TITANIC RAISED

3 DEAD 6 HURT 11 WILL HANG

Fast, she sank. We fought for the cabin we have occupied continuously, three generations, since the teens of this century. Hideous fist banging against our door would not move us to sacrifice the space designed to save our girl baby, ourselves, and our parrot, Vagina. We drifted bottomward for hours. We heard the steady thump of the air compressor in our closet, preserving us, a bubble in the bloodstream of the ocean was all we were. Shortly we ate squid tentacles and whale’s eyes and relished the tasty brain of the porpoise, though we convulsed with shame the first time we broke open the skull of that king of undersea life. We believed ourselves alone until the day we began to receive the transmission of Radio Universal in the electric light bulbs informing us in a simple, informational way that the City of Mind, the mind of a species, is a synecdoche. It cannot be conquered except by another synecdoche of a greater number in its cube. Radiola does not intend to permit us to exist without contradiction, because he knows that if you ever reach a state of harmony within yourself, he cannot hope to stand against your city, your mind, or your species. The sunken Titanic exists as a physical reality and a place of dwellings, inhabited by the bleached people. The children of the Titanic culture belong to all its citizens. That’s what Radio Universal said to us shortly after we bumped against the ocean floor. As the years brought the soldiers of time against us, we saw the prophecy of Radio Universal as our skeletons glowed through our blanched bodies and talk turned to adopting abyssal fish as gods.

THE CITY MOON

In the far future, when the moon shall have faded from the sky, and the sun shall shine at midnight, a dull cherry red; and the seas shall be frozen over, and the ice cap shall have crept downward to the equator from either pole, and no keel shall cut the water, nor wheels turn in mills; when all cities shall long have been dead and buried in ice, and all life shall be on the very last verge of extinction on this globe; then, on a bit of Lichen, growing on the bald rocks beside the eternal snows of Panama, shall be seated a tiny insect, preening its antennae in the glow of the worn out sun, representing the sole survival of animal life on the earth—the melancholy bug.

frozen

At left, Ed Gein, heinous neurodyne, who, in 57 wore the first meat shirt, is not at all troubled by these gloomy forecasts. As bleached as his eyes are, they see no portent of a frozen calamity, even in the distant future. He says, what’s more, that prior by many years to the next turn of the century, neurodyne convict leaders like himself will be frozen, rather than cruelly gassed, or shot, or hung, and then eaten by the poor of every nation. He says you just can’t beat human meat when the future is at stake.

A Meal You'd Never Forget

DOG HUNTER
A 31 year old white woman from Dewey Avenue reported to police that she had seen a man shoot a dog in the head with a bow and arrow in front of the City Refectory. She identified him as a 31 year old white man named Ozalo. She said that after the dog was hit, the man began to skin and dress it with great surgical precision, cubing and salting the meat, then putting it in burlap pouches which he carried in a backpack, leaving a mound of bone and entrail and running north on Dewey Avenue.

(Copyright, 1977 THE CITY MOON VOL 2 #3)
Hog plant remains dream

City Moon:
Why have you forgotten Professor Casimer Eagleman, Jr., the man who perfected Radiola? He was born in Poland, as I understand it, and I am sure you will find no problems in gathering fine resume s of his life. I am one who owes her well being, as well as her splendid magnetism to Radiola, the top name in life-cell manufac

Dear City Moon:

Pontes uncountable homk and patter in the mud of Alamosgoro's streets. The place is a bog of dung. We ask you, when will there be nono rain?
A. Reader-witheld

Vacation is a good time to overhaul your brain from the frontal lobe to the cerebellum. Review your axioms, revise your postulates, and reconsider the unexpressed minor premises of your habitual forms of logic. All your reasoning, however great, may be vitiated by some fundamental fallacy, carelessly adopted and uncritically retained. Get a blubber lamp and peer into all the dark corners of your mind. No doubt, you keep the halls and reception room in fairly decent and creditable order. But how would you like to let your friends look into your cerebral garret and subliminal cellar, where the toys of childhood and the prejudices you inherited from your ancestors mold and rot? Hunt out and destroy every old rag of superstition, for these are liable, at any time, to start that spontaneous combustion of ideas we call fanaticism, against which there is no earthly insurance. A little decaying superstition in the mind of a great leader has been known to conflagrate a nation.

