

# The Individualist

A Pint-size Periodical of Pith, Punch and Perspicacity

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## Bowling

RUMOR HATH IT that Chester Bowles of Connecticut is to be fired as ambassador to India and Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut is to be hired as ambassador to Italy.

We hope Rumor hath it half right—the Bowles half. Chester Bowles is about as adequate as an American ambassador as Mahatma Gandhi would be as an All-American fullback.

Chester Bowles was head of the OPA, America's nearest approach to the Gestapo, with a spy lurking behind each bush to nab you for doing something it had never before been wrong to do. You were tried before an OPA bureaucrat who was judge, jury and prosecutor. You were convicted on your own testimony, even before the testimony was given.

Chester loved his OPA job. He used to lie awake at nights thinking up ways for his Storm Snooters to trap the unwary. In his Manual of Instructions he told them how to Switch the Blame, as he called it.

"When the facts indicate that another person may be involved with the witness," he wrote, "phrase your questioning to transfer the blame for the illegal transaction to the shoulders of the other party. This eases the tension on the conscience of the witness and makes it easier for him to explain the position to you."

Then there's this little gem called "Animosity to Third Party," wherein his gunshoers were counseled to "Endeavor to ascertain the status and degree of friendship between the witness and third parties concerned. . . . If you find any degree of animosity, play this factor up by inference to the witness's mind. Point out to him that possibly he is being taken advantage of, is holding the bag, or being played for a sucker. . . . Each little pin-point penetration that you make in the witness will make him want to sing to get even. When he sings, you write the music."

If those tactics fail, the sneak troops were told, try another approach. "Don't argue with the witness. Agree with him even though it hurts. You are there to get the facts. If he damns the OPA, the regulations, the Administration, the enforcement Division, or you personally, learn to 'take it with a smile.' Convey to him the impression that he is probably right. In doing so you are selling yourself to the witness as a 'right guy.' This makes the witness feel that whatever he may tell you as to what he did and why he did it will be understood by you in the light he desires. When you get the story, you've got the case."

Following those choice bits in the Manual were paragraphs on how to create alibis, to use alternate questions, sympathy, flattery, face-saving, justification and finally, if neces-

sary, how to "break" the case with the "false statement" technique.

All, you see, in good clean American fashion, open, above-board, man-to-man stuff. It will give you an idea of the channels along which the Bowles thinking runs—if you can call it thinking.

Time was when the good folks of Connecticut sold wooden nutmegs to the Indians. More recently they sent one to the Indians. We hope they get it back soon—and for keeps!

## Loose

AND NOW we come to the glamorous Clare Boothe Luce. We put it that way, the glamorous Clare Boothe Luce, because that is the way the newspapers have been putting it for lo! these many years. So many indeed, that the terms have come to go together naturally, like fair and warmer, pigs knuckles and sauer kraut, Abbott and Costello, politicians and bunk, and other famous twosomes clear back to the days of Damon and Pythias.

It would appear that the custom offends the lady less than somewhat, which is no reflection whatever. What woman *wouldn't* like to be called glamorous?—but we pause not for an answer, knowing that none will be forthcoming.

Moreover, there is much about Clare to warrant the description. She is a lady of parts. The pity is that one of the parts is missing—the one called common-sense economics. That's an important part for any one. For an ambassador it's indispensable. That is why we hope the rumor that Clare is to be ambassador to Italy is false.

The fact that a part was missing from the Luce I.Q. was made apparent a few years ago by the lady's own words. In a public speech in Detroit she warned that industry might well think about paying a "family wage" to help out in the labor problem. "Employers," she told her hearers, "should admit in the worker's envelope that a married man needs a little more than a man with no children, and so on. This must be assumed by industry or it will be assumed by the state."

For muddy thinking, foggy economics and sloppy expression, that statement would be hard to beat. It sounds like Father Divine or Mortimer Snerd.

A man may be married without having children. He may have children without being married—and without scandal. He may be a widower. What Mrs. Luce meant, no doubt, was that a worker's wage should be proportioned to the number of his dependents. And that, of course, is about all that Karl Marx meant when he wrote, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

It is the doctrine the welfare staters have been preaching since the inception of the New Deal, that wages should be based on what a man needs and not on what he produces; that taking from the "haves" to give

to the "have-nots" is sound practice, morally and economically.

