I Just Shot Pa Down Like I Would a Hog,' Boy Says

DEAD WOMAN ROBBED

MASTER RAY-X IN SHIELDED CIRCLE

At Home Entertainment

Killer of Man Who Cursed Flag Acquitted

Cakes Blamed For 13 Deaths

ROOSEVELT DUG UP

EVENTUALLY WHY NOT NOW

Truth Well Told
cheap 25¢ city moon

CENTRAL BUREAU
Box 59
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

SUBSCRIPTIONS
c/o Ed. Grauerholz
Box 842, Canal St. Sta.
New York, New York 10013

OFFICES IN
Lawrence, Kansas
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New York City
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(1910)
A Moon correspondent was rudely forced to sit still through 5 or 6 con-secutive prayers at a neighborhood improvement meeting recently in East Lawrence, Kansas. In the sweltering room a new neighbor moved in, and too weak to call out. He will be buried in the district. Requiescat in Pacem.

and forever unseen
of hours in semi-agony, able to breathe only shallowly,
be housed in the
Lamanno Panno Fallo on Lincoln Street, in the warehous
we have ever published, However
panions of the same age from Ad-
about six feet tall and weighing
with his mouth, and kissing
her foot. The girl reports that he
could kiss her other foot and again
sh P.

was on her deathbed somebody
per- 

and leaving a stool near
DRUM he

happened to sit still through 5 or 6 con-

that a family cat had befouled the corpse,

Pageants is dead. His older daughter found the body in

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morning hours, How her parents tried
With advertisements and money moochers.
Don't correspond the way they might
My mailbox bountifully fills
My sister often sends me a copy and I read
Wodonga 76 years ago, I knew
interesting and inspiring newspaper, I was born in
well and wonder how many are alive who remember
the day she danced all day long with all the wonderful
young men (she was courted
l started work with a dress maker in a little shop
Wodonga again, health broken down, but I loved every
next to the sentinel office. I guess I'll never see
there in 1956. Memories. Memories that live and
two broken bridges in
burn and none can take away though you are robbed of
every other thing. I was one of the
Chicken and
He So Loved
Male Love Till
He Slewed Boy
Who Refused Him

This stranger arrived at the Oasavatonia Savings &
Loan at an hour when the bank was totally empty
yesterday—a trial according to the Vice-Presi-
dent who was apparently the last to abandon the
building in what he called "a funny day," He was
clearly leaving the bank, and yet he knew he was
the last person present and slid stay on. Luckily,
the cameras of the City Moon were flickering stead-
yly onward, recording the arrival of the strangest
pair of the decade.

Tape recorders caught gems like this: 'Hurry
up Midge, hurry and bring it, I'm awful hungry
for a God,' The girl is Midge Pray of New Or-
leans, whom many know the story of how she
ran away from the preacher and went to the
south to ripe simply to the gym and
m- body noticed what make car they drove, though
it set in front of the bank. God said, 'Tharby Midge,
thirty, too bad for a God, bring a
drink of quenching water.' Midge says,
'There was a Kentucky Fried on the boulevard
and I know there is a Rib Place farther in.'
God, 'I want something quick. now, I'm
ravished.'

God is apparently not a force after all, but a person,
more or less. He can put in through locked doors
without making alarms go off. Midge can too, now.

The stranger did not look old, and Midge looks lots
younger. He watched Midge through most of the
bunch of the recording. He seemed to address the
bank cameras, which are concealed, directly from
to time to time. They are from New Jersey, they say,
where they live in a rooming in their
permanent home, and their acceptance is to

How did they wind up in Oasavatonia? They are
looking to trade their vehicle, which no one can
readily identify. They say they wish to use rea-
sensible others. God and Midge want to leave town.
We wouldn't stop them. Write B 891, Lawrence.
...and now it's time for

The water tub. By Ed. Odle. In the supermarket Mr. Scertt, leering over meaty, half-bitten in a shower of reflections, each tacit of meat and bone another facet of light. He saw chicken and moved it down to it. He moved his palm over a row of thighs, picked up a package of livers and hearts and meat and chicken and folded hands to wipe it. He gel let pinkish sweaty streaks on the cloth. He would explain it the next wash day when his wife asked him what it was. He would say, "In the market last Saturday. I got some chicken blood. In the next wash don't remember that." He would say, "You were getting the cooking oil." He, "N, we didn't need cooking oil last week, because I bought a gallon on special." He, "It doesn't matter, I know how to throw it away." He, "Let's kill the subject." She "I know you. Of course it could be another kind of blood, couldn't it?"

