

CORONATION IS SOME DOINGS

says Reggie

By Reginald Dudley
New York Call.

London, May 27.—Great times over here these days! Everybody is gibbering about the coronation.

The most unconcerned, perhaps the most bored, person in England is His Majesty, His Adorned Graciousness, His Manifest Excellence, His Royal and Supreme Highness—the King.

To be sure, George, is all of these things. And more. For it is whispered around in Piccadilly that George is a bigamist. And furthermore, it is recalled that a newspaper man was jailed for so asserting. But these things are only whispered.

But about the coronation. The newspapers are running nothing but coronation dope. Every American hearse over here who succeeds in peeping at the King is worth columns in the London dailies. While every American gent who slips a ha'penny to an urchin is worth a "stick" in the day's news.

It was amusing to note the other day that several newspapers announced in freak headlines that "American Thieves and Swindlers are Beginning to Arrive."

Of course it cannot be construed that this startling statement had anything to do with the Goules, the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Skinquakers or the Clevermuts. Everything that happens nowadays gets into print. When Goules sneezes, that's worth half a column.

When a rich hearse goes on a booze party with a monocle-eyed Duke, that's worth keeping out of print. When a street walker turns up her nose about King George being a bigamist, that's worth about fifty years in Reading Goal.

Yes, it's all about the coronation.

GEORGE WILL FORGET.

When George slaps that jeweled lid on his royal dome he will be so befuddled that he will certainly forget about "the other one and her children."

Yes, there are hot times. Your correspondent has been digging SOME this week. He finds that London's great army of unemployed are taking no special notice of the coronation and its subsequent events.

Yet the newspapers have been screaming for many a day about much work that is to be had for these men. As a matter of fact, when an unemployed man goes in search of a job he is likely to be arrested and thrust into prison on the charge of being a "suspicious person."

The detectives and special policemen over here are as thick as fleas on a mangy pup. Jobs! Why, a "down-and-out" could not get a job here unless he had a list of credentials from dukes, lords, princes, Servants-in-waiting, and all the rest of the non-entities.

NOT FOR UNEMPLOYED.

There seems to be a great demand for waiters, however. But such jobs are not for habitually unemployed. All of Europe is supplying men for this grub dispensing art, and girls are being herded here faster than men are taken to the prisons.

Of course it cannot be denied that London is putting on her holiday attire. Painters and decorators are scrubbing the dirt off buildings that are about to tumble to the ground, while the grounds adjacent to the Royal Palace were never before so scrumptious.

The old titled do-do's about the palace are busily rubbing up His Majesty's doorknobs and cuspidors. Of course only an exalted person with a title could be empowered with such vast authority.

Everything is going up.

A tin whistle that formerly sold for tuppence now refuses to be blown for less than sixpence. Bread is going up. Meat is going up. Clothes have gone up, and everything will go up. For this is the merry coronation time.

Already there are indications that traffic will be greatly hindered. The streets now are crowded with fakers, imported, exported and deported. They're all here. With red ribbons and gold tassels. They peddle everything from the King's bottled sweat to likenesses of Roosevelt. Many manufacturers of novelties of the United States have their own wares on sale.

ANYTHING'S A HOTEL.

There seems to be a great lack of hotels here. And there is going to be more lack. The bong swong hostleries are charging rates that would make even Gould turn a fliplop, while the cheaper joints on side streets are converting garrets, cellars, window ledges and transoms into rooms.

An attractive feature that is SOME feature is one that all Great Britain is warbling about. On the day, June 22, of the coronation, the people will for the first time have an opportunity to purchase "King George

stamps" to put on their letters. Now it will be admitted that this IS a great privilege to the peasants.

Say! What do you Want?

Say, what do you laboring people want, anyway? If these times don't suit you, what is it that you particularly object to? Don't you know you have been voting for policies in government that produce these conditions? If you haven't, who do you think has? You have four-fifths of the votes. Well, you have been voting for, and marching for, and throwing up your hats for, and fighting each other for, just these deplorable times. You have no one to blame but yourselves. If you do not get enough for your work or crops, or if you don't have any work at all, why don't you investigate the cause? You have depended on the men to whom you have given good salaries to change things and they have refused to do it. Are you so blind as to continue to trust them. They are just like you. They don't know how. When you learn what is the matter, you will know who to vote for and why you should vote for him. You are to be mere voting cattle, tickled with something that's good for the politicians. The politicians know you are party blind. The trusts, combines and monopolists know it. On your remaining blind depends their ability to rob you. They will advise you not to read Socialist papers. Why? Why are they afraid to have you read? Don't it excite your curiosity to learn what they desire to keep from you? You can have plenty of steady employment and plenty of money if you read, and you will turn down those who have been duping you. They know it. And you are to be kept fighting over reciprocity and other matters to occupy your attention so you will not think about things. Be men or slaves.

