

The Individualist

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Oxnamerated

The Bishop came through with flying colors—mostly pink. He's not a Communist. Few people thought he was. He is completely gullible. Few people thought he wasn't. He didn't know the gangs he lined up with were Red fronts. All they wanted was freedom for oppressed peoples everywhere. They said so themselves. That was all he wanted. How was he to know the freedom they planned was the kind handed out to the "liberated" countries behind the Iron Curtain? Like Czechoslovakia and Poland got? Nobody told him.

The Bishop is no hypocrite. The congressman was mistaken who charged him with serving God on Sundays and the Communist cause the other six days of the week. The Bishop serves God seven days a week—with complete sincerity. Also, he serves the Communist cause seven days a week—with complete unawareness.

The Bishop is a Socialist. Not a dues-paying member of the Party—if there is a Party and its members pay dues—but in his thinking. Socialism and Communism are virtually the same thing. As Earl Browder puts it: "The program of the Socialist Party and the program of the Communist Party have a common origin in the document written by Karl Marx and Friederich Engels in 1847-48, known as the Communist Manifesto. There is no difference, so far as the program is concerned, in its final aim."

The Bishop says he preaches "the social gospel." He has been an ardent supporter of all the welfare-state measures, particularly socialized medicine, which he calls "free medical treatment." In his writings he speaks of "the trend from competitive struggle to co-operative endeavors," of the passing from "an order whose primary purpose has been the making of profits and the owning of property to an order in which the primary purpose will be the making of personality and maintaining the supremacy of the common good."

The Bishop was elected president of the World Council of Churches at the Amsterdam convention which held that capitalism is as evil as Communism and called on Christians to reject both. It was this Council which, in February, 1951, sent to its member churches a circular letter containing this statement: "The peoples have seen the vision of social justice; it is for us to help to transform it into reality . . . to enter sympathetically into the social demands of the needy. 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his need' has its roots in the teachings of Jesus."

The Bishop has been president of the Federal Council of Churches, later merged with the National Council of Churches. He was one of the founders of the Methodist Federation for Social Action and at one time its executive secretary. The Federation has been branded by the House Committee on un-American Activities as "a tool of the Com-

munist Party." A later executive secretary of the same group was Jack McMichael, recently under investigation by the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Through these various organizations, the Bishop has for many years been in close personal association with clergymen who have openly preached Socialism. Because of the high positions he held at one time or another, it is scarcely too much to say he had a hand in directing their activities. Following are samples of what a few of them have had to say:

"The only way out is an economic order which increasingly eliminates the profit motive."—Edward L. Parsons, Bishop of California.

"Is it not probable that the greatest event of the 20th Century thus far is the Soviet Revolution and all it has meant to human welfare?"—Prof. Jerome Davis.

"The Soviet Union is progressing and growing up economically and politically since the time of the Czars, while capitalist society is starving and going down."—Rev. Harry F. Ward.

"When the Western world was floundering in an unjust and competitive order . . . God reached out and put his hand on the Russian communists to produce a juster order and to show a recumbent church what it had missed in its own gospel."—Rev. E. Stanley Jones.

Not even his worst enemies would accuse the Bishop of being so unspeakably stupid as not to know what those associates of his were saying, and it would take a person of unimaginable credulity to believe that his attitude toward their efforts was other than one of approval.

Clearly the Bishop is not a Communist. Clearly, because of his immense and idolatrous following and his pronounced Marxist convictions, he is a very real threat to America's system of capitalist free enterprise.

Sublime To Ridiculous

Occasionally there appears in these columns mention of what is often called the "Single Tax." Because the appropriation of the annual site value of land is the only way of raising public revenue without penalizing trade and industry, that's the side we're on. And we're not exactly backward about saying so. Such comment usually brings a few encomiums from our handful of Georgist readers, and numerous epistles from others, who outnumber the Georgists about ten to one, the consolidated import of which is for heaven's sake lay off, that's been dead for fifty years.