He bought a package of cut weenies and read the contents and artificial teeth, and his knees bucked and jerked. He crawled behind his car like an animal, belting it along with his shoulders. He found his wife at the vegetables, wearing butterfly sunglasses. She said she would not take him home until she was completely finished with the shopping.

Acid Cloud—A storage tank owned by the Stauffer Chemical Company, containing oleum, a cleaning solution of saturated sulfuric acid. A huge cloud of sulfuric acid mist that rose over the Carson-Smith Los Angeles slums. The smell was such a nuance that married couples were hospitalized. Nothing much to worry about. Once you've seen one of those balls rising aloft, you've seen all.

The INDIAN AMERICANS: PART II

The Inuit story Benjamine, the stage driver, does not like to tell, and we won't tell it in its entirety. The other prospector was at once bound and thrown over to the women and children. Shis hid behind a Infid, but was found. They did nothing to him that would kill him at once, and when he faimed from the awful agonies they inflicted upon him they would revive him with cold water, only to commence new and more ingenious tortures. When it seemed he could no more, the younger members of the band got about him, smoking and laughing at his frightful shrieks and fed a slow fire that was kindled on his stomach.

The next day and the one after that Benjamin supplied the fun for the band. He was a young man and easily got to make him open his mouth. He saw her purpose was evil and refused, so she took her hatchet and one by one knocked his teeth in, smashing down his upper jaw. Then she took a rough pair of wooden pliers and grabbed with them his tongue if the roots dragged him about the place. Cowardly with mirth at his torment and his attempts to scream.

Another pleading was to mass a quantity of glowing charcoal on a strip of damp bark and flit it about his head. When he would swoon and the coals would be removed, he recovered; in an instant fresh led was applied. They were somber-delayed with him, for he was the last prisoner they had, and he made such sport for the women and children that his death was to be as long drawn out as possible.

The children enjoyed breaking his feet. This was called bastinado, and apparently the French touch was used to the earth and the soles of his feet were clubbed until every one of the immobile little bones were broken and the feet reduced to a jelly.

He was staked out on a red ant hill. It seemed cycles until he fainted. The next day he was tortured further. The third day, signs indicated the Hangman was breaking camp. Before, he was shot with arrows, where they would not immediately wound him mortally. A flint arrow head was used to plie his thigh to the dirt, and a square choff his chin with a hatchet so he would remove her. All the time, a bullet was lodged in his head, and still forms a great presubercast here.

He was asked why he didn't have the bullet cut out. He said, "The doctors would charge me $5, and I can't spare the money.""
$800 COAT SWIPED AT PANCAKE HOUSE

Mrs. DENNIS SMITH, 70, reported the Authorities today that she was eating at the International House of Pancakes at 891 North Broad st., but she had had her coat at the time that she entered the place. The management searched around the place, but the coat was not found.

Mrs. SMITH said that she had there a thing for her, and well it was, the coat was a very fine one to the place.

Police are looking for the thief that made off with the coat.

You can buy it for no cost

GERMAN BOXX, 32,
SHOT FOR NOTHING

GERMAN BOXX, 32, 32th Street Ave, was shot just before he refused to go to a strange who called him while walking on a street.

BOXX was walking in front of 3116 North avenue when a strange about 26 years of age (identified as a foreigner) shot him in the right chest. BOXX refused and ran in another direction.

At 3:00 he was found dead and sent to St. Louis. The funeral of BOXX took place into a black FLEETWOOD CAROLIC and sped away from the scene.

BOXX was conveyed to St. Louis, Mo., where he remains in serious condition.

Run Leo, Run

You Son-Of-A-Gun

One of St. Louis woman name "dope" and "dope" named "reaper" is supposed to have run.

