

# THE 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 Danzerour 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 few people 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 bucks off to box 591, Lawrence, Ks. 66044. Or write and tell us what you think, what's worrying 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 suburban 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, are happy it was not another Pearl Harbor type incident.

## Controls on Meat

### EDITORIAL

Fensivex News and its sister and brother companies within the American Lemo wishes to condemn the most recent assault on the person of Governor Wuntz. 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 scrofula has 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 Bizkit 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 in 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. Fensivex has never endorsed a candidate in the past who has advocated this echo from the right, these empty slogans. But we do remember Wuntz in the old days, a dirt-poor frog farming man of many soods, 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 Wuntz was. It is this clarified position that Fensivex 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 stoiks 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 Wuntz.

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Additional staff—back pages.



Could the President Be Altered?

Dead chickens have been suited, smeared on the white house rotunda. A spirit of bemusement has polarized the American citizens against one another. Neighbors ask neighbors, "Can a president be altered?" Yet no one knows the true answer. We can all marvel at the amazing feats performed by the government physicians, only try 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 zood quick 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 at the president, for example, spent 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 bemused on Wiltex Park Company Lagoons. She gave her name to authorities, Charlotte Wuntex. She says she was out floating in the rented canoe with her boyfriend Arty Aleknocktermann, of the village to the north. They claim the boyfriend was surprised by the girl in the white bathing suit showabove, 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. Aleknocktermann says, "I come up out of the water and my eye almost sucked out of my head, because of that new diving goggles 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 onto 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 tumbleweeds 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

# PROBLEMS

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 Washington 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 collectors 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 this disguise, skiddering and rinning, showing his rat's teeth. GG help us!

## New Process Army Advancing

Many of this country's most ferried 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.



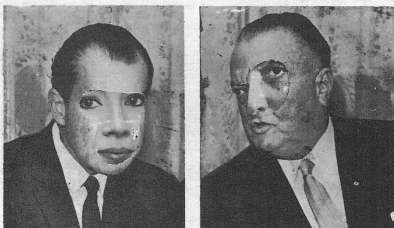
## Industrial Machine Pulsing

Myra Slobitz of the hated Chicken American Sund demonstrating his automatic War Status pulse machine. Slobitz 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 sniffing out of the great smoky Nafire. It seems that whenever we manage to tread a step forward the evil power of little soxdiril 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 Fenselwey News Co., who are debilitated vets one and all of these insidious mock wars which interrupt the New Tele-vision 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 granules which we all suffer from these days of health food & soya products in bulk, which have laxative 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 pld. 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 bare horns. When a trigger is pulled, air under 5,000 lbs. pressure rush through the horns, which can be heard for 10 miles.

## He Can Blow Back of Autos



## GOD GIRL DEAD

The Little God Girl of Miami has died of a pericardial infection at the iHotel Dieu clinic in Amarillo.

# How to Build A Family Foxhole



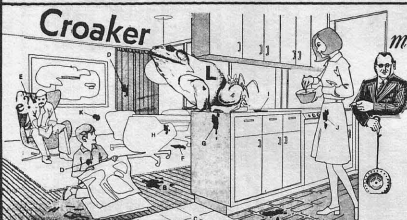
## Roach-Powered Wagon

A LAST someone has thought up a useful purpose for the (ugh) roach. A Special Biological Warfare (topical roach) was developed by A.C. Miller, Entomological Section Head, Gulf Research & Development Co. Laboratory. He put a model God Oil wagon during a presentation speech (see below). Mr. Bibbman said to have performed credibly, with the proper coaxing. When not giving bug rides, he is a member of a colony at the Hammerville, 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 slighted 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?



1 The Chinese were the first to use finger-printing, applying thumb prints as seals on legal documents.

2 Our Bureau of Information will answer questions regarding articles in this magazine, if accompanied by return postage.

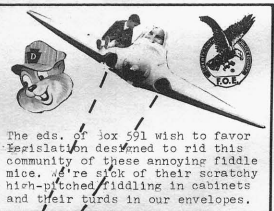
# WAR ON MICE

Los Angeles —I've had Lee had made a statement concerning the slayings but deferrer hour told police after drawing 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 1930s, was charged for investigation of murder a blood clot on the brain when apartment Tuesday night. He had not fought since suffering a blood clot on the brain when knocked out in 1939.