It must be apparent to any open-minded man that if there really is a way of raising ten or fifteen billion dollars a year — and maybe more—toward government costs, without taxing the products of capital and labor, and without depriving any individual of what he has earned or what rightly belongs to him

—well, such a way, or even the possibility of there being such a way, is worth inquiring into. No man who wishes to keep himself fully informed can afford to do less—especially when so little effort is required.

To facilitate the inquiry, we take you now, as the newscasters say, to the July 27th issue of The Freeman, "A Fortnightly For Individualists," wherein appears an article by Glenn Hoover, professor of sociology at Mills College in California, entitled "What's Left of the 'Single Tax'?"

The professor writes: "The notion that, as Jefferson put it, 'the earth belongs in usufruct to the living' is the very core of the Single Tax doctrine. It is not, strictly speaking, an economic notion at all but an ethical one. Nevertheless, it is based on certain economic premises which should be re-examined so that we may see if they have withstood the ravages of time and the criticism of economists."

And that's all we are going to tell you about what Dr. Hoover has to say, except to observe that his article is the best short treatise on the subject we have seen in years, a pippin, no less—and that you should read it.

We take you next, still speaking radioese, to the Freeman for August 10, wherein appears an article by Frank H. Knight, professor emeritus of economics at the University of Chicago, entitled "The Fallacies of the 'Single Tax'." At the top of the article which is in answer to the Hoover article in the July 27th Freeman, appears this blurb by The Freeman editors, "Special taxation on land value, as advocated by Henry George's followers, would work injustices and retard rather than help production, says a University of Chicago professor of economics."

We won't go so far as to say the Knight piece is childish. In the first place we have too much respect for children; in the second place anybody would look childish, not to say silly, in attempting to refute the irrefutable—and that's the task Professor Knight has set himself. His article has in it everything but simplicity and clarity—and sense. Here's a specimen:

"As a matter of fact, general reasoning indicates and statistics fairly well prove that the actual outlay cost of the land, the investment of labor and capital, with interest while 'waiting' for the increase, and the taxes paid, add up to the actual value, over any representative sample, without counting the subjective costs not measurable in money."

You have heard of clear, crisp, informative writing, not susceptible of more than one interpretation. Well, that ain't it. Seldom have we seen more words used to less purpose. We do, however, get the idea of "waiting." One case of "waiting" that we recall was that of the last heir to the fabulous Wendell land fortune in New York, a feeble-minded old woman, according to the newspapers, who, at the time of her death and for many years before, lived in the brownstone mansion at 39th Street and Broadway. Waiting was some-

thing she did nothing else but during her entire life. If she ever raised a hand to earn so much as a nickel, the fact went unreported. But while she was waiting, such was the increase in the population of New York City, her landholdings increased by some five million dollars.

Another who was paid for waiting was a New Yorker who spent the last thirty years of his life in an asylum for the insane, during which period his landed estate gained more than a million dollars in value.

Professor Knight writes: "Men do hold land 'speculatively' for an expected increase in value. That is a social service, tending to put ownership in the hands of those who know best how to handle the land so that the value will increase." It would be interesting to have the professor explain what "social service" is performed by speculators who hold land out of use and thus compel those who would use it to resort to land of less desirability from the standpoint of fertility or location.

We would like, too, to have the professor explain about "those who know best how to handle the land so that the value will increase." In the first place, land which is held idle for speculative gain is not "handled." In the second place, it is growth in population or, as some prefer to put it, increase in public services, that bring about an increase in land value. It is indisputable that if all the inhabitants of New York City should leave town overnight, never to return, and nobody moved in to take their place, those fabulously valuable lots wouldn't be worth a dime a dozen.

The Knight article is based on the preposterous assumption that land value belongs as a right to certain members of the community only, and not to all. Yet it must be apparent that no one member of the community does any more to give value to land than does any other member, and that no one member of the community is any more entitled to claim land value as his own than is any other member of the community. Land value, which arises spontaneously as a by-product of the gathering of people into communities, is a socially created value to a unique degree. It is a value in which there is no cost of production, a value which belongs to all the members of the community, and which should be taken for the common expenses of the community.