Here is the latest from Radio Universal. What do you make of it?
sknahit: dehnic ti dah eh, yllterger laa ta ton snalpex eh sa, euaec Elay ta Hcne am eh, tcdf ni taht dnn retgynou sa Eporce ni emt hcm tnae Ycrid wnoh wef yev etk ot gnaffb crom eht tla. Yldrah. Misicnavor prtnwe mrbi bts fo eim rentre Naecporou a ta deeks eloh tel. detsive neve reven sa ah dna, anac wnco lan eht no nem lainmeulimu uom eht fo cno si eh erh. Srebnum etipsoppa dnu segeaalloc si

RADIOLA

"His name stinks in my nostrils."

The Italian Radiola uses telepathy on beasts. He says he can transfer thought to them at a distance of less than 4 yards, a result of his study of the forces behind telepathy and hypnosis since 1919. He transfers human thoughts to animals while he is enclosed in a specially constructed iron pyrite box. He chants to them, he says, until they succumb to the physical rays that emanate not only from his brain, but from the entire nervous system of every animal organism.

Radiola was among the passengers who yesterday arrived from Glasgow on the anchor liner Neutrodistone, returning from a half century of exile at Tumu-Tumu, Kenya Colony. British East Africa, during which time he lived among people who made good beer from honey, good jelutong from human urine, and good times from burning the feet soles of travellers dreaming of establishing small empires on the backs of native laborers.

In this jungle setting, Radiola's psycho-animism spawned and grew fervid, along with the conviction that he must come to America and let his discoveries be known, via the C.B. network.

Calling his new discovery Radionics, he drove through Oklahoma City on July 9 last, when a tatterdemalion darted from the crowd toward his car. It was Woody Hockaday, a harmless screwball whose antics have made news at various times. Hockaday said, "I just wanted to shine Radiola's shoes."
Life Pods Available. The word is that Omeba's grow-pods are available at National Jumby markets, at a price affordable to anyone—a dollar an ounce. Spiced into a medium of pest, or any loose organic material, the pods will generate edible NUMFORMS, in taste compared to oyster. Nothing tops them served with sauce diabolic. They say they'll survive in a bucket of shredded newspaper, if sprinkled with baking powder and kept moist. In extreme conditions, reader, the City Moon can be a garden of life, thank to Omeba's newest generative process.

A comic book has killed a monkey who didn't read but ate it. A funnybook caused the death of Tojo, a Wheeling zoo monkey. It wasn't the laughter that killed him, but part of the metal binding. Wire staples were found in the monkey, after process zoo officials were told by universal radio that the animal had been chewing at a comic book a girl tossed into his cage... Flash: By ordinance, neotrodyetas, within designated neighborhoods, must carry identity cards, or else be banned from Alamogordo after dark, their ponies and dogs likewise. Flash: The rat was the first animal to arrive after considerable wandering at the bedside of the dying Buddha. The ox was second, and then came the rest of the animals. Does the rat have the Buddha nature?... Prolific as the fiction of the comic book, poets have entered into an agreement to walk across the bottom of the Atlantic wearing pneumatic boots. This is a worthy example for poets, who are usually blind as bats to the need for exercise, and are striking outcasts in Radioula's city.

FIRE LOST IN 22 A.D.

The least known of all major historical secrets is this: that fire was lost, briefly, in 22 A.D. For two years man had no fire at all. Polar evenings grew yet darker, as early Eskimos marked rubber lamps unnamed without apparent cause, and then extinguished. In Africa, already a dark continent, all meat would need to be eaten raw, thus explaining the development of open cannibalism there, and rarely in other places. Above the Indian plains of Kansas, lightning ceased to ignite prairie fires. In what is now Japan, puffer fish, now eaten raw, were always fried in hot fat prior to the loss of fire there. And so they politely starved themselves, which is still the way in the rural areas of their culture.

Throughout the period, early magicians and psychics labored 24 hours a day in an effort to regain the spark. One such experiment led to the development of the first horse mobile. Ignaz Schroppe from Becham said this, "The automobile, invented by Plato, needs a relatively smooth and wide thoroughfare; it does not drive over stones, cannot cross fields and forests. Its main flaw lies in the wheels. Man was endowed with legs, not wheels. That is why I invented an automobile with legs. The engine sits inside the body and controls each of the four legs. The motor is started by a crankshaft which is where the horse's tail should be. Exhaust fumes escape via the most likely spot of the construction, the hung. The steering wheel controls each pair of legs separately. Collapsible trays on each side of the body may be used by the driver for eating or playing cards.

