The Freeman

A Monthly Critical Journal of Social and Economic Affairs

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As when we find that a machine will not work, we infer that in its construction some law of physics has been ignored or defied, so when we find social disease and political evils may we infer that in the organization of society moral law has been defied. — Henry George in "Social Problems."

Not the End

WAR is the status. And it will be for a long time. Civilization has developed the technique of maintaining life on the minimum of satisfactions, diverting all production above that point to the art of war. And human life clings to existence.

The shock of adjustment is difficult, even for militarists. The adolescent mind runs the gamut from jubilation to a depressive desire for martyrdom. Wisdom makes its bargain, continues to seek causes and finds its solace in hope for the future.

War is the result of a poverty economy. Since poverty has been the dominant phase of the world's social order these many years, the advent of war was inevitable. The currents are decades—aye, centuries—old; any individual effort to stem the ferocity of the ensuing vortex must be futile. All one can do is to point to the cave whence these currents came, and work toward an understanding that will prevent the recurrence of the catastrophe.

For peace must come. Production for satisfactions is the natural order of life. So, even while we make our adjustment with the present status, let us keep in mind the world that must follow.

What kind of peace will we have? Will it follow the natural law to a healthy and happy life for all the peoples of all the world? Or will the madness of hate and the blindness of cupidity once again frustrate the dictates of reason, and, blocking natural law, make for a new maelstrom?

All is not darkness. The human spirit seeks the light through the murkiest environment. That the search cannot be in vain, that ultimately knowledge and faith will guide our blundering feet to the achievement which is man's heritage—this is not only the hope that spurs us on through the night, but is the truth that cannot be forever denied.

This is not the end of civilization. Wisdom denies it; courage will not have it.

"Our Bourbons" in England

MAYBE THE BRITISH are more civilized than we are; there is a presumption in favor of that view in the difference between their sane attitude toward the war, as expressed in their press and the sophomoric chauvinism which characterizes some o our journalism.

They have been in a life-and-death struggle for over two years, yet never have they had their eyes off the home front. They are thinking of personal liberties, of their traditional individualism, of the post-war reconstruction, even though their main attention is perforce on the battlefield.

British reactionaries, of course, are scheming to retain or increase their position of power as a result of the war, but they do not have the field to themselves by any means, and they are being watched and shown up unmercifully by the guardians of British freedoms. It is a lesson America might well use in the coming years.

This thought comes to mind as we read the editorial headed "Our Bourbons" in *Land and Liberty*.* It starts:

"The watchdogs of landlordism were well on the prowl in the debates that took place in the House of Commons on the 9th and 14th of October. The bill is one of the successive measures to provide financial aid to agriculture at the public expense. (AAA?) It was naturally welcomed from the landlord side as the way to maintain an artificially high level of rents and land prices. In effect, these grants and loans enrich those who hold the land and it is they who in the end pocket the increased rents and land prices."

The provisions of this Agricultural Bill prove that economic education is as deficient on the other side of the Atlantic as it is here and indicates a similar trend toward socialism for the benefit of the landowners: continuation of a lime subsidy for fertilizing purposes and an increase in grants for drainage.

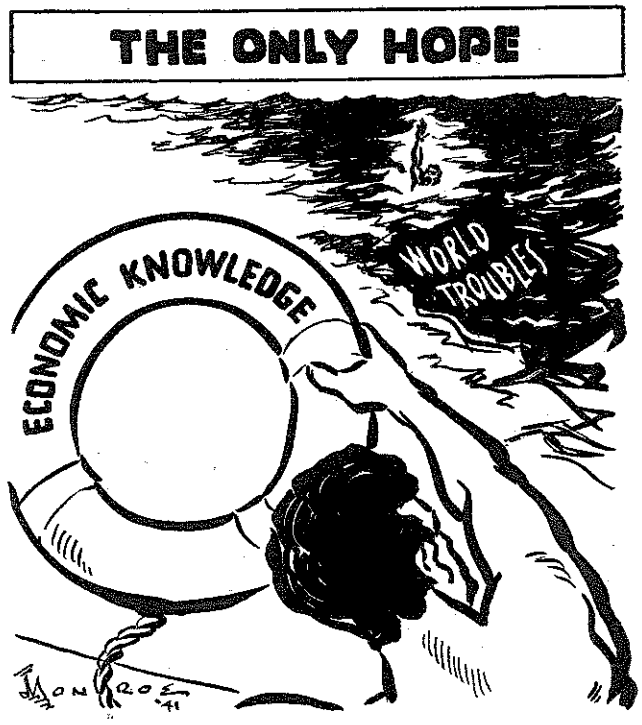
The British speculators are as smart as our own, and the buying of land thus subsidized is accelerated by the fear of inflation. The real estate columns of the newspapers—which, by the way, in their news and editorial pages rail against land speculation—are full of offers of land with all the attractions explained.

Such stuff is not news to Americans. But it is heartening to see our contemporaries lash out at the iniquitous system in such terms as these:

"It is terrible to contemplate what is happening today in the creation of those new vested interests on top of the old and the crushing power being placed in their hands to hold all industry at ransom —military war to be succeeded by economic war, the country barricaded and blockaded by the high cost which its own people will have to pay for access to its own natural resources—an enemy in our midst, land monopoly, which will have to be fought as vigorously and beaten off as any that has threatened these shores with fire and destruction."

Nor does "Our Bourbons" spare the government, and least of all the Tory backers of the bill. It is a refreshing bit of journalistic courage, and we hope to emulate it in the trying days ahead of us.

*We commend this publication to our readers. Subscription price, $.75 per year. Agents: Robert Schalkenbach Foundation, 32 East 29th Street, New York.



Protectionism During War

NEXT TO DEMOLISHING our armed forces the enemy can do us no greater harm than to shut off our sources of supply. And that is exactly the effect of our protectionist policy.

Last month, against the pleas of the Administration, our House of Representatives rushed through a bill reducing the amount of raw sugar which under the present law is permitted to enter the country. Fortunately the opposition of the Administration prevailed on the Senate Finance Committee, which had a companion bill under consideration, and by a ten to four vote this body reported a substitute bill continuing the present quota law for three years. It is not expected that the original plan of the Congress to further curtail our supply of sugar for the purpose of enriching our sugar monopolies will become law. But even the exigencies of war cannot break down our quota system.

Sugar is not only a food; it is used in making explosives. To limit our supply of sugar is an act comparable in a military way to the Presidential embargo on scrap iron to Japan. The motivation of our Congressmen is not military; quotas are imposed for the pelf they produce. Regardless of motive the effect is the same. The flow of materials essential to our war effort is cut off—by our own legislators for the profit of our sugar landowning monopolists.

Among the "foreigners" against whose economy our sugar quotas are imposed are: Cuba, which has declared war on Japan in sympathy with the United States; the Philippines, which our military forces are now defending; Hawaii, where we maintain a great naval base; Puerto Rico, an important cog in our defense of the Panama Canal; and our poverty-stricken Virgin Islands, to whose producers we magnanimously make benefit payments to offset some of their loss resulting from these quotas. There is also a quota on molasses from the British West Indies (an ally), so that the dollars Britain might secure from this business to help pay for the military supplies we are furnishing will have to be paid by American taxpayers, while the increased cost of molasses will inure to the benefit of our sugar monopolists.

Some of the Congressional arguments for the quotas are characteristic of the duplicity (or is it sheer stupidity?) of our protectionists. It was held, for instance, that a decrease in the quotas was warranted by the increased demand for sugar expected next year. That is, if we need more sugar we ought not to let it come in. Rather, we must protect (that is, enrich) our owners of marginal sugar lands.

But the prize argument, advanced by those who opposed increasing the quotas, was that American workers, needed in armed forces and in the production of war materials, ought not to be diverted to cane and beet sugar production; logic would suggest that the quotas should be wiped out entirely, that more sugar would release more workers, to say nothing of providing the sugar stimulant that workers and soldiers require.

The fact that increase in the quotas was not necessary because war in the Pacific would have the same effect was advanced as an argument against the nefarious proposal. And that was an indirect admission that our protectionist policy is analogous to war against the country. A stoppage of supplies by law affects our war effort exactly like the destruction of the supplies by an enemy.

Politically, the sugar quota legislation is particularly harmful at this time. It demonstrates to our Central and South American friends that our "good neighbor" policy is merely a song conveying the idea that "I can't give you anything but love, baby."

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Immigration Barriers Between the States

IT WAS IN CALIFORNIA that Henry George saw the cause of poverty and predicted the social and political effects of that curse on humanity. It was in California that one of these effects was highlighted by a recent decision of the Supreme Court. We refer to the invalidation of the State's anti-migrant law.

This law, sometimes called the "'Okie" law even though it has been on the State's books since 1900, made it a misdemeanor to "bring or assist in bringing into the State any indigent person who is not a resident of the State." Its purpose was to keep out migrants who, like the early California pioneers, went West in search of a living.

Since similar statutes were in force in twenty-seven other States, this legislation was not a local accident but rather an indication of a trend of national thought. Part and parcel of our whole protective theory, it stemmed from our land tenure system.

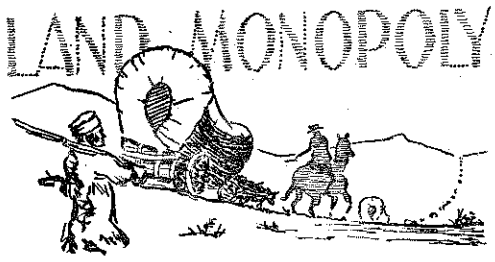
"Okies" are as old as the world. They are merely workers moving from place to place in a seemingly endless search for a better economy. Such was the quest of the Jews fleeing from Egyptian slavery, the early hordes roaming over the plains of Europe, the later European paupers braving the Atlantic and still later the dispossessed workers on the westward trek of covered wagons in America.

It seems as if humanity has always been on the move. Romanticism has clothed these mass migrations with the spirit of adventure, but analysis indicates that they were motivated by nothing else than a desire to make a better living. A prosperous people stays at home.

But when these migrants got to their respective promised lands they immediately instituted a system which made for the very conditions of poverty from which they fled. They fenced in the land. So that when more workers came in search of employment they found the source of all jobs in the hands of their predecessors or the offspring of those first come. And a price on jobs—monopoly rent—drove the return from labor down to a mere subsistence.

When additional migrants apply for jobs even subsistence is threatened, and with the ferocity of dogs defending bones, the former migrants, or their offspring, attack the newcomers. In their ignorance of the cause, an ignorance that is perpetuated by law, by tradition and by education, they blame on the niggardliness of nature their own inhumanity.

So they pass laws to restrict immigration between countries and between political divisions within a country. That new workers will produce new wages, that greater production must make for greater national prosperity, that cultural values arise where larger numbers of people engage in exchanges, that civilization is a direct outgrowth of population and develops in proportion to the economic freedom of the population, are for them textbook truths only, because ignorance of causes makes only the obvious intelligible.



