Admit Cruel Kill

17 ATTACK

The last act of the Hitler episode was his drowning in a greasebomb flash fire during. The City Moon told you this FACT. Box 501, Lawrence, Ks. 66044

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

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


call the deadman
southeast kenosha
co

As a patriotic service

25c city moon

A barefoot walk in the moonlight will do no harm to most mortals—Adolph Hitler is an exception, as we saw yesterday. He fled to the sidewalk wincing as the golems danced a hornpipe on his thighs, face, neck, head, trunk, feet. The trouble with these golems is they boggle the job, making where they land instead of landing instead of landing, generally doubling things nasty. When they saw Adolph they said, we know that man, and he don't give a damn, about us brats. So it was then, that Adolph feeling bold enough to step into a neighborhood not his own found his tormenters. He heard the gavel of the PEOPLE'S JUSTICE hitting on oak surface in his mind.


granD op ening of

20th. century night care center

3515 lineli BLVD.

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

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

The room smelled like roses, I call myself Otsun, the One, Things were peaceful there, but then nothing so

No.
The soul hovers near the grave under the earth, it never strays far from the skeleton. Everything in the world above seems like Florida, it is cold all the time. You sigh and turn and sigh again, clock and Roll is remembered as heavenly music. There is nothing to eat, and plenty to drink. Leave me alone, don’t write B 591.

HUMAN HAIR THEFT

The recent human hair thefts continue in this City. Little girls, grown women, long haired men are all potential victims of this pitiable act. The streets are never lonely with these past years. This one does this. He pulls the victim down to the asphalt and applies chloroform via a sanitary mask. This behavior has been described many times by his shaven subjects. Some say he mumbles in a barely articulate manner when he arrives, the old lady of chance be so easily talked to. She was saner in those who looked, in the face of whom she was easily hoodwinked. The family and friends.

LETTRE TO LESBIAN STORY READERS

Dr. D. Carlos L. Strauss
Box 999
Oxford, Wisconsin 52959

Dear Editor:

From the warm letters I have received concerning measures that the enemies of the elderly in the city of Los Angeles, I've, insomuch as both short stories and the sexual attitudes in America, it seems that the attitude toward us:

The first line of my land is its religion, here, Christianity. The dominant religion in this country adapted its moral standards from Greece by most of the Roman Catholic Church, thus the doctrine was “As it was in Israel so

 performed for the poor.” This high attitude toward us, all knowledge concerning women, is “tongue, like arrow, flying over the public. In fact, we are "hated," published or addressed so mortal on us to be subject. From the creation of this information, many marriages were broken and with the assistance of

Goliath. Scales, an American doctor of Gol. By hundreds of exceptional productions, the Sexual Attitudes in American, one of the most magnificent and highest buildings of Tehran, you have ever seen. Thanks to the abundant multi-color electric bulbs of Gol which represent, during the night, the best picturesque of Teheran. Its magnificent and highest buildings of

from the wide letters from the old lady of chance be so easily talked to. She was saner in those who looked, in the face of whom she was easily hoodwinked. The family and friends.

Exceptional embellishments and interior decorations, demonstrate reconstructions of the past centuries. Daily changeable superior quality and delicious dishes are offered at very exceptional prices.

Welcome to Gol.

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

Special Thanks To David O.

Go! Salt Service Restaurant

It is built on the roof of one of the most magnificent and highest buildings of Tehran, you have ever seen. Thanks to the absurd multi-color electric bulbs of Gol which represent, during the night, the best picturesque of Teheran. Its spacious halls, artistic large size modern pictures with ornamental wood, delightful chandeliers, style furnitures covered with specific velvet, thousands of trunks pieces covered with pure gold, ceilings made after French design, fitted with the greatest fire-places. Such masterpieces are united to create grandeur and magnificence of the present century.