And the threat that if industry doesn't do it, the state will—that, of course, has been party-line procedure since it was first set forth in the Communist Manifesto by Marx and Engels. The truth is that the so-called liberals who speak such nonsense don't want industry to do anything but commit suicide. They want the state to take over and run the show. That goes for communists, socialists, New Dealers, Fair Dealers, fellow travelers and pinks, including a lot of Democrats and some Republicans.

Where the fair Clare belongs in that line-up you'll have to figure out for yourself. All we care about is that they don't send her off ambassadoring to any place whatever. If she must pop off now and then with something that's right out of Joe Stalin's book, let her do it at home.

And keep on gracing the scenery—no one objects to that.

## Farewell To Welfare

THE JUST-COMPLETED around-the-world junket of Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator in the Truman Administration, gives us seriously to think. Just how dumb *can* people be?

The dinosaur had a body a hundred feet long and a brain two inches wide. Too big to be a politician and too dumb to be anything else, he found the going hard. He had sense enough to know what he wanted but not enough to know how to get it. He couldn't cope with his environment so he wound up in a museum.

The Ewing episode suggests that mankind may be headed in the same direction.

Before the guy took off on his two-months' joyride at the taxpayers' expense, Representative Gross of Iowa asked President Truman to forbid the trip, calling it a waste of money since Ewing was soon to retire from public office. Truman refused, saying, in true Truman fashion, it was none of Gross' business.

So Ewing hies himself overseas to points east, including Pakistan, India, Burma, Thailand, the Philippines and Japan. He returns a few days before the Eisenhower inauguration, saying that he would make no report either to Congress or to the new Administration. He talked briefly with Truman and Acheson, both, like Ewing, about to go out of office.

What do the American taxpayers get for their money? A kick in the pants, that's all, just a kick in the pants, by a dictatorial minded bureaucrat who thumbs his nose and sneers at them the while he squanders their money. That's why we ask, how dumb *can* a people be—to stand for a barefaced rooking such as that?

Maybe the dinosaur should move over.

## Individualism

THE DICTIONARY says that individualism is "The doctrine or practice which holds that the chief end of society is the promotion of individual welfare." Then it says the same thing in a dozen other ways.

An individualist is an adherent of individualism. He believes in freedom, and to him freedom means the right to do as you please so long as you do not infringe the other fellow's equal right—just that and nothing more.

The individualist isn't necessarily an intellectual giant. If he were, there would be far fewer of him than there are. He may even be a good deal of a sap—though that alone does not make him an individualist. If it did there'd be millions more of him than there are. But he is smart enough to know that anything which curtails his freedom of choice or action, provided no violation of moral law is involved, is wrong.

The individualist will concede the need for government. After all we must have traffic cops—and traffic cops are government. But he will distinguish between government and the State.

The purpose of government is to see that men do not injure one another. The purpose of the State is to see that they do. Men live by the production and exchange of wealth. That is the economic means. The State lives by the exploitation of producers for the benefit of non-producers, the exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few. That is the political means, the uncompensated appropriation of wealth produced by others.

Years ago the late Albert Jay Nock noted that, just as the State has no money of its own, so it has no power of its own. "All the power it has," Nock wrote, "is what society gives it, plus what it confiscates from time to time on one pretext or another; there is no other source from which State power can be drawn. Therefore, every assumption of State power, whether by gift or seizure, leaves society with so much less power; there is never, nor can be, any strengthening of State power without a corresponding and roughly equivalent depletion of social power."

The individualist will string along with that. He will agree, too, with Jose Ortega y Gasset, who wrote in 1922: "This is the gravest danger that today threatens civilization: State intervention, the absorption of all spontaneous social effort by the State."

And he will let out three hearty whoops at Henry L. Mencken's sizzling size-up of the matter in 1926, in these words: "It (the State) has taken on a vast mass of new duties and responsibilities; it has spread out its powers until they penetrate to every act of the citizen, however secret; it has begun to throw around its operations the high dignity and impeccability of a State religion; its agents become a separate and superior caste, with authority to bind and loose, and their thumbs in every pot. But it still remains, as it was in the beginning, the common enemy of all well-disposed, industrious and decent men."

The individualist won't worry that he might have halitosis. He'll know that most people wouldn't like him anyway. He steps on too many toes. Millions upon millions of Ameri-

cans are getting government handouts. Millions upon millions more are wishing they could get them. The individualist would tell most of the first gang and every one of the second that they are moochers and ought to be ashamed of themselves, that they are as far from being upright, self-reliant and self-respecting American citizens as one Harry S. Truman is from being a gentleman and a statesman — than which nothing could be further.