Then, he slipped a lengthy against "Derek Rose, 15, a resident of the famous Kelly St., Crow. The beating of Leo Beacom, 47, 1936 South Page Ave. Leo attached a note to a aeroplane. Then the car was through the window. He began running and was chined and shot down. He dropped the body, but he heard nothing. The police went down and was surprised to see the person dead and pulled out.

Our son of a gun,

Nazi's Honored Unwed Mothers

Arre a in Valencia

Kaldentti

Chicken-Pol Laff

Iowa Hemp Plant

Reaches End of its Rope

To give U. S. battalions enough rope to lasso Em- peror Hirohito, Iowa farmers turned themselves into cultivating a multi-grown weed. The weed was being grown on 2,000 Iowa acres and processed in 11 plants. These plants are the typical plant at Pompton on the last day of operation. Some workers will remain until about Jan. 1, when the mill will be cleaned out and ready for disposal by Defense Plant Corp.

THE END OF THE WORLD

Wherever he touched her, he left a bruise, so he wired her and fed electric shocks as a gag at first, to see what would happen.

But the glowing bugs began to glean; he raised the voltage and her settled weight bumped the kitchen table tipped on its triumphed spiders; the purple blotches glowed like x-rays. The smell of singed hair filled the house.

THE END

THE EVENING WHIRL

Hard head pounding St. Louis weekly that in the Senate offices is regarded as the first rapprochement of American 2-weeks. We measure of Rochester New York is number 2. The WHIRL's ironic and loving sense of the world's dirty efforts, and the other pathetic that they ever could be sizable does it wishes to, and roasts the rest. Cope in St. Louis, goes into liquor stores and buys the illegal dope, smashing their lips in hatred and scorn, but anybody who knows the least little bit about language will relish the Evening WHIRL.

The story of Willie Mae Edwards told in the most recent issue startled everybody.

The Whirl likes a demon at every misfortune, and his emanations are making a splash in St. Louis, where the story is growing.

Amil Toth, 44, 52, enjoyed the delicious

THE END

THOMPSON PUBLISHING COMPANY
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ST. LOUIS, MO. 63123

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OF PERSON TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTION

RAT KILL

9c a Rat

"(com News Service) The City needs a rabid-pancaking expert, for the countless hundreds of destructive rodents which infest the town and spoil this character of a place that almost threatens to drive the people from their homes in St. Louis. Their business thoroughly, would end a whole Klondike of rats in the pest ridden city, as the municipal authorities, finding themselves unable to stop the evil by ordinary methods, are paying $2 for every rat killed.

This City's houses are built above the ground 90Y, There are no cellar's, and so the ground beneath is honeycombed with the burrowing places of the rats, whose number is approaching 6,500, 14,000 rats were killed in a two week bounty period, and $800 in bounty was paid out. There has to be a serious delict processing before funds are allocated to a given hunter, as this bounty scheme has proved a serious drain on the treasury of a city that has only 20,000 inhabitants.

The victim of this slaughter is not a native. Came as a stowaway, big grey fellows averaging out to a couple of pounds each, easily whipping the native small brown rat which the City cats had lost in line. These grey rodents every morning disciplined the City cats.

The rats ate through everything but what was made of stone or metal. Wire cages couldn't always keep these big rats away from cheese stored there. The sharp teeth of the hungry destroyers ate whole cloth. Foundations of houses were ruined windowless.

The rats hunger more each day, as more of them are born beneath this city, stumblie darkly through intricate mazes of tunnel, scratching for a little protein. Young chickens and small stock are carried away if they are not carefully watched. Rats are found in their cribs now with wedges of flesh taken from their chokey arms by the sharpied teeth. Traps became ineffective about this time last year when the smart ones wove away, and the rest followed; now little men and boys go punning regularly for these big rats, earning considerable money in that way.

The mayor says that: "It is only too true. During the past year the nuisance has become intolerable and the municipality is in despair over the seeming impossibility of ridding the city of these pests. Cats are afraid of them; traps are destroyed by them; weasles are destructive as the rats themselves; and dogs can only get their noses into their holes. Poison would be useless, as the rotting carcasses of rats would line the labyrinth of tunneling and send up a stench that would make our neighbors hoot in their yards. What the government is willing to pay for are constructive suggestions and safe schemes to rid the city of them. It is difficult for outsiders to com- prehend how our city is overrun with these pests but the fact is, the place is simply alive with rats, big, powerful fellows, which can eat their way through almost anything."

