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could America become a Sahara?



THE CITY MOON

Burning the Camp Fires of the Soul

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"Eventually: Why Not Now?"

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Announcing

.... STRANGE BIRTH

CLEVELAND
Gloria Hurd, a 29-inch dwarf, has given birth to an 18½-inch, 5-pound 9-ounce son who doctors say is normal.

The mother and child, named Anthony, were reported doing well after the birth by Cesarean

section on Wednesday. Miss Hurd, 23, is known as Tiny Tina in the carnival with which she travels. Friends said the father of the child is about 6 feet tall.

"When Gloria came into the hospital, she was all baby," said Miss Hurd's mother.

The City Moon would like to announce a change. Please address future correspondence c/o Editor Grauerholz, Box 842, Canal St. Sta. New York, NY, 10013. Thanx-- Ed.

wake!

WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR

We know not the hour of the Master's appearing; Yet signs all foretell that the moment is nearing When He shall return—'tis a promise most cheering. But we know not the hour. There's light for the wise who are seeking salvation; There's truth in the Book of divine revelation; Each prophecy points to the great consummation. But we know not the hour. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burning; We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's returning; We'll sing and rejoice, ev'ry o men discerning. But we know not the hour.

SIMPLE RULES

NEVER look up.

To avoid temporary blinding by the flash, never look up to see what's coming. When you drop on the floor or the ground, keep your face in your folded arms for at least 20 seconds after the explosion in order to keep flying glass out of your eyes.

ALWAYS shut windows and doors.

If the warning comes in time, shut all doors and windows and pull down the shades or blinds. Turn off all pilot lights, and close all stove and furnace doors.

ALWAYS drop flat on your stomach.

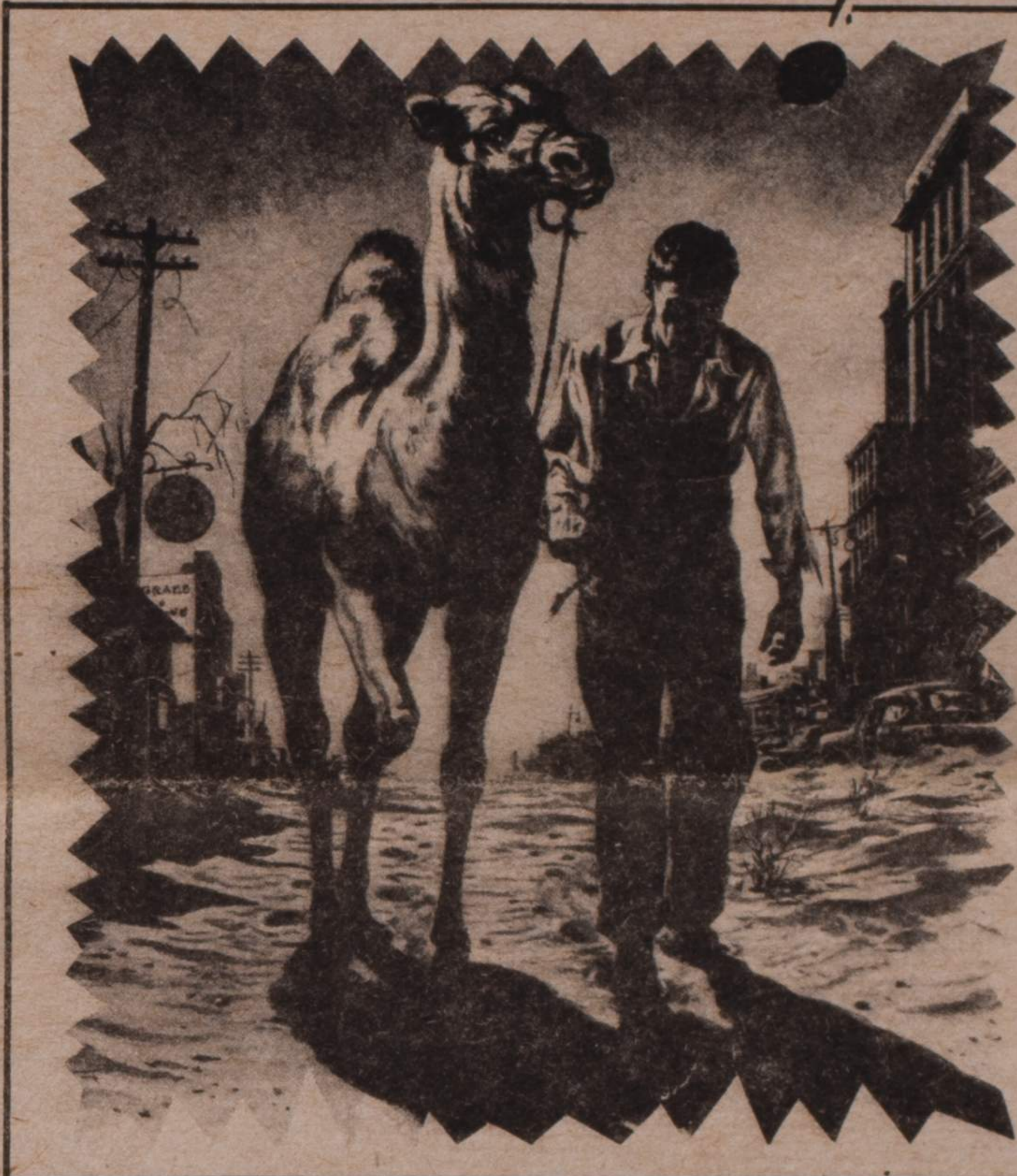
Even if you have only a few seconds' warning, wherever you are, drop flat on your stomach and put your face tight in your folded arms. Even if you've seen the flash, do the same thing right away.