Nope, your individualist will never win a popularity contest. He will be a pain in the neck to a lot of folks, and he is pretty certain to travel a lonely road. But, by the eternal gods he'll be playing the man the best he can and never the scyphphant.

## Rabbit Minded

IT'S A LONG WORM that has no turning — so here we go.

We are tired of hearing that if human beings continue to reproduce like human beings it won't be long until the earth is so cluttered up with homo saps there won't be room for a crap game—except standing up.

The latest to wring his hands in bold-face type over the impending doom is an English clergyman who warns his countrymen that people should be required to obtain a license to have babies, that persons over 70 should undergo mercy deaths, that no one should be permitted to marry before 30, and that the British population should be restricted to the number which could live on home-grown food.

There have always been nuts on the subject, but the Church of England seems to get more than its share. More than a hundred years ago the Rev. Thomas R. Malthus was pulling much the same line. He figured that subsistence could be made to increase from generation to generation as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and so on, but no faster. Population, on the other hand, would double itself every generation unless checked, increasing as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, and so on.

You can see for yourself what would happen in a few hundred years. There'd be S.R.O. signs all over the place. It would look like Coney Island on the Fourth of July. Things hadn't turned out that way, the Rev. Tom explained, because of war, pestilence and poverty. Those handy little helpers had nipped off a lot of potential progenitors before they could begin to procreate. Before, in other words, they could begin to beget.

For which, of course, every one should be thankful. Even so, they'd have to be careful. "The poor man marrying," Malthus wrote, "is to be guilty of an immoral act. To the punishment of Nature he should be left, the punishment of severe want. All parish assistance should be most rigidly denied him, and if the hand of private charity be stretched forth in his relief, the interest of humanity requires that it be administered very sparingly. He should be taught to know that the laws of Nature, which are the laws of God, had doomed him and his family to starve for disobeying their repeated admonitions."

That was how that little apostle of brotherly love felt about it. He called himself an economist and a believer in the Fatherhood of

God and the Brotherhood of Man. He was a liar on two counts.

There is no slightest proof that the number of humans infesting the speck of mud floating in the universe that is called Earth is any greater today than it was ten thousand years ago. Europe and North America have gained; but Mexico and Central and South America, geologists tell us, once had far larger populations than now. The same is true of the Valley of the Nile, and of the ancient lands of Asia Minor, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, as well as of China and India. Declines in population are as common as increases.

It is a matter of record, too, that birth rates decline as living becomes easier. Well-to-do people have fewer children; prosperous countries, lower birth rates. Moreover, production methods are being improved steadily, and things are now grown and made in what were once "impossible" areas.

The lower animals must get along with the subsistence they find at hand. Man is forever finding ways to step up the output of the things he needs for existence, and for comfortable living. That is why the birds and beasts live as did their forebears ten thousand years ago. That's why men don't.

The simple truth is that no country ever had a larger population than it could support. No country ever had any population unless it could produce something. Men don't stay in places where nothing can be grown, caught or made. They don't even go there except as explorers—or by accident.

But if a country is capable of producing one needful thing, it is in effect, through trade, capable of producing everything it needs. Obviously, if nations erect barriers to trade between nations, and all sorts of impediments to production and exchange within their own borders—as all of them do, without exception—then there will be men out of work and low standards of living. There will be "more men than jobs." But the trouble then is not an oversupply of human bodies but an undersupply of human brains.

What these population "experts" are trying to do—and they'll never get to first base at it—is to repeal the natural law about what Solomon said was one of the things that passeth understanding—the way of a man with a maid. And if they could do that, who would want to stick around? Life would be too dull!

## Banana Oil

WE WERE SITTING there thinking what a wonderful job the public officials, police and the AF of L were doing in maintaining peace and order along the New York waterfront these days. Running through our mind as we mused, probably because of a subconscious association with docks, was that hauntingly beautiful old refrain, "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Old Bill Green would be proud, we thought as we hummed, and former Mayor William O'Dwyer should be proud, too, of the way the boys had been carrying on—and off—since Old Bill took his departure for parts unknown, and Hizzoner the Mayor took his ~~seasons~~ well known. The shake-down was still running around a million

dollars a day—not bad, what with taxes, inflation and all.

Just then Gallupoli, our Siberian flea hound, stuck his nose in the door. "Sitting there staring out the window as usual," he observed. We observed silence.

"Why aren't you writing something for that magazine of yours?" he asked, ignoring our ignoring him.

"Not yours," we corrected, "yours."

