

Heliodorus, the 'mad monk' of Iskcon, today publicly declared that attacks on American camps would commence after the holding of the forthcoming congress of the Black Hundred.

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Pet Peeve Department: The aftermath of hunting neutrodynes! You have hides, heads, feet and bones all over the yard. And whether you hunted or not, they are dragged to your lawn by the wild capybara.

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Early this morning Emmett and Eugene Robinson were passing a disreputable resort on Iskcon's eternally darkened North Street, a place of derelict neutrodynes, particularly displaced Americans, and their shoddy huts, when the pair discovered a scrotal sack stuck on an iron picket in front of the resort. It was freshly cut and it was supposed that a murder had been committed. In time, the bag was identified as that belonging to Mr. Chatterjee, a well known American, who died of paralysis at Pasteur College of Medical Arts. During Saturday night a party of medical students broke into the clinic, severed the scrotum, which by then had distended until it resembled two mushmellons in a cheesecloth, and carried it to the sporting house, and afterwards placed it on the fence.

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Hemp is used in twines, oakum and packing and endures friction, heat and moisture. It dyes blue or violet with an aqueous iodine solution and is high in cellulose. For this reason it makes a sturdy rope which may be used, as it was yesterday, to haul young women by their hair down a public street in a neutrodyne Shame Ceremony.

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Because most of the improvements installed for Iskconians at the Camp Legion Health Camps are novel, they are not always used. Consider the red men. They saw plumbers install bathtubs in their houses more than three years ago. Yet these were regarded suspiciously until the chief found that a pad of soft straw on the tub's bottom made an excellent sleeping bed.

When doctors, degreed homeopaths, brought coffee with a pinch of strychnine in it to toughen the poison-resisting systems of the body, the red men gulped in reluctance but swallowed the brew. Now a rattler's bite won't touch them.

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Hold up two mirrors: one to the rear end of a caterpillar with 10/10 vision and the other to a haggis. The images will match each other, inch for inch, detail for detail. The difference of the two is invisibly present. You can guess the function of a caterpillar's hinder parts, but the function of a haggis is obscure. She is a late arriver on Mother Evolution's stage, a fresh combination from Nature's casino. Now she will propagate on the slimy bottom of the Jordan River 30 miles from Chicago and fill her belly with river jelly.

The body of Alexander Marto, a Scandinavian aged 40, recently arrived on Iskcon, was found hanging to a tree near the Aviation camp a mile from Ten Sleep today. The man had been dead about a month. Crude diagrams of airships, airchairs, and galvanic kites in his pockets and letters from patent attorneys in Seattle, Earth, indicated that Merto had become despondent over failure to interest capital in his airship plans. It is understood the remains were to be housed and maintained by the I.A.F.

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When the colon of Pat Boone, richest Italian on Iskcon, was investigated in autopsy last Ash Wednesday, a wad of \$1000 bills the size of a softball was discovered. Boone was well-known for the practice of eating balled-up paper money and including shavings of gold in his salads and soups. He was committing slow suicide. Infection developed when, while engaged in counting greenbacks on that day, he scratched his ear with a finger nail. The slight wound was poisoned with germs from the bills and developed into an abscess which, joined with the intestinal blockage, killed Boone.

Is it possible that Hags are undermining the banquettes of Ten Sleep? We hear of a young bride dropping from her neutrodyne husband's side. When the sidewalk puckers the bride disappears without a trace.

But the governor of Iskcon's Eastern Prefecture, Ark On Leo, ordered that cisterns below the Haggis belt sidewalk be probed by trenchers on the City payroll, who turned up a young mother 30 years ago in the same place after 3 days alive underground.

The trenchers, in probing the hole, found only a bracelet, a twisted shoe, and a whistle.

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Nickolina Seravola Black, an Iskconian poet virtually unknown in America, was drowned near here today in 1,000 gals. of buttermilk. Just returned from service in Manila, she was unemployed and desperate, and thus took work driving tanks of buttermilk to the neutrodyne camps. Today her wagon dropped into a depression in the road and overturned. The tank burst and the milk filled the hole. Black was caught beneath the tank. When occupants of a passing railcar pulled her from the sea of buttermilk, half an hour later, she was as dead as a cup of sop.

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Dr. Leo Patra, at the Pasteur Research Center, is achieving success in training shrimps to whistle.

El drama del hombre moderno

Farming by electricity is now a recognized fact. Electricity drives the cow, stimulates the sprouting and growing of some kinds of vegetation, curls the wool of the lamb, herds the fish and powers trolleys to the outbuildings. Iron-barred windows trapped eight workers in Milwaukee, all being Italian, in a fiery belt factory disaster.

