



Lollipop House wishes to thank all those who participated and supported the January 25 benefit. The amount earned with the benefit totalled \$43,507. God Bless.

How long has it been since you've tried Quince Jelly? While you're about it, pick up a loaf of fresh frozen Skrada-Kaka.

For flipping coins Henry Marks, colored, must contribute \$43.45 toward defraying the expenses of the county. Marks and two or three other negroes were arrested several days ago while engaged in flipping nickels against the gaming laws. Marks showed up in Morning Court in high-hat fashion, dressed in alligator pants and kangaroo coat.

CITY MOON



"EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOW."

EXTRA City Moon Pre-War Issue June, 1936. June Moon.

The World At Your Doorstep

Vol. 39 5¢ No. 6

"To see a man wear his brains in his belly, his guts in his head, a hundred oaks on his back, to devour a hundred oxen at a meal, nay more, to devour houses and towns, or as those anthropophagi, to eat one another." Bk. 591 Lawrence, Ks. City Moon - Burton

WANTED DEAD ANIMALS

For free removal of your dead animals via express call toll free

800-122-2771

Colby Pet Food Co.

COME SEE STUFFY KOCH

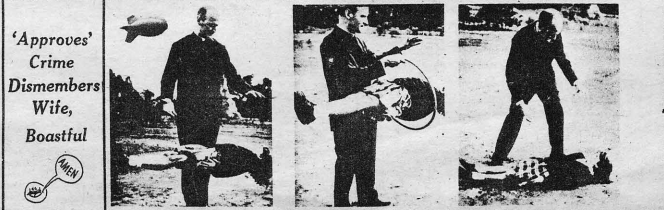
at the Lubrication Dept. of RALPH PORTER MOTORS. He can take care of your oil or filter change or any lube job. He has over 10 years experience in lubrication. Call 378-2134.

KILL ORDER: WILL END JAN. 1

PRESIDENT SIGNS KILL ORDER

A black baby grand signed sweet chords of Bee-thoven in the rose garden of the White House. Rocky was bathed in an amber sunlight as he sat at a cedar table, shoulders draped with a madras towel, signing the first United States Kill Orders. Citizens may now kill legally, if properly licensed, until January 1, 1976. What has brought this regrettable state of affairs about are the hideous blood lettings of recent months, including the Topeka afro-comb horrors, the beef-liver killings in Lawrence (with blood-letting), and piteous above all was the use of the electrical heart pump on the President, who is now lying half-dead in Walter Reed Hospital, in a mindless zombie-like state. Registered voters, exemplary citizens, all persons without criminal record, apply for kill permits at local post offices. Stop these blood-letters. Rocky says arm yourself with a license and a gun, and use real slugs. Kill or be killed. The Editors.

Crippled and Ill Flock to Boy Who Tells of 'Visions'



"Man in the Moon heard the far bellow. 'Oho, 'quoth he, 'the old earth is frolicsome tonight!'" City Moon Box 591 Lawrence, Ks. 66044 Thanks to \$ support, Cottonwood Review.

WAR BEGINS IN KANSAS



Atom Bombs to Be Cheap, Plentiful, Scientists Told

By June 31, 1976, all housing in the 51 states of America will be rent free and open to anyone. Rocky signs eminent domain action in the Rose Garden tomorrow morning. He is doing this, he says, to stem the swollen tide of war, murder, cruel deflation, and seeping mayhem. When everything is free, he says, including the Noxage drugs, the plutu water of the ghettoes, the national truck full of chicken meat, artificial greens, blood pudding, and defensive household weapons (by permit--see related article), then and only then, he emphasized, will criminality be without motive, since no one would stand to gain and all things would be One, in almost

Farmers Crops at War Level Car Dealers Absorb Cost

then the stumble, the clumsy fall to the floor. Television cameras (trained on him 24hrs a day so that the Nation may watch his daily activities, the meetings with foreign emissaries, Cuban nationals, hungry farmers, etc.) blink on, Rocky speaks: "I am your president now. Tonight I have prayed in the National Chapel. I have advocated the intercession of the mercies on behalf of the last President who now lies sorrowfully pumped of sense and feeling." Rock pumps something vital into the bloodstream of America's bleeding hearts: a thought, namely that the embolus of America's veins is its ghettoes and

Runaway Monkey on Way To Master in a Beer Case

boy, Joseph Vitolo Jr. pray at an improvised rock altar on the crest of a bluff.