Come to the City and shoot rats. 9c, save the carcass, B. SHI Lawrence, Ks, 60604
COMMUNIST FLIES

Agent Orange reporting, Sir. Dioxin, an extremely toxic component of an herbicide used widely in the war zone, has been detected in a variety of shellfish collected in 1970 along the Dong Ha and Selcon Rivers and along the Can Gio coast about 30 miles from Danang. The rivers from which the samples were collected drain areas on which some 50,000 tons of the "Agent Orange" herbicide were sprayed between 1962 and 1970. The herbicide was intended to reduce forest and jungle growth and thereby deprive COMMUNISTS of smaller.

WAR TALKS ON

Some time between midnight and dawn, March 15, 1973, a 50.5 gram iron rich meteorite fell through the aluminum roof of a carport in a San Juan Capistrano trailer park. The meteorite is only the 8th in U.S. history known to strike a building.

WHITECAPS SURPRISE COMMISSION

A band of white caps who have been operating in the eastern portion of this county recently, to the tune of 4 Negroes who were shipped in the last week, sent their representative to a Lawrence City Commission Meeting (we don't flinch to print this news, that the pitiable generation) terms any longer. Now, I happen to be an ardent fan of both the early process and the later City Moon. I've been a subscriber from the beginning. You found that for a period of time the Moon is the perfect thing. It's something nice to look at, it's black and white, it's full of mystery--I could go on for a month. And as it saddens me to read someone crying, trying to draw the beautiful white Moon in the dirt, to suggesting that maybe people want to swim in puddin', and let's not forget that all life came originally from a jelly-egg mass consisting of bioplasm, or even protoplasm if you will. Whoever said that about the moon must have had his (or her) head turned in the sands of academia these last two decades. Perhaps his (her) glances should have been cast toward the night sky. Ooaw is one. The Moon is All. Best regards, Editor Olie

Robert Beuvalson, son of Frances and Clair, has just received shipment of lunar material. He is going to do experiments to try to detect replicating agents possibly harmful to life for people in our town. 10 species of lower animals in all will be subjected to being present with a moon fragment. He expects that he will discover what already was done by U.S. Atomic Scientists in previous experiments in the national trend area. Tobacco tissue grew more green and rich looking in the vicinity of the piece of the moon, but nothing else much happened. Science moves forward.

THE CITY MOON
The Oriental Oneba seemed almost to materialize in the point the Oriental Oneba seemed almost to materialize when the terrified victim could no longer control himself and messed his pants. At this moment the planner was soiling himself, Chenault was beating in the planner's door with his foot and the pictures on the walls froze in their places.

In Topeka he was ordered into a Lincoln. He was driven to the south parking lot of the statehouse. The sun looked like a penny on fire in the sky. The lemonade vendor who was sightless had:

**More individuals, acting alone, are coming forward to say they are Oneba. In Korea, a well-dressed through slight individual, followed by a leg drizzle, claimed he prevented the murder of the state planner by Chenault, and says, “I am Oneba, and am almost dead from dying three times now and yet find myself in these familiar fields again, followed by my puppy-like sensation invisible. I am Chenault himself.”**

Older countrymen step forward too. Somebody located a dead ringer look-alike for John Nance Garner, FDR’s old press secretary. As soon as the cameramen arrived, he started saying he was born Oneba and could read everything with total clarity, though it should be noted this was all spoken in creased rhetoric, behind a blanket of burning cigar smoke and sudden wheezes.

The Korean Oneba states that he does not understand how it was decided he should be shuffled madly from air- port to airport when he announced his arrival to authori- tary persons. He stated he really was the Oneba and recalled details of Oneba’s life in sharp, memorable fragments. Still, who can be sure of imposture, the Moore says.

The Charmer Oneba lived in the town in which he dwells since 1931. He has demonstrated dream interpre- tation ability. There is a strong gothic maleness to him, attractive to young female reporters and maddening to opponents. Which one is Oneba?