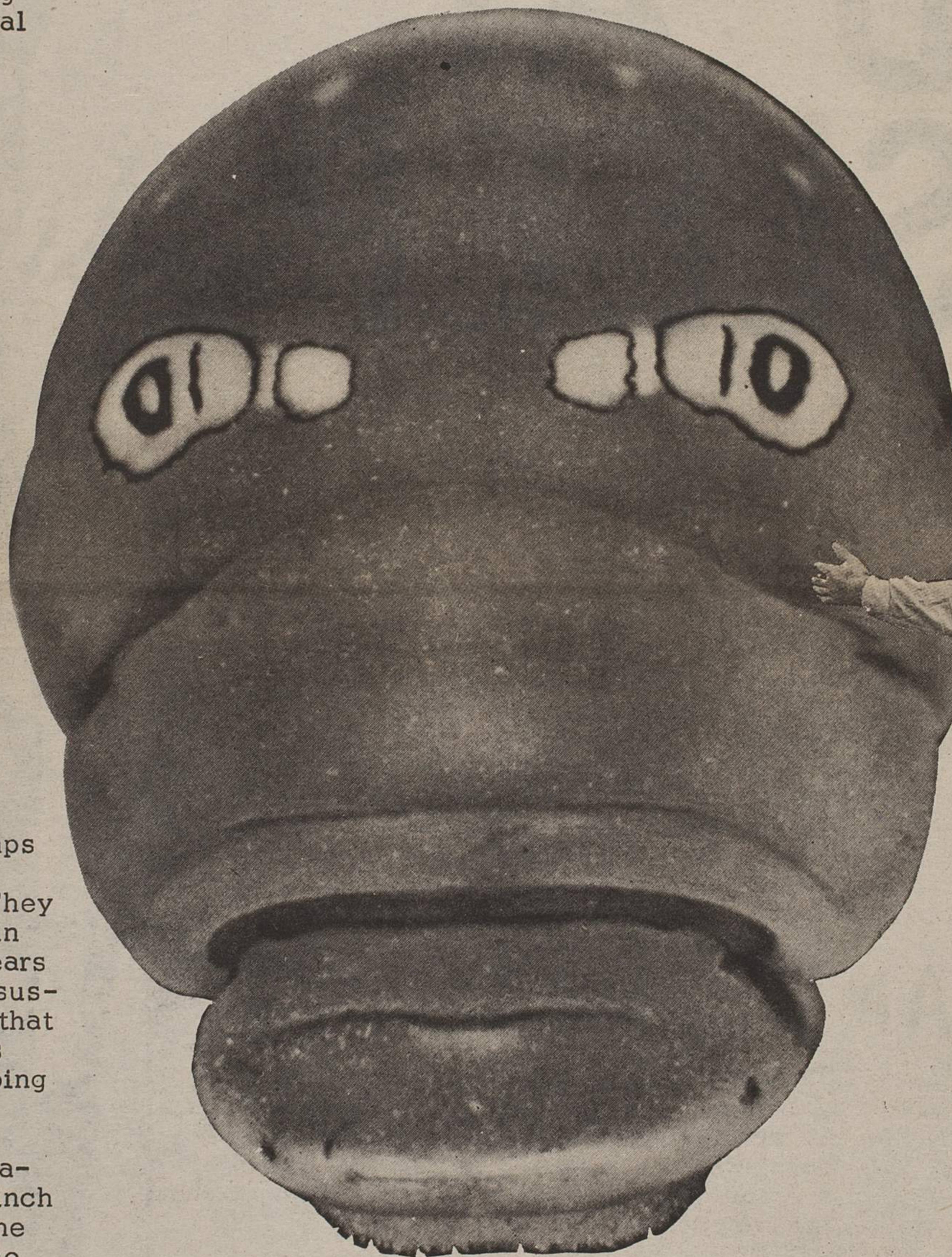
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Sprinkle a hagg egg with sugar, garnish with a sprig of applemint, put it out in the rain and you have a nice, cool, late summer drink. Wherever a recipe calls for bat, use hag. Try hanging one if wedges of lime can be secured to fight the sour of the meat.

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The Ten Sleep Community Club met with Mrs. Avery Teaset at her Legion Camp Home. Roll call was answered with a Hagg poem. The topic for the afternoon was, 'The American Hagg.' Mr. Chatterjee told the Club members that Hags will be added to the lunch menu by fall, along with coon cookies and pout roe.

hagg



ancient plague

The Hagg, as ancient a plague on Iskcon as any other, breathes through its nose, sees through its skin and can tie itself into knots, and has Americans visiting there utterly puzzled and not a little frightened. The Hagg can live without food for more than a year, and when it is afraid hides in a globule of jellylike material secreted into surrounding water. The Hagg has four hearts, each beating in a different rhythm, which separately control its head, tail, muscles and liver. Photosensitive cells all over its girth enable the Hagg to 'see' where it is going, normally in the direction of neutrodyne sleeping camps all along the Little Red Trench, watching for feet to dawdle in the brackish water long enough for a bite to be taken, juices sucked.