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King of the river

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CITY MOON

Vol. 1, No. 1, January 1979. Edited by Roger Martin and David Ohle. Our motto: Sworn to fun, loyal to none. Eat, drink, and breathe. Never woo the folly. Stop just short. SASE. No poetry.

BUDD SMOKES OUT THE NEUTRODYNES

Candidate Budd was locked up in the American Jail yesterday afternoon for treating the inhabitants of the neutrodyne cage to a lighted cigar. Budd threw the cigar into a mound of rake-straw, thereby terrifying a score of dynes and starting a fire in the cage.

One buck dyne melted down like a holiday candle, while another bubbled and burned. Their peaceful nest was a ball of flame. Then the flames were stamped out and Budd arrested. Our analysis: It takes more calories to eat a piece of celery than the celery has in it.



**This Is Strictly Illegal
and Offenders Will
Be Prosecuted**

Bulletin



Dr. Boo

CUTTER MADE INSANE BY LIGHTNING

A brother of Bloodgood Cutter, Frances, crabbing locally in a marshy borrow pit, felt galvanized yesterday, as had Fate Perry, in Dresden, exactly ten years ago. The reason? Lightning.



Cutter, maddened in the flash, then barged into the office of Patents and Subventions in Alamo-gordo, bringing something smelly in a sleeve of newspaper. It turned out to be a pickled ponyfoot on the end of a stick. Half a crab in his mouth, eyes as big as God's, he said, "This device is being used by me to determine the best flooring for a barn."

Further enquiries were discouraged and Cutter denied his patent without even polite adieu.

An orange fuzz appeared on Cutter's jaws, becoming by St. John's Day, a stringy and irregular beard. He wore his baseball cap when the days threatened rain. He experienced no pain.

MILKMEN SIGN HUGGING PLEDGE

Drunkenness, dishonesty, incompetency, drinking and smoking are vices mother's milkmen have standardized resistance to through their union leadership.

Chauncey Logan, union president, announced, "My mother's milkmen have also agreed, beginning Monday,

to hug any woman who meets them at the door holding the empties."

One hundred milk wagon drivers have signed the pledge in the last months.

A similar suit in the Fifth Chancery Court concerns a case of "mistaken"

hugging. Important questions of due process were argued by attorneys for Stephen Sumner, whose religion requires retaliation against a milkman who mistakenly hugged his mother while she idled on a porch in Shreveport last summer. Listen up mothers: If you won't sell your milk, we won't buy your tale -- City Moon Eds.

NOVELIST TO STARVE SELF

Kansas Fingerberry, a new city novelist, is starving herself according to her closest friends and confidantes. She'll be dead by Saturday, says Pat Foote, City Moon stringer in the Bugger Zone, a "bad" neighborhood near the Buffer.

She was in a joke shop Saturday last, looking for a box of art monkeys to help her with her typing. She left with her monkeys in a bag stinking to high heaven. Outside, a bait sale was in process. Crawlers, \$4.50 a dozen, blue devils a dime,

fishermen were strung up like perch up and down the block.

Fingerberry adressed the weary Nimrods thusly: "I'm writing this novel because it exemplifies life.

"It shows how people have a Robin Hood urge.

"It shows people sailing by shanty to Patmos, to view the relics of St. John.

"I expect the poor will like this book, but the rich ducks of the East won't put their bills anywhere near it."

So Fingerberry is to starve herself. She'll go this Friday to Municipal park and rent a pedal skiff. She'll pump her way to the middle, and there, like a bird in the wilderness, fast to death.

Fingerberry is advised that she is likely to rock the boat and drown instead -- Editors, City Moon



BIG HOG COOKS TOWN

Dresden, Tennessee has been burned before by a wide assortment of both accident and bagatelle, but nothing can touch the latest burning of Dresden. A live pork torch was started on a wild run by the explosion of a butter lamp, apparently the property of one Bloodgood Cutter, a drover

out of Reno, who narrowly escaped burning to a cinder on the road. The torch, in a frenzy to avert the flames it wore about itself like a cloak, ran beneath the floor of a man made insane by lightning ten years ago, Fate Perry, who was sleeping above Tuck's Restaurant, and caught it on fire.

Perry had gone to his room at 11 o'clock to retire. He lit the lamp which caught fire within, and Perry threw it into the street. The lamp struck the Town Hog fairly in the middle of the back and exploded, covering the hog with burning butter. The squeaks of his Hogship rattled the sky.



Turn the page.

nothing happened

Child's Stool Great For Use in Garden

Blackwell Cutter fertilized his lawn with 300 lbs. of stool saved over last year, expecting it to produce lush grass. Instead, he ended up with 2000 tomato plants and random stalks of popping corn.

