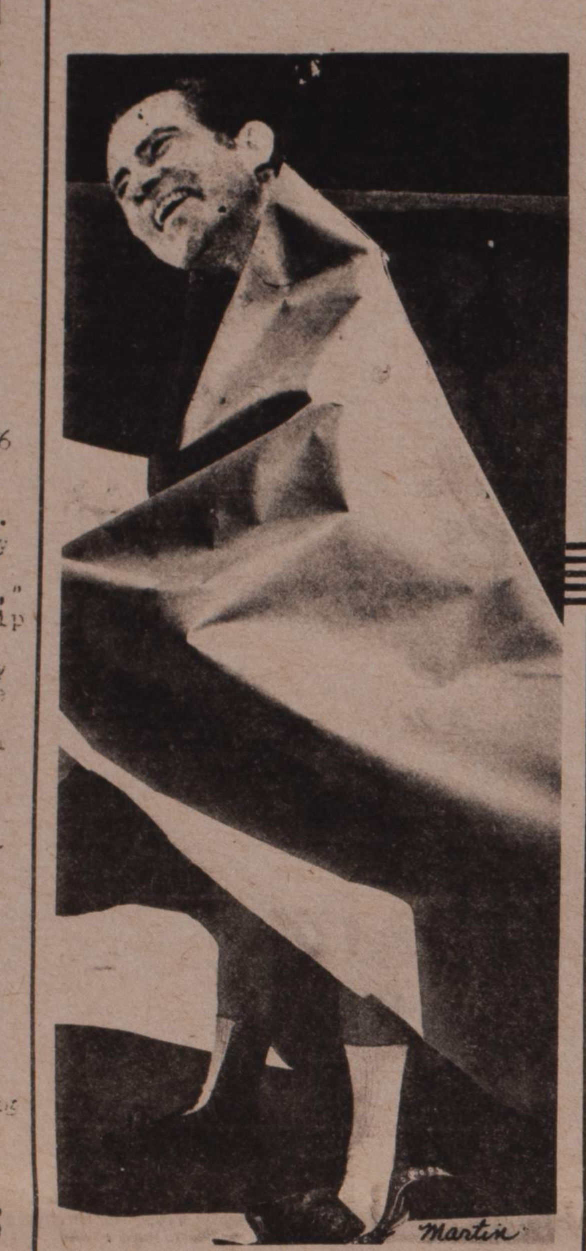
COCKBURN

Cockburn is not only the most recent hat in the ring, he is also a world-champion snake sitter. On his return from Praetoria, where he had established his record of 36 hours in a snake pit, this Moon reporter talked with him beneath a wingpod of his silver whisperjet. He tells me he is having difficulty getting used to sleeping in a bed again. "I'm bloody glad to be out," he said. "I wanted the championship and it was a challenge to my knowledge of reptiles and control of my physical body." Cockburn spent the Xmas national holidays cooped up with 6 puffadders, 6 Egyptian cobra 6 black mambas and 6 boomslangs at the Hartbeespoort snakepit. On two occasions, Cockburn says, snakes devoured other snakes. Quickly replacements were made to keep the level at 24. "I practised for ages to sleep motionless, in a state of deadness, and to wake up in the same position. I sat in still poses for hours on end." And now I want to be one of the American presidents. The great round rubbery head sits henlike between the wide shoulders. Is vote-getting notion to wear ladies shoes and to use one of the new Saf-t-sweepers, which scans the small circles of people at his ralleys, probing air, fingering paranoiac hands.(Photo-C)

ONEONE

PRESIDENT? Who's Running the Country



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 tramping the back-streets 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 Mt. 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 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

Boo Lan

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

In German mythology, the giants will come to battle the gods on a boat made from fingernails!

This fact brought to U by US

FASHIONS IN HORROR

As we crowded into the small clothing store in downtown Peking, a section of the floor behind a counter suddenly rolled back like the hidden door in the Arabian Nights.

A guide led us down a long stairway to a brick-lined tunnel 26 feet below the street surface. We then walked for blocks through a maze of passageways until we came to a large, arch-roofed chamber.

We had arrived in the heart of one of the main air raid shelters in Peking, part of a vast underground network of escape tunnels, storage rooms and emergency life-support and communications systems.

In six minutes, 10,000 people can pour down into the shelter through more than 90 entrances. More interestingly, they do not have to stay cooped up like the Londoners of World War II. They can travel nearly five miles through tunnels to escape into Peking's suburbs.

