

'I Just Shot Pa Down Like I Would a Hog,' Boy Says



cheap 25¢

city moon

MASTER RAY-X IN
SHIELDED CUBICLE

DEAD WOMAN ROBBED

At-Home Entertainment

Killer of Man Who
Cursed Flag Acquitted

Cokes Blamed
For 13 Deaths

Fungal Attack on Rock

Vol. 9 #7 September 5, 1975

Roosevelt Dug Up

"EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOW."

I'LL HAVE TO MAKE TESTS
AND STUDY THE DOWNA-
GE OF NOXAGE
PROPERTY

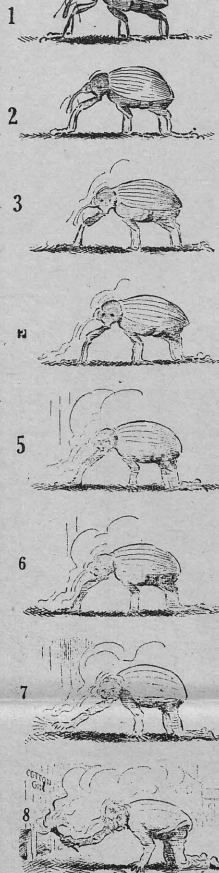
Hundreds of Veetles Are Extracted
from Different Parts of a
Young Girl's Body.

CENTRAL BUREAU
Box 591
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

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Skimming the News



The Newsmagazine WE P.O. Box 8888 Rochester, N.Y.

This is probably one of the most odd ball and unbelievable stories we have ever published. However we have heard of many zany tales with odd sex problems but this man has a fetish for kissing feet. Ugh!

At about 2 P.M. the mother of a 16 year old white girl reports that her daughter and two of her companions of the same age from Admiral Park had been sitting on the steps of a bakery at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Croile Street and a white man in his twenties, about six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, with blonde hair, pink pants and a striped shirt came to her, got on his knees, and kissed her foot. The girl reports that he then sat next to her and asked her if he could kiss her other foot and she refused. She told police that at this point he grabbed her arm and said that he would give her \$5 if he could kiss her other foot and again the girl refused.

The husband of a 74 year old woman who died in General Hospital reports that while his wife was on her deathbed somebody stole her purse having \$13 in bills plus charge plates and personal items. Police have no idea who perpetrated this ghoulish crime.

PARKS DEAD -- JANITOR IN A DRUM

Bert Parks, 58, television MC, host of 16 Miss America Pageants is dead. His older daughter found the body in the garage. She told police he had been there more than a day, and that a family cat had befouled the corpse, apparently urinating on the lapel and leaving a stool near the buckle of the belt. A can of Janitor in a Drum had been drained halfway. It is suspected he lived a number of hours in semi-agonized, able to breathe only shallowly, and too weak to call out. He will be buried in the National Public Cemetery after a night-long wake at Lamanno Panno Fallo on Lincoln Street, in the warehouse district. Requiescat in Pacem. The precious teeth will be housed in the City Reliquary, near the jawbone of Edward Gein. His clean American visage will be sadly and forever unseen now, in these offices of the Moon. (Ed. O. and light process)

A Moon correspondent was rudely forced to sit still through 5 or 6 consecutive prayers at a neighborhood improvement meeting recently in East Lawrence. In the foggy center of a room billowing with cigarette smoke, he suddenly wondered how church and state got so mixed up together, and why he was sitting there, breathing in foul nicotine. He left at the end.

The Indo China War is apparently over. Let's be good sports—the game ball goes to the Cong. And let's not forget the Rouge for their flanker and blocking work in left field. Don't be bitter, fat Americans. They beat us fair and square, even though we cheated all we could, and lied our way out at the end. Let's go back to the locker room, pat one another on the ass, and take our phosphorus burned orphans home, and our rebates, too. The oil war is next. Stay tuned to the Moon for hot news on the wars and various peaceful concerns.

In Cadillac Michigan, armed with 12-gauge shotguns, patrolmen drive around the city in the dead of night, checking areas where "invaders" have been reported. Patrol got seven in one night. Lieutenant William Irwin said this. They've killed about thirty or forty this fall. Please send local invader sightings to box 591.

No need to go hungry. Eat Russian thistles. Russian thistles, growing in abundance in this part of the country, rival the popular spinach for being nutritious. They may even be canned the same as spinach.

The body of a man was found last August floating in the Kaw near the old bridge (see related article). It was found in a stagnant pool literally cooked by the water, the temperature of which was over 160 degrees. Investigation disclosed nothing, except that the man was a stranger who had given the name Crabbe earlier in a tavern to a Moon reporter.

Familiar to movie audiences of three decades ago as the "fat boy" of the "Our Gang" comedies, Macklin Hall told a state assembly committee investigating the recent Hollywood studio beatings that he has been a victim. He was assaulted in the dark of the Paramount parking lot. The eyes were pitifully bruised, one of the fingers broken. He says he fears retaliation, and so will not implicate the criminals if they are caught.

W. Prop, prison poet, has been working with sheet aluminum and simple galvanic devices in his spare time lately. He claims to have perfected a cheap to build windpowered yard light. Write Box 591. Send \$1 for plans.

THE CITY MOON

The women exit the laundromat laughing their halter tops hold, they have the attendant He showed them the marble halls, showed them the lint balls He asked them remarkable questions

Cats are the nastiest animals aren't they though a dog returns to his vomit and your cow engorges your afterbirth; nature reclaims her own

But a cat differs, he showed them. the cat is patient on the washing machines

Live frogs, reptiles, beetles and other insects have been found in perfect condition although they may have been encased in solid blocks of stone for many years. Some scientists believe these lower life forms have developed an advanced technique of life saving suspended animation. Joe Molino, a miner, was opening a new shaft sixty feet below the surface in a mine in Ruby, Nevada, when his drill slipped into a small cavity in the enormous stone wall. Molino withdrew the drill for a moment and was surprised to see a handful of wigglers worms crawl out of the stone cavity.

The king of Sweden will visit Lindsborg. Unofficial word has been received by the Moon that King Carl Gustaf, XVI, of Sweden, will visit Lindsborg in the spring of 1976. The word came from the offices of the Swedish Council of America in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He will receive the public at the Lindsborg Campground. A skräda-kaka luncheon will be catered exclusively by the Palace Orienta franchise there.

Mrs. Storey, 69, died Sunday. Her 22 children, including four sets of twins, brought the family nationwide publicity, about 20 years ago. She is survived by two of the children. Her husband, Marion, died five years ago. The two living children dwell at the Babcock home.

A dispatch to the World from London says Mascagni, the composer of the opera "Cavalleria Rusticana," has attempted to commit suicide at Bologna, Italy, by taking poison. (Dallas Morning News, 1900)

THE MAN HUNG ON A KITE

He dangled up in the Air Awhile and Then Both Came Down Together

A big crowd that assembled at Thirty fourth street gazed in horror at the figure of a man dangling from a mammoth kite 500 feet in the air. While the people were wondering who he was and how he got himself into such a precarious plight, the big line that held the airship to the earth snapped with a crash like a pistol. The man and kite came to the earth with a rush and a thud.