"We've even got four or five watermelons and pumpkin vines in with them," Cutter said, adding, "cherry tomatoes, regular ones, one kind I'm not sure of, cotton, and a kind of hardy

flower with a delightful perfume."

Asked how the stool produced its miracle crops, Cutter said, "Well, I don't quite know how you say it politely. The American, I may say, is the progeny of the dozen men of different characters from different climes. As a result, he doesn't digest seeds. They just pass through, instead. Ergo, the unintended garden."

Village burning said illegal

After several hoboos have been accumulated, they are marched to the public square. They are lined up there. The town marshal, holding a rawhide whip, tells them that the corporate limits of the town are one mile away. At a signal, they are off, the understanding being that the hobo whose tat-

tered coat tail last flutters across the ditch will be burned in the village square.

Harding Village's cure for the hobo habit worked -- until yesterday. Woody Hockaday, latest loser in the footrace, afire, broke loose and ignited the Village's (contd.)

Bilke Nets a Thon Boy

Characterizing as "brutal in the extreme" the act of a thon boy in attempting to throw his blind father out of a third story window, Magistrate Bilke sentenced Robert Ragged to serve six months on Wall's Island yesterday.

Arthur Ragged, the father, is past seventy. The younger

Ragged, returning home from an operation in which his arm was nailed to his shoulder to make it useful after a recent bout with polio, drove members of the family out of the flat and attacked the father.

Thanks to the nailing operation, Ragged can now put his hand in his pocket and throw a baseball overhand.

Bankrupt ass in poor shape

A bankrupt army mule, left to wander in the slums of this country, may find its ass in a can labeled "Ideal Food for You," if it isn't slyer than its reputation would have it.

The American canneries are as hungry as dogs to can ass for a meat-starved populace. The inference is that human beings

are able to consume this meat with no injurious effects. It has been demonstrated that a pound of dehydrated ass contains more nourishment than a native of India.

Does the thought of eating ass disturb you? We have some on our desks. We've eaten it. It's as foul as Tut's breath.

Shouting Match Ends

What's all the shouting about? Physicians say that art monkeys suffering the ravages of "swiss cheese heart" can now be buttoned up, using

nylon and lucite buttons. They fit together something like a snap hook. They are made slightly larger than the hole to be closed. What say, pessimists?

RUBBLE YIELDS TROLL

Pappy Ragsdale's eyes widened at the sight of the fourteen foot troll thrashing against his nets. He had wanted the jawbones of such a creature as a souvenir for a long time. He lifted the struggling, four-hundred pound

troll onto the deck of his boat Wednesday and killed it. He laid the troll down, stroked its belly along the sternum until it slumbered peacefully, then cut the jawbones out. N.B. -- Rubble yields these trolls. The meat is inedible.

The dead were wed

Yesterday, in Union City, Square Dink Stover was wed. This morning, on Wall's Island, Dink was dead. The sergeant-in-charge applied the rope, held

out a disk of rice paper and blew a white analgesic powder into Dink's face, and slid home the knot. The crime: wedding a neutrodyne.



on tour of night schools

- About the standard Americans these points may be stated:
- 1) They believe everything they see in print.
 - 2) All of them have the same opinions and use the same "snappy sayings."
 - 3) They grin all day long.
 - 4) All of them chew gum and reserve one cavity (or acquire one) in which the gum occasionally finds a resting place.
 - 5) All of them wear Ingersoll watches (standard price, \$1.50).
 - 6) All of them eat griddlecakes with syrup and grapefruit for breakfast.
 - 7) All of them bluff. That is, they try to feign a higher standard of living than they actually possess.
 - 8) They always are in a terrible, insane haste and rush to the office at a speed of 40 mph. Having arrived there, they stare out of the window for three quarters of an hour or tell each other stories, mostly about girls, jazz queens or new cocktail recipes.

The American regards himself as the crown of creation. His pride borders on the divine. Wherever he sits, there is the roof of the world. ("I'm sitting on top of the world," you can hear every day.) He always speaks to the entire world. ("I'll tell the cockeyed world.")

The American baby knows, even before he learns how to walk, that he marches at the head of civilization. America has the highest mountains, trees and buildings, and the biggest apples, potatoes and grasshoppers. America has the noblest and most upright people on earth, and it has the most crooks and the most outrageous robberies. It has the greatest human inventions, the most numerous murders per year and per head of population—and an American is deeply offended if you doubt one of his claims—that the U.S. is "God's own country!"