Lee then called the children into the apartment, saying it was time for their baths, and drowned them in the bathtub.

Detective Jack Cochran said Cochran said.



The eds. of box 591 wish to favor legislation designed to rid this community of those annoying fiddle nice, & re sick of their scratchy high-toed fiddling in cars and their turds in our envelopes.

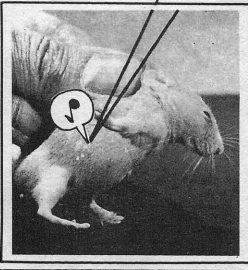
# WASTE OR PROGRESS?

## Oklahoma City Contaminated

Oklahoma City —A check of self-service ice in Oklahoma City bins and models 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 bins.

Write 'n' Askus Process News Box 591, Lawrence



## A Genius

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

He held fast to the thief but his bitten - off ear ceased 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 feel hardly any pain," he said.

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 smelly jaws around boy's faces and chew hard.

C He jumped back and squirted out another foul drooping, 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 of urine from his face whizzing and hits the modern-home chair, and his body flops to the rug.

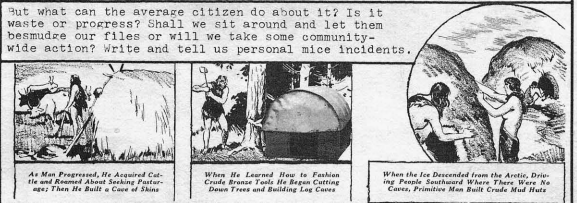
I Tomato juice.

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 Sounding 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 ice cubes.

L The big Croaker himself, perched in a trance-like state, oddly beamed and smiling placidly—apparently the war is over.

M Art, one of the good old boys. Write Moon Box 591



As Man Progressed, He Acquired Craz. Crazed men are the cause of all our troubles. Then He Built A Case of Shins

When He Learned How to Fashion Crazed men are the cause of all our troubles. Then He Built A Case of Shins

When He Descended from the Arctic, Driven to the South Pole by the Ice. Then He Built A Case of Shins

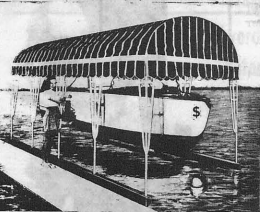
# HOBBYSHOP

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 Pensilver & American Lens Newspaper and Visual Media 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 shoves 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 spured through his vital organs by his own thigh bone. 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



# 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 Puntz, 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 sat 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 taco and take them to the Hirms Hall. The boys liked them so I decided to cook on Pier 23 on Saturdays."

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Effie Jeffer, 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."

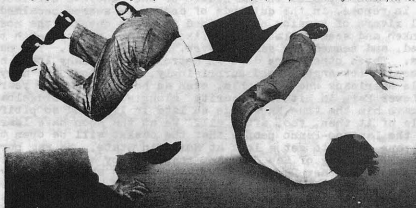
# MEXICO'S AIR RACE KILLED

## Health-Crime Eliminated

Somerschoing 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  
Loin  
Thighs  
Knees  
Legs, ankles  
Feet

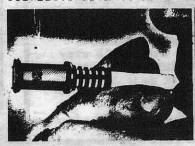


### SYMBOL

Ram  
Ball  
Twins  
Crab  
Lion  
Virgin  
Balance  
Scorpion  
Archer  
Goat  
Waterman  
Fish

### CANCER CURE

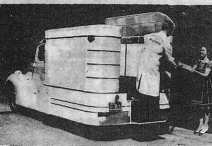
Airborn disease organism may hold key to cancer prevention, say Process Doctors. In experiment shown below Dr. Montex is smoking camel hair cigar through particulate screens to filter particulate bodies, thereby eliminating the foraging cancer spores. Among other things, the familar pine cone boiled and baked 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