"It's not mine," he answered, "and besides, yours is the more euphonious word. It falls pleasingly on the ear. But why aren't you writing?"

"A writer has to think sometimes," we explained patiently. That dog is getting to be a nuisance.

"You'd never know it from your writing," he said.

"Now look here, you—" but he paid no attention.

"These here week-old statesmen of Ike's," he went on, "are popping off all over the place. One of them delivered an hour-long oration the other day on America's classless society, and before he was through he had wandered off into what the government must do for agriculture, what it must do for the veterans, what it must do for labor, what it must do for the aged and indigent, what it must do—"

"He got his speeches mixed," we ventured. "He's got his brains mixed if you ask me. How can it be a classless society if we have all those groups with enough votes each to make the politicians want to give them money—taxpayers' money, of course?"

"The government is just a lot of other guys named Joe," we put in, but we didn't stay in long.

"True," he conceded. "Also incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial. Take our self-styled senior citizens. They don't merely ask for handouts any more. They demand them as a matter of right. And the veterans. Not those with service incurred disability—they're entitled to what they get—but the millions of able-bodied who draw pensions and free hospital service for themselves and their families."

"That's right," we agreed.

"It's not right but it's true," he said, "and that isn't all. In our local paper the other day we read that there's scarcely a farmer in Florida who isn't getting a government handout. And what's true of Florida, and wrong, is as true, and wrong, with the other states."

"It's not the function of the State to make men happy," he continued. "The sole purpose of government is to restrain men from injuring one another. The State doesn't owe anything to anybody. Its only job is to maintain peace and order and to guarantee rights. And that's about all you can take for this time. You might think over what I've told you, and write a piece about it. And now I'm going out and find Snowball."

"If you chase that little black tomcat I'll wring your—"

"Keep your hair on. Snowball and I understand each other. We like to chat occasionally about what fools these mortals be—meaning you and your fellow bipeds. 'Slong now."

He's getting too damned fresh, that dog.

## While There's Life There's Soap

"I THANK GOD," said Goethe, "that I am not young in so thoroughly finished a world."

Conditions were certainly nothing to write home about. All Europe lay prostrate. The passage of Napoleonic and counter-Napoleonic armies had left scars of ravage on the face of every country. Moscow was in ashes. In England, proud victor in the struggle, the masses groaned in abject poverty. Millions of strong men had perished. Millions of acres of land had been neglected or laid waste. Everywhere on the continent life had to begin again at the bottom.

Now Goethe was no dope. What he saw looked black indeed. But compared with the world-wide state of things today the conditions which so disheartened the old boy were trivial. The world recovered then, just as it will now. Goethe was mistaken, just as Schickelgruber and Mussolini and Hirohito were mistaken, just as Stalin is mistaken. The world of that earlier day came back to a new high level of creature comforts. Ours will do the same. The unknown factors are merely the time and the how. The rest is a certainty.

Already visions are taking shape as to the kind of an America we shall make out of this country of ours. Though still cloudy, the picture is clearing. We shall want an America of which it can never again be said that one-third of the nation is ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed; an America of higher wages and shorter working hours, made possible by a vastly increased output of wealth; an America where poverty and unemployment are unknown, and where crime has been reduced to a minimum. We shall want an America with a higher standard of living, a higher level of public health and a higher level of public morality. And, above all, we shall want an America from which the fear of war has finally and forever been banished.

That is the kind of an America we want, and that is the kind of an America we can have if our business and political leaders possess vision and courage and understanding. Vision to see that only in an atmosphere of freedom can this new and better America, indeed this new and better world that men so desperately crave, be built. Courage to refuse to settle for anything less; and understanding of what must be done to achieve that full measure of freedom.

One of the lessons that men must learn is graphically set forth by Walter Lippman—yes, the same Walter Lippman who at times says some exceedingly foolish things. He writes: "The fear that one man's or one country's gain is another man's or another country's loss is undoubtedly the greatest obstacle to human progress. It is the most primitive of all our social feelings, and the most persistent and obstinate prejudice which we retain from our barbarous ancestors. It is upon this prejudice that civilization has foundered again and again. It is in this prejudice that all schemes of conquest and exploitation are engendered. It is this prejudice that causes almost all men to think that the Golden Rule is a counsel of perfection that

cannot be followed in the world of actual affairs."

When we have learned that lesson, when we have learned that the best form of society is a free-market society where the people are on their own and where they have to succeed in competition with each other, and that progress in the arts of production and gracious living are best fostered by the voluntary cooperation of free men—when we have learned truths like those we may feel that we are by way of getting somewhere.