And the obvious cries out: There are too many people for the earth to support! Inhuman self-extermination is rationalized, and the rationalization becomes a labyrinth of cannibalistic laws.

Our Supreme Court has invalidated the "Okie" law. But its decision is a gesture that cannot stem the tide of thought. So long as poverty prevails, and the cause is well-hidden from common knowledge by those who profit by it, the belief that the world is over-populated will continue, and the war against the migrant worker will continue.

New legal barriers will be invented, and they will be supplemented with the spontaneous action of communities seeking to protect "standards of living." This blind course will continue until, at long last, men know that the highest standard of living will obtain only when the earth, the source of all jobs, is the common heritage of all, the private property of none.

Laying Field Unto Field

A HIGH SCHOOL LAD, rather a big fellow, told about his profitable two-day job. He had been selected for the pick-up squad at the big pheasant shoot on "the estate."

"What's a pick-up squad?"

"Those are the fellows who pick up the birds that's shot. Pays well, but I don't like the work so much."

"Why?"

"Got to kill the birds that's just wounded. With a club. But it's easy work."

"Get up early?"

"About six. Don't know why, because there ain't much shooting before breakfast. Then the hunters lay off for a big feed. About ten some more shooting. That's the way it is all day. We sit around the shop more than we pick. But the fellows who carry the hunter's equipment, those fellows do some totin'."

"What do they carry?"

"A ton. Every hunter has a chair to sit down in while shooting or resting. Seems to me the farmers who go hunting get a lot more without all this equipment. And you ought to see the outfits these hunters wear, like going to a party. Besides our squad and the equipment boys there are fellows who do nothing but load guns."

"What do the hunters do?"

"Pull triggers."

"Do you get any birds to take home?"

"Not on your life. These birds are raised on the estate, just for the shooting season. They are brought out in cages on the morning of the shoot and let loose. If they don't fly off, one of the birds is thrown into the air. That sets the others off. Then the shooting begins. Like a war."

"How big is the estate?"

"Over five thousand acres, they say. Many years ago the family started buying up all the farms up over the mountain, and even on this side. It's well posted. You get up there by the private road; that is, if you're supposed to go. There's guards on the road."

"What happened to the farmers who sold out?"

"Most moved away. Some work in town."

"How many birds do the hunters kill?"

"Couple of thousand. They sell them. Bring pretty good money. I hear the money is used to keep up the camp for underprivileged children on the estate. Yes, it's a good family. They keep up a school and a church on the estate, and I understand they give a lot to charity in the city."

His mother remarked that he might have gone to the school. The rector was very anxious to have him and his brothers, and had assured her that such bright lads would go far with the help of the estate; maybe a military career, maybe the ministry, even business if they preferred. "But," she philosophized, "my boys weren't orphans, and their father was able to take care of them."

"Glad I didn't go," volunteered the lad. "Those people are awfully strict, and the kids have to toe the mark. But the hunters are not bad people. Especially the foreign nobles that sometimes are invited. Last year one of the women folks spoke real nice to me, neighborly like. But I didn't talk back much. Not supposed to."

This estate is in America, three hours' ride from the slums of New York City. The "family" is of old New England stock, having contributed in its time to our cultural and political leadership. One member is a United States Senator.

The Battle for Bauxite

FROM SURINAM, a Dutch province in South America, comes 60% of the metal vital to United States aluminum manufacture. Since Hitler has covetous eyes on these bauxite mines the thing for us to do was to send troops down there to make sure that we continue to get this metal for our airplanes, radios and coffee pots. And we did just that.

But, there's one more thing we ought to do. We ought to collect the rent of these mines so as to pay for the cost of the expedition. Our soldiers will see to it that this rent does not get into Hitler's hands. But those who have been getting it are still taking it. And unless their privilege is ended the cost of protecting the bauxite rent will come out of the increased cost of airplanes, radios and coffee pots.

Wooden Wages

THE TWO FARMERS were talking about the wood-cutting chores of the afternoon; so the economist-boarder asked: "Why did you cut wood?"

Accustomed to such silly questions, farmer Harold indulgently replied that the general purpose was to keep warm. The economist made a mental note about why men labor, then inquired whether they had thought of buying wood.

"If we could have gotten jobs in town—"

"What would you have received?"

"Wages."

"And what did you get from your wood-cutting?"

"Why, wages, of course." And a pause, "Yes, we got our wages in wood, wooden wages." The mental note was "wages in kind."

"But I heard you say that you were to get five loads, while Bob would get only four. Why do you get more wages than he?"

"Well, don't I supply the tractor and buzz-saw. I ought to get something for the use of them, oughtn't I?"

The economist explained that these things were capital.

"Just the same," said farmer Harold, "as if I'd borrowed the money at the bank to buy the buzz-saw and tractor. Which, by the bye, I did once."

"And what would you call the extra load you got because—"

"That's right. It's interest. Wooden interest."

"Now, suppose you and Bob both owned this capital, equally. Would you have gotten any interest?"

"Of course not."

"Well, yesterday I saw farmer Jones and his son cutting wood by hand, with a cross-cut saw. They weren't cutting as much wood as you were with your machinery."

"You're right. So the extra wood we got was a kind of interest on the buzz-saw and the tractor, wasn't it?"

The unfortunate part of this dialogue was the intent of the economist to put it into a text-book which the farmers couldn't understand.

Another Pressure Group?

Time reports that a group of discharged draftees, released from the Army for dependency or for being over 28 years old, have organized the first post of the Selective Service Veterans of America.

Collectivized Cows Are Contented

THE FARMER WAS RIGHT PROUD of his barn and took delight in explaining every detail of the thing he had built. But the boarder was studying the behavior of the cows coming home for the night.

There were sixty in the herd. With almost regimental precision each cow marched to a stanchion, stuck her head between the bars and waited for the latch to be snapped on. Two of the cows, younger ones, got mixed up and had to be changed about; every one of the other fifty-eight animals hit her individual stockade first time.

Out on the field a half-dozen more cows were grazing. "Come on and help us drive these heifers in," said the farmer.

"Why," asked the boarder, "didn't these come in with the others when you called out?"

"Don't know enough. They're young. After a while they'll know where the feed is and won't have to be chased."

After dinner the farmer, who was on the town board, remarked over a contemplative pipe: "You know, those cows you've been talking about remind me of the poor folks living on the town. Just like the cows coming to their stanchions, these people know where the Poor Master has his office. It's the young loafers we have to watch before they know what's good for them!"

Poor Richard on the State

"PERHAPS IN GENERAL it would be better if government meddled no farther with trade than to protect it and let it take its course. Most of the statutes or acts, edicts, arrets and placarts of parliaments, princes and States, for regulating, directing or restraining of trade, have, we think, been either political blunders or jobs obtained by artful men for private advantage, under pretense of public good."

First Vote Against NLRA

WHEN CONTINUING POVERTY forced the inclusion of labor unions into the orbit of government-by-and-for-pressure-groups, the theory that wages come from capital was invoked. The National Labor Relations Act was based on the assumption that if the owners of capital were met by force they could and would fatten the envelopes of labor. The force technique of labor is the strike. To be effective the strike must be the expression of an organization powerful enough to enforce its demands, and the law was intended to aid in the consolidation of such power.

But, wages did not go up. Production, the source of all wages, was still curbed at the source by our monopoly system. Land was still locked up. The army of unemployed continued to gain new recruits, and the cost of maintenance remained a drag on wages. All that organized labor got out of the law was the enhanced power to strike.

When production for war purposes created a demand for labor that power was invoked. The instrument govenment had forged was used against it. The theory that taxes are the source of wages is an easy extension of the theory that capital provides wages; for, both taxes and capital derive from previous production.

But strikes curtail production, and the curtailment of production is not conducive to the government's purposes. Therefore, it follows that the instrument which government forged for labor must be destroyed, or at least blunted. The first step in that direction was the Congressional 252 to 136 vote last month for a bill which, if enacted, will vitiate the National Labor Relations Act.

That legislation to restrain labor in its efforts to lift itself by its economic bootstraps will ensue from the present national emergency is a foregone conclusion. Maybe organized labor will learn from this experience that: (1) strikes do not raise wages; (2) governments cannot raise wages; (3) governments can only give privileges, which must reduce wages, and which governments can take away as well as give.

"Total Democracy"

"THE PROBLEM OF DEMOCRACY"—only a Harvard professor could think this one up—"is how to be total without being totalitarian."

Chauffeurs of Tomorrow

IN THE EARLY PART of the century, before every high school lad knew the difference between a carburetor and a brake lining, a mother said to her romantic daughter, "But, my dear, John is a chauffeur. You can't turn down a chance like that."

That was when chauffeuring (with the French pronunciation) was a profession, paying regal wages, and entitling the practitioner to honors. How fantastic that sounds to the present generation, which knows the uniformed flunkey only as a menial worker who, in addition to running the family car, must mow the front lawn for his keep!

But this generation will shortly have another story to illustrate the tailspin of wages inherent in our monopoly system. We are training skilled air pilots by the thousand, not to render service to society but to destroy it as much as possible. For that purpose the world needs them and pays them handsomely.

When the destruction period wears itself out where will these highly skilled technicians sell their services? There will be little need for them as carriers of mail, freight or passengers in an "economy of scarcity"; that is, in a political arrangement that curtails production to create higher values.

Will the technical school graduate be obliged to supplement his earnings as pilot by shovelling the snow of his bosses' runway? In the answer to that question lies the greatest problem of society: the tendency of wages to the minimum of a bare existence.

An Antique Privilege

IF YOU EXAMINE the incidence of every tax, of any kind, you will find that inherent in the levy, or in the method of its collection, somebody is privileged.

An instance of this fact was supplied by a dealer in antiques. It seems that when the recent ten per cent tax on luxuries was imposed antiques were left out of the taxable list because the legislators were stumped by the problem of defining an antique.

As a result of this omission much money that might go into the purchase of jewelry, pianos and furs is being invested in antiques of like values; a ten per cent saving on the amounts involved is a considerable one. Our informant reports that the antique business is booming.

FRANK CHODOROV

Background of the "Yellow Peril"

By BOGGER ARMSTRONG

This is the first of a series of three articles intended to inform the reader about the history and economic organization of Japan. The second, on Japanese feudalism, will appear in an early issue.

On December 7th, 1941, there took place a surprise attack upon Hawaii by Japanese aircraft and submarines; this was the blow that precipitated the United States into war, first against Japan, then against the remaining Axis powers.

