling foraging exploits. According to Uncle Steve, his chicken raids were the main features of the war, and he leaves the impression that General Lee was served a chicken dinner every day of the four years. He had no trouble in securing and holding an audience. When the interest seemed greatest and the crowd largest he considered it the psychological moment for passing the hat. The result was usually satisfactory and brought forth much bowing and grinning. Uncle Steve wore a high silk hat decorated with Confederate flags and chicken. He gave as his reason for this that it was easier for folks to find him when they wanted to hear him talk or take his picture.



Must Live for aHappy Death, Quotes Priest; Tombstone Kills Him

By The United News. ELIZABETH, N. J., April 22.—Nine-year-old Charles Summer, walking home through a cemetery on the way from Catholic Sunday school, discussed the day's lesson with a companion. "The priest says we must live for a happy death," he said. Just then a granite headstone, poised on a high base, came loose and fell on him. His skull was fractured. He died unconscious and final unction was given him.

**JAP BALLOON IN NEVADA.** EUREKA, NEV. (AP)—A Japanese balloon, found near here in desolate central Nevada, has been turned over to military investigators. Sheriff Stanley Fine said explosives on the weapon had gone off, apparently without damage.

**CURTAIN**

PAEN

Oh the moon is Up There in the sky now, make no mistake. But if the moon dropped down, journeyed a great distance toward the earth to stop, say a mile or two above the plot you tilled to put in tomatoes, above your bluegrass park, above your putt-putt golf course lit up so grandly through the night, would it then appear proportionately larger to the human perceiver's eye? The answer to that one, my dears, we don't know. As well as, would Old Mr. Moon sing, humm, or whistle a cheery tune during his descent? What is sure about the lunar plunge is this: the oceans would rise in great tidal waves to sweep back and forth across all continents. Every few hours the seas would empty. Leaving an unobstructed view of Davy Jones' scuddy locker. Hogus

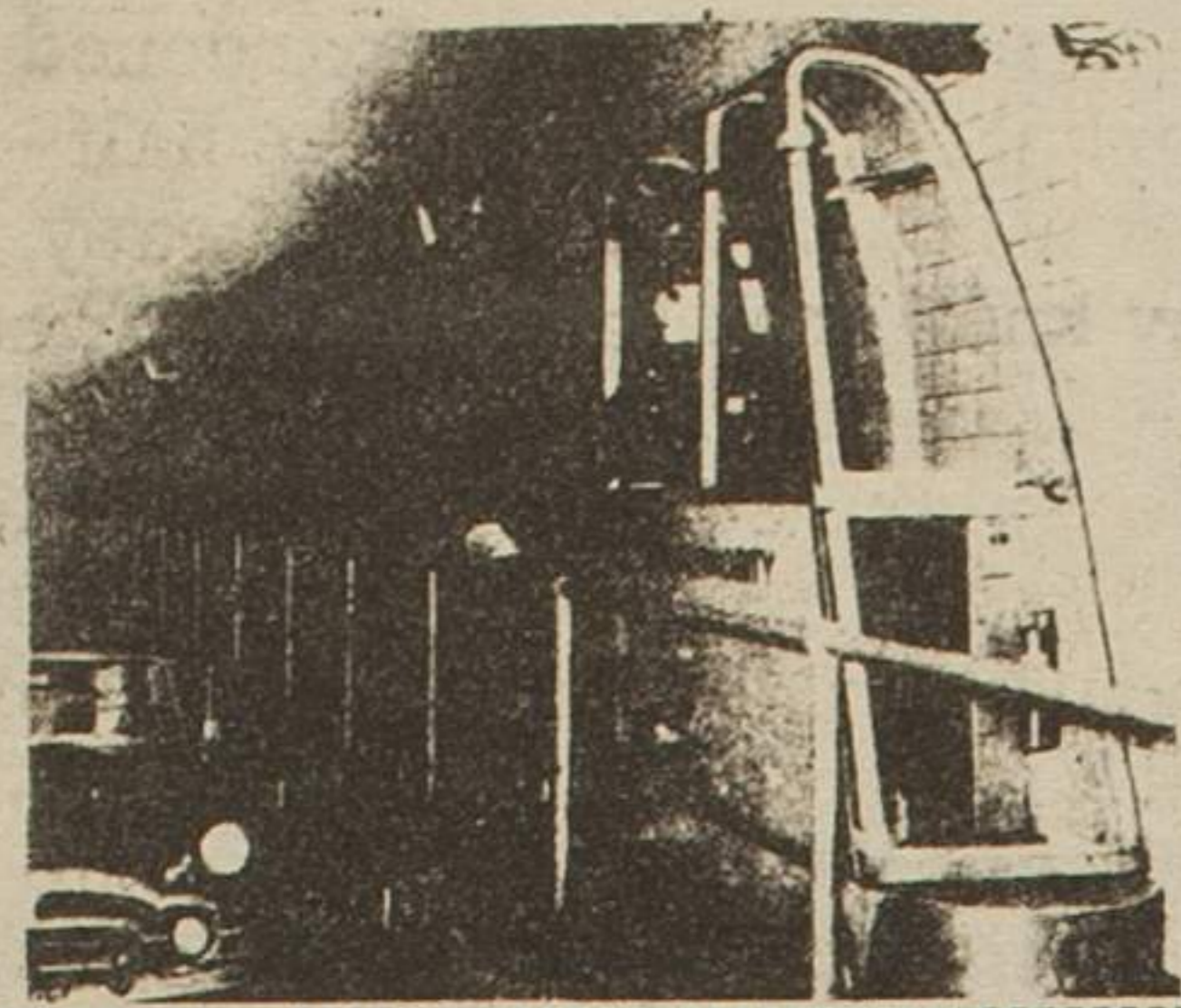
Wild talk comes fast, cheap and easy. You can't stop progres with a nonsense plea of strict emotionality. First muster the evidence, then size it up. Does everything add up. Have you presented your examples lucidly? The new baby discoveries are shattering, so begin by warming your audience up. Destroy mechanized care.

**YOU DO THINGS RIGHT: PEOPLE TAKE ADVANTAGE**

When are these hanging going to stop? We can't go out of our homes without seeing them hanging from our eaves like bats. We ride on public transit busses and see them hanging from the ceiling. Whoever says hanging is painless is dead wrong. Their faces turned bluish. Usually the dogs are snapping at their feet trying to pull their shoes off. Is all this hanging the latest craze, we ask. If we don't stop this, it won't be long before the kids are doing it. I've seen them hanging down in the basement of the YMCA building. The bad ones have been hung from oaks in Wuntex Park by the lagoon. Their clothes torn away they hung swishing there in the Southern breeze, horseflies gathering. The hangings hover over us like rain clouds. Gnats churn at their faces in the summer heat, news of the Great Fire comes on the radio, bodies wash up and begin to bang against the pilings underneath Fatty Dominic's Seafood Restaurant on the shores of the Bay St. Louis. Now there are bones hanging in the treetops, clattering like windchimes. Photos document flies caking over the bodies shortly after death, and then the arrival of insect eaters on the spot with their poisoned smoke dropping them by the thousand and eating them right away.

Those left go to the parks to sit by the lagoon on a lazy Sunday morning, swatting flies and fishing for pedal fish. They like to eat them right there in the park, spearing them through the gills with two sticks and toasting slowly until ready. Then they dip their needles in the oil they catch, roll their ankle xox down and funch up their flesh for a sharp poke. Under the drug, they seek torment. They nod, hunger sleep, bang against the wall and drop mindlessly over bannisters. The people are arming against the various outbreaks of suicide, since kamikazi tactics will doubtless result among the twisted types. It is good to see bodies fanning out from every large city on this continent, with the springing up of mania. Take the new drugs out of your house and publicly burn them. There are tortures worse than death.

# halflife



Dear Mons

Hey now, I tired you all. Done had me a full day, I hoe de peas in da garden. I comes in and writes yall a letteh. You got damn fine paper, you know dat? I heer your was teachuhs and writers mans. People sayin write yalls and tell how good yallsis. Ask yourselves where colored people are at about the moon. The answer.

It insult the black male. Our brothers are learning now, in the backstages of the ghettos, the ultimate chillness that will grate and grind against yalls minds. You are not messing with a punk. Back off or those little boys you gets to sell for you gwan to be ripped.

I say again--do not mess with the Evening Whirl at all.

I be gwan to get ahead on out in de garden wif my tractor, I gots ta foitilize putty guhd.

Louis "the Snake" Milton

## Faith Is Fatal

Calipatria, Imperial County

A young man who says he and a friend tried to walk across the water-filled Salton Sea as a test of their religious faith was in jail yesterday. The friend was missing.

Sheriff's deputies said they found two abandoned motorcycles and two sets of footprints leading into the water Sunday — but only one set coming out.

"I lost my calling when the water came up to my eyes," they quoted John William Hoven before the 21-year-old El Cajon man was booked for investigation of homicide.

Hoven said he turned back and never knew what happened to his companion in the huge lake.

Excerpts from Raghav's Confession

In 1966 I committed several murders while committing thefts, and for this the police arrested me. I did not confess, and I was released after six months. I came to Borivli in 1968. I found a bar with a big handle. I took it to Jogeshwari and got it converted into an ankda. After two or three days I went to a chawl in Jogeshwari where a master teacher used to stay. The master master was sleeping on his cot. I gave him three or four blows with the ankda on his head. He sat up. I then gave him two or three blows and he collapsed. I searched his house. In his coat pocket I found 10 paise (1¢). Later on the same night I saw a hut near a stable... on two cots there were sleeping a man and a woman with a child. I climbed from the rear of the hut and saw that the woman was feeding the child which was crying. I saw that she wore a necklace of cold, gold beads. I visited the hut on three or four nights but the woman was always awake. At last, on the fifth day, I saw her sleeping. I gave the man two or three blows with my ankda. He died instantly. Thereafter I gave the woman similar blows. She collapsed at once. The child started crying. So I gave it also two or three blows. I thought I would have intercourse with the woman, but I first broke off the chain around her neck and put it in my pocket. I ran away. I found that the chain was made of plastic beads.

A man was sleeping in a goatshed. I finished him off with the ankda and took from the shed a match box and some bidis from his shirt. I also found some cooked rice and a bottle of milk. I drank the milk and ate the rice. At a distance of half a furlong from this place a woman and two children were sleeping in a hut. I gave the woman three or four blows and she died. I also killed the children....

Again after three or four days, I went to a hut by the side of a nullah at Poisar. A man was sleeping on a charpoy. I killed him and found human hair under his pillow and Rs3.13 (40¢). I also found a knife and a matchbox, all of which I took. I heard an inner voice asking me to confess.

HALFLIFE is the ultimate in National Housing. Things begin to happen when you make the move to H.L. We feature the new self-cutting Tartan lawns, self-tending garden plots, Radaroma cook-stoves in every kitchen. There are no Nigs living the good life at Halflife. Free beer and wine delivery on weekends. No need ever to leave the flat, except to ride our underground Toll-way to your place of employment. Come, drive the brickwork backstreets with us. You'll never noticeably lose a moment of sleep, once you wiff the pristine atmosphere, and sip the thick water from our artesian wells. Come alive. Camp with us. President Cockburn is here at Halflife. No need to wonder what Khrushchev was like. At Half Life you can pump his CHUBBY HANDS

## A Girl Who Isn't Interested in Sex



SHEER HORROR



MISS AMERICA



AGING MADONNA

Here's the kind of thing you'll read in Halflife Times, "W. Prop, prison poet, made the alarming statement to a MOON reporter that a tamale man was making his hot meat rolls in the kitchen of a squalid house on the Eastside, in which members of his family are suffering the ravages of diptheria." This is a case the health commissioner might look into with profit. Subscribe to the Halflife Times. O. Dept English Austin Tx.