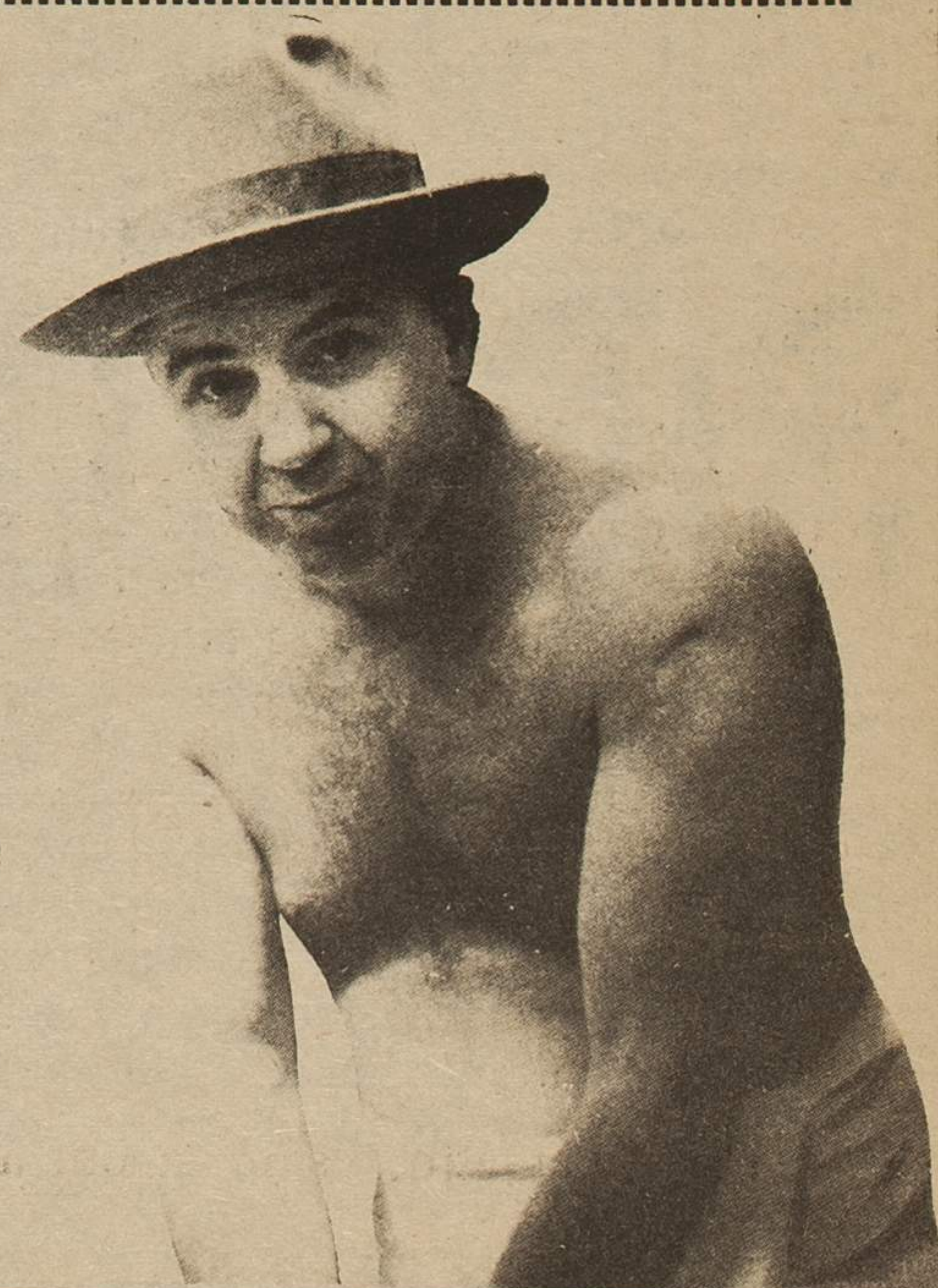
The average American absolutely lacks any sort of moral feeling. From childhood on, he has been weaned on tough, bloody stories of the wild West and on gangster tales. Accordingly, he knows no compassion. The true American nature consists of such hard-heartedness and lack of consideration as we just cannot comprehend.

As soon as Americans get to know each other, that is, the instant they have been introduced, they yell at each other by their first names and, if possible, by a nickname. On this occasion four out of five Americans will slap the other fellow on the shoulder with the palm of his hand, as if with a carpet beater.

When an American is introduced to a young lady for the first time, he acts in the very same manner, only he slaps her shoulder somewhat less vigorously—lest he beat a hole in her blouse before the evening has even begun.

If you ask the host how many guests he has invited, he says: "Two Dicks, one Harry, three Toms, one Willie, one Mabel and two Susies will drop in tonight."

There was something about this precocious kid that gave everyone the creeps.



VERY HOT . . . HERMES ARRIVES . . . EARTH EMBRACES TINY PLANET . . .

People are gathering at City Moon's distributing points at daylight and waiting in line. More stations are needed! The fund at present is insufficient to meet demands. Please, COOL TO THIS CAUSE. Here's the lineup of donors so far:

City Moon Free Ice Fund

Jake Ruppert, ten tons of clear ice daily.