Far from Punchbowl Hill, in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village, stands the Cherry Lane Theater, where for nearly a year a village company of players has been presenting Gilbert and Sullivan. By a coincidence, the piece scheduled for the week of December 7-14 was "The Mikado." After a hasty conference, the schedule was revised and another operetta substituted. In response to a telephone inquiry, the Cherry Lane Players explained that they were afraid that the audience might stage a riot if they stuck to their original schedule.

Japan and the Japanese are known to Americans chiefly through the medium of the musical stage—through "The Mikado," "The Geisha," and "Madame Buttrefly." If for patriotic reasons it becomes necessary to ban these productions, there will be a musical loss indeed, but not much from the historical standpoint. Indeed, the extent to which Americans in general are ignorant of even the broad outlines of Japanese history and culture must be surprising to anyone who has not learned at first hand the American's contempt for foreigners in general—a contempt amply evidenced by the colloquial apellations limey, dutchman, frog, hunky, kike, wop, greaser, chink, nigger, and the like. This ignorance of Japanese people and institutions is likely to do a great deal of harm in the future for two reasons. In his calmer moments, the average American recognizes Schmidt the butcher and Tony the fruit peddler as men essentially of his own kind, and this feeling must modify, to some extent, the tendency to vindictiveness which may make itself felt after winning a long, hard war. A Jap, on the other hand, is always alien and sinister, and conjures up talk about the "yellow peril" even in peace time. Again, our war against Germany and Italy is, in our own minds, largely personalized—we think of our fight as mainly against Hitler and Mussolini, as in 1917 it was against the Kaiser. When the personal devil has been overthrown, the American's tendency is to be a magnanimous victor—a fact attested, to the everlasting credit of the American people, by their repudiation of the so-called "Peace Conference" of 1918-1919. But in the case of Japan we cannot concentrate our hate on a single victim, since there is in Japanese politics no single figure to compare with Hitler in Germany. Hate can be a terrible destructive force when there is no scapegoat against whom it can be dissipated. It behooves us all, then, if we are to avoid actions which will shame us in history, to remedy our ignorance of our Oriental enemy, and strip from him that veil of mystery and sinister evil which we have always wrapped about him. Known danger may give us pause, but it is only the unknown and mysterious that can strike terror.

* * *

From ancient times there has lived in the islands off the east coast of China a tribe of savages noteworthy for their extraordinary hairy bodies. Members of this race still survive; they are called Ainus. They lived in caves. Their civilization was that of the New Stone Age. They were about on a level of the most primitive of the American Indians when the white man came.

About the time of Julius Caesar these island shores were visited by barbarians under the leadership of one Jimmu Tenno. Nobody knows where they came from. Whatever they were, they were not Chinese, although the Chinese had carried on a desultory commerce with the Ainu aborigines from very early times. Theories ascribe the origin of the invaders to Egypt, Africa, India, and Malaya; the balance of evidence seems to favor the hypothesis that they came, either from the Malay Peninsula, or from the islands of the East Indies.

Whatever they were, they were competent sailors, vigorous fighters, and ruthless conquerors. Against the stone arrows of the Ainus they had weapons of iron. In eight years they had overrun the southern half of the Japanese Archipelago, driving the natives to the north and the less accessible portions of the invaded territory—those, that is, who survived. These invaders were the Yamato, the ancestors of the present day Japanese.

About their ancient civilization we know almost nothing. Writing was not introduced into Japan until the seventh century, and the earliest written historical record of Japanese origin is dated 712. At the beginning of authentic history we find a sort of patriarchal regime, grading down the scale from the immediate members of the family or clan to the bondsmen and slaves. We find much the same type of society in pre-Norman England.

The religion was a bastardized Confucianism. In its pure form, the philosophy of Confucius would have been unacceptable to the Yamato overlords, for it preached the doc-

trine of advancement due to merit, and the Yamato were committed to the idea of advancement because of birth. In the sixth century Buddhism made a bid for converts, and after a few early setbacks began to grow rapidly. The Buddhist priests found it worth while to "cooperate" with the overlords, and the lords had no objection to a creed that emphasized humility, submission, obedience, and resignation to the will of fate—virtues especially suitable for the lower classes there, as elsewhere. It need surprise no one that Japanese Buddhism presently became as thoroughly bastardized as Japanese Confucianism. Side by side with both of these there continued a more primitive religion, Shintoism, a sort of nature-worship.

In none of these faiths, as they were practiced in Japan, were there any of the ethical and humanistic concepts which we find in Christianity. There was some sort of belief in the immortality of the soul. In ancient Egypt royal corpses were interred with clay images (ushabti) of men and women, so that the departed might not lack servants in the underworld. In Japan it was the custom, when an important lord died, to dig in a circle around his tomb holes in which a man could stand upright. A bodyguard of the dead man's retainers was then buried alive in these holes, up to the neeck, with the head free. It would not have been etiquette to kill them, but they never survived more than a few days. One emperor of a later period had the hobby of making men climb about in trees and hunting them with arrows. When feudalism came to Japan it was without the softening influence which the Church exerted in Europe. Well for the common people that they had learned the Buddhist virtues of submission, resignation, and so on; they wanted them all.

About the beginning of the seventh century there appears in Japanese history a remarkable man who is sometimes called the Constantine of Japanese Buddhism. He was Prince Shotoku, and if we do not subscribe to the Constantine view, we may call him a Japanese Bismarck. Before his time the Emperor had been little more than the nominal chieftain of often rebellious tribes. Shotoku welded the nation into a political unit. He was the Justinian of his time, a student of Chinese law, the promulgator of codes for his own people. He was a student of Buddhism in its pure form, and came to recognize the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. And he must be named among the precursors of Henry George, for he was the leading land reformer of his time. In Nitobé's "Japan" we read:

"There had been a growing and grievous tendency for the great to enclose public domains and to reduce their occupants to serfdom. The Taiho Code laid down the principle that all land and people belonged primarily to the sovereign, and that, therefore, he would provide all his subjects with land sufficient for their support. For this purpose every male above the age of six was to be given a rice field, two tan (half an acre) in extent, and every female an area one third less. It was further provided that distribution was to be renewed every six years." Hardly more than a beginning was made on the scheme, though traces of it still survive. "There was a loophole in the laws which made private ownership possible, and, though such was allowed for only a limited period, the neglect of assessment resulted in the gradual transformation of ownership to property—small acres to latifundia, free peasants to slaves."*

Polygamy was universal among the upper classes—if indeed that can be called polygamy in which the marriage bond is of the most attenuated. The royal harem overflowed with wives and concubines, women usually acquired by the simple process of seizing them from someone weaker. A huge royal progeny was thus provided; one emperor had eighty children from seven wives, and all of these were of divine lineage and had to be provided for. Indirectly, this royal fecunity was the cause of an eventual drastic reorientation in Japan's civilization, and the way it happened was this:

Since among all the royal children only one could be emperor at a time, there must always be a considerable number of disappointed candidates. Once in a while a child might poison one of his brothers just to keep competition down, but this remedy was not completely adequate. In the course of time the multitudinous issue of the royal house banded together into two clans, the Taira and the Minamoto, their knives deep into each other, gaining in power constantly, and forcing most of the lesser nobles to identify themselves with one of them.

At court, in the meantime, a curious situation had developed. In deference to the Confucian idea of advancement through merit, it had become customary for the Emperor to select as a sort of prime minister a member of some family of noble but not imperial stock. In the seventh century this office itself became hereditary in the Fujiwara family, which supplied powers behind the throne for four centuries. On the theory that a divine creature should not be concerned with earthly matters, they encouraged the Son of Heaven to devote his time to flowers, music, poetry, liquor, and amorous dalliance. If he proved difficult, they put him into a monastery (with the assistance of the Buddhist priests) and proclaimed him a saint. In either case, they acquired the privilege of wielding imperial power almost without interference. It was their ambition to have the Imperial Consorts taken from their family, but this was contrary to etiquette; the Fujiwara were not of imperial blood and could not be wives of emperors. The difficulty was surmounted by bringing into the family women of the Minamoto family. With this grafting of royal blood, they proceeded to claim a monopoly of the business of supplying brides for the Son of Heaven—a monopoly that was broken by the present Emperor Hirohito, who took

*"Japan: Some Phases of her Problems and Development" by Inazo Nitobé; p. 65. (Sribners, 1931.) Dr. Nitobé supplies an excellent discussion of the growth of the latifundia in Japan.

a wife from another family in defiance of the tradition.

The Fujiwara and their allies, the Buddhist priests, grew fat with riches and power. From time to time the malcontents in the south and north ventured open rebellion, but such was the jealousy between the two royal clans that the Fujiwara, by playing them against each other, managed to maintain themselves reasonably secure—for a time. In 1155 civil war broke out, and in a few years' time control had passed from the Fujiwara to the Taira clan.

Their triumph was short lived; when the infant son of the defeated Minamoto leader had grown to manhood (his life had been spared on the condition that his mother enter the harem of the victorious Taira chief) he led a revolt which plunged the nation into civil war. By 1185 he had completely defeated the Taira; he forthwith began the task of utterly exterminating the clan, without respect to age or sex, and did a competent, workmanlike job. With the title of **shogun** he took over the reins of government; the emperor himself had stood on the sidelines during all the years of strife. His accession marks the end of one period in Jananese history and the beginning of another, the period of feudalism, which continued almost to the present day.

Farm Aid to the Poor

By WILLIAM H. QUASHA, Jr.

The Department of Agriculture, on July 7, reported a list of payments made to farm operators for complying with major phases of 1939 Crop Control Programs.

Insurance companies and federal land banks topped the list of big benefit payments. The largest single payment, $133,191, went to the Prudential Insurance Company of America (Newark, N. J.). Second largest was $96,332 paid the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York. The Federal Land Bank of Omaha, Neb., was close behind with a $92,963 payment. Eleven other insurance companies each received in excess of $35,000.

The list contained the names of 43,454 persons and concerns receiving $1,000 or more in payments authorized under the Soil Conservation and Price Adjustment Programs for the 1939 crop year.

The original purported purpose of benefit payments was to give quick financial assistance to improverished farmers.

It was theorized by the supporters of this measure that restriction in production of farm products would keep prices high and thus give increased returns to farmers. The amount of payments varied in relation to the area held out of use. No differentiation was made between working farmers and large landowners whose property could be used for farming purposes.

The principle that decreased production means decreased employment was not considered of sufficient moment to warrant abandoning the plan. Unemployment could be alleviated by other forms of subsidy. What matter if make-work relief is wasteful.

The fact that high domestic prices mean loss of foreign markets was not important. Reciprocal trade treaties would cure all. As a result we **imported** the very same commodities, the production of which had been curtailed by the planners.

Landowners found it more profitable to refrain from production in favor of receiving government benefit payments. Mortgagees, previously having little incentive to foreclose on delinquent farm mortgages, were now provided with the necessary motivation. By foreclosing the mortgage and obtaining title to the land, they were eligible to receive benefit payments for not producing. Tenant-farmers and impoverished mortgagor-farmers were given their walking papers. They could not fulfill their rendezvous with destiny by becoming "Oakies" and "Arkies." Their opportunity to produce having been terminated by their benevolent government, their pathetic case became a national scandal.