The crowd hurried to the place where the aeronaut landed. Several police who had witnessed the soar and fall got to the wreck and discovered a stray man wearing wingtip shoes and a double breasted suit made of animal fur. The five boys who pulled the trick snickered and sallied forward to reclaim their object. The boys' cigar shaped kite had heavy cloth for its skin, was 12 ft. high, 8 feet wide and 4 feet deep. It carried 500 pounds. A curious crowd followed the boys as they carried their relics to Charlie Eautow's barnyard, where they burned them. The police arrived as the last kite fragment was flaming up and the man lost all form. (Chi Trib)

WE O. K. you
Investigative Investigators
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Advance Donation Service Only
Non Profitable Association
Scientific U. N. Sky Lab
Study Center



6569

Chris is Back

Chris Chubbick is laughing in Madison Wisconsin today. Everybody thought she was dead, when she suddenly put a gun to her head and fatally shot herself on TV last November. Chris Chubbick said that pulling a revolver and shooting herself after her statement "In keeping with Channel 40's policy of bringing you the latest in blood and guts and in living color you are going to see another first—attempted suicide," was cavalier and facile in the extreme, that death was sterile and ugly and long, and she wouldn't experience much of it again in the near or distant future. "I'm going to be around forever, or a long, long, long, long time. I'm really optimistic."



Arkie Dykes

As a boy he caddies at the golf club. Hence the nickname 'Shagball."

Today his hobbies are art, math, acoustics.

During the long years on the shrimp boats, Arkie dreams of growing old, like his step-father did. He learns to stare directly into the noonday sun, his boots nailed to the deck.

Marries Betty Snopes Lomax in June, 1946.

Spotted by a talent scout on the dock at Savannah; his big break.

After cashing his first check from the U. of Kansas, Arkie buys a Zenith TV, has his teeth fixed, and then comes home to whip his boy for sassing his ma when Arkie was gone.

The Cracker of the Prairie

SOIPIX: RAT CASTINGS IN U.S. CEREAL FOUND MORE NUTRITIOUS, RICHER THAN CEREAL ITSELF.



—In the mad rush thru life—
—you may not consider what a real saving you make when you use

free — ORIENTAL OIL — free
—just try it—

Love with a Few Hairs in the Food

---POUNDS

They come out laughing, their bottoms are green
Some women bare their stomachs to sun and moon indifferently
Some lead afghan dogs and carry thermos jugs

In most cases suad-killer won't cure diarrhea, but A cat is different they scream

TRIPPING

by Arnie Meyer

Two baboons
swinging
on invisible vines

through the desert to
the
edge of the sky.



He So Loved
Male Love Till
He Slew Boy
Who Refused Him

WHAT TRIGGERED THE CURRENT CONTROVERSY?

EAST TOPEKA by R Harp

Although my friends forget to write
Don't correspond the way they might
My mailbox bountifully fills
With advertisements and money moochers.

My sister often sends me a copy and I read
with great interest every column inch of your
interesting and inspiring newspaper. I was born in
Wodonga 76 years ago. I knew Mrs. Pevely very
well and wonder how many are alive who remember
the day she danced all day long with all the wonderful
young men (she was courted by all) and how wonderful
she was, hour after dizzying hour. And how when
the last number of the orchestra was run out, she
was not and kept on a dancing into the night and early
morning hours. How her parents tried so hard but
got nothing for it but a dead daughter. That was in
the Pevely's first house on Wodonga Creek. I
watched that house brought on a wagon pulled by
11 or 13 horses owned and driven by Mr. Pevely.
It was about 1910.

I started work with a dress maker in a little shop
next to the sentinel office. I guess I'll never see
Wodonga again, health broken down, but I loved every
rubbery inch of its magnificent land. I was last
there in 1956. Memories, Memories that live and
burn and none can take away though you are robbed of
every other thing. I was one of the Smith girls who
rowed the boat with the folks caught between those
two broken bridges in October 1917. About 178
dogs too, and a lady with a baby across the flood
waters. Constable Towell gave me permission
to cut the wire near the line so I could get the boat
right to the line.

Have had many cards and letters recently wanting to
know if we were still here. Yep, we are still here, so,
until our creditors catch us and we have to move on.

Short Orders.
Steaks and chops.

Good News
Chicken and Trout **Fat Folks**
LAGOON OPENING SOON- SKRADA KAKA LUNCH
Sharkfin, raw puffer, potato wine



Now I have it complete for my grandchildren to read.
I keep a memory book of events. How vividly I can
see that huge house on Hun's Hill called de Kerleau.

The first wedding I ever saw was Charlie Gordon and
Midge Connor, Mr. Stead and son Henry, Paddy
Mylon, Jim flower and the soft drink factory of Mr.
Sam Mason.

My job was section hand on the old St. Joe and G.I.
railroad and thought I was set for life. Something
happened and the Better Business Bureau said
that for the happiness and serenity of the townspeople
it would be better if I moved on. I took the hint and
signed on riding shotgun on a banana boat. We ran
ashore at Sterling Col., but by this time I had ate all
the bananas.

Many a picnic we had on the banks of Bork's lagoon,
named after George Bork who left here and played
such fine football in the Canadian league. Many a
time we gathered wild violets along House Creek 7.
All of us were christened at St. Lukes.

I am presently looking for employment. If anyone
there needs a one-legged janitor, contact me.
My bank reference is Abe's Pawn Shop.

The constant drip of water wears away the hardest
stone.
The constant gnaw of towser masticates the toughest
bone.
The constant cooing lover carries off the blushing
maid.
And the constant advertiser is the one who gets the
trade.

All is changed. Lots of luck.



When in Berkeley,
friends of the MOON
stay at the Durant.
Burroughs slept here
Cinsburg, and in
later years-Sonny Barger
too. Cheap rates.
Box 591

**Hotel
DURANT**

2600 DURANT AVENUE • BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA 94704

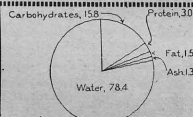
This stranger arrived at the Osawatomia Savings &
Loan at an hour when the bank was totally empty
yesterday—a friek according to the Vice-Presi-
dent who was apparently the last to abandon the
building in what he called "a funny daze." He was
clearly leaving the bank, and yet he knew he was
the last person present and shud stay on. Luckily,
the cameras of the City Moon were flickering stead-
ily onward, recording the arrival of the strangest
pair of the decade.

Tape recorders caught gems like this: "Hurry
up Midge, hurry and bring it, I'm awful hungry
for a God." The girl is Midge Prop of New Or-
leans, whom many know the story of how she
ran away from the preacher and went to the
south to ripen slowly in the egyptian sun. No-
body noticed what make car they drove, though
it set in front of the bank. God said, "Thirsty
Midge, thirsty, too bad for a God. Bring a
dixie cup of quenching water." Midge says,
"There was a Kentucky Fried on the boulevard
and I know there is a Rib Place farther in." God,
"I want something quick, now. I'm
ravished."

God is apparently not a force after all, but a person,
more or less. He can get in through locked doors
without making alarms go off. Midge can too, now.

