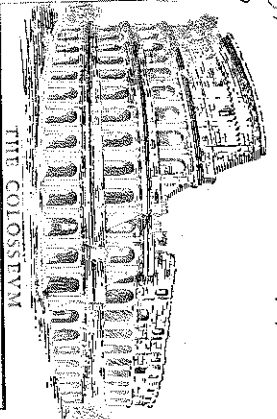
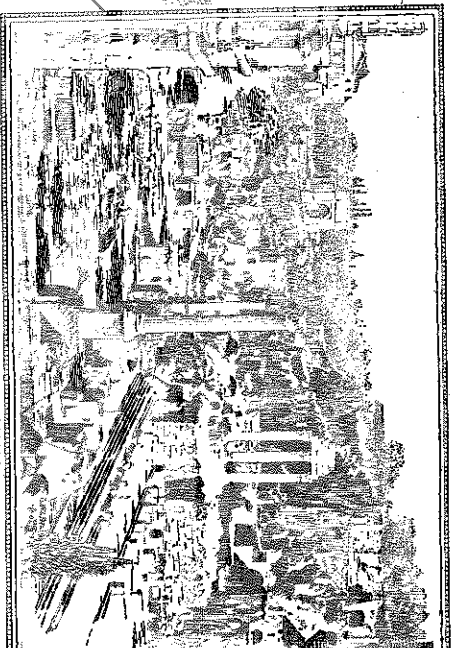


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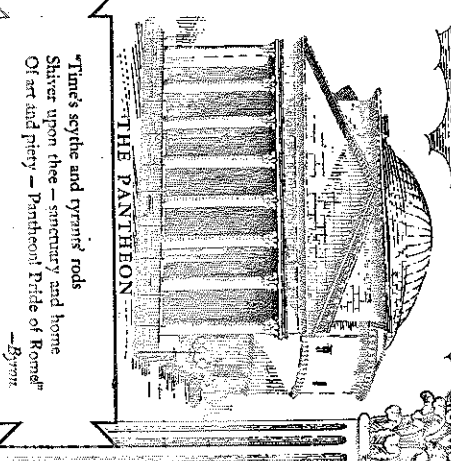


THE COLOSSEUM

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;  
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall.  
And when Rome falls - the world!" - *Dylan*



THE FORUM ROMANVM



THE PANTHEON

"Time's scythe and tyrant's rod  
Shiver upon thee - sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety - Pantheon! Pride of Rome!"  
- *Dylan*

"How many ages hence shall this our lofty scene be acted over in states unborn and accents yet unknown!" - *John Green, Act III, Scene I*

# THE ROMAN FORVM

JUNE, 1938

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Vol 7, No. 3

## COMMENT AND CRITICISM

### Parliament of Man Annual Banquet

## THIS PASSING WORLD

By R. E. CHADWICK

LIFE: What is it for?

Held Saturday, April 23, 1938.  
THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME  
By LAUREL W. JACOBSON

By W. D. HOFFMAN

This was the subject of a recent sermon by Dr. Ernest Caldecott for whom Forum members have a high regard. There are probably as many different answers to the question as there are persons capable of thinking about it at all. The past several days, while moving through a part of the Southwest, the deserts and canyons, I have wondered what sort of answer I might give as to some phases of the problem and question. What do these desert Indians think about life, or do about it? In the face of the vastness of desert and chasm what does it matter what it is for? The process by which the Grand Canyon was formed is an indication that the Creator has all of time there may be needed for the accomplishment of any purpose. Heat, cold, wind and rain ate into the heart of a vast plateau until it cut an irregular crevasse over 217 miles long and four to eighteen miles wide, to a depth of more than a mile. In doing this and in the continuation of the work, every twenty-four hours an average of about 1,000,000 tons of silt and sand are carried out of the gorge by the stream flow. And the work is going on and the ultimate goal is as easy to answer as the reason for life. Time and space, allies of the Infinite, must be taken into consideration in contemplation of these wonders of our world which lie so close to our own California. In this vast presence many questions are trivial. Let people and nations fight to the death, this

Editor's Note: Below follows the third address of welcome. As our friends and readers have learned up from our previous issue, the address was delivered in April 1935, and at that time Laurel will be seventy-two years of age. Definite planning is one of the outstanding features of the Parliament of Man and here is a plan for the decades to come!