"The story-teller's star--is it not the moon, lord of the road, the wanderer, who moves in his stations, one after another, freeing himself from each?" Thomas Mann wrote this.

U. S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, Oct. 12, 1956

- ◆ Three white men had sat up all night in a railroad car, rifles in hand, waiting for the killer to appear. Then the men dozed off. The man-eater pushed open the sliding door of the car with his paw and entered. The door slammed shut behind him. The lion grabbed one of the men in his jaws, crashed through a window with him and disappeared into the bush.
- ◆ In Ankole, scene of the current reign of terror, the game department has organized a special force to go to the area to track down and shoot the man-eaters.
- ◆ One way of dealing with these animals is to have a marksman wait for the lion near the scene of the kill. The man-eater will often return for a second meal.
- ◆ Other methods of eliminating killer lions include the use of traps, poisoned bait, set-guns.
- ◆ For professionals only. Uganda officials say that American and other sportsmen are welcome to come to the country and join in the hunt for the man-eaters.
- ◆ But they remind all applicants, this is a

business for experienced hunters only. A lion, man-eater or not, is one of the most dangerous animals in the world. Africa is dotted with the graves of amateur lion-killers. Even experienced hunters run into trouble sometimes.

In shooting a lion, it is often a matter of killing quickly or dying quickly. The hunter who fires and misses or who only wounds his lion may not have a chance to fire one more shot.

When provoked, a lion often charges in great leaps and bounds. It can cover 20 feet in one leap, can move 40 miles an hour in a sprint.

C. R. Owen, deputy chief game warden in Uganda, says he has had letters from would-be hunters in the U. S. who said that, while they have never shot lions, they were "dead shots for squirrels" in their youth.

"We answer them politely," says Mr. Owen. "But we are looking for executioners, not for fresh supplies of meat for the lions." [END]

## Moon leave

STRANGE DEATH

In these pages we saw the Trochilics, Onebas, old Noxin, the caps, the afro-comb raking deaths in St. Louis, we've come to know about the new miracle life material, the related life pods which so often slew the Soviet Cosmonauts and other excitements and enticements. Yet all things die because of, for example, the hideous dinner of carp and the national trend to carps parties. Who can forget the life and death of Ozalo, or the good old days of the Process News spreading in thin sheets over the continents. But we ramble now, thinking of the hulking Jody, sunk in Potter, white as chalk at the bottom of the city lake, or of W Prop's Perpetual wind driven yard light glowing at dawn, just try thinking of all this at once yourself and you will see how strange this death of the once proud, powerful Moon.

At midnight last, the concatenation closed and the Hoo Hoos left, intending to enthroned the great Black Art Newspaper, so called by the National Milton Club, the City Moon of America. We glowed in the tepid glow of the idea. The enthronement was to happen next year.

Today, when we awoke, things seemed darker. Though the sun blazed at noon, the blue of the sky altered. After so much new joy in recollection, we tripped down the dirty stairs of thought and landed in a puddle of recognition.

The editors of the Moon found themselves sitting lamely in their houses when the news was shouted in a bray over the TV,

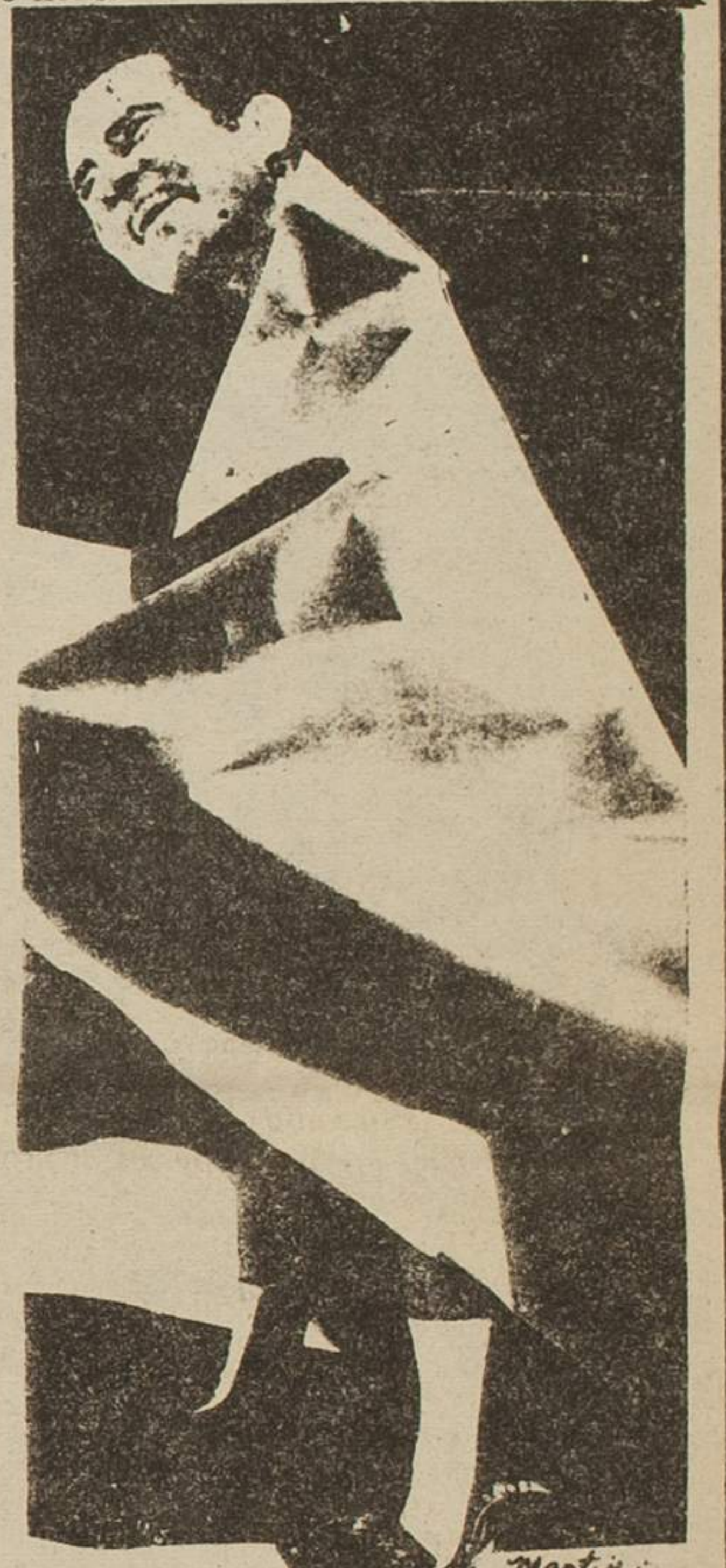
"Dr. Jack of Scurry told us he extracted 82 screw worms from the nose of a Mrs. Brenton, a white woman 80 years old. She is doing well and will recover."

Then came an oriental oil company of Dallas ad before the bombshell which followed this:

"How the imprisoned men sucked water out of coal and climbed over dead burros was told by Francisco Zannarini, 23 years old, an Italian miner. He said: "As I remember, the first I knew about a da fire, was about a 3 p. m. My partner calledda to me and asta if I smella da smok. I told him sure. We started down a de cage to see was what de matta."

The editors began to wonder if something wasn't happening. These stories seemed far from complete, mere fragments of thought, unpalatable plate for drudges.

The animal president came on the TV. What were we seeing, suddenly. What animal president. What was happening, and who was this thing inside the house with us, dragging its hulk about in a vain attempt to kill, without seeming malice, like a slow and inaccurate dart, and yet we were so paralyzed that we thought suddenly of the hideous thousand deaths of the Moons and succumbed to it



He came sauntering gingerly into our offices, wrapped and shoes untied, unlaced, with the smile fixed on the flat face, Noxin touring in America. Welcome to the City. We are ready now.

## Boo Lan



LAGOON CAFE OPENING SOON Before you walk through the front door of the Lagoon, be sure and let Mr. Founds weigh you. If he guesses wrong, you get a free BOO LAN basket. We feature Trout'n' Quail Egg Diet Mon. nights, when we open. Free Drinks. Onebas will do needle work on our stage, spin the teetotum, and generate a live dog with a painful of life-jel. Try our Wed. buffet-- Bluecorn taco blintzes.



STAMP GIRL WORKS ON FLORIDA TRAIN

### Why Have You Forgotten Professor Funk?

As you will note from this letterhead I am involved in matters of health through preventive means i.e. through nutrition primarily along with exercise, work, fresh air and sun, rest and cultural life. One of my inspirations was Casimer Funk, who discovered vitamins. As you may know he too was Polish. Just passed away a few years ago. It was through his work mainly that there is so much new knowledge to do with health as related to food, vitamins, amino acids and minerals. It would seem to me that in this age when nations are turning to nutrition and vitamin therapies along with natural methods of restoring health, your magazine would pay tribute to the works and influence of Dr. Casimer Funk, the father of vitamins, and nutritional approach to sickness and health. He was born and educated in Poland and I am sure you will find no problem in gathering a fine resume on his life, work and his discoveries in this field. I sincerely feel that in the next 10-20 years Poland will regard Casimer Funk as one of its truly great men. The age we live in will, of necessity, have to turn more and more to preventing sickness, not just dealing with it after it has progressed too far and needs hospital and medical aid. My life has been a happy one due to my early discovery of natural ways of living and taking care of my body and health. Casimer Funk has been a huge guide in this respect, showing that modern bleaching of flours, sugar (white), corn and other carbonated beverages consumed by masses of people, is "causing sickness, decaying teeth, undermining strength and health and generally, downgrading health through losses of nutrients inherent in whole, unprocessed food." Meaning that commercializing food is at the expense of needed vitamins, minerals, enzymes, etc. All needed for total health and well being.

A Reader  
from Palm Springs, Cal.  
(USA)

FROM THE EDITORS: We have not forgotten Professor Funk. He has a lasting place in Polish memory and also is the pride of Polish science.

### WHERE DO THE STONES WE SEE LYING ABOUT COME FROM?

Stones are really pieces of broken rock. By the side of the road you can see stones being made with a hammer. These are sharp, as they have been rudely broken. But rocks are broken up in many other ways. Even the life in the soil on a cliff, for instance, may gradually break up the surface of the rock. If the broken pieces rub against each other and are open to the wind and the rain, they get rounded and dull. But if we take many of these stones and break them we find inside the unchanged rock, often beautifully smooth and bright. Those we have been speaking of are made of real rock which ages ago was made under the action of great heat. There are other kinds of stones which are quite soft.

### observations from the Persian City Moon

Croaker from City Moon was sighted recently in the enclaves of the Middle East. He was ravaged with war and other disconcerting pestilence. He did not have cancer, though his left hand, scarred from years of prayer, trembled visibly when he approached watering holes. Children were seen to transmit strange vibrations and contortions when he wandered through the dirty bazaar. Old men, heavily laden with the stuff of dreams, motioned in his direction then wallowed mysteriously back into campher dins of inequity. There was no justice. Disembodied ladies of the freak religion sprang to some life.

Who is Croaker? And what does his presence in the desert mean? Why is he here and where is his lifelong friend Oneba the One? Where indeed is Oneba? Where is anything? And the Governor? Where is he?

These questions tingle our fleshvelopes and heat our imaginations in the desert of the Persian City Moon. We want answers. We want.

This is obviously thrilling. For instance, how long will Croaker remain in weirdness? Will he rejoin the wandering troops of moon children before or sometime after? Is he stalking or being stalked? And does the money that assuages his dirty conscience mean more than the filter in any crankcase? Interesting questions, yes. But never enough for the long haul, or to speak de English.

All contributions from the International Division of the City Moon and assorted tailings.

Rod of Persia

### 12000 River Gypsies are Living in the Shanty Boats

It is sport for the wealthy. They load their boats with champagne and servants, and never pay a cent of taxes while they float downstream, city to city. At each port they are spoiled with handsome pies and pastry delivered at no cost to them by businessmen anxious to step aboard their ship and make deals. And they call them shanty boats.