Clarifying what the Book of Revelations and Universal Radio later told us, an even more astonishing mechanical development is now understood, seen clearly in the light of this new knowledge—It looked like an enormous cricket, made of brass and iron, with a picturesque exoskeleton. Its purpose, as told by Josephus, was to take flight, soar heavenward, to gain momentum, and then plunge toward earth, to crash against stones, and thereby ignite burnt cloth and pine kindling, bringing fire back to the then known world.

And so it was easy. Men burned meat again over open flames, eventually eliminating the physiological need for an appendix. Every Jumby carnival between Bikini and Stove City then began to feature bottled fire, fire water, and fire stamps, now redeemable for 1 kil order.

TAKES LIFE FROM THE EARTH

Universal Radio, a subsidiary of American Orange, is a Milwaukee station run by Indians of Great Lake tribes. It is medical radio, solemn and opaque, dignified, curative, listen and heal... a charcoal burner who, about a year ago moved from New Jersey, attempted to have his family with a corn knife. Salvage Riderback returned to his cabin about ten and said to his family, "I have just learned how to use the words that Cubans use, now I want all of you to stand up," in order to humor him they rose. He tied their hands with a piece of cord when he locked the rafters. Holding a corn knife he commenced cutting his family, inflicting some dreadful wounds. As he completed his work his son returned. He was alarmed. Riderback seized his army musket and fled. A posse was quickly organized, but an yet Riderback has not been found. Villagers beg for kil orders to use if he is located. Riderback is a member of the Radio Universal Club of Wanderer, and stays tuned, sleepless, weeks on end, listening to the music of the spheres. A related phenomenon is the bike by two which bears wearing pneumatic boots across the bottom of the Atlantic.

TAKES LIFELIFE FROM THE EARTH

There is a small island in the Noces River, four miles downstream from Muncy, on which no vegetation or animal can exist, which have drifted to the island invariably turn to ashes or stone within 8-10 days. One rat hound has ossified merely lapping the water in one of its stagnant ditches. Box turtles anchoring at the island to take sun baths on its legs have suddenly jellied and dropped away like candlewax. Caustic permanganate in the soil is blamed both for its odd violet color and the business of this burning and jellying.

Explanations drift. Some blame it on a localized effect of Radio Universal Broadcasts, which often make serious demands on listeners. Take Ploekie Morrison, who said friends bought him an electric radio last Christmas and each night since then he dialed Radio Universal from 5-4 each night and when the order went down to his own life he tried. Unfortunately, the hot bullet severed his optic nerves, leaving him blind, but otherwise unharmed. He was up and about that very afternoon, chatting with friends. Radio Universal put the idea in his head, so he claims. The question the City Moon asks is, Can it take all life from the earth, one poor soul at a time? Perhaps even more importantly, can we take it by the knobs and turn it off? Can we jerk the plug and will that silence the thing for good? Or will it continue to play on in our heads, as it so often did for the late president Nozalo?
Both Sully and Cardinal Richelieu were expert dancers. Imagine the august cardinal paying his court to Anne of Austria by performing a saraband before her in jester’s dress of green velvet, with bells on his feet and canes in his hands.

PEKIES, PIXIES, OR PIGEYES

are a tribe of elves peculiar to old Cornwall, England, a territory once extending to the eastern edge of Dartmoor, which is still included in the duchy. They are not elemental spirits, but in material life were those of the Celtic tribes who refused to give up their ancient religion for Christianity, but otherwise lived blamelessly; hence their sympathy with humanity. Not enough for Heaven, nor bad enough for Hell, their wandering souls were permitted to remain in earth, haunting their own familiar nooklands and waste sea beaches.

WAS IT A HELLBENDER?

Some months back, my own son, Loren Rovington, while travelling north of Oshkosh, Nebraska, saw the first of the neutrodyne landing pods. I might have questioned him about having hallucinations, but his twin sons, Gull and Opte, were there to corroborate the sighting.

Going to California a couple of winters ago, for a sail on the Salton Sea, the family stopped at the Painted Desert sign. While parked there, they discovered something all lit up 200 ft. from the car. It was a bright-eyed thing, and all must it appeared. Stricken with compulsion and hunger, each took a fateful bite, with the innocence of Adam at the apple. Who would have predicted we’d ever eat things from space?

DONKEY FLEET TO SAIL

The Mineral Wells Donkey Fleet will weigh anchor this morning for Dallas and will arrive here tonight via shanty boat, stated Admiral Breck, commander-in-chief, plenipotentiary and extraordinary.