Again I am very happy to greet you and to welcome you to this annual banquet given in honor of you who have faithfully devoted your time and energy each week, over such a long period of years, to this great movement. It always makes me happy to see so many familiar faces, and it is most encouraging to see new faces because it is upon these latter that we must depend, eventually, for the continuation of our movement. In looking about you for new timber, remember none is too young or too old to join with us. Each age has its own contribution.

At the age of five I attended the meetings frequently and such a kindly interest was shown toward me that I wandered happily among the group, making many warm friends. One of my remembrances of this period was Dr. Roman's urgent appeal for new members for the University of the Ages, which fired me with the urge to do my share. Without consulting anyone, I took one of the pledges and signed for the five-year plan, assuring Dr. Roman that the necessary money would be taken from my own bank account. When Dr. Roman lifted me onto the table beside him and presented me as the youngest member of the Forum, I was very proud and felt that I was no longer a spectator but, indeed, one of you.

Very soon, as the occasion arose for the emphasizing of a principle or the illustration of an author's work, I was thrilled by the responsibility conferred upon me, of giving readings for the Parliament of Man and for the Wanderers and Wayfarers in Philosophy, Literature and Art. I was on programs with such delightful people. Dr. Kingsley was most gracious to me and asked for my card that he might put it in his file. Mr. T. Marley Harvey, from San Diego, who, with his son as the boy in waiting, gave such a dignified program, was much interested in watching my interest in his performance. I know that these things have given me added strength, character and poise, and in this way my younger days were influenced and the foundation of my life was being laid.

When I was eight years old, one of my happy experiences was my introduction to Mr. Harris, now passed on, then the oldest member of the group, there being just eighty years difference in our ages. Without a doubt that learned and revered gentleman has left his influence on my life. The enjoyable times I had with him, the impression left with

It is highly amusing these days to note from whence rises most of the clamor against government meddling in business and against government "planning". That same clamor has become vociferous in behalf of the American system of free enterprise and the sacredness of private property. And yet most of the noise emanates from those who in the past have fattened off government meddling in business (in their behalf) through special grants that enabled them to throttle their competitors. And those who shout loudest for the American system of free enterprise were the very ones who speeded the destruction of that system by controlling government and fastening the tentacles of monopoly on free enterprise and choking it to death. Moreover, in the chorus singing paeans of praise for the sacredness of private property one will find the gentry who held no private property sacred, the Utilities Empire wreckers who swindled their own stockholders, widows, orphans and the aged; in fact, one will find there the whole flock of dollar grabbers, get-rich-quick investment-pluckers, speculators, tariff-lobbyists, sales-tax shouters and special-privilege fixers generally. They'd dip into anybody's private pocket for private property and use the government to pass laws to put it over.

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This is a time of strange bedfellows, confusing labels, bewilderment and paradox. Men seeking the same goals take diametrically

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FREDERICK W. ROMAN, Editor

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*"Never do anything in the public interest in expectation of any reward other than the satisfaction of your own conscience."*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

**PARLIAMENT OF MAN  
ANNUAL BANQUET***(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)*

me, I shall never forget. His philosophies of life enraptured me. The riddles he asked me, the stories he told and the problems he presented to me, fascinated me as each always was impregnated by a deeper thought or moral that in some sense I recognized.

Another of the highlights of my childhood in the Forum has been the associations that I have been able to enjoy with other well-educated and understanding people. Of these, the ones that stand out the most are those with Professor Sisk, now passed on, Mrs. Urquhart, who lectured in our home and who is doing such a fine piece of work in the field of temperance, and two of my oldest and most admired friends, Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard. Also, the contacts that I have had with the renowned men who have presented the programs, among whom are Edwin Markham, Will Durant, Edward Howard Griggs and Frederick Ward, have served to forward my ambitions and ideals.

In conclusion, I am sure that it will not be difficult to convince you that one could not be in the presence of Dr. Roman without feeling and absorbing something of the spirit which emanates from a man of high ideals and large vision.

