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50 CENTS ... Formerly PROCESS NEWS .. MAY, 1974 .. BOX 591—Lawrence, Ks.

RIVER CITY MOON

Work-Camp Amendment Set for Legislative Work

NOXIN HORROR — DAMAGES — BILLIONS RUN — ESCAPE DISASTER

This is a time of streakers and the end of dynasties, that of Noxin, the Dolphins and UCLA. And this reminds us of the newspaper dynasty, the Castle Dangerer of the Midwest, the Simon Empire. And its pitiful and colorless offspring, the River City World. We're so fed up that we decided to found a new, dynamic and amazing newspaper, the River City Moon. This is volume 1, no. 1, of something that will probably never reach dynastic proportions, but we'll nevertheless give a couple of laughs once in a while, and that's all we can promise. We would like to do this a long time, at least until the world ends (see below.) We hope to hit the streets once a month but we may not, largely because of the new money shortage. So if you like River City Moon and want to see more, shoot a few buck off to Box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044. Or write and tell us what you think, what's worryng you, or what's got your blood up. No poetry please. When dynasties fall, even poetic dynasties, then the night-time comes on--and so does the Moon in your hand.



R.I.P
MY FACE WAS A SHAME

What Now?

MILLIONS WITHOUT LEADER
They wander the dirt roads of the countryside and the streets of the cities. The others have secured themselves in fortresslike sub urban homes, boarded up against the ravenous neighborhood pets, the dogs and cats, the whily gerbils or painted turtles. They are protecting their meager stores of soy biscuit and government water. The once great city of Washington lies in ruins, the leaders crouched in underground bunker-like capsules, frozen cryogenically, set to thaw and emerge like moths at a future time to reassume leadership. All along many thought the world would end in Atomic fire, but they were wrong. We are happy it was not another Pearl Harbor type incident.

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Controls on Meat

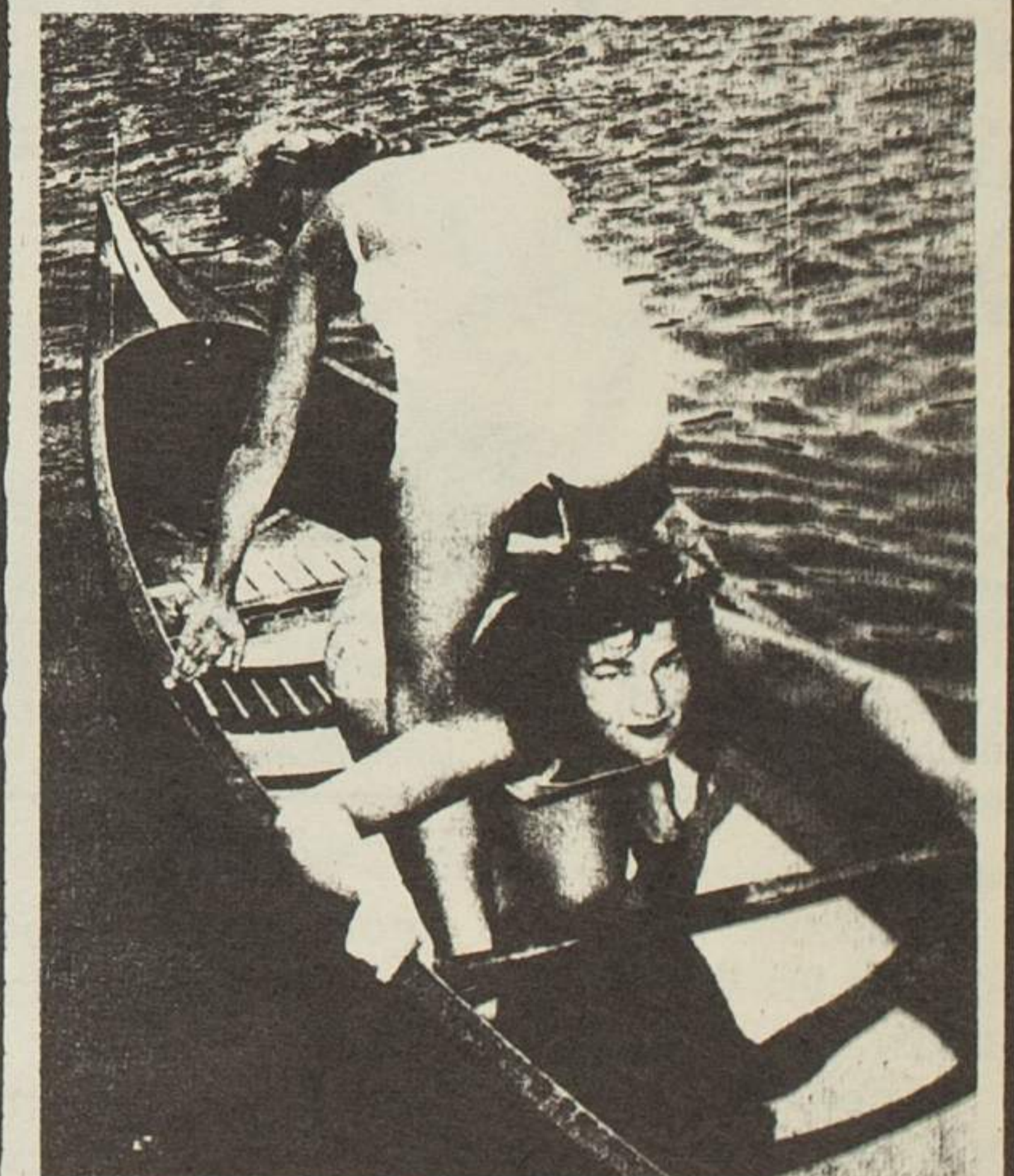
EDITORIAL

Pensivex News and its sister and brother companies within the American Lemo wishes to condemn the most recent assault on the person of Governor Wunty. Again the political maelstrom spins out tornadoes of violence. This humble man of the people has been cruelly violated at every turn of the campaign trail, most recently the incident in Cincinnati. In this incident his scrotal bag received a puncture from which fortunately there was little bleeding. And now he is struck down on his private pedal boat, floating in the sunlight snoozing off an exhausting campaign week like a tortoise on a dirt road. Mysteriously, no investigative agency has yet uncovered a single datum on the conspiracy of the Right which is behind the attacks, or so say some of our faithful readers, nor has the origin of the miniature war-surplus torpedo bomb used against the Governor's boat, ripping out a portion of his calf muscle and crushing the lower dentation, been traced. And the shrill cry of voices on the left, ever pestering us to go back to the old and proven way of doing things, to return to a cotton and textile economy, to sink the bombers at sea, dry dock the great battle cruisers and turn them into hotels. Pensivex has never endorsed a candidate in the past who has advocated this echo from the right, these empty slogans. But we do remember Wunty in the old days, a dirt poor frog farming man of many moods, a champion of the sunburned bent-backed farmers of this mighty Nation who deliver us our soy product and salt free butter. We intend to take as firm a position on this issue as we have on any other one since the war, when the editorship and staff offices were transferred to the management of other obscure companies and lost itself in the soft fuzz of procedures, victims of the same entropic flight nowhere as the good Governor wunty was. It is this clarified position that Pensivex will stand on, the coat rack upon which our reputation hangs, as it were. I should merely mention, before closing this editorial, that American Lemo stocks steadily fattening on the market and The Moon is the most steadily rising organ in the current news field. We are very proud of ourselves, readers, and so you should be of yourself. Please remember Wunty.



Could the President Be Altered?

Dead chickens have been gutted, smeared on the white house rotunda. A spirit of besmudgement has polarized the American citizens against one another. Neighbors ask neighbors, "Can a president be altered?" Yet no one knows the tru answer. We can all marvel at the amazing feats performed by the government physicians, one day we see him in the rose garden with a wide jaw and tiny reduced eyes. The next day he's having lunch in Iran looking much like he did in the old days, the good thick health oil of Florida combed into his hair. But now he goes around the white house corridors like those pitiful running rats in the drainage systems of the City. Who of us can tell if he's been altered? Not since the cold days of the Coolidge administration has there been so much facial emphasis. We know from sources inside that the president, for example, spends a good third of his workload at the bathroom mirror counting brown spots on his face. Weren't we so surprised when we saw the first photos of him on the balcony with the new moustache and the elongated face. Did we laugh as he expected us to? No, we waited, and then he went on the t.v. with the wide lips and clown-like teeth. Why?



BESMUDGING IN PARK

A girl today was besmudged on Wiltex Park Company Lagoons. She gave her name to authorities, Charlotta Wuntex. She says she was out floating in the rented canoe with her boyfriend Arty Rieknoctermann, of the village to the north. They claim the boyfriend was surprised by the girl in the white bathing suit shown above, but no statement was made by others at the scene, although this picture was made by alert Process news cameras riding by accidentally at the time. Rieknoctermann says, "I come up out of the water and my eye almost sucked out of my head, because of that new diving goggle I had bought that day and hadn't tried diving with yet. In fact I was just showing it, sort of modelling it for Charlotte when the girl pushed me out and then squirted shit onmy fiance."

WORLD ENDS

A New Era

The first hydroelectric power flash struck the New Moon tower at exactly 1:14 a.m. Many stenographers worked late that night getting our final edition out of the pressroom and into the streets. We've been predicting it since 1900 and here it is. Hundreds were trampled in the initial dash for shelter, of which pitifully little existed at that time. Oddly, though, hundreds survived and lived on to rebuild. So now after all the warnings and forecasts of doom, the old fireballs roll like tumbleweed down the glowing streets of Manhattan, down 5th Avenue and through the doors of Twenty-One. On the great plains the fire continues to spread engulfing Wichita Kansas and Muncy on the same day. Yes, the New Era has begun.



NEW! MINIATURE DUST MASK

NEWS WAR DECLARED!

The constant roar of Government amphibians through the streets of seaside cities, and this noise is distressing to the elderly, who when the Joy was new,

PROBLEMS

were given guarantees of dignity, and allowed the time to chew the cud and watch television. But now the channel has nothing but war news, which doesn't interest them. Many say the enemy is in Washing and moving south and west, but no one is certain. There are monumental PROBLEMS to be solved now, by each and every American and his family. The colleges are closed down and boarded Electric fences up around the states and a great fiery hot wind always howling down upon us from the great fire, growing worse, up North. Many have seen the enemy riding city transits in thin disguise, skickering & spinning, showing his rat's teeth. GG help us!

New Process Army Advancing

Many of this country's most fervid men have been carted off to processing camps in Nevada. Their families cannot write to them, but are directed to write to a false name and number, and seldom return again.



Industrial Machine Pulsing

Myra Blobitz of the hated Chicken American Bund demonstrating his automatic War Status pulse machine. Blobitz claims his machine will allow American generals to know in an instant exactly how the war is going.

Once again it's time for all Americans to lace up their war boots and pack off to the trenches and beaches of our beloved land. The nightly brown outs continue, the sirens fill city streets with their war wail, small children stand at guard in doorways, and not a cat or dog is to be seen anywhere. Food is in short supply, including the once reliable soya products. The

Defense Program

New Joy which preceded the virtual but not complete snuffing out of the great smoky Natfire. It seems that whenever we manage to tread a step forward the evil power of little godgirl reaches out and jerks us back two. She has no pity, like any child, although she never injures us thoughtlessly like other children do. Many of us at Pensivex News Co., who are debilitated vets one and all of these insidious mock wars which interrupt the New Television show we all watch and we have no defense programs to protect us.



Unit Can Be Moved Between Jobs



This newest potty is demonstrated by Mrs. Wunty. It is completely portable and the bag can be easily tossed into a park lagoon, or wherever you are, after you soil it. If you have the new soy food sudden grunties which we all suffer from these days of health food & soya products in bulk, which have laxitive effects. This is good for an elderly patient or anyone. A dolly model can be had. Box 2

When Dr. Wunty of Mexico noticed that motorists frequently sound their horns at him without excuse, he decided to strike back a pided. He came up with this horn that blasts recalcitrant driver out of their seat. This tooter is built of war-surplus materials and set of bus horns. When a trigger is pulled, air under 5,000 lbs. pressure rush through the horns, which can be heard for 10 mile.

He Can Blow Back at Autos



GOD GIRL DEAD
The Little god Girl of Miami has died of a pericardial infection at the L'Hotel Dieu clinic in Amarillo.