There is a fascination about the life which cannot be appreciated by those whose lives are daily robbed by tiresome, joyless work, and so are left with only a shred of the most compromised imagining of the situation. The houseboat dwellers are not stifled by convention or limitation of any sort, they lie nude in the sun atop their boats if they wish and pass their money ashore for anything they want, with no barriers.

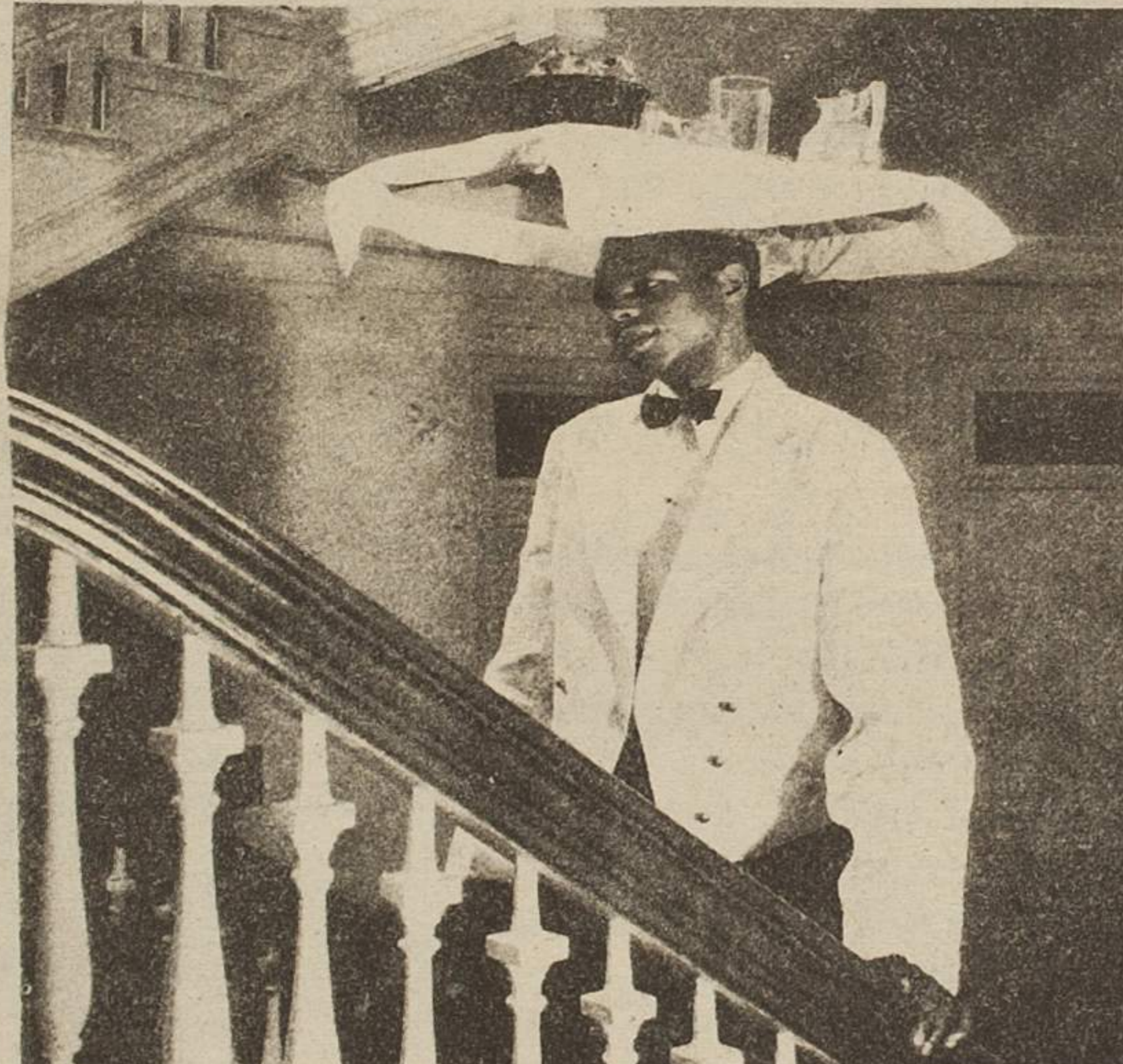
They are law unto themselves, and their lives are utterly without responsibility.

Unfortunately, among these civilized souls, may be found riff-raff. The lawless practices of these riff-raff of the river have caused them to be dreaded by shore people and the better class of shanty boatmen. Most of their time, when they are not stealing, eating, drinking or sleeping, is spent in playing cut-throat euchre, of which they are inordinately fond. Quarrels are of frequent occurrence during these games and sometimes a murder is hidden by the waters of the muddy rivers.

Why does wealth act as a vacuum cleaner to the lowest elements of our culture?

Fortunately, many of the tramps' boats are run down by steamers in the night, owing to all the crew being drunk or asleep and, no light being shown. They awake in a panic as they are towed under, their mouths open to scream but fill with quiet water. Their nightclothes catch on the sharp top of a bob sawyer, which gets its name from the bobbing and sawing motions imparted to it by the water.

Meanwhile the wealthy boat owner sits in a luxurious cabin watching the T.V., attended to by a servant who can carry a tray on his head (attached photo).



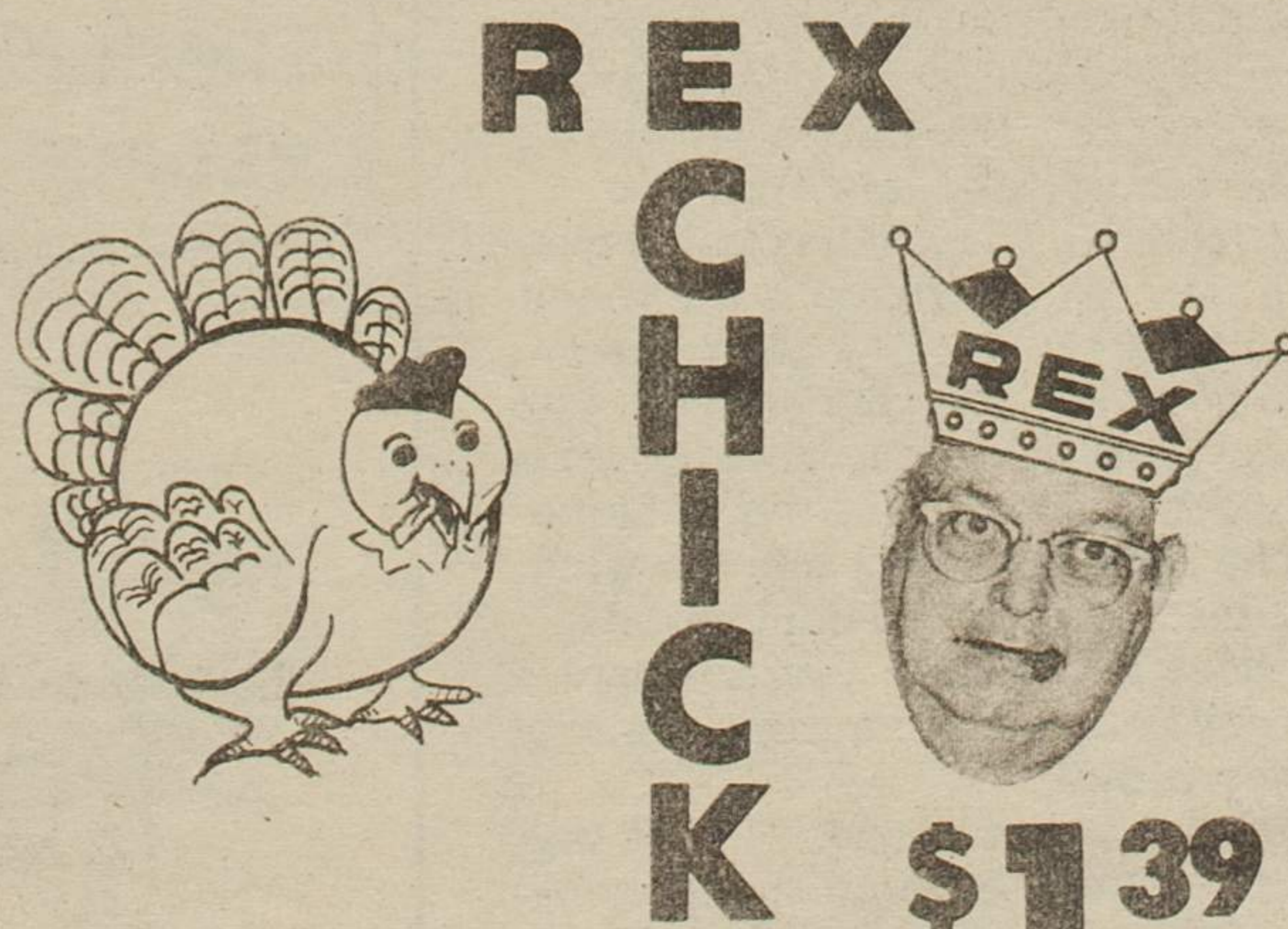
Room-service tray arrives on waiter's head, an old Homestead custom. Guests often bet hundreds of dollars on favorite waiter in hotel's annual outdoor waiters' tray race.

He thinks about wintering at the National Trench as he fingers the bones of a plateful of crappie he ate earlier.

This is the life of riley as far as we can see. The rich, who work for what they get, deserve it.

**SMALL-HEAD LOOK**  
Our Regular 17.88  
Sale Ends Saturday **12.88**

### New and Exclusive At The



**CHICK and FRIES only**  
**REX'S FAMOUS**  
BONELESS FRIED  
CHICKEN AND TURKEY  
KING OF FRIED FOODS

**\$1.39**

### THE COLORADO MAN-EATER

Alfred Packer, man eater, cannibalized 5 companions prospecting with him in Southwest Colorado, disposing them one after the other. He is about to be pardoned from above, believe it or not. This leaves the half-dozen who shelved Packer a dozen years ago queasy and wheezy, because they know that Packer has vowed to set them free from the encumbrance of their corporeal selves when he re-enters society. In the open court he declared that if he ever survived his imprisonment he would surely kill and eat those who put him away. He also confessed having a cannibalistic feeling toward Preston Nutter, a cattleman of Utah, but admitted he might have trouble killing Nutter. "He is the only man I ever saw who could look me in the eye." As he spoke the prisoner wildly rolled his eyes, nervously clenched his hands and trembled with intensest feelings of rage and hatred. A gentleman who has dogged Packer through the courts says, "The man is crazy and has a mania for killing and eating persons who have crossed his path. They should cage the man." M.

-AREA-

### Beyond the Doll's House

#### DRAMATIC HIPPI BIRTH

On her red porch Mrs. Rhodessa Munted next door to Ride On Bikes cycle shoppes all by herself old and alone plus very late at night on the dark streets she reports possible seeing a flash of white people on bikes flashing into the balmy Kansas evening all wearing the standard bicycle masks from ride on bicycle shop on the way to Sin Pad Hippie to deli deli liver one baby of Mrs. Pad Hippie Girl of New York. Old Mrs Muntly claims to ride bikes. Our bikes are the best available. We have seats. Partially effective road goggles, plus perfect full ones. No green and yello grasshopper gut pudding on your face on summer nites. Get ones. Come in and see us. Roll up your pants if you don't want trouble. We help girls who are confused about the bike. No circus here, we do serious trade only. Nothing but the very best from Mississippi and Mexico. O.

