

Why Have You Forgotten Professor Funk?

As you will note from this letterhead I am. involved in matters of health through preventive means i.e. through nutrition primarily along with exercise, work, fresh air and sun, rest and cultural life. One of my inspirations was Casimer Funk, who discovered vitamins. As you may know he too was Polish. Just passed away a few years ago. It was through his work mainly that there is so much new knowledge to do with health as related to food. vitamins, amino acids and minerals. It would seem to me that in this age when nations are turning to nutrition and vitamin therapies along with natural methods of restoring health, your magazine would pay tribute to the works and influence of Dr. Casimer Funk, the father of vitamins, and nutritional approach to sickness and health. He was born and educated in Poland and I am sure you will find no problem in gathering a fine resumé on his life. work and his discoveries in this field. I sincerely feel that in the next 10-20 years Poland will regard Casimer Funk as one of its truly great men. The age we live in will of necessity have to turn more and more to preventing sickness, not just dealing with it after it has progressed too far and needs hospital and medical aid. My life has been a happy one due to my early discovery of natural ways of living and taking care of my body and health. Casimer Funk has been a huge guide in this respect, showing that modern bleaching of flours, sugar (white), cola and other carbonated beverages consumed by masses of people, is "causing sickness, decaying teeth, undermining strength and health and generally, downgrading health through losses of nutrients inherent in whole, unprocessed food." Meaning that commercializing food is at the expense of needed vitamins, minerals, enzymes, etc. All needed for total health and well be-

A Reader from Palm Springs, Cal.

FROM THE EDITORS: We have not forgotten Professor Funk. He has a lasting place in Polish memory and also is the pride of Polish science.

THERE DO THE STONES WE SEE LYING ABOUT COME FROM?

Stones are really pieces of broken rock. By the side of the road you can see stones being made with a hammer. These are sharp, as they have been rudely broken. But rocks are broken up in many other ways. Even the life in the soil on a cliff, for instance, may gradually break up the surface of the rock. If the broken pieces rub against each other and are open to the wind and the rain, they get rounded and dull. But if we take many of these stones and break them we find inside the unchanged rock, often beautifully smooth and bright. Those we have been speaking of are made of real rock which ages ago was made under the action of great heat. There are other kinds of stones which are quite soft.

observations from the Persian City Moon

Croaker from City Moon was sighted recently in the enclaves of the Middle East. He was ravaged with war and other disconcerting pestilence. He did not have cancer, though his left hand, scarred from years of prayer, trembled visibly when he approached watering holes. Children were seen to transmit strange vibrations and contortions when he wandered through the dirty bazaar. Old men, heavily ladened with the stuff of dreams, motioned in his direction then wallowed mysteriously back into campher dins of inequity. There was no justice. Disembodied ladies of the freak religion sprang to some life.

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

These questions tingle our fleshvelopes and heat our imaginations in the desert of the Persian City Moon. We want answers. We want.

This is obviously thrilling. For instance, how long will Croaker remain in weirdness? Will he rejoin the wandering troops of moon children before or sometime after? Is he stalking or being stalked? And does the money that assuages his dirty conscience mean more than CHICK and FRIES only the filter in any crankcase? Interesting questions, yes. But never enough for the long haul, or to speak de English.

All contributions from the International Disvision of the City Moon and assorted tailings.

Rod of Persia

12000 River Gypsies are Living in the Shanty Boats

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

There is a fascination about the life which cannot be appreciated by those whose lives are daily robbed by tiresome, joyless work, and so are left with only a shred of the most compromised imagining of the situation. The houseboat dwellers are not stifled by convention or limitation of any sort, they lie nude in the sun atop their boats if they wish and pass their money ashore for anything they want, with no barriers.