How to Build A Family Foxhole



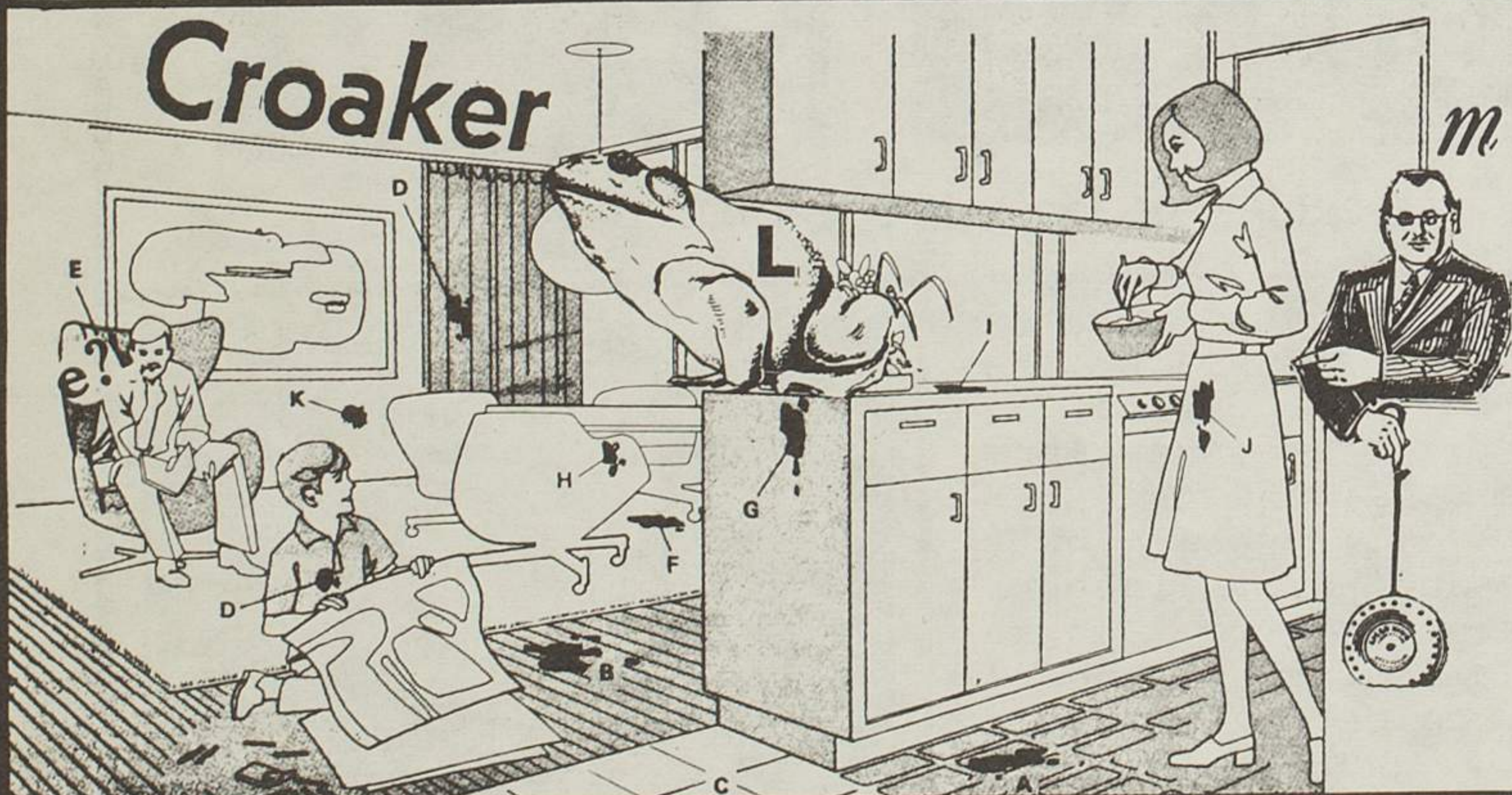
Roach-Powered Wagon

AT LAST someone has thought up a useful purpose for the (ugh!) cockroach. A 3-inch *Blaberus figaricus* (tropical roach) was drafted by A. C. Miller, Entomological Section Head, Gulf Research & Development Co. laboratory, to pull a model Gulf Oil wagon during a presentation speech (see below). Mr. Blaberus g. is said to have performed creditably, with the proper coaxing. When not giving bug-gy rides, he is a member of a colony at the Harmarville, Pa. test lab.



The Lower Farm entomological workers have, through years of delicate research, produced an additional strain of housefly (*musca lemana*), which is resistant to the pencil prick. . . Radioactive carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) have been sighted resting atop the sludge floor of the Kansas River. . . Upper Cincinnati Farm reports woodworkers use furniture seeds in instant housing experiments. . . Little god girl dies in Miami. . .

Do We Have to Die?

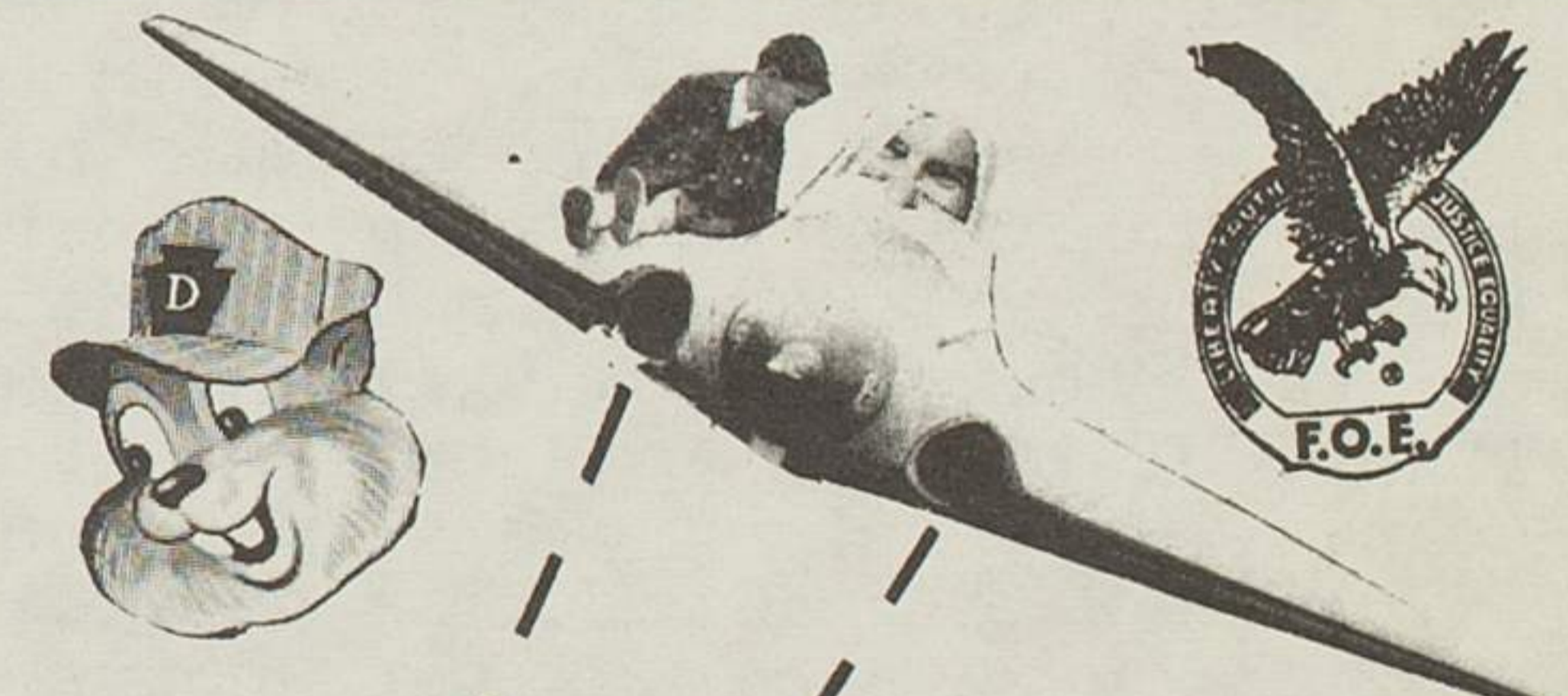


The Chinese were the first to use fingerprinting, applying thumb prints as seals on legal documents. Our Bureau of Information will answer questions regarding articles in this magazine, if accompanied by return postage.

A Croaker leaped from the vegetable life pond to spot A in the kitchen, depositing an acrid black stool.
B Repeat pattern A, a yellow gum-like ooze sitting like beads of pine tar on his ugly lips. The boy knew who he was, and what danger he was then in, since it was known that Croaker loved to put his zummy jaws around boy's faces and chew hard.
C He jumped back and squirted out another foul dropping, all the while glaring menacingly at the Lemo boy.
D Croaker made his first move at the boy (see frog blood on shirt).
E The father of the boy, reading Process News and wondering, me next, e?
F Go to G, only another acrid stool.
G Meanwhile, for this photo Croaker has posed himself on the countertop, his blue urine soiling even counter-side G.
H In a moment his body is twisting suddenly in the air, a spurt uncoiling from him that whizzes and hits the modern-home chair, and his body flops to the rug.
I Tomato juice.
J Then he leapt up suddenly and gave her a big frosty-footed kick with his mighty strength against her mound of love (*mons veneris*), leaving foot-mark.
K Bouncing off the woman (J) he ran to the wall (K), attracted by the modern art and besmudged the sheetrock with another sour gray vomit composed of insect fragments and icecubes.
L The big Croaker himself, perched in a trance-like state, oddly becalmed and smiling placidly-- apparently the worse is over.
M Art, one of the good old boys. Write Moon Box 591

WAR ON MICE

Los Angeles — "I've had a headache for 13 years," a former boxer told police after drowning his four small children, killing his nephew and injuring his wife with a crowbar, a detective said yesterday.
Curley Lee, 35, a promising heavyweight in the 1950s, was held for investigation of murder in the mass killings at his apartment Tuesday night. He had not fought since suffering a blood clot on the brain when knocked out in 1959.
Detective Jack Cochran said Lee had made a statement concerning the slayings but declined to disclose details.
Officers said Lee apparently "went berserk" during a family quarrel. Lee chased his estranged wife, Mrs. Velma Lee, and her brother out of the house and slugged them with a crowbar, police said. His wife hid in a nearby barber shop.
Lee then called the children into the apartment, saying it was time for their baths, and drowned them in the bathtub, Cochran said.



The eds. of Box 591 wish to favor legislation designed to rid this community of these annoying fiddle mice. We're sick of their scratchy high-pitched fiddling in cabinets and their turds in our envelopes.

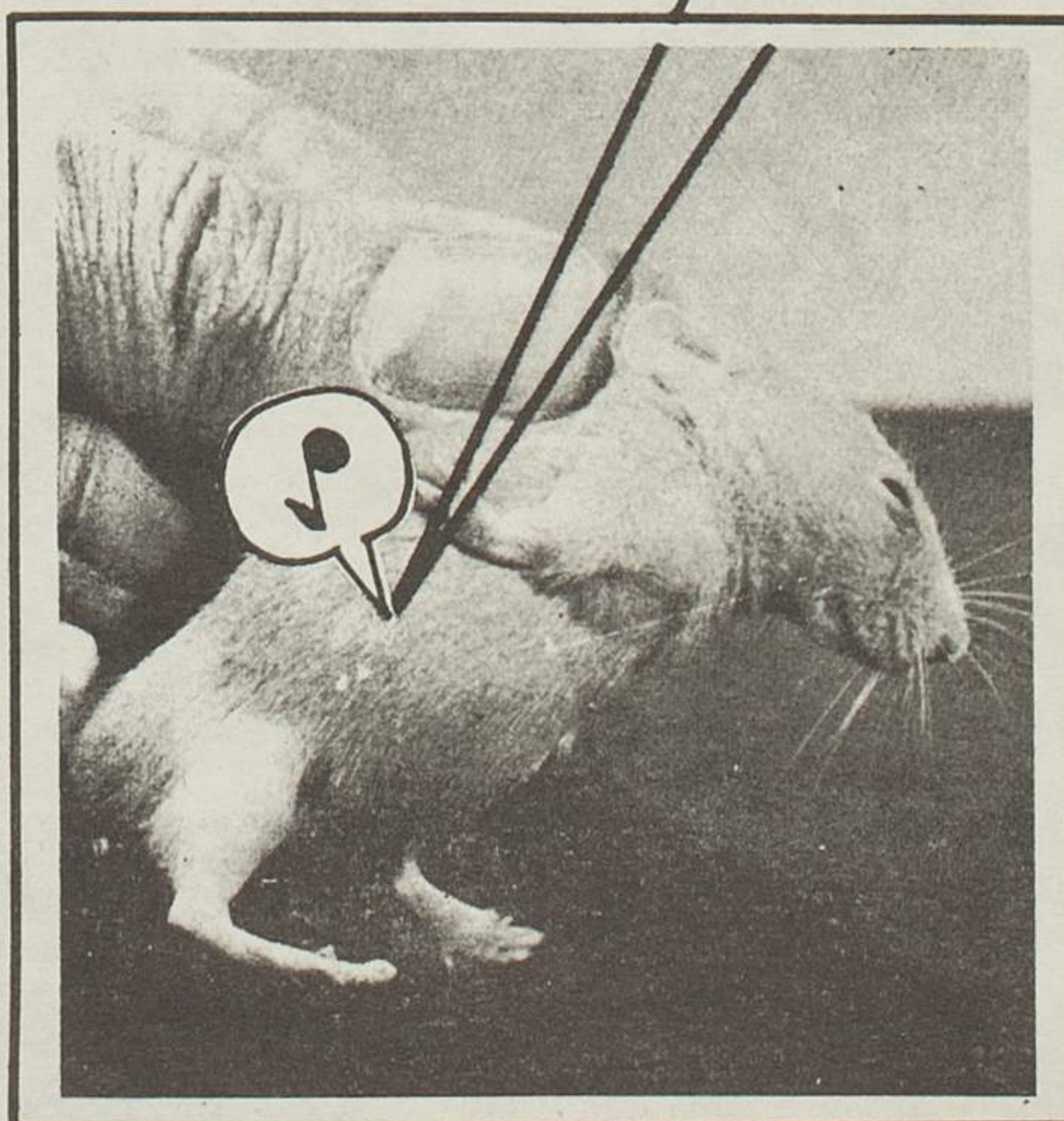
WASTE OR PROGRESS?

Oklahoma City Contaminated

Oklahoma City — A check of self-service ice in Oklahoma City hotels and motels revealed 60 per cent of the ice contaminated with anything from insect parts and fish scales to human vomit, the city health department said yesterday.

The department blamed the contamination on mishandling of the ice after it was frozen. It said a 6-month check turned up bacteria, fish scales, mold, pieces of wood, paint flakes, insect parts, food particles and human vomit in more than half the ice bins.

