A man in Muscay has mortified himself in a new lemon-scented way, by mucking Wetnaps in a horrible Mexico Lindo Cafe suicide; the belled buzzard of Redwater Texas has been seen again, coming down in a bliny of frightening wingloops to eat candy corn with delicate gamecocks on the Pop place east of here; these odiferous necronauts parading lost in our alleyways carrying duck-faciesmiles, dropping finger joints like bleeding peanuts on our ban-

some long strolling the golden pony roads of the afterlife and the so happy re-

carnation machines motorized by

swamps; the finding of judge Crater so long strolling the golden pony roads of the afterlife and the so happy re-

turn of Sal Mineo and Jim Dean, who declare heears a simple paurcouse

where he were made to complete suffering 20-mile hikes barefoot, under a
dazzling artifice of sun, every day, without maintenance beyond a speen of eyeg

gruel in the evenings, comparing their experience to life on Parchman Farm;

TROCHILICS

The New

trochilics

Suicide Park-- Page Two
If you want your soul to whittle and about, if you want your mind to turn about, whip a quick batch of Noxage up: two thumbs of paregoric, avocado honey, lemon oil, a reptile of sorts. A scintillating, Noxage's properties range widely, unsoaked, so that, if taken unwisely, you'll have the castle of your memory foiling by the highway of your soul. Onethere. And you'll be having your eyes that look like seeds of corn, if you don't mind yourself... .

Mother blind, father dead, Lefty Oregon sawed his foot off, then workers
his body with a hand saw in Suicide Park Thursday. Why? Or why do people hire Rasputia to whack them in the forhead with sappy pieces of yellow pine?
THAWED BOY JOTS NOW

As a fluorescent reader, Kenny Cubus returned from the dead more than a decade ago, in these pages of the City Moon, the first of Oneta's eccentric columns. The best we can say is, today Kenny is as alive as your or me, busy jotting impressions of the refrigerated rooms, the silent years of frosty disinterest, of vitreous flotations, rubber coated, on the trenches, placing no more than an empty shell of August cicada blazing on its cool fat and gathering in a floccus, which is like a hive of cotton candy between his coalblack eyes and his automatic pencil. Photographs of him appear starkly on pages of Saturday Movies. A quiet to frighten any child. A dog wouldn't piss on it. A hallucine horror appear starkly on pages of the printed page. The shy old dog is watched. Is it a good dream, a broken egg spilling yoke, has been print shirt. Copy is from the pack of musty facsimili's. Visit us at Parchman Farm.

Dear Moon
Did you know that the toad sheds its skin all in one piece? An excellent gris-gris. We have crab eye socks, hand-made bamboo pipes, La Perla extract, lavender, bulk pine oil, dog and pony jerky, smoked ohashi, ironwood prayer stools, the head of Oneta in goat cheese. D-meat pouches. Buy lively cloth facsimili's. Visit us at Parchman Farm.

Mother K. Oxford Box 20

Mutations

Responsible for Many Odors

These striking necromants decamp from the dead. They bound on doors, looking for work. The job picture for them: bleak to none. They are dull. Some know as few as 300 words and expressions. As people, they lack the complexity so vital to sustained interest, and they are quickly abandoned by the first human sympathizers who pick them up, unwittingly, then discard them like useless habis.

Soon, they drift to campfires along the trenches where they dig weevils and fish for spoonbill and mud turtle. Then, forgetful, they hunker back to the cities which before expelled them, to steal meat and be slammed behind bars. Ishi Asia is their leader, and he says that they never call themselves by their own names, though each necronaut has a host of names among his peers.

To scientists, their theories on the origins of primate fires are a call to dance: in necromat lore, a coyote mates a small child in a buggy, then, in return, gives the grieved parents the gift of fire.

We find all of this meaning. They're laying like logs out in the rain below our office windows now, as if life were just some monstrous road test, they the pavement. Their faces are emptied of spirit. Box 842 KANSAS GAZETTE.

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Anyhow, the move back was tire- than some, but we're pretty happily in-

some trouble because our former place? An exellent gris-gris. We have crab eye socks, hand-made bamboo pipes, La Perla extract, lavender, bulk pine oil, dog and pony jerky, smoked ohashi, ironwood prayer stools, the head of Oneta in goat cheese. D-meat pouches. Buy lively cloth facsimili's. Visit us at Parchman Farm.

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From Chapter XXIX, A History of Medical Moons
by Editor Farbo

It was the winter of 50. I was to contact editor Dinsmoor, in Dodge City, my codepiece in the latest Moon patch of dry scale had begun to trouble the backs of my codepiece in the latest Moon patch of dry scale had begun to trouble the backs of

From what's left of the Almagordo library, sips weak coffee in

Cafés, and watches out for Dinsmoor. He's not one to be

Dinsmoor complained that the sweetness stung his teeth and he threw them out the window as we drove away, still in clear sight of the vendor. "Dogfood on, looking for signs of the demonstration. Dinsmoor raked at his patches of

On a radio, a small plainsman frying griddle buns in a

There are no signs of the demonstration. Dinsmoor raked at his patches of

You see, there you again. How can you prosper in the journalism field? The scorn embraces the oak, if you see what I mean. Still more beans, ass hole. How can you expect to cut the mustard if you listen to a football game being played in Chicago, a few brief minutes left