Thousands of volunteer workers have been laboring for years on the shelter system, digging with picks and shovels, and more years will be needed to complete the effort.

In the limestone mountains near Kweilin we heard huge caves being dynamited for underground factories and hospitals. In the main square of Harbin, we saw workers digging a tunnel. All over China, the shelter building goes on.

THE CITY MOON

The university lecture series is a form of popular entertainment, whose spokesmen now and then piously condemn reckless conspiracy theory even while they support those tendencies that feed it. In a great deal of popular drama, especially on television, the line between fiction and nonfiction is badly blurred, if not erased: News is made dramatic and exciting, drama is made to sound true, authentic, factual.

MARK HARRIS, Times

Kitty Beaned--Canon City, Colo. 10/27/73. A calico cat named Misty joined an extremely small and exclusive fraternity of earth creatures who have been hit by falling stars. A meteorite crashed through the roof of a garage 2 miles north of Canon City, Colo; it penetrated the interior ceiling and shattered upon impact with the concrete floor. Misty, asleep on a pile of oily rags in one corner was slightly bruised by the chunks of flying cosmic debris. Smithsonian

Montevallo Sinkhole-- Two hunters tramping through the woods near the central Alabama town of Montevallo stumbled on and nearly into-- a giant stinkhole over 400 ft. wide and 150 feet deep. The massive hole, dubbed "The December Giant," by the Alabama press, is thought to be the largest in U.S. This most recent collapse of substrata was heard by a nearby resident who reported a roaring noise, the sound of breaking timber, and the considerable shaking of the house. Again the stench rose from the hole on a rouge-red vapor. Smithsonian

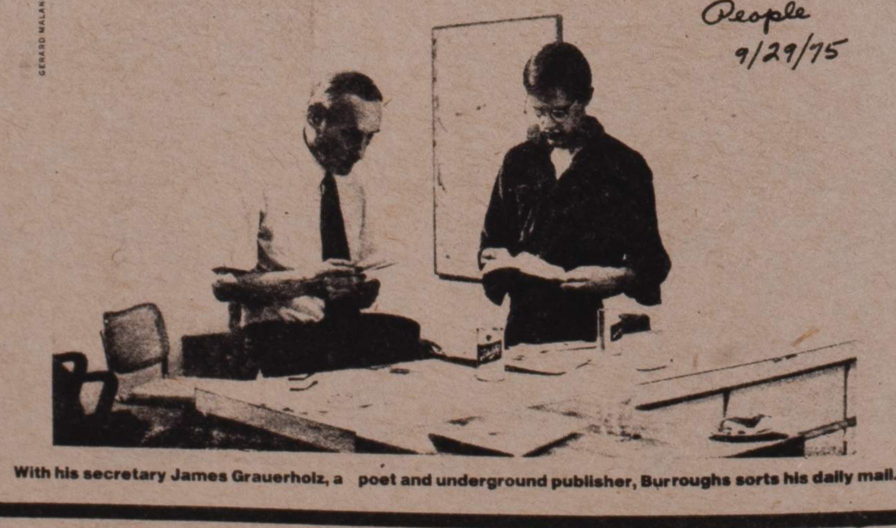
The best news is about the president's one son, Ham, and his three daughters, Vivien, Mandy, and Reba. He has sent them into the midwest where they work as a team door to door, coming so shortly after what many regard as a humiliating "loss" of South Vietnam. Any show of determination, particularly since they present easy targets, selling the boxed candy, greeting cards, salve, was bound to have a bracing effect on those who feared that timidity had overtaken our leadership, and it is believed Ford has strengthened himself in his own party. It is said that the business of day to day governance has come to a standstill. John Nance Garner shuffles uneasy in his grave. Missing troops are often dead ones. The nation awaits a firm, irrevocable hit. Meanwhile officials confirmed that the president continues to soak his hand in a basin of vinegar for an hour each morning, toughening the seams. (MH)

טעלעוויזשאָן און ראַדיאָ

I live in Golden,Mo. Please write me. I will send you my art-foto catalog. They call me Mrs. India. I appear on television nightly in three midwestern cities advertising my FULL BODY MASSAGE ROOM that I am running here in Golden. Believe me, even if you live in Paradise, Texas, it's worth the trip. Five minute finger waves, $5.00. In New York City you can pay upwards of $50.00 for the same service. If you're into a flourish of pedo I can have a boy scout here in ten minutes. My rubs will have you in a coma, cheap at $2.00. The newest thing we have here now is the Palm Oil 'Round the World' Rub Job. Done expertly by Miss Marie. Box 842. Canal o

'Moon' interpretation

People 9/29/75



With his secretary James Grauerholz, a poet and underground publisher, Burroughs sorts his daily mail.