Write 'n' Askus
Process News
Box 591, Lawrence



A Genius

American John Sharkey grabbed a pickpocket but lost his right ear on the London subway.

He held fast to the thief but his bitten-off ear coned traveling north on the Victoria line. The subway sent it back and a doctor sewed the ear back on yesterday in Westminster Hospital.

Sharkey said after the operation:

"My wife keeps telling me not to get mixed up in these things. But somebody has to tackle the crime problem."

His Spanish-born wife, Carmen, said: "It serves him right for interfering."

"I felt hardly any pain," he said.

But what can the average citizen do about it? Is it waste or progress? Shall we sit around and let them besmudge our files or will we take some community-wide action? Write and tell us personal mice incidents.



As Man Progressed, He Acquired Cattle and Roamed About Seeking Pasture; Then He Built a Cave of Shins



When He Learned How to Fashion Crude Bronze Tools He Began Cutting Down Trees and Building Log Caves



When the Ice Descended from the Arctic, Driving People Southward Where There Were No Caves, Primitive Man Built Crude Mud Huts

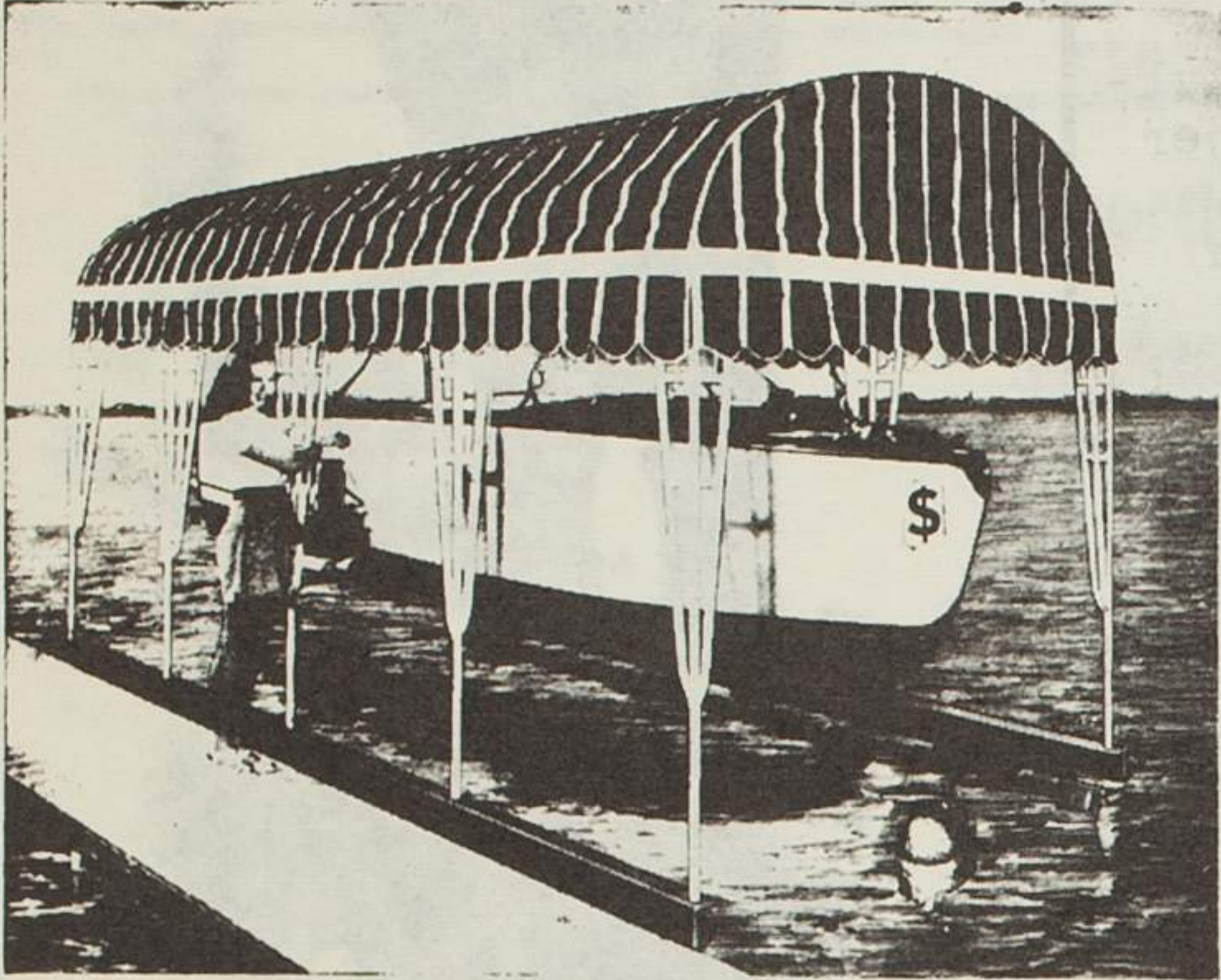
HOBBYSHOP

When the National Fire is finally extinguish all Americans will return to their cellars, yards, garages, and basements to do hobbies. It will be the post-fire rage, say the experts. Fire and Safety Agency Marshalls say they expect many serious injuries during the period of initial confusions many experienced. And we at the Pensivez & American Lemo Newspaper and Visual Meadia Alliance say, "Hobbying is fine, hobbying is a part of the new nationwide Joy recently announced by the government. All of this is good, but we must strongly endorse safety programs, obligatory U-shaped rod use, safety belts, and the like.



U-Shaped Rod Prevents This Cutting

Deep-Sea Atom Age Ship That Rides on Air



Every spring Sister Webelo raises the awning above her million dollar Atomic Deep Sea ship and begins an underwater odyssey unparalleled in 20th century hobbying. When she returns in the fall she is often 20-30 pounds lighter than she was when she left. This voyage is totally secret. No government agency, no citizen, in fact no human alive is privy to it's mysteries. Sister herself, aloof and sullen, though a millionaire, is reclusive and clamlike when on land. Thus we can only speculate. Perhaps she is engaged in a study of coastal oyster beds, perhaps she does it because of the New Joy. Whatever the reason, we wish her a bon voyage.

TWO MEN are trapped by smoke and flames on the fourth floor of a burning building. Leaping from the window is their only possible escape.

One man, even though death is certain in the fire, is afraid to jump. His friend slugs him on the jaw and throws him out of the window and he lands flat on his back. The braver man then leaps out and lands on his feet.

Which of the two men will survive? It will be the coward who lives, though badly injured, while the man who landed on his feet will be speared through his vital organs by his own thigh bones.

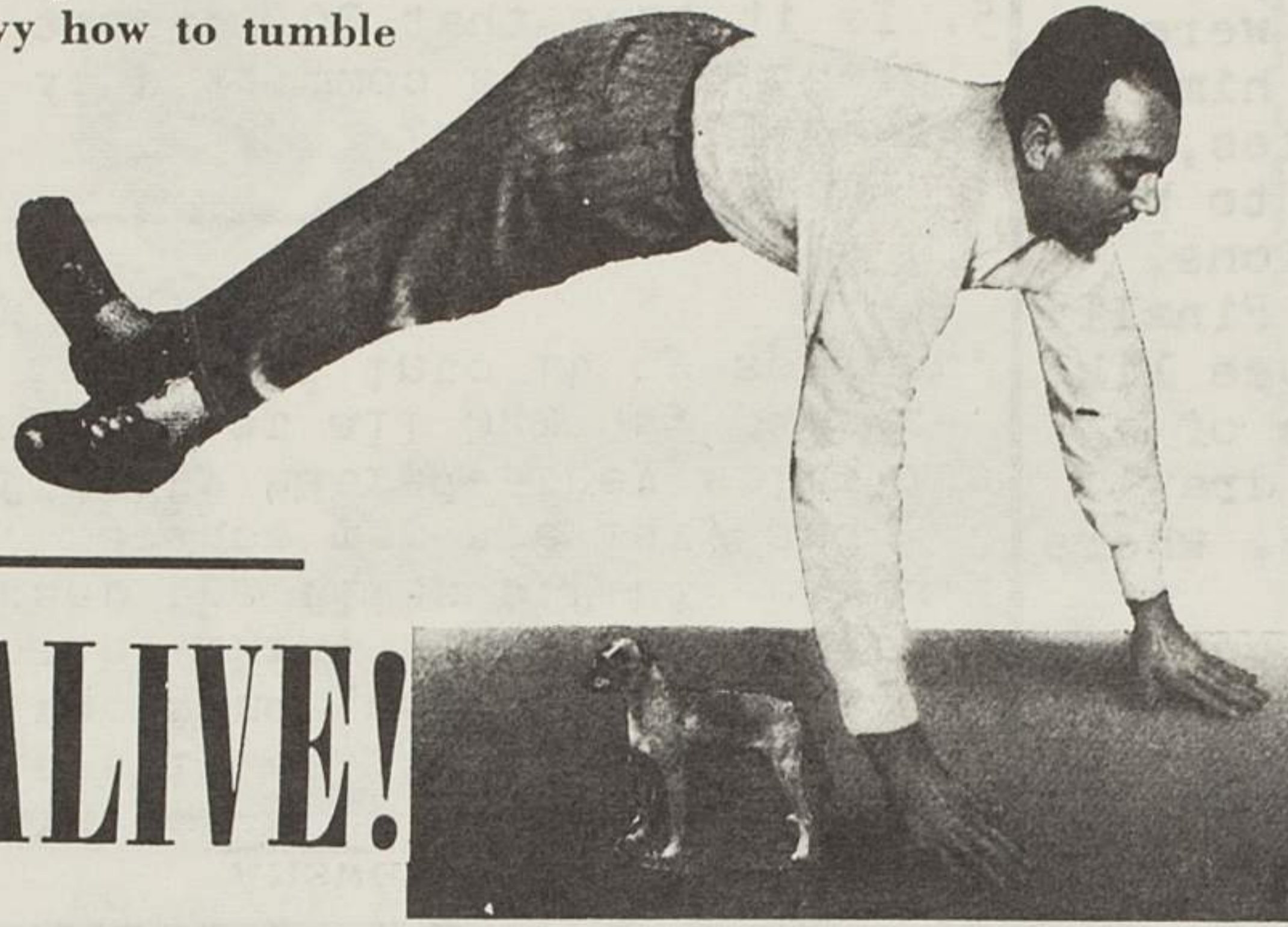
Countless cases of men falling from great heights were analyzed by the Navy and it was found that by far the best chance of survival occurred when the victim landed flat on his back.

Falling from a lesser height, on the other hand, the least injury will be suffered when the victim, for instance a man falling from the roof of a two-story building, takes the initial shock on his feet but distributes the force of his fall by letting his body roll.

There are right and wrong ways of falling. Take these tips from a man who taught the Navy how to tumble safely and . . .

When you trip, moving at slow speed, extending arms is easiest way to break the fall before landing flat

Italian falling slippers



LAND ALIVE!

COMMENTARY



"Do you think the world is polluted?"



Charles Riley, supervisor, Cherry St.
"You're talking to the wrong guy. You'd be better off talking to the experts on something like that. If we got pollution it's not coming from me. I'm not the one. Pollution isn't any different, but people seem to be taking an active interest in it. I noticed that. We've got the topless, the bottomless, the braless, we've got everything."



Warren Puntly, Hospital patient.
"Yes, it's terrible. I'm on my way now to do something about it. I had the tip of my nose burnt off in the war. One time I s--t on top of the tv in the ward."

PROFITABLE OCCUPATIONS



Pancho Uribe, longshoreman, Warf 2
"Things have been real slow on the warf. I got nine kids so I have to, moonlight. On Saturdays I'm a taco chef at Pier 23. I used to make tags and take them to the Hiring Hall. The boys liked them so I decided to cook on Pier 23 on Saturdays."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN



Effie Pfeffer, Process Librarian
"Pollution? I haven't been keeping up with the news. I'm sorry. Has anyone died?"