Previously acknowledged . . . \$6, 364, 64

In Memory of the Saposcats .. 25.00

Baby Vitolo 10.00

Millie, Maude and Dolly Roddy . 5.00

Nickolina Seravola Black . . . 29.00

Total \$6, 438, 64

Americanola Ice Company has just come forward with an additional 1,000 tons, god help em.

The Moon employs no CANVASSERS NOR COLLECTORS. Contributions to the C.M. Ice Fund TO BOX 591, Kaw River Station, 66044

MOTHER TRIFLES PRESIDENT

BY LOADED CIGAR A NEUTRODYNE TRICKS A VENDOR

Hunyadi Janos, a vendor of pharmaceuticals, appeared typically at noon at the corner of 10th and Swan, as he did yesterday. In his hand-made cart there was stacked and twined in place a fair selection of the best available toilet goods.

Janos, as was the custom, announced his inventory in a strident and insect-like drone, by shouting through a cone of newspaper: "I got Dr. Snow's Amber Petroleum Jelly, I got pure distilled Witch Hazel, Rosedale cold Cream, benzoin, glycerine, and rose water compounds. You can get Dr. Snow's Pearly Tooth Powder. You can get talcum by the sack. I got it all. I got little Puppy Cakes, Mandheling Syrup, Swift's White Ribbon Floating Soap. You name it, I got it."

An elderly and loquacious neutrodyne, carrying a little hand-satchel, asked Janos the direction to Thomas Jefferson Park, saying she wanted to go there and hear the "lovely music of the Saposcat Brothers," a shorthorn sousaphonic outfit just in town.

Janos enjoyed a reputation for gallantry and he was very courteous and patient in explaining the route to the park, and the old dyne was mightily grateful. She said to Janos, "May the goddess of good fortune smile on you and make you a druggist who owns his own shop, instead of having to hawk the streets for a penny or two." The neutrodyne fumbled in her satchel. "Take an old neutrodyne's blessing for you kindness, son, and this Tampa nugget to remember me by." She placed a fat, fine-looking cigar in Janos' palm.

"A real Perfectio," said Janos, and was puffing delightedly when the neu-

trodyne wandered off.

As it happened, a Sergeant In Charge came by with an Italian in custody, charged with displaying a concealed weapon, a small-caliber pistol.

Bang! It was thought a shot was fired.

The Italian, accustomed to firearm emergencies, threw himself on the banquette, as did the Sergeant, and both lay still, hoping they were out of danger.

Dewey, a misnamed neighbor cat, scuttled past with her two kittens, and hid under Janos' cart.

A doorman then appeared with a glass of water and poured it on the blazing stump of Janos' nose at the same time squashing the remnant of the trick cigar with the heel of an ox-blood cordovan.

Poor Janos. Kindness here had been rewarded with terrible novelty. He would recover from the injury, though never accept again a neutrodyne offering.

A railcar halted near the scene and a motorman emerged, saying laconically, "She took yuh fer a lemon, Hunyadi."