It was the sixteenth night that the boy claimed to have seen a vision of the Virgin Mary. And on the sixteenth night, he said she was to show him a miracle, perhaps the appearance of a miraculous hole beneath his feet to allow the earth to swallow him entirely, and to admit him into the ranks of its great saints.

The crowd saw no miracle, but several invalids claimed their condition had suddenly improved.

Roosevelt Dug Up Despite Death Curse

perfect harmony, and a purple haze of the New Freedom will infect the mountains of America and spread in thin sheets over the floor of the plains. Miles from the offices of the Moon, the Rock sits poised in his armchair encased in fully protective bullet resistant shielding. He is as alive as you are me, but pale, a shy grin lay over the face. He seems the victim of poor cosmetology. One of the eyebrows hangs pitifully over the Spectacles. At one moment he sits there, and another he wanders toward those who stand in circles around his encasement, his hand extended for the familiar shake. And it saddens us when the fingers crack against the plexiglas,

Struck in Spine by Bullet, Pins Life on Hope

high crime areas, its cardboard houses, rust-spangled heaps of Oldie's made cars, the strife over books in the schools, sanitation experts regulation of monopoly systems in water waste and sewage systems, the polyps on its consciousness those of hatred in war, burial in peace in sterile boredom of T.V., and hatred of the very, very young. You can't kill babies, infants and young girls any more.

Elevated trains rattled overhead and photographers' bulbs flashed, 25,000 persons stood in the mud at a vacant lot in the Bronx, Wednesday night, waiting for a miracle. Guarded by 1000 police, they recited their rosaries in the rain, watching a nine year old

Phelps Philips to Pflum, Heaves to Howard

At 7 p.m. the boy rode through the waiting crowd on the shoulders of his neighbor. Cripples and paralytics, men and women with crutches and bandages, a soldier with his eyes blinded, were admitted through the crowd so they could stand nearest the altar.

The boy knelt before his altar, which was transformed by banks of flowers, statues and dozens of candles.

"Look, look," spread a rumor through the lot. "He is not getting wet. The rain does not touch him." But those who were closest (continued)

BL LETTERS KILL SENATOR



Mayo

The second most important man in East Asia had a new suit surreptitiously tailored for him when he came to Chungking to see whether China could be unified without civil war.

The Chungking office of the Chinese Communist party thought the dull, ill-fitting, coarse gray suits which their chief, Mao Tse-tung, was wearing hardly became a man of his prestige.

So, unbeknownst to him, with his measurements stuck in a salesman's pocket, dashed on a wad of crude butcher's paper, a suit of the finest spun silk in Chungking was ordered for him.

IT WAS THE BEST ONE HE EVER HAD. BUT HE DIDN'T LIKE IT, AND WORE IT ONLY BECAUSE OF THE ENTREATIES OF HIS SUBORDINATES.

His indifference to what he wears is as natural to Mao Tse-tung as is his acceptance of life in a cave home in Yenan, Shensi province, in the throat of the sleeping giant cabbage head of this continent. He lives without luxury or pretension or modern plumbing.

he is a realist with a purpose and a man of consequence in this vast country second only to ge eralissimo Chiang Kai Shek

Mao is about 5 feet 10 inches, tall for a Chinese. He is fat. He has long, black hair, a softy forehead and dreamy eyes.

He is slightly deaf—a defect he tries to hide.

He possesses a hearty appetite and especially is fond of hot food peculiar to his native province of Hunan.

He also like Foreign Style Food and though he never drinks to excess he can take Kaoliang wine—a strong white distillation made from sorghum—and also says he drank Pluto water with the best of them before the Scares.

GROWS TOBACCO

All Chinese Communists are supposed to do some productive type activity. Mao grows his own tobacco, but admiring young Communists vie for THE HONOR OF HELPING HIM, and his burden in this respect consequently is only theoretical.