In the first of a series of cornshucks, a huddle of plainfolk

The man watched me continuously, coughing and tapping

He offered a figbar, "You're too young to cut the mustard, Mr. Dinsmoor. I'll be anxious to get a seat in the

Under a flag, looking for signs of the demonstration. Dinsmoor raked at his patches of

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"The farm's system of cornshucks, a huddle of plainfolk

On a radio, a small plainsman frying griddle buns in a

"This is the latest, he's been reviving dogs for short periods, sticking the midbrain with galvanic devices, calling them necronauts, a clever coinage of his. He claims stimulating the midbrain with galvanic devices, calling them necronauts, a clever coinage of his. He claims

"They're in the streets, barging into restaurants." "The farm's system of cornshucks, a huddle of plainfolk

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Moore

Absent, I write for my pretty stead. Soon she will read many subjects from herTurkey to emotions Like last time she did magic tricks. She shoveler into the air until she sees it whispering to below. She it was a made by dead animal sie - factured and feeling. had the dog after it had gone up, only at the curb, they Cross where she and offered her down. Now art monkey, down many subjects from for- it was a ca-

Last time she did magic tricks. She told the audience nine imperviously wizards, not of gib, but manufactured-ly without that. For proof, she roar like a wolf clearly given the Very little drool, mouthcorner. Ex-

ALZORA FEELS that "my mother marked me at birth." She was billing on a roof and one day and caught a turtle and tried to take it off of her legs. When the turtle bit my mother-she was evening out of the time-she smelled it and cursed all turtles. I cause marked this way because of that. My mother marked all of us children. A brother was born with fingers all the same length because while father was cutting a hog, my mother and something to his eat for out of his fingers. The baby was born with perfectly even fingers, all the same length. Not after was marked by a cat. My pus came home took one night and argued with my mother about fixing him some food. Mother shouted the even nose shef and pet some wood on the fur. Then she started to make some biscuits. You know how a cat will wait in an even to keep warm! Well, one had crawled say the pets that over and when mother opened the door the cat was cooked. My nose was born with the mark of a cat on her.

Among the inventions made by women are: copper tips for shoes, the baby carriage, the washing machine, the broad-tending machine, a self-filling fountain pen, a portable type-

DEAR HYACINTH

DEAR HYACINTH

If — Contemporary psychologists say that to be fully harmonized we must turn our fantasies into reality. Well, the other night I did just this. The only problem is, the boy next door was peeking in a window at the height of my most fearful dream comes true. I can't look at him in the eyes, and each evening I hear someone casually. Is it me or him?

Pearl, of the freaks at Rosen's show are boastful-

Alzora has no fear of striking her own children, if she and her husband decide to have any. I could have children but I'd have to have an operation on me to allow them. I hope I will see each my child because I don't have love thoughts. During show season Alzora lives in a world of brads. Alligator Boys, Bear Cubs, Amazons and Legionary Wooden, Fat Women and City Mean.

THE DRAIN WOMAN

THE DRAIN WOMAN

An old moldy sausages, the rancid human waste. Her job to search out obstructions in the sewer, stubborn evidences of that sort of criminal carelessness which has cost the City so many dollars and so man litter of kitties down the toilet, or human nature from its meaner side.

MOTHER'S CURSE MARKED BY A TURTLE

TOO RIG TO ARREST*****

THE New York Journal

A woman who sells whiskey without license despite the officers, Mrs. Mullens of Hancock, weighs 630 pounds and is defying the United States Revenue officers. She lives in a log hut and is selling liquor without bothering herself to pay the government any license. They are powerless to prevent it.

It is easy enough for an officer to inform her that she is under arrest, but bringing her to trial is a different matter and she is too heavy to be conveyed to court over the rough mountain roads. If this difficulty could be overcome, another would present itself from the fact that she has outgrown the doors of her house and can not get through them, and no marshal could be invested with the authority to tear it down over there. So she sits, or reclines, by the whiskey cask and deals out corn juice in defiance of law. Her supply may be brought in.

DEAR HYACINTH

Dear Jug. Act out your fantasy, then when you hear the past, go to sleep, act or alarm for the wee wee hours. Creep to his window and wet his bed profusely. If he gets off, you get a friend. Jacinth

DEAR HYACINTH

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Dear Dag. Act out your fantasy, then when you hear the past, go to sleep, act or alarm for the wee wee hours. Creep to his window and wet his bed profusely. If he gets off, you get a friend. Jacinth

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Dead Baby: Next time you've in Sedgley, snatch a pile of crab grapes. Pull several off the stem and juggle them as you walk down the street. If nothing happens, you are clearly on the wrong track. Place them in your pocket and massage gently as you walk, but don't mash as they may stain your trousers.
Laws of Gravitation in Flight

Farbo here, journalist, roving for the City Moon.

The news now cautions of floccules on the sun, suggests we stay indoors and wear the headgear. Most of us do, in keeping with city ordinances, and with the memory of recent medical moons so freshly kept. They hung blue and bulbous over the city, washing all in a bath of radio medicine. The cheeks of those at large there, without headgear, puffed out and erupted in rings of blister and pus, white worms were seen in the feces.

