

Fight Flies for Fly-Free World

I went down to the Camp Legion Fish and Produce Pavilion today to watch the Americans process their fish. The place was swarming with flies of every size and metallic hue. Just above one of the tubs where trench crabs were being boiled, hung a sign saying FIGHT FLIES FOR FLY-FREE WORLD.

Mose Howard, chief of the crew, pulls a small section from the stomach of each fish as it goes by him on a conveyor belt, whiffs it, and passes judgement. If the odor is fresh enough, the fish continues to the cooking room. If not, the fish is yanked from the belt and tossed into a pile, blackened with flies, to be converted to meal for the neutrodynes.

Mose complained that he was plagued with aching neck muscles, because of the constant intake of putrid air, averaging one smell every 2½ seconds.

Mose figures he smells 35 to 50 tons of carp, hag, and hornpout a day, working from 14 to 16 hours at a stretch.

He can sniff 23,400 tons of fish and inhale no flies.



OBSERVER AND OBSERVED -- TWO MAKE A TEAM

Habit? "I recently saw a hag in Pershing Square in Los Angeles, perhaps thirty years old, perhaps fifty, pick up a cigarette butt, or 'snipes', as we called them on Iskcon, from the sidewalk. She repeated the process, collecting a handful, then sat down and tried lighting one. She was so nervous

she couldn't make the match and the cigarette in her lips contact. So she would lay the 'butt' on a park bench to light it--take a few pulls and light another, etc.

I asked a Sergeant standing near about her. He replied, "She is known as 'nicotine Nell'--has money to buy new cigarettes, but these short ones have more nicotine, so the reason." She is the finished product of nicotine addiction.

TWO MAKE A TEAM

COPYBARA TAKES SHINE TO OLD BLACK SHOE

Ten Sleep soldiers are puzzled over a Copybara, black and white, keeping a vigil beside an old black shoe.

The Capy, apparently an abandoned pet, refuses to go farther than 15 feet from the shoe -- even to eat, a soldier said yesterday, who first noticed the loyal watchkeeping last week.

By day, the critter stays close to the

shoe, now invaded by mold and beetles, along a wooded section of City trench. At night it curls next to the shoe and goes to sleep whining.

"The only time it gets upset is if someone picks up the shoe," one officer said.

The soldiers, mostly Orientals, policed the area last weekend but said they found nothing they considered significant, except another old shoe -- and the Capy studiously and lazily ignored it.

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HELPED BY A RUNNING START, ROY BISHOP WALKS 50 FT. UP THE WALL



A 24 year old neutrodyne woman from Broadway Street (500's) called the N.I.P. Police and told them that about 3 A.M. (G. M. T.), an Arab had broken into her apartment, voided himself on an Oriental Rug, and beaten her. She said he then pushed her to the floor, punctured her breasts with a darning needle, and cut her hair off. She was advised to obtain a warrant.

Nips are nuts

Roy Bishop, 18 years old, youngest member of Iskcon's National Police, the N.I.P., was run over by a Ten Sleep Central "Wildcat" Railcar Engine, at 132d Street and the Hudson Trailway, on Thursday, while in pursuit of a parrot, which had escaped from a cage in which a woman was carrying it to the Fort Lee Ferry, and lodged itself in the eaves of a precinct building. Bishop, helped by a running start, walked 50 feet up the side of the brick wall, took the parrot by its feet, walked down again, and tumbled into the wheels of the car.

HE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS DOWN AGAIN, USING HIS ARMS FOR BALANCE