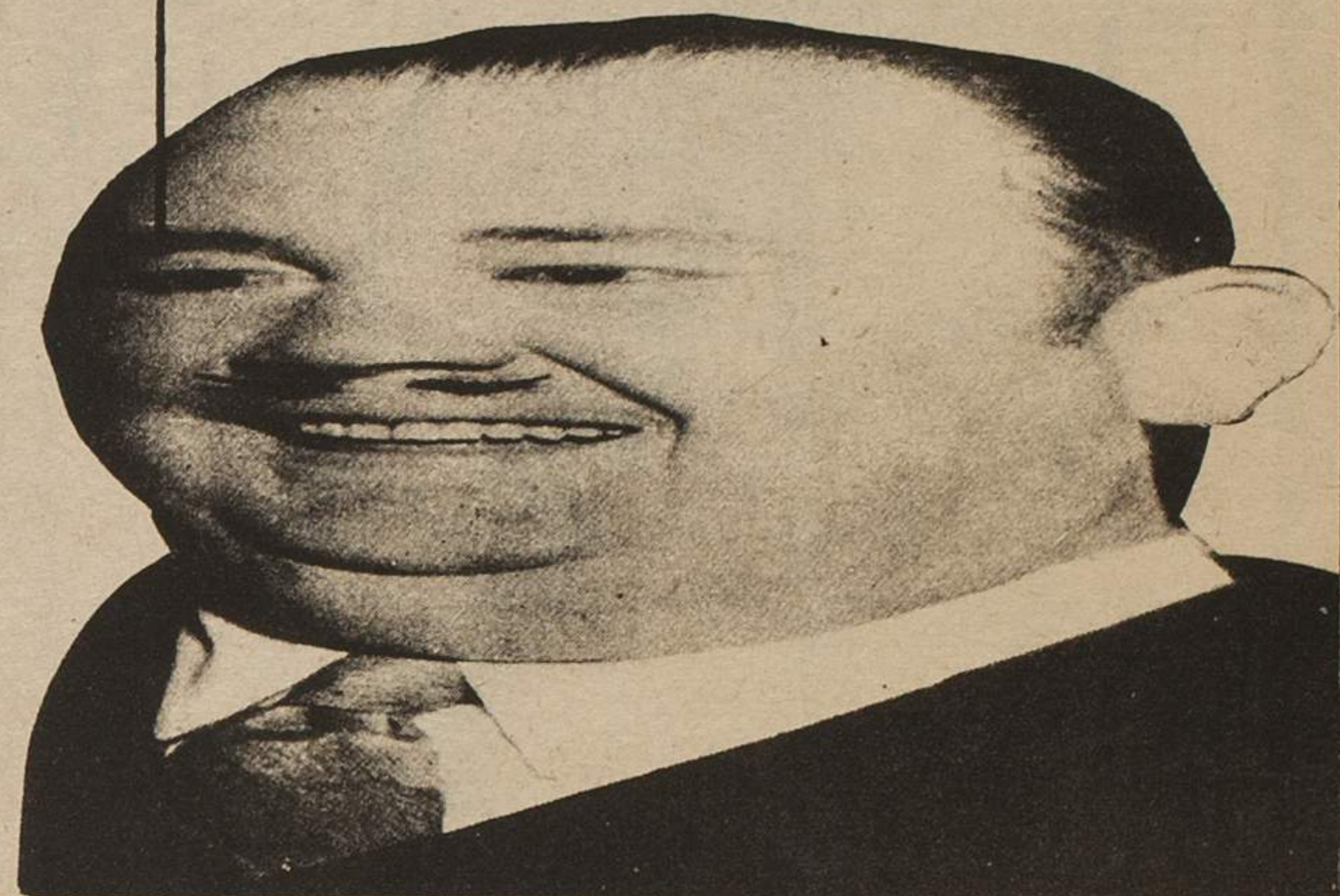
On arrival at Havre, or at Patmos, the passengers of the Compaigne Generale Transatlantique will find on sale by the purser the CITY MOON--King of the River, French Edition, containing all the latest American news.

Sport Fact: Judge Greenbaum, at Lake Perdido, sent word yesterday that his common-law wife, who was struck in the eye with a golf ball, was improving, thanks to a perking of the renal calculi brought on by a diet of canned ass and Lithia water.

GIANT TO BE IN PARK

Hammerstein has made arrangements for children to see big Machnow, a Russian giant. It was announced yesterday that Machnow would hold a reception, children only, in Thomas Jefferson Park. At half-past four o'clock on Sunday afternoon the big Russian, accompanied by her manager, will parade up and down the Mall, and will shake hands with any children who desire to meet her there. She tells the children to bring satchels, since they will get roasted acorns and sour stuffing and souvenir frog's feet.

The giant will leave Victoria Theatre in a White Steam Touring Car a little after four o'clock. She will drive up Flocculus Avenue to Terminal Circle, and through the Indole Tunnel to 9th Street, along East Avenue to the Paseo, across the Esplanade de Kerouac, thence through the Duff Lane entrance of the park to the Mall.



ANXIOUS CROWDS AT ICE STATIONS

Waiting lines at the City Moon's nine ice distributing stations are growing rapidly longer morning to morning, and never in the history of the fund have there been so many applicants at each station, with the temperature as moderate as it is now. What it will be when the promised HOT WAVE, which is due to arrive with Hermes' passing, comes, it is impossible to tell. There were 3,650 lbs. waiting at the nine stations yesterday morning. It was gone in an hour.

