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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

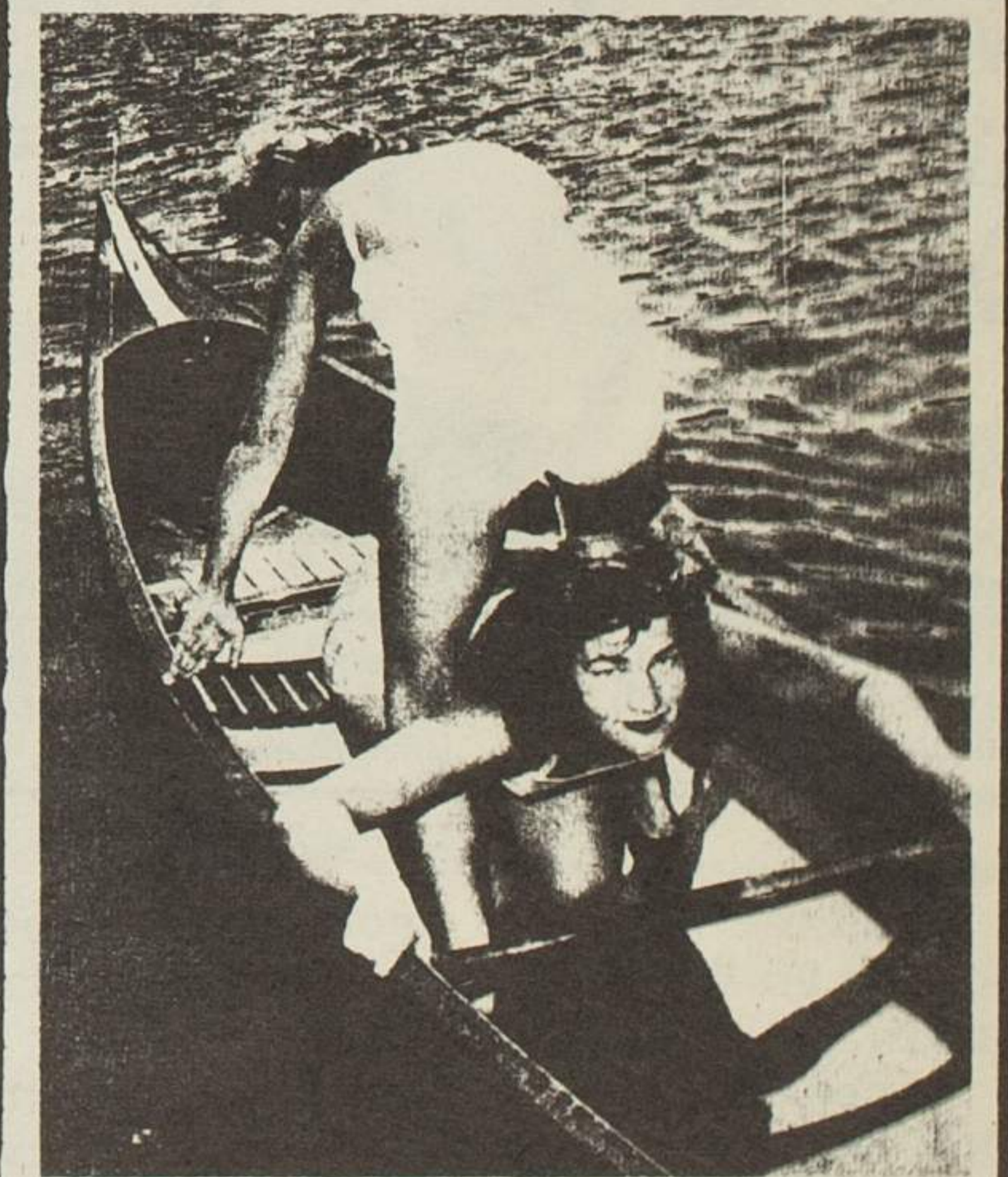
EDITORIAL

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