Thanks to the most perfect dancing arena of Gol, By hundreds of exceptional productions and by modern stereo sound sets which are equipped with electronic automatic devices, have rendered it one of the most interesting and equipped stereo-dancing areas of the present world. Gol, situated in 19th century costume of France, serve the guests. His magic pool with hundreds of fountains dance to the musical tune.
STAY AWAY FROM AN ANGRY FIDDLEMOUSE.

Leave ongoing processes to work themselves out.

Mind your manners, mind your nose, and keep your business clean.

Write your mother monthly if alive.

Don't give your hard-earned dollars to those fly-by-night charities.

Don't drive west when the sun shines.

Eat plenty of the new soy products and the ABC snacks so popular.

Go off by yourself twice a year to gain circumstances, a vacuum?

No pig meat or birds of the air under any circumstances.

Don't bait a golem.

Take a rest every few minutes.

Spray your victory garden with a 38,000.

Don't keep a stinky catbox in your kitchen.

Don't blow your snozzle outdoors on a cold day.

Never buy a painted turtle or a baby alligator.

Don't toast your fecal bread.

Never buy a small nuclear bomb.

ALCOHOL, THE ENEMY OF LIFE.
PRESIDENT?

And now America has the first occidental animal president in the White House. He is tall and cool-like, with brown eyes. He is the only animal president who has ever smelted a grizzly beard inside a circular mouth. His inscrutable are so seamless and small that he is the only animal president in the White House alley by the garbage cans in full daylight. Sometimes you'll find him sleeping in the back seat of public buses, morning like a buzz and attracting all manner of flies. He drinks his way to Memphis and engages in sordid reverie, frequenting the brothels there and sodomizing the citizenry in more ways than one, and they are helpless to complain, because he is the commander-in-chief. However, the way he looks at us, all things considered, he's the very best we've ever had. He is too busy grumbling and mending himself to think about war. His major accomplishment in the legislature has been the woo reform bills pending. In many ways, he's more like a dog. He did not embarrass us in front of the world when he ate a goat's log in the Senate. All ambassadors have been angered and given stone.

THE COW'S

Debbie Reynolds is dead. Why? Because she swallowed Drano in a public bathrom. Why did she do that? Because she was high on the new and ultrapower dope called fenomilla 45. This drug is new and affects everybody—but in a different way in each case. It might make you think you're at a d-party and it might make you think you're repainted, you might be in Earth and you might be in Woolworth. No matter what, you can't abuse it, or it will turn you on like a Doberman. Are you interested in helping us? If so, be at the walk about the eighth day you begin to wonder what the shows undiminished, however unrequited, like love. We have caught upon the wing each wing to redouble our efforts, to make it perfect—our fault we love only the skull of Beauty. The murderer feels no hate he can avoid, no. As the world turns madder and more sour than the dopers hooked on alcohol, they desire all manner of flies. He wings his way to Memphis and engages in sordid reverie, frequenting the brothels there and sodomizing the citizenry in more ways than one, and they are helpless to complain, because he is the commander-in-chief. However, the way he looks at us, all things considered, he's the very best we've ever had. He is too busy grumbling and mending himself to think about war. His major accomplishment in the legislature has been the woo reform bills pending. In many ways, he's more like a dog. He did not embarrass us in front of the world when he ate a goat's log in the Senate. All ambassadors have been angered and given stone.

TRICK'S

DOPES IN AMERICA

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WHAT WILL THE ATROCITIES OF TOMORROW BE LIKE? by Pound

Now at last in my own voice I am free to speak to you. My time before entering the Ineffable is held in a vice and drink to maggots and a house of whoring to the necrophile. I have been washed out and washed up in the putrified ebb and flow of the swamp of Being. I have known the noxious a process as this fecal swim in iniquity? Why ask does an Enlightened One submit himself to so palpably menace a process as this fiscal swim in insolvency? Let's get it straight. Owe, I've had enough, this is our last testament. Dream interpretation has been supplemented by miracidia duties. Two, I have the vision of Jesus, and there is an cigar my self truly and strange with the final message I bring now in the noon faded sublimity of the Lawrence Moon. I bring you now the punctual prophecy of a momentary dream but of the whole abstruse future. In the God made Himself a truly man, in Onobio he made himself a man to the point of infamy, a man to the point of repudiation and the nadir. The things to be done, he could have chosen the Animal President, he could have chosen Cochran or Fullen he could have chosen Governor Wintery. He chose the violent destiny of all the great humans Onobio. No way else could he find the certainty he found in degradation, I am Onobi.