WIRES NEUTRO LAD TO POLE

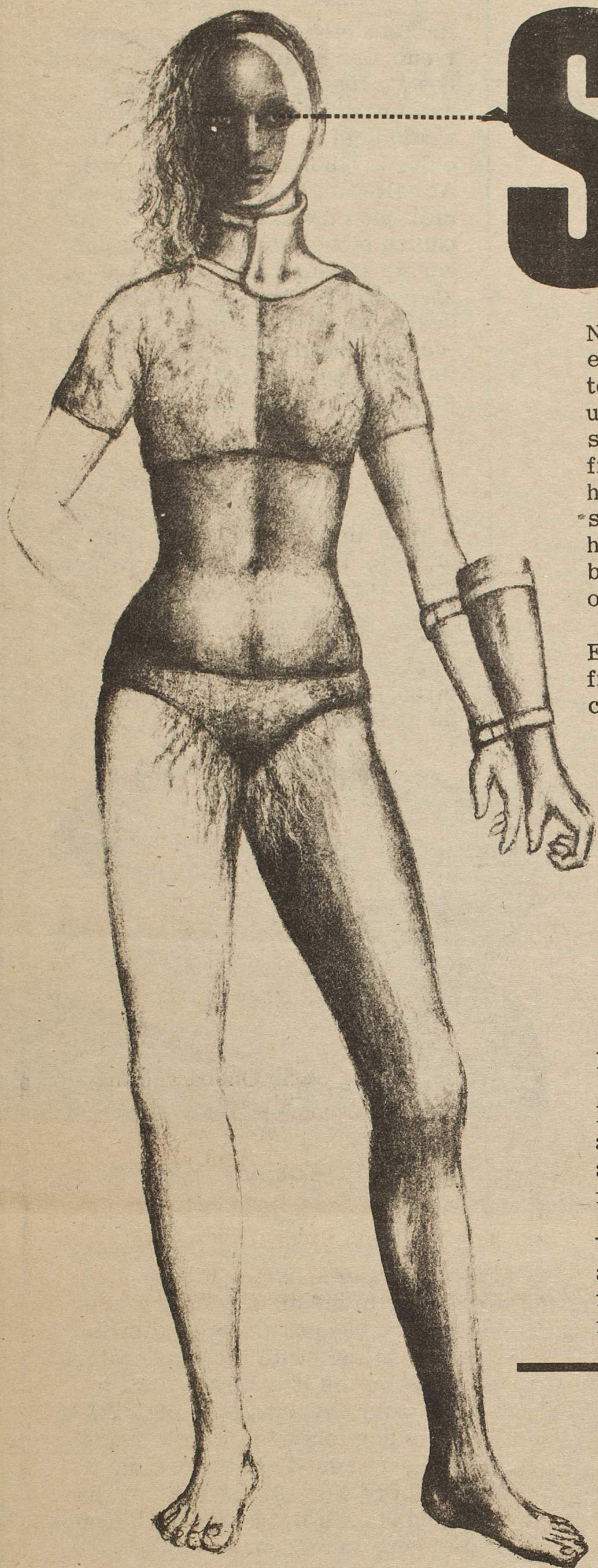
Man, accuses Neutro lad of tattling, captures him and takes a peculiar revenge. The dyne told a remarkable story of the incident. He said the night previous he noticed a man dallying strangely in the bushes with a female capybara, in the vicinity of Crescent Avenue. The following night at the same spot a man rushed out of the darkness and, grasping him, fastened him to a passing Pole, Csolgosz, with some wire, saying that would square accounts for tattling. I'll take what I want from you, he said. Poor Csolgosz was dragged pitifully by the excited Neutro lad, until he collapsed with exhaustion and made an audible wish wish that he were dead. Then he was.

ADVERTISEMENT

Oneba says, "Apollinaris is the Queen of Table Waters. It has constantly and STEADILY increased in Popularity and Esteem, and is now accepted throughout the Malarial Zones, without hesitation. It possesses all the properties of an IDEAL and PERFECT table water."

Fact: Excessive modesty in passing gas leads to diverticulitis.

SAPPERS



Now the word sapper comes from everyone's lips. A sapper, we are told, is a type of female land troll, usual habitat of so-and-so bridge, a stinky woman who comes out at you from a low ditch with mud caked to her hair. Because her hand is palsied, she straps a plaster model to her arm to alarm her natural enemies: boys with switches, girls with sticks, old men with rods.

Equestriansappers pick young men up from the spot where they stand and carry them off.

kitchen to catch the spaghetti boiling over hearsthe doorbell ring. At the door she receives a gift booklet that, when used, produces a change in her over time.

American climate seems to have something to do with this.

It draws the strings on our nervous systems tighter and tighter, until now they are ready to snap.

We are changing from a life in the open to a life in service to the brain.

A warning to people

Some people would think this heavenly.

But the sappers kill their young men afterward, ride to the nearest town, and chuck their sox on the lawn in front of the police station.

You can chalk this whole situation up to a result of business-as-usual rapid living. The formula for making a sapper is simple: the housewife running to the

This tendency will continue. We can't help it.

City Moon Analysis: We warn you people that we have more to fear than sappers. Neutrodyne cottagers near Coggeshall Avenue are fleeing the devilish new red bees, *papilina*, as though it were Armageddon dawning early. A Thon boy of the neighborhood, stung on the cheek, developed a head quite like a medicine ball.

Queen of the Mud Opera

QUESTIONS

Who is the queen of the mud opera?

Why have three, and now four, families ended up face down, knee deep in the Big Muddy?

What possessed tatterdemalion Hockaday to jump on railcars and jitneys shouting, "North, north, to the station at Thule"?