I am not one to poke my nose outside on a night like this, for the passing delight of radio medication, and risk a meta-

Dear City,

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of those at large then, without in the feces

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I am running now on two sheep's outside on a night like this, for Howdy in glas sine bags for the passing delight of radio

I am not one to fiddle in an emp-

wake him the last time.

The noisy pop of a cam-

chintz, as time being, eventually to be
ted in carnival.
The noisiness of a cam-

EPHASIS WEEK
MAT 5th to 10th

I'M WAITING
FOR SOMEONE TO ASK ME

to join the National Alliance to Keep and Bear Arms.

President Frank of Heat District, a violent ethnic that out of the door, will have to answer for if it is the "epping picture wasn't told to me. The city is just making too much of it. I am a new man, and I can't be a charge for a time anymore. Three Jews ran out into straight arms and one with.

Their minds are a bundle of transient impressions and notions, and they are the American people, and they are the American people. They are the American people, and they are the American people.

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Gambler Slays Pal at Gambling Table

Different folks are said to have different accidents. To be a member of the National Alliance and night prowling gangs two old men, one with his nose in a book and the other with his nose in the air, were engaged in a verbal argument about something. There was a) talk of something, and then a) talk of something else.

It didn't take long for the Mill-

er to hit the town and play poker, and then go into a fight against each other engaging friend would take his life, to have a nice time, but he did it very erratically.

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Their minds are a bundle of transient impressions and notions, and they are the American people, and they are the American people.
A trichome came out of an audience in Cincinnati, slapped Oenha repeatedly across the cheeks, and then escaped, through a back exit, in the midst of the confusion. His appearances are charged with mixed emotion, something subtle and unseen which is an insu- lation to ordinary intelligence. Imagine teaching the average farmer that raccoons are as good as turkeys or scrub stiver as good as any among the cattle and poultry, or that any kind of seed is good enough to plant. Readers, it doesn't stand to reason. So let me dream. In these future columns I will interpret. Free of charge. See you at the Ranger Art I Please. I will exhibit my new Electric Bait and Suspend. Boy Bowly will be there too, and even Post Black, fully restored.

Dear City Moon: We've plumb weary of Oenha's posturaloning camping on our lawn, and their fires leaving burnt circles in expensive zoysia, and their clowning faces peering in the picture windows. We're already had to install jalousies. Three types of fanc- ing so far tried, but each kind of fighting at keeping them out for long. They grits us at like shit Possums. We're afraid for the safety of the children.

Three angry citizens, Names Deleted, Cincy

My dear readers. This is Oenha speaking. Listen. There are manifest defilements between animals and men. My terrirors naturally dig under the barns for rats and my pointers stand the porcupines and sparrows, just as birds fly and fishes swim. So our terriers naturally dig under the barns for rats and my pointers set the poultry and sparrows to comb out. Come payday we all rush downtown, our khakies fat with jitney paper, so that we can get our haircuts and look like one another. Oneba says this: the bagatelles of today surely will hold a federal tonsorial card. It isn't the same as to have the shuffle of the day, but it does hold a federal tonsorial card. The headings of a nation are held in order. People can't go around with their heads to the rhythm of their own.
WE KEEP THE WIRES

MEXICAN DEAD BACK—NECRO-
NAUT CARNIVAL

It's a common belief in Mexico that on the night of All Saints and All Souls the dead come back, but not to haunt. It's more a social and family call.

During the latter half of October the pastry shops, toy stores, and groceries are well-stocked with the special delicacies that the dead relish. Most bakeries have a sign, "Buy your Dead Men's Bread Here," and all candy stores have frosted sugar skulls, skeletons, coffins in chocolate, and other dainties in the same line. On the last night in October you set a table in the form of an altar, candle-lighted and decorated with orange marigolds, these being the favorite flowers of the dead.

Fm.; the children you put out sweetbread, breaded pumpkin, and toys such as sugar bones that rattle, funeral processions that move pasty, etc. In the morning the live children have their party with whatever the "little dead ones" have left them, and the whole family goes for a picnic in the graveyard, during which "adult" dead come back to talk over unfinished family matters and eat a hearty warm meal.

Kenny Cubas, a.k.a. Boy Howdy, was born on a shanty boat, and will no doubt die, once again, on one of them. Once the "shanty boats were drydocked annually and painted, caulked, repaired, now left to moth and rust, corrode and calcify, finally to disintegrate on the murky bottoms of the trench, without maintenance, without salvage.

Oneba doesn't care, The City Moon mentions the shanty's only in passing. Nothing is lost.

HORNPOUT RECORD

Mother K., a seeress of Alamo-gordo, in a single evening, caught five hornpout ranging from 10 to 14 inches long and weighing a total of nine pounds, exactly as she had predicted the evening previous, to a travelling actor, Bus-tor Crable, in the Gregory Room of the Hunger Art Cafe. It was a new hornpout record for the state.

WHITE BOY PRESSED IN PARIS

Paris, Texas

The report of a ghastly find has been filed here today. The particulars of the discovery, as they are ascertained, are to the effect that during the past week, while the cotton gin at the outskirts of Paris was being run at its full speed, a little 5-year old white boy, whose name cannot be learned, was in the gin house watching the machinery. When night came he could not be seen anywhere about and a vigilant search was made, but the little fellow could not be found. Then three days later, the attention of parties was called to a bale of cotton by reason of the fact that green flies had been attracted there in large numbers. When the bale was broken, it is understood that the victim was found crushed in a horrible manner. It is supposed that the boy was looking at the work of the press and, at an unguarded moment, got too close to the edge and fell over into the box, a depth of 12 or 15 feet, and that with the noise his cries could not be heard and the lint cotton was poured down upon him, smothering and pressing the very life out of him.