If the Knight article weren't such cumbersome reading, in contrast to Professor Hoover's smooth prose, it would be a pretty good argument for the Single Tax, so ridiculous is its effort to refute it.

We urge all readers of THE INDIVIDUALIST to send for those two issues of The Freeman—July 27 and August 10. The address is 240 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. The single copy price shown on the magazine's cover is 25 cents. We'd say a half a buck would get you the two.

By reading those two articles with an open mind, you will learn more about what land-value taxation is, and what it isn't, and what it can do, and what it can't do—than in any other way we know. And have fun doing it.

Help, Help, The Book's On Fire!

Few things sillier have popped up of late in our segment of this crazy world than this "book burning" bunk. The American State Department maintains 184 overseas information libraries in 63 countries. The shelves of those libraries are crawling with communist propaganda—books, circulars, magazines. They are written by known reds, fellow travelers and pink gullibles. They extol life as it is lived—if you can call it living—in that workers' paradise that is Soviet Russia. They bewail the sordidness of the profit motive. They weep over the imperialistic designs of our capitalist society.

That junk was placed in those libraries by the pinkos of the Truman administration. Truman, a courthouse politician of the more vulgar stripe, didn't know what it was all about. He wouldn't have done anything if he had. To him, Stalin was "good old Joe"; the Hiss case, "just another red herring."

It was left there, stinking, by the ladies and gentlemen of the Eisenhower administration, who were too polite—or too dumb—to clean up the mess. (Either way you take it, you give 'em the benefit of the doubt.)

Then along comes this here Joe McCarthy. As everybody knows, Joe is just a low-life, a no-good self-made so-and-so who slanders decent respectable people by forcing them to refuse to answer for fear of incriminating themselves. If you don't believe that, read your newspaper. Concerning books by red authors in those libraries, the guy has the crust to ask, "How come they're there?"

That simple little question evoked howls of anguish from the State Department, charges of "book burning" from all over the place, an outburst from the President of the United States as out of place as bird manure under a cuckoo clock, sixteen different "directives," mutually contradictory—but never a direct and straightforward answer.

Also it brought down on the heads of a long-suffering public dissertations by self-anointed intellectuals on the right of the individual to read what he pleases. Who the heck cares what the individual reads, if he has time to read after he gets through with the sports page, the comic strips and the comic books? This ragged individualist doesn't give a hang.

What we gripe about is having to kick in to support those libraries abroad and, even more, to furnish them with books by writers who are doing everything they can to undermine the American way of life and supplant it with something drawn along communist lines. Just how sappy can a people get?

Leave us get out of the library business, leave us put a stop to the government's squandering hundreds of millions on books, even good books. Let the guy who wants a book buy his own book. A nation two hundred and seventy billion dollars in debt can't afford to buy it for him. And it wouldn't have any business buying it for him if it could afford it.

And let the bureaucrats who are running those 184 overseas libraries in 63 countries—let them come on home and start pushing wheel-barrows around, or something else

that's useful. And the other regiment of bureaucrats who have been doing the library work on the home front—let's find jobs for them where they could accomplish a little something worth while instead of helping to push up the public debt.

The Last Word

In THE INDIVIDUALIST for July, in a short article headed, "Dollar Shortage," appeared these words: "The next word along that line, if any, will be a note of thanks, or notice of discontinuance."

This is the note of thanks—an do we mean it, from the bottom of our heart!

THE INDIVIDUALIST will be continued.

He Got A Break

Generally we feel sorry for writers. Most of them are starving to death—or would be if they didn't have other jobs. And when they have a stroke of luck, it's usually bad. Nobody but a sap would be a writer—if he had brains enough to drive a truck.

