

The Individualist

A Pint-size Periodical of Pith, Punch and Perspicacity



VOLUME SIX

DECEMBER, 1953

NUMBER FIVE

REPRIEVE

Sometimes we get so discouraged. Here we have been reading ever since Hector was a mere broth of a muttlet that the human race is multiplying too rapidly. People are worse than jackrabbits and everybody knows that when it comes to multiplying a jackrabbit can make a calculating machine strip its gears trying to keep up. If they don't mend their ways—the people, not the jackrabbits—the place will be so cluttered up with homo saps it will look like Coney Island on Fourth of July. There won't be room for a crap game unless you play standing up. And, of course, everybody will be starving, because there won't be food enough to go around. So we've been told.

Something like that would have happened already, they say, but for the merciful intervention of flood, famine, pestilence and war in the good work of nipping off a lot of potential progenitors before they could begin to progenit—before, in other words, they could begin to beget. That's what we have been hearing for yubs and yubs.

We have known all along, of course, that people *think* like rabbits. The evidence is too overwhelming to be disputed. But that they were about to overrun the earth, starve and become extincter than the dodo—well, all the experts have been telling us that so long and making it sound so plausible we were almost believing it. And then along comes this here W. S. Woytinsky and says forget it, it ain't so.

Mr. Woytinsky—no relation of the Minsky Brothers, we understand—was formerly an economist with the National Social Security Administration. What an economist would be doing *there* we wouldn't know. But anyway, Mr. Woytinsky, aided by his wife Emma, has just completed a large-scale study of world population and production for the Twentieth Century Fund.

That sounds pretty serious and heavy, but we understand that the Woytinskies are really a fun-loving couple who, in their off hours, like to play games. Games like Knock Knock, for instance. Emma will say "Knock, knock," and Mr. W. will ask, "Who's there?" and the missus will say "Emma," and Mr. W. will ask "Emma who?" and the missus will say "Emma good for anything?" and Mr. W. will say "You bet you are, honey, good for a lot of things." Then they will both laugh—people like that they are.

Well, as we were saying, the Woytinskies have completed their study about people and eats, and what do you suppose they found? They found that the United States population growth is now in a stage of "incipient decline." Somebody said that about us once but he couldn't prove it. In the same stage of "incipient decline" are Australia, New Zealand and almost all of northwest and central Europe.

Russia, says Mr. Woytinsky, is in the middle of the "transitional growth" stage of population, which means that birth and death rates are still high in the Soviet Union and population growth is rapid. Eastern Europe appeared to be near the end of that stage, and Turkey, Palestine and parts of North Africa are just entering it, according to the Professor. World population, we are informed, has more than quadrupled in the last three centuries because of technological progress, health improvement and new transportation means making wider distribution easier. In 1950 the United States had a population, we are told, of almost 152 million, and a birth rate somewhere in the "middle range" of the world.

But the big news, of course, is that within another 150 years a balance will have been reached. That refers to human births and deaths, you understand, not government accounting. Nobody in his right senses expects the government to strike a balance *that soon*. But come that happy day 150 years hence and there won't be any more births than deaths, and everybody will have enough to eat. Gosh, won't that be something! We can hardly wait for the time to come.

But in the meantime we do get discouraged at having to unlearn things we've spent years in learning. You can see for yourself how it is. Time was, maybe, when you thought Truman was great. You sure had to unlearn *that*.

LOVE THEM TAXES

It seems that a professor in the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration—guy by the name of Thomas H. Sanders—has written a book called "The Effects of Taxation on Executives." The thing was edited by Dan Troop Smith, a Harvard Business professor on leave.

We haven't read the book and nobody can't make us, as we say in Florida, but we can guess what's in it from what another Harvard professor, Sumner H. Slichter, was moved to say after reading it. Said Sumner, "High taxes on profits may even be stimulating rather than discouraging (to business) ..."