**COMMENT AND CRITICISM***(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1)*

phenomena will remain. All the people of this earth can be buried in this canyon, a fitting sepulchre for those created in the image of God who used the divine gift so badly. The people native to this area are peculiarly fitted to it. They were here when Rome was founded and have witnessed and withstood the ebb and flow of the great human tide of which they have never, in fact, been a conscious part. Patient, stolid, indestructible, they endure. So fashioned that life persists under every handicap, they are designed for eternity. Nations may come and go but they go on forever. Their meagre huts fringe the now cold lava stream whose scorching heat failed to destroy them. The unrecorded history of their people is pictured in their handiwork, an enduring monument to their trials, triumphs and achievements. They have a patience, an enduring quality that will insure their continuity whatever may eventuate. They have looked into the very eyes of Eternity and have found the patience to wait upon Nature's purpose. They are

not concerned as to who are Liberal, for example, as many are. And who is Liberal? A Liberal is in tune with life. His is the open mind, regarding it desirable to participate but never to conquer. His thought is that expressed by de Coubertin with reference to the Olympic games, "that the important thing is not the winning but in taking part. The essential thing is fighting well rather than in conquering." That is not an exact quotation but will suffice to make the meaning clear. For the true Liberal the going is never too tough; he remains hospitable to truth in success or in seeming defeat. The true Liberal is as patient as nature and as these desert Indians. He can wait and not be overtired by waiting. He can, and will, sow the seed, knowing full well that the harvest will not be his to reap. He will give freely of thought and effort with full realization that no reward will ever come to him. He must live and serve for the joy of living and of serving. As the great river works at its gigantic task, without knowledge of the final purpose of the immediate design, so will the Liberal labor in the accomplishment of an unknown, little understood and wholly unrevealed purpose. Humanity is to be served; humanity is all that counts. Love and Wisdom seem to be the divine attributes of which man has some appreciation; these find expression through fellowship, which is Love and Wisdom in action, and out of which come all of life there is which we may understand.

Travel the broad roads through the desert country, meet the silent, patient, enduring people who live from aeon to aeon, watching the flow of an endless human tide that rushes to its extinction.

Before the white man came, there were the Navajos. Before the trains came, there were the Zunis. Before the automobiles came there were the Lagunas. And the patient, enduring desert people, and their vast valleys and great chasms will remain after the white man and his works have vanished. How important is it for a man to hurry hither and yon so long as a woman sits patiently weaving the fabric of Eternity?

Why hurry when the Colorado has done so much and has so much yet to be done to bring about the union of river and ocean? The earth's heart is not yet touched nor the great task completed—so why all the fret and fuss and hurry? These people and their skill and patience of making so much out of so meagre an inheritance is important enough to engage the attention of seers and sages—these know "what life is for"—ask them! They have found beauty and usefulness in barren places; they have been able to subsist in an almost waterless waste. They have been tried in the desert for generations and have not yet found the promised land, or have they? Peace, at least, seems to have come to them.

**HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE!**

The members of our various forums will be glad to hear that on our regular membership roll for the Parliament of Man is the name of Senator Culbert L. Olson. It is only natural, in view of the liberal and progressive views held by the Senator, that he should find himself quite at home in our forum ranks. From the very beginning Senator Olson has been championing that liberal, economic and political philosophy that forms the cornerstone of the Associated Forums, Ltd.

**THIS PASSING WORLD***(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)*

ically opposite pathways. The New Liberalism is as far removed from the Liberalism of yesteryear as regimentation is removed from free initiative. In the camp of those who stress freedom and the individual will be found those who once were stamped conservative, as Herbert Hoover, with those once labeled radicals, as Glenn Frank. In the New Deal will be found tariff beneficiaries, subsidy-hunters, protectionists, monopolists aligned with Socialists, Progressives, Leftists and regimenters generally. One cannot judge the merits of an issue these days by the labels of its advocates.

And yet the world issue is sharply drawn. The battle is between state regimentation and free enterprise, between Totalitarianism and Democracy. In spite of the confusion of lawmakers and voters, we must choose between these two.

Because the looters of yesterday (the privilege-seekers of a long era) have adopted the slogan "Free Enterprise!" genuine progressiveness must not be deceived into embracing state regimentation and reckless government "planning". In a mislabeled bottle, "Socialization", we may be getting the poison of totalitarianism and despotism, with attendant destruction of all freedom, economic and political. An inviting paternalism may develop into a fanged monster that will destroy us.