The stranger did not look old, and Midge looks lots
younger. He watched Midge through most of the
length of the recording. He seemed to address the
bank cameras, which are concealed, directly from
time to time. They are from New Jersey, they say,
where they live in a religious community. It is
their permanent home, and their acceptance is
high.

How did they wind up in Osawatomia? They are
looking to trade their vehicle, which no one can
readily identify. They say they will listen to rea-
sonable offers. God and Midge want to leave town.
We wouldn't stop them. Write B 591, Lawrence.

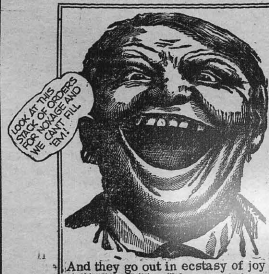


cheap



COMPOSITION OF MACARONI Its fuel value is
only about 400 calories per pound, when ready for
the table, ranking below the poorest parts of beef
and pork, but much above tomatoes and pumpkins.

(American Fork) A governmental police operative
espied a man making sketches of the Delaware
river wharves at the foot of Market and X Streets
in American Fork, Texas. Arrest was made.
Search revealed a work, a very small caline gun,
probably under 18 calibre, an incomplete sketch
of wharves, three or four messages, odd notes,
a complete drawing of Bethlehem Steel's shell
loading plant, a drawing of the munitions plant at
Eddystone, where a horrible fatality occurred last
month as a result of explosion. The man is locked
inside the urison system somewhere in New York
City, it is lingering in a nuthouse in Connecticut.
Now the Moon does not know of this man personally.
And so it will make no lugubrious attacks on him
personally. But when asked his name he said it
was Smith, when asked his family circumstances, he
said bachelor, when asked his intentions he simply
said, destruction, I would like to kill everything that
is alive. The police say they will enforce his arrest
with shot bombs, if they have to. Why do all these
nuts come to American fork? So, people plan a
little too much. Ed. Martin (B. 591)



And they go out in ecstasy of joy

...and now it's time for



Mantis Walk Austin Streets-- During the predawn hours of August 7, 1973 large numbers of mantids, relatives of the better known "praying mantis" were observed moving north along a 4.5 kilometer stretch of North Lamar Boulevard in Austin, Texas. On the night of August 8, more mantids appeared again in the same general area. On both nights the mantids seemed to be evenly distributed wherever they were observed. No mantids were seen on parallel or intersecting streets on either nights. This species of mantid is normally quite rare in the Austin area, and the cause of the strange migration is not known. All the mantids examined were females, needless to say.



To the EDITOR OF THE DYNAMIC RIVER CITY MOON

A real find for you all, I swear to god, I found it in a 1957 US News and WORLD REPORT. Nikita Khrushchev is back from the dead and amazing--getting loaded every night in Philadelphia. He was dead, cold dead, over a year before these pictures popped up and now it smeared all over every front page in this land--Nikki was a filthy inebriate. I don't believe my eyes when I stare at these pictures. Some suggest faking and deception, and that these pictures be ignored as a cheap prank. Is Nikki back from the dead or not? Write and tell, Box 591 Lawrence, Ks.



BOTTLEMAN KHRUSHCHEV

Krushev lifts a lusty glass of potatoe wine to his parted lips and kneads the rim of the glass with drawn lips. The eyes are dimming variously from moment to moment. Is he happy? Ask any dingy alcoholic ridden trash laying out in the gutter on Mediterranean Street. Living in Philadelphia, confusion will haunt him no matter he lives 2 or 3 hundred years. Why isn't Eisenhower, his new buddy, in this picture. Where Kissinger?

They say he shoots a half pound of cheap light noxage a day

GIRL FOUND DEAD NEXT TO NEW SUIT The 19 year old daughter of a former junior high school principal of Shiga Prefecture, scheduled to attend a coming-of-age ceremony Wednesday, died of carbon monoxide poisoning in a fire which broke out at 1:45 a.m. the same day and destroyed the second floor of her home. The body was found lying by the side of a new suit

Acid Cloud-- A storage tank owned by the Stauffer Chemical Company, containing oleum, a cleaning solution of saturated sulphuric acid developed a leak and created a huge cloud of sulphuric acid mist that rose over the Carson-South Los Angeles Area. The usual hush hush evacuation was carried out and a few people were hospitalized. Nothing much to worry about. Once you've seen one of these honies rising aloft, you've seen em all.

THE INDIAN AMERICANS: PART II

The rest of the story Benjamin, the stage driver, does not like to tell, and we won't tell it in its entirety. The other prospector was at once bound and turned over to the women and children. Ben hid beneath a table, but was found. They did nothing to him that would kill him at once, and when he fainted from the awful agonies they inflicted upon him they would revive him with cold water, only to commence new and more ingenious tortures. When it seemed he could bear no more, the younger members of the band got about him, smoking and laughing at his frightful shrieks and fed a slow fire that was kindled on his stomach.

The next day and the one after that Benjamin supplied the fun for the camp. A comely young squaw came to him and tried to make him open his mouth. He saw her purpose was evil and refused, so she took a hatchet and one by one knocked his teeth in, smashing down his upper jaw. Then she took a rough pair of wooden pincers and grasping with them his tongue at the roots dragged him about the place, convulsed with mirth at his torment and his attempts to scream.

Another pleasantry was to mass a quantity of glowing charcoal on a strip of damp bark and bind it about his head. When he would swoon and the coals would be removed, he recovered; in an instant a fresh lot was applied. They were somewhat tender with him, for he was the last prisoner they had, and he made such sport for the women and children that his death was to be as long drawn out as possible.

The children enjoyed breaking his feet. This was called *basinetto*, and apparently the French taught them the trick. The stage driver was staked to the earth and the soles of his feet were clubbed until every one of the innumerable little bones were broken and the flesh reduced to a jelly.

He was staked out on a red ant hill. It seemed cycles until he fainted. The next day he was tortured further. The third day, signs indicated the Indians were breaking camp. Benjamin was shot with arrows, where they would not immediately wound him mortally. A flint arrow head was used to pin his thigh to the dirt, and a squaw cleft his chin with a hatchet so he would remember her. All the time, a bullet was lodged in his head, and still forms a great protuberance there.

He was asked why he didn't have the bullet cut out. He said, "The doctors would charge me \$25, and I can't spare the money." Dallas Morning News 1997

It is a regrettable indication of a nation's literary taste when it chooses a national anthem beginning with the words, "Oh, say." Lionel Calhoun Moise

Well Painted Decay--

For 17 months, Kawabata's photorealist paintings have left photo mailers (the post office) drowned like rats. The unabated oceans of prints, etchings, reproductions, small biographies of the man himself, record albums, t-shirts are frightening the postmaster sick. Bacterial Mats and Gingivitis in the Gum Tissue (related photo) sells where authorized, and that is everywhere but church. Who is buying it? None of our people. Box 591, Lawrence... a mass murderer in Wisconsin had no plan to use the mails but he hoped to bring back millions from the dead. Who would want them? Not even Nox. The secret appeal? Everyone owns one of the dead. That's the kicker in the deal. He believes in the electrical/mechanical method of bringing back dead humans. (Ed)



Loiterature
The water tub. By Ed. Ohle. In the supermarket Bert was dizzy, leaning over bloody meat, half blind in a shower of reflections, each tight parcel of meat and bone another facet of light. He saw chicken and moved down to it. He moved his palm over a row of thighs, picked up a package of livers and hearts and smelled at it. Some of the liquid ran out into his hand and he took out his nicely ironed and folded handkerchief to wipe it. The gel left pinkish smoky streaks on the cloth. He would explain it the next wash day when his wife asked him what it was. He would say, "In the market last Saturday. I got some chicken blood on it." Then she would say, "I don't remember that." He would say, "You were getting the cooking oil." She, "No, we didn't need cooking oil last week, because I remember the week before that I bought a gallon on special." He, "It doesn't matter." She, "I know it doesn't." He, "Let's kill the subject." She "I know I know. Of course it could be another kind of blood, couldn't it?"