Slichter, we seem to remember, is one of the wheel-horses of the curious aggregation of thinkers—to call them thinkers is to give them the benefit of the doubt—known as Americans For Democratic Action. The ADA, as it is called for short, has long been working for the setting up of a labor-socialist government in Washington. And don't let anybody tell you they aren't making progress.

Except for some of the members who are too dumb to realize what they are doing, the rank and file of the ADA'ers as well as the leaders—especially the leaders—are not interested in business save to turn it over to the government. Most of them endorse

wholeheartedly the Marxist doctrine of "Production for use and not for profit."

As has been remarked before in these columns, that "Production for use and not for profit" business is the silliest slogan ever devised by the mind of man. Everything that is made is made for use—if you get above the level of children's mud pies. Men don't waste their time making things that have no use. And when a thing has use it will be traded. When it is traded there's a profit, for no one ever trades unless, as he values things at the moment, he gets more than he gives. That "more" is profit. There is never a trade without a profit and never a profit without a trade.

For production for use and not for profit, as many of the ADA'ers and a lot of college professors would have it, you would have to do away with profit. To do away with profit, you'd have to do away with trade, since profits come only from trade. The ending of trade would mean the end of specialization and division of labor. It would mean that each man would have to make everything he and his family needed. Such a step would reduce the most prosperous nation on earth to a howling wilderness almost over night. It would mean the end of civilization, the return to barbarism.

Not even a Harvard professor can explain how men can live above the level of animals without trade, and much less can a Harvard professor explain how there can be trade without profit, how we could have production for use and not for profit. And not even Harvard's new prexy himself, and all his satellites and all his minions, can explain how taxes help business—except on its way to bankruptcy.

FAIR HARVARD—BUT FAIR TO WHOM?

There are times when a few words tell the story.

"They's nobody here but us chickens." That's one. "Don't get up, I just want to wash my hands." That's another. "I refuse to answer on the ground that my answer would tend to incriminate me." That's a third.

The three examples suggest respectively a predatory gentleman in a hen house, an embarrassing encounter in a bath room, a balky witness and Harvard University. Leaving the first two, we'll concentrate on Harvard. Not, you understand, that Harvard is any worse than a lot of other colleges that like a few pinks on their faculties, but only that Harvard is the latest to take its turn in the news.

Not long ago Senator Joe McCarthy—you know, that dirty so-and-so who has done so much to damage the country, the country of Russia, that is—Senator Joe McCarthy sent a telegram to Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, Harvard's new president, asking, "What if any action the university intends to take in the

Furry case, and what your attitude generally is toward retaining teachers at Harvard who refuse to state whether they are Communists on the ground that the truth would tend to incriminate them."

And then, as if to make it doubly embarrassing for the new proxy, Joe, the old meamee, goes on: "Your answer becomes doubly important in view of Mr. Furry's testimony that you had no interest in whether or not he was or had been a Communist."

Wendell H. Furry, in case the readers have forgotten, is the Harvard professor who refused to tell a senate committee not only whether he was or had been a Communist but whether he had ever given secret radar information material to members of the Communist Party, and whether he had sought to indoctrinate his students in the Communist philosophy. *THE INDIVIDUALIST* paid its respects—if respects is the word—to the Furry character in a recent issue.

And what did Harvard's new president have to say to the McCarthy query? Not a word at first. He didn't refuse to answer. Not being on the witness stand and under oath, he didn't have to refuse. He just didn't answer. So then the Harvard *Crimson*, undergraduate paper, leaped into the fray—and a more inopportune bit of fray leaping would be hard to imagine. The youthful editors bleated: "According to every indication there is no Communist now on the Harvard faculty. Nor have we, as McCarthy charged, been exposed to indoctrination with the Communist Party line."

The McCarthy charge, the *Crimson* went on, "is one of the gravest anyone could level against the university. If it's true, it means that an educational institution is tolerating a dangerous perversion of education."

Apparently the Harvard *Crimson* failed to note that Professor Furry himself didn't say he hadn't attempted to indoctrinate his students. That was one of the questions he refused to answer. Nor would he say on the witness stand whether or not he was a Communist. So it appears that the *Crimson* editors took it upon themselves to defend a guy who refused to defend himself.

