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

> CALL THE DEADMAN

could have access; have heard sounds in my room at night, like

ing 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

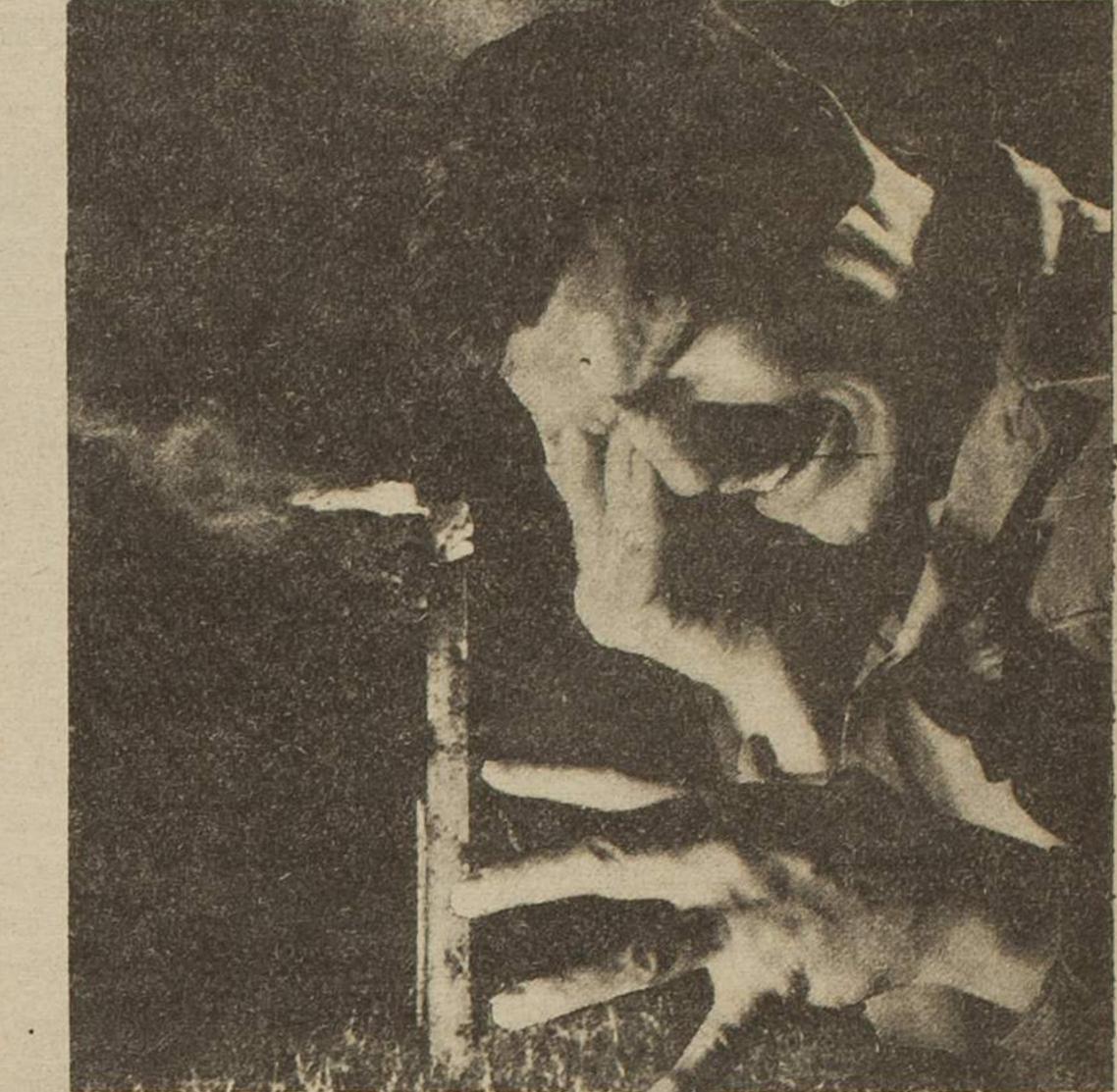
LSD-- causing intense bellyaches, diarrhea, and a shakiness

(withdrawal of heroin).

