



REMARKABLY, THE NUCLEAR BIOLOGISTS AND QUANTUM MECHANICS AT WIKIPEDIA REJECTED THIS ARTICLE AS IRRELEVANT. THE IDEA !

“Balona, California 95232” [Category: Fictitious California Towns] [Offered for Scholars of Balona History and Sociology]

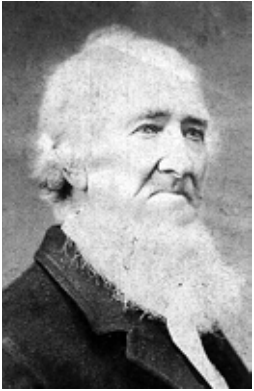
NOTE: Commentary, facts, exposés, revelations, and opinions are here composed mostly by Mr. D. H. Carp, renowned grocer of Balona, one-time distinguished appointee to the California Assembly, and a respectable fellow considering a Run for Congress. Balona Is a Friendly if Fantastic Place sometimes referred to in scholarly papers by writers such as Jonathan Pearce as a “masterpiece of imagination.” But now, on to Mr. Carp’s offering:

Some General Comments

Researchers should understand that the Township of Balona is not just a wide spot in the road, but one of the larger towns in Chaud County. It is located at the edge of the confluence of the San Joaquin, Calaveras, Cosumnes, and Yulumne Rivers, waterways (one of which is fictional) which help comprise the river delta country, rich agricultural land and a well known fishing paradise. Our town is situated approximately nine miles south-southeast of Stockton, that place known to Balona residents as Delta City. The very word *Stockton* is considered by some of the more distinguished Balonans to be rude, even offensive, because of disparaging remarks frequently made by “leadership” residents of that city about our town.

A Brief History of Chaud County

It will be brief, since there’s nothing much to say about the history of Chaud County, except it was founded by one Ebenezer Chaud, shown below here. Supposed to been a real hot-headed fellow and not a relative of us Carps. Chaud showed up in about 1851, stuck his shovel in the ground, and started a family near what is now our fine Balona, CA 95232. Not too long after that the Kuhl family showed up from the neighborhood of Hangtown, where they had went broke, up in the Mother Lode. Other members of the Kuhl family came to Balona after the fire and quake in ’06 over in San Francisco, notably Mr. Julius Caesar Kuhl, Sr., known as



“Saneyor” on account of the Mexican *sombrero* with balls hanging all around the brim that he claimed to have got during the Big Quake and always wore thereafter for Good Luck. Saneyor Kuhl lived until he was about 120 years old and had lots of kids, including Mr. Junior Kuhl, age about 106 until he finally died in a big fire a while back. Junior is the subject of a sort of biography written by a young Balona kid. She actually doesn’t talk much like a kid, probably since she’s in the famous Ordway family of Balona.

The great-grandparents of Mr. D. H. Carp, owner and operator of ***Mr. D. H. Carp’s Groceries and Sundries*** showed up in what is now Balona a short time after the Kuhls.

Ebenezer Chaud’s picture hangs in the office of Mr. D. H. Carp, owner and operator of Mr. D. H. Carp’s Groceries and Sundries on Front Street in downtown Balona. Mr. D. H. Carp is also a candidate for Congress, if somebody would front the cash for his campaign. Mr. D. H. Carp did serve as an appointed member of the California Assembly a while back, but some difficulties with pig-headed prosecutors up there in Sacramento ended his State Capitol tenure. “No hard feelings,” says Mr. D. H. Carp, noted for his flexible attitude, noble profile, and good nature. By the way, “Chaud County” is also another singular descriptive preference of Balonans, as other designations (such as *San Joaquin County*) seem to avoid lending the appropriate deference to the Chaud Family, the founders.

A Brief History of Balona

There’s even less to say about the history of Balona than about Chaud County, since it just sort of sprouted up about the time Ebenezer Chaud showed up and has been here ever since. Ebenezer fancied himself to be an amateur surveyor, and the amateur part shows itself when you look down the streets and observe that they’re not necessarily all in a straight line. The town grows in population a little every year, and we have to keep adding streets and cemetery plots, and dump space, not to speak of school rooms.

Population of Balona

According to the 2000 Census estimates totted up by Mr. D. H. Carp himself with the so-called help of the U. S. Government representative, a near-sighted fellow with bad breath and a know-it-all attitude, the township has a population of c2,800. The township has an unfortunately popular nickname in neighboring Delta City, *The Crotch of the Yulumne*, because Balona lies nestled nicely within a bend of our river. The township’s elevation is 12 feet in good weather and when the levees of the Yulumne River are in good repair.

Balona has no homeless population any more. The homeless, un-washed disreputable types who used to hang out under the West Bridge, went off to the sophisticated city of San Francisco, over on the coast, when the Balona Town Council decided to buy them one-way bus tickets to out-of-town places to improve their outlook on life. This is a fine humanitarian thing and is pretty successful, since you don't see anybody under the West Bridge nowadays except legitimate fishermen, the occasional lost oldster, and kids looking for treasure.