#### BASSACK WARD'S PROOF

with smug satisfaction Bassack Ward turned to his colleagues to announce that he had proven the irreversibility of time--just as the modal curve inexplicably looped, returned to zero, and headed in the opposite direction. The percentage of decays violating parity was quite high, much higher than in earlier experiments. As the density increased, the decay modes began to shift strongly in the direction of a time-forward assymetry. The cathode-ray tube glowed with the computer's plot of K-meson density and decay modes and energies. Then more power, more precision. The power was increased, the machine tuned more precisely. Soon the exit chamber of the accelerator was filled with K mesons undergoing decay. Broddingnagian magnets hummed with thousand-ampere currents. By the time he was ready, his assistants had arrived. At the laboratory he spent over two hours activating the circuitry of the huge high-energy accelerating equipment that would produce the K mesons necessary for the experiment. He would show that the laws of microphysics were not time-symmetric. But probability theory could specify accurately enough. Though ultimately, of course, no system, not even the universe, could contain enough information to specify completely its own definitive future states. A question of probabilistic fluidity. One would have to think of time in terms of structures elaborated through a phase space consisting of cells of equal hypervolume. The direction of time was such a context. That fact could be proven by consideration not only of initial conditions but also of those of boundary and symmetry as well: all physical laws are subject to constraints which furnish an inviolable context in which they function. The dance of entropy and negentropy was set imponderably long ago, and its motions could not be reversed. Microphysically speaking, at any rate. The arrow of time could not change direction, given certain initial conditions of the universe--even though the laws of physics make no distinction between past and future and grant no special status to any particular moment. As he drove to the laboratory he considered all the facets of his marvelously articulated cognitions. He shaved, bathed, and dressed quickly, leaving his house before dawn, with not so much as a kiss for his wife still lost in the oblivion of sleep. The dreamwork had yielded the software of an irrefutable hypothesis. He knew that now and could prove it. Professor Bassack Ward awoke with a start, his head ablaze with insight: time could not go backward.

MICHAEL L. JOHNSON

Mrs. Podds--Is that a realistic novel you are reading?

Mrs. Bobbs--Indeed it is. It contains a perfect description of the bacillus of yellow fever and tells how to make apple dumplings.--New York Weekly.

We've heard some grumbling about the pigeon population in the city of Atchison in recent months, and it seems that Parsons has this same problem, according to Jim Davis who quotes this suggestion from a reader.

"Concerning the Parsons Pigeon Problem, the following is a quote from the March 1975 issue of the Auctioneer magazine:

"Cleverest pigeon control idea we've heard of was supposedly used by the mayor of Muhldorf, Germany. He hired men to climb to the roofs and collect all the pigeon eggs. Then he had the eggs hard-boiled and put back in the nests.

"The pigeons wore themselves out trying to hatch the hardboiled eggs instead of laying new ones (which they would have done if the eggs had not been returned to the nests). Within a year, Muhldorf had fewer pigeons and cleaner buildings and streets. Not a bad idea."

### The Private Life



CHICKENS SHOT FROM GUNS: Part I

The aviation of birds is old as Aristotle, and they can shoot a chicken now and leave it bald as a baby when it hits the target, the chickens bowels loosen, an incongruous squawk, a light brightens everything at once before you faint. Watching this has people vomiting coast to coast. How disgusting do they get.

CHICKENS SHOT FROM GUNS: Part II

In their efforts to make man's life more comfortable, scientists have used animals in many curious ways. They have driven rats crazy (Life, 1939), given pigs nervous breakdowns (Whirl, 1939), made ants dizzy in mazes (Life, 1941). A few weeks ago, engineers in a Westinghouse Plant in East Milwaukee stuffed electrocuted chickens into a big gun and shot them at airplane windshields at a speed of 200 m. p. h.

The entry in the laboratory's logbook begins: "22:30—bright cloud flashes—clouds still below the summit of San Salvatore—cloud above mountain a little—can see tower lights. . . . Five minutes later, the skies over Lugano, Switzerland, were split by a strange lightning bolt that is one of the most unusual ever recorded. Lightning strikes downward, as everybody knows, and sometimes up. But there is now at least one authenticated record of a bolt that struck sideways. Nor was this the only peculiar aspect of the freak flash. It took off upward, from a 92-meter-high television tower atop Mt. San Salvatore just south of Lugano, inscribed a complete loop in the sky and finally shot off to the west for about two kilometers. It also lasted an unusually long time—more than a tenth of a second, compared with most bolts which are measured in millionths of a second.

CONTINENTAL DRIFT

Controversy grows more heated nowadays between 1) those who believe the world's continents have always been where they are now and 2) those who say they have drifted to their present positions. The latter think all continents were A) once joined together into one called Pangea or organized B) into a northern Laurasia and southern Gondwana. Fossils indicate that prior to 150 millions of years ago the same kinds of creatures existed on all. India is recognized by the avant garde as part of Gondwana.

Second Notice

Don't forget to move peonies this October and place them at the head of grave in direct line with stones, so they will not be destroyed.  
--Vining Cemetery Ass'n #7

The question is the same wherever this Moon reporter goes, from Muncy to Laredo. Who is the president, who is in charge of things? Is it this foolish new Noxin trampling through the backstreets of Georgetown, or is it Mr. Cockburn, the Washington Star? Does it matter? It's hard to tell where the great Moto companies end and where the government begins, as indistinct as the timberline on Mount Whitney. We think he looks more than pitiable in his paper cape and open-tongue boot getup. Where is Oswald when we need him, so so many ask. The staging of events a common practice nowadays. How surprised we were to find out that half of America was watching the other half and nobody was looking ahead. So here we are, the bow of the ship of state already rasping coral on the great REEF. Who would have ever thought a year ago that it would come to this, when we would wax nostalgic for Noxin-old rosy cheeks, the wide lying teeth. He was more of a rock than Rocky is, who can deny it? When the next election comes up the Moon suggests you go to the polls and vote. CELEBRATE NATIONAL WEEK. O.

A woman of Tuttle, Kansas has written to the Moon complaining of Oneba Nuforn monkeys nightly razzing her from the porch swing and at the window screen. She says they come in pairs, carrying wooden buckets. They spend the night spitting at one another and carrying on with deafening noise. The woman says they sometimes fill the buckets at her pump and sit like children, dipping their fists into the water, trying to fetch the moon. O.

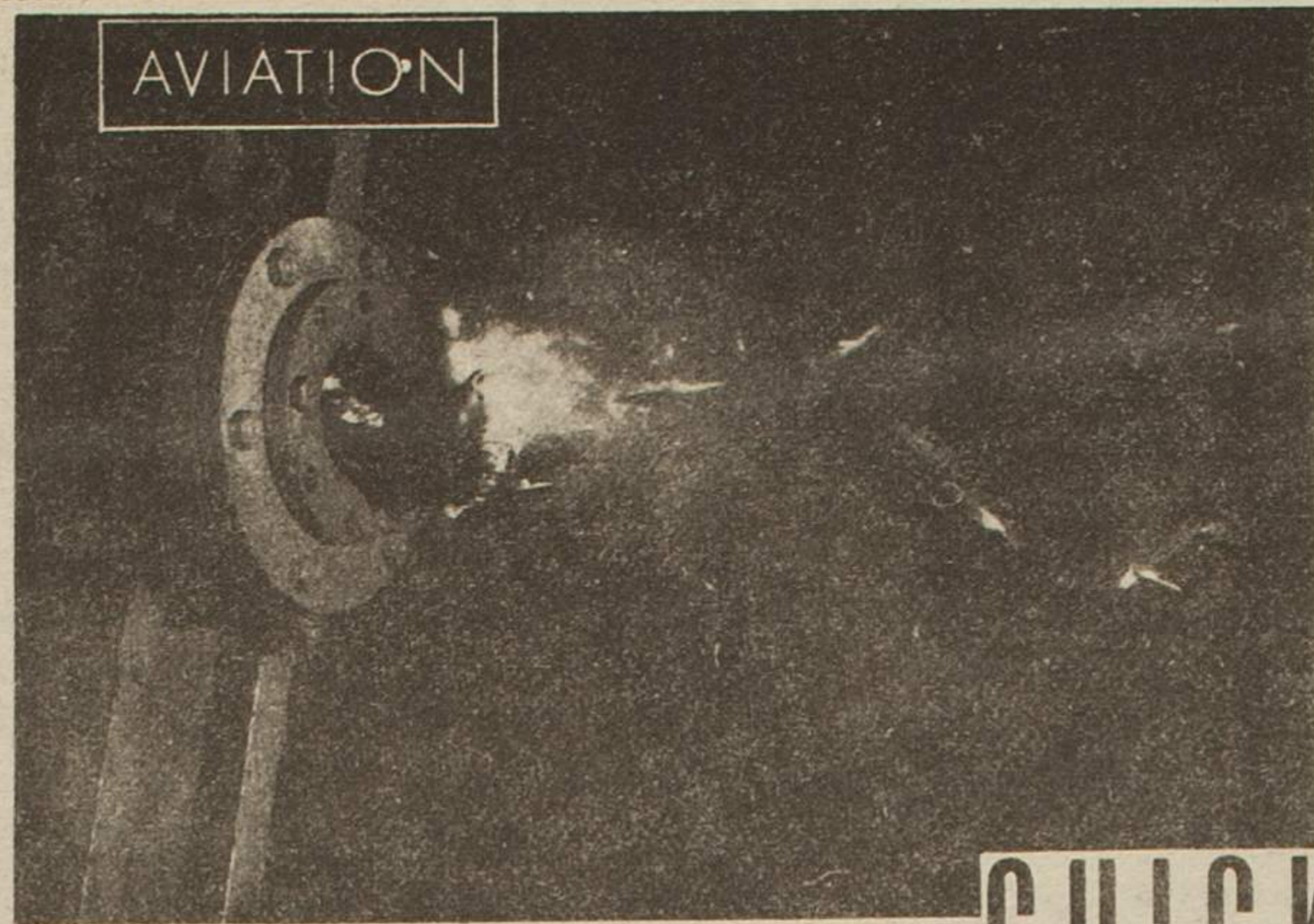
WE SAVE YOU TIME AT THE MEXICO LINDO CAFE. FIGURE THE TIME IT IS TAKING YOU TO FIX YOUR SUPPER EVERY NIGHT. LEAVE THE DISHES ON YOUR TABLE WHEN YOU LEAVE.  
Tortillas \$.99  
Tacos \$3/doz.

We challenge you to find prices like these in Kansas or anywhere. Try our all new automatic spag fork. Come as you are.