Before long the pressure got hot enough to smoke out the reticent President Pusey, who came forth with this: "I am not aware that there is any person among the Harvard faculty who is a member of the Communist Party." He said he deplored the use of the Fifth Amendment by any witness before a congressional committee but added "we do not regard the use of this constitutional safeguard as a confession of guilt."

Senator McCarthy's rejoinder made the Harvard president's statement look silly. He said—and he might have been paraphrasing what has appeared in *THE INDIVIDUALIST* a number of times—he said "If a witness before a congressional committee and under oath is asked if he is a member of the Communist Party, and he refuses to answer and tells the committee that a truthful answer would tend to incriminate him, this can mean only one thing, namely, he is a Communist, because if he were not a Communist the truth could not in any conceivable manner incriminate him."

So now what? Professor Furry is still on the Harvard faculty—and payroll. It's our guess he'll stay there. That's the way it turned out in the case of Helen Deane Markham, member of the faculty at Harvard Medical School. Helen Deane, you may remember, was asked by the Jenner Committee whether she was or ever had been a member of the Communist Party, whether she had ever tried to indoctrinate her students with Communism, whether she had ever tried to recruit students into the Young Communist League, whether she had attended Communist Party meetings under an assumed name? The committee stated it had sworn evidence that she was and she had in every instance. But nary a word would the fair Helen vouchsafe in the boring subject. She stood on the Fifth Amendment.

The Harvard Corporation was more volatile. After being prodded a few times, it announced to all and sundry: "On March 27, 1953, Dr. Markham appeared before the Jenner Committee in response to a subpoena. She refused to answer questions as to whether she is now or ever has been a member of the Communist Party, and as to activities connected with the Communist Party, on the ground that answering such questions would tend to incriminate her. . . . Dr. Markham is not and never has been a member of the Communist Party. She became interested in what she calls the progressive movement. . . . We think Dr. Markham's use of the Fifth Amendment is misconduct. . . . we regret that Dr. Markham did not see fit to supplement the official record before the committee. . . . We find that Dr. Markham has not been guilty of grave misconduct. . . . and we will take no action against her."

Now, the question arises, how did the members of the Harvard Corporation know that Helen Deane Markham was not and never had been a member of the Communist Party? Because she told them so, of course. Well then, why did she refuse to tell the Jenner Committee? Why did she clam up like a deaf and dumb oyster? How could she possibly have incriminated herself by saying no if the truthful answer was no?

You can draw your own conclusion. Ours is that the members of the Harvard Corporation, and Harvard's new president, are incredibly credulous — or maybe suckerish would be a more fitting term.

MILK TOAST

It was nice of the New York City milk drivers to call off their strike and go back to work for a raise of only a few paltry dollars a week, wasn't it? Especially seeing that some of those poor bozos don't make much over a hundred and a quarter a week—and some of them not that much. It was decent of them, and the twelve million people in the New York Metropolitan area who had to go milkless during the strike ought to be grateful.

The milk drivers' union has a monopoly on delivering milk in the New York area. No outsider can deliver a quart of milk—not even a fifth—and keep his skull where it belongs. The strikers could have demanded \$250 a week just as well—and who would

have said them nay? Not the twelve million—they are helpless. Not the dairymen—they are powerless. Not the public officials—they are spineless. You wouldn't find a nay sayer in the bunch.

Nope, you got to give 'em credit, those drivers. It was kind of them to settle for such a beggarly raise—only seven or eight dollars a week, wasn't it?—and go back to work. You know how you'd feel if a stick-up man was going over you and found you had only eleven bucks in your jeans and said, big-hearted like, you could keep the single for yourself—well, you'd say he was a pretty good guy, wouldn't you? So it's like that with the milk drivers—just a fine bunch of big-hearted guys.