The ethnicity of Balonans is truly tolerant Americana, there being at least one family of African descent known to have lived in the town within the last ten years. Other minorities include Asian from somewhere across the ocean, Mexican, German and French or at least, German and French-sounding names. There are also transplanted Arkansawyers, Texicans, and Okies, mostly newly arrived during the famous Depression of the 1930s. Still known locally as foreigners, those residents continue to not speak proper English but are tolerated if they pay their taxes and if their children are not unruly in school.



My boxboy who I think is a very handsome blond-headed youth (here's a pic of him as a younger kid by famous artist Linda Miramontes Gray) is named Joseph Oliver Kuhl, but he doesn't listen to my orders and often shows up late for work, the young devil, so I would often like to put him over my lap and give him a good spank. A couple of Balonans of note might include my wife, a lady who claims to have especially large bones and teaches English at Balona High, a place old grads mention as *Big Baloney*, not very respectful, but what are you going to do? My lodger upstairs over my store is Mr. Donald Keyshot who has a fine vocabulary, wrote a book, and pays his rent regular. Me and my lawyer, Mr. Kenworth Burnross, Esq., are still trying to figure out if I own my building or if it belongs to young millionairess, Miss Claire Preene, a college girl who owns practically every other building on Front Street, not as a result of any special expertise in real estate, but strictly as a result of an inheritance She also owns what she calls a cybercafé, where you can go into computer space if you've got the patience.

The Fame of Balona Grows

Balona fame has been spread throughout the world partly by means of the books of a resident writer with a beard, Jonathan Pearce. Sort of an odd duck (like we say in Balona), Pearce looks at you funny and then

writes stuff in the notebook he's always carrying around with him. The fellow is big around the chest and is said to have once been a bodyguard or a paratrooper so, odd or not, you don't mess with him. He also has the kind of Hard Look that Balona youths find admirable and will use it on you whenever you get up close. He plays the cello, too, but fortunately not so you'd notice. His books get published by an outfit known as BalonaBooks, two words stuck together like that, and his characters are almost all from our town or nearby. He does pay his taxes.

Balona almost got real famous for real estate but it never did, since the Balona Klongs, a fine housing development west of town we all invested in never got built since the developer got murdered. The klongs are still just big wet holes in the ground out there waiting for a millionaire to come along and do something with them. Most investors in the klongs got trashed, but I didn't, being pretty smart in that area.

Famous Institutions of Balona

Balona is also known for its annual Sugarbeet Festival, an occasion celebrating the formerly premier product, the sugarbeet. In more recent times as sugar has been supplanted by chemical substitutes, the sugarbeet has been superseded in the hearts of the residents of Chaud County by the King Korndog and King Turkey products, both of which companies have different owners but large holdings in the town. Balona claims to have the largest downtown area of any town of its size in the county, most of it on Front Street, but some of it down at the Kastle Keep on King Way where the King Korndog Incorporated plant is situated. The korndog plant bakes its fine products twice a day and send those things out all over the area. A King Korndog doesn't look like a regular corndog that has a stick coming out of it. A King Korndog is a product you (usually) microwave and then slather Secret Balona Korndog Sauce on and eat it with a knife and fork from your plate.

It is possible that one day a new festival that was started up a couple years ago might well become world famous. Balona's Chocolate Korndog Bakeoff was held right here in Balona where famous TV chef Mr. Davy Narsood came over here from San Francisco to judge the first product. He actually didn't do us much good since he was really here to plug a new product of his own. And none of the chocolate korndogs entered in the bake-off tasted very good. Believe me, since I was a judge and had to sample every one. But who knows what the future will bring? So don't knock a chocolate korndog if you haven't tasted one.

King Korndog Inkorporated was founded by members of the Sly family and is now owned by Mr. Sam Joe Sly in partnership with Mr. Simon Burberry, recently elected Mayor of Balona but a subject of the Queen of England and now gone back over there to see to an inheritance. **Mr. D. H. Carp's Groceries and Sundries** is the town's post office and sole grocery outlet and Mr. D. H. Carp is the town's postmaster. **Mr. Pez Pezmyer's Buick Sales** is the town's only autosales establishment. There is also a flower shop, several dining establishments like TacoTime and Peking Peek Inn, **Ned's Sportsbar**, a bowling alley, real estate offices, Veterans Hall, a movie theater, a small hotel (owned by the aforementioned college girl, Miss Claire Preene), and the constable's office downtown.

A famous Institution of Balona, since the departure from our town of famous subsidy publisher Ms. Verga Bless (who nobody can remember what she looks like to this day), is the fascinating creature Ms. Bless left behind in her haste to depart for, some say, Escalon, CA. "Bufo," as the creature is known, while requiring thrice-a-day feeding (courtesy of **Mr. D. H. Carp**), has become a favorite of the public from his enclosure in the front window of **Mr. D. H. Carp's Groceries and Sundries**. Bufo is a Smiling Toad of great size. He will not jump, though, and so would have limited value in that Calaveras Jumping Frog contest constantly ballballyhooded. But who knows?