But this fellow J. B. Matthews—boy, did he hit the jackpot! He wrote a piece for the July issue of the American Mercury. Now the American Mercury is distinctly one of our better magazines and, even more distinctly, one of the smaller. It knows more about the American free enterprise system, and is more ready to speak up and say a kind word for it now and then, than is the case with most of its contemporaries. But in circulation it's no great shakes. Alongside such giants as The Saturday Evening Post, Reader's Digest, Life, Colliers and others, it's a pygmy.

So, normally, a piece in the Mercury would attract but a small reading audience. But not this one, not this one! For the Matthews' article began: "The largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today is composed of Protestant clergymen."

That's where Mr. Matthews got the breaks. That paragraph was lifted and commented on by newspapers from coast to coast. Almost without exception the comment was abusive. The President of the United States himself hopped into the fray with a scathing denunciation of "reckless and irresponsible" charges against the church. No fray was ever hopped into with less reason or at a more inopportune time. It was the President who was guilty of a reckless and irresponsible statement, not Matthews.

The Matthews' article was well documented, it named names and places and cited such authorities as J. Edgar Hoover and others high in government circles in support of its charges. And it contained this paragraph, which most of the Matthews detractors never mentioned: "It hardly needs to be said that the vast majority of American Protestant clergymen are loyal to the free institutions of this country, as well as loyal to their solemn trust as ministers of the Gospel."

The build-up which the anti-anti-communist forces and publications gave Matthews is likely to be the making of that gent down in the literary market place. He's a lucky guy—if you ask us. And, we happen to believe, an honest one and an informed one.

Simpson One, Simpson Two

There's a story about the old lady who approached a man standing on the corner one Sunday morning, and asked, "Mister, can you tell me where the Second Presbyterian Church is," And the gent answered, "I'm sorry, madam, I don't even know where the First Presbyterian Church is."

We are a little like that about these here Simpson bills in Congress. There's the first Simpson bill, introduced by Rep. Simpson (R., Pa.). That "Rep." stands for representative, not reprobate. Maybe the gentleman's a reprobate, too, but we're not going to advertise the fact—not unless he pays us for it.

The first Simpson bill called for an extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act to June 12, 1954, which, to our free-tradish way of thinking is quite as it should be—though not all. At the moment that bill is snafued in a Senate-House on a House-passed resolution to enlarge the Tariff Commission from six members to seven. (There should, of course, be no Tariff Commission for the very simple reason that there should be no tariffs. THE INDIVIDUALIST should have a million subscribers, too. The chances look about the same.)

But now it appears that the gent from Penn. has had a change of heart, for he pops up with a bill which, following on the heels of the first one, is as startling as if Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., should come out for free enterprise. Instead of paving the way for a reduction in tariffs, the second bill increases tariff protection for all industries, with special protection for domestic coal, lead, zinc and oil producers. It would impose quotas on crude petroleum and residual fuel oil.

We have been hearing a lot from abroad about "trade, not aid." The sentiment is sound. The only real help we can give to Europe is to break down the barriers to trade. For Congress to slice a billion off the more than five billion foreign aid appropriation the President asked for—that was a step in the right direction. It would be an enormous stimulant to "trade, not aid." Then along comes the Simpson bill, the "second" one, to make trade more difficult by import quotas.

The ways of a supposedly intelligent people in matters tariff sometimes passeth understanding. Anyone above the level of a feeble-minded moron knows that people thrive by trade, and it doesn't make a frazzlin' bit of difference who they trade with. There is never a trade without a profit; there is never a profit without a trade. If trade were stopped, specialization and division of labor would stop. Each man would have to make everything he and his family needed. The end of trade would mean the end of civilization. How then, in heaven's name, can restraints on trade ever be other than harmful?

A great seaport, New York, for instance, will spend hundreds of millions of dollars to improve dock facilities, so that ships can unload and load more quickly, and trade thus be speeded up, and foreign goods brought to our shores at less cost. Then Congress enacts tariff measures which undo all the good the hundreds of millions would have done. Instead of imposing tariffs, it would be as sensible

to require every cargo ship leaving London for New York to sail around the world twice before allowing her cargo to be discharged in New York. That would be pretty dumb, wouldn't it? Is it any dumber than to bring about the same effect by means of tariffs?