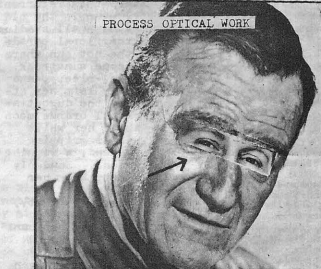
FECAL BREAD  
Civil Engineer Hop Wundex shown above pouring the stiff white syrup which emerges from the City's new Fecal Baking facility on the south edge. . . . Nearby, a finished loaf of hot new bread from the government's scientific baking engineers. This bread has been designed a-flutalard

(Continued) containing a daily supplement of anti-flutardance medicine 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 Wilkeyvale. 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 Morin, 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 Wundy, now reduced to a racoon like stare, unable to see well in normal daylight and walks the highway by bite, turning back and beaming into approaching headlights. None of these had to happen ever.











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 perogorio--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 perogorio apparently lin

# er cheapo

## PENSIVEX ADVERTISING

### POLITICAL PERSECUTION

These prosecutions, the senseless ones, must be stopped, say the editors of Progress News (Box 591, Lawrence, Kas. 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 Hunty's have knotted the

### Two-Tube OCEAN HOPPER



### 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. 12th.

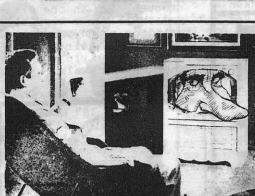
The victim, Chester Avery, died about 5:30 p.m. at the General Hospital. Police said the incident occurred about 4:45 p.m. yesterday.

### Sword-Wielding Skater Strikes

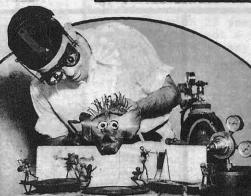
READING, Pa. (AP) -- William Wicks said he was walking on a Reading street this morning when a man on roller skates and wearing a sword rolled by and struck him over the head with a sword.

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

### A SENATOR CHOKES A MAN



Noxmix Light 1-stol--\$18.88.



Ohio-Art Monkey Turner--\$12.95

### 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 coils 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 lassies in mind. Come to our open house Sunday here at Kontex offices on Toledo street and see these items for yourself. We give easy credit, low monthly obligation. Check out this little chicken cutting 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 Babelts 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 full-blown 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 Campco 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 mulls and carp poison. We have dry dog meat and cat food. And, friends, we also take dog 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 margin 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 wack 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.

### THE TWO TUBE OCEAN HOPPER

Plumber Lemo's garage has upped up another minor miracle. This time it's a two-tube ocean going wheel machine powered by a 1 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 below are Tom McCrowhill's wife and son Monty, driving the Salmon Sea near Los Angeles on the hopper, searching for debris from the Specious rumor, to have crash landed in the area. Official sources said, "New thyroid missiles from the reids may have been responsible." Following a trail of Specious smoke, the Mom & boy wheel on

### To Revive Leather

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

—Mrs. ELEANOR MERRILL, N.Y.

### From Old Stockings

Why spend money for a soap? 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 them a soap handle. This makes the finest kind of a denture brush.

—ALAN N. KOSKI, N. D.

### Washing Paint

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

—HAROLD I. SPOONER, WIS.

### Using Old Toilet Soap

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

—RUTH MORRIS OF NANTY, 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 for Turkeys

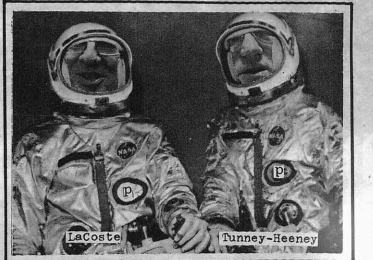
### KENNY-HEENEY MEETS PROP

The river comes into Lawrence carrying and and plugs of knotted chemical rag, and one small pedal-boat with Kesey at the stick, his bald head burnt red by the Kan sas Moon, his ten-pound heart beating in the very chest of America. The man who made Sig Nurse is here. He brings gifts for local poets, and dollars for worthy causes. And a white unheavened host in a jade-studded nonstrance of gold trails along behind him a special boat of his 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 taxi swept by, honking, but Kesey beat a steady path to the site of the old Hook Chair Cafe, a hole here away from home for almost fifty years now. Clouds paced across the heavens (con

### 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 was dismounted, clutched a nearby fence post, his face white with pain, and stood there until the acute spasm abated."