The tobacco is East Topekan sent to a cigarette factory for machine rolling. He is one of the most furious chain-smokers in all China.

*** SELDOM ILL ***

Mao stays well, permanently.

YOUTH

As a youngster he hardened himself by long hikes and wrestling musk-ox. He wore nothing to protect himself, naked to the waist, when others wore thick, padded overcoats and he subjected himself to SEVERE DIET TO TEST his hardihood.

Mao never has forgotten he is the son of a poor peasant that considered him unfillial and lazy.

he began work on his fathers humble farm at the age of 6.

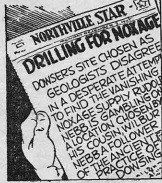
Ever since his early youth Mao has been a voracious and intense reader. When he picks up a newspaper he reads every item, even the advertisements.

He like Chinese novels, yogurt, relishes, surprisingly, the want ads and especially the jobs in marketing research. He laughs over his well-known public desire to hold a steady job.

HE STAYS UP READING BY THE LIGHT OF A KEROSENE LAMP.

RATLAD EATIN'

The Nebbs



BEAN AND BACON SANDWICH
Open a can of Campbell's Bean and Bacon soup and spread the solid bean and bacon generously onto a piece of bread. Put a slice of cheese if prefer any processed cheese like Velveeta, etc.) on the bread. Spread on some mustard. A slice of onion adds to the taste of this sandwich. A slice of Bologna goes well with this combination also.
Zeuxis, great painter of the 5th century B.C., was credited with painting grapes so realistic that birds pecked at them.
wimpy's STEAK HOUSE
New Cast Iron Monkey Wood Stoves. Greeley Hardware, 887-2160.
Jas202

Mao Likes to work at night, and seldom goes to bed before 2 or 3 in the morning. He sleeps five hours each night.

He is a poor listener, unfortunately. His subordinates describe him as mild, xood-natured, tolerant, but a bit addled in the wandering bent, and so incapable of doing much harm. He is not accessible to everyone, but he gives a guest his fullest attention.

A CORRESPONDENT ONCE INTERVIEWED HIM FOR 13 HOURS ON END, BUT MAO GAVE NO HINT OF ANNOYANCE.

Mao speaks no language. Interpreters tell us this. He has never been abroad. He took his first airplane ride when he came to Chungking in September. People who saw him at the Yenan airport before the plane left said he was pitiously frightened.

His Keeness for Dance Supasses his Expertise.

He dances at Yenan, and young woman comrades beg him to dance. He obliges.

Mao rides no limousine. The ambulance he has fitted with seats, which reached Yenan in 1938 before the blockade, bears a message etched in pig-Latin: "To the heroic defenders of China" and was donated by the Chinese Hand Laundry Alliance, Inc., of New York.

Mao, who to all Chinese Communists is simply but respectfully "Chairman Mao", is an accomplished orator.

HE PREPARES HIS LONG SPEECHES VERY CAREFULLY.

"He repeats himself, unconsciously, his diction obscures itself, words and sentences seem to eat each other up in his lengthy diatribes. He is difficult to understand to a Chinese, and almost impossible to understand in English, but he is very fluent."

Kuo-Mintang

He laughed more than once in the Kuo-Mintang.

Never rich, he never displayed any desire for riches. His only fountain pen and watch are both gifts.

3 WEDDINGS

'Our Gang' Actor Beaten, He Says



Maddison Teacher Hands Out Filthy, Obscene Assignment

We leave it to our readers to decide if this is the type of literature they wish to be taught to their sons and daughters in our schools today. This is the "play":
Characters: Joey, Maddog, Ronnie, Kitty, James, Gary, Pretty-Boy.

Scene 1: Takes place in a junkyard. James: Come on Ronnie. Ronnie: No man, I got to stay and take care of these white

Maddog: (bollers out) Come on you black B----- (not knowing that Ronnie is staying). Ronnie: Oh you white B----- (takes a gun out of his pocket pulling the trigger, the bullet hits Richard, he falls to the ground.