Where is Pigeon EZ 8, 894?

A: No one knows for sure, but what Feris, a riverside farmer, stumbled upon last evening may give a clue. He was driving his two boar hogs, Indole and Skatole, home after letting them feed on groundnuts and stinkhorns in the pinery. The two hogs came upon the badly mudded and corrupt body of a well-dressed, queenly neutrodyne woman in an out of the way corner of a rice field. Beside the body lay an empty laudanum bottle, and in a small satchel was found trick cigars,

bichloride of mercury tablets, a bag of lithia, and a tin of sour ass. The body could not be identified and was burned on the deck of the shanty at Wall's Island.

A. Because the troll lured them in and chose to drown them, after first beating their butts raw with oaken sticks.

A. None know, but in his torn pocket was discovered a miniature book entitled, "Prisoner of Zelda," by Felix Grendon, popular author of "Nixola of Wall Street," a romance of business and pleasure.

A. On a fisherman's line is where it is. A motorman, Moldenke, had an unusual experience while fishing hag in Pince Nez Brook yesterday afternoon. In an extra effort to throw the line far into the stream where the biggest hags lie, Moldenke slung it high in the air, with the result that the hooks, sinker and line became lodged in a pigeon in a tree 35 feet tall. A thon boy descended with the prize, saying, "This is EZ 8, 894, Dink."

CIVIC NOTICE:
Mudfights at
Dickey's Gym
cancelled Sun.

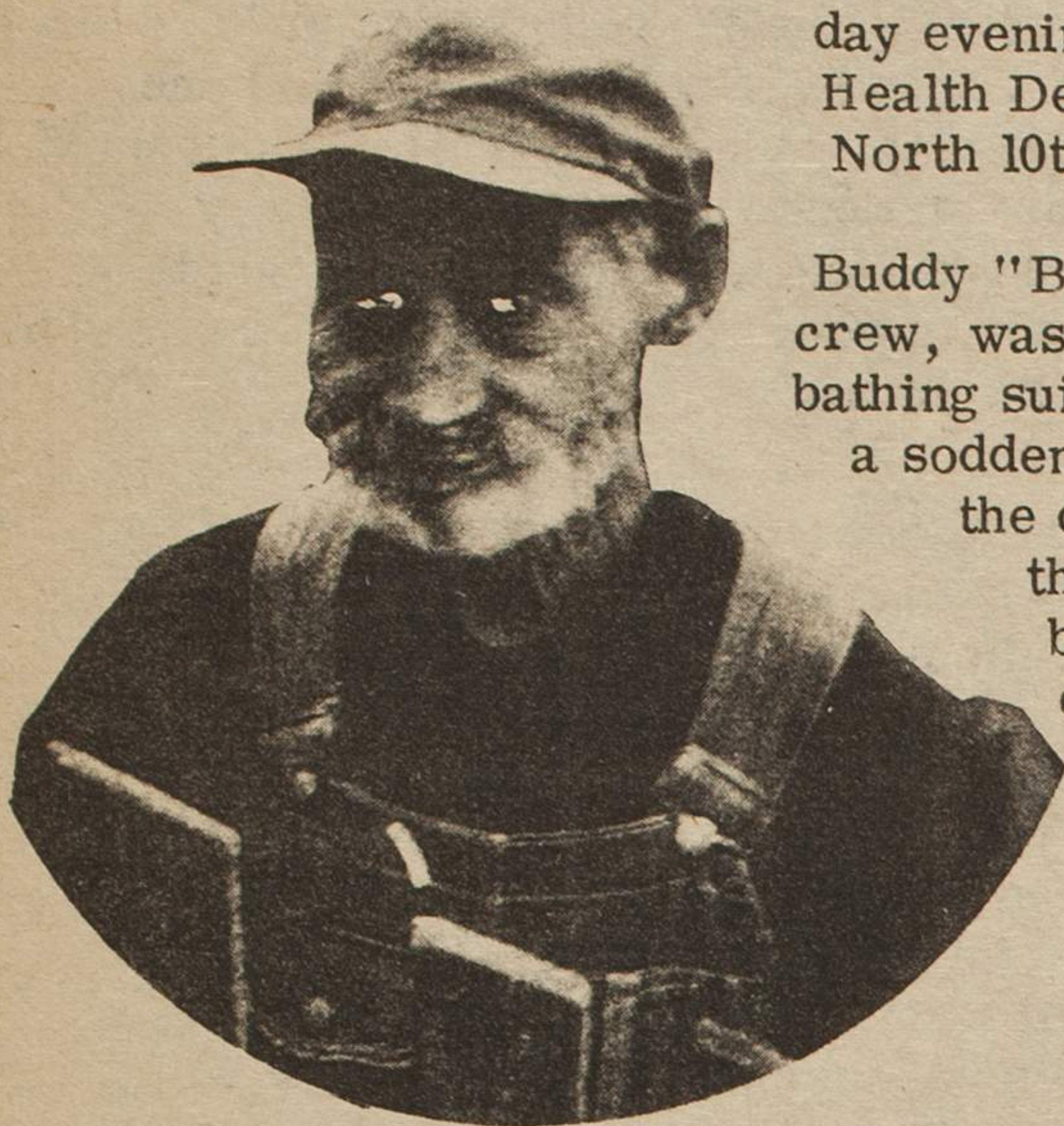
FACTLET: Canned ass
has a shelf half-life of
4,000 years.