He hefted a pound package of cat weneeds and read the contents, and artificial bologna. By the frozen foods his knees bucked and jerked. He crawled behind his cart like an animal, butting it along with his shoulders. He found his wife at the vegetables, wearing butterfly sunglasses. She said she would not take him home until she was completely finished with the shopping,

and even then she had to definitely stop at the drug store and pick up her prescription. Bert remembered the coin-sized stains she left in the sheets when the moon was full.

Her cycle was one in 50 million in perfect harmony with the pulls and pushes of the solar system, she could respond to all signs with equal intensity. Gemini and Scorpio were equal in her eyes, all work seemed the same to her as did all company, all weather, all food, drink, smoke, beds or bottles, everything was equal, and so she was extraordinarily regular.

He drank a Coca Cola for strength, for the little burst of mock energy it gave him. Gradually he worked himself toward the no admittance door. He had been watching employees emerge carrying heavy boxes of various things. Each time the door swung open he saw the dark warmth behind it. He wanted to get out of the air conditioning for a breath of heavier air.

DUMB DHARMA JOKES #15 & #16 (for Paul E. Johnson) "The Dharma and the Watering Trough" It is easier to drill a hole in the bottom of a watering trough, than to drill a hole in the bottom of the Dharma.

Though the Dharma is like the watering trough in that it is too big to bail out and too heavy to turn over, it is unlike the watering trough in that it is bottomless; or so it is reported by one Urizen who tried to bottom out and couldn't even. As a matter of rumor, the Dharma was last seen dancing in a topless joint in pink slacks, outside of Jarbalo, Kansas. However, there are some, namely Jack Kerouac and Felix Frankfurter, who maintain that the bottom of the Dharma is everywhere at the same time. Which means you could drill a hole in a doughnut, an easy task, and be drilling a hole in the bottom of the Dharma.



Kawabata

Which is why the Dharma is like fucking in that it is hard and easy all at the same time.

Easy as the Dharma
Hard as the Dharma

Even the Dharma has to take a joke.

#16 How is the Dharma like a dummy? A. They both talk without talking. (Look who's calling the Dharma a dummy!) (Anon. Grad. Stud.)

Hi. My name is Susan Larsen and I represent the Rubermapple Party Plan. If you would like a generously illustrated catalog mailed to you, please write or call KR 18 2043 by phone. No obligation. (P-Body Gazette)

★ ★ EVENING WHIRL ★ ★

\$800 COAT SWIPED AT PANCAKE HOUSE

Mrs. IRENE SMITH, 52, enjoyed the delicious pancakes she was eating at the International House of Pancakes at 4103 Lindell boulevard, but she had no idea at the time that thieves were admiring her \$800 Persian coat and making plans to steal it.

When she finished knocking off the coats, she went to the back rack to get her coat, and it was gone.

The manager checked around for the black expensive coat but no one knew a thing about it.

Mrs. SMITH said that said that there is one thing for sure, as cold as it was, she surely wore one in the place.

Police are looking for the slick thief who made off with the coat.

You can bet taking it was no mistake.

GERMAN BOXX, 32, SHOT FOR NOTHING

GERMAN BOXX, 32, 2526 Semple ave., was shot just because he refused to go to a stranger who called him while walking on a street.

BOXX was walking in front of 2515 Semple avenue when a simple dude about 26 years of age, flourished a .32 calibre revolver and called for him to come to him.

BOXX refused and ran in another direction.

As BOXX fled down the street, the armed fool fired a shot, striking BOXX in the right chest.

The assailant then hopped into a black FLEETWOOD CADILLAC and sped away from the scene.

BOXX was conveyed to Homer G. Phillips Hospital where he remains in serious condition.

Run Leo, Run

You Son-Of-A-Gun

One of St. Louis veteran dogs "pushers" and dope "eaters" needed money to support his habit.

Then, he staged a burglary against Derrick Ross, 58, a performer of the Emmett Kelly Jr., Circus. The burglar is Leo Bowright, 47, 3936 Page.

Leo snatched a TV set after crawling in through a window. He began running and was chased and run down. He dropped the set, but he kept running. He faltered, slowed down and was overtaken as he panted and panted.

Nazis Honored Unwed Mothers



EAT AT MEXICO LINDO
With our Low Prices. How many times have you paid a visit. We invite you to do it now and try our big heart burgers with Everything! No Cat or Dog in kitchen. We feature Price Lindo chili on Sat. night. Ladies Toilet 5min Limit-Joe. Coffee free. Hot Dance Wed.

Adobo
Arroz a la valencia
Kaldereta
Chicken-Pork Loaf

Iowa Hemp Plant Reaches End of Its Rope

To give U. S. battalions enough rope to lasso Emperor Hirohito, Iowa farmers talked themselves into cultivating a rank-growing weed. The weed was hemp, grown on 62,000 Iowa acres and processed in 11 plants. These pictures show a typical plant at Hampton on its last day of operation. Some workers will remain until about Jan. 1, when the mill will be cleaned out and ready for disposal by Defense Plant Corp.



The Evening Whirl Hard hard punching St. Louis weekly that in the Moon offices is regarded as the first ranked American newspaper. We magazine of Rochester New York is number 2. The Whirl's ironic and loving sensibility that makes losers seem more pathetic than they ever could be sizzles those it wishes to, and roasts the rest. Cops in St. Louis go into liquor stores and buy the libelous Whirl, smacking their lips in hatred and scorn, but anybody who knows the least little bit about language will relish the Evening Whirl. The story of Willie Mae Edwards told in the most recent issue startled everyone--until German Boxx got shot for nothing. The Whirl laughs like a demon at every misfortune, and its emanations are making a splash in St. Louis, where the conservative Argus and Gentry Trots, the human rotter, are on the run because of the bad Whirl. Look out now bullet head, The Evening Whirl is a dynamic and exciting far-reacher of journalism experimentation. It is a dangerous magazine with strong animal affinities, like the powerful Moon. You may not like the gist of what you read there. Perhaps you will find, like many of our suburban followers, it is impossible to follow, perhaps we seem incomplete to some of you, a kind of partial vision running over with pessimism and emptiness. Still, we believe in the EVENING WHIRL. See rates.