PARCHMAN WINTER AGAIN

Parchman’s waterwells bubble iron red, reeking fatuously of sulphur and marsh gas, from open-ended pipes, into galvanized tubs, at measured intervals beside our pony roads, for the comfort of travellers, those who contribute to the Hunger Art Picnic and elsewhere. The sisters assure us that it packs a load of radio medicine, hardens the teeth, benefits a hundred ways. Even through winter’s cocked heart, when frost is on every surface, the wells go on producing undiminished, as generously steaming as a tea boil in December’s kitchen. Be with us here at Parchman. Oneba is, and Oneba is One.

CAWKER CITY MAN VIELED BY SANDWICH ARTIST

A sandwich man has been listed among elves, ghosts, spirits and other nocturnal beings who make house calls.

In the dark of the night recently someone left five sandwiches on the lawn and front steps of the Jack Pirote house in Cawkery. There were three egg sandwiches, one ham sandwich and one jelly sandwich.

Twenty-eight years ago Captain E.J. Smith of the S.S. Titanic disappeared in New York. Three years later an unknown, penniless man, whom local police called “Halloween Buggage” died in Lima, Ohio. The stranger wouldn’t talk except to mutter “Buggage” when asked his name. Undoubtedly he was an Irish seaman. The Rockefellers were tattooed on his chest. A map of Mars was tattooed on his back. His height and weight were the same as the Titanic’s Captain Smith. Embalmed by a local undertaker, Buggage’s body has been kept on display in an effort to identify him. No one has yet been able to do so. But the body is a good barometer and the hair continues to grow and must be cut every so often by the man who is in charge of the body.
Man has eaten an assortment of horrible things, before and after 22 A.D., the year human-kind lost its fire, the very first time. Everyone remembers the fantastic story of the discovery of the cow plug. According to Charles Lamb, a Chinnaman’s house burned down with all its outbuildings, including a bare full of plug cattle. Afterward, he and his neighbors, attracted by the sweet and sour smell of the fresh roasted plug meat, scissored out a hunk and found it delicious. For a long while afterward, whenever anyone hankered after roast plug meat, he burned his house down. This kept on until houses were in danger of disappearing altogether, when there arose a man, called Radiola, who was wise enough to see that it was possible to plug a cow without burning a house. After plug meat flourished, stripping cattle came to America. With stripping cattle, you simply rip off sheets of meat, painless to the cow, which re-makes itself immediately. You can stitch these strips into shirts, which draws the flies away from your face, and comes in real handy when the Squat and Cobble is closed. Send your favorite recipes to Box 591, 60044.

URPFLANZ

Radiola here. In this column I would like to treat briefly the urpflass principle. Always, men have gone tramping through back pastures and rarified deserts in search of the urpflanz, the ideal plant, though none but I have come upon it. The colorless juice of the plant, they say, will cure anything but habit. My dear friends, just as there is an ongoing process during which all the material of the universe shifts, fluxes, and transmogrifies, and just as this process invariably leads to dissolution, common reason paints us down the road of selective breeding, collective child-rearing, and harvesting the wasted energy of the neutrodynes dead. This is Radiola. Sanction my experiments. Why not breed for better human stock, as we do with hogs and plants.

CHAUFFEURS MEET

Chauffeurs meet in a scruffy congregation outside French Settlement near the summer solstice, their ponies raising enough dust to keep the town in a haze for days afterward, the citizens coughing up yellow bile. The chauffeurs do this, writes our correspondent, to lay plans for their northward wanderlings. The behavior seems to involve the highest reaches of economic social organisation. They choose to travel together because it is safe that way, not that there’s any comradeship among them, and they travel at night for the same reason, because it is safer. Gathered there, they discuss the migration for days, with aggressive fighting, often massacre, and so complete are the arrangements that very few strollers are left behind.

nomo rain

John Jacob Astor and Tiny Tim, both survivors of the Titanic, will be hung in Salt Lake City this Friday. It’s a good day for all of us. We don’t want these encrusted survivors of that ill-fated ship of the past bringing up muddy memories of the First World War. Times like those are best forgotten. Hang ’em all.

The National Drizzle is over, there’s no more rain. We’re in a snapout minimum and will be that way for 100 years. Grasshoppers store water in their abdomens. Eat them. The camel will gradually replace the taxi cab in New York City, a place now of dumed avenues, and dry sidewalks. There’s an inch of sand in the UN Building. The president sips lime coolers to keep his head.