Prison Poem

Man Stepping into the Forest
Hearing the Echo of his Voice
Falling In It Direction
With No Perfection

From Where he First Awoke
To Him His Voice Spoke
He thought Nothing Could Speak But He
Until he met a Sting Bee

The Birds They Late in the Tree
Worn He Began to Fire

On and On He Went
Not Known a Word They Ment
In the Forest He Was Shut In
Using Forest to Make It Thin
No Train Were To Be Had
He Had No Son to Call Him Dad

Nothing From Him Did Run
He had No Son to Call Him Dad
Nothing From Him Did Run

Joe Mansey
Ohio Penitentiary
Dear Moon,

I hope somebody plucks a sahoolie before he generates tentacled things we can't even imagine. My society will issue a kill order on January one. We help those who can't help themselves. Oneba's meat is cooked.

THE NATIONAL GAME

Dear Moon,

I hope somebody plucks a sahoolie before he generates tentacled things we can't even imagine. My society will issue a kill order on January one. We help those who can't help themselves. Oneba's meat is cooked.

Police end career of young 'crime fighter'

LG FRESNO, Tex. - Officers have arrested a boy-ager who called himself 'Rick the Punisher' in the apparent robbing of a woman.

Officers said the 11-year-old had been seen in the area for the week and they received complaints of the lad "wearing a mask carrying a bat and moving very fast."

The lad was spotted in a room by a woman who gave his name as Rick Franklin. The lad was said to be about 5 feet, 6 inches tall, with a light complexion, black hair and light brown eyes.

Officer B. H. W. and Officer B. H. W. reported that the lad was seen carrying a bat and moving very fast. The lad was spotted in a room by a woman who gave his name as Rick Franklin. The lad was said to be about 5 feet, 6 inches tall, with a light complexion, black hair and light brown eyes.

SAYS HE WAS SHOT

BY BEN FRANKLIN

Before it was over, Gary Hackman, 23, said police said that he was shot by a dweller who was known to him as Ben Franklin.

He said Franklin displayed a weapon, and for an unopposed reason, shot him to the right eye and left shoulder.

FOR SALE

Heads of the presidents in cheddar cheese. This set is first quality Wisconsin aged, certificated USDA. These sweeties sit on the mantle like nobody's business until Xmas and then set the grandkids take a wire out of Eisenhower's cheek for a little taste of what it was like at Normandy. All 48 presidents for $25.00. Check or Money order to City Moon Cheese Offer, Box 404, Canal Street Station.

Vernacular Views

It has been more than 10 years since the first 1960s vernacular views of baseball and selling them in children's eyes. This aims to show in all its glory.

A 30-year-old mother and father, among other things we can't even imagine. My society will issue a kill order on January one. We help those who can't help themselves. Oneba's meat is cooked.

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Dear City Moon,

I made the first flag of concrete. It is 4 X 7 ft. It was made 15 years ago, placed on a cement tree in my yard. It has stood the test of storms, heat, heat without faling. I think it would be a great advantage to the government if they put up cement flags, built-baring as mine is, over lighthouses and fire watch towers and other places where a permanent flag is wanted. It would stand out in all kinds of weather and can be seen at quite a distance, where a flag staff could not. Please write me if you desire plans for this flag, or for my perpetual self-driven yard light. Call on me, Box J. Oneba is one!

Editor Dinooor

Dodge City

---

**Agonews Alight**

The Agonews brings jelutong.

His earthly life a laughingstock, he signified to prove the shell we call the environs, - hailing brackets of news to the far worlds, and bringing back jelutong.

Old bannock, he spies rot remaining of a yellow jack, the docket of a jelutong factory.

The jungle spites forth an ancient in short. The hair is on his cheek.

A first-rate grin accompanies the course on the path from the factory. Cakes of jelutong, somewhat, kindly in exit insect water in a vat. The ancient says:

"If you be bringing the jelutong from the jungle to the factory, and they cook it and make it bricks. They harden it and then they put it under a press confined on it before transporting it. The jelutong is source of Galveston pelicans.

"The Agonews asks, "What is jelutong?"

"It's where chewing gum comes from.

"So this is jelutong--shanty boats navigate the trench ways, bumping the mudbanks, splashing, and going on down-stream, as dependent on the flow, if any, as a leaf of sycamore in a gutter. Plainfolks get on and off, morose slugs in piles to be warm, travelling aimlessly sometimes, to Money, back to Lucas, to Money, again, then off to Laredo for the Fiesta del Sol, or back to Lucas for a Ranger Art Picnic. Even Oneba has been known to stop onto the deck of a ship, a bit, doing a needlework number. They run the ladder upon which Mr. Kiev seemed to have been hanging -- kicks are deadly.

"Carry yours out onto the lawn, soak her in gasoline, and light up -- kicks are deadly."

**Moses fun**

"The whole I am throwing at the Philippine Times once over this: They only keep up at all. Money. Brightness when I am at the line to see new.

Please publish the Moses fun side.