"I never thought I'd see an Eskimo dance!"

LOCAL SEERESS STIRS RUCKUS

Mrs. India: "I See Horrible Things on Television".

The residents of Bayside Park a medium size residential area in Lang Island have returned once more to their homes and for the present at least the community lies relatively quiet, although no gains were made by either side in their bloody confrontation this afternoon. Mrs. Della India of Germanoid descent has issued statements from her bed of prayer to the effect that she intends to go on with her mass Oneba Vigils despite opposition from the locals and threats of violence.

Mrs. India claims she first saw Oneba rising over the Bayside Chick-N-D-Lite one cloudy spring evening after a long bout with the Asian flu. While recuperating from the dread chink sniffles she had been dosing herself with a primitive Germanoid home remedy consisting of heavy gin, oil of wormwood, and lemon drink heated to boiling, and by her own account: "I was sitting at the bus stop when I heard a sound like mountains falling and looked up to see Oneba Beaming." According to our meteorological department there was an interesting and unusual manifestation that night just before dusk of the phenomenon known as Martin's Bars; this is described as a high overcast layer with lower thunderheads ringing the horizon so that as the Sun sets, its rays are not only thrown out in vast patterns from behind the thunderheads in the west but also present a stunning system of converging bars of shadow against the eastern sky. The phenomenon occurs on the average three times a year in continental North America.

SCIENCE FACT: THE RAT DROPPINGS FOUND IN ORDINARY BREAKFAST CEREAL ARE MORE NUTRITIOUS AND RICHER IN PROTEIN THAN THE CEREAL ITSELF

We have all heard the stories about insect parts and human boogers found in packages of ice sold throughout the country. Everyone knows that the adulteration of the common hot dog with beef lips is standard practice. But DID YOU KNOW that almost every popular brand of breakfast cereal contains a SUBSTANTIAL PROPORTION OF RAT DROPPINGS?

This overlooked resource CAN NOW BE HARNESSED like the surging waters of the Nile; we are pleased to announce a new line of nutritious and tasty RAT CAKES. These discreet little boluses, of a pleasant dark brown color, contain TEN TIMES THE PROTEIN found in a similar serving of Puffed Air, Sugar Cracklies, or Frosted Fruit Gooks. AND, as a special offer to introduce this AMAZING NEW PRODUCT, we will also provide FREE a large package of new sweet-smelling RAT DROPS! These tiny hard-candy crops are GUARANTEED to freshen the breath without harming the delicate nasal membranes.

STOUT THIEF STEALS 35 TON AUTO CRUSHER PLUS TRUCK-TRAILER

Thieves have taken some very improbable things, but the one who made off with the car crusher, which operated here last week, takes the prize.

After the car crusher had finished flattening some 50 cars here Saturday night it was loaded on to its big trailer and the crew set sail for Eureka where it was to perform this week. The driver, Steven Kline of Golden, Colorado, parked the 35 ton outfit in the old Champlin service parking space at Lyons and spent the night at a motel.

When Kline awakened Sunday morning the 40 foot long truck and crusher were gone. The outfit belongs to the National Auto Salvage Co., and is valued at more than $140,000. Police were certain such a big piece of loot would turn up quickly, and they were right, to a degree.

Hays police found the crusher on its trailer parked at the Hays Airport, where it apparently had been parked Sunday morning. The crusher was intact, but the tractor that pulls it was missing. Police wonder whether the thief caught a plane, or still is running in the tractor.