Man's propensity for getting himself in tight places is amazing. His ability to squirm his way out is even amazing. This is not the time to throw up the sponge. The son of a gun will probably do it again.

## Out Of Control

THEY SAY that when you have been in jail long enough you get used to it. You may even come to like it—in a way. We wouldn't know. We've never been in jail—that long.

But however it is about jail, it does seem that way about freedom—the other way around. People who have had to go without freedom a long time, or who have known but little of it—they don't seem to mind, much. They come to take it, having their freedom clipped, as a matter of course. Just as you can come to take being in jail as a matter of course—if you can.

Government controls over prices, wages, crops, rents—one and all are violations of our freedom. They are economically unsound and morally unjustifiable. They invariably defeat the very purpose for which they are established; they make worse the very conditions they are designed to remedy.

And yet so intelligent and forthright a man as Senator Taft said recently that while he was opposed to controls in general he thought perhaps rent curbs should be continued until state legislatures have had time to make provision for state controls if they are needed.

That, of course, is only another way of saying that it isn't rent control to which the Senator objects, but the rent controller. He wants the states to do the dirty work instead of the federal government. He is getting used to it—like the man in jail.

There never has been a real housing shortage in this country. There was no talk of any such thing in 1940. But in 1945 people were walking the streets looking for homes. Even so, according to the Bureau of the Census, housing had gained 7.9 per cent between 1940 and 1945 while population had increased only 6.5 per cent. Occupied dwellings per 1,000 of population numbered 264.5 in 1940. The comparable figure for 1946 was 269. Actually and relatively there was more housing in 1945 and '46 than in 1940.

Rent control was to blame for the apparent scarcity. Tenants could not be evicted. Their wages were up 100 per cent above pre-war level. Prices in general were up 45 per cent, but rent could be advanced only four per cent. With more money to spend than ever before, but fewer things to spend it on because of post-war shortages in many lines, tenants splurged on housing. They took on more space. One-person occupancies jumped

30 per cent; two-person occupancies 22 per cent. Occupancies by eight or more persons were off 33 per cent. An additional 24,000,000 rooms would have been required to take care of 140,000,000 persons at the 1946 rate of occupancy over the number needed for 136,000,000 at the 1940 rate. There weren't that many built, so there seemed to be a shortage—thanks solely to rent control.

Rent control has come to its finest flowering—if that's the term for it—in France, where it has been in effect many years. House rents run to three or four dollars a month—but no house can be rented. No new houses are being built, nor have been for years. Frenchmen, like Americans, won't put their money in ventures where profits are forbidden by law, or held to less than can be had elsewhere. So they have stopped building houses. And there is a housing shortage in France—not in spite of but because of rent controls.

Rent controls will do the same thing here in time, if we don't scotch 'em.

What a pity so fine a man as Senator Taft has so serious a blind spot.

### Excuse It, Please

IN THE January INDIVIDUALIST we opined that the head of the W.C.T.U. had no more business telling us we shouldn't take a drink than we would have telling her she must drink. The last thing in our mind was a dissertation on the merits, or demerits, of intoxicating beverages. We were only discussing intolerance.

But we've been hearing from the customers. And some of the bouquets they sent contained more than a sprig of poison ivy. One of the communications hinted we would come to no good end—a finale about which we had been a little dubious ourselves—though not because of liquor.

In an effort to appease those of our readers who think Demon Rum is a curse, we offer the following anecdote. "I see you're drinking coffee, Judge," someone remarked to Ben Lindsey on a hot summer's day. "Why don't you try something cooling? Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?" "No," said Judge Lindsey, "but I've tried several fellows who have."

On the other hand, here's one for the competent drinkers, those philosophical gents who take a long-range Churchillian view of the matter. The temperance lecturer, having exhorted the audience with the full force of his eloquence, having demonstrated all the familiar tricks, such as the immersion of an angleworm in a glass of whiskey with its consequent agonies, decided to cap the climax with a homely object lesson: "If I put a pail of whiskey and a pail of water in front of a hardworking donkey toiling in the field, which would he drink?"

"The water," bellowed a lusty voice in the audience.

"That's true, my friend," said the lecturer. "And why would he drink the water?"

"Because he's a jackass," came the immediate reply.

And, by way of assorted shorts, there was the gent with a hangover who said he didn't mind the cat walking across the rug, but why did he have to pound his feet? And

W. C. Fields, in a similar state of aftermath, declining the offer of a Bromo-Seltzer. "Ye gods, no," he moaned. "I couldn't stand the noise." And the Fields' reply to the question of whether he had ever had delirium tremens in Hollywood. "I don't know," he said. "I've never been able to tell where the D.T.'s stop and Hollywood begins."

