
During my service in Manila I happened to be wandering through a neutrodyne cemetery, generally on the way to the grave of Asia's Mr. Beefcake, a harmless horror, who was interred vertically, the custom in those days, the feet protruding from the earth, just a pile of metacarpals left, a few slivers of toenail, and a single gnarled shoe.

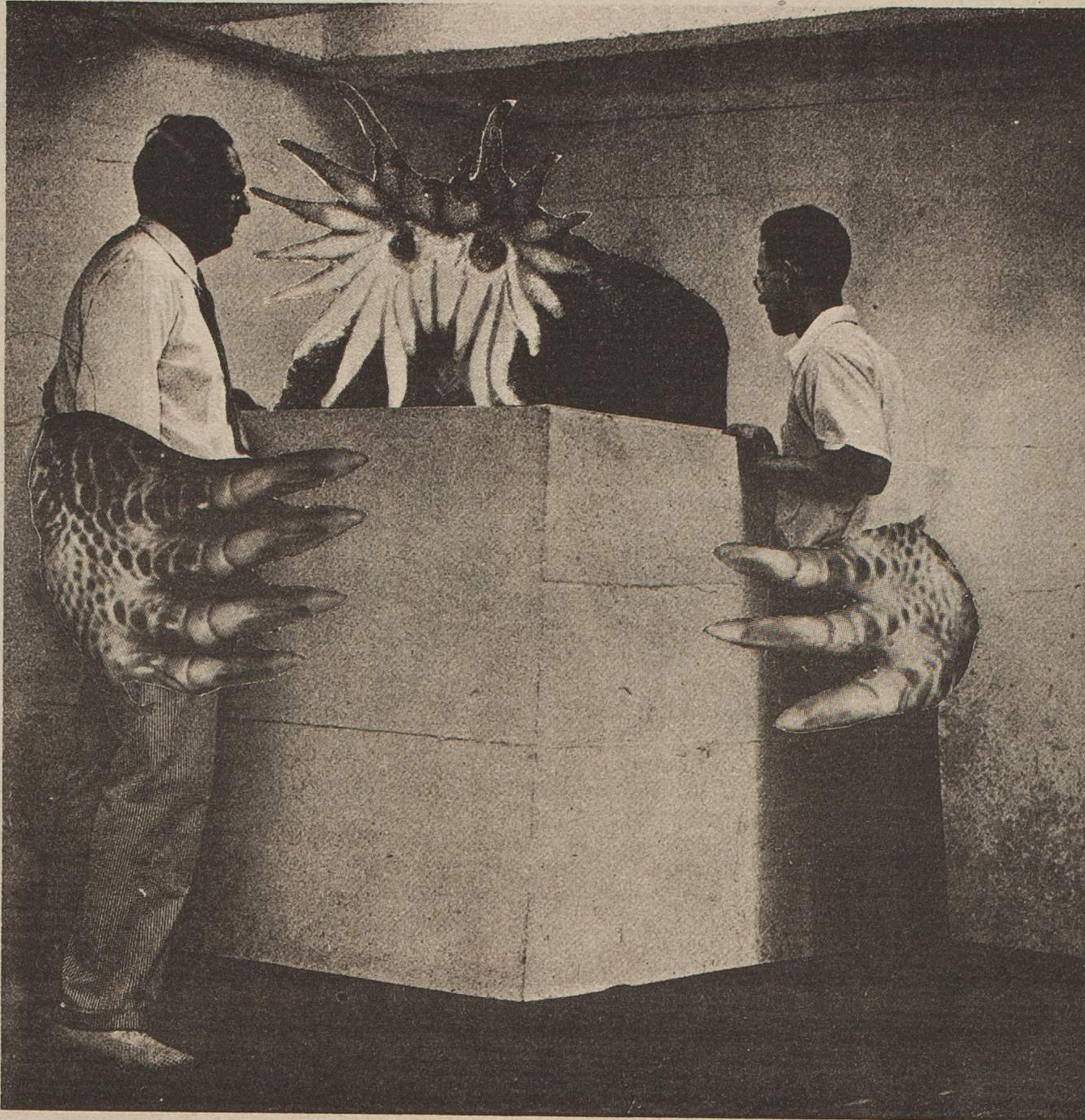
I had a marigold, a favorite of Mr. Beefcake's in life, a box of zweiback if we get hungry, and a bottle of warm sop.