Not from where we sit, it ain't. One's as dumb as the other.

Ante Up

With this issue THE INDIVIDUALIST completes its fifth year of publication. It also completes its first year of publication since its revival, following a two-year layoff in September, 1950. All of which adds up to the fact that renewals are now due. They are due, that is, for those whose current subscriptions started with the September, 1952 number. Those who came in later, of course, won't have to mail their checks until the subscription year in each case has expired.

They won't *have* to, you understand, but now that the matter is on their minds, they might just as well reach for the checkbook and get the thing over with, don't you think? What's the harm if they do pay a few months in advance? And look at the bother they'll save—they won't have to think of the matter again.

Being lazy and prone to rest the old bones, and anxious to cut expenses to the bone, we are trying to get out of sending renewal notices. So-o-o, we're hoping y'all will come through promptly—with a few extra subscriptions for friends. And thanks in advance!

Third Class Males

The New York Post Office needed two baffle plates. Ourselves, we wouldn't know a baffle plate from a flying saucer, but we do know they cost \$2.97 a pair — or was it apiece? We read it in the paper — whichever it was. And the N.Y.P.O. needed a couple the worst way. That's the way the Post Office boys proceeded to get 'em. A purchase order had to be made out—a dozen copies or more. The order had to be backed up by nine documents, with 24 signatures and 20 datings. Everything had to be done by the book. It was. And it took four months to get a pair of baffle plates.

All of which proves that government agencies are not as efficient as some people would have you think. In this instance, look at the time and money that could have been saved if someone had just sent a postal clerk out to swipe a couple of baffle plates. The poor jerk of a clerk might have got thirty days in jail, but the baffle plates would have been on hand next morning. Any way you look at it, that beats waiting four months. To say nothing of taking up the time of goodness only knows how many post office hirelings in making out forms in multiccate when they might have been usefully employed.

The Post Office people have some funny ideas about trucks, too—mail trucks. One model has to have specially built sides, which make the vehicle cost \$400 more than would a comparable truck with standard sides. But when it is turned in on a new one, that same truck brings \$400 less in allowance than the standard truck would bring. Thus, Uncle Sam is nicked for \$800 every time one

of those special jobs runs its course.

Now, here's the pay-off. A number of postal employees, big and little ones—including some drivers of those very trucks—were queried in Washington and New York. Believe it or not, not one of them could tell why the trucks had to have specially built sides, or what purpose the sides served. The answer that seemed satisfactory to some of those questioned was, well, that's the way it's been for years.

The Postmaster General has been asking Congress for an additional \$240 million for his department. He won't get it—this year.

But what he should ask for—and he should not ask Congress but the Good Lord—is not more money but more brains. What he needs around the place is fewer third class males and more first class. That would do the trick.

Another Good One

They've done it again, those smart lads up at Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. They, in case it has slipped your mind, are The Foundation For Economic Education, Inc. That's the outfit with the long name that puts out those dandy short pamphlets. Leonard E. Read is president. He also doubles behind the typewriter—and a nice job of doubling he does, too.

He has just finished such a stint, and the result is a one-pager entitled "Two Kinds of Exchange." It's red meat. It begins: "Boiled down to its essence, the economic issues between the libertarians and the socialists is one of willing exchange versus unwilling exchange."

It winds up with this: "Indeed, a libertarian cannot be an authoritarian. He limits his own belief in force to repellent or defensive force against those who aggress against him. And he believes in government limited to the same force, administered equally and justly for all. The libertarian leaves all else to private initiative and to willing exchange."

The in-betweens are just as good—and they round out the argument. Get yourself a dime's worth of this circular. The first five copies are free. After that they're one cent each. Lay in a stock and give the extras to your friends. Your friends will think more of you.

Deweybrains

We have long regarded Governor Dewey as a public official of high intelligence. Now we are not so sure. He opposes private development of the Niagara Falls power project—which is his right. He opposes construction and operation by the Federal government—in which he is right. He says turning the business over to the Federal people would mean "a new kind of monstrosity."

