

A new suit of clothes wouldn't help me out much and even a set of wings would still leave me looking like John Farmer's gargoyle scarecrow in his Sunday best.

Most of those who die are in a pretty dilapidated condition, racked by illness or the parasites system (which is all the same) and the angelic expression is far removed. Possibly, however, when they get over ^{there} they start growing young and wind-up with a pair of wings and a pair of diapers. How's that for fantasy?

But we are living in realities and the unemployed army of 10 million plus is growing — and the gallon and half of stew the Pearl Street restaurant dumped in the swirl-barrel didn't last five minutes...

No wonder the pigs are plowed-under and the dogs have a far-away look in their eyes — even the police-dogs neglect to grab us by the shanks — won't even get up to sniff our pants to verify the high emprise of our social standing.

They don't seem to give a damn who we are — or possibly they have lost confidence in us and fear they will wind-up in a stew-pot. Stranger things have happened.

You wouldn't call that fantasy or imaginings of a cracked writer?

Two meals a day seems to be the rule. (breakfast is composed of several groanings in bed) and, if I do say so myself, the bed and the meals doesn't look any better ^{than} the man himself.

There is no remedy other than organization. Organize as you are.

You cannot gain strength by waiting.

Strength can be gained only by organizing.

Wait long enough and you'll be too homely to go to heaven.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that we are at grips with "the noble white man" that made agony both ingenious and scientific and relegated life's possibilities to the select few... and life's "garbage" to the many.

Production is now years supply ahead and still we are in want.

It's rotten — the system — and recently the great State of New York could not afford to accept as a gift the mansion and lands of The Greystone from the Untermeyer Estates because the acceptance presupposed an expenditure of \$75,000 a year for maintenance. This miniature paradise of the Hudson must go begging. Could a system be more rotten?