An apparent paradox of the times is the alliance of the two diverse schools of Fascism and Communism under the banner of regimentation. Socialization, state domination, are the program of each. In their method, at least, they are twin sisters. They profess opposite aims, through dictatorship. One would exalt the strong of the old regime, bludgeoning the masses into submission to permit the House of Hare to retain control. The other would reverse the old order, exalting the downtrodden of yesterday through a dictatorship of the proletariat. The National Socialists of Germany are akin to the Socialists of Russia in method. The final result may be the same in each case. A Hitler may curse a Stalin, yet they are kindred spirits in performance, tyrants and despots relying on the blood-purge and wholesale liquidation of minorities. Freedom receives the ax from one, the bullet from the other. It is only an accident that Mussolini is not a Stalin, a Stalin a Mussolini. The Duce began as a Socialist, finding power by diverting the Marxian cause into an edifice of exploitation for the strong. Stalin by a mere whim holds power to do the same. He has already liquidated the genuine Communists, all the old Bolsheviks who made the revolution. Some wag has suggested that he is the arch traitor of the Russians, himself in the pay of Fascism, slaughtering the leaders of Sovietism with more success than Hitler could dream of doing. Even that would be possible under dictatorship.

\* \* \*

That the line between Fascism and Communism is a thin one indeed is shown by recent debates in the House of Commons, when confused speakers dealing with the American "recession" were unable to say whether the drift of New Deal regimentation was toward Communism or Fascism. Certainly there was a departure from the traditional system of free enterprise in the program here. One M. P. affirmed "Agricultural Fascism" in



## The Six

(Continued from May issue)

He finds a meaning and a purpose in everything, and stinks of honesty and gentility like a plague-infested rat. He sets standards even for sin, and when he sins does so always in moderation, so that he may not forget his role. It sickens me to look at one of that breed.

But if one of those stodgy Philistines happens to forget himself and intoxication betwixtles his tiny bit of brain, he sweats petty lewdness at every pore. All the curl comes out of his virtue; he wallows in filth contentedly as a swine. The thin veneer of convention cracks, his hard-won breeding goes to the devil and leaves in its place just a heap of nonsense.

But no sooner is the vapor of the wine cleared from his head than all the wretchedness of his humanity returns to him. Petty remorse pounds at his petty heart. The Evil One has surely tripped him up. As if the devil would bother himself over such trash!

A pitiful tribe, not fitted for the sublime art of great sin. What they call sins are merely the petty lusts of hours of weakness, easily satiated and quickly forgotten. And when a lout like that does enter on forbidden paths he seems to me like a eunuch stammering ineffective words of love. He makes even sin impotent.

In truth he knows none too much of sin, and the Savior's sacrifice rests lightly on him. What is there to save in a worm like that!

But great sin, such as lures me, sin that strides naked and undisguised through life, defying hell, despising heaven, the sin that bows to no god and proudly scorns the laws set by men, it merely feels itself dishonored by a wretch like that.

But even more than to the fierce delirium of wine is he given to the mad sport of love. Here is his realm, the arena of his deeds. No means is for him too base, no sacrifice too great. With cunning, subtlety and force he labors to dupe female hearts. The strongest fortress melts and falls before the flame of his hot lust.

But hardly has his hand plucked the fruit that once allured him when he throws it carelessly away. When once his lust is quenched the pleasure fades for him, and his soul is off in quest of new delights. It is only conquest that attracts him, not possession.

His ear is deaf to prayers, to rage, to tears. And when his victim cries out in anguish, implores him to safeguard her honor, give her his hand as he has promised, and so wipe out the shame that he has wrought on her, then

jesting mockery flickers about his lips, and scornfully he dismisses her flood of tears:

Injured innocence, my child, lost honor? Let me tell you, that means little. The kingdom of my mind is as wide as the sea. How could I bind myself to one, while so many lips are still unknissed, so many blossoms not yet plucked! For one who knows how to prize the pleasure of the moment, the mad delights of a night of love, for him the price of honor is small.

Was I created for the bond of matrimony? A bond for traders and Philistines who were born with antlers already on their brows! They are content that their petty passion should be ruled by sacred law, should bear the stamp of a higher will than theirs.

A marriage bed! I shudder! It is the grave of love, the grave of sin! For love without sin is an insipid drink. For the honest burger it becomes an altar where he decently burns incense, deliberately increases his breed.

What wonder there are so many simpletons in the world! For one begotten in a bed like that carries none too heavy a weight in his head, and has blood that crawls but sluggishly through his veins. If it were not that by tricky chance a hawk once in a while gets into the henroost to lighten the good husband's task, the little pretense, at a brain that this breed owns would long since have melted into slop. But adultery saves the race, and brings forth now and then a useful generation.

You can't grasp it, my child? You cry your eyes out and keep dreaming of an early grave? Well, now, that really would not be the worst thing that could happen. For if one finds life too much for him he'd better see what death has to offer. It's wrong to load on a man a burden that he can scarcely drag along. So, if one has drawn a blank in life, death's sure to be a winning number.