James: Come on Ronnie we better get out of here before the cops come. Ronnie: Bring your mother-----

A--- out of here. Please Ronnie don't shoot me. Ronnie: B--- too late for mercy mother-----, you're been around with my

Joey: Man, your woman aint no good. Ronnie: (Ronnie raises the gun to Joey's head)

James: Man your asking to be killed talking about Ronnie's woman. Joey: Man, I mean she gave herself to me and alot of other dudes.

Ronnie: Ok! I'm going to check it remains to be seen, I will kill you out before I kill you

Scene 2: Ronnie goes to his woman's apartment & when he walks through the door he finds his woman in bed with a white man.

Ronnie: Well, it looks like Joey wasn't lying after all. (Ronnie takes his gun out of his pocket and points it at them) Ronnie: Get your B--- out of here before I put my foot up it.

Kitty: Stay here. Ronnie: B---, move out of my way. Ronnie: You have no right to come busting in here.

Ronnie: Who in the hell are you talking to like that? You damn monkey lover everything in this house belongs to me.

(Ronnie lifts the gun to Kitty's head) Kitty: Ronnie please don't. Ronnie: You no-good B---. Ronnie puts the gun away & runs out.

3 WEDDINGS

SCENE 3: Out on the street Ronnie runs into some dudes he knows Gary: Hey Ronnie, what happen man. Ronnie: I caught my woman in bed with some white dude.

Gary: (Garry trying to cheer Ronnie up) Hey man I know a place we can go where the chicks are fine as wine and the smoke is too much.

Ronnie: No thanks; ok man (Just then a tall slim dude walks by) Gary: Oh-uh; you sure are lookin good tonight; do you mind if I walk with you.

Girl: No I don't mind. Garry: I'll check with you later Ronnie.

(Ronnie starts walkin to a bar, he sees Arnold and holds it to him) Pretty-Boy: Hey Pretty-Boy.

(Pretty-Boy turns around and runs over to Ronnie) Scene 5: Ronnie: Hey man, you look great Pretty-Boy: Man, you look good yourself.

Ronnie: How you been doing with the ladies. Pretty-Boy: Man every woman on the avenue is mine.

Ronnie: Oh yeah; I see a few too

Mrs. Carbone

Victim of Attack
Pretty-Boy: That's enough about me how have you the chicks been getting along.
(The expression on Ronnie's face changes)
Ronnie: I caught one of mine doin me wrong.
Pretty-Boy: Man, she must have given your mind a squeeze.
Ronnie: Yeah man she did, I quit her now.
Pretty-Boy: Hey man, I've got a chick over here I want to meet. She'll make you scream un til your heart can't redem!

Class assignment: You write the ending to this play, on this sheet or on your own paper.

Well, there it is. The irate and furious mother has also informed us that a copy has been sent to the Board of Education. What other action on this matter will be taken remains to be seen. We believe that it is reprehensible.

Help man prove innocence. Man needs help in proving his innocence. Man needs help in proving his innocence. Man needs help in proving his innocence. Man needs help in proving his innocence.

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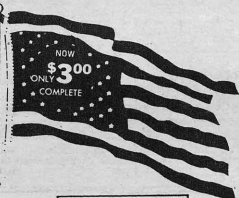
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EL "BOOM" DE A ASTROLOGIA

FACT: Some believe eating a jackal's heart will cause a child to grow up a coward!

You Want We Got



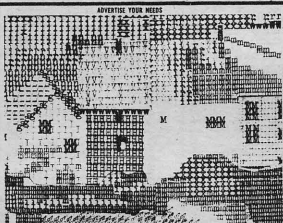
This is the Moon Ad Page, a new, regularly appearing feature from now until the world ends, or as long as she (The Moon) floats. You can buy ads, send messages or advertise goods here, we frankly need bread to keep this cheap and free, upfront from ad vertising sponsors or those who would send messages to the ever-increasing Moon reader-ship. Buy space now while there is still peace for shopper's to walk through on the way to the Herbie's discount store or the Waymire store, to spend their green-backs. Buy Moon space

BOX 591 LAWRENCE, Kansas. CITY MOON.



Advertisements

We have just received a shipment of Living Bibles. \$9.50



myron's art typing & Speedwriting



call Fu-3132.