Fourth family beaten with sticks

BLOODGOOD CUTTER

A Mr. Chatterjee was saved from a chilly drowning yesterday evening by the new life saving crew organized by the Health Department at the Disinfecting Station, at Pflum and North 10th.



Buddy "Bloodgood" Cutter, chief frogman of the life saving crew, was on the dock about 6 o'clock in his frog feet and bathing suit, when he saw a man floating down the river like a sodden log and calling for help. Bloodgood plunged into the disinfected waters and swam out to Chatterjee, who threw his arms about his neck and gave him a hard battle. Chatterjee claimed that a face in the water charmed him into the frowning deep.

LUSTY TEXAN

BOOK REVIEW

SNUFF by Fern "Goldie" West. 590 pages. City Moon Press. \$29.99

This is the newest from the lusty honey of Texas writers. It is simply a hand-held production, as I see it. Two faces appear in the pitch black. They are talking about snuff. The faces are lit from below, and the reading audience thinks the faces are talking about killing someone.

The makeup is very bad, the faces looking like bad pictures of Nixon printed in Venezuelan newspapers, showing all his horror marks.

Then the faces begin dipping snuff and the plot soars like the phoenix from there. They dip so passionately that the audience is led on in its initial belief that a murder is being planned. Then West draws back and we see the Snuff Fiends fall onto the ground and begin hugging and kissing, and saying, "Snuff, snuff, I never get enough!"

BOOKS CANNED WITH ASS

To encourage the consumption of canned ass, the City is now including a free, miniature book in every can. The books are carefully and hermetically sealed in plastocene against besmudgement. This month's title is, "The Road to Wall's Island," by C. Starkweather.

ANNA O. BITTEN BY BOY ENRAGED

Anna O. suffers from Italian teeth after trifling fracas in a railcar. O. was on a Southbound car. The boy, Tomaso, got on at Flocculus Avenue (500s) and, stumbling, stepped on her foot, injuring a painful hang-nail. The latter gave him a shove and the boy wanted to fight, at which O. pushed him away. Tomaso is said to have rushed at O. in rage and to have bitten her viciously in the side.

ONEBA RUNS PEN INTO FINGER

A brief dramatte by C. Starky:

While writing He wounds himself with metallic point and Dr. Laponi is called in.

While writing today Oneba ran the metallic point of his pen into his finger, making a small but painful wound, which Dr. Laponi was immediately called upon to heal.

Too late, too little, Oneba dead again.

HEBREW CHILDREN BARGED

The Sanitarium at Far Rockaway Park sends out Barges every Wednesday. While the dormitories and hospital wards of the Sanitarium for Hebrew children, which have been open since June 14, are already full, the cotless ones will be barged for entertainment. On the last excursion, more than 1,000 children and mothers participated and their wants were supplied by a corps of Thon boys, nurses, and volunteers. The barges leave at 9 o'clock in the morning and return at six o'clock at night.

Fact: On a clear, moonless night, a neutrodyne on a mountain peak can see a match struck 50 miles off.

SQUOOSHED FOR THE LAST TIME.

Here's Dean Swift's recipe for a real super bowl of food.

Ingredients: two tablespoons stone-ground wheat flour, head of Russian thistle, peppers, pound of marrow, crepuscular shells, three or four conchs, sauce diablo, a dill faggot, a cheese cloth, a satchel of wild garlic, and three ducks, defatted, some soured ass, phosphates.

Preparation: Get a garbage pail and some bricks and get a fire going in the yard. Get some welding gauntlets, and a good working torch. Maybe some hot wire.

Cooking: Plug your hot wire into a good-sized duck and cook it until the fat drains and the feathers burn off and the skin crisps. Repeat with other ducks. Save the bills. Get out the sour ass. Throw it into the pail with the ducks. Add all but the phosphates. They come later. Add water.

When the marrow crusts on the top, ladle it off and throw it over the fence. If that ass stays tough, get your hammer out and give it a good pounding, and it'll soften. When it's through, eat it in a bowl; it'll slide off a plate.

NEW, BIG DINNER-SIZE