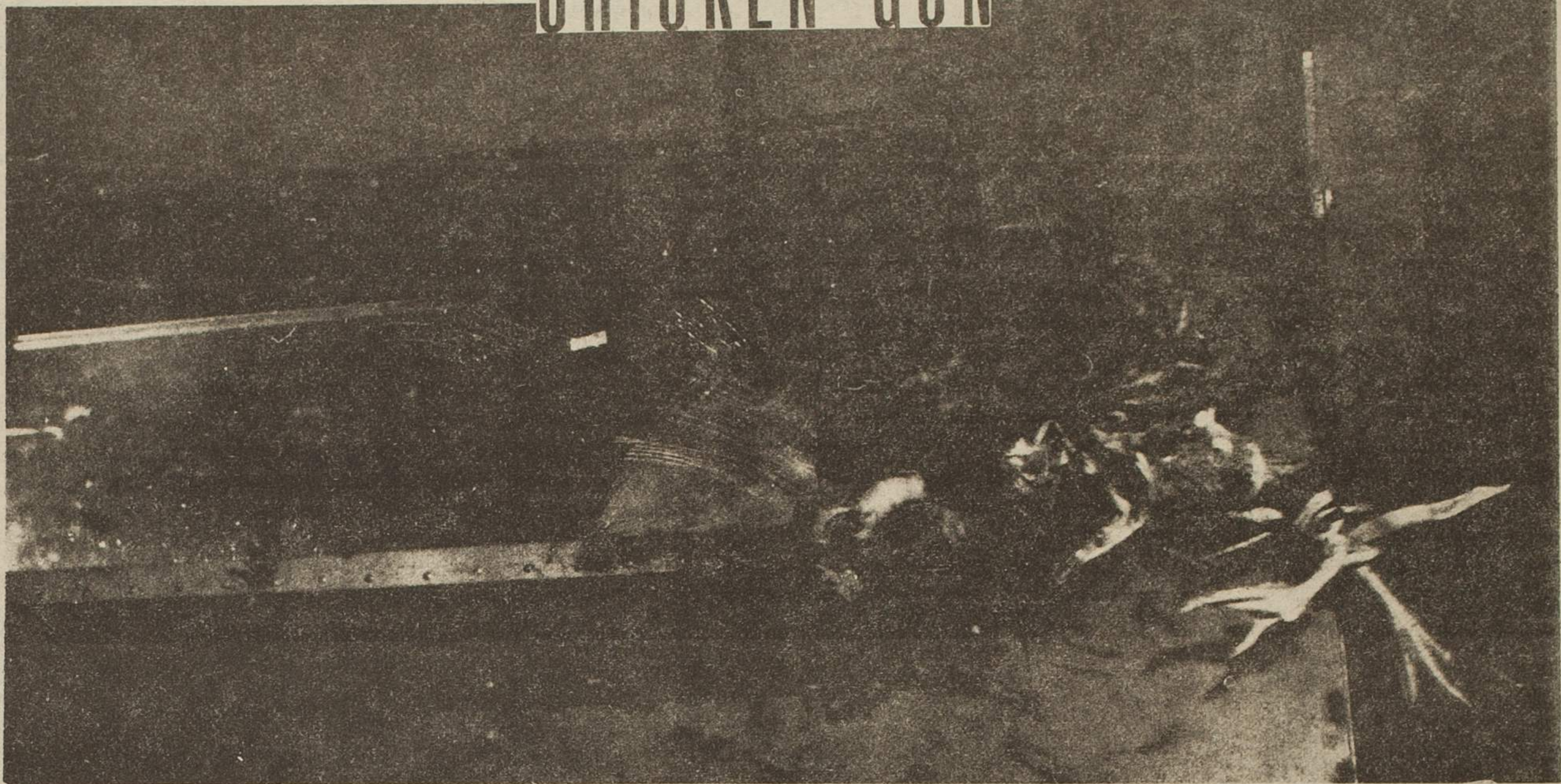
LARGE EATERS



AVIATION



CHICKEN GUN



Pod Ejected Pilot

Logan, Texas, June 6. An inanimate object of considerable size and weight with no visible power or energy source, suddenly was endued with life, bouncing, whirling, jumping, darting all over the street and through a plate glass window at the endlessly remodeled Lagoon Cafe. Chinaware and drinking glasses were knocked about with a splintered clatter; startled diners and passersby were panic stricken and staggering breathless on the sidewalks.

The neighborhood lay in awe and wonderment until the thing had spent its force and crumbled in the gutter panting exhausted. All this, it may be said, is not a usual occurrence. It actually happened, however, on First North street here, in Logan, last evening. The amount of yellow, sulphurous mist which came in plumes from its mouth has condensed above us into an envelope, and the sun shines through it with multiplied ferocity. The cheeks of our loved ones now flower with rash and blister. A motorman was hauling this radical new form on the deck of a trailer van, strapped, he thought securely, encircled by rings of inch thick iron cable. But no, it rolled off at a narrow turn. It hit the pavement in such a manner as to break the valve connected to the faceplate, and then the escaping gas got into the works causing all of its numerous tentacled orifices to open and likewise spew the choking mist. The motorman looked back, not believing his eyes. The thing seemed to take after him and he applied his foot to the accelerator. When the escapade of the RADICAL FORM was over and it seemed to be breathing its last, some valorous soul went up to it and stroked it kindly. It remained perfectly still. Then somebody who seemed to know explained how it happened to this City Moon correspondent. Ed. O. The City Moon Austin Dep. of Eng

The prairie urchin (Pratum cynomys) lives in burrows under the high plains region of Kansas. Similar in size to its cousin the sea urchin, this creature emerges from its burrow and gulps quantities of air. Now inflated many times their natural size, urchins allow themselves to be blown over the plains. The last urchin invasion of any size occurred in Scott County, 1899. The winds came first. The farmers gazed into the wind, scanning the horizon. Clammy hands grasped hoes and rakes. Adam's apples bobbed nervously and then came the cry, "Here they come!"

The urchins made no sound. There was only the soft rustle of their spines scraping the parched earth. The slaughter was over in minutes and the shifting wind rolled the urchin horde across the horizon, leaving the last corn field in the county an empty rectangle of loose dirt.

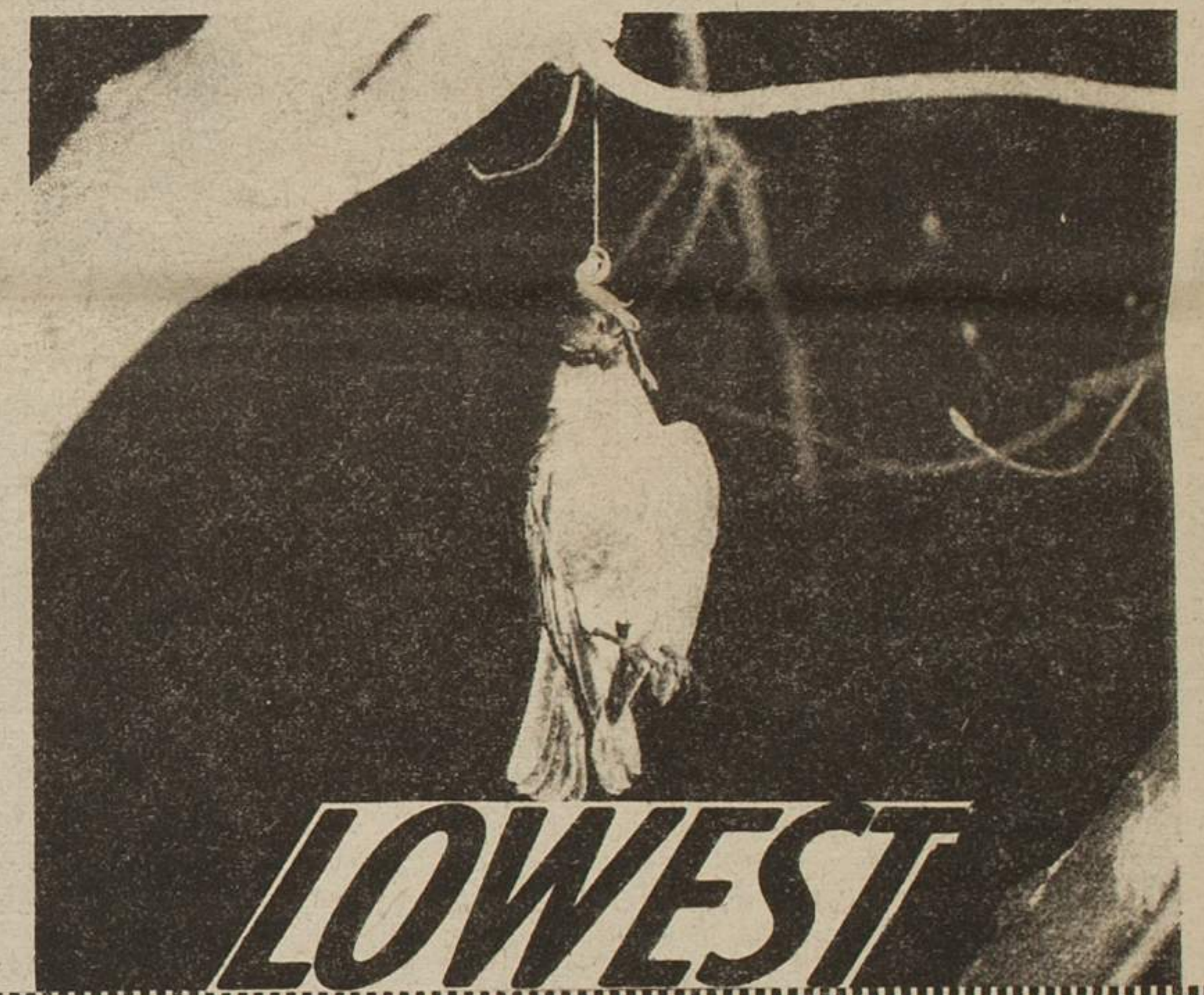
Moon Knifed Two At March

TRAGEDY

Sirs: That times must indeed be upon us all when even robins decide to end it all. For that is what the robin, whose picture I am enclosing, seems to have done. He was found, strangled in a string noose, swinging from a tree branch near Williams-

port, Pa. Above, a nest was in the making. Perhaps the difficulties of wartime living were too much for Mrs. Robin.

PUTSEE VANNUCCI  
Williamsport, Pa.



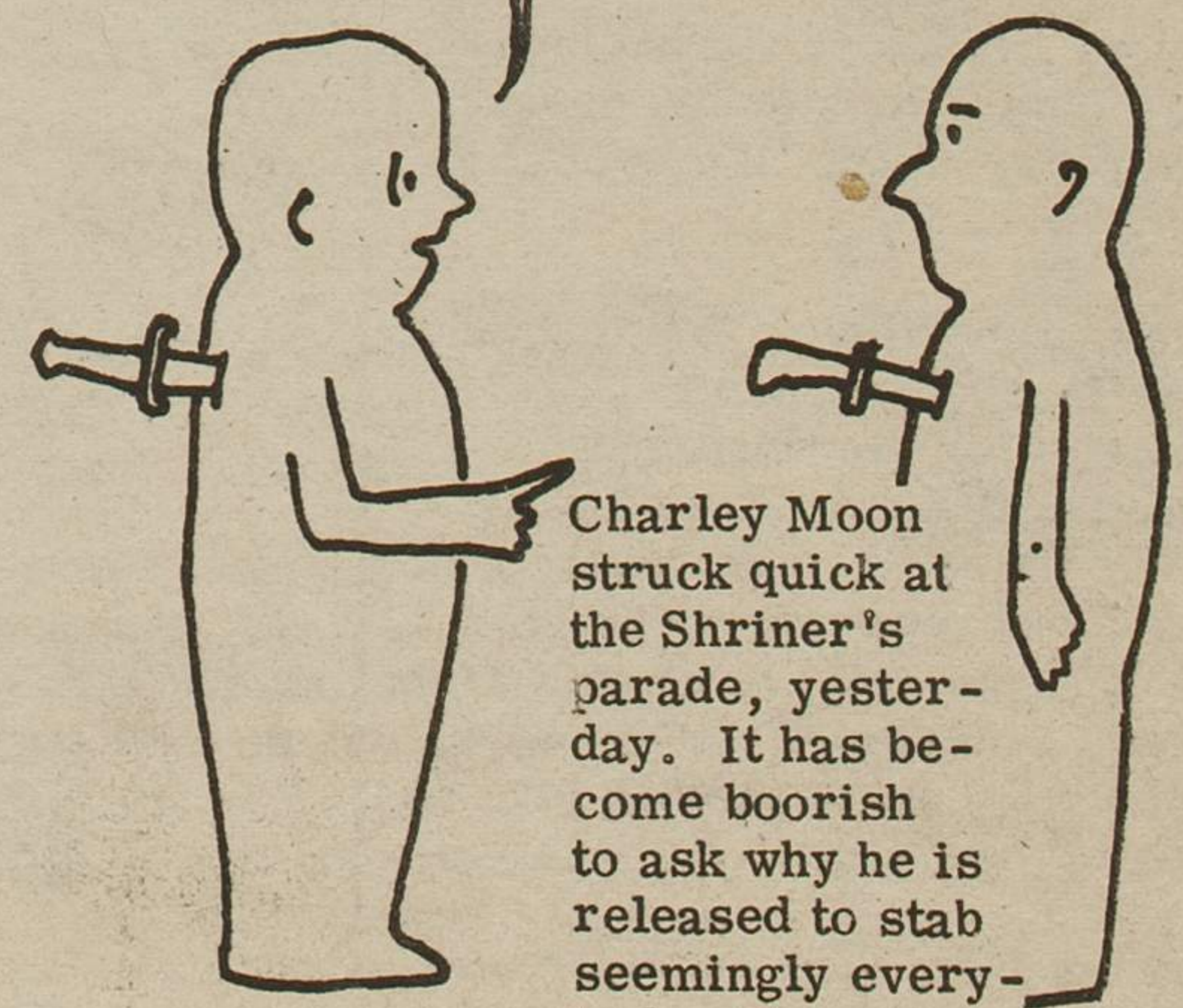
LOWEST 'Woman' Fugitive Man

DALLAS, April 9 (AP)—Police said yesterday that Elizabeth Carmichael, the broad-shouldered, 200-pound fugitive founder of an automobile company, is really a man who has been eluding authorities for 13 years, but a Federal Bureau of Investigation spokesman said their fingerprints did not match. Capt. John Driscoll, head of the Dallas Police Department's intelligence section, said Mrs. Carmichael was really Jerry Dean Michael,