CASBAH CAFE Free Ad
This good place closes a little early these days at 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturdays, probably to convert to a table scene, who knows? Coffee is terrific. Col umbian as you will be told again and again by a soft loudspeaker that plays at the point where hearing disappears and subliminal messages are implanted--once you go to the CASBAH you will return.

CASBAH, close to 8th and Mass., a little South, see sign above window.

EAT AT MEXICO LINDO
With our Low Prices. How many times have you paid us 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 Prince Lindo chili on Sat. night. Ladies Toilet Sin Limit-10¢. Coffee free. Hat Dance Wed.

If you like little traffic.

Pedal to Mmme. Dunbar's

The Plain's Finest French, American & South of The Border Specialties: Skrada Kaka \$2.50 portion--Chill Hearts 99¢ a bowl. Big HAMBURGERS with Orders



LIFE PRODUCTS--Available Jan. 2
Monkey Revival Kit: Last Xmas you bought the little lad an Ohio-Art Monkey Burner, so popular during the last Noxage. Now you have a chronic disposal problem hacking at you, wrapped in newspaper stinking to Heaven, you've been just throwing them in the garage and trying to forget them, right? It's summer the ground is muddy, the government sun glaring at us with it's hot spikes 17 hrs a day now. The Art Monkeys decompose eventually, naturally, and the government trash men won't bother to cart them off. What do you do now? A Tiny Pkct of ONEBA Life Spanules will restore 80 percent of these dead animals to a semi-usefull existence. Return them again and again! Imagine, Eternal Animal Life Here Today--\$90 oz.

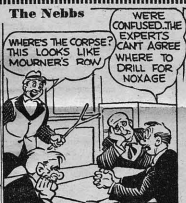
WAYNE'S ON MAIN

How long has it been since you've tried Quince Jelly? While you're about it, pick up a loaf of fresh frozen Skrada-Kaka.

120 N. Main 227-3343

Ray Audio

RAY AUDIO--Help Ray fight price fixing by the city boys. Buy his equipment now, plenty cheap. Ray Audio 8th Street.



PENSIVEX ADVERTISING
Will advertise anything from Skrada Kaka to Love Dolls, from Art typing to the New Kaliman Drug Dolls, all at the lower rates now sweeping America in the wake of the Rock's Kill Order. Buy 16 Square Inches for \$5.00. We'll degrade an enemy in print for a small price plus printing cost and distribution fee. No checks--\$\$\$ only.

PENSIVEX c/o City Moon, Box 591

BUY
AMERICAN
COTTON
HELP
NEGROES.



To see a man turn himself into all shapes like a chameleon, or as Proteus, omnia transformans sese in miracula rerum, to act twenty parts and persons at once, for his advantage, to temporize and vary like Mercury, the planet, good with good and bad with bad; having a several face, garb, and character for everyone he meets; of all religions, humors, inclinations; to fawn like a spaniel, mentitis et mimi cis obsequiis, rage like a lion, bark like a cur, fight like a dragon, sting like a serpent, as meek as a lamb, and yet again grin like a tiger, weep like a crocodile, insult over some, and yet others domineer over him, here command, there crouch, tyrannize in one place, be baffled in another, a wise man at home, a fool abroad to make others merry

Party putting nails in driveway on 11th St. is known - If not stopped, will prosecute

FIGHTING MOBS and CRIME WITH TEAR GAS...



Kaliman tear gas now available in your area. It won't kill a criminal. It stops him cold. See this effect to believe it. Check the Kaliman line of dove oil, pollen butter, and cherry canary candies. Near Henry's Hamburger.

ODDFELLOWS Hog Supper
Plaine, Kan.



cheap



CITY MOON ADVERTISING. WHITE CITY MOON--Ex. 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044



Boy, 9, Asserts He Saw 'Vision'

VISIONARY BOY (Cont.) could see the rain glistening on his dark hair and blue sweater as he knelt in the mud.

He descends face forward into the mud and the rat runs out of the shadows, as he has for sixteen nights now. The tail twits in the air and the nos-trils flare as he approaches the boy. The air, which glowed Naples yellow before, has perceptibly dimmed and something dark and truly "evil" comes out of a near bush, a hand that reaches into the bowels and squeezes hard.