### FOR THE SMALLFRY

A Strikingly Colorful Beaniebag Doll that won't knock Little Sister's block off if Big Brother throws her a high fast one on the inside and she forgets to duck. So monumental it will make Mummy and Grumma say Ah! An Everlasting Helpmeet creation. \$1 post-paid. Six for \$5.

SUE STEELE, c/o The Individualist

### Doing It Liberle

OUTSTANDING among the economic screwballs to come and go during the New Deal-Fair Deal era of wanton wastefulness was the Honorable Adolph A. Berle of New York. Though holding the position of Assistant Secretary of State, Berle was an expert on government finance—or so it was alleged.

Anticipating an after-the-war crisis, he said we must "have government engaged in providing credit or cash for: (1) an urban construction program . . . ; (2) a program of public works along conventional lines; (3) A program of rehousing on a very large scale; (4) A program of nutrition . . . for about 40 per cent of our population; and (5) A program of public health . . ."

Otherwise, he warned, ". . . we shall be headed at best for a depression and at worst for disorder approaching revolution. . ."

There were no such steps, there was no depression—and there was a whale of a boom. But Mr. Berle went right on planning. Along with communists, socialists, pinks, fellow travelers and just plain damn fools, he was convinced that the private capital credit mechanism had permanently broken down. But he, Adolph Berle, no less, had the answer.

"If wealth is to be created by creation of government debt," he wrote, "the scope of government enterprise must be largely increased. Briefly, the government will have to enter into the direct financing of activities now supposed to be private; and a continuance of that direct financing must be inevitable that the government ultimately will control and own those activities. . . . Over a period of years, the government will gradually come to own most of the productive plants of the United States. . . . If the country desires to make wealth creation a function of government (I personally believe it must do so) the choice should be considered the choice of the country, and not the result of a policy drift."

The last we heard of him, Mr. Berle was head of the so-called Liberal Party in New York, a position for which he would appear to be admirably fitted. That gang of pinks is 100 per cent collectivist, and Mr. Berle is 100 per cent ditto.

We can be thankful that Berle is gone from the national scene, but we'd better be on the lookout for any of his kind lurking behind in the woodwork—and keep the insecticide handy.

### BREVITIES AND LEVITIES

"Conductor Steps From His Train Into Eternity," reads a headline in our Tampa newspaper. The passenger train, it seems, had come to an unscheduled stop in the middle of the night, and also, unknown to the conductor, in the middle of a short trestle spanning a Colorado gorge 1500 feet deep. The conductor stepped out into the darkness to investigate. A moment later he, too, had come to an unscheduled stop. It was tough on the conductor but it made a good headline.

But in our opinion the tops in headlines is one that appeared in a western newspaper many years ago. It captioned a story of the lynching of a horse-thief and read, "Jerked to Jesus." We'd like to think it appeared in The Tombstone Epitaph, the most appropriately named paper we ever heard of. But, be that as it may, it sure was succinct.

EDUCATIONAL STANDARDS are rising in our neck of the woods. Some of our southern colleges now pay their president almost as much as they pay their football coach.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "Eisenhower Arrives At Washington For Inaugural." We knew all the time he'd show up.

AN AP DISPATCH from El Monte, California, says "One of the biggest thefts in years, by a dam site, was being investigated today by government agents." It appears that miscreants swiped three storage sheds, one chicken house, two pumps and a 20-gallon pressure tank from the construction camp of the Army Corps of Engineers, who are building a dam over Whittier Narrows.

The theft on the brink of the canyon is not the biggest one we've heard of. The theft of a half a million bucks from a Brink Armored truck was a damn sight bigger.

AN EDITORIAL writer says ex-President Truman would have to be very careful in choosing his opponent if he should run for the House or Senate. "An ex-President," according to the commentator, "could not well risk the humiliation of defeat by an ordinary politician."

Is there any other kind?

THERE ARE sixty-two million wage earners in the United States. Eight million belong to the AF of L, six million to the CIO. The new Secretary of Labor is an AF of L man. So is his first assistant. Number two assistant, we understand, is to be a CIO bigshot.

Wouldn't it be nice, now, if the forty-eight million workers in the United States who are not union members—wouldn't it be nice if they had a representative in the Department of Labor?

### THE INDIVIDUALIST

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