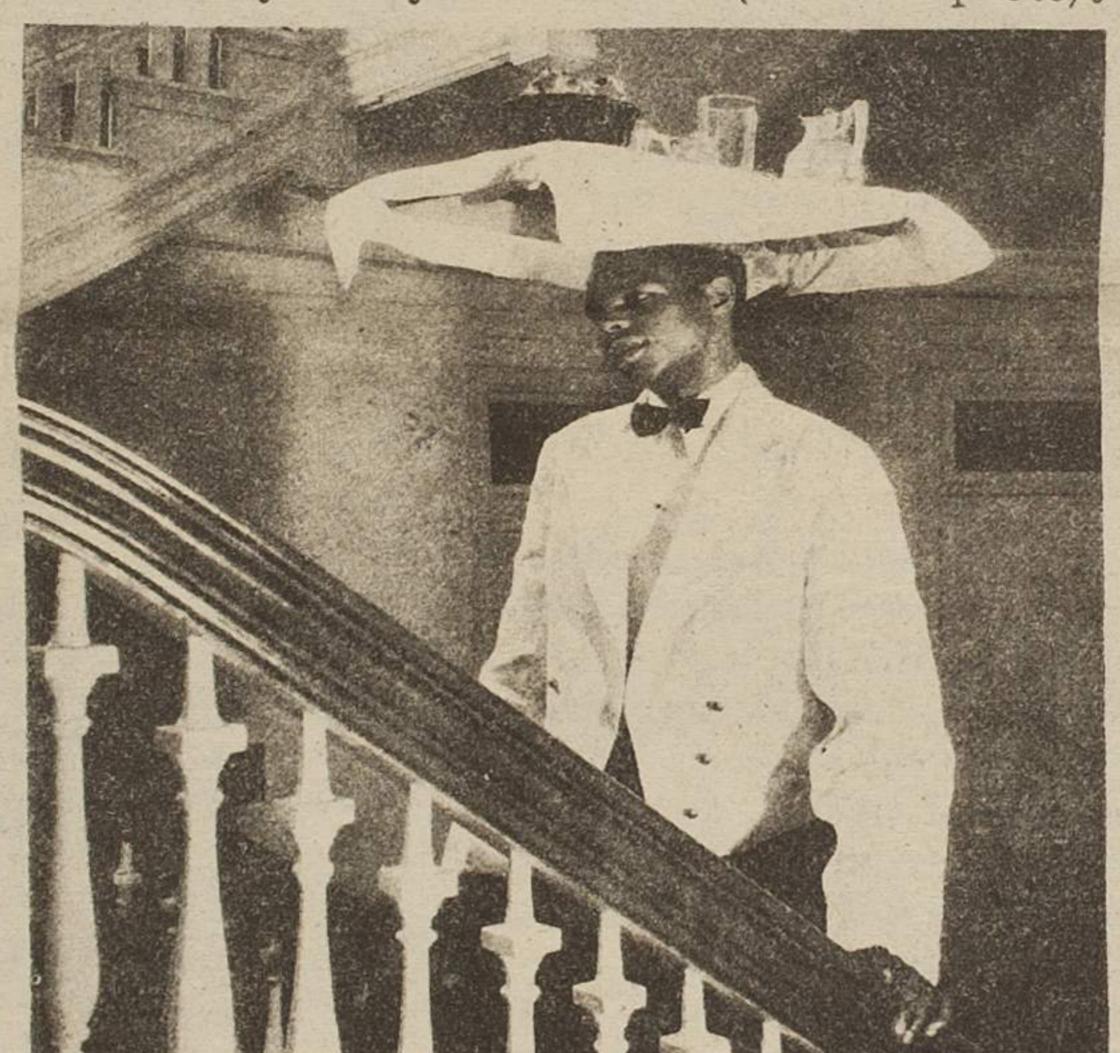
They are law unto themselves, and their lives are utterly without responsibility.

Unfortunately, among these civilized souls, may be found riff-raff. The lawless practicies of these riffraff of the river have caused them to be dreaded by shore people and the better class of shanty boatmen. Most of their time, when they are not stealing, eating, drinking or sleeping, is spent in playing cutthroat euchre, of which they are inordinately fond. Quarrels are of frequent occurence during these games and sometimes a murder is hidden by the waters of the muddy rivers.

Why does wealth act as a vacuum cleaner to the lowest elements of our culture?

Fortunately, many of the tramps' boats are run down by steamers in the night, owing to all the crew being drunk or asleep and, no light being shown. They awake in a panic as they are towed under, their mouths open to scream but fill with quiet water. Their nightclothes catch on the sharp top of a bob sawyer, which gets its name from the bobbing and sawing motions imparted to it by the water.

Meanwhile the wealthy boat owner sits in a luxurious cabin watching the T.V., attended to by a servant who can carry a tray on his head (attached photo).



Room-service tray arrives on waiter's head, an old Homestead custom. Guests often bet hundreds of dollars on favorite waiter in hotel's annual outdoor waiters' tray race.

He thinks about wintering at the National Trench as he fingers the bones of a plateful of crappie he ate earlier.

This is the life of riley as far as we can see. The rich, who work for what they get, deserve it.

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KING OF FRIED FOODS

THE COLORADO MAN-EATER

Alfred Packer, man eater, cannibalized 5 companions prospecting with him in Southwest Colorado, disposing them one after the other. He is about to be pardoned from above, believe it or not. This leaves the halfdozen who shelved Packer a dozen years ago queasy and wheezy, because they know that Packer has vowed . to set them free from the encumberance of their corporeal selves when he re-enters society. In the open court he declared that if he ever survived his imprisonment he would surely kill and eat those who put him away. He also confessed having a cannibalistic feeling toward Preston Nutter, a cattleman of Utah, but admitted he might have trouble killing Nutter. 'He is the only man I ever saw who could look me in the eye." As he spoke the prisoner wildly rolled his eyes, nervously clenched his hands and trembled with intensest feelings of rage and hatred. A gentleman who has dogged Packer through the courts says, "The man is crazy and has a mania for killing and eating persons who have crossed his path. They should cage the man."