Out near the campfires, there is talk of the cheapness and availability of atomic bombs, soon. A woman near the stage faints. Someone takes the microphone and announces that Roosevelt has been exhumed contra naturum. Another rises and speaks about the ballgame, the fans that heaved a tub of vomit over the walls at him in Cincinnati. And the new wave of homosexuality that overtook Phelps and Phum. These spectators likened America, in their talk, to a runaway monkey, one who has the misfortune of having a master who lives in a beer case, or vice-versa.

Then a humn, "Mother Dearest" broke from the throats of the few negroes present. A woman fainted, police whistles blew, and the boy and the rat began to gibber in fear as waves of a panic totally uncontrollably seized their bellies. Suddenly the quaking passed, and Joseph returned as he had come, riding high atop his neighbor's shoulders, as thousands of hands touched him, as they would the animal president later, and voices begged him to touch them so they could swoon on the spot. CONT

For some time past a hut constructed of railway the crevices filled with old carpets and a roof of scrap tin, attracted the attention of pedestrians on American Street. The hut itself was not the only object of remark, but the fact that a crowd of boys whose ages ranged from twelve to sixteen, daily held mysterious seances within its walls excited the workmen in the adjoining factories and mills. Investigations were instituted, but beyond the fact that the structure had been dubbed "The Mesmerizer's Hut" nothing was developed. On June 5, Willy Spangenberg, a lad living on York Street, was killed directly in front of the "hut." With his death the frequenters of the "hut" have dispersed and the structure has been razed to the ground. Junction City Union 1886

CHIEF ASSAILS MAN

EP BULLETIN--SAN CLEMENTE

"It's very hard to change. Before there was so much going on... and now there's so little. So little."

Noxin smiled faintly at his words. He could not hide the agony and loneliness -- it was etched too deeply in his face.

He invited me into his oval office in what was once the Western White House, located on the sprawling grounds of the Coast Guard transmitting station. The devastating change of events in 1974--just two years after his mandate from the people--had dramatically transformed him. He did not look like the same man we saw a year ago in the pages of the Moon when, as President Noxin, he was the most powerful man on earth. He was altered. Noxin's face is thicker now, his hair grayer. His eyes aren't as bright and battling as they once were--but they're still piercing. His old self-assured stride has been replaced by an irritating limp. His near fatal plebeitis forces him to move slowly and awkwardly, and he gingerly eased himself into a brown-gray velvet recliner, resting his leg on a matching footstool.

"I bought this chair when I was Vice-President," he said. "It's been my favorite ever since I wrote my book 'Six Crises' in it. I took it to the Lincoln Sitting Room when I went to the White House, and I was sitting in it when Folbot told me Mayo had invited me to China... and I wrote my resignation speech in this chair. I did the best I could. Some of it was my fault. I never thought much about being loved. I just did the best I could."

The resignation still eats away at Noxin's heart. His said eyes glanced at the Presidential and American flags flanking his executive style gunmetal desk, and he gave a faint grin. "You know, it's times like these you really find out who your friends are." It's no secret that in the aftermath of his downfall many of his personal contacts have abandoned him.

"Come on," he said, limping to the door, "let me show you around." We left his rosewood paneled office and climbed into a souped up yellow golf cart with the word Noxin painted several times across the front. As we drove through the empty grounds, taking the shell craters at a slower clip, an earlier press statement burst into my mind:

"Expenses have been cut to the bone. The office buildings here are prefabricated and most of them don't have phones any more. They've been stripped of furniture and are potential fire traps. But we're told that's the way the former President is supposed

to be treated in a free country."

We headed toward the seven room house Noxin fondly calls La Casa Pacifico--the House of Peace. On the way we passed the glassed-in granite showcase where we were proudly displayed. The golf cart stopped in front of the house. "I get out here," he said. Off to side Mrs. Noxin--wearing a bright yellow and pink pantsuit--stopped putting in her garden and trotted toward us. "Isn't this a beautiful garden?" she asked. "I just love working with my flowers--that's how I spend most of my time."