Mr. Dewey is correct as to that, except that it wouldn't be "new." There's TVA, selling "cheap" power with one hand and bilking the taxpayers with the other. He wants the New York State Power Authority to handle the business. How political control by the state would make it any less of a bureaucratic "monstrosity" than would political control by the federal government—that, he doesn't explain.

But it's his argument in support of his

proposal that intrigues us—and gives us to wonder if the little grey cells in the Dewey cranium are functioning less expertly than of yore. He says that the plan for private development of the site would be a “gift” to private enterprise. We’d call the site a “gift” of God to the people. If, as the papers report, the private companies are ready to put up \$400 million of their own money for construction costs, we are unable to see where the “gift” comes in. Rates would be strictly regulated, the companies would be guaranteed no return whatever on their invested capital, and such returns as they might be able to earn would be limited to six per cent. The “gift” business is too deep for us.

Governor Dewey says his state is being singled out for “punishment.” Other states have been given “bonanzas,” why not his? That’s the tip off. The “bonanza,” of course, is the legal privilege of selling electric power at less than private companies, which must pay taxes, can afford to sell it, and making up the loss by taxes on all the people—and exercising the enormous political power that goes with the racket.

It’s shoddy business, unfair to private industry and to taxpayers alike. We are getting dubious of Dewey.

Veterans Preference

If you’ve got a civil service job it darn near takes an act of Congress to get you fired, no matter what you do—or how little you do it. That’s why former President Truman, a while back, issued an executive order extending civil service protection to thousands of federal employees—Democrats all, of course—who could be expected to get the axe when, as and if the Republicans ever succeeded in taking over.

It worked out just that way. When President Eisenhower and his crowd moved in, they found they had thousands of people working for them who weren’t on their side at all. Moreover, the new administration needed those jobs for patronage purposes. So, President Eisenhower does a little executive ordering himself. He instructs the Civil Service Commission to review some 134,000 federal jobs, to determine which can be removed from civil service protection. As a result, more than 50,000 Democratic job holders are expected to get the air. That’s politics the way it’s played.

What we don’t like about the whole business is that the Eisenhower order exempts all veterans with their job preference ratings.

We’re strong for the veterans. Nothing in reason, and which the country can afford, is too good for them. But job preference isn’t in reason, and the country can’t afford it. The government, like private employers, should get the most it can for its money in the way of performance by its hired hands.

Job preference for *any* one, for *any* reason, save superior performance, is wrong. In our year with the Veterans Administration we had ample opportunity to see how it worked. Most of the civil service employees took it easy, but a lot of veterans with job preference didn’t do any more work than a bartender at a W.C.T.U. Convention. That, we’d say, is *too* much. It ought to be stopped.

The Anti-Antis They’re Everywhere

If you would like to have a list of the anti-anti-communist newspaper columnists—though heaven knows why you should—just make a list of all the New Deal and Fair Deal apologists in the trade, and you’ll have it. Your old list will be your new list. They’re the same birds.

Any one of them would be horrified if you intimated that he himself was pinkish, but one and all they hasten to get out the vitriol atomizer for any man in public life who is making a real fight on communism and socialism. And they lie like a gas meter, every one of them. Not openly and directly, in which they could be caught redhanded, but by implication and innuendo.

Here’s a sample. It’s the closing sentence in a Marquis Childs column. Years ago, this Childs wrote a book called “The Middle Way”—or maybe it was “The Middle Road”—which dealt with a compromise between capitalism and socialism. And the guy’s been near-socialist ever since. Here’s his sentence for which, as any informed intelligent person will know, there is no slightest justification whatever. “When government seeks to censor the pulpit, we are in for trouble.”

The government is not seeking to censor the pulpit, and nobody knows it any better than Marquis Childs. The reason for the crack was that the House un-American Activities Committee was making it embarrassing for some of the socialist-minded clergymen. That’s why the gent is peeved. He’s a member in good standing of the anti-antis. Nobody’s going to throw bricks at the pink clergy if he can help it.