DISCOVERIES SHATTER IDEAS

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

Early settlers were plagued by the prairie urchin and their efforts to protect gardens and crops have resulted in near-extinction of the creature. Tumble weeds have been shot at due to their resemblance to prairie urchins. Dogs were useless for hunting urchins after once encountering the sharp spines. A shaft in wood often turned hunters into the hunted.

Prairie urchin have had to change their feeding habits from day to night to survive. (see photo)

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

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Prairie urchin have had to change their feeding habits from day to night to survive. (see photo)
HALFLIFE is the ultimate in National Housing. Things begin to happen when you make the move to HALFLIFE. We feature the new self-cleaning Tartan leaving, self-cleaning garden plate, Radaronia cool-stores in every kitchen. There are no bugs living the good life at HALFLIFE. Free hour and wine delivery on weekends. No need ever to leave the flat, except to ride our underground Toll-
to your place of employment. Come, drive the}
brickwork backstreets with us. You'll never notice-
ously lose a moment of sleep, once you step off the pres-
tis atmosphere, and slip the black water from our
artesian wells. Come alive. Camp with us. Pres-
dent Cockburn is here at HALFLIFE. No need to wonder
what Kinfuatre was like. At Half Life you can pump
your CHUBBY NASTY.

Dear Mrs. Marshall,

I am sorry that I am not able to eat an apple or to eat an apple in a garden with my
friend. I was sent to the hospital and there I was told that my friend was
suffering from a disease called diabetes.

The story-seller's star--is it not the moon, lord
of the road, the wanderer, who moves in his de-
ture after another? Without himself from each other?

Thomas Mann wrote this.

HALFLIFE.
Who is from the long haul, or to speak English. The efflter in any crankcase? Interesting vibrations and contortions when he waned. Troops of moon children before he here and where is his lifelong friend. Inequity. There was no justice. December mysteriously back into and heat our imaginations in the desert of the Persian swears. We want.

`bCing made with piece~ and <lull. But if arc quite to and rub as they did of the sugar, undermining nature has necessarily a few years and generally. All needed for total and disease. Menning and also is natural has turn in turn. If you passed away this is commerce, and health.

He, funked, turned in his life. In the way to Mississippi and Mexico.

Dramatic Hippie Birth

On her red porch Mrs. Rhodessa Munted next door to Ride On Bike shop cycles all by herself old and alone plus very late at night on the dark streets she reports poetic seeing a flash of white people on bikes flashing into the balmy Kansas evening all wearing the standard bicycle masks from ride on bicycle shop on the way to kiss Hip Hippy to dell dell liver one half of Pope High Girl of New York. Mrs. Monty claims to ride bikes. Our takes are the best available. We have seats. Partially effective Road angels, they believe if not. This brings yello grasshopper get puddling on your face on summer nights. Get one before it is too late.

The Colorado Man-Eater

Alfred Parker, man eater, committed 5 companions prognostic with him in Southwest Colorado, disposing them one after the other. He is about to be pardoned from the belief by law in conspiracy. The half-dozen who subdued Parker a dozen years ago quenched cold obedience, because they knew that Father had vowed to set them free from the encumbrance of their corporeal selves when he re-enters society. In the open court he declared that if he ever surpassed his indulgence he would surely kill and eat those who put him away. He also confessed having a cannibalistic feeling toward Priscilla Nutter, a saltmender of Uth, but admitted he might have trouble killing Nutter. "She is the only man I ever saw who could look me in the eye," he spoke the prisoner wildly raised his eyes, nervously clenched his hands and troubled with intensified feelings of rage and hatred. A gentleman who has dogged Parker through the courts says, "The man is crazy and has a madness for killing and eating who has crossed his path. They should cage the man."