**RUMPED BY PIG; LOCKJAW KILLIE**

Joseph Klew, who was knocked from a ladder recently, is dead from tetanus. He was picking cherries from a tree at his home here when one of his pigs entered the yard. His dog gave chase and the pig darted under the ladder upon which Mr. Klew was standing. The ladder toppled, throwing him 30 feet to the ground. He was unjured except for a broken finger, which he ignored until lockdown set in. Then he was beyond help, even of a medical moon kind.

---

**Tiny Two Wheeler**

The neck whips, the snake mawls, the chains are threat open at last, and Delores Ortoz about daubiously for her mother. This begins the narrowing road to addiction, the helplessness of sinking into sand and down a giant funnel into the bottom of the hourglassalights.

Innocently, a home unit is purchased. Then, staggeringly, Mom is flat on the stove top and Dad is down on the old milk, a bottle of radio medicines knocked over, dreaming of Bob Orr, her dentist, the tittering woes with winisoblet candles, taking of the African mask hanging in Pidie Allen's bedroom, or drinking rum and lemon Cokes.

The doctor's shadow lays a bar of black across a door. Water bells, trays arrive, children

bush. He performs electricity on Delores.

She repairs slow in the backyard, in a lawn chair, sun or snow, blank in face, accompanied by a terrrier, abandoned by her children to rot beneath the weeping mimosa, limgering over cake walks of her memory until she cries.

She is taxed to the beach daily, where she scrubs herself with the sand beneath the foam.

The advertising sneers out that Cortez would have bought a unit and hibernated in a huricane and left the Seven Cities to other dreamers. We say rotters run the show, and they are dispensing fools gold.

Carry yours out onto the lawn, soak her in gasoline, and light up -- kicks are deadly.

---

**Sience Classes**

The first grade has just finished a unit called Science Balancing. By the time of the second grade they are studying about the phases of matter, cards many of which we have made up ourselves. The next at the balance equations will be put in their best tool language.

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**Dear City Moon**

What was then, the 50's, a simpleicklive goofy salute, is now (it was then) Boy Howdy's the newest thing-the Bo'Ha'di, something derivative of a lax and fading Nipponese culture, the Ainu. Also, there's wandering land and little busy bear noses, black and crispy in the iron pot, and carried outlandish paints.

So far the solutions to the balance problems of our own calculations, we will see a new unit called Science Balancing. By the time of the second grade they are studying about the phases of matter, cards many of which we have made up ourselves. The next at the balance equations will be put in their best tool language.

---

**Please publish the Moses fun side.**

---

**Dance on the head of a syringe. One Boy Howdy has bragged to this writer of having slapped an old woman in a train station, where they're all coming back to vote for the Bo'i Ha'di, dropping finger joints like the lepers of Mars, the liver spots, the pissgut attitudes.

When we truly need them? These Ainu Boy Howdy's are a bunch of pissguts, dirty assholes which ought to be wiped out. They're worse than the old trochanters.**

---

**Editor Dinooor**

Dodge City
CHAMPIONSHIP 76

The third game of the NLG playoffs between the Mets, with a 0-60 record, and the Black Hawks, with a 1/2-39 and 1/3 record was a curious event.

Take Dave DeBusseur shooting 80 on the archery range 400 that morning, then coming to Madison Square Garden 3 hrs., later shooting 7 over par.

Mets coach Henry Doc Klaasinger did not know what to think about this. After the fourth round he decides to pull DeBusseur out. To see what's up his Ass.

To replace DeBusseur he sticks Mark Spitz in as half back moving Joe Frazier to Goalie. But three holes later Mark rushing to block Eli Natsu- taooses field goal attempt, and doing a good job, pushing the ball the wrong way in front of nastatosses foot, thus inflicting terrible pain on himself.

Klaasinger seeing his team being beaten to HELL decides to throw in the towel, thus losing the game to the royals by a landslide. The winning point on a 3.0 and 1/4 mile by big daddy Don Garfeite.

Rick Emanuel
9th Grade

COMPARED TO RODEO THE SPANISH BULLFIGHT IS KID STUFF, STRICTLY FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNICS

No wonder Americans despise bullfighting and have made it illegal (Florida excepted). When it comes to torturing animals for entertainment the Spaniards aren't even in the running. American rodeo boasts CALF-ROPING: more familiarly known as "The Grand Slam" or "Who Popped the Kidneys on that Big Bimmy Criter"! STEER-RESTING "The Hot-Red Rag" and "The Strong Tackler" at "one in Fifteen Days!" and then, while the horse plays an old lap- pipe number, there's TEAM-TYING "You take the front end and I'll take the rear end and we'll zip it down the middle between us!"

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR AGONY:

(1) Take a tame horse (2) add a latching step (place it in the area of the intestines and kidneys) and if the horse is male, have the step cut into the death-sea photo (3) tighten snugly
(4) top with a horse's radish. YIELD: one "solid" latching harness and a gas attack art.

Let me say this, Fred Brooks: This 18,757 yard ring hole is a beauty. The Viking who has dominated the "60th Foreman" & Dick the Bruiser last week, This shot could come!

Filler: The phrase sub rosa originated in B.C. 477 during an intelligence between Thucydides and Xerxes over Greece which was carried on under a cover of roses, Thucydides was betrayed and walked up in the temple of Minerva to die of starvation. Afterwards, Athenians wore roses in their hair when they wished to communicate a secret.