---

**SOLVE THIS PUZZLE. Win Free NOW subscription. Send your answer to puzzle Ed. Box 591 66604**

**BRIDE IS STUCKEN; GROOM DROWNS**

Three week firecracker and carp rituals spawned tragedy for harelip and harelip Winton Sprogan, who called over the Laurado Falls in one of the new pistol boats designated for the sesquicentennial, a vehicle shaped like a bat which surely could have been tested before it was launched. Sprogan’s bride mounted the prow enthusiastically back beneath the shadowless pinnacle where the mayor and the godgirl watched. The ceremony was over, and the honeymoon of doom was starting.

This moon reporter, sent reeling by the green flames of the Ondora booth, seeks a fortunate witness to this bungling on the banks of the Laurado. Spurgon, breathing heavily, mounted his horse, shouldered and would have left a footprint on her face trying to escape his doom as he watched the water till and curve in front of him, and he knew he didn’t have much time left. And yet she hovered miraculously in the air on her descent and barely made the coring waters at the bottom ripple as she broke water smoothly. The vehicle was unmanned, Spurgon was shaken. The bride was dead. It is moment the bride was dead and the last thing Spurgon heard before he hit the water was the chop of the Bell Buzzard overhead.

---

**HERE THEY COME**

*The carp is a national disaster!* This cry is repeated every year by scores of countrymen throughout the land. Even the latest invaders from Maine to Tasmania. Banks of once-favored streams and ponds are now littered with cast-off fishing rods and reels. There are well-substantiated reports of thousands of roving carp as far down as Lake Alouda and Murray Mouth in South Australia. The carp originally came from Asia, where it was worshiped by the Chinese. The lowly carp was brought to impart wealth and power to all. To make carp more palatable, there are scores of years ago. One species of carp, the leather carp, was noted for the toughness of its skin. The porcupine used the leather carp for forrester. They cleaned the fish, then cut a slit through the dorsal region to insert their foot. This process was continued by the Chine- nese railroad workers of the Union Pacific. Each group of carp was soaked in vinegar by the soft pad of short feet, the toes wriggling freely from the gaping carp mouth. Sometimes the fins were painted with various colors and buttons and cheap jewelry glued into the eyes sockets.

Now a three-state war is planned to eradicate this fish forever. An electro- 
hal generating device, called a “black box” which reduces the carp to a cataclysmic state. When the net has been lowered to the bottom of a pond or stream, Murray slowly pulls the power switch downward. A hum in the noise can be heard from the box, and the net grows faintly from the bottom. The surface of the water becomes amber as glass when the current peaks, then ripples as Murray releases the lever back. Yet, tens of millions of nosy carp in rivers and ponds through- out the country are reportedly out of control.

*The European carp are threatening the purity of water supplies in Victoria,* the Moon’s down-under correspondent says that most people don’t drink the town water.
Virtually Large, his ~ass to Genesis. The second Garden of Eden was made from the first Garden of Eden was made from dust, according and Eve are frozen in position, cast in concrete, because he wanted to have some but was a little Dinsmoor said at the time, Cain wields the scyth of the farmer, while Abel Brozek, housekeeper, a young woman of twenty. Its arms extended downward, where the body of Abel To illustrate the dog-eat-dog philosophy of his time, Nod. dog with his concrete bow and arrow. The Indian's its arms extended downward, where the body of Abel. To illustrate the dog-eat-dog philosophy of his time, Nod. dog with his concrete bow and arrow. The Indian's.

The sculpture is like an irregular concrete cobweb that punctures the sky. Eve holds an apple in her hand as if she has intention to offer it to the serpent. Adam reaches to his right, his arm forming an arch under which visitors may pass into the grounds of the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve are frozen in position, cast in concrete, as to everything to Dinsmoor's Garden of Eden. Cain and Abel are fingering their respective tools. Cain yields the scythe of the farmer, while Abel holds a ram. There are two girls. One sweating. The other is attempting to climb a tree where Cain and Abel stand. Dinsmoor thought it natural to have children for Cain and Abel to play with. One story suggests that Dinsmoor included the children because he wanted to have a little imaginative passage to a child's mind. It was a little apprehensive about his ability to do so, since he was very young at the time. He had just married Emily Bronck, housekeeper, a young woman of twenty. Dinsmoor's young man needs a companion. An old man needs a nurse. I got both.