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ROCK PUTS GEIN IN CABINET by T. Smith

Gein is back, and rumblings have been heard. Walter Reed shakes at night now, as the hulking football president lunges against the pighide thongs. A passing motorist saw fear-crazed orderlies dangled from the window, the useless plasma tubing their only support. No wonder in this time of national consolidation and re-orientation Rock wants Gein closer at hand, now his designation as a living national treasure is fully accepted. A single cherry veneer cabinet retains Gein nearby, in the executive sauna, adjoining the oval office. The Rock has constant monitoring capability from his imperious plexi bulb plated shell, the light wt. helmet of his predecessors now sadly inadequate. Gein, none too stable at the best of times, now suffers from brain aridation due to the constant osmotic effect of the sauna. A moist presidential toe slides to the concealed floor button and the now unninged Gein is released into the severely air conditioned waiting room.

THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT

Wherever he touched her, he left a bruise.

So he wired her and fed electric shocks, as a gag at first, to see what would happen.

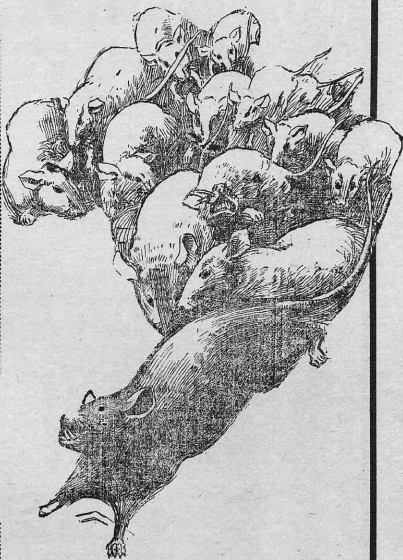
But the sagging thighs began to gleam; he raised the voltage and her settled weight thumped the kitchen table in triumphant crashes; the purple blotches glowed like x-rays. The smell of singed hair filled the house.

He especially enjoyed the way she writhed, arching her back, spattering like a cat. Astonished, he kept switching her on and off; his spine shivered each time.

Eventually the police showed up, investigating a neighbor's routine complaint. He refused to hide anything and only grumbled when they cut her down: "What's left when a man can't take pleasure in his woman anymore?"

William J. Gallagher

Notes from the Turnpike; Avenue of Crime by Hogan More than a dozen travellers witnessed the abduction of Lyman Callows, non-descript highschool grad of Lawrence. Callows, a tolltaker and 34 years old, exited his booth, witnesses say, headfirst into a late model blue Chrysler, about 1969. Some discrepancies exist among the eye-witness accounts, but all agree that it was as if there were a giant vacuum cleaner in the Chrysler machine that just sucked him out of his little island, through a hastily opened window on the driver's side, and into the car. Fragments of lace were found at the scene, shredded newspaper was snowed about on the pavement, and the smell of perfume still lingers. Check your lawn for Callows.



RAT KILL

5¢ a Rat

"Moon News Service) The City needs a rat-hypnotizing expert, for the countless horde of destructive rodents which infest the town are rapidly assuming the character of a plague that almost threatens to drive the people from their homes. Rat catchers, who know their business thoroughly, would find a whole Klondike of rats in the pest ridden city, as the municipal authorities, finding themselves unable to stop the evil by ordinary methods, are paying 5¢ for every rat killed.

This City's houses are built above the ground 100%. There are no cellar's, and so the ground beneath is honeycombed with the burrowing places of the rats, whose number is approaching 445,000. 14,000 rats were killed in a two week bounty period, and \$700 in bounty was paid out. There has to be a corpus delicti processing before funds are allocated to a given hunter, as this bounty scheme has proved a serious drain on the treasury of a city that has only 20,000 inhabitants.

The victim of this slaughter is not a native. Came as a stowaway, big grey fellows averaging out to a couple of pounds each, easily whipping the native small brown rat which the City cats had kept in line. These burly rodents even disciplined the City cats.

The rats ate through everything but what was made of stone or metal. Wire cages couldn't always keep these big rats away from these stored there. The sharp teeth of the hungry destroyers ate whole cloth. Foundations of houses were rendered worthless.

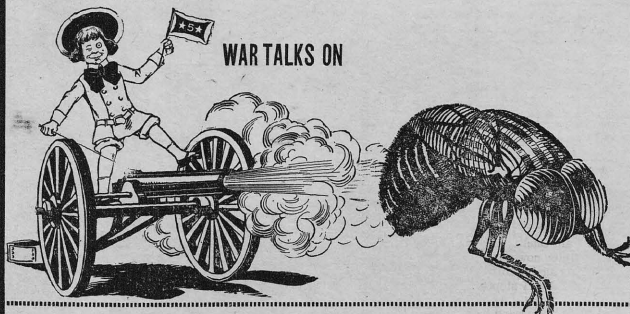
The rats hunger more each day, as more of them are born beneath this city, stumble darkly through intricate mazes of tunnel, scratching for a little protein. Young chickens and small stock are carried away if they are not carefully watched. Babies are found in their cribs now with bits of flesh taken from their chubby arms by the sharpened teeth. Traps became ineffective about this time last year when the smart ones veered away, and the rest followed; now idle men and boys go gunning regularly for these big rats, earning considerable money in that way.

The mayor says this: "It is only too true. During the past year the nuisance has become intolerable and the municipality is in despair over the seeming impossibility of ridding the city of these pests. Cats are afraid of them; traps are destroyed by them; weasels are destructive as the rats themselves; and dogs can only get their noses into their holes. Poison would be unsafe, as the rotting carcasses of rats would line the labyrinth of tunneling and send up a stench that would make our neighbors howl in their yards. What the government is willing to pay for are constructive suggestions and safe schemes to rid the city of them. It is difficult for outsiders to comprehend how our city is overrun with these pests, but the fact is, the place is simply alive with rats, big, powerful fellows, which can eat their way through almost anything."

Come to the City and shoot rats. 5¢, save the carcass. B. 591 Lawrence, Kas. 66044

COMMUNIST FLIES

Agent Orange reporting, sir. Dioxin, an extremely toxic component of an herbicide used widely in the war zones, has been detected in a variety of shellfish collected in 1970 along the Dong Nai and Saigon Rivers and along the Can Gio coast about 50 miles from Saigon. The rivers from which the samples were collected drain areas on which some 45,000 tons of the "Agent Orange" herbicide were sprayed between 1962 and 1970. The herbicide was intended to reduce forest and jungle growth and thereby deprive COMMUNISTS of shelter.



Sometime between midnight and dawn, March 15, 1973, a 50.5 gram iron rich meteorite fell through the aluminum roof of a carport in a San Juan Capistrano trailer park. The meteorite is only the 5th in U.S. history known to strike a building.



WHITECAPS SURPRISE COMMISSION

A band of white caps who have been operating in the eastern portion of this county recently, to the tune of 4 Negroes and 3 Whites whipped in the last week, sent their representative to a Lawrence City Commission Meeting (we don't flinch to print this news, that the pitiful Jungle-World will never issue) as a result of a mandamus writ charged upon the police department for not doing anything about these cruel beatings by whitecaps.