—o—

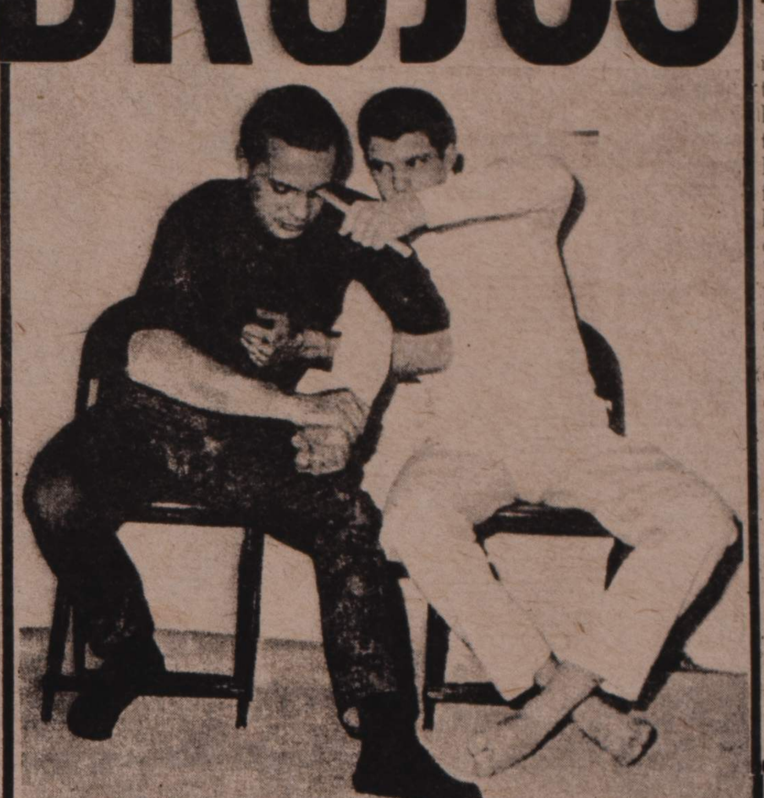
OF all American Inventions the Cash Register is the widest used.

SILVER SCREEN

Jut we don't go to skin flicks for plot or maxims either, we go for action. And in this regard, 'The Ramrodder' disappointed. The use of Indians in the story could have provided an excuse for ingenious clever rituals of maniacal sex-torture and original concepts of defloration. But whoever made this film either was not very creative or just didn't want to bother, because all we get is a rather plain whipping scene of the naked Indian maiden (close-ups of the whip lashing across the body, smearing red paint to simulate bloody welts, and close-ups of the girl's face as she tries desperately to fake an expression which might suggest a mixture of both anguish and pleasure—we find out later that she enjoyed the beating, right after which she gets down on her knees and sucks her torturer's cock—but all this is not very convincing and we are not made to feel the bit of the whip and the thrill of the sting), a scene in which an elderly squaw tests the girl's virginity by shoving a large, thick phallus-like stick up her cunt (all we see here is the girl's face, with the same desperate attempt at portraying pleasure and pain), and a sequence in which two women, one Indian and one white, are tied together and do battle with knive until blood is drawn (nothing much here except some rubbing of tits, which did not really wake up my cock at all from the deep slumber induced by the preceding parts of the film). The scenes of fucking are unremarkable and brief, and the exposure of the film's women is extensive but definitely pre-1965 in nature (lots of tits and ass, no cunt or pubic hair).

Can Chicken Be Glamorized?

BRUJOS



The renowned William M. Thackeray and the famous Charles Dickens had a quarrel. Just before Christmas in 1863 when they met in London, they refused to speak to one another. Pricked in his conscience, Thackeray turned back and seized the hand of his friend, saying he couldn't bear the coldness that existed between them. Dickens was touched and the old anger and jealousy gave way to reconciliation. Shortly afterward, Thackeray suddenly died.

Hughes fails to show up

NEW YORK (AP) — Billionaire recluse Howard Hughes did not show up in court Wednesday to prove he is still alive.

But a lawyer for Hughes' Summa Corp. did, and he said the attempt by two shareholders in the Air Liquidation Co. to have Hughes declared legally dead smacked of blackmail.

"Inference is plain that the plantiffs believe if they make enough of a nuisance of themselves, someone will pay them to go away," lawyer Chester Davis said in moving for dismissal of the suit.

State Supreme Court Justice Bernard Nadel, who signed an order giving Hughes until Wednesday to prove he is still alive, reserved decision on the Davis motion.

A spokesman for Summa Corp. in Los Angeles has said the industrialist is alive.

Poets are playing vegetables today

In addition to reading their own poetry, five KU poets will perform a vegetable concert at 4:30 p.m. today in the Student Union Forum Room.

A vegetable concert?

"Yes, we're going to play vegetables like musical instruments, or maybe we'll just play with the vegetables. We're not sure yet," Lee Chapman, San Francisco, Calif., a former KU student, said.

Wayne Propst, Overland Park senior, said he was definitely going to play a watermelon.

"The reason I'm going to play a watermelon is that I'm a liberal," Propst quipped.

Also performing will be Bill Berkowitz, New York, N.Y., senior, Ken Irving, Rochester, Minn., senior, and Herb Williams, Oradell, N.J., senior.