It Sure Would

If every tariff measure were entitled “An Act to Compel People to Pay More”; if the President’s request for an extension of Social Security were labeled, “A Grab For Additional Billions For the Bureaucrats to Spend On Everything BUT Social Security”; if every one realized that capitalism is nothing more than freedom as applied to trade and production, and that capitalism is the only economic system the world has ever known under which men at all levels may enjoy any appreciable measure of freedom—well, if all those things should come to pass, it would be a better world, don’t you think?

Poor Devil

Our newspaper tells of a 110-year-old Civil War veteran who claims he is “as sound as a dollar.” Poor old boy. If he’s gone through what the dollar has gone through in the past ten years, he’s in bad shape, we’d say.

BREVITIES AND LEVITIES

“ONE GOOD TERN deserves another,” observed the everloving helpmeet as she watched a mother tern feeding her two babies on our Gulf Beach. Remarks like that explain why, at times, it’s hard for us to love the woman. The mother bird knew her business. She’d fly out over the Gulf, do a quick dive-bomb, come up with a small fish, and hurry back to shore to poke it down the yawning beak of one of her squalling offspring. Then back over the water for another morsel. And she always knew

which baby was to be fed next. She fed them in tern—doggone it, the woman’s got us doing it now.

AS JUST retribution for such a way of talking, the everloving helpmeet got hers a few minutes later. Walking slowly along in shallow water, she stepped on a small crab. The crab did his stuff. He nipped—and he wasn’t fooling. The everloving helpmeet let out a shriek and a low gurgling moan that could be heard the length of our island—and that’s seven miles. She held up her foot for us to see—and for sympathy. We saw a red spot the size of a pinhead. We sympathized—in chortles of glee. That’s the kind of an old meany this ragged individualist happens to be.

WHO SAID our Point Four officials aren’t on the job, the job being to shovel out American taxpayers’ dollars in aid to backward countries the world around? Ne’mind who said it, it ain’t so.

Out in Burma, the Point Four experts—not the Burmese themselves—decided that what Burma needed was not a good five-cent cigar but a typesetter that could reproduce all 900 symbols of the country’s alphabet. The Burmese hadn’t been able to build one themselves, but the Point Four lads did it with neatness and dispatch, élan and aplomb. And with \$40,000 of American taxpayers’ money.

That’s aidin’ ’em—the backward Burmese, not the taxpayers—if you could call it aid, and if the Burmese are backward.

WE FOUND the following in our “Individualist-Clippings” folder. It wasn’t marked to show where it came from but it’s too good not to use, so we’re printing it anyway. If the fellow who wrote it should see it in THE INDIVIDUALIST, we want him to know why we didn’t give credit. We want him to know, too, that we’re much obliged. Here it is:

“The Social Security Act provides what amounts to a federal subsidy for indigence and incompetence. In its compulsory character, it does violence to the liberties of more millions than are subsidized by this use of the policeman’s club to confiscate the wealth of competent and enterprising citizens.

“The whole system of federal social security is a bookkeeping fraud which, if practiced by private insurance companies, would land thousands of insurance company officials in jail. As it has been administered, the federal social security system is totally without assets save the power of Congress to tax, and for this purpose the taxing power is unauthorized, illegal and unconstitutional. When citizens are apathetic toward their liberties, the usurpers of power go uncurbed and unproved.”

That, we hold, is tellin’ ’em.

SEVEN well-known brands of cigars have been price-fixed at retail under New York State’s Fair Trade Act by agreement of distributors and retailers. Fair trade to whom, we’d like to know? For the weed slave who could buy his smokes for less if it were not for such legalized combination in restraint of trade? Scarcely. We don’t want to start anything, you understand. We’re just asking, that’s all, just asking: Fair to whom? But we will venture to observe this one observation: Any law that enables the seller to get more than he could get in the free market—that’s a bum law.

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