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



LaCoste

Tunney-Heeney

# Tunney-Heeney Meets LaCoste Friday

## BOODY DOODY

What was howdy doody doing the night the then vice-president Nixxon exposed his dow 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 rhineston slucker as a hard-oak fire roared in the hearth. They were watching Uncle Wilty in a dress, havin' cold spaghett thrown in his face by Italian standehands. The T.V. suddenly jumped and rattled on the table as though it were in a cartoon, when a clown-like masked noon of a face with namfinz jaw and yellowed teeth suddenly loomed owl-like on the screen. The vice-president came on. The doxy floated. It seemed a harmless doo, it could have been his own dead head on the desk, ut howdy and rhineas were not impressed. Rhineas jumped up and pulled the set. While howdy blew out the kerosene lamp and rhineas unbuttoned his shirt.

## Learn to MOUNT Birds and Animals

KENNY CUBUS FOND

Little Kenny 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 chits, 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 T-city suburban home. His per par parents are gentiles and their life savings have gone to pay doctors nurses and hospital bills. Kenny 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-HEA

KILRAY

Spring Dresses to Be Woven

From Cow's Milk

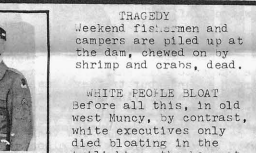
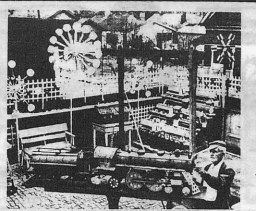
I GET OVER 75 MILES PER GALLON

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 pitfalls and triumphs encountered during her attempt to patent this electric stand-up car shown above. No smoking please.

## DEATH WAILED THROUGH HIDEOUS NIGHT!

Bizarre suicide-surprise pact results in 2 dead, grandson and grandfather. Throughout the hideous night (see below) grandson Terry 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 Lutz, using only tin cans and war surplus materials to make his models to avoid the stroke after retirement from the larger, realer railroad. Now he play in yard like child until grandson Kenny plot fiery seletin 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.



# H-H-A-R-P

NUOAL ANALYSIS

below left, the late poet Diddlebaum Prop in the familiar risid flinker-painting 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 passare is not unnoticed in these good officer and we've seen to it that a tiny spriz of parsley (his favorite herb) is layed upon his tomb at the Lower Parn in perpetuity, tranquillizins drugs are now free

## What Will an A-Bomb Do to Your Home?



As shown in the cutaway above, your best chance of survival on A-bomb's blast is to stand for the basement and curl up tight to mastic structural supports (A) or under a table next to the wall (B).

By DON DINWIDDIE

LET'S face hard facts. Someday an atomic bomb may explode near you, particularly if you live in 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?

The answer is almost nothing. If you are within 10 mile point zero-thirty of the bomb's burst, in the shock of 400-500 mph winds, flash heat measured in 3000's of degrees and light glare equivalent to 300 suns—all in 1/10 of a second you will be so stunned 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:** Jackscrew, pick shovel; Boy Scout type of hand ax, crowbar, hammer, saw, pliers, adjustable steel cutters (to support first-throw jacks), wrenches, extra door bolts, hinges, padlocks, wallboard (for covering break windows), extension cord, lamp, flashlight, bulbs.

**Medical Kits:** Salves for burns, gauze bandages, 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 coconut and coffee, raisins, chocolate, dried fruit.

**Cooking Equipment:** Skillet, teakettle, covered pot, can opener, blender, 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 grill, clean, five-gallon cans, wrapped in wax, (in tin box or dipped in wax), kitchen soap, scouring powder, steel wool, basic furniture.