To the left of Cain and Abel, and slightly above them, looms an angel. The angel has its wings spread and its arms extended downward, where the body of Abel lies. Abel's wife and dog mourn its passing and Cain says, "...making for the Land of Nod." It is at this point in the Garden that Dinsmoor departs from strict Bible literalism and has his sculpture comment on the world of his time. Dinsmoor may have the post-Civil War World equivalent to the land of the Nod.

dinsmoor

Re-elect ROOSEVELT

FEATURE: THE GARDEN OF EDEN

The First Garden of Eden was made from dust, according to Genesis. The Second Garden of Eden was made from the dust of dust, according to Noah. Osby, it sits in a quiet neighborhood in Los Angeles.

To illustrate the dog-eat-dog philosophy of his time, Dinsmoor constructed a concrete leaf, upon which is a concrete cattail. A leaf is in turn pursued by a dog. The dog is attempting to climb the concrete tree, but an Indian in full concrete head dress is drawing a bead on the dog dog with his concrete bow and arrow. The Indian's is a soldier to a soldier who is aiming his rifle at the Indian. A woman depicted as a camp-follower has her arm around the soldier's waist. A tentacle winds around her waist and another reaches into the soldier's haversack. The octopus represents the Trusts which dominated political and economic issues in Dinsmoor's time.

The trusts are not the only enemies of the working man. Dinsmoor has a set of figures representing Labor Cru-ci-fied. The four figures surrounding Labor Crucified are labeled Doctor, Lawyer, Preacher, and Banker. William Jennings Bryan would have been proud, possibly embarrassed.

But Dinsmoor sees eventual victory and has the Goddess of Liberty holding aloft the severed head of the Trusts. A man and woman are shown saying the limit that the trusts rested upon. The label is BALLOTS.

All of this surrounds a concrete house, built to look like a log cabin, which Dinsmoor has called "The Cabin Home."

At night the concrete devil's eyes light up, so be sure to get there by dusk.

ELEWARDA PROX DEAD

One issue woman out like a light. Police officials reported this morning that one issue Elewarda, head of the second class of the East Lake, was ordered to a squad of seven of the secret service's best men were ordered to be leaking from a recently drilled deep well-- were condemned as unsafe by state Public.

The Prox woman was painting flowers in her back yard Tuesday morning when the truck bounced by, colored yelling and screaming obscene words.

They jumped furiously from the truck, beating their breasts. Elewarda, pouting with little feelings could have been visiting with a prominent citizen in her neighborhood. Horrified at what bright before they burst like grapes as the steel plate squeezed the mass of garbage over tight. Wordless, the garbage-dirties threw her in the dumpster and drove away.

Rescue officials are scouring the landfill today to recover the remains.

"It looks like the dogs chewed some on her," said Stanwit.

The funeral is soon.

"As soon as we can find something to bury," Stanwit said. (to be continued)

Rood a.

LOK, SCREWS IN DALLIANCE by Ed, O.

A Rhode Island Street Day, Sam, owned by the Ray family of the neighborhood was seen by this editor in dalliance with several screws near the porch of a house located at 772. The editor made attempt to coax the misguided chihuahua-terrier mix away from the screws. Oddly, the dog and the screws were sitting peacefully together on the lawn, panting in the summer night's heat. None of them seemed disturbed or showed any fear or made aggressive gesture. The ed, poked at the screws with the branch of a tree and scattered them. The dog, Sam, and a victim of heartworms (which grips him with a gagging cough), finally went home to sleep, as did his editor, who lives nearby on the same street.

Eerily, Why You Here? Where

Then you fell in my arms and got stuck... and I saved you... but I didn't think you could hold that much. Those sights I found xidcocs in your vagina. When are you ever going to... the day is a long... and I'm strung out like a city, needing change..."

We want to be useful...and even interesting

WHERE SHOULD WE DRAW THE LINE?

William Harrold