The Power of Silence

The power of silence is sometimes very effective. You are a Socialist. That means to the ordinary man that you are a man who wants to do a lot of talking. Some anti-Socialist will begin ragging you. Wants to get you started. Asks about this thing and that thing. Looks at you and watches how you take it. A good plan occasionally is to say nothing. Just look at the fellow and smile a superior smile. If you won't give your views it will get the other fellow nervous and he will want to draw you out. You say to him, "Really I would like to enlighten you and I will if you will go borrow a few brains for yourself that I can reason with." Then you go away without giving your views. That nettles the chap. You see we are a good deal like the deer. When you go hunting you lie low and wave a red rag on a stick. The deer can't keep away. They just have to come and see what that red rag is. They have got to come close and investigate. If you shout and wave your arms, away they run. You can get many wage slaves nettled and interested by egging them on and then not satisfying them for quite awhile. They will be all the more apt to listen eagerly if you keep them waiting, than if you blurt out all about their slave condition at once.

London Truth, Labouchere's radical paper, is after knights and titled parasites who lend their names as directors upon the boards of doubtful commercial companies. These names make people think the companies are sound and they invest their money and no dividends are paid. Labouchere writes for the benefit of the bourgeoisie. He is mad because parasites lend their names to companies who cannot pay revenues to parasites. Labouchere thinks it all right to rob the workers, to keep them slaves. But he thinks it horrible to deceive the slave owners as to the amount of revenues slave driving companies can extract from their slaves. I know many people who think London Truth is a fine paper. The people who think it fine, needless to say, are parasites themselves.

Russia is in a condition of anarchy. There are reasons for this, reasons that few people realize. Civilization first rose on the banks of rivers because rivers were the means of communication in early times and civilization arises from the contact of mind with mind and the exchanging of experiences. It was not till the steam age that civilization left the rivers and sea coasts. With the railroad civilization struck inland. Russia is an immense continental country. Its rivers freeze in winter. It therefore remained barbarous while the rest of Europe fought battles for new reasons. Now Russia has felt the influence of the railways. Men are travelling and ideas are being exchanged. The old rule based on land and ignorance is still in power but it is being shaken by the new order of civilization introduced by the railroad and the factory system which accompanies the railway system of transportation. Russia is in anarchy because the old is coming into violent contact with the new. The new is bound to triumph. Meanwhile Russia is a hell on earth.

BUNCOME & SCRAPP'S

By R. W. NORTHEY

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "COTTON'S WEEKLY"

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Valley of Tribulation and Bitter Experience.

(Continued.)

Sunday was a glorious afternoon, and Miss Wimple and the Harrises spent a pleasant hour and a half in the Botanical Gardens sauntering along the shady walks or seated beneath the leafy shade of the noble beeches that lined the avenue, with the multi-colored flower beds looking their prettiest under a blazing sun. On their return to Bakers Row they decided that it was too hot to light the fire, so they dispensed with the tea-making and had milk, ice cream and fruit instead. Then Old Man Harris took up the story of how Buncome had humored his friends:

"Several times Buncome had hinted to me of a sure thing investment he had out West. It was a gold-copper mine in British Columbia, situated within a few miles of the boundary line. Later on he showed me samples of schist-like bronze ore with yellow streaks which he said came from the property. He also had assay certificates, one of them being by a local assayer and the others from Spokane, engineer's report and maps showing a group of three claims with the ore ledges marked on them. The certificates showed that the ore assayed from \$35 to \$60 per ton in gold and copper, which was said to be high grade for that class of ore. I noticed on the local assay that one sample went only \$2.40 and Buncome said that sample was from some surface ore. He said he had a half interest in the three claims, which he called the Great Bonanza group, and the prospector who located them, a man named Oscar Jones, owned the other half.

"The sight of the rich-looking ore began to stir up the cupidity in my nature, Miss Wimple, and I became interested in Buncome's evident pleasure. He offered to let me in on the ground floor. He said a large portion of the money I put in would be used for developing the property, and with a few thousand dollars it could be opened up and sold to a syndicate for \$50,000 or more. He instanced an adjoining group which had recently been bonded for \$100,000, and he said both groups were in the same ore zone and traversed by the same ledges. When he offered me a quarter interest for \$5,000 I decided that I could not afford to have anything to do with it, and told him I should have to let it go. Some months later he brought me a Spokane newspaper containing an account of the Mattawaena Copper mine, which had several thousand tons of high-grade ore ready for shipment as soon as the Great Northern Railway spur to the mine was completed. This Mattawaena mine, he told me, was the property adjoining the Great Bonanza that was bonded for \$100,000 some months before.