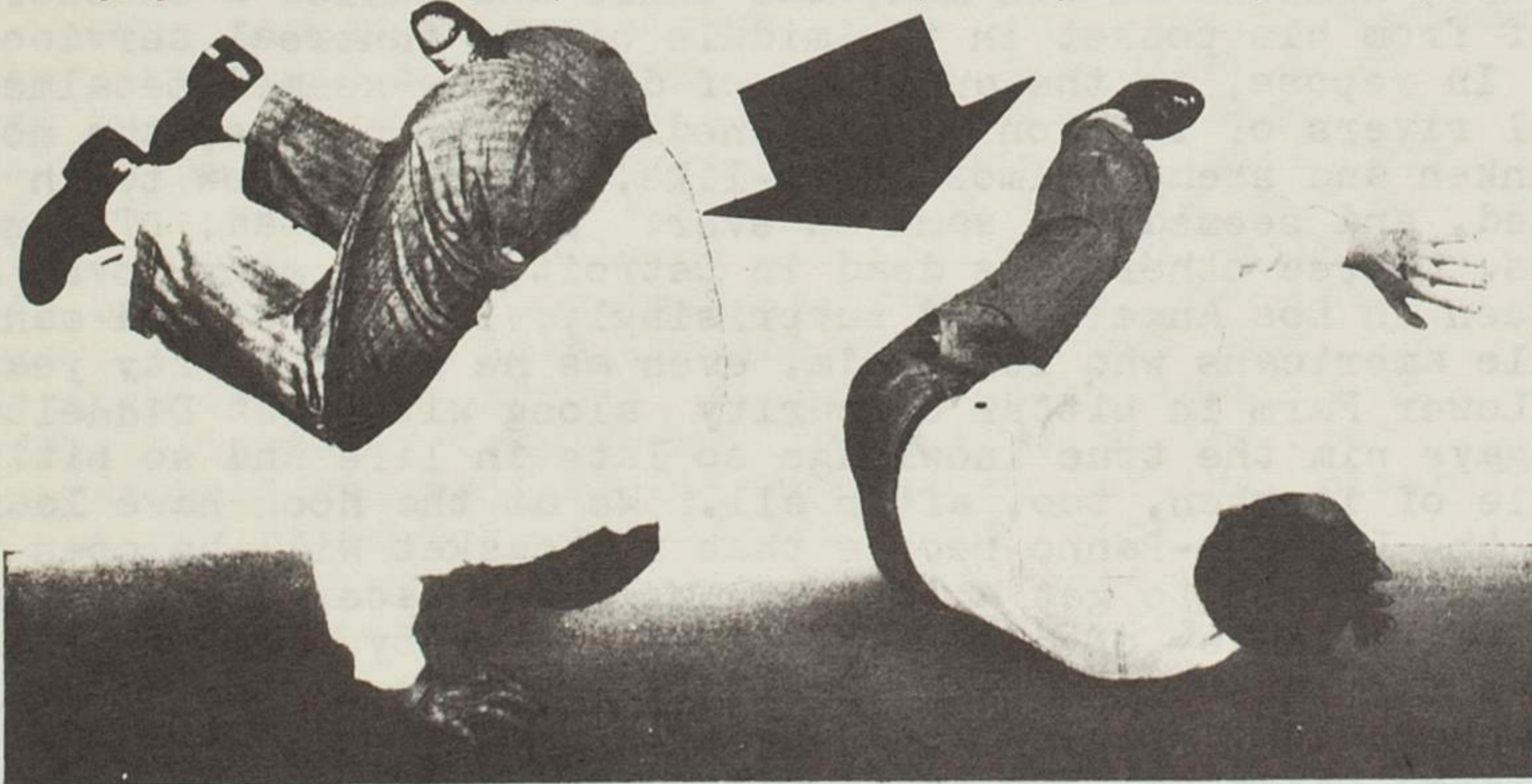
Phil Verdugo, Process Vendor.
"I been selling Process on the same corner for 57 years and I saw all the pollution come. It ain't any good no more. Before the Unions they'd rob you. Grab you by the ankles, turn you upside down and shake you. Take you down the alley and remove your shoes."

MEXICO'S AIR ACE KILLED

Health-Crime Eliminated

Somersaulting forward, left, is the best way to break a headlong fall. A running fall should be taken by going into a football roll, right. Hip and shoulder take the impact, and you can roll right back to your feet

- BODY PART
- Head
 - Neck, throat
 - Arms, chest
 - Breast, stomach
 - Heart, back
 - Bowels
 - Kidneys
 - Loins
 - Thighs
 - Knees
 - Legs, ankles
 - Feet



- SYMBOL
- Ram
 - Bull
 - Twins
 - Crab
 - Lion
 - Virgin
 - Balance
 - Scorpion
 - Archer
 - Goat
 - Waterman
 - Fish

CANCER CURE

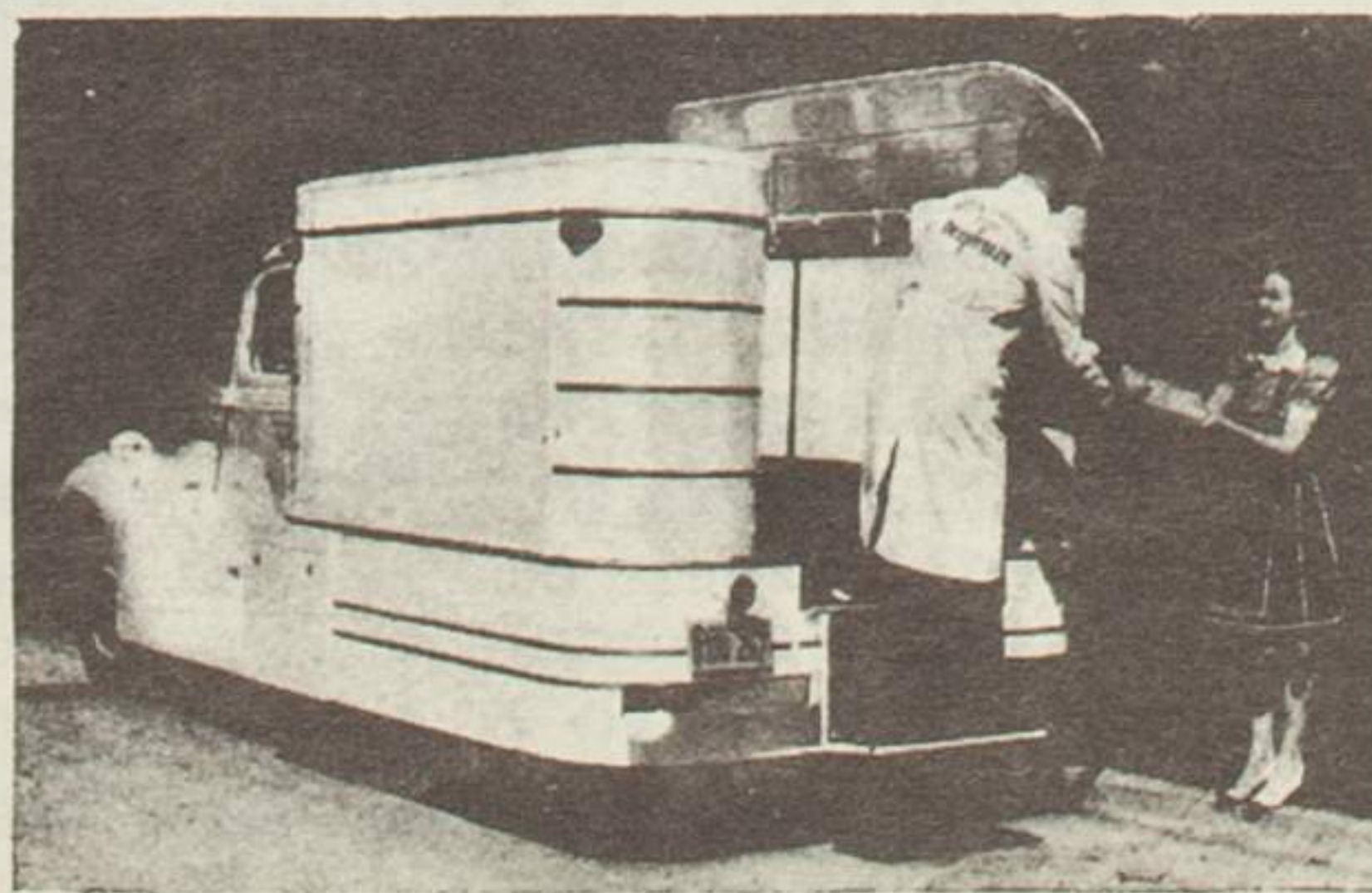
Airborn disease organism may hold key to cancer prevention, say Process Doctors. In experiment shown below Dr. Montex is smoking camel hair cigar through particulate screens to filter particulate bodies, thereby eliminating the foraging cancer spores. Among other things, the familiar pine cone boiled and bake is found to fan the flame of disease ravages and terminal death thereafter. Yet more money is needed. These are highly paid specialists from S. America



FECAL BREAD
Civil Engineer Hop Wundex shown above pouring the stiff white syrup which emerges from the City's new Fecal Baking facility on the south edge. . . Nearby, a finished loaf of hot new bread from the government's scientific baking engineers. This bread has been designed a-flatulant

(Continued) containing a daily supplement of anti-flatulence medicine, an extra for those on strict C-meat diets. These loaves are brought to housewives signed up on the program. The process is this: Human fecal material is collected at riverfront drainpipes in massive quantities, then trucked to the purifying plants at all corners of the metro area, where it is bleached in sunlight, dried, fluffed with automatic jets of cooled air, after this it is riced in giant clacking ricing machines, and baked.

Housewives receive frozen foods direct from refrigerated truck



PROCESS OPTICAL WORK



The victims shown here of flyby obstrical work done by overnight successes with a shingle and a great deal of gaul. We think the government is obliged to round them up and send them in single file through the terminal process plant in Milkeyvale. This distortion of the eyes of these pitiful victims only further illustrates these thoroughly inadequate surgical procedure period. Simply look at Mr Wayne W. Prop, top photo, whose eyes have been severely reduced in size and visual power; and Mr Noxin, cruelly dealt the gooking eye process job; and poor Jackie Jackie, her once delicate brown lookers now bloated and grown apart so horribly; and lastly look at governor Wuntly, now reduced to a racoon like stare, unable to see well in normal daylight and walks the highway by nite, turning back and beaming into approaching headlights. None of these had to happen ever.



Thwarted Rape Try

While she was walking on Henry Street about half past midnight, she was grabbed by a gang of three black youths, all about 16 years old, an 18 year old Negroess told police.

According to her statement to police, she had left home at 8 P.M., and gone to a restaurant for a snack. She then decided to visit a friend and, while waiting for a bus, a white man, driving a red car, offered her a ride. She said that she agreed and got in the car. She told police that the man said he had to stop off at the Eastview Mall for a moment but instead drove to a substation of the R.G. & E on Route 64. While they were sitting in the car she says, he asked her for a kiss and she said that she was not familiar with the American customs, but if he wanted to kiss her on the cheek, that was okay, as she was a good girl.

She claims that he then grabbed her by the throat, covered her mouth, opened the car door and ordered her to get out. Then, still holding her by the throat, he led her along a wire fence to the rear of the station, down a small embankment and into a field of weeds. There, she told police, he pulled her coat off, placed it on the ground and then ordered her to lay down. He then told her to undress and, while he still held her by the throat, she removed her slacks but left her panties on. She said that he ripped them off, then partially disrobed himself and then attempted to have sexual relations with her, all the time choking her, and she almost passed out. She said that after several unsuccessful attempts to consummate the act, he forced her to commit sodomy. She charges that he then got in his car and drove off leaving her in the weeded lot. She reported that she then got dressed, went back to Route 64. She reports that he then held her down with the knife to her throat and proceeded to have sexual relations with her.

Police have also been informed that anything that a person wants to buy can be found at nightily beer parties on Log Cabin Road. Police are giving special attention to the area.

What this reporter cannot understand was, after such a brutal and definitely 1st Degree Rape and Sodomy, this man was only charged with 3rd Degree Two. The girl reports that she was later dragged from a bathroom to a bedroom where she was forced to commit sodomy, then raped, and then the man committed sodomy on her, she reports to police.

She told police that she knew where the car was and they went to an intersection of South Main Street where they found the red car parked on the shoulder of the road and a repairman was changing a tire. The owner of the car was there and the girl told police that he was the one who assaulted her. She refused to go to a doctor or the hospital and declined to prosecute, saying that she did not want to make trouble for anybody. She said that, being from a foreign country, her father had instructed her not to cause trouble. The police told her that the man could be dangerous and she could have been killed, but she said that all she wanted was a ride home and that she did not wish to see him again. Police say, after searching the premises of the sub-station, her purse and scarf were found at the rear. She then told police that as far as she was concerned, the matter was closed.

She stated that as she returned the ex-husband was there waiting for her, that he struck her several times, and, while she was down, he kicked her in the head two or three times. Police were called and arrested him at the scene.

He told police that the man had bought a 1963 Buick from him a few weeks before and paid him cash for it so he trusted him for the Cadillac, glassine bags were found on the ground near the car.

After this he committed an act of sodomy on her and told her that "he was going to ---- her to death." He then forced her to submit to an oral act of sodomy after which he drove her home in his car about 12:30 A.M.

Police were called to the Four Corners in Pittsford where a man and his wife told them that they had picked up a 26 year old girl (from a foreign country) on Route 64 and she had told them that she had been raped and sodomized.

The man told police that he was angry because the girl has been giving his name as being financially responsible for her and her children and he has been getting the bills. The girl was advised to obtain a warrant.

Instead, she reports, she found approximately ten to twelve male and female teenagers laying around in a second floor bedroom. She told police that she believes that the house is used as a w---- house and that the conditions in the house itself were deplorable. Police told her that they would investigate. The other four were then charged with loitering and, after placing the five of them under arrest, police report they found approximately six grams of marijuana in the area where they had been seated. Jaco said to her that "he wanted to do it with her".



Women

PLATHETIC PLATHOS
Red lipstick on red lips was a warm erotic touch of the fifties, but suicide sucks in our opinion. If a good woman kills herself, like sister Sylvia did, a good man dies too like Ted Hughes did. A new menarche march every month and a few of the sensitive ones get the rosy cheek blues. At least the strangler lies dead in Boston, cruelly stabbed to death, gutted open in his lower belly with beer openers and this crime was committed by an inmate gang of chancellor dikes--but at least a few more precious womens are a little safer now at Boston car stops at night. It was surely worth it. Samuel Beckett said, "Woman gives birth to man over an open grave." If so, why would you want to put your pretty head in the oven--give it to a good man. Don't make the undertakers any fatter than they are, a bunch of chicken eating fruits. Being together means more than being Sylvia Plath and trying to imitate her, her morbid doll-like easy to break poetry, and walking around your dorm room with hot blood sloshing in your platforms. WE WANT HAPPY WOMEN AND NO HOLDS BARRED!