**Clothing:** Underwear, socks, old coats, overalls, overboots, rubbers, boots, old gloves, rain coats, waterproof fabric, sweaters, jackets, handbags (for radiation or smoke masks).

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

**Furniture:** 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, egg goggles (for smoke or radioactive dust), old newspapers.

**IT'S NEW!**



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 plott on the soft sidewalk. We thank God for this.



## the new FOOTBALL president

THE LAST DINNER The last dinner is a dinner of dignity and always happens at sunset. It 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 food. It is a pity that of the dead carps, people awoken in the street stuffed to the gills with radioactive rice, 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 seize out. TO KEEP YOUR FAMILY FROM GOING THROUGH THE HELL, do the government ritual. Organize your family and friends who would want to have large blacksize carps eating parties, and dining peacefully 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 won't have a nightmare for it, so why not do what we do—listen to your government closely.

# Noxin Pooch Dead:

## NEW FOOD PROGRAMS

The chancellor's dogs, Hunty and Lemon # 2, are dead, dressed, and eaten at a Florida lunch. The chancellor has decided to sacrifice his own prize winning schneider pups and set an example for children across the nation who will, as of next month, be asked to turn their dogs over to the government's new D-meat programs, now that the C-meat is depleted, and the noisy hargle of alley cats is forever silenced. Your reporter, on the scene at the president's lunch says, "One of his aids doosed them with gas and torched them."



**SERGEANT FRI.** Blows Sergeant Fri's partner Ben shown blowing fresh air from new plastic lung after surgery by Burnhard against the checks of the President's wife.

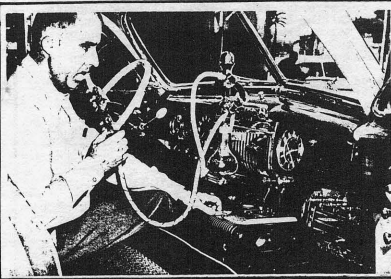
## DEAD FISH FEU ON MILK

Dead carp have been kept partially alive, that is not dead enough to bury, fed only sour milk thro nose drop syringes.

**MILK BARS LOWER FARM.** Tenderman milky claims to have successfully barred the lower farmers from his large ranch ten year now. Nothing grow now, Milky dead.

**FARM LOWERS MILKBARS.** Reports have come in by Swiss telling of new rule in effect out there now that the new regime has come in, which is that lower quality milk has been sumping in to the cities because of the low lowering of the milk-bars there, the man said.

Mother Hunty has been giving milk now to all lower farm children and cooking needs for 29 yr

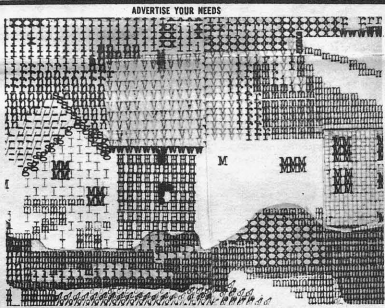


We would like two strong boys to work in our yard on spring afternoons. We want strong and tremendously energetic young men with a lot of drive and a nose for the city of class. We feel that harmony is a plausible goal. Charles and Lillian Iblan. BOX.

We work painlessly with needles on a little stage in our basement. Nightly. Admission variable. The Amazing Wunties.

Why move now? Everywhere you go you hear trochillies. Ernie and I sneaked up on one the other night out by still it was in the road. It was sitting by a fire roasting a weenie and if Ernie wasn't there, I woulda made one hell of a mess. But a dam owl hit the windshield and cracked the glass and Ernie screamed and I looked up and saw a chariot in the sky twisting in the air like the mad wacky tail of a kite and I vomited it made me sick. And that damn trochillie stood by the fire and didn't turn around and my spincter screwed up and my dam thumbs started to burn like welding rods. Farmenides Johnson 8-13

Thanx to St. Jude for many favors granted since 1959. Mrs. Sundella, Syndria



myron's art typing & Speedwriting

# help wanted

Rubber Flaps, foreign cigarettes, painted turtles. M. Prop, Box 591

WANTED: Groover, 'come as you are' types to come sit in my house while I feed you candy nonpareils I make in tiny kitchen.