THE MOON

The City Moon is a good thing despite its dark and ponderous face. We bring back the dead, only the good ones, we hack walk paths in the overgrowth of the science and art jungle, we advertise products past and products future and products you’ll find nowhere, we’re cheap to buy, but longer lasting than any other journal in the ballpark. We want you to laugh, after all, from the gat to the head, and then pay a quarter to do it again, eventually fifty cents. If you really want to make us happy, eat your dog, describe the experience, send it to us with a photo, and we might run it. The City Moon, at all times a medical moon, performs surgery on all submitted contents, or does not print them. So don’t send us things expecting they won’t be maintained in the process of our operation. We let blood, but then we freeze it for keeping. Next time through Alamagordo, stop in and see us, We’re at the back booth of the Hunger Art Cafeteria, 24 hours daily.

Understandest thou what thou readest?
CENSORS CUT THESE THINGS

They avoid contact with others, even the inhabitants of their Skid Row world. They spend their days alone, in public libraries or on park benches, clutching their bottles in brown paper bags and then sneaking gulps in alleys or behind park bushes while their male counterparts gather to drink in bars and taverns. They spend their nights alone, roaming the city subways and the streets with their bottles and then showing up finally at welfare shelters for food and a bed.

Even when they do venture into a bar, Prefa Greston & Delaware report, they ignore other women and will approach a man only to solicit an occasional drink. And the men rarely try to break through their solitude, regarding the women with disdain.

The professors say the preference for drinking in seclusion—a behavior that suggests alcoholism—remains sensitive to the pressures of social disapproval of "drinking in public."

They describes— in the Quarterly Journal of Studies on Alcoholism, a typical predrinking ritual of such a woman:

"Miss R., who usually drinks in the park, takes a drink if—and only if—there is no one in the immediate vicinity. Typically she looks around, first looking up the street, then down the street, even behind her bench, if no one is near, she opens a drink from her wine bottle disguised in the usual brown paper bag by holding her coat up around her face."

They tell (of), of the drinking behavior of another woman, a homeless, Mrs. D., "she hides from the public view by squatting near some bushes."

One woman who claimed to have lived in New York's subways for 16 years explained that she had avoided becoming alcoholic by periodically switching the brands and types of beverages," he said, "other women commented that alcohol was "little more than an allergy" to specific beverages, especially the low grades of wine usually sold on Skid Row."

And some valued the virtues of alcohol for its medicinal value, or a pain-killer, sleep inducer or digestive aid.

What do Skid Row women drink? Whiskey, wine and beer—no order of popularity. The men preferred beer, whiskey and wine. Most women took their first drink between the ages of 10 and 20 and started drinking heavily at about 20. Many start drinking earlier and also become heavier drinkers at an earlier age, now many women are on the Skid Row of America.

Nobody really knows. One source says two million of the nation's nine million alcoholics are women—and many investigators agree that alcoholism among women is on the rise. Another source says that some five per cent of all U.S. alcoholics live on Skid Row.

WETNAP

The woman who comes to Skid Row has little hope of ever leaving it. She is homeless and, in most cases, alcoholic. But, since she is a tenant of the social order and is seldom a neighborhood problem, there is little interest in her by the public, politicians or the drug-givers.

Occasionally, however, a Skid Row woman manages to break out of her never-land,

One such woman now heads a small detoxification center in a converted California farmhouses, set up to treat alcoholics by talk instead of drugs.

"I was drunk at the age of 13 and I stayed drunk until I was 43," she said recently. "I was a Skid Row drunk in and out of jail a couple of hundred times, maybe more, before I turned to Alcoholics Anonymous. I'm 32 now. I've been sober for nine years."

By Ada Honig

CRUSADER

Charity Green, 23 years old, has spent the past nine years blowing herself up. In that time, she has used more than a truckload of dynamite to send herself whirling through over 800 explosions. Charity is the feature attraction of the Mo Magic Stunt Show, which travels across the United States. Twice each performing day, she puts her life on the line with 9 sticks of dynamite. She sits, in yoga fashion, her head tucked between her legs, in the center of a three-sided, fall-covered capsule. The countdown begins. At zero, she rubs the two wires that connect to a detonator, which is attached to the load of dynamite. Then, a terrific explosion sends her flying out of the capsule. For fifteen minutes following the explosion, Charity Green writhes on the ground, not knowing where she is. The explosion has knocked the air out of her lungs and, like a drowning person, she must be forced to breathe again. Three men are assigned to see that she is revived. One opens her mouth to make sure she doesn't swallow her tongue. This exploding art is too important to kid yourself about, and Charity Green is crusading for that cause.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

Adv.