If you're too weak to endure the fierce joys of sin, then take yourself to other fields! The stream, the silken cord, a sip of poison are prompt deliverers from the troubles of the moment and open the way from this vale of tears to the bright world you dream about.

No one should ever lift a human being who has stumbled. If one cannot stand on his own feet, let him fall! For pity is the worst of all the vices that man has invented! It dishonors the emotions, destroys the mind, and makes of men pariahs from life. Pity is rape with a mask on, a painted virtue that struts about the open market like a whore, extols the vilest selfishness to the skies, and is always secretly counting the profit that honest dealing brings the merchant.

It does not really help the weak; it merely shoves him deeper into the mire.

But for those who by cunning lay hold on wealth and honor pity provides a soothing salve for their petty consciences. The thief tosses a few stolen pennies into the outstretched palm of a beggar and so smooths his way to heaven.

When once they spoke to him of that old man who sought for the reason of everything, who wished to see the depths of the flood of time, and burnt himself out in the driving urge to trace the ultimate truth, he laughed in scorn:

You old fool! What is the meaning of life, the beginning and end of all things to you? Life in itself has neither end nor purpose. It is man who thinks meaning and purpose into life. Past and future are chimeras: the first a fallen fruit, the second an unwritten book for which no title has been thought up.

What does it matter to me what has been or what is to come? What is left along the way over which we hurry is lifeless, dead and buried. What awaits us is not yet born. It does no good to burrow in the dust of tombs, even less to chase after soapbubbles in which the riches of the future glisten enticingly. Both take us into the land of ghosts and shadows.

Vanished glory is but rubbish, fit food for moths and worms. If you yearn for such a diet your mind grows moldy, and spiders spin their webs in your brain and trap your thoughts in their subtle net.

The fleeting moment is for me the truest friend; my kingdom is today. World history begins on the day when I first saw the light; it ends when I quench the last spark of my being in the womb of time.

Life is not here for one to comment on, brood over, and search through for a meaning which does not exist. Life should be for us a full cup from which to drink deep drafts with delirious desire. And when the cup is drained, the play of sense at end, then let's not whimper like spoiled children. Shatter the empty beaker on a stone!

You ask: Whence come we? Whither are we going? But while you wreck your mind, rack your soul, to find a meaning for the jugglery of the senses, the hour has fled unutilized, unfathomed. For out of nothing have we proceeded, and into the vast nothing shall we vanish again; therefore take care that your brief span of life shall not be spent in nothing!

Your eyes follow the stars that whirl through space, and your lips ask dumbly: Why? The soft note of the spheres falls on your ear; you want at once to fix their rhythm in dry words and lament when you do not succeed.

Fool! Can't you hear the rhythm that roars in your own blood? The exalted hymn of passion and sin, that ebbs and



flows like the sea and rouses a thousand desires in your breast?

When I gaze into a girl's warm eyes, I can see stars that have never shone for you. For the glitter of those stars I yield you freely all the galaxies of the astronomers, for these are stars that are wrapped in transports and tremble mysteriously with hot lust.

When errant lips unite in kisses, and body presses body in fierce desire; when time and the world vanish over the horizon of sin, then I feel profoundly the eternal reason of existence, the revelation of wild passion.

When wine blinks like rubies in the cup, and luring sound the soft notes of the lute, inflaming me to yet new kisses, then I feel the final meaning of life. It is silly to live only in expectation, brooding over obscure riddles, while flowers are blooming by the wayside and with caressing nods speak of fulfillment.

And so the storm-lashed years slip past him. His path lies behind him like the red northern lights, strewn with the dying, who howl their curses through the woe-filled air. And graves show round on the fallow soil to tell where he has been.

Who can count the wounds his sword has dealt, bashed so oft in foeman's blood, the women's hearts that molder, broken, on the way where he has passed? The wail of ruined lives follows his footsteps, and the sighs of the dying, solemn as funeral bells. Many a dead fist is clenched against him, and pale lips accuse him in fierce pain.

But he never gives a glance backward to look upon the past. He thinks:

What lies behind is gone, perished, swallowed by all-devouring time, and has no further charm for sensuous desire. What's dead is dead; eternity cannot give new bloom to what once has been.