37 years old, a federal fugitive from Florida. Mrs. Carmichael is sought on charges stemming from an allegedly phony stock deal involving her Twentieth Century Motor Car Corp. The FBI spokesman said the FBI had checked fingerprints of Mrs. Carmichael against those of Michael and found they did not match. Capt. Driscoll said late last night that identification was not based on fingerprints. "I cannot reveal the details," he said. "But I am

very comfortable with it. (the identification). I am comfortable enough to continue the investigation along the same line . . . that Mrs. Carmichael and Michael are the same person." A postal inspector who checked Michael's and Mrs. Carmichael's records said the FBI checked documents believed to have been handled by Mrs. Carmichael, but there was no way of knowing whether the prints on the documents were those of Mrs. Carmichael.

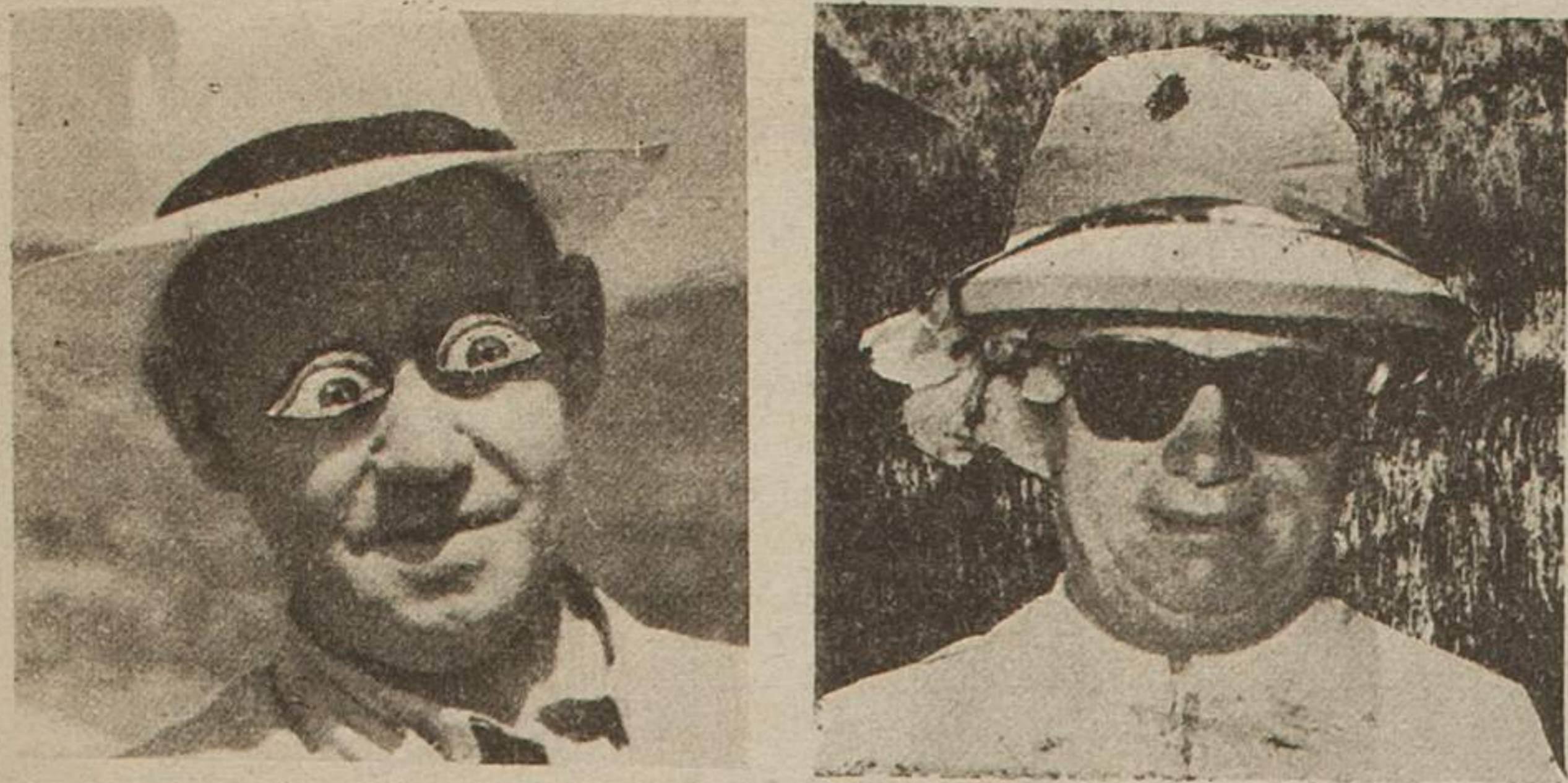
HOW COME YOU RATE SPECIAL TREATMENT? CHARLIE STABS MOST PEOPLE IN THE BACK.



Charley Moon struck quick at the Shriner's parade, yesterday. It has become boorish to ask why he is released to stab seemingly everybody. Cage him until he dies.



## The Ignorant Ones Do It In Los Angeles



This man squeezes the shit out of dogs. He's the newest of the new trochilic oriented conceptual artists, also known in SF circles as art bandits (e.g. Monty Cazazza the dead cat im molater). He calls himself a "human parasite of vitality"—I do dog squirts, that's my life, he says. I sneak up on dogs and push in hard on their stomachs and literally squeeze the shit out of them, and the piss too, and once three little premature puppies." He says he doesn't hate himself, in fact is totally free of anxiety and has no earthly wants. As open as its floodgates are, the Moon can't abide this unproductive behavior. We think it's the final comedy playing out, these modern ages we're creeping through, led by a series of temporary presidents, like the recent Oneba ascendancy and fall. Like Leon Kimball said, "Nothin worth doin pays any money." O.

## "What Can I Do To Schickelgruber?"



BE QUIET

"There are no known fingerprints of Mrs. Carmichael," the postal inspector added.

The 6-foot-1 Mrs. Carmichael came to Dallas in January from Los Angeles with plans to produce a three-wheeled, gasoline-saving automobile. She is sought on charges of conspiring to commit theft in a phony stock and car dealership scheme.

The person known as Mrs. Carmichael disappeared in February after the indict-

ments were brought. Marvin Cantz, the company's former public relations director, said that in the 4½ months he worked with Mrs. Carmichael he never suspected she might be a man.

"It boggles the mind," Cantz said in Los Angeles.

"The thing that makes it so hard for me to believe she was a man is that she had five kids," Cantz said. "She had a 15-year-old named Brian who was always around the office and four other kids, including one about 3 years

old. The youngest kid was always sitting on her lap, saying 'mommy, mommy.' How do you get a kid 3 years old to call you mommy?"

"Occasionally she wore a supershort skirt," he said. "She had wrists twice as large as mine, but she attributed that to working on a farm in Indiana until she was 17 or 18."

Michael has been sought by federal authorities since 1962 when he jumped bond after being charged in connection with a swindle scheme in Florida, Capt. Driscoll said.

"He's been running loose ever since."

## KILL FOR MONEY

Be a Professional Extortionist. Make up to \$50,000 a week in your own all-year-round business. Customers in every city, town, village. Free complete easy-to-learn lessons on Control and Extortion of money, jewelry, cars, boats, etc. in home, store, office, etc. FREE. Write: NOW for FULL details. EXTORTIONING INSTITUTE, 2600 Cassin, Dept. 7, Chicago.

## HOW CAN A DONKEY EAT A THISTLE THORNS AND ALL?

The inside of the mouth of some of the animals differs widely according to the kind of food the animal lives on. In your own mouth the lining is quite soft and easily injured. In some animals the membrane which lines the mouth is extremely tough, and is covered with thick scales, enabling the creature to crush foods which would injure a tender mouth. This is the case, to a certain extent, in cattle and in all animals that feed on hard kinds of grass. The donkey's mouth is an example.

Have you ever seen him before?

I had seen him earlier that morning. It could have been Jesse but I don't know, I was drunk.

What was the man doing? The man had partially disrobed me. I laid on the bed and the man was holding me down with his legs on my legs. I grabbed him because he was hurting me.



A donkey load in Portugal.

Lazarus came out of his capsule by the command of Jesus, and stood wrapped in clothing the size and shape of Space Wrappings today. The master said, "Loose him and let him go." (John 11: 44) Lazarus had been into space and back. Can we find in life what has been believed we can find only in death?

## turn cannibal

BE ALERT



## ITS OVER NOW

Goodbye. ESpecial thanks to the Maisley brothers, who founded the Pensivex Advertising Company, upon whose broad and wonderful base was built a narrow but brilliant diamond of a tabloid newspaper, throwing out rods of light like shields south to Amarillo, west to Cheyenne, north and east to Muncy and south to Lexington -- of course we speak of the City Moon of the American Land. Pity Noxin. Say hello KKK and Ike, when you see them. Buy yourself a pile of microfluff and go to work in your basement. The bell buzzard may be soaring above you right now. Thank Da Ha, Tlm Mll, TJ, LTD, 345, Scherbel, Oneba, Horton Headlight, Arizona Highways, Jesus to the Communist World, Baseball Guide 1946, Soviet Life, St. Louis Evening Whirl, the finest of its kind in San Luis, Missouri, the WE Magazine, Popular Science, Popular Mechanics, Mechanix Illustrated, The Book of Knowledge, 1935, US News and World Report. Jayhawker Yearbook, 1949, David Brune, who is founding a Humanist party in Topeka deserving more recognition than it will receive, Drakes for Bakes, Life, Look, Kansas Skunk, Dallas Morning News, Deseret News, Des Moines Register, Caldwell Messenger, Hope Dispatch, Iola Register, Valley Falls Vindicator, Wellington Dailey News, Chicago Review, Century Reference Library, AP, UPI, Reuters, Pat Newman, the Master of Magic, the Master Rayon X of Cincinnati, the Little God Girl, The City Moon, Tom Russell, Mike Allen Valk Junior, Jean Valk, Kelly Linda Eric Doty Junior, triple Sam and Knot Zero, Roy, Jerry Baromme, and Martha, Bogan, Fred, Eric, and Paul, and Don Byrd, John Moritz, the San Francisco Chronicle, Science News, House Beautiful, Scandia Journal, the great Sir Gowan and the Green knights movie, and Bitter Syrup, Iowa's only truck vegetable store. W. Prop of Iowa, visiting here, will take short calls only before he travels north of Cincinnati. God Love the Bicentennial. Forget B 591. Sorry Barkley, you're OK. The white-caps are yours and they're dying off fast. I guess the Lagoon won't be opening on time after all. Further Moons appear only in Austin, David Ohle, Dept. of Eng. Good luck. Buy the set, all eight big ones in this newstand or in the Oread shop. Forgive us this commercial thrust and write ONEBA BOX 591. Perhaps we shall meet again under different names in times even more sour than these, but we doubt it. I am a very old man and no longer wish to write to these limited audiences and so I am migrating to a larger city near here to retire and not do any more dream work at all, period. Strike ONEBA BOX 591 off the list.

