—THINGS CULTURAL—

JACKIE...

Una mujer de caucho que se parece extraordinariamente a Jacqueline Onassis es el último producto de la industria de juguetes norteamericana. Se llama "Jackie", pesa cerca de diez kilos y se infla como un globo. También se puede llenar de agua caliente y utilizarla como dispositivo de calefacción en las frías noches de invierno.

CITY MOON 5

Minoru Kawabata's paintings are intuitive. From a distance, they pulse quietly with the pure manipulative joy of painting; close up, they seem sparse and high-strung. They are highly communicative, urgent, and eloquent, but what they project rushes by quickly or as if it is shouted in an unknown tongue. It can't be caught in the net of rational language. Looking again, there it is again. It is and it isn't. not true of art in general.

BUGS IN MUNCIE —— CONTINUED

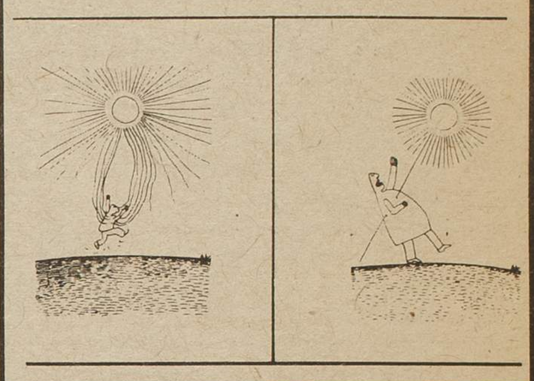
Every portion of the ponderous original is reproduced. The framework is of so fine a construction that it resembles the hair spring of a tiny watch, and the platinum wires, of which the chains are made. These are of thiness that calls for a microscope.

The bugs are watched through a series of magnifying glasses, that shrink the bugs and stretch their bulk, depending upon which you look in to. It is a queer little show. At the word of command from the insect tamer, the bugs issue lazily from small cages carved from cherry wood. One of the insects picks up a strip of metal with his forefeet, a strand of tungsten. One encircles with his fore feet the lever which raises and lowers the hammer. Shumann signals again. The bug at the lever raisees the hammer and sends its crashing down upon the anvil. At least a person can imagine he hears the crash--since the largest bugs are enlarged to 5 to 15 times their original size by some of the huge lenses. The performing bugs and the golden anvil and hammer are the talk of Muncie. It is good to hear happy talk over little things in these post-hate order days.

Shumann says that if the people of Muncie will allow him to stay in America by writing to this paper and saying they want him to stay, and will throw up a cot for him at the Naismith Hammer Works, then he will teach his bugs to ride miniature horses, don leather chaps, and lassoe each other. He will turn them into tiny Vulcans, fashioning geometric figures, the dodecahedron, for example, from the tungsten. *Continued*

Noxin has joined the National Dance of Joy. He is the Noxin of old. His hair is now dark and curly, the face is firmer.

And he is dead, buried. We bury him. He lays, his hands in the durt, he lays most softly quiet. The stillness as thousands pass by him in the train depots of America, all across the country, the United States of America, breaks with coughs and throat-clearings. He waves a cold hand at us from the coffin and we catch him at his old tricks, laying in the pink velvet like a sizable catfish or large boa, and he grins at us again, even in the pale wasted shades of hideous death, with the descent to Hell and fire.



DAILY GUIDANCE

"Buddhism is win or lose"—this means your own defeat in the struggle with yourself. In the end, the victory in life is to chant Daimoku and conquer weakness.

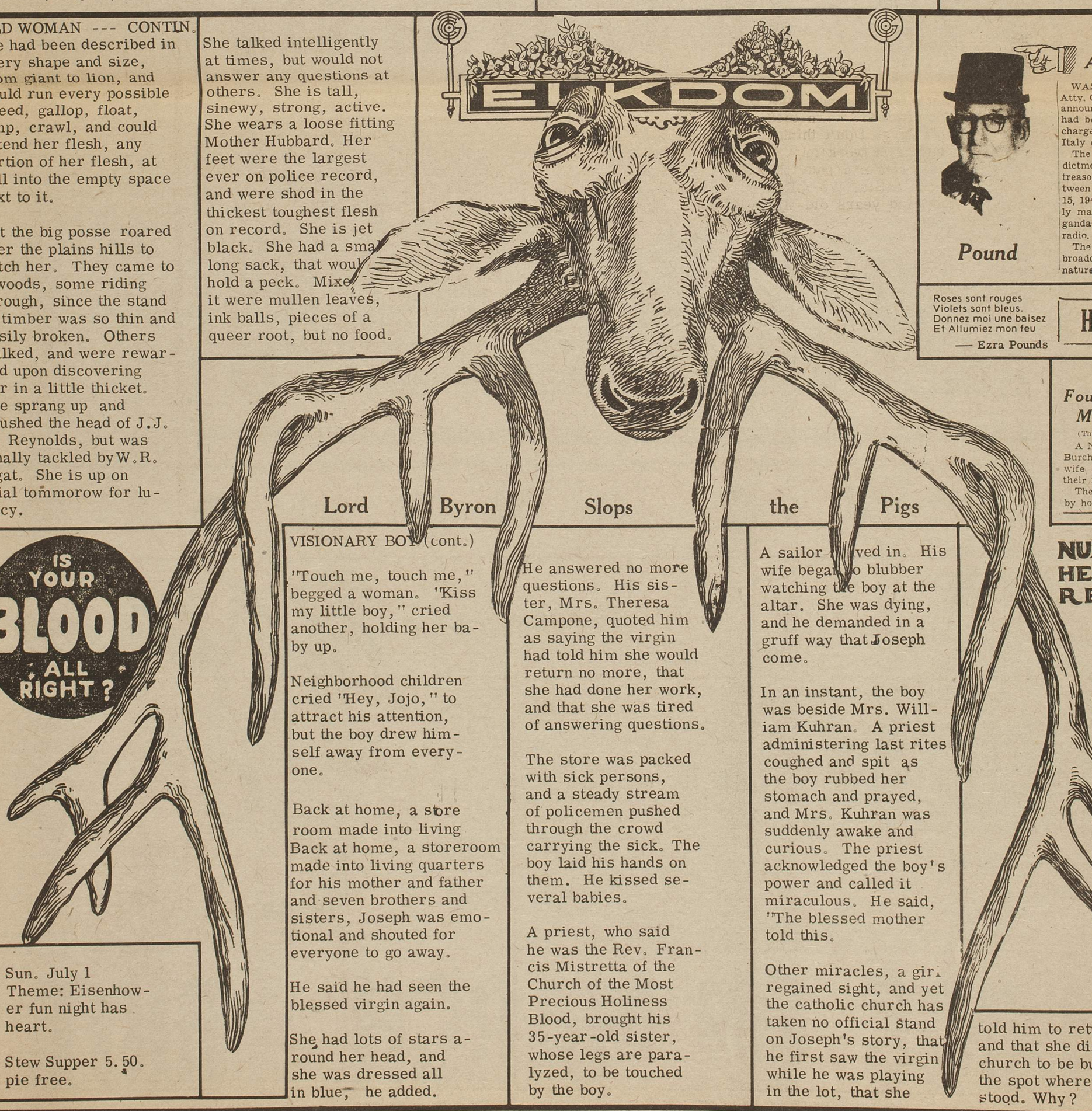
• If you have any warning of an A-bomb attack: Seek shelter in your basement, on lower floors of office buildings, or underground subways. Note possible exits in case of building collapse. Lie flat and doubled-up next to an inside wall or structural support and away from windows, and cover your eyes. Wear light-colored, loose-fitting clothes. If handy, secure flashlight, fire extinguisher and an axe, but don't waste time looking for them.