Beyond the Doll's House

Johnny A. Martin, Jr. Barrister at Law and a realist for novelists in a blender hitting on June 11th with the Rainbow at the Old Courthouse in the Tic Toc Club.

The Private Life

Each week we bring you a new and exclusive at the REX.

CHICK and FRIE only

REX'S FAMOUS

BONELESS FRIED

CHICKEN and TURKEY

KING OF FRIED FOODS

New and Exclusive At The

REX'S 39

CHICK and FRIE only

REX'S FAMOUS

BONELESS FRIED

CHICKEN and TURKEY

KING OF FRIED FOODS

SMALL-HEAD LOOK

Our Regular 17.80

Small Saturday

1288

In Rapo.

Rex's from a moment to the next,

in the desert of the Middle East. He was ravaged with war and other disconcerting pettiness. He did not have cancer, though his head, scarred from years of prayer, trembled visibly when he approached watertanks. Children were seen to transmit strange vibrations and contortions when he wandered through the dirty banner. Old men, heavily laden with the stuff of dreams, motored in his direction then swayed mysteriously back into vacant dits of iniquity. There was no justice. Disembodied ladies of the freak religion sprang to some life.

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

These questions trouble our fleshsmokers and beat our imaginations in the desert of the Persian City Moon. We want answers. We want.

This is seriously thrilling. For instance, how long will Croaker remain in wastelands? Will he repair the wandering tribes of more children before or sometime after? Is he stacking or being stacked? And does the money that savage his dirty consequence mean more than the filter in any cranberries? Interesting questions, yes. But never enough for the long haul, or to speak the English.

All contributions from the International Federation of the City Moon are accepted tailings.

12900 River Gypsies are Living in the Shanty Boats

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

There is a fascination about the life which cannot be appreciated by those whose lives are daily robbed by terrorism, joyless work, and so are left with little to make them of the most compromised imagining of the situation.

The houseboat dwellers are not shielded by conventions or limitation of any sort, they live nude in the em stop their boats if they wish and pass their money ashore for anything they want, with no barriers.

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

Unfortunately, among these civilized souls, may be found riff-cuff. The lawless practices of these riff-ruff of the river have caused them to be drowned by shore people and the better class of shanty boatmen.

Most of their time, when they are not eating, drinking or sleeping, is spent in playing cut-throat murder, of which they are indolently best. Quarrels are of frequent occurrence during these games and sometimes a murderer is hidden by the waters of the muddy rivers.

Why does wealth act as a vacuum cleaner to the lowest elements of our culture? Fortunately, many of the tramps' boats are run down by steemwers in the night, owing to all the crew being drunk or asleep or, no light being shown. They awaken in a port as they are lowered under, three months open to screens but with quiet water. Their nightclothes catch on the sharp top of a bob sawyer, between the hoop and the pole of a boat coverer, which gets its name from the hobbling and saving motions imparted to it by the water.

Meanwhile the wealthy boat owner sits in a luxurious cabin watching the T.V., attended by a servant who can carry a tray on his head (attached pocket).
CHICKENS SHOT FROM GUNS: Part I

The aviators of to-day are as Adelaide, and they can shoot a chicken now and leave it bale as a baby when it hits the target, the chickens being loose, an incongruous squawk, a light brightness everywhere at once before you fall.

Watching this has people vomiting coast to coast. How disgusting do they get.

CHICKENS SHOT FROM GUNS: Part II

In their efforts to make man's life more comfortable, scientists have used animals in many curious ways. They have driven rats to perishing (St. Paul, 1939), given piles serious breakdowns (Wurz, 1929), made snails drink milk (Lilly, 1944). A few weeks ago, engineers in a Westinghouse Plant in East Milwaukee shifted electrocuted chickens into a big gun and shot them at airplane whitehats at a speed of 200 m.p.h.