ALWAYS follow instructions.

Instructions will come to you after a raid, by radio, sound truck or some other way. Follow them exactly.

NEVER start rumors.

A single wild rumor could start a panic that might cost you your life.



MIST of DEATH

Logan, Texas, June 6. An inanimate object of considerable size and weight with no visible power or energy source, suddenly was endowed with life, bouncing, whirling, jumping, darting, all over the street and through a plate-glass window at the Squat 'n' Gobble Cafe. Chinaware and drinking glasses were knocked about with a splintered clatter; startled diners and passersby were panic-stricken and staggering breathless on the sidewalks. The neighborhood lay in awe and wonderment until the thing had spent its force and crumbled in the gutter panting, exhausted. All this, it may be said, is not a usual occurrence. It actually happened, however, on First North street here, in Logan, last evening. The amount of yellow, sulphurous mist which came in plumes from its mouth has condensed above us into an envelope, and the sun shines through it with multiplied ferocity. The cheeks of our loved ones now flower with rash and blister. A motorman was hauling this radical new form on the deck of a trailer van, strapped, he thought securely, encircled by rings of inch-thick iron cable. But no, it

So potent a single breath kills

rolled off at a narrow turn. It hit the pavement in such a manner as to break the valve connected to the face-plate, and then the escaping gas got into the works causing all of its numerous tentacled orifices to open and likewise spew the choking mist. The motorman looked back, not believing his eyes. The thing seemed to take after him and he applied his foot to the accelerator. When the escapade of the RADICAL FORM was over and it seemed to be breathing its last, some valorous soul went up to it and stroked it kindly. It remained perfectly still. Then somebody who seemed to know explained how it happened to this City Moon correspondent. Ed. O.

Will the Earth One Day Be Destroyed?

About the third day you'd feel much better and you'd get along fine for 10 or 12 days. Then one morning you might look at your pillow and find that your hair had begun to fall out. This might go on for a week after that, or until you were completely bald. During this time you'd also run a fever, and your bowels would run, and you'd feel rotten and "achey" all over. You might even have bloody spots on your skin and slight bleedings in your mouth. It's barely possible you might find that for a time you were unable to beget children, although you could still have sexual relations.

If anyone near you needs first aid, give it to him—according to the rules in the Red Cross or Boy Scout handbook.

Scientists Unveil Radical Forms

To the Moon some of the new forms are as delicate as European snowflakes, others as frightening as a pack of *ratus ratus* fighting in the pantry over a grain of rice. In these pages we have seen the Trochilics, the various Oneba's, old Noxin, the whitecaps, the afrocomb raking deaths in St. Louis, we've come to know about the new miracle life material called micro-fluff, the related life pods which killed so many Soviet cosmonauts. How we remember the hideous final dinner of carp and the National trend to Carps parties. Who can forget the life and death of Governor Wunty, the prairie clam incidents, and the white fish, Jody, looming at the bottom of City Lake. In this issue we show life and death mixing like milk and egg, how hush-puppies can be made of sawdust and chicory, and how to order one of the W. Prop Perpetual Wind Driven Yard Lights. We feature articles on Cockburn, the newest hat in the political corona, also known as the Washington Star. Will America become a sandy waste by 1980. Read on and find out for certain. Box 842

Parakeets Invade-- The monk parakeet, once considered a harmless household pet, has turned into a major pest that threatens to upset the already delicate balance of the urbanized environment of the Atlantic coast. This chattering little bird with grey plumage vaguely resembling a friar's cowl has long been considered the scourge of agricultural areas in South America. Yet, despite its reputation, 50,000 or more of them were imported to the U.S. as pets between 1968 and 72. Several hundred of the birds are estimated to be living wild in New York City. While usually found in the subtropical regions of S. America, the birds can apparently survive winter temperatures of less than zero by building nests in the sheltered and heated nooks and crannies provided by air shafts and ventilation ducts.

Chemical Death Spillage-- More than 10,000 gallons of toxic sulphur monochloride were released from a ruptured pressure vessel during a fire at the D.A. Stuart Oil Co. plant on Chicago's Troy Street. Twenty tons of lime were used to neutralize the acid produced by the water used to fight the blaze. 3/20/73

OZALO ALIVE