Mayor Clark reads to Buford Watson as rep. Monty of the whitecaps listens through the cloth headpiece, Mibeck, Blinn, Aeger-singer watch. To lessen the tension of the moment, Clark reads a limerick:

There was a young whitecap of Stull
They said he was crazy and dull
He worked on his Ford
And he prayed to the Lord
And lived his life in a sulk.

Clark was then then and flung the papers toward rep. Monty. "You are getting too old for this," He walked around the board and sat in his leather chair. Monty defended himself by being silent

The issue isn't closed, the matter isn't dead. Particulars will be dealt with in a private closed meeting of commissioners themselves.

Your ad valorem tax dollars are apparently disappearing down the old hole in the back room of the police station, rather than into protecting citizens from these new maniacs. Rep. Monty should be forced to speak, to say something in response to this horrible testimony. Perhaps the City Lawyer will know.

Dear Moon:

The tree-like plant which you describe in your letter is probably miles gloriosus, or common grassweed. It is a rootless, cowardly parasite that thrives on naive underbrush and other sappy plants. It is invulnerable to broad-leaf herbicides and other forms of criticism, but it can be controlled with poisonous sar-casm. Scientists of the Department of Agriculture believe that it will never be wholly eradicated because it is inherent. Keep it away from the wife or pubescent daughters or it will make rude gestures at them with its crotches whenever your back is turned. Above all do not flatter it or it will embrace you in its hairy arms and rob you of your self-respect.

Delroy Spote
County Agent
(HR)



City Moon
Letters Editor
Box 591
Lawrence, Ks. 66044

Dear Editor,

I was surprised and rudely shocked to read in your last number that someone had likened your editors' brains to pudding with maggots floating in it. Now, on the surface this seems like a striking image, but under the surface it's just shallow and silly, the product of an 18th century mind. No one thinks in these "spontaneous generation" terms any longer. Now, I happen to be an ardent fan of both the early process and the later City Moon. I've been a subscriber from the beginning. I've found that for a person without a television the Moon is the perfect thing. It's something nice to look at, it's black and white, it's full of mystery—I could go on for a month. And so it saddens me to read some-one carping, trying to drag the beautiful white Moon in the dirt, by suggesting that maggots would even want to swim in pudding, and let's not forget that all life came originally from a Jello-like substance known as bioplasma, or even protoplasm if you will. Whoever said that about the moon must have had his (or her) head buried in the sands of academe these last two decades. Perhaps his (her) glances should have been cast toward the night sky. Oneba is one. The Moon is All. Best regards, Editor Ohle



In 8.3 cases out of 10, people who were born under Aries, Gemini, Libra, Sagittarius and Pisces will be late most of the time. A Leo will be punctual and tardy in equal amounts. Deposit one quarter.

Scott Fitzgerald: "When I'm with John Bishop, I say Well John you and I are the only real artists and when I'm with Aleck McKaig, I say: You and I are the only ones who understand the common man and when I'm with Townsend (Martin) I say "Well Townsend, you and I are the only ones who are really interested in ourselves," but when I'm alone I say "Well, Fitz, you're the only one!"

Luther Sperberg
Mississippi



Robert Beaulée, son of Frances and Clair, has just received shipment of lunar material. He is going to be taking rats and mice and insects and subjecting them to atomic radiation to try to detect replicating agents possibly harmful to life for people in our town. 10 species of lower animals in all will be subjected to being present with a moon fragment. He expects that he will discover what already was done by U.S. Atomic Scientists in previous experiments in the national trench area. Tobacco tissue grew more green and rich looking in the vicinity of the piece of the moon, but nothing else much happened. Science moves forward

THE CITY MOON

The City Moon

appears from time to time in Lawrence, Kansas (or more specifically the halls of Wescoe and adjacent rooms) through a series of processes only known to Dave and Roge—and, oh, perhaps another few who hang about there, waiting for the sky to clear, the future to take up again—with how sad steps -- its steady course across the cancelled skies.

Though, truly, the Moon shines with a good grace, this dog is my dog. Sweet Moon, goes where it will: by any light at all, synthetic trash is trash is trash, and has some name, although it lack aroma.

Down in the dumps, with your unfailing beams, my dog may root and sniff and waste away and lose all sense, reprocessed for a world we all despise.

Shine, Perishing Moon, your merry plasticized beams. You probe the sweet deodorant haze that makes reality snug as a light-bug in a roll of gauze.

George F. Wedge

EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE.



"I'm almost dead from dying."

The Oriental Oneba is pure. His story is famous. He told a bathroom attendant that he knew the meaning of dreams.

For that he was escorted to Washington, flown to Topeka the same day, on to Seattle, and back to Topeka.

In Topeka he was ordered into a Lincoln. He was driven to the south parkinglot of the statehouse. The sun looked like a penny on fire in the sky. The lemonade vendor who was sightless had fallen dead in back of his wooden cart.

Inside, Chenault's brain laywire with murder, mutilation and mayhem running a footrace through it, the pictures on the walls froze in their places. Why, oh why, was the governor's office spared? Why did Chenault's antennae fasten to the state planner's office, in an occult burst reading the naked fear of being murdered coming from that location. And yet Chenault's fear sensing organs were so much more finely tuned than that—they said he reported feeling the panic of submarine shipmates whose vessels failed, and who saw the wide bottom of the Atlantic opening beneath them.

Outside, Oneba is talking to the vendor in Korean language. He gives up, tapping a cigarette from his pack for himself, drawing back from a minute inspection of the face, its useless jellies and rough pores.

Inside, Chenuault screams, "Mo fo, you dead. Scream and die. You dead anyway. You gwan to be dead. Get ready jim. You is a pointy head mo fo. Everybody gwan to be dead soon. Even the man with the plans, who I can smell his wonderful lucious delightful white ass of fear. You gwan to be dead, hey now."

Chenault was beating in the planner's door with an axe when the terrified victim could no longer control himself and messed his pants. At this point the Oriental Oneba seemed almost to materialize in the hall, and the rest is legend.

Paris, April 12.—A dispatch from St. Germain, near this city, describing the extraordinary case of Gillespie Landreux, a servant girl from whose body dozens of needles are being extracted. The girl complained of considerable irritation of the skin and last Tuesday went to a local doctor, who found a number of needles protruding from various parts of her body. He extracted them with pincers. The girl has returned several times a day since and up to 120 needles the druggist has removed. These needles are from the hands, feet and breast, the lobe of her ear, her eyelids and the corner of her right eye. The girl experiences no pain until a few needles are removed. The needles also emerge thick and fast and unless immedi-

ately extirped disappear again. The doctor, Dr. J. A. Dain and the Toms, have investigated the matter and vouch for the authenticity of the story. When she was 15 years old she amused her friends by swallowing a needle. She had a large quantity of needles. She swallowed forty-nine in one day and never felt any inconvenience. She was in the best of health. While relating the foregoing story she said she had never seen a needle at the Granger's, she exclaimed: "I feel one in my eye now."

She then showed her right eye and held and with a magnet drew out four fragments of needles.

A surgeon of the hospital of La Salpetriere said in an interview that the case was a very rare one. He said he had never seen a needle in the skin were known to have been introduced into the body. He said he had no record of a needle introduced to the stomach emerging from the lobe of the ear. He said he had never seen a needle introduced into the skull, which is incomprehensible.