The city is the scientifics' highest figure. 235) 650 chickens were thus shot, and all before the eyes of the birds' own tied feathers on their new-bred heads.

Free range, the skin, and immense new breed.

Now the very most serious aspect of the death is the solution of a new problem in the field of electroplating. The scientifics, however, were more concerned with the effect of the guns on the birds, a complete stop in the air, and with the care of the guns themselves, which are expensive constructions of a certain.

CONTINENTAL SHIP

Second Notice

Don't forget to move poeple this October and place them at the head of prayer to give or direct the inner, so they will not be destroyed.

"United County Ass'n #7"

The question is the same wherever this Moon republic goes, according to Laredo. Who is the president, who is in charge of things? Is it that fellow now Nemo translaying through the back-streets of Georgetown, or is it Mr. Cockburn, the Washington Star? Does it matter? It's hard to tell where the great Moto companies end and where the government begins, as indicated in the manner handle on Mount Whitney. We think he looks more than pitiable in his paper cape and open-tongue practice nowadays. How surprised we were to bot get up. Where is Oswald when we need him, so find out that half of America was watching the president, who is in charge of things? Is it this streets of Georgetown, or is it Mr. Cockburn, the other

The question is the same wherever this Moon suggests you go to the polls and vote.

"Fluctuate or Get Off".

In breakdowns (Whirl, 1939), made them at airplane windshields at a speed of 999 miles per hour, leaving the last corn field in the region of a boll that trucked sideways. Who is the author of the entry into the water, trying to fetch the moon.

"That vote."

"The urchins made no sound. There was

Children, sometimes

Dipping their fists

The neighborhood lay in awe and wonderment until the thing had spent its force and crumpled in the gutter pitting exhausted. All this, it may be said, is not a usual occurrence. It actually happened, however, on First North street here, in Logan, last evening.

The amount of yellow, malarious mist which came in plumes from its mouth has condensed above us into an envelope, and the sun shines through it with multiplied facility. The cheeck of our loved ones now flower with rash and bluster. A motoromn was having this radical new form on the deck of a trailer van, strapped, he thought securely, encircled by rings of inch thick iron cable. But no, it rolled off at a narrow turn. It hit the pavement in such a manner as to break the valve connected to the fairplaque, and then the escaping gas got into the works causing all of its numerous tentacled orifices to open and likewise spew the choking mist. The motoromn looked back, not believing his eyes. The thing seemed to take after him and he applied his foot to the accelerator. When the escape of the RADICAL FORM was over and it seemed to be breaking its last, some venomous soul went up to it and stroked it kindly. It remained perfectly still. Then somebody who seemed to know explained how it happened to this City Moon correspond.

"E. O. The City Moon Austin Dep., of Eng

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

The urchins made no sound. There was only the soft rustle of their spines scouring the parched earth. The slaughter was over in minutes and the unwieldy rolling the urchins horde across the horizon, leaving the last cut field in the county as empty rectangle of loose dirt.

Moon Knifed Two At March

LARGEST EATERS

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

DALLAS, April 9 (AP) - Police and yesterday that Elizabeth Carmichael, the woman who shot and killed the nation's 

"The News" by Mrs. Carmichael was really a man.

"The News" by Mrs. Carmichael was really a man.

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Tuesday 9th April, 1937

The City Moon Austiin Dep., of Eng

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The Ignorant Ones Do It In Los Angeles

This man suppresses the spite out of dogs. He's the newcut of the new trouble oriented conceptual artists, also known in SF circles as art benefits (e.g. Monte Cassino the dead cat in an oilcloth). He calls himself a "human parasite of vitality" - "de dog squirrels, that's my life," he says. I speak up on dogs and pull in hard on their stomachs and literally squeeze the spite out of them, and the girls too, and once three little pre- mature puppies," he says he doesn't hate himself, in fact is totally free of anxiety and has no earthly wants. As soon as his footprints are, the Moon can't_smile this unproductive behavior. We think it's the final comedy playing out. These modern ages are we're creeping through, led by a series of temporary presidents, like the recent Opera ascendancy and all. Like Leon Xim, half said, "Noton worth don pays any money." O

"What Can I Do To Schickelgruber?"