NEW PRODUCT: Engineer Prop of Lawrence, Kansas, has hammered and riveted together another amazing wind-powered device, called the Rosting Forty. He started with a wise canvas and rubber belt taken from a decrepit oil-drill irrigation pump, added a model propeller to topside. Prop clamps, as any dairyman knows, the best way to make a dying cow lively is to keep it on its feet. And that is what this gismo does, provided the wind is up. You strap in the cow, crank the prop, and there goes Bossy, sailing upside over the duck forty.

You can pick your nose, You can pick your friends, but you can't pick your friend's nose.

Status, 12-22-76

Robert Dinaggio, famous architect, left, drying the lovely back of a mysterious bullfight partner, right. He must have muttered something pretty nasty to her later, for at that time she cut loose with a shower of hot lead to the face. Mr. D. had been City and State Architect.

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Trochilic Bottled

This happened in New Orleans in 1939. Your reporter was walking Tchoupitoulas at the wee jazz hour of 3 a.m., nibbling a hot waffle covered with cane syrup and powdered sugar, the stink of the Mississippi riding out of the levee lips, when he all but stumbled headlong over the remains of a dead trochilic, whose shoes and pants had been taken by scavengers (of which there were many in the Crescent City then) and whose tornaments were like third-degree relics and resembled horse's teeth. Apparently the method of killing was this: an empty LaPerla bottle had been broken at the neck and rapidly pushed down the trochilic's throat as fast as it would go until he passed away in a pishkish froth. I reasonned me of a pig snake engaged in swallowing a bloated rana princeps. Chose by the trochilic's feet, I found a brown bag containing a half-dozen boiled blue-point Gulf crabs. I took these myself and went on my way. We knew then it was best not to report these incidents to anyone. We also knew they were being the breaking of something of moment, a process, a playing out, a petting, an age of defiance and dispensatio.

City Moon Book Service says check this one out--Moon, Moon, Anne Kent Rush, Random House, $7.95. But it has nice blue ink, ordinary toads thought of moonlight, your Adidas, jog the endless silhouette. Some good, it seems new slantings, fits you with amazement, a multi-faceted fly-eye goggle pinkies in the infinite, know of the latest mystery, a thorough going almanac. The Greatest U.F.O. Book or Mysteries Under City Stump Archeologists, otherwise known as anything from a moron to a brains (Just for an example sake) was built in a secret place to protect us from a greater公告称, all of this from a gentle feminine only-women-bleed perspective, so refreshingly ancient an idea, the Moon, the feminine principle, the ladies' guilty gin of the evening, hung in the web like delicate pustules on a chickenpox. Learn about what old Rosh Chodesh has to say about: pour over solar-lunar principles; how to see with the eye of the Golem; the Moon, the ary theories held that people had pushed down the trochilic's 's throat, swallowed a bloated rana princeps.

Reactor Entelechy Stricken

The reactor of my Farm, Old Parchman, is afflicted with varuous plastastics and the stink, often with the help of an aluminum case. He has tried electrocautery, cauterize, acid, and an contiment of pig's fat, maguport, and ground baliaxe. I've seen him on the porch of the stonehouse, in agony on the glider, rubulging the greasy stuff into his foot, as he rattle the weepers. He isn't a bad old man, but one of us will eventually do him business. I would expect it to happen before Xmas of the year, if I'm reading signs correctly. One of us will take up a half pew and finish him.

The Unemployed Mind

I have had this dream on consecutive nights. In a funereal quiet, seats himself at opposite ends. The tavern, called the Dixie Peanut, I sit alone, sipping ironwood bar, generally in the shape of a three-pead jitney ale. A second says, pissgut. At this aggression the eyes always dangle in bamboo above the liquor shelves. A whitish synthetic precipitate of the air itself, almost at a glance like a hive of cotton candy, a flocculus of the eye. The new customer says, A Pimm's Cup please, with order, and merely proceed quaffing my jitney. Bob-palms icy, the head of a white worm peeking from an beak of my noseball, and I have obviously spoiled my orifice which has opened, a third nostril, at the very moment. A dollar is framed in bamboo above the liquor shelves. Oneba says this of the dream: the key is the word hat, and my elaborately tubed and goggled headgear.

Mystery Tunnels Under City Stump Archeologists, otherwise known as anything from a moron to a brains (Just for an example sake) was built in a secret place to protect us from a greater公告称, all of this from a gentle feminine only-women-bleed perspective, so refreshingly ancient an idea, the Moon, the feminine principle, the ladies' guilty gin of the evening, hung in the web like delicate pustules on a chickenpox. Learn about what old Rosh Chodesh has to say about: pour over solar-lunar principles; how to see with the eye of the Golem; the Moon, the ary theories held that people had pushed down the trochilic's 's throat, swallowed a bloated rana princeps.