Noxin led the way into the house. "Pat and I talk a great deal about our shattered lives. I get strength from her. She is at peace with herself. I don't know what history will say about me, but I know it will say that Pat was truly a great First Lady."

Then with a slight limp he strolled to the patio where a doctor was there to take the blood-pressure of the sixty-two year old former Chief Exec. After taking off his fish checkered sports coat and swallowing two carbine pills, he was told by the doctor that the medicine wasn't working.

I had spent nearly two hours with Noxin and it was time to leave.

But first he rummaged around in his desk drawers until he came up with a presidential tiebar.

"Perhaps you'd like this," he said, blowing off the fluff. "It's the only one I have left from my White House days."

His handshake was firm as I accepted the tiebar. Then he filled a pipe and turned to gaze out over the Pacific beach where he used to chase his dog King Timahoe.

New Moon Cited

In the offices of the Moon, the dusty windows of the basement occasionally let fall a rod of beneficent light. The news arrived today by government courier, in an alligator pouch. Loaded with bits and pieces of Kansas, Missouri and Iowa news, feeder agencies sent their publications, and the National Government has given us their highest journalistic award: the revered National Moon Trophy. Only a week from today the Editors of the Moon expect to fly first-class wildernessperjet Lawrence Airport to JFK. We'll aboard there and shake hands with Rocky on the macadam. He'll hand us the Milton. In the terminal, we'll slug a

couple of wallbangers with the Rocky, and talk politics. Our pockets will be loaded with fifty thousand clams when we leave, plus the Milton, which we will pawn, to purchase an auto. A Chevy, 55. If we can find one in Manhattan. We'll drop by to talk to Grauerholz--the Moons New York reporter and his friend Burroughs, author of Junkie, Soft Lunch and all the rest. We'll stop by Ellis Island and talk to some immigrants, get some foreign news, meet people and promote the Moon.

Unfortunately, recently, when we returned, the Chevies tires bald, the rings shot, the air conditioner spitting from into our laps at the hottest part of the summer, some thing went berserk in our cellar office, shortly before we arrived. We knew the visitor had just left. The goldfish still twitched, the gills convulsing though they were stuffed on the points of sharpened coat hangers. The thing, whatever, licked the sugar bowl and then flung it at the cement floor. He ripped the yellowed pages of aging newspaper flats and smudged the print with his fingerprints. A doll lay in the corner, we don't know who got there, one arm twisted up. Sulfuric acid ate slow holes into the curling covers. What will eat a radio?

LINDO BURGLER

The Mexico Lindo Cafe, located at 211 Lo-cust in this City, was broken into about 7:41 a.m., Wednesday, January 22.

Reported missing from the Lindo were one black portable radio unknown make, one 2/3 box of cherry marsh candy, a monkey toy with a grinning face, a hand buzzer, a box of Zero candy bars, one bone, one box Juicy Fruit, two beef butt 5lbs ea., one lb. bacon, one tub of Skrada Kaka, case Dr. Pepper, case moon pies, one violin unknown make in dark case green two Indian bowls with aluminum ends valued at \$5.00.

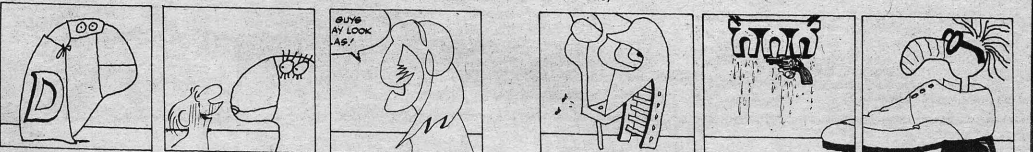
The owner, Emmet Prop of this City, had taken the lock off to change the combination and had nails driven into the casing. The nails were pulled out. No blood. No trace.

Cottonwood Review provided The \$\$\$ to print this short (5¢) issue of the Moon. Write and thank them, please. Box 1, K Union, U. of Kansas, Lawrence, Ks.



Andy Capp

Bettie Bailey



"Nixon was the artist who had discovered the laws of vibration in all the frozen congelations of the Mediocre," Mailer said this.