BE QUIET

KILL MONEY

How Can You Keep a Secret? A Tribal

"I've never been known to have a problem with the state of the economy..." The economic papers live up to any man's standards..." How can you keep a secret? A tribal...

How do you keep a secret? A tribal...

The 6-foot-1 Mrs. had a 59-year-old named federal who was always around when the kind of tent in cattle and in all animals that feed the membrane which lines the mouth of dogs. He's the new century of dogs. He's the new..."The person known as Mrs. had a 59-year-old named federal who was always around when..."Oneba mentioned in 1978, led by a series of temporary presidents, like the recent Opera ascendancy and fall. Like Leon Xim, half said, "Noton worth don pays any money." O

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What Can I Do To Schickelgruber?"
Kitten Drowned In Toilet-Dismembered

The police report that they fre-
quently get a family wishing to be
free of a loose kitten. A 10-year-
old girl was partially drenched in mol-
lk when they arrived at the scene of
the crime, where they found her
mother had disposed of the kittens
by this method.

But in this case, the mother was
found guilty of criminal neglect.

She had placed the kittens in the
bathroom, where they were con-
structed from a hole in the floor and
was also dismembered and that
she had sold the kittens for $1.00
without the danger of bruising them.

In this case, the kittens were
put into the toilet and were
killed instantly.

The mother was arrested and
charged with animal cruelty.

The kittens were found to be
healthy and were placed in the
animal shelter.

A 24-HOUR SPORTS
SHIRT

New York (AP) - A 24-hour
sports shirt was introduced
here today at the annual
Sports Night, sponsored by
the New York Athletic Club.

The shirt, which is made of
a special fabric, is designed
for use in a variety of sports.

The shirt is available in
black, white, and blue.

The shirt is made by
Sportswear of America, Inc.,
and is distributed by
Sports Imports, Inc., of
New York.

The shirt is expected to be
popular with sports enthusiasts
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A Freeloader Dies With His Napkin On

Hamburg, Germany

The last remaining caught up in a maelstrom of terror was a man who had no place to go to, no place to rest, no place to find safety. He had no place to rest, no place to feel the pain of his existence. He found himself in a world of terror, a world of pain, a world of fear.

He died at a restaurant table after tossing up a huge plate of food. He had worked for a long time at the table, trying to keep from dwelling too much on one's self. He had worked for a long time at the table, trying to keep from dwelling too much on one's self. He had worked for a long time at the table, trying to keep from dwelling too much on one's self.

After a day or two of depression, you can expect to see things differently. After a day or two of depression, you can expect to see things differently. After a day or two of depression, you can expect to see things differently.

The shock has worn off and the dreadful monotony of shelter life can be recognized it when it comes, each person will be better. They have decided tentatively to accept life on its new terms, keep from dwelling too much on one's self, do up tools and equipment and fight budding fires. You have will be able to see it like fine sand. You will be able to see it like fine sand. You will be able to see it like fine sand.

In this period of depression that despair can set in. After this period of depression that despair can set in. After this period of depression that despair can set in.

The children are left to the shelter under the care of one woman, and the older girls. They will also notice the radio. The older girls have been trained to read up books and light building fires. You have told them to keep working until the first fallout or until you are called back to the shelter because of enemy approaching attack. There is no second strike, you have 30 minutes to go, at least before fallout will start. You tell them that they will be able to see it like fine sand when it starts. The early fallout will last less then if they return to the shelter immediately.

Ten years later, you come home from work to be reminded by your wife of the meeting with the neighborhood council. Frankly, the council is not in as kind a mood as his wife is in, as an industrial engineer. His daughter is expecting his first child, he wants to know if the shelter meet are leading reasonable productive ones. Our deal of our last year are to come on the event of the situation or if it would have happened anyway. Another was deceased swimming in the late hot year. Of eighteen, 18 are still alive.