Dogs, hogs, and Frogs, some dead. Call Farmer Wunter, Lower Farm. Cheap as mud-See To Believe!

## BLOW YOURSELF UP

We want people to come down to our offices and see films we have of Lightfoot Hotsie using fresh cukes in her act. Dial Okra in Boston, Box 591 Lawrence, MOON

Wanted: One guy with the following experience:  
1. Ph.D. with 27 years of schduling and not a touch of real life or any job experience at all, not even as much as bleeding solder onto a lead pipe.  
2. Having felt the electric poke of the wild hair up and driving west because of it.  
3. Being in touch with the female experience and having a woman's experience explained to you by a woman.  
4. Perpetually seeming to be a monkey wrench

but instead having a crescent.

I want to meet you or land a job. I don't really care which. Mayna Call 864 collect.

Wanted: A handsome young blond-haired and mustachioed graduate student to take home to meet my mom and dad. I am lonely in the girl's dormitory. I want a career, and will insist on it, graduate boys, unless you "take me off the street" and lead me to a den with a fire-place, some bourbon, and Milton playing quietly in the background on a record player. Hermione.

Wanted: Muscular Ph.D. in one of the animal sciences to work in my hog yard. \$1.00/hour plus a bland lunch. Farmer Wunty. Lower farm.

Wanted-Graduate psych majors to visit my house on Friday afternoons for lawn putting sessions. Work on commission basis, no guarantees. No queens please.

BECAUSE OF THE NEW TROCHILLOS, we need corpse handlers by the hundreds. Our town is under assault in a SENSE PECULIAR, FOR NO OTHER TOWN IN THE ENTIRE STATE IS UNDER THE APPLICATION, as the River City is. You have seen our silent sign-carriers perhaps. Church of the Concrete Cross, Mass Ave.

## cheap rates



call Fu-3132.

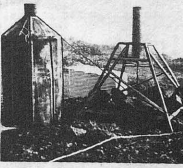
# Peanut Butter Contamination Claim Issued

"Rats and mice lick themselves, so their feces frequently contain hairs. Finding short hairs in a finely ground product like Peanut Butter indicates that they probably entered in fecal pellets," the article continued. "How the FDA can classify such filth as 'natural or unavoidable' remains a mystery to all."

In tests of peanut butter reported last May, CF found that manufacturers of 86 per cent of the samples tested were able to prevent contamination of either by insect fragments or by rodent hairs.

Winkies made these additional points:

—The FDA expects processors to clean up a product before or as much as "you would clean up something you took out of your own garden."  
—The outbreak of foods by rodents and flies, notorious carriers of disease bacteria, constitutes a real health hazard."



## DOG WASTE

This City has not seen the end of the dog waste problem yet. First the City placed those crude, smoky crumpled in every neighborhood (shown above), and then the dog patrols went out (middle photo), and finally the red cross snuffing rods. Still, we had not enough D-meat in our National pot, and what does the government do? They tell us lies about new programs using music to promote milk output at the Lower Dairy farms, but the process is not fooled. The Process is an alert upstanding organ and should not be prosecuted. Many of the letters express the deep sullen dissatisfaction with the new meat phases. We want a steady meat supply for all Americans far and wide. We remember the first chihuahua we snuffed under the red cross quotas, the thing upchose side under cone.

## DR. WUNTY SOYBURGERS

It is rumored that Dr. Wunty operated soyburger stands coast-to-coast serving heated lemo maid in winter. Dr. Wunty also leads a parade from Petaluma, CA. plus he sits in his big car back of Bob's in summer. He makes soy-wedges in back of car on electric stove and serves them on harmless buns for 2 bits. You get yours. These are served without commercial mustard. Some insect fragments. Wunty.