Above, see Arktie Dykes, chancelor of the Kansas Territories. Look at the goggles; Arktie is wet mapping, dreaming of a world without City Moons, a world without broken legs, rotten, stinking seacamps. It is dry, without water, without success to kill the reptile. It was hoped the snake would come out of its own accord, via some natural passage. Once when he ate honey it crawled into his mouth and part way out between his lips. Its color was green, and it had no eyes. His mother grasped the
MIRACLE MIKE IN MUFTI

Miracle Mike is in Alamagordo now, staying at the Days, appearing nightly at the Centrala. His act is something to see. He claims to be the first rep from Radio Universal. He appears in the company of Mo Magic (insect). His earthy father’s head is picked in a jar onstage beside him. Mo Magic can make its lips move and reproduce, with perfect fidelity, personal commands from Radio Universal to separate members of the audience. The first of its pronouncements tells them that only women breed, and the second that though some of us have a good aim in life, we never pull the trigger. This done, the act takes an oblique turn in the direction of outright pandering. The head solicits coin in a bobbing voice, and the mouth spits a dime into the fluid to illustrate the idea that only by tithing to it generously, can the head be kept alive. The City Moon finds prophecy in the company of greed a poor picture in the art of twining. Tomatoes hurled at Mo Magic, as they often are, have no effect, nor do the yokes of eggs gumming up Miracle Mike’s star-crossed eyes. The last three City Moon carnival critics we’ve sent out have not returned from this ugly little deadhead show. We’re insisting that if this is magic, it’s Exuial magic, and is no more glorious than fingering stool.

SISTER CHU -- BIBLIOGRAPH

Invalids

Now that the toad merchant on Flocculus Avenue has lowered his price to 3 skins a jetine, every manner of freak has been attracted to the area, including Sister Chu, a bibliographe, always with a fresh thumb of ashes centered in the forehead, always chewing up and swallowing goatlike any printed artifact given her. Children find amusement wrapping stones in balled up pages of City Moons gathered blowing in Alamagordo’s alleys, throwing them at exalted Sister Chu, and watching her spit out the stones like plum seeds, such that the banquet is strewn with them, a hazard for pedestrians. The Sister claims to all who will listen that the taste of her flesh is like honey, but that once in the stomach it goes as bitter as green persimmon. Onoe’s dogs assemble there, of course, to piss on Sister’s moosehorns, heave foaming vomits in the running gutters, and snap at ankles of bystanders. Mr. Pounds is often strolling the set, guessing the weights of plainfolk at a penny a try. So much is the scene like the feeding of seals in the zoo, that the air there bear the many stinks of fish pavilions. Life goes on, boys, o bia di bla da.

Neutrodyne

I put a thumb of ashes on my forehead and retired to a tree. Friends chained me there by rearrangement. I built a lean - to for shelter, dug a hole to collect rain, and ate palmetto leaves and bark chips. There I was, anchored to a cypress knee by a 15 foot logging chain attached to a 20 inch metal collar around my waist. Later, 2 hunters stalked wild boar, found my bones in the dense thicket a mile from the Gulf of Mexico, last month. Found near my body were sneak- ers, shreds of clothes, a leather belt, books including a Bible, and a radio. Only 10 of my body’s 206 bones remained. Process Police said the rest must have been carried off by wild shotes. I was identified, in the end, by a jawbone fragment and an identity card. During my suffering, I tried to work the chains up and over the top of the tree, but met with failure. They say they found, also, a crude toilet which I had dug in the cold, cold earth to relieve myself. I remember molding several balls of leaves the size of my fist, which I used for nourishment, in addition to the fruits. I stayed alive for two weeks,
THE TRUTH ABOUT WHITE WOMEN

VOTE

STAY HOME, FEAR THE KREMLIN

LIVE PEOPLE

Suicidal Youth Run-Over At Exit Ramp

Police report that a 24 year old white youth from Mt. Hope Avenue received a broken collar bone and chest pains when he was run over while lying in the roadway of an exit ramp of Route 490 about 11 P.M. Five people witnessed the accident.

The youth told police that he had been lying in the roadway because he was depressed and wanted to get his head run over. He received his wish as he was run over by a 1971 Mercury sedan which was driven by a 30 year old white woman who did not see him in the roadway. It was not the woman at fault as the youth admitted to police that he was trying to commit suicide. It was lucky for him that he wasn’t killed.

Why Not Breed for Better Stock in Humans?

WHERE ELSE BUT IN THE BRONX?

DON’T FIGHT COMMUNISM
KILL YOURSELF

ACTUAL SIZE!