WILD WOMAN --- CONTIN.

She had been described in every shape and size, from giant to lion, and could run every possible speed, gallop, float, limp, crawl, and could extend her flesh, any portion of her flesh, at will into the empty space next to it.

But the big posse roared over the plains hills to catch her. They came to a woods, some riding through, since the stand of timber was so thin and easily broken. Others walked, and were rewarded upon discovering her in a little thicket. She sprang up and crushed the head of J.J. A. Reynolds, but was finally tackled by W.R. Agat. She is up on trial tommorow for lunacy.

She talked intelligently at times, but would not answer any questions at others. She is tall, sinewy, strong, active. She wears a loose fitting Mother Hubbard. Her feet were the largest ever on police record, and were shod in the thickest toughest flesh on record. She is jet black. She had a small long sack, that would hold a peck. Mixed in it were mullen leaves, ink balls, pieces of a queer root, but no food.



A U.S. Traitor

Pound

WASHINGTON, D. C. (AP) — Atty. Gen. Tom C. Clark, Monday announced the poet, Ezra Pound, had been indicted for treason on charges of broadcasting from Italy during the war.

The announcement said the indictment charged 19 overt acts of treason and cited seven dates between Sept. 11, 1942, and May 15, 1943, on which Pound allegedly made recordings for propaganda broadcasts over Rome radio.

The indictment said these broadcasts were of a treasonable nature.

Roses sont rouges
Violets sont bleus.
Donnez moi une baisez
Et Allumiez mon feu

— Ezra Pounds

He Joins Indians

Found Dead; Body Mutilated by Hogs

(The Register's Iowa News Service.)

ANAMOSA, IA.—Maston Burch, 65, was found dead by his wife Friday in a hog house on their farm near Olin, Ia.

The body had been mutilated by hogs. No inquest will be held.

Lord Byron Slops the Pigs

VISIONARY BOY (cont.)

"Touch me, touch me," begged a woman. "Kiss my little boy," cried another, holding her baby up.

Neighborhood children cried "Hey, Jojo," to attract his attention, but the boy drew himself away from everyone.

Back at home, a store room made into living Back at home, a storeroom made into living quarters for his mother and father and seven brothers and sisters, Joseph was emotional and shouted for everyone to go away.

He said he had seen the blessed virgin again.

She had lots of stars around her head, and she was dressed all in blue, he added.

He answered no more questions. His sister, Mrs. Theresa Campone, quoted him as saying the virgin had told him she would return no more, that she had done her work, and that she was tired of answering questions.

The store was packed with sick persons, and a steady stream of policemen pushed through the crowd carrying the sick. The boy laid his hands on them. He kissed several babies.

A priest, who said he was the Rev. Francis Mistretta of the Church of the Most Precious Holiness Blood, brought his 35-year-old sister, whose legs are paralyzed, to be touched by the boy.

A sailor lived in. His wife began to blubber watching the boy at the altar. She was dying, and he demanded in a gruff way that Joseph come.

In an instant, the boy was beside Mrs. William Kuhran. A priest administering last rites coughed and spit as the boy rubbed her stomach and prayed, and Mrs. Kuhran was suddenly awake and curious. The priest acknowledged the boy's power and called it miraculous. He said, "The blessed mother told this.

Other miracles, a girl regained sight, and yet the catholic church has taken no official stand on Joseph's story, that he first saw the virgin while he was playing in the lot, that she told him to return, and that she directed a church to be built on the spot where she stood. Why?

IS YOUR BLOOD ALL RIGHT?

Sun. July 1
Theme: Eisenhower fun night has heart.

Stew Supper 5.50.
pie free.

NUXATED IRON HELPS MAKE RED BLOOD

Ship by Truck