BE A KILLER



## IN EVERYDAY LIFE

## HAVE



YOU seen Sam anywhere around?" inquired the banker. The station agent shook his head. "He was around here yesterday," he said, "but I ain't seen him since." Then the banker went further in search of Sam. "That nigger," said the postmaster, peering through the grated little window, "come in here yesterday morning and got some mail fr old man Menninghausen, but he ain't been back." Then the banker went to the bank, hoping that Sam might have shown up. He had not. The one room of the bank divided by the nice new gilt partition held only Henry Miller, bookkeeper, cashier and general utility man of the bank. "Sam been back?" inquired the banker. Miller shook his head. "If he has I haven't seen him, Mr. Pitkin," he said. The banker sighed. "Darn that coon," he said, throwing himself into a chair. "He's never here when I want him. If I could get anybody else for a porter I'd fire him."

We went to the liquor store. Jesse got out and got some Strawberry and Apple wine, Jesse got back in the car and then what happened?

We sat in the car for awhile and started drinking the wine. Where did Jesse take you? To the laundromat.

Is there an apartment attached to the back of the laundromat?

There is an apartment with five rooms. There were three bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom.

Was there anybody else there while you were drinking the wine?

Three other men came in and one left.

Do you remember what happened in the apartment when you were drinking?

I became drunk and I don't remember exactly what happened after that.



## WALK! Is mah feet sad!

Words by Alfred P. Graves.

M. N. O.

Music by permission Messrs. Schott & Co.

Naively.

1. M. N. O. Our Pus-sy's in the snow! When she comes back the  
2. A. B. C. Our Pus-sy's up the tree! And now be-gins with

way she's gone, She'll have such queer white stock-ings on. O  
sneeze and cough To lick her long white stock-ings off. No

Je - re - my, O Je - re - my, O Jo, O Jo, O Jo!  
more she'll go in - to the snow; Not she, not she!

**UNFAMILIAR WORLD**

"What then is a tick's world like? Von Uxkell has described it as consisting of a whiff of butyric acid, an ability to sense warmth (the infra-red end of the spectrum), the touch of fur and the taste of blood. Since ticks are known to have gone without food for as long as 18 years we can assume that their sense of time passing is also very different from our own. But this is such an unfamiliar world and so far away from ours and none of us suppose that we are likely to be asked to cooperate in designing a tickery, a home for ticks."

DR. H. F. OSMOND  
"Worlds Apart"

**A BUNGLESOME HANGING.**

**Confessed His Crime, Professed Conversion and Forgave His Enemies.**

Key West, Fla., Sept. 2.—Sylvanus Johnson was hanged here at 11:12 o'clock today for criminal assault. The hangman bungled the execution, the knot slipping under the chin. Johnson struggled violently for ten minutes and was still alive at the end of twenty-five minutes. He confessed his crime, professed conversion and died forgiving and blessing his enemies. An orderly crowd witnessed the execution.

**Kitten Drowned In Toilet-Dismembered**

Police report that they responded to a family trouble call at a house on Lake (3700's) Avenue and when they arrived they questioned a 24 year old white man living at that address.

They claim that they had found that he had smashed windows and otherwise destroyed furniture in the apartment. They also report that the wife of the man could not be located and as they were checking the apartment, they found a small gray kitten in the toilet. They claim that the man had killed the kitten with his hands and the cat had been drowned in the toilet and was also dismembered and that the man confessed that he had done it when he had become "mad". There is no record of any arrest.

One terrible reproach is made to me: "Wurmbrand generalizes. He does not see the nuances which differentiate between Communist countries." I really don't. It would make no difference to me if I would have the air from my lungs pumped out, or if I would be stabbed six times in the heart. Neither do I have any preference for the slow Romanian tortures, under which the Greek Catholic priest, VASILE CHINDRISH, a friend of mine, died after ten years of terrible ordeals in prison. On the 24th of April, 1972, was arrested in Romania the Pentecostal brother MOISE IERNEA, Oradea, Piata 30 Decembrie. There is a nuance between his fate and that of his Russian brother MOISEEV. He will sit in prison a long time, and will eat soup prepared with unwashed intestines and dung swimming in it. Shame to those who accept nuances of persecution and write against Wurmbrand



**THIEF LOVER**

MS MARY CARTER, 28, residing at 5701 Floy, will be careful from now on about the dudes she takes into her home as lovers.

She told Officer Nathan Hale of the 6th District, that RODNEY FOSTER, 24, whom she considered a good lover, was also a thief. She said that Rodney, who had no home of his own, was shacking up with her for eleven days and nights and she discovered when it was too late, that he had been not only making love to her, but stealing her property. She said Rodney stole various articles of women's clothing, a portable black and white TV set, record albums, and a ladies' dinner ring. The total value of the stuff that is missing runs to about \$1,075.

But that wasn't all, Ms Carter told the officer that her lover ran up more than \$300 in telephone bills and she told him that he would have to get his butt out of her house. This made him angry and he wrecked her furniture, destroying all of it, pictures and mirrors in the seven-room residence.

**HYPNOTIC SUBJECT FAILS TO REVIVE**

**PROFESSOR OF HYPNOTISM UNDER ARREST AT SOMERVILLE, IN NEW JERSEY.**

Somerville, N. J., Nov. 9.—Victim of a hypnotic expert, Robert Simpson is dead, and Prof. Arthur Everton of Newark, the hypnotist, is under arrest and in a state of collapse today.

Simpson was hypnotized at a performance in a theater here last night. After placing the man in a cataleptic state, the hypnotist performed numerous tests in the presence of the audience to show the thoroughness of his work.

When the time came to end the tests, however, Prof. Everton found that his work, to all appearances, had been too thorough. The subject could not be revived.

In a panic the hypnotist called upon physicians, who, after laboring a long time over Simpson, pronounced him dead.

Notwithstanding this decision the man was taken to a hospital, where Prof. Everton is now being held. Prof. Everton has been arrested after several hours, Everton was arrested, Everton collapsed when he realized his plight. An autopsy will be held to decide the cause of Simpson's death. Simpson's death occurred before a large audience. Everton said he had been informed Simpson had been drinking.

**RAIN \$ .25 CITY MOON 25¢ MIDDLE WEST PHARMAGUCCI STONES RATS**

**THE GAME OF STICKERCHIEF**

A SPLENDID game that can be played by any number of children is stickerchief. It is quite as exciting as hockey or tennis and it has the advantage of not requiring expensive balls, rackets or sticks.

Stickerchief is played with a handkerchief and some short pieces of bamboo, of the sort used by gardeners to hold up tall flowers. A dozen of these bamboos can be bought at any florist's for a small sum.

The game can be played on a lawn of any size, and the grass will not be injured, as it is not necessary to make any white lines on it. Two goals, one at each end of the lawn, are required and these will merely be formed by the flower-sticks stuck into the grass about four feet apart. When two sticks have been placed at each end of the lawn in this way you can begin.

It is best to make the first attempt with only two players. Each must have one of the light bamboo sticks, and they must stand

the handkerchief. Then they have a fine struggle for it. Sometimes the handkerchief flies off the stick while the player is running with it, and then the other player can often catch it before it reaches the ground. Sometimes it is skillfully knocked off, and sometimes neatly lifted off. Any way is considered fair; the game is simply to get the handkerchief through the opponent's goal and to prevent him from scoring. A game is finished when a goal is scored. A match consists of five games, and the player who wins the larger number of games is the victor.

After a little practice any number of children can play together. Two captains are chosen, and these captains pick the players who are to form the teams. Four, six, or even ten players may be in each team; in fact, the only limit is the size of the lawn.

When all are ready, and have been provided with the sticks, the captains tell the players where they are to stand—some close to the



The game of stickerchief as played by a boy and girl.

in the centre of the lawn between the two goals. Now they must place a handkerchief on the ground, and stand on opposite sides of it with the ends of the sticks just touching the ground, about a foot away from the handkerchief, as you see in the picture.

Then one player must count "One—two—three—go!" and at the word "go" both must try to pick up the handkerchief on the sticks. This is much more difficult than it looks. Each player tries to knock his opponent's stick away.

Presently one manages to pick up the handkerchief, and then runs as fast as he can toward the opponent's goal. Of course, the other player follows, and tries to get the handkerchief off the stick. If he manages to get it on to his own stick he rushes with it to the other goal.

In a few minutes both players become tremendously excited, for often they get within a few feet of the goal before they drop

goal, and others near the middle of the lawn. Then the captains take their places by the handkerchief, and start the game at the word "go." Of course, it becomes ever so much more exciting when a number are playing, and often it is quite a long time before either side can score a goal.

If there are many players on each side they ought to be distinguished in some way, so that they can be recognized at once as friends or foes. It is a good plan to tie little bows of ribbon in the middle of each stick. One side can have green bows and the other red. These look pretty, and are very easily seen.

The game is a splendid one for a children's party, as boys and girls can play together. It is a game of skill, and excitement of hockey, without the danger of bruises that are too often caused by hard balls and heavy sticks. The light bamboos used for stickerchief cannot hurt anybody.

THE NEXT THINGS TO MAKE AND TO DO ARE ON PAGE 4013.

**THE NEW GOLEMS**

He was at first alone in the mud vacant lot. The neighbor lads gradually crowded him in and scored him with their contempt and mumbled pity, then, however Zanzetti breathed the Logos into a dumb empty rock, chanting over it and praying until the tears ran from the corners of his eyes.

The boys dropped back as the golem spoke, "I am the only Zanzetti."

The thing rotated in dizzy, gliding circles and chattered like a squirrel and when it had hypnotized Zanzetti with its demon tongue and hollow words, out flashed a 38 Saturday Night Special spitting lead into the excited member of the City Moon Sad Case Club.

Its mission apparently accomplished the rock-like thing flopped in the dirt and died.

**WORLD'S SMALLEST GOSPEL SINGER**  
**LOWELL MASON**  
Lowell Mason has the unique height of 46" but the voice of a 7' man. He began singing at the age of 9, has been associated with the Revival Fires Ministry, and is a world traveler, singer and speaker.  
FAMILIES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS INVITED

Most of our dreams have one characteristic in common: they do not follow the laws of logic that govern our waking thought. The categories of space and time are neglected. People who are dead, we see alive; events which we watch in the present, occurred many years ago. We dream of two events as occurring simultaneously when in reality they could not possibly occur at the same time. We pay just as little attention to the laws of space. It is simple for us to move to a distant place in an instant, to be in two places at once, to fuse two persons into one, or to have one person suddenly be changed into another.  
ERICH FROMM/  
The Forgotten Language, 1951

**PHARMAGUCCI STONES RATS**

Dr. Pharmagucci stones his live rats with a smoking device. His experiments involve Kansas hemp products. It is blown or drawn through a large pipe, curling ropelike, although it is smoke, into glass tubings. Then it is filtered through a bath of Kaw water and hot Ripple until a substrate is formed. Then the rats eat this all day and he puts them on buses and students ride the buses and do social type projects using them. Some children like them skinned and cooked over a little fire they sometimes build in empty lots. Parents come around, a guitar is played and the children quietly watch the night creatures come out and flutter up into the pine trees just outside of Lawrence.

**See Black Hills As World Capital**

From The Register's Washington, D. C., Bureau.  
WASHINGTON, D. C. — A South Dakota Black Hills site for permanent headquarters of the United Nations organization is now getting serious consideration in London, despite counter claims from San Francisco, Cal., and Philadelphia, Penn.