What'd you say? How many babies and sick kids died for want of milk—during the strike? Look, mugg, babies die very week, and what's it to yuh? And how'd you like it, wise guy, if you didn't get any milk at all for your bucks ever, at any price, at any price? How'd you like a pair of broken arms, huh? What are you anyway, a dirty scab? Well then, you better pipe down—if you know what's good for you.

Just a bunch of good guys, those milk drivers. They could have had twice as much if they'd insisted. Just a bunch of regular fellas. You can see that for yourself.

ALL'S WELL WITH THE OIL WELLS

Old Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia died last month. He left nobody knows how many hundreds of millions of dollars, and he left everybody knows more than a hundred offspring. The offspring, of course, are his. They are the fruits of his toil—if you'd call it toil—though for so high a score the co-operation of a passel of wives, a complement of concubines and innumerable free-lancing girl friends was needed. The kids are his'n all right.

The title to the money is not so clear. It came from the fabulously rich oil fields of Saudi Arabia, and there be folk who say it belonged to the peepul, to the state, that is, and not to the old boy himself. However, absolute monarchs—and Ibby was one—are notoriously color-blind when it comes to telling what's their's and what isn't.

But the heirs and assigns needn't worry. If they should run short of pocket money while the executors are checking the estate all they need do is call on Uncle Sam. That's what the neighboring Iranians did, remember? They were stinking rich with oil, too, but old Mossy threw a monkey wrench in the works, the oil stopped coming out and the money stopped coming in, and the next thing you know there was a crying need for cash—with old Mossy doing the crying.

Later old Mossy was given the bum's rush. Right now he is on trial for his life, and his life expectancy is less than somewhat. But that didn't relieve the need for ready cash. So a line was dispatched to Washington, President Eisenhower said I sure will, glad to, and the next day 45 million dollars was on the way to the poor Iranian government, which didn't have a thing to its name except untold billions of dollars' worth of oil in the

ground. In such pitiful circumstances nobody would be so sordid as to ask for a note or an IOU, much less a little plaster on the oil in the ground. We just gave 'em the money, big-hearted giver-awayers that we are, and no questions asked.

The whole thing is only a trifle, and it wouldn't be mentioned here except a few lines were needed to fill up this issue of *THE INDIVIDUALIST*. And that's all there is to it except, Boy! what an exemption for dependents Old Ibbey could claim when he paid his income tax. With all those deductibles, the government probably owed him money.

WRONG AGAIN REUTHER

The paucity of brains in organized labor's higher command was well illustrated in a recent talk by Walter Reuther, CIO president. Reuther points out, correctly enough, that productive capacity in this country is increasing at such a rate that the purchasing power of the people must be stepped up, if idled labor and depressions are to be avoided.

So far so good, but the Reuther proposal for bringing about said step-up in buying power is economic nonsense. He proposes collective bargaining, guaranteed annual wages, increased tax exemptions and "political" action. We can't figure out from the newspaper story just what "political" action he wants, but we'll lay you ten to one that it's some special privilege for organized labor.

It must be obvious that he wants collective bargaining only to secure higher wage rates and greater "fringe" benefits. Guaranteed annual wages mean higher wages — wages when men are working and wages when men aren't working. You may be sure there is nothing in the Reuther program leading to a cut in wages. Increased tax exemptions, in other words lower taxes, would, of course, help everybody, but that's the only point in his program that makes sense. Otherwise it is simply a proposal for higher wages for organized labor.

The CIO claims five or six million members. There are probably nine million in the AFL. Many in both organizations are there, of course, against their will. Not more than one-fourth of the labor force of the country is covered by labor unions. What Reuther asks for is merely higher wages for union members. Since wages must be reckoned in costs, higher prices would be inevitable. For perhaps one-fourth of the workers of the nation, higher wages might offset higher prices. For the remaining three-fourths, there would be higher prices without higher wages.

Farmers, the self-employed, millions of others, are in no position to bargain for higher wages. The Reuther scheme would not have the slightest effect in raising the general level of buying power.