"Well, Miss Wimple, this started the mining fever in my system again and I became infected worse than I was in the first instance. However, I determined to take every precaution before I parted with any cash, so I wrote to Jones asking him to send me samples of the ore, snaps and a report on the property as far as it was at present developed; in fact I asked him everything I could think of at the time. I also called on the local assayer and showed him the certificate signed by him and asked him if it was correct. He said it was. Mr. Buncome had brought him the ore telling him it was from a property he was interested in out West.

"In due time I received a reply from Jones with the samples, maps and reports. It was the same bronzy ore with the yellow streaks that Buncome had shown me and the maps and report were probably copies of those I had seen before. I have a piece of that ore now, Miss Wimple. I'll show it you presently. Jones confirmed the statement about the Mattawaena being ready to ship ore, and it was not very long before I decided that my chance had come. It was my first venture into speculation of any kind, and I felt quite elated at what appeared to me to be the certainty of making a fortune on a five thousand dollar investment.

"We had just completed the payment on our house and I had between three and four hundred dollars in the bank. The house had cost \$9,000 altogether, and I got a mortgage for \$5,000 on it at 10 per cent. I thought it would be for a short time, as I would soon be able to pay off the mortgage and have several thousands left from the sale of my interest in the Great Bonanza property. It was a case of counting your chickens before they are hatched, Miss Wimple, but to me at that time they appeared as good as hatched and full feathered. So I gave Buncome a check for \$5,000 and the next time I saw him he handed me a bill of sale for one quarter interest in the Great Bonanza group of mineral claims.

"Buncome assured me that I was the only one to whom the privilege of getting in on the deal had been offered, and he cautioned me to keep mum until we had the Great Bonanza developed into a shipping mine. I was always a reserved sort of person and never had the habit of talking about my private affairs to anyone, so Buncome's caution did not materially affect my secrecy about my mining venture. Of course I talked the matter over with my wife, and at first she was very much against my having anything to do with Buncome, but when I told her about the satisfactory results of my inquiries she became reconciled, and at last, when Jones's letter came and the sack of rich-looking ore, her enthusiasm nearly equalled my own. It never struck me at the time that it was such a sure thing as Buncome pictured it was strange he didn't give his father-in-law the first chance. I found out

later that Finch had less faith in his son-in-law than I had. Buncome had approached him on the matter, but Finch turned him down at once without making any inquiries as to whether it was genuine or not. He knew Buncome better than I did.

"There was a mechanic named James Hike who had worked for Finch for years, a steadygoing, elderly man, who had saved enough to buy his own house, and by a strange coincidence it turns out that he was the grandfather of Jimmy Hike, who is now office boy at Buncome & Scrapp's. It speaks well for Buncome's persuasive powers that he sold another quarter interest to James Hike for \$4,000, and, exactly as I did, Hike mortgaged his home to raise the money. It seems almost incredible to me now, but, as I said, Buncome had the ferris sense keener than any man I ever knew, and he actually sold a third quarter interest to four other people, each buying one-sixteenth at \$1,000 each. These people were all clerks, acquaintances of Buncome, one of them, Charles Allen, being employed in the Eagle office under me. Of course I didn't learn all this until a long time after.

"Well, things went on as usual for nearly a year. I didn't see Buncome very often, but I had two short letters from Jones during that period. In reply to my inquiries he merely stated that he was doing some work on the property and she was looking up fine. Then there came the big panic and the business world almost came to a standstill. Many large firms and business houses went to the wall and the Eagle Ironworks closed down. So there I was, Miss Wimple, out of work, my home mortgaged and my money tied up in a mining venture that was becoming to look very much like a swindle. Of course, there was no chance for bookkeepers or clerks to find employment with so many thousands of all occupations out of work, so there was nothing for me to do but economize and make the two or three hundred in the bank last out until the panic was over. I thought of going out to see the mine, but it would have cost nearly a hundred dollars to get there. I wrote Jones, but got no reply, and I began to experience that panicky sick feeling of hopelessness that paralyses the brain and renders the victim helpless. I was down and out, and my family—ah, Miss Wimple, that was a terrible time, but worse was to come.

"We had four children then. Mary, the eldest, had finished her education and was living at home; William was at the high school and Emma and Robert attended the day schools. I had been out of work a little over a month when William came home suffering from typhoid fever, of which there had been several cases at the high school. The doctor ordered the younger children to be sent away, and I took them to their grandmother's back east while his mother and sister remained here to nurse the patient. He died, Miss Wimple. I came back the night before he went and I could see at a glance that his sister had taken the disease. We had the best doctors in the city, but it was a hopeless fight. In less than a month we had lost our two eldest—and oh, Mother, I know it hurts, and he used his handkerchief to blow his nose vigorously.