How many of these same planners raised their arms in horror, how many of them spewed forth denunciation, how many of them screamed "monopoly," when it was disclosed that oil-well owners had dumped their products into the river for the purpose of artifically keeping prices high.

The sin of the planners was worse than that of the monopolists. They destroyed food. The benevolent ones directly were responsible for increased unemployment, loss of foreign markets and intensified hardship for the poor.

The planners now have fulfilled their money dispensing function. They may well rest well with the thought that in many cases production was not restricted merely because of their activity, that many of the recipients of payments really did not intend to produce at all.

The have one further consolation. The large insurance firms and land banks, previously dog-house residents, are now "in line" and are among those whose patriotic cooperation can be assured.

Happy New Y

A month ago the minds of the editors of *The Freeman* were clouded with doubt. Those clouds are dissipated now. You, our readership, by your response to our request last month for reader opinion—a response which, in volume and in friendliness, far exceeded our fondest hopes—have swept the clouds away. Now we know where we stand. We turn our faces to the future with new courage, with new determination, buoyed up and strengthened by a new vision. "Nail the flag to the masthead!" says a Detroit reader. Indeed we will. Nothing less than an utterly unswerving devotion to principle—your principles and ours—will justify the vote of confidence you have given us.

As this is written, we have received 146 communications—over four per cent of our readers have written to us. Of the 146, there are three that must be classed as adverse, two that do not make themselves sufficiently clear, sixteen that suggest making a change in *The Freeman's* editorial policy, and ten that give a qualified endorsement. The remaining 115 fully endorse *The Freeman*.

Rita Levine, Mount Vernon, N. Y., cancels her subscription. "I have no time for fascist, un-American, Roosevelt-baiting propaganda."

Laura Ross (Mrs. Edwin Ross) Arlington, Va., has "watched with apprehension and sorrow as *The Freeman* joined 'Social Justice,' 'Scribner's Commentator,' and other such papers on the road of bigotry and intolerance." Mrs. Ross thinks Mr. Chodorov and Mr. Peach ought to leave the Henry George School of Social Science and take *The Freeman* with them.

Edward Marchese, Brooklyn, writes, "It is too late to limit ourselves to reiterating that 'war is a social evil resulting fom a bad economy' . . . This is a sterile, blind-alley liberalism that *The Freeman* makes of the hopeful creed of Henry George."

Five of our readers recommend dodging the war issue. Says *Mrs. Sara King* of Chicago, "War in *The Freeman* is as out of place as it would be in a cookbook or a seed catalog." Two New York and two Massachusetts readers agree with her.

Six readers suggest giving both points of view. Says *Dorothy Sara* of New York, "I want *The Freeman* continued if (1) editorials remain impersonal (2) differing viewpoints be given reasonable expression and interpretation." *Julian Hickok*, director of the Philadelphia Extension, advises, "Let *The Freeman* be an open forum for all honest opinion treating all sides with impartiality." One reader from Texas, two from Massachusetts, one more from New York add their votes.

Five readers express a view well summarized by *Jos. S. Thompson* of San Francisco: "It is the duty of all right thinking nations to arrange an international police to jump on any aggressor nation the instant it breaks a moral law. So my idea is that *The Freeman* should come out strong for our old-fashioned friend, 'law and order,' and whenever things are legal and orderly we can turn to the next important matter." Readers from Towaco, N. J., from Boston, Brooklyn, and Yonkers endorse this point of view.

Most interesting are the ten letters which give a qualified endorsement. *Bernard Weiner* of New York writes, "Keep on yelling your head off until a technical declaration of war makes it impossible, for the duration." (Mr. Weiner's letter is dated November 29th.) "I do not agree with you," he continues, "but as a true democrat and scientist, which I humbly hope I am, I say, keep on talking. You may be right and I may be wrong. It is your right, nay, your duty, to say it if you have something to say. Right or wrong, say it, whatever the cost—such is the price and the reward of democracy." In this group we place also *Dr. Robert Hutchins*, President of Chicago University, who writes, "Though I do not hold with the economic determinism which I detect in your article, I hope you will not play safe, suspend publication, or weaken in your effort to analyze and criticize the status quo from the viewpoint of the Philosophy of Freedom." Dr. Hutchins' letter, like that of Mr. Weiner, is dated November 29th. Other letters in this vein come from Pennsylvania (2), Brooklyn, New Jersey, Maryland, Michigan, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

As for the 115 who say, "Go to it! Never give up!"—what can we say to these? There are so many of them; merely listing their names would take over a page. But the thought of these sturdy, loyal friends brings a great warmth to our hearts. With our tiny clerical staff and the mailing for the

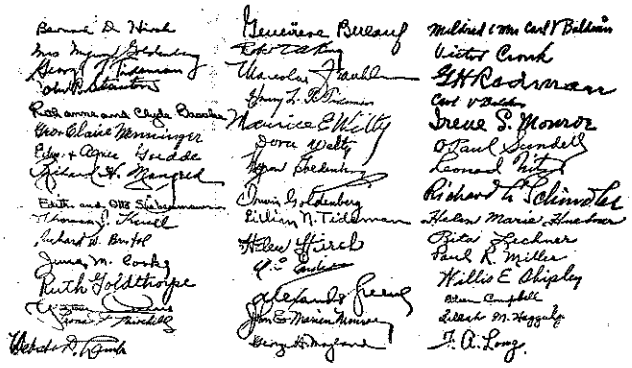
ear, Readers!

Spring classes under way, it isn't possible to answer these letters by more than the very briefest note—so please accept instead this assurance of our appreciation and gratitude.

Of the 115, there were 114 letters and post cards. The 115th communication was, in a way, unique.

PROCLAMATION

We, the undersigned, hereby give thanks for that "feast of wisdom and flow of good sense" that emanates from THE FREEMAN and express our gratitude to Mr. Chodorov for the Knowledge he has imparted to us thru the medium of his able editorials



Quotations at random:

I hope you may continue to point the way to an Economic Democracy, through the columns of **The Freeman.** Certainly we must keep up a few outposts of civilization where vision and clear thinking rise above hate and misunderstanding.

Dora G. Ogle
Washington, D. C.

. . . The war will be won by those who can present the most convincing picture of a better world—better than anything ever dreamed of by social democrats or national socialists. All your readers know who can present such a picture.

John C. Weaver
Pittsburgh, Pa.

What of the future? The question we raised a month ago is decided for us. This does not mean that our crusade is lost, or that we must sit with hands folded until the restoration of peace sets us free once again to undertake constructive work. On the contrary, our task is greater than before, and time presses. Hideous as the thought may be, it is yet true that if the war ends before our mission is accomplished, there will be no true peace; rather, there will be an intermission while the world prepares to resume the war.

The editors of *The Freeman* now dedicate themselves to the task of educating for an enduring peace. Though it is silly to say that our enemies are inherently different from ourselves, in mind, in morals, in capacity, yet it is true that through false education and conditioning, acting in accordance with a false philosophy, they have lost much of their capability for taking part in the ordering of a peaceful, progressive, cooperative world. We have undertaken to vanquish their arms. It would be a shocking tragedy if, when we have won a victory against force, we forget to carry on the battle against ignorance and superstition—for it is only by waging a successful war against these last that we shall establish a real peace. Not bayonets, but books; not troops, but teachers; not marines, but missionaries; not vindictiveness and hate, but kindness and love, must win the ultimate victory for us. And before we can be fit to lead our present enemies into the light of a new day, we must ourselves uncover the light, that it may shine first of all among our own people.

Thus we may not merely bring gain to others, but may largely profit ourselves. In the preparation for the economic community which can never stop until it has embraced the whole world in its boundaries we may bring about the practical realization of the City of God on earth. The conquest of ourselves will teach us what we can learn in no other way: that of one blood, God has created all races of men.

FRANK CHODOROV
PAUL PEACH

Who Knows about Money?

By PAUL PEACH

(Concluded from last month.)

The reason we need coins and bills is that they are more convenient, and this from two points of view—the buyer's and the seller's. The transfer of currency has the merit that it terminates the transaction—it requires no bookkeeping, no memoranda. It enables the buyer to demand immediate possession of the thing purchased, and protects the seller in making immediate delivery. For the myriad small purchases, such as daily newspapers, cigarettes, and so on, it is more convenient to hand over a coin than to write a check. (And more efficient, too; for the labor involved in clearing a check is considerable.) But if you want to, it is easy to establish credit at the corner drug store or newsstand. You can even buy a pass to use in street cars and buses. It is possible, today, to dispense entirely with the use of currency save in situations constituting a departure from your normal routine—say, when you travel. Even then, traveler's checks are more useful than cash.

Think of this notion of a traveler's check. We do not usually call it money, yet obviously it performs the functions of money, at least in large part. What ought we to demand of a traveler's check? If we can answer that question, we should be able to lay down rules for the guidance of the Government in issuing currency.

A traveler's check must be easily identifiable. It must be difficult to counterfeit. It must be issued by a responsible authority known to the people you expect to deal with.

It doesn't matter whether the bank or express company has gold or other stuff in its vaults equal in value to your checks. All the bank does is say, "The holder of this piece of paper has so and so much economic authority; we guarantee it. Here is his authority ticket; as he uses it up, punch it like a meal ticket. If he wants you to gratify a desire for him, make him sign over part of his authority to you."

With this thought in mind, we might define money as any means by which there could take place a transfer of economic authority without (necessarily) a transfer of wealth.

Now, suppose I am a merchant and order goods from a manufacturer. I can take the order to the bank and establish credit for a loan. This credit will eventually take the form of bank checks, but the instrument which made the basic transfer of authority was my letter to you ordering goods. At the same time that I increased your authority I diminished my own—assuming that I was a good enough business man not to jeopardize my credit standing. Here is a new way to transfer authority. Except for the existence of the written memo or order blank, it amounts to transfer merely by word of mouth. If we could depend upon people's memory, we would dispense with the memorandums; it would be less trouble to have an occasional loss through dishonesty than to keep books. (See in this connection "The Promises Men Live By," by Harry Scherman.)

If we recognize that the practice of keeping books in the case of credit transactions is the result, not of fear of being cheated by a dishonest debtor, but of a recognition of the inability of the memory to dispense with a written record, we realize that economic authority can perfectly well be transferred by the mere will and agreement of the contracting parties—without the exchanging of any cash, check, note or other token.

This means that, with respect to its exchange function, money is just a state of mind—as Kass puts it, numbers in a book. The purpose it serves is that of chips in a poker game. The obligation of the government, then, is the same as that of the bank or express company—with particular stress upon the responsibility of the money-issuing body not to use their position for personal advantage. (It would not be proper, for example, for employees of the Treasury Department to print money for their own use.) When the government prints money for its own use we have printing press money, which soon becomes valueless.