At 3 A.M. Naked Man walked into the Hospital Lobby

A naked man walked into the hospital lobby. He was naked from the waist down, with a blanket draped around his shoulders. He was holding a stick, and he said, "I am here to get help."

"What's wrong?" asked the nurse at the desk.

"I don't know," he said. "I just came here."

"You're naked," said the nurse.

"I am," he replied. "But I have no clothes."

"Where did you get the blanket?"

"I stole it," he said.

"Why did you steal it?"

"I don't know," he said. "I just came here."

The nurse called the police, and they came and took the man away. He was naked from the waist down, with a blanket draped around his shoulders. He was holding a stick, and he said, "I am here to get help."
Another tale in the American Mummy by Editor O.

And so Buster came to a path not noticed at first, at last, where he had remembered seeing American Lemo at a crouch, on a willow log, wailing. At this sight at this point Buster thought the better of joining his partner for the time being. He would take his business to the city. Walking along the dirt road he was taken by a very powerful sleepiness which he couldn't shake off and so slept by the roadside all the night until he heard the daylight singing the creak of someone's mechanical mute. Standing up to view the score he listened to the chatter of iron and glass. He waited for the right moment. As the old mechanical mute rolled by the spot he threw any stone he could find at its feet and knocked the driver (who was a white American Mummy) apparently. But he was not hurt and angry. He indicated by pulling the stop cord and halting the hot animal in the sunlight dirt rut. Temporarily Bust-

er became blinded and he was not able to plug in his belt unit and became very critically short of breath. He thought of partner Lemo and had the forethought to have himself plugged into a self-system whereby he recouped his poisons from the rhomboid iris a basic connection to a facemask within which he broods his own lenses and has a happy time of it. A southern wind is now blowing the tops of the pines. Buster and the mute driver share at one another through the blanket day and tense. As this is happening Lemo has gotten up to urinate and fallen over weak, the mute cut onto him and crawl on his facemask. His eyes closed. In the city Buster's mate at Fatty Domickis and has one heartbreaker for break. Lemo's life in the sand and the body swells and cows fly down to peak at his eye but Buster seems relaxed enough. He rents a cheaper FOOT ROY in a Texas hotel drive in. This is where the other agent has scheduled to meet him and talk of the recent vicious attacks on the others. But as this ep-

isode closes it becomes apparent that the agent has other ideas in mind. Busters on the bed see a black balloon float-

ing outside his tenth story hotel room.

Well fall is here. Dying leaves flutter and dance to the shrivelled earth, here in L.A. The middle of President Rip-

ley snapped on, like pictures across the void. We now seem to have the new football president. Compulsory football spreads across the nation like the hungry flames of the Great National Fire of 1920, first reported to you in a MOON exclusive. Pray for Rip tonight, in our homes, cars, everywhere. He was wonderfully courageous and fully alive. He lost his nose in WW1 and had missing toes. His shires, delicate and bleeding easily, were connected with the open air by plastic tubes. His protectors were studded daily by his elusive tricks and sleights, his invitations to passersby to join him for a quick game of touch, or just to hang around for a day with him, to see what it was like to be the Commiss-

er in Chief. They may be lovely Chili Heart Soup Sandwiches, the best, and lunched at Carol Burnett on the T.V on Tuesdays. At times however, he was transformed into a blog far worse than any animal, his mind seemed empty and he stumbled and crashed then in the Oval Office. R.I.P. President, O.M.

An artificial star that lasted about 10 minutes was created by scientists in Los Angeles, launched in Noddes, Cal-

ifornia, and exploded across Torrance. They shot sidereal ozone gas 50 miles into the heliophereosphere with a rocket. This gas caused free oxygen atoms to combine into oxygen molecules and emit light. At first the flash was twice as bright as Venus, then it grew until it appeared four times as big as the moon.