the plop of little doors closing, the hiss of escaping gas, bang-

FREE Dead Animal Removal

SOUTHWEST RENDERING



Admit Cruel

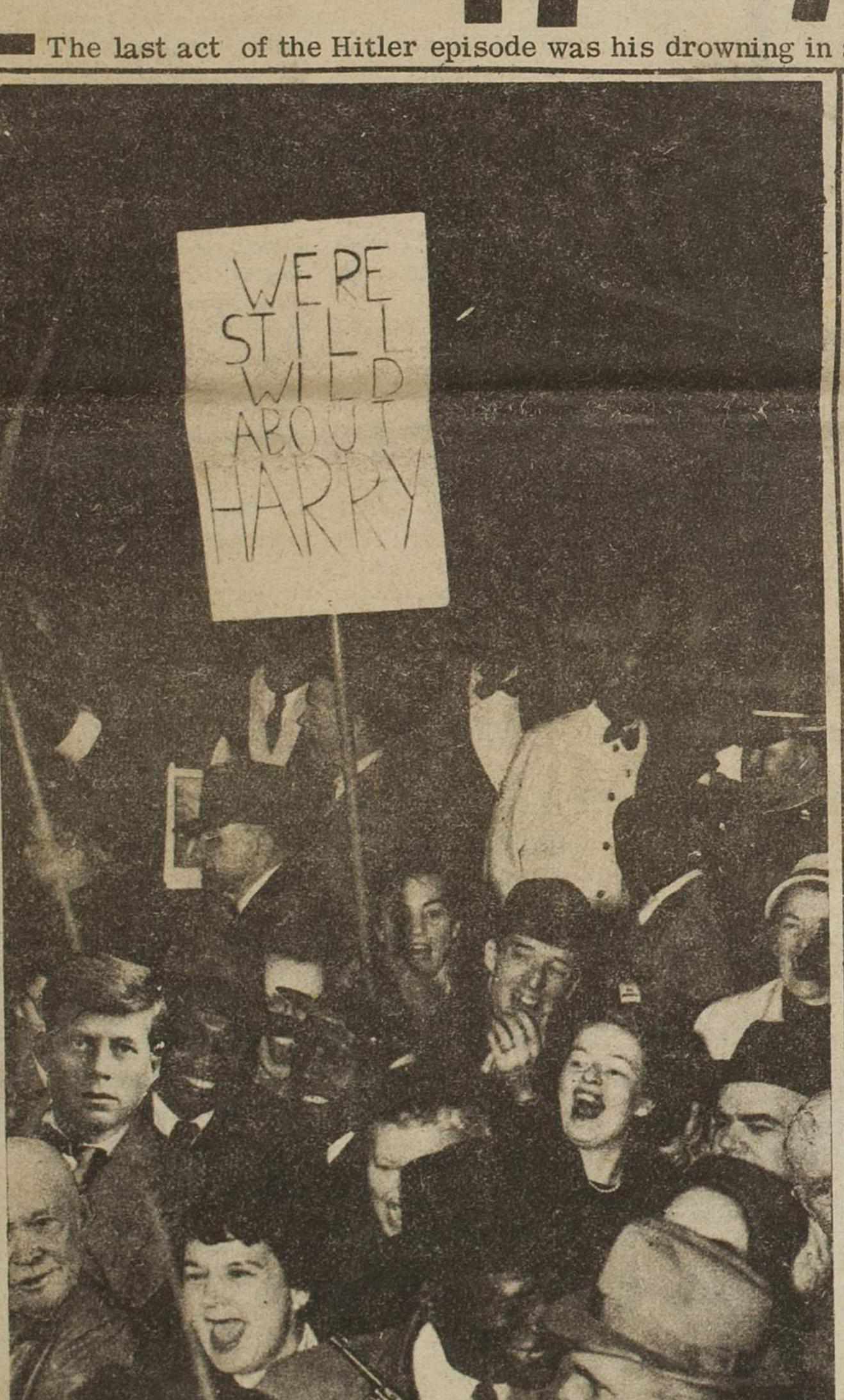
Drowns In Grease

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

Lawrence

AS A PATRIOTIC

SERVICE



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, maining 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



They've picked off Kennedy again as he sortied 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.



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 BLYD.







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, collosal 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

BALL BOOK TO SHEET TO