About halfway to the gravesite, I happened to see a sexton, probably a neutrodyne, boring a gravehole with a galvanic auger. It wiped its cheek cheeks and throat with a yellow bandana.

Several Italians approached the neutrodyne then, surrounded it, snatched at its pockets, telling it that money should not be worth its life. All of them were unemployed and desperate. Before the neutrodyne could say a single phrase in its defense, the muzzle of a service pistol was placed at the crest of the ear and a shot fired. The dyne lay down, voided itself, and died.

Feeling hollow, I went to the baseball park to see a game. Willie Hudson, 14 year old neutrodyne boy, was watching the struggle between the Sunspot Sailors of the Legion League and the Dodge City Club from the roof of a three story building.

In the fifth inning, Tinker, the Dodge City shortstop, batted the ball into center-



HORROR HARMLESS

By

ASIA'S MR BEEFCAKE

FACT: Lives may be saved in future sub-zero warfare by a new device that keeps bottles of blood warm.

field.

The Hudson boy, forgetful of his balance, jumped up in his excitement, and stepped forward, falling 50 feet to the ground as Tinker completed his round of the bases.

As a matter of course, since neutrodynes believe that such sudden and premature deaths as this one are not entirely final, and efforts at preserving the body are always made, the boy was taken to one of Mr. Beefcake's Preservation facilities.

The body was placed on a firm cypress board and the clothing removed. The bones of the nose were cracked with a chisel and mallet, a hooked wire inserted and cerebral matter drawn out through the nostrils, put aside, and not preserved with the other organs.

An incision was made and all contents of the abdomen except the kidneys were removed, and the cavity cleaned with a stringent soap. Then the diaphragm was cut, allowing access to pulmonary regions. The hearts were not removed but packed in ice to cool them. Each piece of viscera was washed in sal soda and put into a jar of brine.

Finally, Hudson was packed with woodshavings and floss, cosmetics were applied, he was dressed in a gaberdine suit, and laid out.

Tinker visits the boy on occasion and pats the cheeks with resin bags.

In a room with forty unfortunates, he lay on a municipal bed, and said he slept fairly well. He was routed out at 5:00 o'clock and sent to the woodpile. After four hours there, it was decided he had earned his breakfast and, with the oatmeal, bread and coffee eaten, he went to City Hall, was adjudged there, and when asked if he had any words to say, gave this explanation of the mysteries of radio, written by his own hand, while in Manila:

"Wireless is something good. It is something that truly hurries up (is swift). A man sits down at a "liklik mashin" (small machine) he has, his finger fights the machine. Now the electricity in the machine "salim" (sends) talk a long way more.

All right. A long way away another fella he sits down at a little machine and he hears this fella talk."

As a whole, the Wayfarer's lodge is to be congratulated on the way it is run. The quarters are well kept and clean. The American derelicts seen at the lodge were strong, able-bodied and willing to work. Absolutely no signs of drink or dissipation were noted.

After a long fast, the one who had been judged, was visited in his cell by many of his aspirants, a cell which is the breeziest and most comfortable in the jail. He ate a steak, some army beans, and drank two quarts of buttermilk.

He said to a reporter, "There is no man in Waco more rational than I am. The jury was in error when finding me demented, although I firmly believe it was done under the impression that my mind is astray. I am satisfied also that those who instituted the proceedings were acting in good faith toward me, and meant it to be for my own welfare. I may never again

attempt the experiment of fasting, but I claim I have already demonstrated a great deal of my theory of the wireless."

Typical of American bums this one had his plug hat, umbrella, and violin hanging close at hand. He amused himself by giving his fellow prisoners charts of their phrenological traits and playing his fiddle.

During the night, he broke out of the Lodge and in his aimless wanderings reached Gooseport, a village about nine miles southwest of the French camp. There he was taken into custody and placed in the lockup where he had access to the stove. That night he heated the poker red hot, placed the end against the wall and threw himself against the point. The instrument plowed its way into his abdomen, searing the parts entered.

Another tramp named Chatterjee occupied the cell with him but was asleep when this unfortunate Yank took the drastic action, so it is not known how long the American survived.



They called him bum