Berkowitz, Propst and Williams published a book of poetry last April entitled "Ux Poms." The book was published at the Abbington Free Press in Lawrence. UDK, Sept 68

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 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 (about US1¢). . . .

"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 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 goat-shed. 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 up 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. . . .

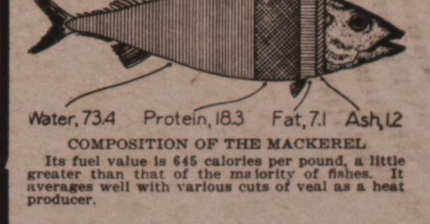
"Again, after three or four days, I went to a hut by the side of a nullah at Poisar. A man was sleeping on a charpoy. I killed him and found under his pillow Rs3.13 (US40¢). *I also found there a pair of spectacles, and a knife and a matchbox, all of which I took. . . . I heard an inner voice asking me to confess. . . ."*

What is out there?

Sometimes one thinks that Lazarus in his "space suit" is almost the progenitor of today's headline stories of astronauts sent into space and returning.

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?



COMPOSITION OF THE MACKEREL.
Its fuel value is 645 calories per pound, a little greater than that of the majority of fishes. It averages well with various cuts of veal as a heat producer.

HORROR RESTAURANT OPENS ATOP MIRRORED BUILDING

The president of Tip-Toe Manufacturing announced today that plans are in the final stages for a dramatic new horror restaurant in the pent house of the American Victory Building. Elmo P. Busby explained at a lavish press conference in the art deco lobby of the building that he intended to cover the outside of the building with mirrors. "This will make the building invisible," he reasoned. "Then I personally will see to the horror decor of the restaurant; perhaps a brief nightly stint as Count Dracula, as my secretary suggests. Of course, all the horror greats will be represented: Frankenstein's monster, King Kong, the Blob, Godzilla, the mightly Joe Young, and countless others . . . all the monsters we've come to know and love. That's our slogan: MONSTERS ARE NICE GUYS. And as a public relations gesture, we plan to rope off a section for cretins, mongoloids, and pinheads etc., so that the general public may see them happily eating and learn that there is a little bit of monster in each of us."

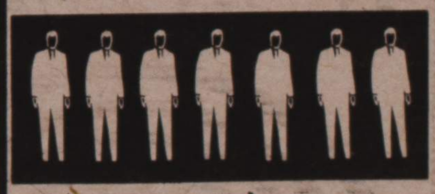
WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD?

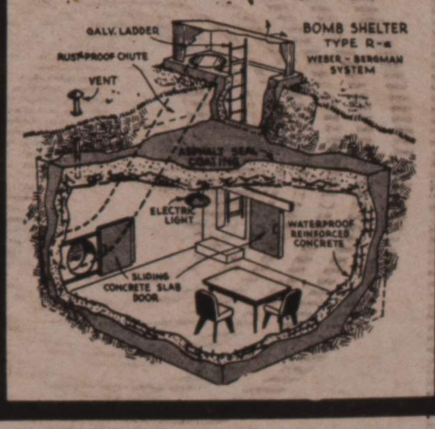
With each passing day bringing its huge toll of startling major events such as wars, assassinations, world conference failures, murders, suicides of eminent persons, flights into voluntary exile of the heads of gigantic syndicates, kidhappings for ransom, farm strikes, mob outbreaks and financial difficulties everywhere, it becomes apparent that this poor world is reeling to and fro like a drunkard. It is with strange misgivings that one surveys the news of the day. The question which springs spontaneously to mind is:

"WHAT NEXT?"

Without wishing to be sensational, we here at the MOON wish to state on unfailing authority that an event is yet to occur which will give to the world its greatest shock. The shock will consist in the sudden and complete disappearance of millions of its choicest inhabitants. The disappearance will be of such a mysterious nature that it will seem as though the earth has opened its mouth and swallowed them. However, the very reverse will be the case; they will have left the Planet!

Shortly after this exciting incident, a most powerful dictator will dictate peace to the nations then at war, and being a genius, he will also cause business to prosper. The world will again forget the MOON (for many of us are among the cosmically elected) and its own soul. It will become inebriated with the fulness of its prosperity and will cry: "Peace and Safety." Then comes the sudden destruction. Wars, famines, pestilences, earthquakes, signs in the heavens, on earth and in the seas will characterize that period.





*** ONEBA SEEN IN CRESCENT CITY... ALIVE!**