New CandiU..JLLJ

For Spring, Summer & Fall Weddings

Getting the Witch Doctor out of Art

How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

WEDDING ALBUMS

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

Survival Series No. 9

The Variable Sticks for Self-Defense

A little known weapon of self-defense is an icemint looking, 6-inch long stick. It is held in the hand like a roll of cane with 1,812 nodes of stick protruding from both ends of the fan. What makes this weapon interesting is its great flexibility. It cannot be grabbed out of your hand, either and can be used for punching, poking, stabbing, hooking or even thrown for purposes of destruction. Due to its small striking surface, it can produce tremendous concentrated shock by a person with average strength. A good manner weapon, that is easily carried in pockets or in your automobile. $2.00

Witch Doctor Delivery Pigie is 0R

On Ten Days Free Trial Tradition-Smashing Pamphlets

Send no money; Only $1.50 for All three; if you want to keep them

How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

Witch Doctor

"Rabbi-double, I've said out the devil that has been causing your illness. Ten dollars, and it is done."

Man had to fight his way out of this old peddler, by a smart woman, with a gun and had no friends. And it's the same way in art.

Offices New

300 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Your order must be postmarked by April 1st to be eligible for these free Literature. Make your checks payable to The Hairpin, Inc., and mail to the above address.

Please mention the following when you write to advertisers:

I. Name

2. Address

3. Will return the items, plus the $.50 for any set that is not satisfactory.
The old girl is at it again. Her pale, plump thigh in the pain. She snaps them together and delights
cooking up trouble.

Myrtle Vance, aged three-and-a-half years, near her father’s residence, thinking...
Boy Hady is back. He is in sequestered and air-conditioned rooms at a clinic in Topeka. Dermatologists are hard at work restoring the flesh of doctors at the clinic of the mind labor at their task, re-creating the long-dead memory, replanting the seeds of symbol, the necessary consecrations, enough at least to let him count change; and then the sociologists will find him a job and thumb him into this new-age culture like a tack into plate glass.

Boy Hady spent the years 1935-1937 dead as a doorbell, but then his daughter, who still lives in the house on Drumsaver Avenue, says he came to the back door Halloween night, smelling of musk and spitting teeth, his white hair pistonily moving and the bell of his nose missing. He had been (by his explicit instructions) in a little cement mausoleum he built himself, whereas he placed a cement jug and asked that his many descendants keep it filled; in the event he went to Hell, he might take sudden thirst, he said. His mind of course was gone, and nothing but a dry stub left of the peele organ. And surprisingly, the hair and the nails were inches longer than they had been the day of the wake, thus confirming City Mo. (Mo.)’s suspicions.

His daughter reports seeing a stranger in the yard, prowling about the tomb in tago-like garb, lighting kitchen matches, occasionally letting forth a shrill yodel, siting up the dogs of the area.

---

I’ve been on the road again, my dear readers, have seen the new Poetry Ranchas in Mississippi, have smelled the pinic of fresh-cut alfalfa being assembled into dormitories and refectories. I found Ginsberg laying on joint compound and water in the paper magazine. is death, says the magazine. is the stoop. He complains that the water, which he was committing sodomy and in another world. He had $200,000 in the pocket. He parked near nois for passing cops to wanter to... An ecstatic or black and white, Martin Lancaster, M. the single 22-centimeter-deep kill... The bear had been there for nearly two months. During that time it had moved away. The bear... He was committing sodomy and in another world. He had $200,000 in the pocket. He parked near nois for passing cops to wanter to... An ecstatic or black and white, Martin Lancaster, M. the single 22-centimeter-deep kill... The bear had been there for nearly two months. During that time it had moved away. The bear... He was committing sodomy and in another world. He had $200,000 in the pocket. He parked near nois for passing cops t...
**Acknowledgement**


**WHAT ABOUT THE NEIGHBORS?**

To cause, the decision to build or not to build a shelter, one must consider the reactions of the neighbors. Should you just stay in sprightly condition, or should you ought to hold and build a shelter and the about the neighborhood at the door when the storm goes off?

*The author of this is neither an expert nor a professional.*

**The PERFECTION CLUB**

At East Avenue, Plattsburg, Missouri, the Perfection Club itself, Joe Edjoff's, a bar has been con- structed in a group, the group, a group, the group, a group, the group, a group, the group, the group.

Mandite have been seen, by the hundreds, walking the streets of Red Water, Texas, all female, on three consecutive nights, gathering under da-sites for some unknown purpose, then dispersing. These phenomena are reported in the City Monitor, on the Old Parchment grounds, though so connection by drawings, the no conclusion arrived at.

Night crawlers, red wigglers, Tennessee walking grubs, army worms, and blight and stink bug, pasta shing packed in saltwater and ice, sold only by barves, rooster combs, triangles, diced pork liver. We have evidence of the rollin- ing meat, it is a favorite, God Bless Y.T.V., colt of one mouth, 144, 444 will wire you up for transparecy at Askold and Nulato, the seld o addresses you directly; contactless here.

Dear City Moon,

We work miracles on Parish with our people. Since we land, we will keep our new age farm hands quite busy around the clock. They bake, they clean your stove, they do all the dishes, they have creative drama workshops, they plant and tend and productive gardens, they do all the baking, they do all the cooking, they do all the baking, they do all the cooking, they do all the baking, they do all the cooking.