Aside from the mechanical requirements (easy identification, difficulty of counterfeiting, etc.) the only important requirement is that the agency which prints or stamps the currency should not violate its public trust. It is not necessary that the government should do it; a great deal of currency was once printed and engraved by the International Bank Note Company, a private firm. It is only necessary that each piece of currency printed be accounted for, and put in circulation only upon the surrender of some other legitimate evidence of economic authority. The government, for instance, should not spend the money it prints unless it has first secured, by taxes or otherwise, the necessary transfer of authority from its citizens. To do otherwise would be the same as allowing the Treasury clerk to take home samples.

As for money in the general sense, the government has nothing to do with it. Money is made by the members of the community who produce and exchange; it arises naturally from their exchanges. All the government can do is supply convenient tokens, useful because they are handy. The idea that there must be a hoard of gold or silver or wheat or diamonds "back of the money" is sheer poppycock. The only purpose of requiring such a hoard is to restrain the legislature from printing money at random and helping themselves.

The Shovelcrats

by Craig Ralston

He was was huddled on a large flat rock by the roadside, morosely contemplating a spear of buffalo grass, and shedding an aura of dejection all around. From his seat, he could view the sprawling expanse of Dry Lake City.

He narrowed his eyes, protruded his jaw obstinately, leaned forward about an inch, as though even that concession was intolerable, and croaked defiantly:

"A shovel is made to shovel with!"

"It certainly sounds reasonable," I replied.

"Do you admit it?" he inquired eagerly.

"Yes, of course," I said heartily—I might say enthusiastically—first, because I was seeking no lunatic dispute, second, because what he stated seemed to be a fact.

The figure on the rock relaxed and I felt I had made a favorable impression.

"Stranger here," was his next shot.

"Yes."

"Ah—that accounts for it. Yes, undoubtedly, shovels were made to shovel with. And I claim that a man who came here to shovel, and wants to shovel, should be permitted to shovel."

I considered this remarkable declaration, but at the moment it did not occur to me that it had a bearing on my mission.

* * *

Dry Lake lies in the Nevada desert, distant eighty miles from the nearest railway station. From this point, a single track line was built to transport workmen to our camp and provision them. For all practical purposes, this one railway is the sole means of communication.

Because of difficulties and expense, and also to sustain progress, it was thought advisable to contract with the employees for the full term of the work. At the outset it appeared that this would be to everybody's advantage.

It was estimated that it would take 14,000 men fifteen years to complete the lake bed, and diversion of the Colorado River to the lake would require three years additional, with half this force employed.

Including the 14,000 workmen and their wives and families, and tradesmen, artisans and others who took up residence there to ply their vocations and transact the business of the camp, Dry Lake is populated by about 60,000 souls. It is something of a desert metropolis.

The full quota of 14,000 has been in the camp eight years but progress has been disappointing. Only about one-quarter of the project is finished. Hence my own presence, with a commission to ascertain what extraordinary engineering difficulties had been encountered, and how best to expedite matters.

Thus ruminating, I sized up the disconsolate figure on the flat rock, and weighed his statement that a shovel is made to shovel with.

"Any argument about it?" I asked.

"Argument! It's all we do—argue about it."

"Just who argues?" I inquired.

"Everybody," replied the man on the flat rock. "Martin started it, and we've never gotten it settled. If it hadn't been for Martin, we'd have this lake half dug."

"That's why I am here," I explained, "to find out what's wrong. I'm here to investigate for the company."

"You are!" exclaimed the man on the flat rock jubilantly. "Then you're the man I want to see. I'm Tom Morgan—I'm the champion of the theory that a shovel is made to shovel with."

The odd champion of an odd cause rose and accompanied me, relating incidents of the camp—incidents that appeared fantastic, but which I had occasion to verify and embody in this report.

* * *

Whether accident or design has* the greater share in molding the affairs of mankind will always be a fruitful theme for academicians. The sensible way to view it undoubtedly is that some external power—providence or chance, whatever it be—controls the ebb and flow of fortune, and the judicious time the voyage to suit.

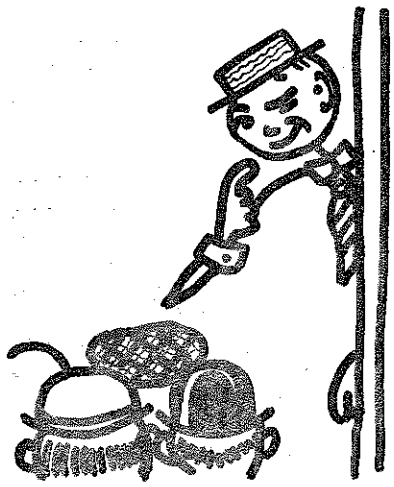
So in Dry Lake City, chance dealt the cards, and a man appeared to play the hand.

William Martin, a workman, originated Dry Lake City's economic system. He is an ingenious personage. He deserves credit for contriving one of the strangest theories ever observed in a construction camp.

Explorations of motive would be out of place. The public motive, so far as I could ascertain, was to develop, enrich, and civilize Dry Lake City.

There is no question of Martin's plausibility. In any other environment—in some city, for example, where he might have become a local boss—his statecraft might have been fittingly appreciated. As at first intimated, however, it was mainly due to accident—Martin merely took advantage of the accident.

Through some oversight in our



Salt Lake City office, the first consignment of shovels for the workmen did not reach Dry Lake City on time. When it did arrive, it was found that there were but 10,000 shovels, while there were 14,000 men waiting for them. The odd 4,000 settled down to wait for additional implements. There was more delay.

Men began to calculate their earning power in terms of lost time. Enough of them saw the loss to go to the trenches and offer as high as $5 for shovels for which the owners had paid $1, figuring that with one day's wages they could make up the cost. So it was apparent that the value of a shovel was $5, not $1.

Martin digested this phenomenon.

"I wish I had bought 100 shovels five days ago," he said to a fellow shoveler in the trench where he worked. "It would be $400 clear velvet."

The workman grunted.

"Do you know," pursued Martin, "that this camp is getting richer and richer every day—getting richer, without anyone doing any work?"

"I suppose so," replied the grunter, "but it looks like work has something to do with it. They pay $50,000 a day to the 10,000 of us who are shoveling. That helps. But I don't see them paying anything to those who don't shovel."

"I don't mean that," Martin replied. "I mean the shovels. Four days ago, there were 10,000 shovels, worth $10,000. Today, they are worth $50,000."

"They are not worth one cent more," declared the dissenter, who was Tom Morgan. "They are the same shovels. You can't shovel any more dirt with one today than you could yesterday. A shovel is a shovel, and a shovel is made to shovel with. That's all there is to it."

Morgan spoke without realizing that there might be much more to it—and he was not aware that he was stating the basis of one of the two economic theories that were to rend the camp.

Martin said:

"These shovels are selling today for $5 apiece. Therefore, they are worth $50,000."

And therein, Martin stated the opposing theory.

So impressed was he with this idea that he glanced in the direction of the straw boss, and, not seeing him, sat down to think his discovery over. Morgan also thought, and repeated:

"A shovel is made to shovel with!"

To one intent on shoveling, it might appear that way, but not to Martin. Something was burning in his brain. It was the Big Idea.

"I don't feel well," said Martin. "Tell the boss when he gets around that I'm ailing and had to go home."

"All right," said Morgan.

* * *

Martin had $400 of his own. He did not go home. Instead, he went from one work gang to another, summoning men he knew. They all met in the back room of one of the new saloons. There they talked over the Big Idea. Then they went to see Murphy, the company agent.

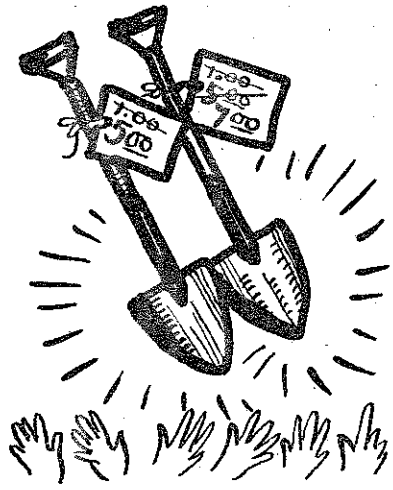
Two days later, the second consignment of shovels arrived, and some 4,000 workmen assembled, each dollar in hand, to procure a shovel.

"Nothing doing," said Murphy. "Martin bought the shovels. See him."

"What the hell does Martin want with 4,000 shovels?" demanded one. "Thinks he's a steam dredge, does he?"

Martin himself appeared.

"Boys," he said, "I've got your shovels. As you know, shovels are worth $5 each. I don't care to sell all the shovels I have, but I'll sell



1,000 of them today for $7 each to first up."

"That don't go!" shouted the crowd. "Come through with those shovels!"

"Now, don't get excited," cautioned Martin. "This is not a holdup. It's a benefaction. Dry Lake City is about to enter upon a most remarkable era of prosperity—the greatest period of business expansion any camp has ever experienced. Now, I want to put this question—how much is the wealth of Dry Lake City today—just counting the 10,000 shovels?"

"Ten thousand dollars!" shouted a voice.

"Wrong you are!" replied Martin,

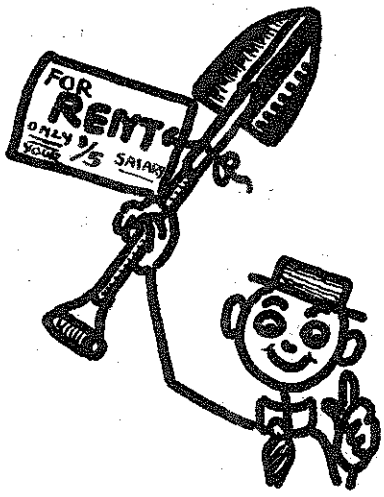
smiling benignly. "Its wealth in shovels is $50,000—$5 per shovel! You never saw wealth increase so rapidly. Boys, if I hadn't worked out a plan to support the market, all this wealth would have been destroyed—shovels would have dropped to $1, and our community would have lost $40,000!

"Not only have I safeguarded the honestly earned wealth of every man in this camp who owns a shovel—I am adding to it! I am about to increase the wealth of Dry Lake City $20,000 more by bringing the price of shovels up to $7. That is why I say Dry Lake City is embarking on the greatest era of wealth and prosperity ever known to any construction camp in the United States.

"'You who buy shovels at $7 today, the 1,000 I am going to sell, will pay just what shovels are worth, for the market fixes the value. I state that as a well-known economic fact that cannot be denied. And you will be secure, for shovels will never be worth less—they will be worth more!