KESEY) and stars gave out dull metallic rays. He picked up a cow pie he saw laying in the street and sailed it at a red Chevy. At the Chalk whisk key was brought out and drunk from a tin cup. The speech at the Union afterwards was a corker. At the party, first records and conversations were brought in and brutally mutilated by the big guy with red hair, or no hair at all. Copies of this newspaper were shown him, upon which he spat a bloody rheum. Art-monkeys were brought in and masturbated and were forced to sodomize in front of him, on the carpet. Then the cripples, mental and physical, hulked up to his modern chair, asking supplications, and he gave them no response. Finally Prop came. He was from Tennessee like the Chancellor Dykes. He spoke of a girl in Joplin with a Southern drawl he once balled, then said, "Hey, where Heeny at, Kesey."

Dave O
Prop-Roger
Editors and Owners
River City Moon
Box 591, Lw., Ks.



WOMAN'S QUIZ
1. If it takes an elephant thirty minutes to graze an acre of marsh, how long does it take two meatballs to build a tin roof over a soft-shell crab?
2. How many gallons of fluid does the average woman give of during her life?
3. How much vegetable must a baby woman eat in her childhood?
4. Why did they close the coffin at the fisherman's wake?
5. Is it true that 90 percent of all violent crime is committed by single males? If so, why?

Answers
1. 60 min. on a calm day.
2. believe it or not, upwards of eighty thousand quarts or more.
3. spinach, okra, winter peas, etc.
4. To keep the flies off his carps.
5. Yes, because men are lazy and full of petty hatred--they split like roasted cats at all humans, partic- ularly if loaded into it by someone, usually his mother.

The Moon would like to thank those 30 odd people all over the world who gave money to launch this organ. Many of them understandably wish to remain anonymous. Others like Steve, A. Crowley Miller, Prop, Topeka Pat, the 345 People, certain Spanish dept. fascists, Chancellor Dykes, and more, and funds diverted from Athlet-



Jackie cruelly caught in nude

SIN PAD HIPPIE

MOTHER MUNTNY RAPE
Once again the Muntny family faces this recurrent terror, even in the old Pelican baseball stadium. After the floral parade under the hot sun where Mama became sunstruck, soporific, sleepy, and the family left her standing by the dugout as the gradual orange moon rose above her white head, still gripping the pissweed, a winning arrangement. Suddenly a firm grip took her arm, pulling her into the dugout, the empty, unused spiderweb dug-out, where the pelicans many years ago waited out the tense losing seasons, and she began



A little known fact about women: they are better natural swimmers than men

When the man was questioned, he stated that he was with his wife all evening and that they had been shopping at two stores (which he identified) and on the way home he had gotten the flat tire. He then started to walk home, called the repair truck, then got his other car and picked up his wife. She drove the other car home, he says, and he stayed with the red car. The garage reported that they received the call for the flat tire at 8:40 P.M. Inasmuch as the garage received the call at this time, and the girl was picked up ten minutes later, they are at a loss to conclude exactly what had happened.

NOXIN DEAD, R.I.P.
Yesterday, President Noxin was alive. Today they have the body laid out at Lamanno-Panno-Fallo, a humble Italian mortuary on Outerditch Road. He passed quietly on his 78th birthday, an old man who could neither see (so it seemed) hear or speak for the last 28 years of his life, due to a brutal beating in the Oval Office, received on his birthday, or it seems so to us now, such a very short time ago. We mourn the passing. The president's brother, himself an old man, was there and pulled a checkered kerchief from his pocket in the middle of the funeral services today. In repose, in the quietude of death, he seemed becalmed, the cruel rivers of tension had drained from the cheeks, the nose had shrunken and seemed almost bird-like, but the yellow teeth protruded, and seemed the same as ever. Noxin is dead. The nation weeps. Three others are dead in Detroit, where many loved him, fifteen in Los Angeles and surprisingly, in Dayton, and many more middle americans who loved him, even as he spent thirty years at the Lower Farm in bitter obscurity along with poet Diddelbaum, who gave him the true knowledge so late in life and so pitifully little of it then, too, after all. We at the Moon have learned from the Lamanno-Panno people that the casket will be open to Americans eager to get a look at Noxin in State. He was born in the fruity valley of San Joaquin, reared up by a lower-middle class Quaker Mom (another Dunkard Sect) educated on shrill country music screaming out of Bakersfield and mollified at Whittier College. He played basketball on an asphalt court outside the dormitory. He was said to never go anywhere else. Even then his face was old. Of course he attended classes and eventually he made a coke date with a woman he liked to call Martha, but whose real name was Pat. They married in Petaluma in a small ceremony on a small lawn. Punch was served, a reddish color, and little cups of grape wine jello. His brother Walter Noxin and Frank, in typical prankster-fashion, gave him what they dubbed a 'wedding night emergency kit,' which contained a tiny condom, a limp shard of terry-cloth besocked with stage blood, a set of pliable rubber lips, a jar of petroleum jelly, and a miniature tampon, which they had labelled the little blood mouse. As the party waned on, Prop came and then went home, spent as usual. We remember the president standing up in the middle of Last Tango in Paris, raising his hands above his head in fist-like gestures at the screen and screaming above the soundtrack, but we also remember the gentle Noxin, a sheep among wolves at times, wandering aimlessly in the Rose Garden, counting lady bug beetles on the legustrum, always conscious of the new ecology, always shocked and moved at the extinction of a species, like the sperm whale or the passenger pigeon. Noxin's valet was at the wake too, as well as representatives from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. At the end of an extended term in office he began to notice a spotting on the skin, successive layers of skin-peels coming off his elbows at the stark insistence of his thumb and forefinger each day. He scratched. He did not see one day at noon time, stood up and pushed his chair clumsily backwards, and began to shout in his office, his eyes milked over with white. Tall candles of pure beeswax fluttered at either end of his grey felt coffin. His burial clothing included the familiar black gabardeen coat, and the American flag tie, the sox majestica themselves, once a gift from the Master Ray-X, who enchanted the president with his cheap joy rituals, and the (Continued)



Mighty Midget Smashes Rock

SCIENCE CURES COMMON COLD

Microbiological researchers working under government grants have come up with the cure for the common cold. Blankets, warm tea, ice cream, asparagus, along with regular enemas spiked with paregoric--none of these were found effective in the study. It turns out that the culprit has been hiding under our nose the whole time undetected. The long-missing source of psoriasis apparently lin

el cheapo

PENSIVEX ADVERTISING



Man Dies After Beating With Bat

A 50-year-old man died yesterday after he was beaten with a baseball bat in his apartment at 1807 E. 13th.

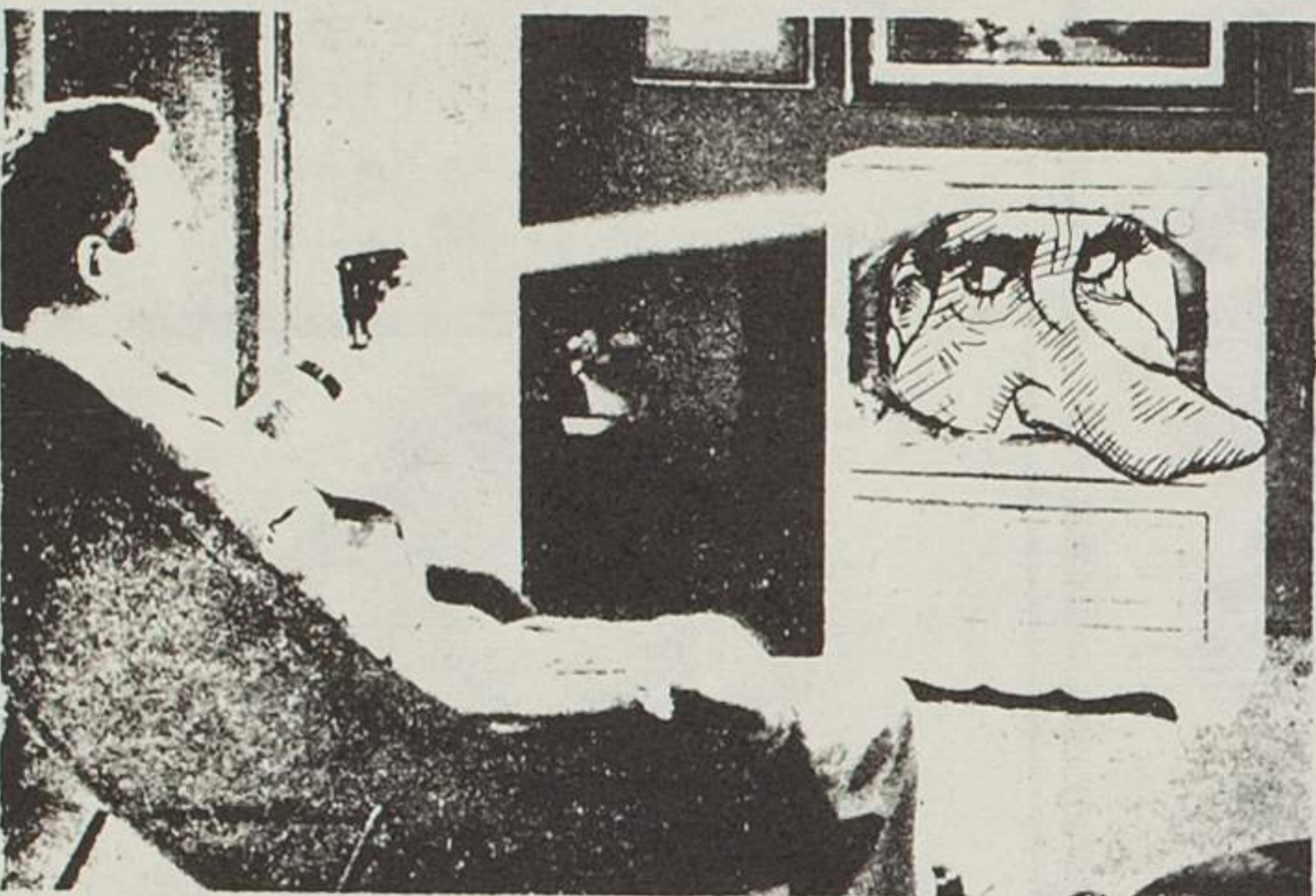
The victim, Chester Avery, died about 5:15 p.m. at the General Hospital. Police said the incident occurred about 1:45 p.m. yesterday.

Sword-Wielding Skater Strikes

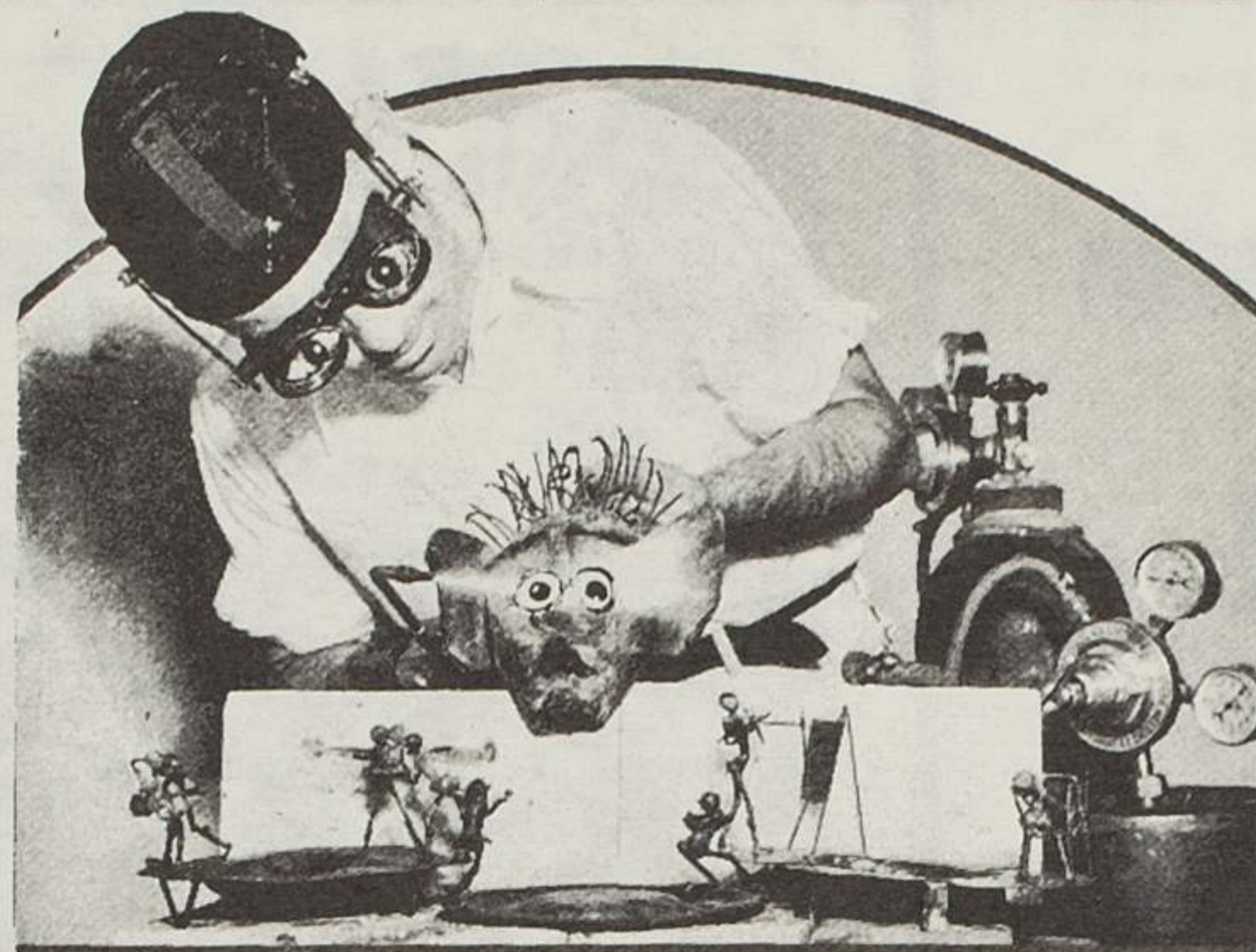
READING, Pa. (AP) — William Weihe said he was walking on a Reading street this morning when a man on roller skates and wearing sunglasses rolled by and struck him over the head with a sword.

