

CLASSIFIED AD

"WE READY WHEN EARTH IS."



JOIN THE ISKCON AIR FORCE

Commander Lindy, seen above in happier times, is resting now in an embassy in Manila, drinking buttermilk and shouting, "Feliz Navidad," though it is the balmy heart of June. "Whenever I get into that air chair, it's like going to the death chamber. When I landed here it was like a reprieve." Lindy's perspiration has a violet tinge and stains his flying coat. He is given nuxated iron as a fixative of the blood. By morning he is sitting up, eating coddled eggs. He is placed in a pandiculator to soothe the spine and then cleansed with basic soap. When he is on his feet again, Lindy will be issued a passcard, fitted in a suit of gabardine, given a box of hag sandwiches, and put on a railcar bound for the American Camp, his nose coated in petroleum jelly to prevent its burning in the sun. When he arrives there he will tell the Americans that the Iskcon Air Force is ready when Earth is. He will say that the IAF is a tough bunch, that a man in the Iskcon Air Force can digest peas, spinach, bread, potatoes, butter, soybean meal, fish, entrail, ground bone and alfalfa meal. The toughest need the best.

"WE HAVE FOUND THEM IN THE SLUMS, EATING CANNED DOG FOOD, WITH NO INJURIOUS EFFECTS. A pound of dehydrated dog food contains more nourishment than a neutrodyne receives in a normal day's feeding." Commander Lindy