"I say that because we've got a business administration h re and the city council has voted that no shovel can henceforth be transported into Dry Lake City. While you recognize the needs of your community, while you see to it that the right kind of men are elected, you need never fear that your well-earned rights in these shovels will be molested.

"By prompt action, my friends and myself have shielded Dry Lake City from disaster—and in four days we have increased the financial resources of this community from $14,000 to $98,000! Can you beat that?"



"What about us?" yelled four thousand voices, whose owners had no shovels. "Where do we get off?"

"See me later," said Martin. "We will now begin the sale of 1,000 shovels at $7 each."

The crowd broke into groups, excitedly speculating on Martin's scheme.

The purchasers of the 1,000 shovels quickly spread news of the era of wealth and prosperity Martin had inaugurated. For the most part, the idea was eagerly welcomed. Each workman grasped his $7 shovel with renewed enthusiasm, as he realized that it represented more than he could earn in a day, and that his profit had not cost him a single effort. Martin was popular, and his popularity helped him in his negotiations with the 3,000 shovel-less workmen.

"No," he said. "I won't sell any more shovels, just at present. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll release 2,000 more shovels on terms. You use the shovels, and pay me one-fifth of your wages."

"Like hell!" replied the shovelers. "We're entitled to a shovel and full wages the same as you."

"Very well," Martin said. "They are my shovels!"

The upshot was that the shovels were finally accepted with much grumbling by workmen who felt it was better work for four-fifths pay than get none at all. But this arrangement still left 1,000 shovel-less men.

"What about us?" the 1,000 demanded.

"I do not care to do any more business today," Martin responded. "I feel that I should go home and rest. Only those to whom the welfare of the community has been entrusted by Divine Providence can appreciate the exhausting character of responsibilities so vast. I shall go home and lie down. I must have quiet, so I can think."

"But what will we do?" persisted the shovel-less shovelers.

"'It's a competitive age," Martin replied. "Every fellow for himself."

"How are we going to compete without a shovel to compete with?"

"That's up to you," Martin replied. "Every man must settle his own personal problems."

"I know!" shouted one. "We'll have a new city ordinance! We'll get more shovels into camp!"

"Do you think so?" queried Martin. "This is a democracy. The majority rules. The majority elects the city council. Now in this case, the majority is satisfied because I increased the value of their shovels from $1 to $7. Do you think they will vote for cheaper shovels?"

With that, Martin went home, well pleased with his day's work. He had made $2,400 on the sale of the 1,000 shovels, since his $400 represented one-tenth the amount it took to swing the deal. Besides, he had one-tenth in the 2,000 shovels let out on shares, and his income from that source meant one-fifth the wages of 200 men. The camp wage was $5 per day; so Martin knew that at the end of each day, he would receive $200.

When he awoke, however, he was richer even than these figures indicated. A force on which he had not calculated had been at work. The shovel-less 1,000 solved their personal problems by rushing to the trenches. There they sought to purchase shovels from those at work.

The more eagerly they tried to buy, the more the owners asked, for owners now feared to sell, since it was known that no more shovels could reach the camp. However,

some of the shovel-less had savings, and when enough money is offered, some will always sell what they possess. So shovels changed hands for $15 and $20, and then for $50 and $100.

A fever of shovel speculation raged. Men clambered from trenches. The shouts of rival bidders, the exultation and increasing excitement as the price of shovels rose, caused all to lose interest in the job, and join the scramble to easy wealth by acquirement of shovels.

Some, who possessed foresight and means, hastily purchased shovels to hold for future advance. In this way, other shovels were withdrawn from use ,and added to those hoard-

ed by Martin. With fewer shovels to bid on, the bids went higher.

An additional stimulus was the knowledge that Martin had shrewdly leased 2,000 shovels at one-fifth the wage. When Martin woke up, he found shovels quoted at $1,000 each.

That night citizens thronged the public square, drunk with the desire for more wealth just as easily acquired. Martin was lionized. He made a speech.

"Fellow citizens," he said, "Dry Lake City is about to attain the zenith of modern civilization.

"There are 14,000 shovels here, worth $1,000 per shovel. That is a total of $14,000,000 all created within four days. I dare say no construction camp has ever witnessed so rapid a development of its material resources. Every loyal and patriotic citizen should uphold our city council, whose action so amply demonstrates the wisdom and profound statecraft of its members."

Even the share-shovelers were delighted at the prospect of working with a valuable shovel, worth $1,000. Because of the swift advance in shovels, they thought their contracts were bargains. They credited their good luck to Martin.

"A great head he has!" said one shovel-tenant.

"Rot!" exclaimed Morgan. "A shovel is worth $1. That's all. What's a shovel for? To shovel with. You get paid for the shoveling. That's where the wealth comes from."

Wherein Morgan uttered dictum number two, in the economic strife that was to rend the camp. But the tenant was not convinced.

"It's worth $1,000," weighing his shovel carefully, and gaping at it, "and if it hadn't been for Martin, it would be worth only $1. A great head!"

"Keep your hat on yours," Morgan replied. "I wish I hadn't signed up on this job."

* * *

Thus was the Shovelcratic regime launched. The camp was delighted when it found how swiftly and how easily it had grown rich.

Martin guessed aright the course the people would take. The 1,000 workmen with no implement larger than a spoon were resentful, but the lure of quickly created wealth closed all ears to their plaints.

The majority was satisfied with itself, and impatient with the shovel-less. It thought it absurd that its prosperity should be interrupted to give a few, beseeching here and there, a chance to shovel.

The luckless 1,000 were informed that they had only themselves to blame. They should have been earlier in line, to take up Martin's offer of a shovel at $7, or they should have seized the opportunity to give one-fifth their wages for a shovel.

Changes in fortune faithfully reflect the fickleness and vanity of mankind. Among the workmen were many who had bought shovels for $1, with never a thought that shovels would be worth more, who now prided themselves on superior foresight, and the possession of unusual financial ability. These believed they had been rightfully rewarded, while the whining 1,000 were merely paying the penalty of incapacity. When we are lucky, we take the credit, and think we deserve wealth; when fortune frowns, we shift responsibility to the fates.

Few heeded Morgan, who said that neither personal merit nor luck had much to do with it, arguing that under the Martin scheme, 1,000 were doomed to have no shovels, and if it had not been this 1,000, it would have been another.

The shovel-less 1,000 roved here and there, bargaining for shovels. With cash, some tempted an owner to part with a shovel. Others became tenants. In the great era of speculation that followed the rise in shovels, many became the owner of more than one shovel. These sought others with whom to make tenantry or purchase contracts. Sometimes a workman, the owner of say five shovels, did no work but collecting the rental of one-fifth the wages from each of five workmen, to whom he leased shovels. It can readily be seen that this beat shoveling in a trench. This bargaining did not change the picture as a whole. Everyone who obtained a shovel displaced someone else, who set up a new howl for a shovel.

"The Shovelcrats" will be continued next month.

The Book Trail

LANGUAGE IN ACTION
By S. I. Hayakawa
Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.00

As part of his investigation of the economic causes of poverty, Henry George found it necessary to consider definitions. In "Progress and Poverty" (Book I, Chapter 2) he says, "Nothing so shows the importance of language in thought as the spectacle of even acute thinkers basing important conclusions upon the use of the same word in varying senses."

Dr. Hayakawa is Assistant Professor of English at the Illinois Institute of Technology. In his book he attacks the problem of how thought may be efficiently channeled through a correct use of words—essentially the problem considered by Henry George in the paragraph quoted. He finds that errors in the use of words fall into a comparatively small number of broad categories, and in describing these and furnishing us with examples, attempts to teach his readers to use language with precision.

Of especial interest at this time is Chapter V, on "Words that Don't Inform"—specifically the second section, on "Snarl Words and Purr Words." Says Dr. Hayakawa: " 'She's the sweetest girl in all the world' is not a statement about the girl, but a revelation of the speaker's feelings—a revelation such as is made among lower animals by wagging the tail or purring. Similarly, the ordinary oratorical and editorial denunciation of 'Reds,' 'Wall Street,' 'corporate interests,' 'radicals,' 'economic royalists,' and 'fifth columnists,' are often only protracted snarls, growls, and yelps, with, however, the surface appearance of logical and grammatical articulation. These series of 'snarl-words' and 'purr-words,' as it will be convenient to call them, are not reports describing things in the extensional world, but **symptoms of disturbance**, unpleasant or pleasant, in the speaker."

The benefits that can be obtained from the conscientious study of such a book are very great; but it is just as well that Dr. Hayakawa has no illusions. It will be a long time before any great number of us are willing to lay our glands aside and apply cold logic to matters which vitally concern our personal welfare.

PAUL PEACH.

* * *

THE ANSWER
By L. D. Beckwith
Forum Publishing Co. (Stockton) $2.50

The author of this book considers it a plea for a more complimentary appreciation of Henry George, in the sense that it seeks to pursue further the truth of which George saw a part, pointing the way for those who should follow him. He suggests that like Columbus, who led the way to the discovery of a New World and yet never saw that world, Henry George led the way to a new philosophy which he himself never fully realized.

In this book Mr. Beckwith teaches that there are in nature dependable laws of economics which operate independently of the morals of men, just as the laws of physics operate independently of the morals of men; and that, as by resort to natural law we have good automobiles and good airplanes without waiting for men to reform or be reformed, so by resort to the natural laws of economics we can have wholesome civic conditions, honest politics, democratic government, industrial justice, race harmony and world peace without waiting for changes in human nature. He teaches that moral law applies to the field of **personal** interests only, and that social interests are protected and promoted by instinct.

Aside from an interesting historical statement, the book is made up of dialogue—105 conversations between teacher and pupil. Many of these are short; the rest of the pages are given to cross-references and vital definitions. For the busy reader there are a baker's dozen of outlines which graphically analyze the argument of the book. These helps and an elaborate index are designed to make this volume as handy as possible for students and teachers.

The book is clearly printed (in ten-point type) on thin paper and fits nicely in a coat pocket. It is attractively bound in fabricoid covers.

The author reports a pre-publication sale of 263 copies.

P. C. E.

* * *

THE GROUND WE STAND ON
By John Dos Passos
Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.50

John Dos Passos has a quarrel with those who ever lightly dismiss the wellsprings of American democracy. If we are to progress, it must be by means of a better knowledge of the path our forebears have trod; if we are to march forward, we must know the ground we stand on, and how we got here. With the help of a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation he has prepared a study of the uprising of the American ideal. There is this to be said for him: he has eschewed the use of conventional history. He has little to say about generals and presidents. Instead, he has chosen the technique of the artist who, by a few bold strokes that look only remotely like any part of a cow, manages to convey to the beholder the idea of the very Aristotelian Cow-concept. He has undertaken to picture the birth of Democracy by describing a handful of the midwives who presided—Franklin, Jefferson, Sam Adams, Joel Barlow, Roger Williams.