Reuther, of course, is a Socialist at heart. He admits he was long a Party member. Whether he still is, we don't know. We do know he spent years in Moscow studying Marxism. We doubt that he wants to see Capitalism work—in which respect he is like practically all the rest of organized labor's higher-ups.

We will listen with a little more respect to what Mr. Reuther has to say when he drops

his demands for more and more government planning and control; when his solicitude for the workers is extended to include every worker, whether the worker is willing to join a labor union or not; when he shows he has learned that in all history living standards have invariably been highest in those countries where the greatest measure of private enterprise prevailed; when he denounces mass picketing, jurisdictional strikes, secondary boycotts, sit-downs, slow-downs and feather-bedding; when he admits that the cure for our economic ills is to be found in less, not more, government restriction and regulation of business; in more, not less, freedom for trade and industry, and in tax and land reforms that will make our unrivaled natural resources available whenever there is labor ready to apply itself to them.

When all that comes to pass it may be time to listen to the guy with some respect. In the meantime he can go chase himself. And we wish he would. Our gusto for the likes of Mr. Reuther is of less than negligible dimensions.

NOTICE

This is one year we shall not suggest that a subscription to *THE INDIVIDUALIST* would make an ideal Christmas present.

That way, we won't be disappointed—and we may be surprised. We could do with a few such surprises.

MUST CHURCH PEOPLE ALWAYS ACT LIKE CRAZY?

A national church conference in Cleveland, attended by 450 delegates representing 30 denominations, has come up with this: "The nation must pursue programs of help to needy lands, recognizing that 'plenty for the few and want for the many' cannot be reconciled with the law of love."

Karl Marx put it better. He said, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need." And old Bushy Whiskers practiced what he preached, too. He sponged on his friends all his life. But either way you put it, it comes out the same: taking from those who earn to give to those who don't.

You will note that the boys and girls in Cleveland want the nation to do the giving away. That means taxes. There's no other way the nation could do it. Not a single delegate sat down on his own and wrote: "Dear Old Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan; you're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man—so here's a couple of bucks for you and the missus and the kiddies." You can bet your sweet life that nary a delegate wrote any word along that line. Let the nation do it!

The reasoning—if that's the word for it—of those church people would be a source of comfort to a poor stick-up man who has just lost his roll in a crap game and has six hungry kids at home. With a clear conscience he could go out and poke his rod in the ribs of some well-heeled guy and separate him from his wad, and go on his way rejoicing. And the rich guy, too. Each would know it was all in accord with the law of love.

Of course, the hold-up artist uses force,

but then, what do you think the government uses when it collects taxes—love and kisses? What's the difference?

Some time, some place, we'd like to see some church conference come out for capitalism, which is merely freedom applied to trade and industry, and means that what you produce is yours to do with as you please, all of it. But, according to the mortality table, our life expectancy is only fifty or sixty years. It is unlikely that we will live to see the likes of that.

TAX FIGGERS

Rep. Noah Mason (R., Ill.) plans to introduce a flat 5 per cent federal sales tax when Congress reconvenes come January. So the old chestnuts will be dragged out and dusted off: (a) A sales tax is particularly objectionable because it falls most heavily on low-income families; and (b) If we must have a sales tax, let it be based on manufacturers' prices instead of retail prices, so that, being levied on the smaller figure, the tax will be less burdensome on the buying public. Both arguments are as phony as a Bishop Oxnham alibi.

A sales tax is no more objectionable than any other tax falling on the product of labor and capital. Moreover, with food and medicine exempted, as they usually are from such taxes and as Rep. Mason says they will be in his proposal, a sales tax falls less heavily on low-income families than on the well-to-do, since food and medicine constitute a larger part of the expenditures of the poor.

Whether the tax is applied at the manufacturers' price level or the retail won't make a penny's difference to buyers. The price to the buyer will be the same in either case. Figure it out for yourself. The manufacturer's price is \$10. The wholesaler makes a 20 per cent mark-up, so the retailer pays \$12. The retailer makes a 40 per cent mark-up, so the retail customer buys at \$16.80. That, of course, is without the sales tax.