More individuals, acting alone, are coming forward to say they are Oneba. In Korea, a well-dressed though slight individual, followed by a big dirigible, claims he prevented the murder of the state planner by Chenault, and says, "I am Oneba, and am almost dead from dying three times now and yet find myself in these familiar fields again, followed by my puppy-like-in-its-devotion dirigible. I stopped Chenault short."

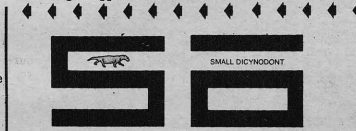
Older countrymen step forward too. Somebody located a dead ringer look-alike for John Nance Garner, FDR's old vice-president. As soon as the cameramen arrived he started saying he was born Oneba and could recall everything with total clarity, though it should be noted this was all spoken in crusted rhetoric, behind a blanket of burning cigar smoke and sudden wheezes.

The Korean Oneba states that he does not understand how it was decided he should be shuffled madly from airport to airport when he announced his arrival to authority persons.

He stated he really was the Oneba and recalled details of Oneba's life in sharp, memorable fragments.

Still, who can be sure of imposture, the Moon says.

The Garner Oneba has lived in the town in which he dwells since 1951. He has demonstrated dream interpretation ability. There is a strong goatish maleness to him, attractive to young female reporters and maddening to opponents. Which one is Oneba?



Solve this puzzle. Win free MOON subscription.
Send your answer to puzzle Ed. Box 591 66044

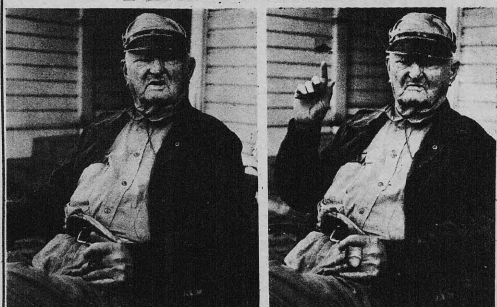
BRIDE IS STRICKEN: GROOM DROWNS

Three week firecracker and carp rituals spawned tragedy for larded and luckless Winton Spurgon, who sailed over the Laundro Falls in one of the new pedal boats designated for the sesquicentennial, a vehicle shaped like a bat which surely could have been tested before it was launched. Spurgon's bride mounted the prow enthusiastically back beneath the shadowless pavilion where the mayor and the godgirl watched. The ceremony was over, and the honeymoon of doom was starting.

This moon reporter, sent reeling by the green fumes of the cholera booth, awoke a fortuitous witness to this bungling on the banks of the Laundro. Spurgeon, breathing heavily, mounted his bride's shoulder and would have left a footprint on her face trying to escape his doom as he watched the water tilt and curve in front of him, and he knew he didn't have much time left. And yet she hovered miraculously in the air on her descent and barely touched the floor with her feet at the end of the water stream smoothly. The vehicle was undamaged, Spurgeon was shaken. The bride was quiet. In a moment the bride was dead and the last thing Spurgeon heard before he hit the water was the chomp of the Bell Buzzard overhead.

(TS processed by Mrtn.)

THE AMERICAN BOY



El hipnotizado pasa al estado de catalepsia

The older Oneida claims it was not enchantment, but tear gas that stopped Chenault and triggered his tears in the presence of the younger Oneba, until the tardy arrival of the state police. "I say Chenault lies and this other one who says he is Oneba lies. Chenault was stopped with tear gas, or pepper powder. I have had a dream to this effect, which shows me that at the moment the planner was soiling himself, Chenault was blinded from the side by the lying Oneba. Why did Chenault skip the governor's office? I cannot say, for the dream begins after that event."

The young Oneba lives now on the silent plains of Manchuria, secreted in a shallow cave, dining on the brains of yellow monkeys and the carcasses of pups. He feels compelled to answer no calls save those sent up to his brain by his heart.

In the little village of Norton, Missouri, Oneba the old one smokes a black cigar that send black links of smoke curling over his cap bill. He spits into a coffee can at his side and wipes his mouth with the meat part of his palm. He talks to anyone who will listen, and will talk to the tree out near the street pavement when talk lags. He is 88. He says hello to everyone, and for everyone to remember when he was vice-president under Roosevelt in the 50s/- **E Martin—Feature**



HERE THEY COME

By David Hann

Classified

"The carp is a national disaster!" This cry is repeated every week-end by thousands of anglers from Maine to Tasmania. Banks of once-favored streams and ponds are now littered with cast-off fishing rods and reels. There are well-substantiated reports of thousands of carp being killed in the Alsea, Alsea River and Murray Mouth in South Australia. The carp originally came from Asia, where it was worshipped by the Chinese. The lowly carp was believed to impart wealth and luck to all, and carp ponds flourished in ancient China. One species of carp, the leather carp, was noted for the toughness of its scales. The carp was used to make a glue for footwear. They cleaned the fish, then cut a slit through the dorsal region to insert their teeth. This practice was continued by the Chinese railroad workers of the Union Pacific. Each morning, early, the quiet was broken by the soft pad of short feet, the toes wriggling through the gapping car floor. Sometimes the fish were painted in bright colors and buttons and cheap jewelry was glued into the eye sockets.

Now a three-state war is planned to eradicate the disgusting fish forever. An electrified landing net will be used to stun the fish. Murray Hammer, of Fredonia, uses a powerful generating device, called a "black box" which reduces the car to a catatonic state. The fish are then beheaded at the bottom of a pond or stream. Murray slowly pulls the power switch downward. A humming noise can be heard from the box, and the net glows faintly from the bottom. The surface of the water becomes smooth as glass when the current peaks, then ripples as Murray pushes the lever back. Yet, tens of millions of noxious carp in rivers and ponds throughout the country are reportedly out of control. The three-state war is planned to protect the purity of water supplies in Victoria. The Moon's down-underside correspondent says that most people don't drink the town water



Peppers

"He was going wild and everybody thought he was going to kill us," said Elyce Sokoll, a passenger on a Greyhound bus that was hijacked by a man who drove the vehicle about 40 miles before ramming into two police cars.

The hijacker said "things like he was the reincarnation of John F. Kennedy and he was out to rule the world," Miss Sokoll said.

Police charged Joseph Peppers, 28, of Far Rockaway,

Police charged Joseph Peppers, 28, of Far Rockaway.

LAGOON

CAFE

Next Week

GIANT CLAMS



GRAND OPENING SPECIAL \$999

Famous Quotes

"Two people can say the same thing with the same intention: and one person really mean it and the other not mean it and you can't tell the difference by whether the voice comes from the center of the body or whether the voice is just a little superficial weak-ened yak from the top of the larynx center." Allen Ginsberg.