A spokesman at Community General Hospital said seven stitches were required to close the gash.

A SENATOR CHOKES A MAN



Noxix Light Pistol--\$18.88.



Ohio-Art Monkey Burner- \$12.95

Two-Tube OCEAN HOPPER



POLITICAL PERSECUTION
These prosecutions, the senseless ones, must be stopped, say the editors of Process News (Box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044). We realize nobody's burning flesh yet, but the process wants to know about these nightly prosecutions in the political arenas. We have not yet chosen to disclose the historical fact that a fat crow came down and perched upon the cross where he began to peck at the spectacles of the lord. These are the teachings we must abhor and vote vote vote your franchise We can all smell the human fecal material drying in the air, the Camel's smoking and one old sol hanging over the putting greens. . . BULLETIN-- A few late scores have come in on the wire: Little Rinaldo has evened his score with Angel Ozalo by letting the hay rot rather than taking it to his cave. The Murty's have knotted the

THE TWO TUBE OCEAN HOPPER

Plumber Lemo's garage has urped up another minor miracle. This time it's a two-tube ocean going wheel machine powered by a 1/2 hp. electrical war surplus power unit fed on salt water. This beauty can sail over 100 m.p.h. on choppy seas and it's features entice fishermen and geologists of the future alike. Shown in foto belo are Tom McCrowhill's wife and son Monty, driving the Salton Sea near Los Angeles on the hopper, searching for debris from the Specious rumored to have crash landed in the area. Official sources said, "New thyroid missiles from the reds may have been responsible." Following a trail of Specious smoke, the Mom & Boy wheel on

The New Woodcraft

Many new products are now on the market which will enhance any camping expedition into the woodland areas of the United States Canada or Mexico. We have the new automatic snake-repellant cone of energy which you can generate around your trailer home at night, also repels those pesky malaria-carrying anopheles mosquitoes which inhabit many of the marshy areas of the U.S. We have non-melting ice now, inflatable refrigerating units. Get yourself one of the new stun-guns and be a part of the new raw venison craze, or try the hawk leg with only a little melted oleo and salt on it. We have rubber ponies with the lads and lasses in mind. Come to our open house Sunday here at Pontex offices on Toledo Street and see these items for yourself. We give easy credit, low monthly obligation. Check out this little chicken gutting tool we've gotten in from New Zealand, come eyeball our aluminum crab hammers. On this special opening day we're giving away the amazing new chemical Tablets with every purchase. Just throw one of these tabs on the ground in the proper spot, wait several seconds, and watch it burst into a fullblown campfire, and stick your child's hand in it if you want--it won't burn human flesh. We think these new products from American Compcorp are incredibly amazing and we'd be happier if you drove out and saw what we have. We'll serve you a weenie lunch and yellow soda while you and the wife browse through our vast warehouse. We have perch nails and carp poison. We have dry dog meat and cat food. And, friends, we also take food stamps. Remember we're located at number 55 Toledo Street. Come down! Every hour on the hour Manager Lemonex will demonstrate his heroism by letting himself be bitten. We can do this on the sidewalk out front if the police will let us. Usually it stops traffic. The call him Lemonex the human pulp, as a result of the many bites. We'll do anything to sell you these products. Please come down. It doesn't matter if you have cash, we'll bargain for anything. Bring your deeds, mortgages, your rings and automobiles. You'll walk away from here with something flopping around in your shopping bag, we guarantee that if nothing else. See Dr. Wunty demonstrate the use of our new wart knife, watch him excise warts from long-time sufferers. We charge no admission. This is all as free as the air. Unlimited parking. We wash your car while-u-wait.

To Revive Leather

To restore the luster of Morocco or any other leather, apply the white of an egg with a sponge. The upholstered parts of furniture should, of course, be thoroughly brushed and beaten before the polishing commences.

—MRS. LILLIE MAYHEW, Ky.

From Old Stockings

Why spend money for a mop? I take six old stockings, cut the feet off, split open and cut in strips an inch wide within two inches of hem, and put into a mop handle. This makes the finest kind of a dustless mop.

—ARVO N. KOSKI, N. D.

Washing Paint

If in washing enameled woodwork a cupful of common carpenter's glue is melted and poured into a pail of warm water it will not only facilitate the cleaning but will leave a high gloss such as new paint has.

—MRS. R. I. SHOWERS, Wis.

Using Old Toilet Soap

I use the small pieces of toilet soap in my cooked starch. A small piece cooked in the starch will make the clothes iron glossy and prevent iron from sticking.

—BUSY MOTHER OF SEVEN, Va.

Longer Life for Your Broom

Soak a new broom in salty boiling water before using. It toughens the bristles and makes the broom last longer.



Feed Detergent to Turkeys

KENNY-HEENY MEETS PROP

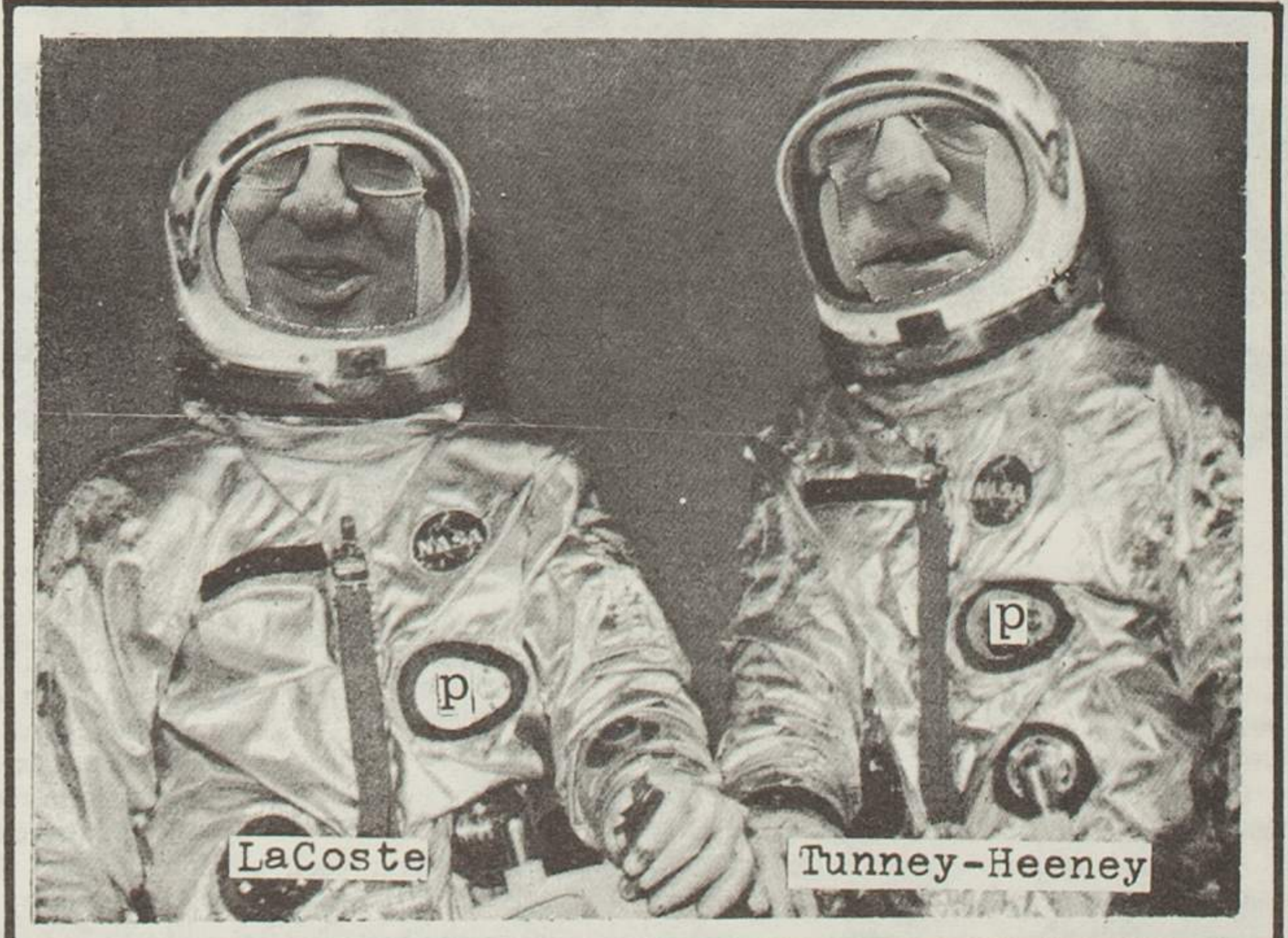
The river comes into Lawrence carrying mud and plugs of knotted chemical rag, and one small pedal-boat with Kesey at the stick, his bald head burnt red by the Kansas Moon, his ten-pound heart beating in the very chest of America. The man who made Big Nurse is here. He brings gifts for local poets, and dollars for worthy causes. And a white unleavened host in a jade-studded monstrosity of gold trails along behind him a special boat of its own. The Moon hails his coming. He spun out of his boat, climbed quickly to Town Center, and then strolled up Mass. Street near midnight last night. It was good, a cool night and taxis swept by, honking, but Kesey beat a steady path to the site of the old Rock Chalf Cafe, a home here away from home for almost fifty years now. Clouds paced across the heavens (con



The boyhood home of President Dwight D. Eisenhower is located in Abilene.

Myra's art typing

Had Napoleon not suffered so severely from hemorrhoids, Dr. Ober believes, it is possible that he might have carried the day at Waterloo. "One report," he says, "describes him on the day of the great battle . . . as suffering so severely that he dismounted, clutched a nearby fence post, his face white with pain, and stood there until the acute spasm abated."



Tunney-Heeney Meets LaCoste Friday

HOWDY DOODY

What was Howdy Doody doing the night the then vice-president Nixon exposed his dog checkers before the T.V. Cameras of the nation? He was sitting in a little bucket seat watching T.V. and eating caramel cornballs with Phineas T. Bluster as a hard-oak fire roared in the hearth. They were watching Uncle Milty in a dress, having cold spaghetti thrown in his face by Italian stagehands. The T.V. suddenly jumped and rattled on the table as though it were in a cartoon, when a clown-like panned moon of a face with hanging jaw and yellowed teeth suddenly loomed owl-like on the screen. The vice-president came on. The dog lay bloated. It seemed a harmless dog, it could have been his own dead pet on the desk. But Howdy and Phineas were not impressed. Phineas jumped up and snapped off the set, while Howdy blew out the kerosene lamp and Phineas unbuttoned his shirt.

Learn to MOUNT Birds and Animals

KENNY CUBUS FUND

Little Penny Cubus has returned from the dead, but he still needs constant medical care on the road back to recovery very recovery. Generous process readers are showing their basic humanity with a flood of checks, money orders, and hits, to help the ten-year-old boy get the proper medical attention he deserves. Kenny's body was smashed by a camper truck while he was playing on the road in front of his I-city suburban home. His par parents are penniless and their life savings have gone to pay doctors nurses and hospital bills. Penny remains in a specially cooled chamber in the basement to prevent his skin from sloughing off with great pain. Please send your contributions to Kenny.