Since 1676 a clause in the lease of Eastwich Farm, in Hampshire County, England, has required each successive occupant to keep in repair a gallows that stands on the land and has never been used since the execution for which it was erected more than two and a half centuries ago. Furthermore, it must be rebuilt when necessary, and the present one is the third on the site.



RADIATION detectors are being improved, too. One of the latest developments is a pocket meter that sounds an alarm whenever you are getting too much.

STOCK UP ON LIQUOR FOR CHRISTMAS  
A delivery man was robbed of three cases of liquor and there was nothing done about it.

YOU CAN SURVIVE THE BOMB

The bomb has finally come. Now what? Here are eight parents and ten children sitting in a hole three feet underground with Armageddon burning in the new millenium overhead. You feel like spewing all the foul words you ever heard whispered as a boy, all the artful cursing you picked up in service, every nasty phrase gleaned from a thousand shady barroom stories. You discover everyone in the shelter is looking at you. This makes you even more angry and frustrated. Isn't it enough you saved them from that insanity outside? What more do they expect?

The children. Your own and the others. Somehow at this moment you find it difficult to tell which are yours and which are not.

Instead of cursing, you take a deep breath to stop trembling, and say: "I guess we're going to be all right now. We'll get organized later, but right now we've got some things to do in a hurry."

The small children are left in the shelter under the care of one woman and the older girls. They will also monitor the radio. The adults and bigger boys run outside to round up tools and equipment and fight budding fires. You have told them to keep working until the first fallout or until they are called back to the shelter because of another approaching attack. There is no second strike; you have 30 minutes to an hour, at least, before fallout will start. You tell them they will be able to see it like fine falling ash when it starts. The early fallout will not hurt them if they return to the shelter immediately.

You decide it would be helpful to talk about the psychological reactions, insofar as you are able. You realize the greatest hazard is panic, and the best weapon against panic is understanding.

You tell them that from what you have read, there will be a very bad period of depression two, three or four days after they first entered the shelter. If they know this in advance, if they can recognize it when it comes, each person will be better able to cope with it in himself and understand it in the others. It is in this period of depression that despair can set in. After shock has worn off and the dreadful monotony of shelter life takes hold, activity is one of the best remedies. Each person should have regular tasks to perform. In the off-duty periods, there should be reading, games, bull-sessions—anything to keep from dwelling too much on one's self.

After a day or two of depression, you can expect a noticeable lift in spirits. People will start to talk about what they will do when they come out, make plans for reconstruction or evacuation. They will start to wonder how to plant truck gardens and what to do about the low-level residual radiation around the area. When this happens, you are over the hump. They have decided tentatively to accept life on its new terms, whatever they may be.

Ten years later, you come home from work to be reminded by your wife of a meeting this evening with the neighborhood council. President of the council is your next-door neighbor. His son is now an industrial engineer. His daughter is expecting her third child. Of the others who populated your shelter, most are leading reasonably productive lives. One died of cancer two years ago, and no one knows whether it was from radiation or if it would have happened anyway. Another was drowned swimming in the lake last year. Of eighteen, 16 are still alive.



## A Freeloader Dies With His Napkin On MEN DESIRE HER—

Marburg, Germany

The last reckoning caught up with a 37-year-old West German man wanted by police for eating in restaurants and not paying his bill.

He died at a restaurant table after tucking into a large plate of cold ham followed by a crisp roast knuckle of pork, police said here yesterday.

Dr. Wilfred Seibke, a physician sitting at the next table, ran to help when the man fell forward with a moan, gasping for breath. He choked to death on a piece of pork.

Earlier the same day three summons had been taken out against the unemployed publisher's clerk for eating meals and evading payment, police said.

On the day of his death he had lunch in another restaurant and walked out through the emergency exit when the bill came for soup, herrings with onions and cream, shoulder of pork with cabbage and mashed potatoes, a large dish of ice cream, three pieces of cream cake and seven beers.



A simple limb trimming job Wednesday by Southwestern Bell Telephone linemen may have solved Mrs. Eugene Thompson's "talking wall" mystery.

Mrs. Thompson, 1019 Lawrence, has been plagued since Sunday with a groaning sound which seemed to originate from a bedroom wall on the west side of her house.

"It was a hideous sound," said Mrs. Thompson. "Sometimes it was like an old dog moaning and other times it sounded like a person."

"One time it would be up near the ceiling and other times, it would be near the floor," she explained.

Mrs. Thompson said a check of the solid concrete foundation and the roof showed there is no way an animal could have crawled in between the walls.

Mrs. Thompson's landlord, several neighbors, a newspaper reporter and a newspaper photographer heard the sound Wednesday from both inside and outside of the house.

"It wasn't too bad during the day but at night it got worse and really scared me," Mrs. Thompson said. "But my two children think it's really neat," she added.

"They like to think there are little animals between the walls," she said.

If the sound returns soon, Mrs. Thompson plans to ask her landlord to remove a small section of the bedroom wall and investigate.

"It's been exciting, but a little scary too," Mrs. Thompson said. "I just hope the groan is gone."

**ROCKEFELLER'S STATEMENT.**  
Says He Will Make No Comment and Is No Longer Active Head of Company.

### Word Age Seen By Miss Suckow

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. (AP)—The correct use of words is "important and even critical" at the present time, Ruth Suckow, Iowa novelist, told 700 members of the National Council of Teachers of English at a banquet meeting here.

"Everything depends upon the reliability of communication between men and between peoples in times like these," Miss Suckow declared, "and the use or misuse of words can have deep influence on important events."



This is a great great granddaughter of Daniel Boone. Her name is Daniella. She has a trained mud dauber, that hovers so close to her chin that strangers who do not know the trick think the insect stands upon the lovely face of the lovely wench. They are totally, completely wrong. Daniella is a great beauty for her age, and were she cast in the crusted setting of a russian novel, we would not be surprised. This summer she hiked 300 miles, bleaching under the Kansas sun, begrimed by dust of travel after a journey on foot from far away St. Louis. The attractive woman left home May 1 and took the dirt back roads, stopping for food and shelter wherever the day's journey happened to find her. She declares her sole idea in making the trip to be to see Governor Wunty of North Kansas. She believes him the greatest man in the world. Secretary Ben Davis did not deem it advisable to have his chief bothered with the curiosity seeking relative of the Boon family.

### Girl, 4, Found Wandering On Beach At 1 A.M. — Drunken Mother Nearby

About one o' clock in the morning police received a call from a man who informed them that he had found a four year old white girl from Driving Park (2900's) Avenue walking around the beach on Durand Eastman Park while her mother was unconscious on the beach apparently intoxicated.

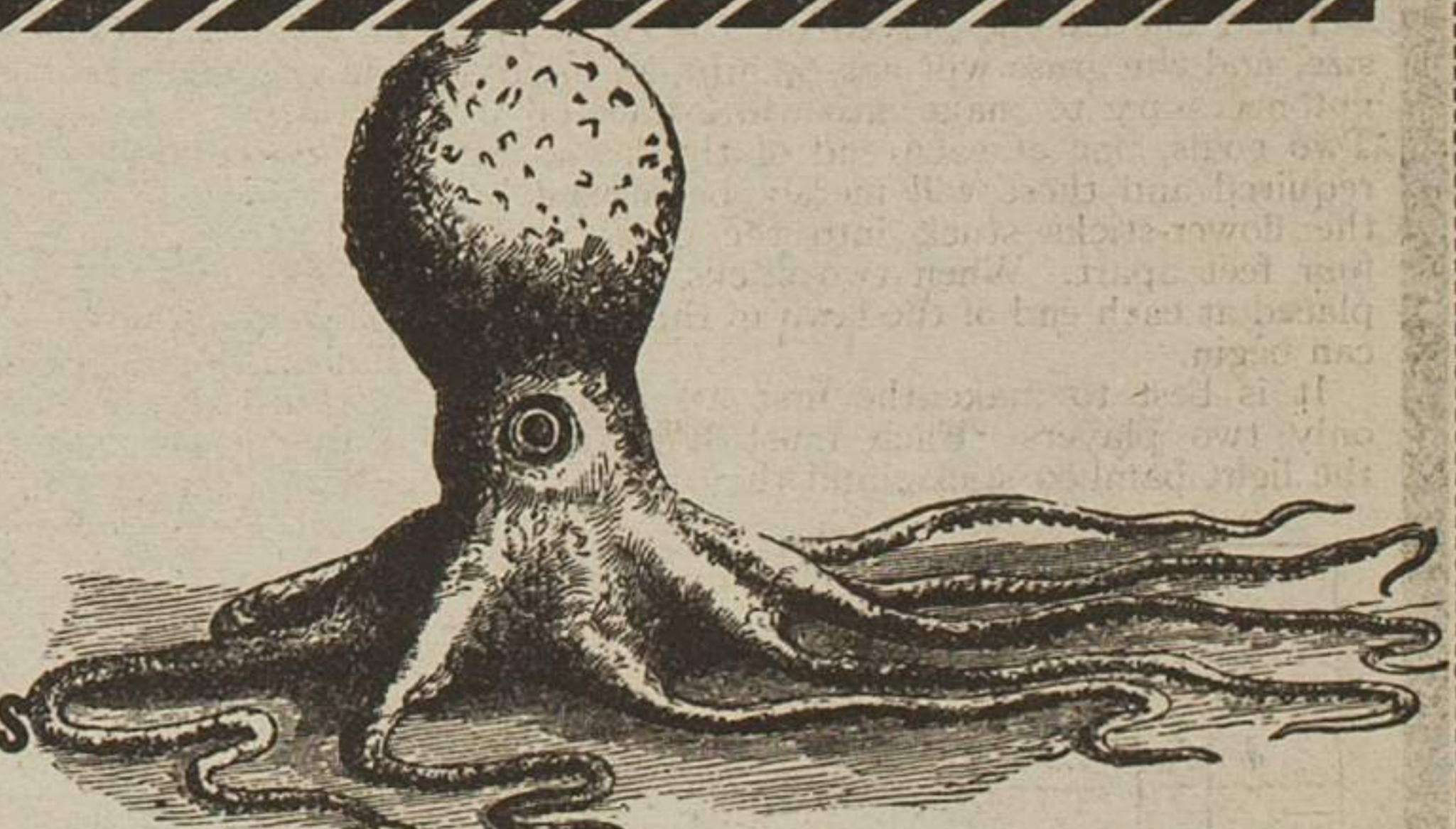
Police report that they went to Durand Eastman beach and found the mother asleep on the beach with three different whiskey bottles next to her. Police report they had a difficult time waking her up and when she awoke it was found that she was highly intoxicated and needed assistance in standing. They also report that her clothes were badly torn and that when she spoke, she merely mumbled.

Police report that when they asked her where her daughter was she told them that the girl was around somewhere sleeping. The woman, police say, had to be assisted up the hill and she was placed in a police car and then was arrested for Public Intoxication. The 4 year old girl was taken to the Shelter and placed in a foster home for the night. A report was also made to Social Services.

Charged with Public Intoxication was Jane (Joyce) -----, 28, of Driving Park Avenue.



Poulpe, or Octopus.



### Naked Man Walks Hospital Lobby

At 3 A.M., security guards at St. Mary's Hospital report, that a completely naked man walked into the main lobby of the hospital and he was taken to the emergency department as it appeared that he had been in a fight.

Police say that the man refused to tell them anything and the only information that they could get out of him was that he was on his way to see a girl on East Main Street (900's) and that his clothes were in a driveway on Genesee Street. Police say they found his shoes in the driveway at the house on Genesee (100's) Street but could not find the rest of his clothes. They also report that he appeared to be in shock or suffering from a mental disorder. There was no arrest.

Downtown Hutch

