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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



ROCKS BOAT AND DROWNS

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.