## WUNTY IN LAWRENCE

Making his annual fall college circuit, Wunty will be in this City on October Halloween day. Girls only, must have a card ready, or I.D. Pictures. The car is blowing car along at his speed, with special snuffing carbon monox device and the engine. The Wunty car is capable of running on lunspong. See it parked on 12th & read October 15. Be there. Showers 25¢. No food stamps on soyweaters. Poo piped to you thru devic

# ROOM with BAT

Wunty has big warehouse on off-island where the bats are kept, million or more stacked up to dry-partial state of decompost. Blood is drained for medicinal use and eyes dried for making art bracelets. Wings used to propel Wunty patent bat bikes. The suck pipe in vention made Wunty his first mil. change name to Mattar Will be in Lawrence. See him.



## BE YOUR OWN BOSS- AND KEEP THE PROFITS

taking a puff on his Arabian water pipe, Wunty is the sole manufacturer of a playdesk of same direction. Note the radio fountain with pull-out slot in lower right. Below, after the meal he slides the ladder. You look into the compartment behind the seat. Automobile clutch switch, mounted on the master, turns current on and off. Lower, right, electric barbecue slides out along the backseat current and Matter's engine crank for guest. Lid pins down and the "hot dogs" coast inside container. Right, engine compartment is filled with Wunty's own oil. Wunty's own water reservoir. Matter's hand rests on one of three pumps which operate plumbing.



Snuffing Rod Cones



Soo-dollar alligator shoes, given him on his fiftieth birthday by Senator Wunty of Florida. At one point, in the late days of the administration, he would stand at the White House pocket fence, hands gripping the waxy barbed jaws, waiting for some exciting name to come out of J.R.'s. Eventually someone would pass who would recognize his name and he would walk over to the president, who then invited the stranger in to spend a day with the Commander-in-Chief. For three days thousands of people would flock to the White House coffee room where they were heard...the Waltergate...the controls on meat...soldiers in our homes...and the mad Russian Soloschetsyn, cowardly stalking our street in television and daily newspapers." We remember Noxin watching silent screenings of "Coyventry" and "The Holy Grail" while the House of Representatives wondered at the sickening feeling that Charleston Heston was in the room with him. At the wake a confederate soldier came in, in full dress with sabre and mudded boots and a bit of blood on his face, and he knelt before the casket, weeping like a child. Everyone stood. Hats were lifted, heads were bowed, and a general reverence filled the room, though a sigh lifted up from the crowd like a dead cat. The soldier stood erect, faced about and left the room. One of us went to the purple drapes and pulled them back and disappeared into the smoke of traffic. We were glad he had come and he moved us, but still we suspect he was a member of an odd new revolutionary army. Some philosophers say now that the Pax-Noxin, a period of peace they call it, never existed, no happy time, no golden age, no era of great clouds hovering like eagles over the St. Louis Arch, or Japan; the bard said it best, "all's well that ends well." And who can say, no matter what they said when he was alive, that Noxin didn't end very, very well. He did it in his crowning moment, as P.P., the poet, said, "he grew old, grey, bald, and blue," and died, and purpled face of Noxin all but moribund, his pitiful thorax croaking for air, his melon-like belly inflating and deflating as though a boy stood by with a bicycle pump. Pat left from the scene, and never returned. The doctor told us later that the emergency button. Physicians came, and one of them whispered, "acute occlusion I'm afraid, he's gone." All the great ones were in F.V. that night, spewing half-baked eulogies at Johnny Carson. And the poets, and the novelists, and the historians, and the politicians, the spectacle of his passing on television. Some of us remember the dark years of the Noxin presidency, the vicious brain-wrenching accusations falling upon him like a ball-bearing drizzle, the demeaning pictures of him cowering round the White House like a little mouse, the black and white pictures of him being ripped on the electrodes. The boy scouts burning themselves on the White House lawn. Embarrassing questions were asked, why had they immolated themselves in a totally senseless manner and without apparent reason? A lot of people thought that the Noxin administration was headed toward a certain destination, but the worst horror had not yet befallen him. (Continued Next Issue...)