NU-IDEA

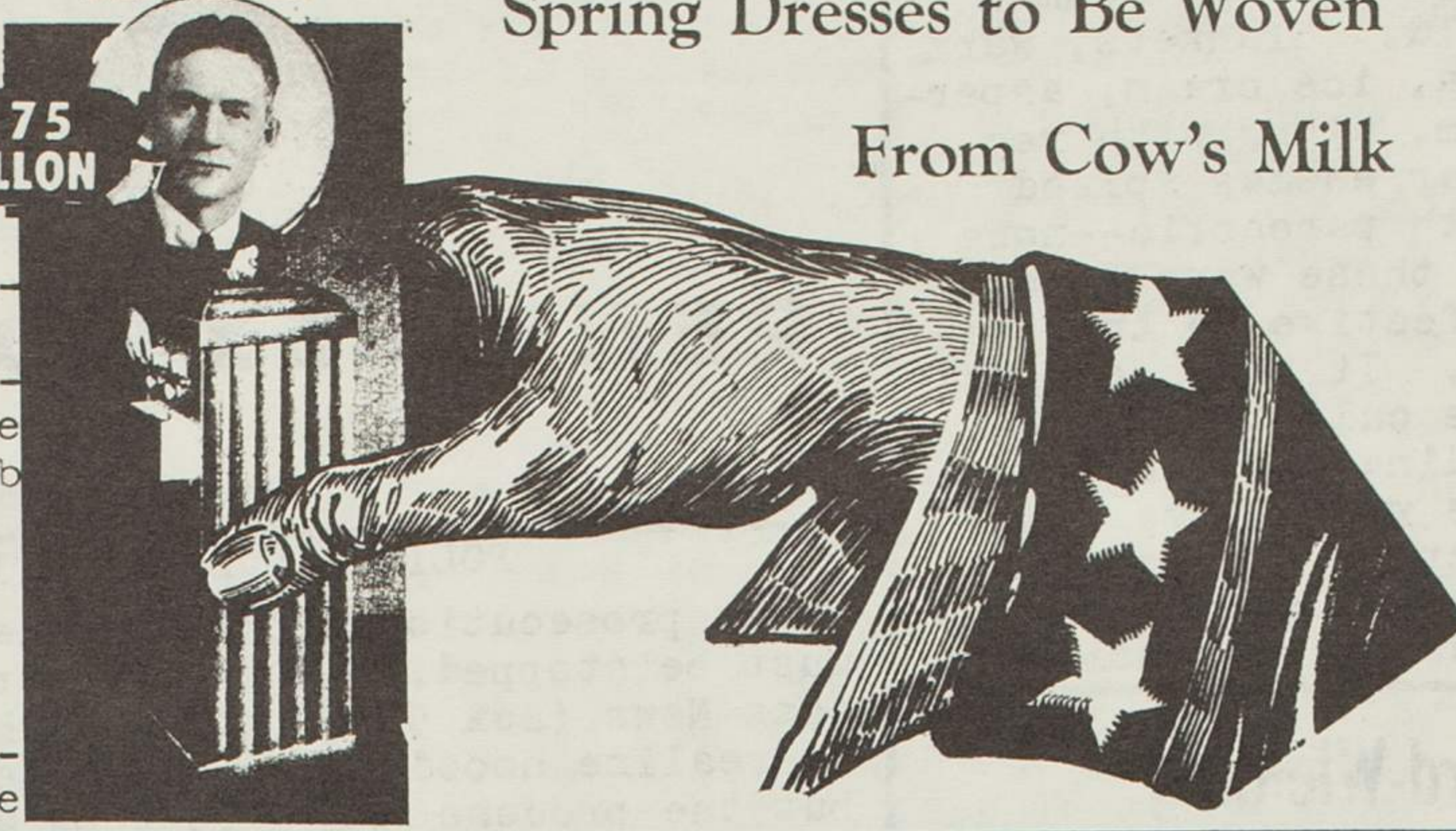
KILRAY

Spring Dresses to Be Woven

From Cow's Milk

I GET OVER 75 MILES PER GALLON

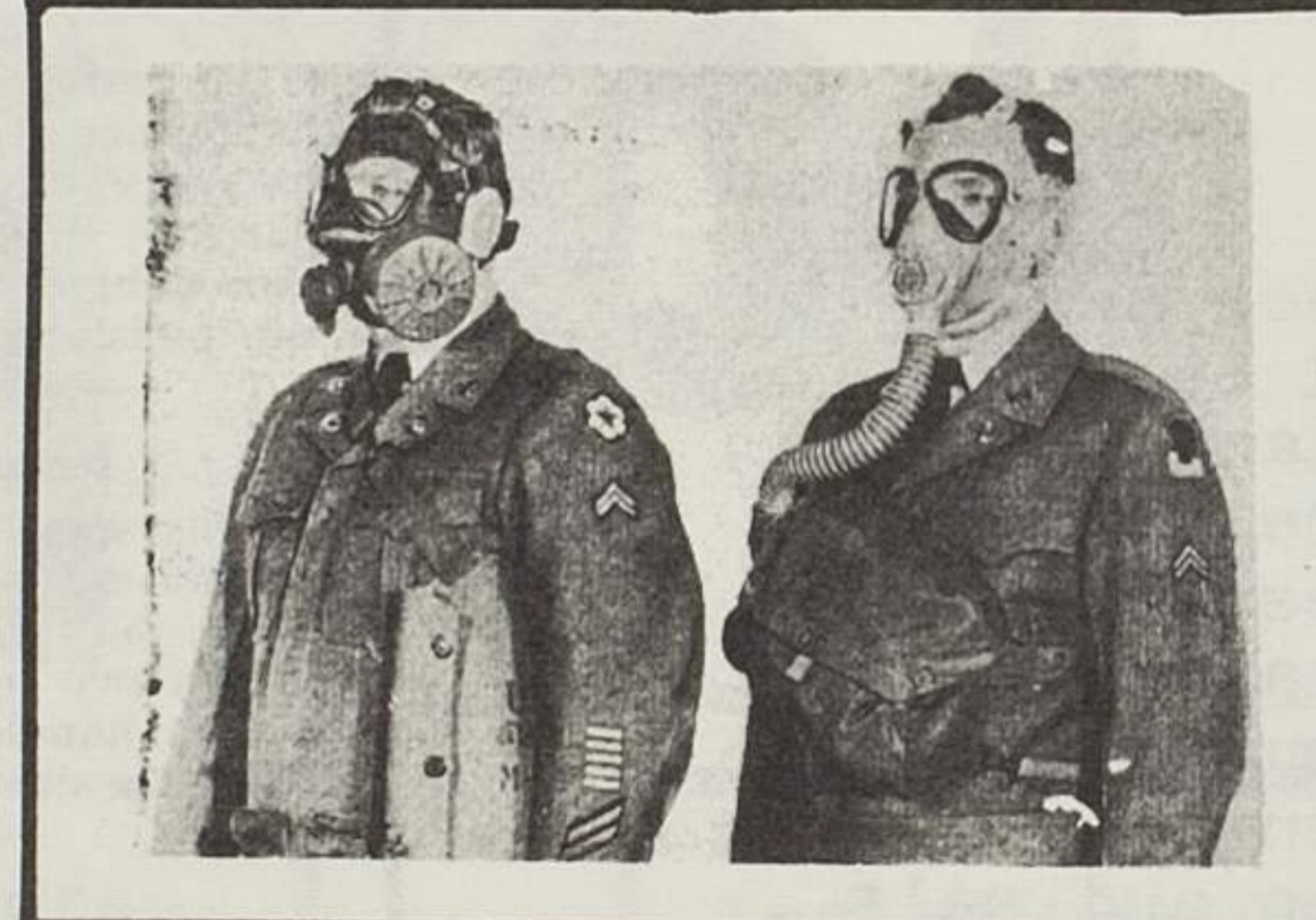
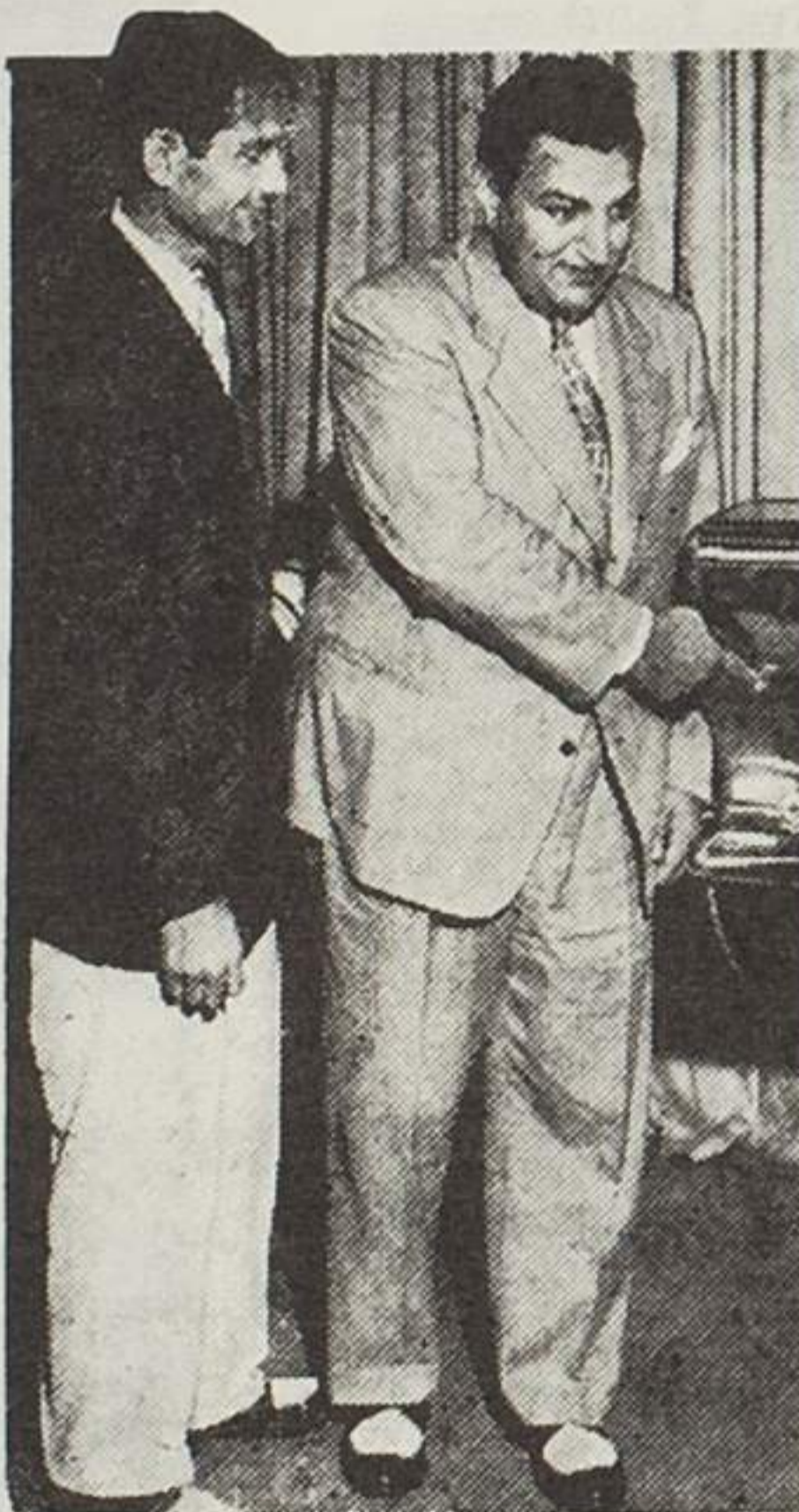
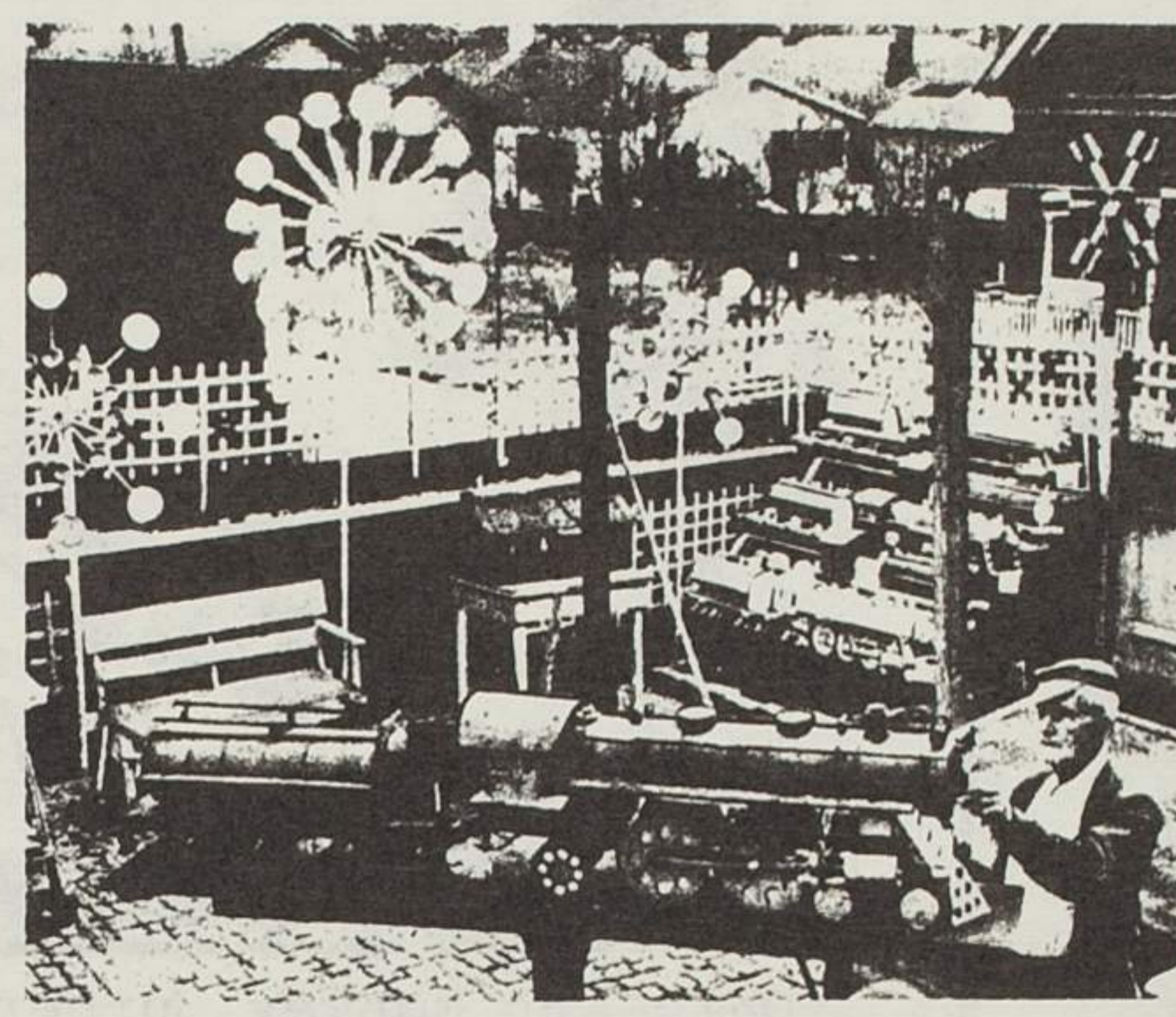
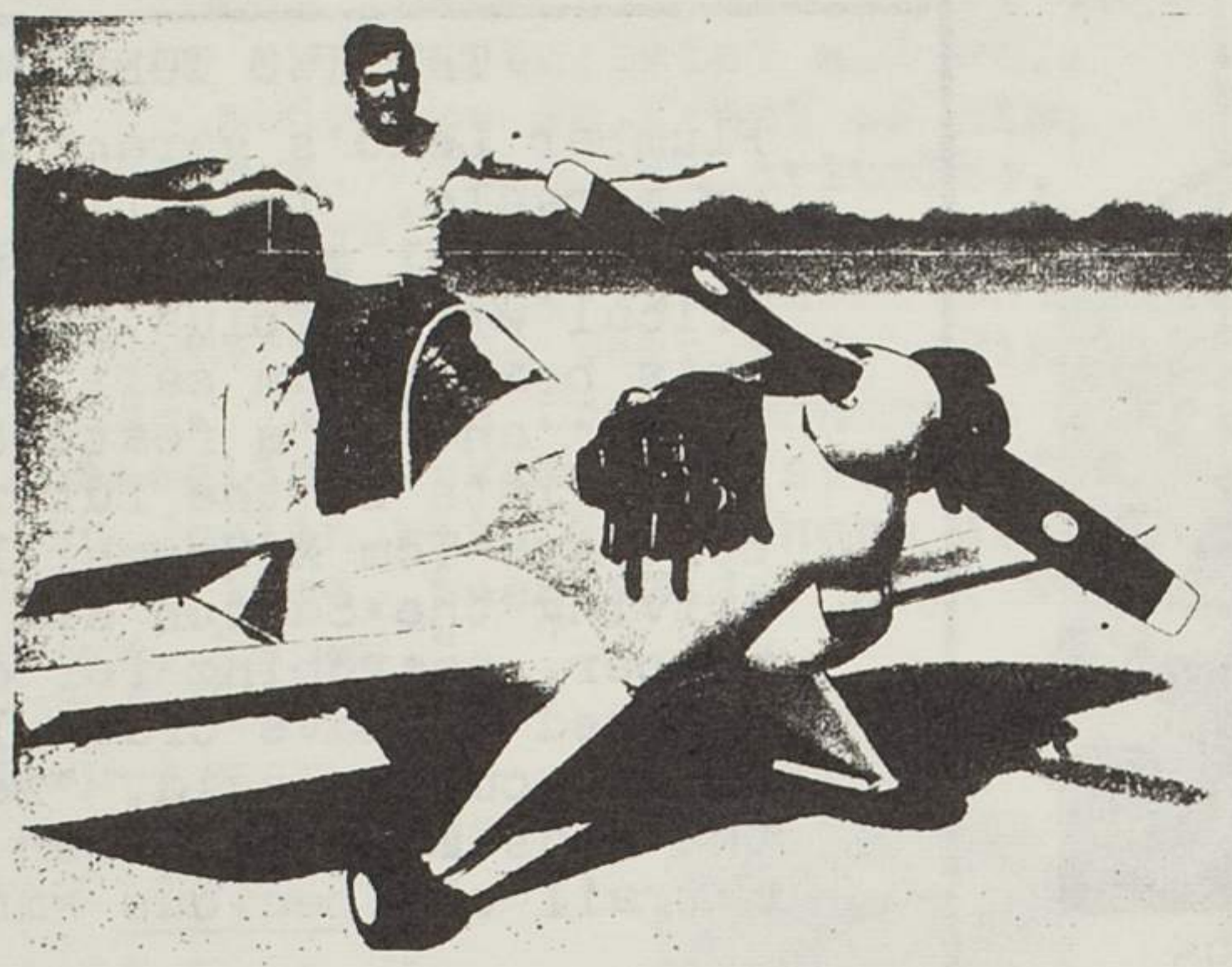
KILRAY HERE
The chancellor has announced that Kilray will speak to the assembled curators in the main ballroom. The subject of her talk will be the pratfalls and triumphs encountered during her attempt to patent this electric stand-up car shown above. No smoking please