-AREA-

## Beyond the Doll's House

DRAMATIC HIPPY BIRTH

On her red porch Mrs. Rhodessa Munted next door to Ride On Bikes cycle shoppes all by herself old and alone plus very late at night on the dark streets she reports possible seeing a flash of white people on bikes flashing into the balmy Kansas evening all wear ing the standard bicycle masks from ride on bicycle shop on the way to Sin Pad Hippie to deli deli liver one baby of Mrs. Pad Hippi Girl of New York. Old Mrs Munty claims to ride bikes. Our bikes are the best available. We have seats. Partially effective road goggles, plus perfect full ones. No green and yello grasshopper gut pudding on your face on summer of his death. nites. Get ones. Come in and see us. Roll up your pants if you don't want trouble. We help girls who are confused about the bike. No circus here, we do serious trade only. Nothing but the very best from Mississippi and Mexico.

Johnny A. Martin, Jr., 28, formerly of Palco and a 1965 graduate of Palco High School, was found murdered in a bizarre killing on June 1 at Morgan City, Louisiana, according to reports received at Plainville.

Martin, a native of Topeka first came to the area as a youth traveling through on Highway 18. His traveling companion's car broke down near Palco and without money for repairs they got jobs there. Martin liked the community and stayed on, working and making his home at the Sutor Ranch while attending Palco High School. He later entered the service and was employed as a deep sea diver at the time

According to sketchy details received. Martin and another person were shot at close range by a despondent person whom he had once befriended, who then took his own life.

BASSACK WARD'S PROOF

With smug satsifaction Bassack Ward turned to his colleagues to announce that he had proven the irreversibility of time -- just as the modal curve inexplicably looped, returned to zero, and headed in the opposite direction. he percentage of decays violating parity was quite high, much higher than in earlier experiments. As the density ncreased, the decay modes began to shift strongly in the direction of a time-forward assymetry. The cathode-ray tube allowed with the computer's plot of K-meson density and decay modes and energies. Then more power, more precision. the power was increased, the machine tuned more precisely. Soon the exit chamber of the accelerator was filled with K mesons undergoing decay. Brobdingnagian magnets hummed with thousand-ampere currents. By the time he was ready, his assistants had arrived. At the laboratory he spent over two hours activating the circuitry of the huge high-energy accelerating equipment that would produce the K mesons necessary for the experiment. He would show that the laws of microphysics were not time-symmetric. But probability theory could specify accurately enough. Though ultimately, of course, no system, not even the universe, could contain enough information to specify completely its own definitive future states. A question of probabilistic fluidity. One would have to think of time in terms of structures elaborated through a phase space consisting of cells of equal hypervolume. The direction of time was such a context. That fact could be proven by consideration not only of initial conditions but also of those of boundary and symmetry as well: all physical laws are subject to constraints which furnish an inviolable context in which they function. The dance of entropy and negentropy was set imponderably long ago, and its motions could not be reversed. Microphysically speaking, at any rate. The arrow of time could not change direction, given certain initial conditions of the universe -- even though the laws of physics make no distinction between past and future and grant no special status to any particular moment. As he drove to the laboratory he considered all the facets of his marvelously articulated cognitions. He shaved, bathed, and dressed quickly, leaving his house before dawn, with not so much as a kiss for his wife still lost in the oblivion of sleep. The dreamwork had yielded the software of an irrefutable hypothesis. He knew that now and could prove it. Professor Bassack Ward awoke with a start, his head ablaze with insight: time could not go MICHAEL L. JOHNSON backward.

Mrs. Podds-Is that a realistic novel you are reading? Mrs. Bobbs-Indeed it is. It contains a perfect description of the bacillus of vellow fever and tells how to make appla dumplings .- New York Weekly.

We've heard some grumbling about the pigeon population in the city of Atchison in recent months, and it seems that Parsons has this same problem, according to Jim Davis who quotes this suggestion from a reader.

"Concerning the Parsons Pigeon Problem, the following is a quote from the March 1975 issue of the Auctioneer magazine:

"Cleverest pigeon control idea we've heard of was supposedly used by the mayor of Muhldorf, Germany. He hired men to climb to the roofs and Collect all the pigeon eggs.
Then he had the eggs hardpoiled and put back in the

"The pigeons wore themseives out trying to hatch the hardboiled eggs instead of laying new ones (which they would have done if the eggs had not been returned to the nests). Within a year, Muhldorf had fewer pigeons and cleaner buildings and streets. Not a bad idea.