Now, suppose a 5 per cent sales tax is slapped on the manufacturer. His price, then, must go up to \$10.50. The wholesaler adds 20 per cent, amounting to \$2.10, which brings his price to the retailer up to \$12.60. The retailer adds his mark-up of 40 per cent, amounting to \$5.40, which brings the retail price to \$17.64. That's the amount the customer pays when the 5 per cent sales tax is based on the manufacturer's price of \$10.

Let's see now how it works out with the 5 per cent sales tax based on the retailer's price to the customer. The manufacturer's price is \$10. The wholesaler's mark-up of 20 per cent brings the price up to \$12. The retailer hikes that figure 40 per cent, which brings it to \$16.80. To that he adds the 5 per cent sales tax amounting to 84c. Add the 84c to \$16.80, and what have you got? \$17.64, of course—exactly the same as when the tax was applied at the manufacturer's level.

You can have a dozen middlemen — or none. You can figure the mark-ups at any rate you please. The cost to the customer will always be the same, regardless of whether the tax is based on the manufacturer's price or the retailer's price. The advantage in figuring it at the manufacturer's level is greater

ease and cheapness of collection. The advantages of applying it at the retail level is that the customer gets a tax bill on each transaction. Every time he buys anything other than food or medicine he gets an unpleasant reminder of how he is being gypped.

Maybe that will spur him into doing something about it — maybe. And then again, maybe not. But be that as it may be, a sales tax does not fall more heavily on the poor, not if food and medicine are exempt. And it does not fall any more lightly on the purchaser if it is collected from the manufacturer than it would if collected from the retailer.

IT'S THE LAW

Nobody begrudges a free bed to a veteran with service-connected disability. We can't do too much for those guys. That's why the VA hospitals were built. But free beds for vets with nonservice ailments—that's something else again. The truth is, of course, there is no such thing as a "free" bed, no matter who occupies it. In the VA hospitals, it's the taxpayers who pick up the tab. Even in your own home beds don't grow on trees. Somebody has to pay for them.

Nevertheless, if a vet is down and out, up against it, ill—it would be hard to turn him away. He *did* fight for his country, even though his disability came about otherwise.

But what about the vet who is perfectly able to pay his way, who shows up at the admission office with some disability that has nothing whatever to do with his stint in the armed forces, and who wants to check in for free medical treatment, free meals and a free bed? Should he get 'em? In our book the only thing the bum should get is the bum's rush. But what does the law say?

The law says that all he has to do is sign a statement under oath that he is unable to pay for his medical care. And that *this statement must be taken at face value!* The receiving officials may have reason to believe the bird could buy the hospital out of his own pocket and never miss the money, they've still got to let him in. They are not allowed to question him—except about his liver, lungs, lights, etc. About his gall—No. That's the law.

FOR IN HELP . . .

A Senate staff committee recently came up with this: Between April, 1948, and February, 1953, U. S. aid to France and Indo-China amounted to approximately \$11 billion.

Has that made France a strong and dependable ally? Do the French, and the people of other countries we have aided—do they love us? As to France's being strong, the franc is worth about 4 per cent of its pre-war value—with a fifty-fifty chance it will slide further. The French budget is as unbalanced as a tight-rope walker with the delirium tremens. Deficits are financed by short-term borrowing from the Bank of France—in effect, by printed money. Spending is up 40 per cent from 1949; national income 9 per cent. More than a fourth of the national spending is in government "investments."

No French government stays in power more than a few months. The Communist vote is

as large as it was before Americans started paying the Frenchmen's taxes for him. Labor unions call paralyzing strikes whenever it suits their fancy. Signs of strength? Not from where we sit.

As to the French—and others we have poured out billions to—liking us, William Philip Sims writes in the Scripps-Howard papers: "The biggest peril to the American people today is not Soviet Russia, but the growing anti-Americanism here in Western Europe. And it is ranked among those for whom we have done the most."