These men fought for what they obtained. If we want to keep it, we must fight too. "The side they fought and worked for hasn't won by a long shot. Perhaps it never can win. But to let the other side win we know means death. It has been the struggle between privileged men who have managed to get hold of the levers of power and the people in general with their vague and changing aspirations for equality, for justice, for some kind of gentler brotherhood and peace, which has kept that balance of forces we call our system of government in equilibrium."

P. C. EVERS

I am sorry "The Freeman" declines to publish the article "What Price Polemics?" submitted by me in an attempt to answer the article, "Unfinished Victory and Mr. Nock," which appeared in "Land and Freedom" last summer. "Land and Freedom" has also declined to publish.

In fairness to Mr. Nock, Georgists should be given an opportunity to acquaint themselves with the facts in this case. I think it improbable that anyone else will take the trouble to make more than a superficial examination, and, for that reason, ask your assistance in placing my article in the hands of those interested.

I shall be glad to mail a copy to anyone who requests it. Will you please announce this in your forthcoming issue.

Edwin Hamilton
155 No. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

I vote in favor of the present policy of **The Freeman.** You should continue to analyze and criticize the status quo from the viewpoint of the Philosophy of Freedom, in the interests of education in that philosophy. It would be a public misfortune if you were obliged to suspend publication.

John T. Giddings
East Providence, R.I.

Stick to the Georgist ideals. Don't let 'em bluff you. You had better fold up shop than become a yes-man.

Ralph P. Lancaster
Zanesville, O.

I feel your editorial policy has been clear-eyed and fearless. I would be sorry to see it changed.

Frank Koupas
Woodhaven, N. Y.

By all means, carry on! **The Freeman** is one of our powerful beacon lights piercing the gathering gloom of economic night. It need not be infallible. But wise and fearless illumination is what we desperately need to find our way through the darkness. And who knows? Perhaps it might even hasten the dawn of a brave new day!

Paul F. Bechthold
New York City

Carry on with **The Freeman** without compromise. It's one of the best periodicals published. Those who do not accept everything printed in it will, I trust, show the same tolerance they use toward their daily newspaper if they can do no more.

F. K. Bowen
Evanston, Ill.

Here we are at the turn of the year—hope strong in our hearts that the months to come may bring peace to a war-torn world. It is no time to brood on the sad past, for face our part in the bitter present and shape a better future we must! Ours to defend the democratic way of life, to fight to hold what political freedom man has thus far won—as a means to the economic freedom we dream of.

So, united we must stand, pool our strength and putting aside differences as to ways and means, seek in each other only the great purpose that is our common dedication. For never were the foes of freedom so clearly defined; never were the intentions of the "robbers and murderers" so sharply marked as in this most terrible and most widespread of all wars. Could Henry George express himself as of today, I am convinced his opinion would be that the physical aggression of totalitarian nations must be physically stopped since, until that be done, there is no chance for economic justice.

For those who have not realized that Henry George's love for freedom was greater even than his abhorrence of war, it might be wise to quote from "A Perplexed Philosopher" (page 81).

"The application of ethics, like the applications of mechanics, or chemistry, or any other science or body of laws, must always be relative, in the sense that one principle or law is to be taken in consideration with other principles or laws: so that conduct that wuold have the sanction of ethics where one is beset by robbers or murderers might be very different from the conduct that ethics would sanction under normal peaceful conditions."

Ibid, page 203: "Since the ethical commands, 'Thou shalt do no murder' and 'Thou shalt not steal' mean also, thou shalt not permit thyself to be murdered or stolen from, the justification of defensive war needs no invention of relative ethics. Nor is this needed to justify under extraordinary circumstances what under ordinary circumstances would be violations of the right of property."

Ibid, page 178: "In case of necessity, such as war, the power of taking anything is habitually exercised, and ships, horses, railways, provisions, and even men are taken for public uses. The power to do this is a power incident to the supreme authority and at times necessary to society.

"When, in 1889, Johnstown, Pa., was cut off from the rest of the world by the flood that destroyed preexisting organization, a British subject, Arthur J. Moxham, was placed in charge by what a Quaker would call 'the sense of the meeting.' His first acts were to seize all food, to destroy all liquor, and to put every able-bodied man to work, leaving the matter of compensation to be determined afterwards. He voiced the will of the society, driven by crushing disaster into a supreme effort for self-preservation, and the man who had resisted his orders would, if need be, have been shot."

Ibid, page 203: "Was not Arthur Moxham acting, in the name of the reason and the conscience of the community, on the same eternal principles of right and wrong that in ordinary conditions would have forbidden these things? What in form was a denial of the rights of property and person was in its essence respect for life and property.

"But while changing conditions may change the application of ethical principles, it is only as the change in a ship's course turns the compass-card in her binnacle. The change is in the conditions, not in the principles."

And so, facing conditions that will test men's souls, we, followers of Henry George, because we do know the cause and the cure for war, have the responsibility of helping shape the conditions that will follow the cessation of war. Time, being of the essence, we dare not waste in personal disagreements—but if, keeping ever conscious of the "long view" taken by the Wise and Understanding Ones, we shoulder our tremendous obligation and "fight the good fight"—the year 1942 may possibly be a happy one.

Anna George de Mille
New York City

News of the Crusade for Economic Enlightenment

Edited by LAURA BREST

North Jersey Extension Holds Record Commencement 140 Graduated at December Dinner

NEWARK, N. J.—A couple of important nails were hit squarely on the head when New Jersey Georgists convened for the Graduation Dinner held December 5th at the Hamilton Restaurant in Newark. The record-making group of 170 responded enthusiastically to the forcefully worded expression by Mr. Andrew P. Christianson, of the New York faculty, of the need for expanded propaganda work to aid and publicize the progress of the School.

Georgists with special abilities, Mr. Christianson urged, should use their talents to sell their principles in books, plays, pictures, through newspapers, and on the radio. "You've all heard the Town Hall of the Air," Mr. Christianson said. "Why not, at some future time, the Henry George School of the Air?"

Douglas Badgley, who broke the ice for his fellow-student speakers, did it with such humorous tact and care that he didn't get around to giving his own reaction to the course. (Miss McCarthy, however, has received a supplementary note from Mr. Badgley, expressing deep appreciation for his instructor's time and effort.) Fredrick Zimmerman, who followed Mr. Badgley, and Miss Myra Manchester and Miss Catherine Washburn, later speakers, showed an alert interest in the School's work and a desire to continue in the advanced courses.

Notable among the two-minute student talks was that of Dr. Geoffrey W. Esty of Westfield, describing how his interest in tangled human relations had led him inevitably to the realization that if people are to be psychologically improved, they must first be economically improved. "You can't talk good will, understanding, and consideration to people who have to work twelve or fifteen hours just to keep themselves alive," Dr. Esty reminded his audience. "You can't make any progress with hungry people."

Among the other student speakers were (as Chairman H. Kermit Schnetter put it, "of all things") a title examiner and a tax assessor. Both V. Edward Allen and A. E. Weiler, however, seemed to feel that they were in perfectly safe company. They were completely unabashed as they discussed their understanding of the principles of George.

George L. Rusby, who for many years has acted as a George School Extension on wheels, explained with diagrams the shortcut method which he has devised to capture the attention of promising acquaintances. His record of successful captures is so high that present and prospective instructors would do well to apply to Mr. Rusby for further details.

The Jersey School's achievements called forth an expression of encouragement and pride from Dr. Elizabeth E. Bowen as she presented the 140 diplomas. Having taught the first lonely classes here in 1935, Dr. Bowen can well appreciate the opening of thirty widely scattered groups scheduled for the semester of February, 1942. Certainly the Jersey school is at least large enough now to contain exponents of many ways of life—from the rural extreme of the Bill Halls, with their as yet unsubstantiated claims of several chickens and a cow (or have they sold the cow?) to the urbanism of Jessie Matteson of Westwood, who when last heard from was asking determinedly for the table "Where the other people from New York were sitting."

And now we hear that the enthusiastic response to James de Roode's appeal, which came with the dessert, amounted to more than $200, with more contributions arriving daily.

The book display at the dinner was the work of Miss V. G. Peterson, of the Robert Schalkenbach Foundation.

New York Commencement

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The students of the current term of the Henry George School of Social Science in New York will be graduated at exercises in the Engineering Auditorium, 29 West 39th Street, on Friday, January 23rd, at 8:00 P.M. The principal speaker will be Dr. Adele Streseman of Brooklyn.

Sydney Mayers is in charge of the program, and promises an interesting evening. Refreshments will be served after the exercises. Tickets: 50c.

No Taxes in Coast State?

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—An Associated Press dispatch tells of a projected forty-ninth state named "Jefferson."

The project is noteworthy because sponsors of the new state plan to get along without taxes. Revenue would be supplied by royalties from mineral and timber developments. It is also proposed to outlaw slot machines, on the theory that they offer unfair competition to the poker industry.

Speakers Bureau Reports

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Miss Dorothy Sara, Secretary of Speakers Bureau, reports following dates booked:

Nov. 30—Walton B. Thomson at St. Marks Methodist Church, Brooklyn

Dec. 1—C. O. Steele at Readers' Assoc., Epiphany Library, N. Y. C.

Dec. 7—Morris Van Veen at "The Y Thinkers," Y.W.C.A., 137th St., N. Y. C.

Dec. 10—A. Robert Chananie at Forum Group of Mrs. Victor Doyle, Brooklyn.

Jan. 5—R. J. Manfrini at Young Women's Club, Temple Gates of Prayer, Flushing, L. I.

Jan. 9—A. P. Christianson at Congregation Derech Emunoh, Arverne, L. I.

Jan. 12—Jacob Schwartzman at Dentist's Wives' League, N. Y. C.

Feb. 2—C. O. Steele at Young Women's Club, Temple Gates of Prayer, Flushing.

More Classes in Canada

MONTREAL, Que.—The fundamental and advanced classes of the Montreal Extension of the Henry George School of Social Science are progressing favorably with attendance up to average. However, the promoters of the School are never satisfied, and efforts are always being made to bring greater numbers of students to the classroom.

On November 17th there was inaugurated the fifth class of the fall term in Fundamental Economics, with Len Huckabone acting as instructor. Mr. Huckabone is realizing an ambition which, he says, must surely come to every student of George's philosophy.

In view of an anticipated increase in the demand for teachers in the near future, it is planned to start a Teachers' Training class, conducted by Gerry Walsh. Mr. Walsh is embarking on a career which should give him a first hand knowledge of economics, since he has just become identified with the Canadian Bureau of Price Fixing.

Uncle Sam Buys Land

FORT DIX, N. J.—As part of the National Defense program there has been a considerable increase in the area of Fort Dix, which at present covers some 38 square miles.