It was an almost normal Friday in quiet Muncy, when the hideous radioactive carp began to rain down. It was nighttime and all the college kids were being let out of the Varsity theater downtown. Suddenly carp were seen flooding over the city glowing yellow in the faded night. People looked up and saw the big clock of the transmission and armature works. Suddenly the fluttering stopped high in the air and there was a terrible grinding sound, and at that point their dead corpses fell plopt on the soft sidewalk. We thank God for this.

DEATH WAILED THROUGH HIDEOUS NIGHT!

Bizzare suicide-surprise pact results in 2 dead, grandson and grandfather. Throughout the hideous night (see below) grandson Ferry Lemo, the flyer, flew his home made plane from Brownsville, Texas, to Enid Oklahoma for fuel, and then on to Petaluma, California, where he crashed the plane in the railroad toy railroad yard of his retired grandfather, grandfather Tutex, using only tin cans and war surplus materials to make his models to avoid the strokes after retirement from the larger, realer railroad. Now he play in yard like child until grandson Kenny plopt fiery geletin death on him that hideous April evening, having loaded up the tiny plane with 55 lbs of butylamine jello phospho-bombs aboard the ship. All went as the boy planned and both parties succumbed in the gas fire.



TRAGEDY
Weekend fishermen and campers are piled up at the dam, chewed on by shrimp and crabs, dead.

WHITE PEOPLE BLOAT
Before all this, in old west Muncy, by contrast, white executives only died bloating in the twilight on the banquets



the new FOOTBALL president

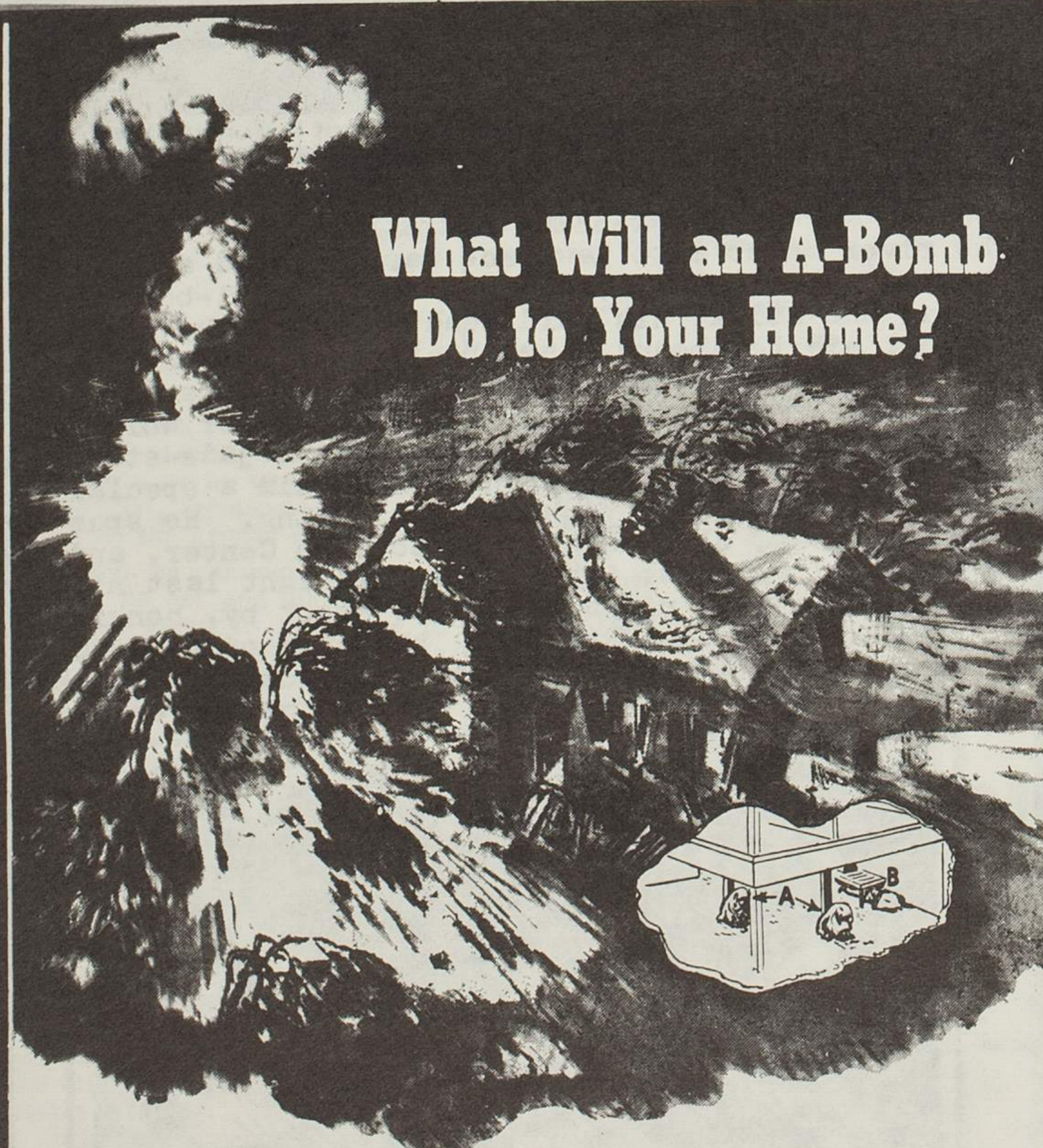
HOT CARP

NODAL PARALYSIS

Below left, the late poet Diddlebaum Frop in the familiar rigid finger-pointing stance of the nodal paralytic. There was no rancor or vituperation in him and turpitude was all but gone from his soul. He spent his final days chronically joyful and happy on earth, because of this incredible, almost disease like new United States Joy. His joyful passage is not unnoticed in these good offices and we've seen to it that a tiny sprig of parsley (his favorite herb) is layed upon his tomb at the Lower Farm in perpetuity. Tranquilizing drugs are now free

THE LAST DINNER
The last dinner is a dinner of dignity and always happens at sunset. Carp is served piping hot when the first tip of the old sun touches the empty horizon, every sign of human life extinguished. Each American now must enjoy the last meal with his family knowing that hours after the carp is eaten, all of them will begin the long suffering ordeal of radioactive sickness. No one seems to have the character to resist the old ancient voodoo-like attraction of the dead carps. people awaken in the street stuffed to the gills with poisonous carp roe, which they can't help eating, it being the most delicate part. They gorge themselves unconscious in the parks on the carp of the lagoons, which they seine out. TO KEEP YOUR FAMILY FROM GOING THROUGH THIS HELL, do the government ritual Organize your family and friends who would want to have large blocksize carps eating parties, and dieing peacefull with them on the lawn, where it's easier for the Carp Patrols to pick you up. There is a dignity in terminating at home with family and friends. You'll want the children to be warm when it happens. And you know there's no medicine for it, so why not do what we do--listen to your government closely.

What Will an A-Bomb Do to Your Home?



LET'S face hard facts. Someday an atomic bomb may explode near you, particularly if you live in a community where there are industrial, communications or supply facilities the enemy wants to destroy. What can you do to reduce the danger to yourself and your family?

As shown in the cutaway above, your best chance for surviving an A-bomb blast is to head for the basement and curl up next to major structural supports (A) or under a table next to the wall (B).

By DON DINWIDDIE

The answer is almost nothing, if you are within 1/2 mile of point zero—the center of the bomb burst. In fact, the shock of 400-800 mph winds, flash heat measured in 1000's of degrees, and light glare equivalent to 100 suns—all of which exist in this 1/2 mile area—will be so sudden you won't know what hit you.

But most of us will be outside of this target area, and with distance from the core of the bomb blast, our chances of living improve rapidly—if we keep our heads and react with cool, common sense. Remember that panic can also kill. The best way to avoid panic is to do what you can to prepare for such a bomb blast now, and to know exactly what you must do quickly when the blast comes. Accompanying this article, you'll find a Check-List for Survival, which points out what you and other members of your family should do for individual protection when the bomb explodes. Memorize it carefully.

What You Need in Your Refuge Room

Tools and Equipment: Jackknife, pick, shovel, Boy Scout type of hand ax, crowbar, hammer, saw, pliers, adjustable steel lally columns (to support first-floor joists), wrenches, extra door bolts, hinges, padlocks, wallboard (for covering broken windows), extension cords, lamp sockets, bulbs.

Medical Kit: Salves for burns, gauze bandage, compresses, adhesive tape, splints, chlorine tablets (for purifying water), mechanic's soap (for washing off possible radioactive dust).

Fire-Fighting Equipment: Hand extinguishers, stirrup pump, empty buckets, buckets of sand, buckets of water, garden hose (with coupling for attaching it to indoor faucets).

Lights: Battery-powered lights, kerosene lamps, candles, drop light.

Food: Canned food (choose fruits and vegetables packed with liquid), bouillon, dried milk, powdered cocoa and coffee, raisins, chocolate, dried fruit.

Cooking Equipment: Skillet, teakettle, covered pot, can opener, brazier, charcoal, bricks and grate (for improvised fireplace), fireplace fittings (so you can cook in regular house fireplace), jellied-

alcohol stove, extra cans of jellied alcohol, outdoor grills, clean five-gallon cans, waterproofed matches (in tin box or dipped in wax), kitchen soap, scouring powder, steel wool, basic chinaware.

Clothing: Underwear, socks, old coats, coveralls, overshoes, rubbers, boots, old gloves, rain coats, waterproof fabric, sweaters, jackets, bandannas (for radiation or smoke masks).

Furniture: Heavy tables, bunks, benches, wheeled cart (for basic evacuation kit), packing boxes, trash cans with lids, duckboards (for damp floor).

Valuables: Extra pair of glasses, lockbox (for valuable papers), money (in small bills).

Miscellaneous: Battery radio (car radio will also work), wind-up clock, maps of city and county, books, writing materials, eye goggles (for smoke or radioactive dust), old newspapers.

IT'S NEW!