"Oh, Mrs. Harris, excuse my blundering," exclaimed Miss Wimple as the old lady's sobbing became almost uncontrollable. "I didn't know what I was asking. I didn't imagine it would open up old wounds and bring back the heart-breaking experience you had passed through. Don't tell me any more, Mr. Harris. I've heard enough," and she too used her handkerchief vigorously.

In a few moments Mrs. Harris was able to suppress her emotion so far as to say: "Oh, yes, you must hear it all now, Miss Wimple. I shall not give way again. Henry's words brought it all back so vividly that I couldn't help it."

Then the old man went on: "I'll touch on that terrible time as lightly as I can, yes, you must hear it all now, Miss Wimple. I shall not give way again. Henry's words brought it all back so vividly that I couldn't help it."

"So we were not very greatly concerned when we found we were practically penniless. All the money in the bank had been used for doctors' fees and funeral expenses, and when the interest on the mortgage came due we found we had not a cent to meet it. And when the loan company foreclosed and sold our home to the highest bidder for \$5,500, keeping \$400 for interest and expenses of sale, I took the \$100 they gave me and we went to live in a mean little room without a pang."

"Oh, Mr. Harris," exclaimed Miss Wimple, "how you and Mrs. Harris must have suffered!"

"No, Miss Wimple, that's the strange part of it. The capacity for suffering seemed to be gone. Some-

thing had snapped. We no longer cared for what the future had in store for us. It might be good or it might be worse than anything we had yet experienced, but we looked ahead with utter indifference. It was something like the Mohammedan Kismet. What is to be will be.

"That hundred dollars lasted us a long time, and I wasted several of them in postage stamps replying to advertisements for agents and travelers by swindlers who always required a cash deposit from the applicant before they would furnish him with any information whatever. These blood-sucking parasites never got a cent out of them, but I darsay they reaped a rich harvest from the bitter necessity of the thousands who were hunting for work of any kind. The big swindle Buncome had led me into had made me too wise to bite at any such petty fake as 'Agents wanted.' 'One day just as I was about to break our last dollar I met Finch on the street, and although we had never been more intimate than the acquaintanceship which carries a nod or a 'How do do,' he stopped and held out his hand, which of course I grasped.

(To be continued.)

THE PLUG PHILOSOPHER

THE FARMER.

W. E. Hardenburg.

This is the time that the farmer is working day and night, hoeing his corn and potatoes as long as there's any light. This is the time that his children are staying home from school, working like niggers, handling a hoe or some such tool. This is the time that their mother comes out and helps them too, hustling as other women but rarely have to do. Thus it goes on all summer—a steady round of toil. Sixteen long hours daily, of labor on the soil. And what is the compensation? 'Tis but a living bare—a living but rough and scanty; that is the farmer's share, for he must pay up the interest on mortgages and debts, as parasite profit-grabbers have got him in their nets. So, despite his being "owner" of all his tools and land, the only thing he gets at all is work—to beat the band.

Let me tell you, Mister Farmer. The best thing you can do—just subscribe to Cotton's Weekly and read it through and through. Then you'll get wise to the skin-game that's being worked on you; you'll find out how to stop it and you won't feel so blue.

Allan MacDonald, a young man employed in the underground workings of the Kerr Lake Mine, Cobalt, was recently found guilty of stealing ore from the mine and Judge Leask gave him six months in Central Prison. The support of the mother of this young man largely depended upon his earnings and he had been already 28 days in jail. So clemency was asked. But Leask declared that mine owners were largely suffering from dishonesty of employees and examples must be made of offenders to deter others from stealing. That is what the capitalist system does. It makes mothers dependent on the sons for a living, tempts the sons to steal by making them mine large wealth for the parasite property owners and jails them if they dare try to use any of the wealth nature has lavished in the mines to help them bear their economic burdens. Judge Leask is a puppet instrument of the master class who for a salary decides for parasite owners against necessitous mothers.

The coronation robes of the aristocrats are being made in the sweatshops of London. James Blyth, secretary of the London Society of Tailors and Tailoresses, declares, "At the moment coronation robes and uniforms are being made in the filthiest den imaginable. I know of one place where a tailor's workroom is at the back of an off shop. The workroom and the stairs are covered with dirt and grease. The houses in Soho are divided up into little dens, where tailors and tailoresses work under the most appalling conditions of overcrowding. Dustbins and refuse buckets are to be found all over the place. In many cases a single room apartment is used as a sleeping, eating and working room. There is always disease of some kind in Soho. I know as an absolute fact that on one occasion clothing for the present king—then prince of Wales—was found in the process of manufacture in a fever den in Soho. A case came to my notice when all the children were stricken with measles."