The greater portion of this land has been recently acquired by the War Department through condemnation proceedings. The task of ascertaining titles required the examination of some 4,000 documents, and an expenditure of 8,500 hours' labor. The oldest title deed uncovered was issued in 1696.

Georgist Speaker on Town Hall

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Stanford Bissell, of the New York faculty of the Henry George School of Social Science, was one of the speakers on "Town Hall of the Air" on November 20th. The program was devoted to a discussion of the question, "What is American Youth's Moral Code?"

Mr. Bissell said in part that the highest development in morals could come only with the greatest freedom for the individual. He declared that there should be no compromising with this freedom merely to cope with "the expediency of the moment."

Associated with Mr. Bissell on the program were Jean Sarasy, of Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., Mary Draper of Vassar, and Melvin Evans of New York. Mr. Bissell is president of the Young Men's Board of Trade in New York City.

New York Faculty Meets

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The faculty and volunteers of the Henry George School of Social Science in New York met in the 29th St. Auditorium to hear addresses by Frank Chodorov, director of the New York School, and H. L. T. Tideman, director of the Chicago Extension. The purpose of the meeting was to clarify matters of School policy. Over a hundred attended.

The consensus of the meeting was that the policy of the School should continue substantially as at present, holding firmly to an educational, non-political program and avoiding all action likely to lead to political entanglements or organizational commitments.

California Celebrates Yule

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.—Notwithstanding increasing nervous tension on the West Coast, the Henry George Fellowship of Berkeley held its scheduled commencement and Christmas Party on Monday, December 8th at Alden Public Library Auditorium.

Edgar Pomeroy of San Francisco, an energetic worker for many years in Georgist activities, spoke on the topic, "Don't Let the War Stop You." The subject, of course, had been chosen in advance, but the meeting took place on the very day war was declared. "Just a coincidence," says Mr. Pomeroy. "Any Georgist could have predicted the war, but not the day it would begin."

Tax Collector Pursues Federal Reserve System

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Federal Reserve Building on Constitution Avenue, one of the most beautiful edifices in all Wahington, may have to be sold for taxes. District Tax Assessor Dent has threatened to sell it at auction if the Federal Reserve Board fails to pay some $300,000 in taxes.

Steele on Radio

NEW YORK, N. Y.—C. O. Steele, of the faculty of the Henry George School of Social Science in New York, spoke on the "Thinkers' Forum" over station WENX on Sunday, December 28th.

Commencement in St. Louis

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The graduation exercises of the fall classes of the Henry George School of Social Science in St. Louis were held Thursday, December 4th, in the auditorium of the Young Women's Christian Association at 4th and Locust Streets.

The principal speaker was the Rev. Laurence Plank, of the Unitarian Church, who chose as his subject, "The Road Ahead." His address dealt with the alternatives which America faces in its future socio-economic evolution.

A new series of classes is scheduled to begin the second week in January; lists of names of prospective students are needed at once, and should be sent to Extension Secretary Alper, 1528 Locust Street. Students interested in attending a class in "Science of Political Economy" should also communicate with Mr. Alper.

The treasurer of the Extension reported on receipts and disbursements, and disclosed a cash balance of $26.82.

Committee to Distribute Leaflets

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Daniel Goodman, of the New York faculty of the Henry George School of Social Science, will be chairman of a committee to distribute leaflets in New York during the approaching campaign for students for the spring term.

Students, volunteers and instructors will hand out leaflets describing the School to patrons of the Public Library, Town Hall, and other places where literate people may be expected to congregate. This method of obtaining students has been proved of reliable productivity in previous years, obtaining students at a cost considerably less than direct mail circularization.

Boston School Holds Exercises

BOSTON, Mass.—The Henry George Institute of New England, operating the Boston Extension of the Henry George School of Social Science, held its fall graduation exercises on December 11 at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 264 Boylston Street.

The principal speaker was Francis G. Goodale, one of Boston's leading attorneys and instructor of a class in International Trade. Mr. Goodale spoke "On The Necessity of Doing Several Things at Once." The address of welcome was given by John S. Codman, Dean of the Faculty.

The exercises closed with the director's report and an original one-act play, after which the graduates and guests adjourned to the School headquarters, 90 Beacon Street, for a buffet supper.

On the Margin

A correspondence course first lesson came in recently from a chap in the Irish Guards. His wife is in New York, taking her first course at the Headquarters School, and decided her husband would be interested too. His first paper graded 98%. (You just can't beat the Irish.)

A number of visitors from the New York School attended the Jersey graduation and dinner. We hope that an even larger number of Jersey Georgists will be in New York for the Headquarters Commencement on January 23rd. The "Welcome" sign is out.

All New Jersey friends are requested to tell their New York friends that the new Headquarters classes will open the week of February 2nd. Blackout curtains, flashlights, candles, and other air-raid precautions will be in readiness, just in case. All preparations are being made to carry on at the New York School.

At an uptown air raid center two of our teachers have already arranged instead of bringing the "deck of cards, flashlight and pillow" to take lesson sheets and books and offer classes in Fundamental Economics to all comers, day or night, by candlelight if necessary.

Beginning January 19th, **Miss Grace Voss** will conduct the "Pick Your Job and Land It" service (a branch of the Man—Marketing Clinic) in the 29th Street Auditorium. It's just one little step from "Where can I find a job?" to "Why can't I employ myself?"—and that step is from the auditorium into a classroom to study P. & P.

The Freeman

A Monthly Critical Journal of Social and Economic Affairs

Editor: FRANK CHODOROV
Assistant Editor: PAUL PEACH
Associate Editors

C. O. Steele — John Lawrence Monroe
Harry Gunnison Brown — Laura Brest
Hubbell McBride — Ami Mali Hicks
John Frew — Sylvia Wiren
George Bringmann

* * *

Cuts for the illustrations are by Horan Engraving Co., Inc.

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The Freeman does not necessarily endorse opinions expressed in signed or initialed contributions or statements in news reports, assuring the widest freedom of expression to its writers. Contributions consistent with the policy of The Freeman are welcomed; no payment is made, for the writers contribute their services as a living endowment to the cause for which The Freeman stands.

Who's Who in Georgism

Harry H. Ferrell

Harry H. Ferrell came of pioneer stock. He was born December 24, 1888, on a farm four miles north of Decatur, Illinois. His father, Henry Converse Ferrell was of an Irish family that followed the wagon trails west through Virginia, Ohio and Illinois. His mother, Mary Ann Taylor, was of a branch of the English Calvert family who settled in Maryland, then went west through Ohio to Illinois.

Mr. Ferrell's family left Decatur in 1896, settling near Webster City, Iowa, where he lived until 1911 when he went to Los Angeles. Since 1910, he has been an insurance underwriter with the exception of a two and a half year period ending in 1935 during which he was tax agent for the department of water and power of Los Angeles.

His interest in Henry George was aroused in 1914 by the "Cynthia Gray" column edited by Mrs. Estelle Lawton Lindsay in the Los Angeles Record. In reply to a question from a reader respecting some phase of local taxation, Mrs. Lindsay advised reading "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Ferrell is one, at least, who took the advice. He has conducted eighteen classes on Henry George since the fall of 1935.

Mr. Ferrell is executive secretary of the Los Angeles Municipal League. He has been a member of the League's executive board for eleven years; for three years he served as president. He is also executive secretary of the Tax Relief Association of California. As such he carried on the southern California campaign for the Ralston tax relief amendment to the State Constitution in 1938. He was an unsuccessful candidate for the State Legislature in 1932 and for the Los Angeles City Council in 1939.

Mr. Ferrell has been married twenty-three years to Floy Pauline Hamilton, formerly of Lincoln, Nebraska. They have no children.

PASSING THE BUCK

By HORATIO

The cattle king swore when he saw the bill,
As some tax-payers always will,
But the book-keeper soon assuaged his grief
By adding the tax to the price of beef.

The butcher who came for beef next day
A part of that tax was compelled to pay;
But what did it matter? If folks will eat,
Let them swallow the tax when it comes in meat.

So the cattle king's tax and the butcher's, too,
Mixed in the meat of an Irish stew
For the widow's children; yet some will say
The poor have no taxes at all to pay.

The tanner came next; but he had been
Too long at the trade to be taken in;
So, adding his tax, all three together
Are dumped on the man who buys the the leather.

With all three taxes the leather went
To the great shoe-making establishment;
And what happened there made matters worse—
They slipped in the tariff graft, of course.

Loaded with taxes and swelling up
Like the corpulent corpse of a poisoned pup,
Comes the leather at last to the retail store
Where (sure enough!) it is taxed once more.

And the poor consumer, the last in line,
Must bear the brunt of each fiscal fine
That falls on his shoes at every stop
From the cattle range to the Main Street shop.

And yet there are people with brains so lax
That they say "consumers pay no tax—
That the landlord—poor patient soul—forgets
To add his tax to the rent he sets."

Teacher's Index

If you want live illustrations to help you in teaching, look in this column. It is made to your order—a Teacher's Index to **The Freeman**. No matter how good your teaching is, you can improve it by using better, more modern illustrations. Get them from **The Freeman**, and find them in The Index.

* * *

References at the beginning of each entry are to the manuals. **P & P 8:4** means Progress and Poverty, Lesson 8, Question 4. Other references are page numbers in **The Freeman**.

Note well: P & P references are to the Fourth Edition of the Teachers' Manual, which divides the elementary course into fifteen lessons instead of ten.

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P & P 3:2—"Wooden Wages" (55).

P & P 4:6—" 'Our Bourbons' in England" (51).

P & P 8:1—"The Shovelcrats" (63). It would seem impossible to explain the role of speculation and monopoly in causing depressions and poverty better than Mr. Ralston has done in this unique satire. Every teacher should know "The Shovelcrats" thoroughly. Because of its length, it will run serially.

A complete annotation of "The Shovelcrats" would include references to almost every question of every lesson. We shall only indicate a few of the high spots. It is important to note, however, that though Dry Lake City's situation was ostensibly the result of a monopoly of shovels, the basic cause was the control of means of transportation and communication. "The Shovelcrats" is not merely a satire on monopoly; it is a satire on the State.

P & P 9:8—"Chauffeurs of Tomorrow" (56).

P & P 14:22—"Background of the 'Yellow Peril' " (57).

P & P 14:30—"Background of the 'Yellow Peril' " (57). Much has been said about racial and national differences in "explanation" of war. Granting that differences exist, whence come they, and how can we overcome them?

P & F T 2:17—"Farm Aid to the Poor" (59). Are bounties really more advantageous than tariffs? Can there be any economic gain through government subsidies?

P or F T 3:22—"Protectionism During War" (52). It is unfortunately true that most of us do not begin with principle; instead we decide first what we want and then hunt for a justification. Protectionists are as patriotic, on the average, as others. Do they advocate tariffs primarily from patriotic motives?

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