A significant business enterprise on Front Street is the Balona *Courier*, Patrick Preene, publisher, a twice-weekly newspaper printed in the town. It manages to cover the business, legal, and *hote* social life of the community, and also gardening hints. The photo here is not in front of the *Courier*, but is instead a pic we tore out of *National Geographic* to sort of show how alive we **could** be if our town didn't always get picked on by the big-time snotty columnists in neighboring Delta City (a place where even our teens don't much like to go). They do have a good golf course over there which we can use if we're rich (like I'm not, being a grocer and taxpayer).

Several churches grace Balona, including Pastor Nimitz MacArthur Chaud's **BoMFoG Tabernacle** whose initials there stand for Brotherhood of Man, Fatherhood of God, and Mr. Artie Famgabble's **Assembly of the Cleansed**. Mr. Famgabble has always been too old to serve his country, but Pastor Chaud did and lost a foot over there years ago. Hardly limps. Also years ago the membership of St. Balona's Catholic Church, fed up with tithing according to Mr. Famgabble, sold the church building and had the steeple razed. The fine building then became Frings Bowls where Balona residents spend much leisure time.

But Balona citizens are not all Holy Joes (as Mr. D. H. Carp occasionally jests). There is what oldtimers call a "sporting house" way down on Third Avenue, not far from King Way, where fellows can relax and let down their hair or whatever else needs to be let down after a hard day's work in the Turkey Factory or the Korndog Plant. This place is jocularly referred to by Balonans as the HIR House, which HIR could be translated into House of Ill Repute, if it wasn't a nice place with clean sheets, attentive servers, modest prices, and good-looking hostesses. HIR House also seems to get a lot of attention from denizens of Lodi who wouldn't otherwise give Balona the Time of Day.

Hannibal Chaud's Funerals is another place, right across the street from **Mr. D. H. Carp's Groceries and Sundries** on Front Street. The place got trashed by KDC-TV's newsman Blip Wufser's Blipcopter during the first Chocolate Korndog Bakeoff a while back, but Hannibal's got it all fixed up again, this time with a huge neon flashing sign on the roof, a fine state-of-the-art crematort in the back room to serve any Balonan with an urgent need, and the superior afore-mentioned parking structure next door. The parking structure has a nice long planter filled with pea-gravel on the Front Street side so that any Delta Doodle Dandy who's drank too much Valley Brew and slips off of the railing while showing off up on the second deck won't get a fatal bruise when he hits bottom. The new parking structure is a lot more comfortable to fall off of, any Dandy will tell you than, say, the famous Balona Water Tower, which railing is sixty feet up and not easy to balance on when you got a snootful of Valley Brew, a favorite beverage of Balonans.

The schools of Balona are noted for their spirit, and a newly elected schoolboard is making a lot of noise about "improving achievement," previously known as mostly a lost cause. The Noble Korndogs of Balona High School athletic teams are frequently bested, but always spirited. The spirit team, the Flag Fems of Balona High, are well known for their flag-waving expertise in rain or shine. The Noble Korndog Marching Band is noted for its precision marching and the tolerance and endurance of its elderly bandmaster, not to speak of the remarkable fecundity of the bandmaster's mature wife who also coaches the Flag Fems. The junior high school is Balona Junior High, and the elementary school is the Oliver Kuhl Elementary, K-6.

Geographical Facts of Balona

As has been said before but bears repeating, Balona, CA 95232 lies between French Camp and Linden, CA, and approximately nine miles east-southeast of Stockton, CA, a place known in the Balona literature as “Delta City.” Balona, CA 95232 is sometimes confused with other Balonas, namely a Spanish soccer team and a swampy area near LAX, the Los Angeles International Airport. Balona, CA has borrowed the ZIP code of Glencoe, CA, a wide patch in the road of 17 souls, no match at all for a virtual Balona.

Literary scholars like more or less famous previously mentioned author Pearce have compared sometimes very hot Chaud County with William Faulkner’s usually muggy Yoknapatawpha County, a fictional place somewhere in Mississippi. But Chaud County residents, and particularly Balona resident Mr. D. H. Carp, hasten to point out that Chaud County is in California, not in the benighted South of our Hallowed Land.

It should be noted that, whereas it is true that King Way in East Balona is mostly gravel as the result of the enormous truck traffic by King Korndog, all other Balona streets are paved, and that both the East Levee Road and the West Levee Road are now paved, except for a few potholes and a goodsized sinkhole in the middle of the East Levee Road not far from the East Bridge. King Way is slated for re-paving some time in 2011.

So that’s the Balona latest so far. If you think it ought to be petrified in Wikipedia, get on line and tell those people so.