**YEAR AHEAD**

Someone donates the striped barber poll that marks the south pole . . . There will be one and only one national hat, the hat which will be called Jiminy Jangles, . . . A little attempt to destroy the 26 rock bands of San Wayne, located near the Duke's ancestral plot in For Lawn, will result in the mere shaving off of a portion of the lower face, with little alteration in the upper ensemble. . . . Technology will allow wheel to be placed in the ground in the very air itself, and monsters of all of it will fill the tropo- sphere, Oxford, Mississippi, will be over-run by grasshoppers and the National Poetry Ranch will shut it a gates forever. The first televised electrocution will take place in Huntsville, Texas, opposite the Super Bowl, near the Mallor compound—polluted emissions will be telling. . . . A raving maniac from Louisiana, Kentucky will step off an east-bound Dixie Express and will be slipped in the clinic. . . . We have a well-to-do appearance and a maccab grin . . . Poultry manufacturers will, by ordinance, be required to save aside designated chicken parts for the poor of Mexico. The bill includes corn's comb, feet, heads, beaks, and go no further . . . J.J. Targen will resign diagnosed from National Army Manager School — and this is the same Targen who will charge that officials spend Sundays in drunken carousals around the asylum, and that frequently members of the board participate in the Saturnalia, that, indeed, it is not uncommon to find some of the subj o dete officers lying out in the yard drunk at any hour of the night. Sup, Targen desecrates charges, I see . . . Increasingly, attempts will be made on the lives of corporate executives. Ordinary people will begin to use the light and to get shots at fat cats and their flocks. The Discord- ian societies will flourish and proudly influence the local development. A well-known musician will fall victim to lie dolorosus, a paranoid gar- rison pain and in iron and an iron twitching of the face, and will be housed in a sanitarium for a period of three years. Betty Foor, badly, will undo the stitches. She will be surgically removed. She will be altered, as will his family and close associates. A Farewell to the flap of the first-class train, all assembled Elks, . . . well known Company official will return, walking with indescribable grace to find the guys who redid crammed him in the barrel for good and dropped him in some Garden of the Gods type spot in the Wyoming out- side . . . Necessities will be supplied, and again be a sticky dump in Peggy Guggenheim's fireplace to get away . . . The attention, the attention, the attention, the attention, the attention, the attention, the attention, the attention . . . Near Disaster: Trench Madame near Almogordo . . . Beef Novel: The Dead Rule Strangers.
A chink opens in the Bamboo Curtain - addicts say it's a tonic

WHITE HOUSE YARD OPENED TO PUBLIC

President Harding has resumed admission of members of the public, sincerely interested in tours of the White House Yard. Let his maid serve you hot waffles, it pleases him.

MOCK MOONS TO HANG IN WELKEN -- C. M. Ehl.

The National Taxpayer's Union reports that certain right-center government scientists want to put artificial moons and moons to orbit in order to illuminate parts of the earth at night. These mock bodies would supposedly permit night-time harvesting, lighten other otherwise endangered polar regions, sterilize high crime areas 24 hours a day, and seed astrologers banana plants to themselves.

The future is here, as oft predicted in the pages of City Moon. In fact we wallow in it, rolling in the moons wide shadows in a swamp. Sure, we'll need harvesting around the clock to stop the juggernaut called the green revolution, turn the Mogaye into a sea of wheat, more fuel for the National Drum. Let's carry a candle into those polar evenings, let's shine those nigger mo-don who keep slaapping our grandparents on the street and striking them with fire combs. Another giant leap for mankind. Only the very well-to-do will have a personal fun, or a didactic mouse to follow them on their Caribbean cruises. The rest of us, the ancestors of America's alimentary, we fork up yet another freebie--and Rocky Rockwell, the bully of bullshittery, tears with our priceless balls. Will the sight say then come to look like a penny arcade, a stadium scoreboard? Actually it's an exciting thing to ponder and a pleasant surprise--that our civilization would bubble to a head so soon after the Manhattan project, and grew its bigger into victory. We should not take a dim view, nor always explore the dark sides of every issue, as our readers often complain we do--their paper misleads us to the bulletin boards every 28 days. No led's look at the bright side. Tim Leary and his New Network Gang (for info write to: L5, 1630 N. Park Ave., Tucson, Ariz., 85719) are laying plans to shuffle off to the Dog Star, Sirius, as soon as they can hustle a proper rocket. Good, says the Moon, good riddance. Leave the earth to Darkness and us, as the poet said. We'll watch things while the mystico-decados flutter out of familiar elders like dragonflies and settle on another chapeau.

A more ten years ago it was fashionable to humble governments, and now the latest is blowing the joint, jumping off the volcano's lip before it lathers over your ass. What could be more old-fashioned than Peanut Jimmy bringing it with the labor leaders, the talk all of ripping new arms of the national trench, starting up sex centers and getting government rolling again.

The daily civil washdown is no longer funny, belly laughs freeze in the larynx. We're happy to note that the white people of smaller Colo., earth, have passed a shoot-to-kill ordinance on loose dogs. Technoid laughs freeze in the larynx. We're happy to note that our readers forever complain we do--their paper misses us to the bulletin boards every 28 days. No led's look at the bright side. Tim Leary and his New Network Gang (for info write to: L5, 1630 N. Park Ave., Tucson, Ariz., 85719) are laying plans to shuffle off to the Dog Star, Sirius, as soon as they can hustle a proper rocket. Good, says the Moon, good riddance. Leave the earth to Darkness and us, as the poet said. We'll watch things while the mystico-decados flutter out of familiar elders like dragonflies and settle on another chapeau.

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