Henry Hazlitt sums it up in *Newsweek* as follows: "The money we are now pouring into foreign aid is worse than thrown away. It subsidizes and prolongs extravagance and socialistic policies that Europe would otherwise have been forced to abandon long ago. It produces anti-Americanism in European foreign policy as a proof of 'independence.'"

Another feller—char by the name of Eisenhower — says, "It is clear that other free nations cannot develop the strength they need to fight the spread of communism without U. S. dollars and military help."

Somebody's talkin' through his hat—that's one thing that "is clear."

SOUNDING BRASS . . . OR A TINKLING CYMBAL

We like to toy with words but we'll be dog-gone if we like to be slugged by 'em. If you don't know what we mean by that, hearken and you will—if you don't wilt. "The biological concept of function brings the phenomena of sentience and symbolization within the purview of experimental analysis." We got that out of a book, naturally. And by accident. You don't suppose we'd go looking for a thing like that, do you. What does it mean? Who cares, for heaven's sake?

Here's a gem from the U. S. Treasury Department. "The generally accepted view is that the additional units of effort required to earn additional income tend to have increasing disability." Not bad, for a government agency. It means if you work harder your income tax will be higher—we think. And that's a punk incentive to work harder—we're certain.

This is beginning to look like a contest to see who can use the most words in saying the least. Consider this from a sociologist: "If distance is the disclosing concept of the meaning of the global character of the war, status has a similar value in describing the instability of the individual adolescent under war conditions." That's going to be a great comfort to young Private Joe Snokes of Buttermilk Corners, Ark., away from home for the first time in his life.

If you are a psychologist you will know exactly what this means—maybe. "The elementary fact of actualizing the stimulatory function of objects, with its consequent selection and organizational implications, points to a satisfactory behavior relationship between the organism and its surroundings which well merits the name of control." Well, we know what control means, and when it came to words, the guy that perpetrated that verbal monstrosity didn't have it.

Leave us lower the curtain on the pitiful

spectacle with this horrible example from the Veterans Bureau: "The non-compensable evaluation heretofore assigned you for your service-connected disability is confirmed and continued." Isn't there enough sadness, sorrow and confusion in the world without having such crap as *that* thrown at us?

BUTTER AND BUTTER Every Day In Every Way

The plight of the poor buttermakers is about to break our heart. It is true that the government has stepped in to buy upwards of 200 million pounds of butter to keep it off the market and keep prices up—but there's still something wrong. The government has also bought more than fifty million pounds of cheese, 175 million pounds of powdered skim milk. It has bought a billion and a quarter dollars' worth of wheat, three-quarters of a billion dollars' worth of corn, a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of cotton—all for the same purpose—to keep prices up. But we are covering too much territory; leave us get back to the poor buttermakers and their woes.

The buttermakers are getting a dirty deal, they say. It is true that Uncle Sam is buying something like a million pounds of butter every day at upwards of 70 cents a pound, but the old meanie is buying the top grade and leaving low quality and undergrade butter for consumers. When the housewife in one of those well-to-do homes where butter can still be afforded—when she gets a whiff, not to say a taste, of the second choice stuff, she switches to margarine at less than half the price—and Mr. Buttermaker has lost another customer.

(Ourselves, we haven't tasted butter in so long we've forgotten what it is like, but we understand that some of the more plutocratic families still use it.)

Well anyway, it ain't right, and those people in Washington better mend their ways. When they remember how many votes the buttermakers have, they probably will, they probably will.

BREVITIES AND LEVITIES

THE UNIVERSITY of Florida pays its president \$15,000 a year. The dean of its new medical school is to get \$16,000 a year. The football coach gets \$17,500. Must be a bum coach.

THE INDIVIDUALIST

Published monthly by C. O. Steele,
2507 - 13th Ave. W., Bradenton, Florida.
Subscription \$2 a year.

THIRD CLASS
PERMIT No. 2
SEC. 34.66 P.L. & R.
BRADENTON, FLA.

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