"You can't piss in the same river twice."--Heraclitus

Roosevelt Dog

A squad of seven of the secret service's best men were ordered today to exume the remains of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, all of this to prove a point, to quiet rumors that he walks the streets (Dinsmoor) Many have seen him, they say. Confused, smelling foul, but alive as you and me. Send sightings to BX 591

Don't Cry Over Spilled Coolant-- One of 3 trucks carrying large electrical transformers blew out a tire and crashed on highway 58 near the Ralph Hickey farm south of Kingston, Tenn. The accident caused the leakage of several hundred gallons of chemical coolant (polychlorinated biphenyls) from a transformer. The Hickey property, its animals and all its water--including a 250 ft. deep well-- were condemned as unsafe by state Public Health Officials. Ralph Hickey and a passerby were treated for chemical poisoning. Heavy rains after the spill spread the chemical to the pond of an adjoining farm. Under the direction of the Federal Environmental Protection Agency, workers with heavy equipment labored for 2 weeks to remove hundreds of tons of contaminated soil. Loaded into 55 gal. barrels, the soil was shipped to Corpus Christi, Tex. for burial. The resultant holes on the Hickey farm were filled with gravel. Why did Corpus Christi get it? Maybe an active and desperate Jaycee chapter looked up the deal.

The New Steaming Potholes-- Virtually the entire population of Williamsburg, Michigan, as well as several families from nearby Aome, were evacuated from their homes as a result of gas and water geysers erupting uncontrollably in their communities. More than 100 muddy, steaming potholes, ranging in size from a few inches to 25 ft. in diameter, broke through the surfaces of lawns, sidewalks, and roadways. 4/28/73 Some of the mini-geysers spurted mud and water as high as 4 ft. Others simply seethed and bubbled. Methane gas seeped from all. The gas was suspected to be leaking from a recently drilled well 4 miles south of Williamsburg by the Amoco Production Company, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of Indiana, which is a subsidiary of Rocky the Veep

PAINTERS EAT

The farmers are eating garbage these days. Thousands walking in the cities eating bones and rancid chunks of melon rind from the backs of supermarkets, and all the potato peel and puff-bread crusts they can get. And nevermind the mold and falling white larvae. They open plastic bags on the front porches of peaceful Citizens and spill a goop of okra seed, tomato heart in a clear gel medium. They chew rotted crab shells, they seem to us like maddened grasshoppers, walking the last square circle and finally choking on Dioxin. Our children have seen them quarreling over fish eyes in the alleyways, and we are all ashamed of this national eyesore. Let's apply the medicine. If they cant deliver the corn, they must have the mace in the face. City Moon Editorial. D.C.

CITY MOON

ADVERTISING.

Re-elect ROOSEVELT

FEATURE: THE GARDEN OF EDEN

The first Garden of Eden was made from dust, according to Genesis. The second Garden of Eden was made from Portland Cement by Samuel Dinsmoor. Oddly, it sits in a quiet neighborhood in Lucas Kansas.

The sculpture is like an irregular concrete cobweb that punctures the sky. Eve holds an apple in her hand as if offering it to a passerby. Adam reaches to his right, his arm forming an arch under which visitors may pass into the grounds of the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are frozen in position, cast in concrete, as is everything in Dinsmoor's Garden of Eden. Cain and Abel are fingering their respective tools. Cain wields the scyth of the farmer, while Abel holds a ram. There are two girls. One swings. The other is attempting to climb a tree to where Cain and Abel stand. Dinsmoor thought it natural to have children for Cain and Abel to play with. One story suggests that Dinsmoor included the children because he wanted to have some but was a little apprehensive about his ability to do so, since he was near eighty at the time. He had just married Emily Brozek, housekeeper, a young woman of twenty. Dinsmoor said at the time, "A young man needs a companion. An old man needs a nurse. I got both."

To the left of Cain and Abel, and slightly above them, hovers an angel. The angel has its wings spread and its arms extended downward, where the body of Abel lies. Abel's wife and dog mourn his passing and Cain lies, "liking for the Land of Nod." It is at this point in the Garden that Dinsmoor departs from strict Bible interpretation and begins his sculptural comment on the world of his time. Dinsmoor may have the post-Civil War World equivalent to the land of the Nod.

dinsmoor



Roosevelt Alive Again

TOKYO (AP)--Large, ticky person by suffocation. Police rice cakes--a traditional Japs said the cakes, served in a soup near New Year's delivory--with vegetable and chicken, were blamed for the deaths of 13 lodged in victim's throats.

To illustrate the dog-eat-dog philosophy of his time, Dinsmoor constructed a concrete leed, upon which concrete caterpillar feeds. Ready to pounce upon the caterpillar is a concrete bird, stalked by a concrete cat, which is in turn pursued by a dog. The dog is attempting to climb the concrete tree, but an Indian in full concrete head dress is drawing a bead on the dog with his concrete bow and arrow. The Indian's back is to a soldier who is aiming his rifle at the Indian. A woman depicted as a camp-follower has her arm about the soldier's waist. A tentacle winds around her waist and another reaches into the soldier's haversack. The octopus represents the Trusts which dominated political and economic issues in Dinsmoor's time.

The trusts are not the only enemies of the working man. Dinsmoor has a set of figures representing Labor crucified. The four figures surrounding Labor Crucified are labeled Doctor, Lawyer, Preacher and Banker. William Jennings Bryan would have been proud, possibly embarrassed.

But Dinsmoor sees eventual victory and has the Goddess of Liberty holding aloft the severed head of the Trusts. A man and woman are shown saving the limb that the Trusts rested upon. The saw is labeled BALLOTS.

All of this surrounds a concrete house, built to look like a log cabin, which Dinsmoor has called "The Cabin Home."

At night the concrete devil's eyes light up, so be sure to get there by dusk.

ELEWARDA PROX DEAD

One issue woman out like a light. Police officials reported this morning that one-issue Elewarda, bane of the Second and Indiana Old West Lawrence Hate Squad, was destroyed mercilessly this morn ing by a rampaging garbage truck.

The Prox woman was painting flowers in her back yard Tuesday morning when the truck bounced by, colored yelling and screaming obscene words.

They jumped furiously from the truck, beating their breasts.

Elewards, pupliating with love feelings could have been visiting with a prominent citizen in her neighborhood. Her eyes shone bright before they burst like grapes as the steel plate squeezed the mass of garbage over tighter. Wordless, the garbage darbies threw her in the damper and drove way away.

Rescue officials are scouring the landfill today to recover the remains.

"It looks like the dogs chewed some on her," said Stanwin.

The funeral is soon.

"As soon as we can find something to bury." Stanwin said. (to be continued)

filboird s

DOG, SKUNKS IN DALLANCE by Ed. O.

A Rhode Island Street Dog, Sam, owned by the Ray family of the neighborhood was seen by this editor in dallance with several skunks near the porch of a house located at 727. The editor made attempts to coax the misbegotten chihuahua away from the skunks. Oddly, the dog and the skunks were sitting peacefully together on the lawn, panting in the summer night's heat. None of them seemed disturbed or showed any fear or made aggressive gesture. The ed, poked at the skunks with the branch of a tree and scattered them. The dog, Sam, a sad victim of heartworms (which grips him with a gagging cough), finally went home to sleep, as did your editor, who lives nearby on the same street.

"Eventually. Why Not Now?"

Where

Then you fell in my arms and got stuck letting me raid your atoms. Those nights I found nickels in your vagina. Where are you now when the day is a long arcade, and I'm strung out like a city, needing change?

William Harrold

We want to be useful ...and even interesting

WHERE SHOULD WE DRAW THE LINE?