The capitalists declare that Socialism will make people idle and lazy. The capitalists know better than this. They know that Socialism will give people an incentive to work. Under capitalism people are made lazy, first, through capitalists receiving revenues without working, and second, through workers being thrown out of work by the shutting down of mills. The capitalists lay the blame of their own follies and failures upon the future Socialist state.

SUB PRICE OF COTTON'S.

Canada and England.
Six Months, 26 copies \$.25
Six Months, clubs of 5 1.00
One Year, 52 copies50
One Year, clubs of 5 2.00
Three Months, club of 550
Three Months, club of 10 1.00
Sole to the United States are \$1.00 per year. This is on account of the postage, which is one cent per copy.

GREAT SCHEMES

Great Schemes are hatching in the office of Cotton's Weekly. We have got a new press. We have got the plant.

To carry out these schemes a great wage bill must be incurred. But ever since it started Cotton's has always pushed to the limits of its resources, and frequently beyond them. Just as we have incurred heavy expenses and are planning to incur more, the sub list drops way down.

The ordinary income from all sources of Cotton's Weekly for the first five months has been twenty-one hundred dollars, or at the rate of five thousand a year. This is more than fifteen hundred dollars a year less than our present expenses.

The principal source of income is from subscriptions. This part of the income is over three-quarters the total income.

When you sub hustlers cease sending in subs our great source of revenue is cut off and we can do little work.

Do you want to starve Cotton's Weekly? Are you like the Scotch deacon who prayed, "Oh, Lord Please keep our minister humble, and we'll keep him poor?"

When you starve Cotton's Weekly you starve the revolution. If you want to see Cotton's weak you just keep its subscription list low.

Are you afraid that Cotton's will get rich and haughty and puffed up? Let me tell you a little secret. As long as I have anything to do with the paper, Cotton's Weekly will be kept poor. The more revenues we get in, the more we will spend on propaganda, investigation. I invite you to make Cotton's Weekly powerful, but I defy you to make it rich.

The Socialist papers of the United States beg for sustaining funds. Cotton's needs this sustaining fund, but I have not asked for it. I have wanted to give you value in propaganda work for every dollar you contribute. That is the function of the Agitation Battery. If you wish to help Cotton's, send along your funds. Those funds will be used in spreading Cotton's in new fields.

You sub hustlers have not done well at all. I am not going to praise you one little bit when you have laid down on your job.

You can do well. You have proved it in the past. You are going to do well in the future. I am expecting to be hit with an avalanche of subs just as soon as you read this squeal. Will you disappoint me?

Circulation Statement

Following is the statement of circulation for the issue of June 1.

	OFF	ON	TOTAL
Ontario.....	73	88	3053
Alberta.....	40	17	1436
British Columbia.....	27	31	1307
Prov. of Quebec.....	17	77	1147
Nova Scotia.....	20	15	973
Manitoba.....	15	5	744
Saskatchewan.....	14	9	606
New Brunswick.....	2	1	152
Elsewhere.....	5	5	152
Yukon Territory.....	0	0	62
Newfoundland.....	0	0	19
Prince Ed. Island.....	0	0	9
Total.....	273	188	9,750

Loss for Week 85

Total issue last week was 10,904

THE STEADY RULL.

The steady pull is what counts. Do you want to do things for Socialism? The best way you can start is to sit down and think. That does not mean to get with a gang of Socialists and talk. Sit down and think out a plan of campaign. Scheme how you can do the most good with the least effort. Then follow out your campaign systematically. It is planned, organized, and sustained effort that counts big in Socialist propaganda.

Let us confiscate the railroads from their present owners and hand them over to the collective working class to run.

The surge of the revolution is sapping the strength of the capitalist class.

TORONTO LOCAL 1. English, C. S. F.—Business Meetings held on the first and third Thursday of each month at the Finnish Hall, 24 Adelaide St. W., at 8 p. m. Second floor. Economic class, second and fourth Wednesday of each month held at 11 Chestnut St. at 8 p. m. Secretary, Mrs. E. Bellemare, 113 Richmond St.

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DENTIST

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

THE F

Bo

Comrade O. Creek, Y. T. for the sub-greatest number ending Friday. Howey wins with eight d. subs. Comrade to, wins the World's Revue chase of \$50. Other bon June hustlers this page.

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