And so the breath of death robs him who burrows about in ancient tombs of the power of action. For out of crumbling walls there rises only a pale band of ghosts. Remorse coils, snake-like, there to creep like a thief into heart and brain. And for him whom once this plague has smitten the grace of the present moment is forever dead.

Then let the dead wait on the dead. Who fixes his gaze on what has been, himself has been, a shadow painfully feeding on the fleshless figures of the abstract. His mind is like a mausoleum, hiding pale specters under marble.

Out of those vaults there rises longing for understanding, anxious inquiry for the reason of things. There dwells the spirit that sits enthroned on a grave and burrows like a body-snatcher in dead ashes until, completely enveloped in the fumes of de-

cay, he no longer perceives the colorful play of the hour.

Very different is the lot he has chosen for himself. His pleasures never fall of themselves into his lap. What he enjoys with fierce sensuous lust must be conquered, must be wrung from life. The insipid gifts of chance have no charm for him; what he can seize without effort he values lightly. Only what he must win by battle, in the midst of danger and death, pleases him. He feels at his best when life and death revolve around his swordpoint; on paths where the foot loses its hold, the jaws of the pit gape for him.

Fate's lightnings flash around his head; his whole being is engulfed in storm. He sins on principle and desecrates because he likes to. When he strides like a demon on the brink of shuddery depths, or with sure foot scales precipitous heights, he feels a fierce joy in his strength and bids defiance to the powers of Fate. The blood dances wildly in his veins, and his soul flows in streams of fire, like lava gushing out of mysterious depths.

Proud as an eagle he soars aloft, drinking in freedom in full drafts. Only when he fights every day for life does he feel lord and master of his wish, boldly pursuing his course.

Now his glance falls upon a grandee's daughter, a woman than whom he has never seen one lovelier. The image of innocence beams from her eyes, and about the splendor of her proud body floats a dainty fragrance of chastity that strikes impious desire dumb. But rarely does she set foot in worldly circles. She lives in a quiet sphere of her own, under her father's watchful eye, so that no alien influence may disturb her.

Here is a sport that will be worth while. To hunt down game like this is his heart's delight. That she is already pledged to another does but make the undertaking more alluring, heightening the wild intoxication of the sin. Not only does the mad lure of love beckon to him here, danger and ruin threaten also, defeat and death—just what he needs to spur his lust.

By deceit and cunning he finds a way into that quiet spot where she toys with flowers, dallies with birds, and follows with dreamy eyes the butterfly that flutters from flower to flower.

There stands the frightful being before her eyes, turning her young heart to ice. She stands as if rooted to the spot. A slight shudder runs through her slender body; then, in silence, she lifts her eyes to see who has dared to force his way into her world. The glow of anger kindles in her cheek, and her hand goes up in threatening command.

Then, at one glance from the strange man's eyes her proud arm falls powerless to her

side. From those eyes glow the fires of hell, the boundless bliss of heaven. She feels the earth rock beneath her feet. A nameless horror grips her heart, her blood beats fiercely in her temples. Half dreaming she listens to words from far away which play caressingly on her young senses and speak of the delights of love.

In desperation she strives to collect her strength. Her father's blood flows in her veins; the honor of a grandee surges swiftly up to quell the impetuous impulse of her senses. Hark! Is that not her father's voice now ringing in her ears?

And then she feels again that frightful glance, that strikes into her soul like a bolt of lightning. Hot lips are pressed against her lips, a soft farewell sounds in her ear, and like a shadow the figure vanishes.

For a long time she stands as if spellbound, then she feels her strength slowly fail her, and she sinks, meaning, on the marble bench. As from a distant world the gentle plashing of the fountain comes to her to still the wild beating of her heart.

Then once more she hears her father's voice. Men's footsteps sound along the path, and loud voices fall on her sensitive ear. Here comes her father, arm in arm with the man whom his will has chosen for her spouse. A chill strikes to her heart and wrings a *gout* moan from her breast, while her soul writhes in silent anguish.

Has the world gone suddenly mad, the meaning of things turned round? This man to whom her lips have sworn fidelity seems suddenly so strange. And again she feels that hot glance which glows like a firebrand in her bosom, and unknown portals stand open of which her simple heart has never dreamed.

Gently the old man takes her soft hand in his and speaks in playful jest:

Dreaming, my child? Well, this is the right time for dreams — the dreams of youth still burdened by no weight of duty.

There is a profound meaning in God's setting of age beside youth. If youth soars boldly in the realm of dreams, then age must see to it that the dreams come true.

And that's just what I have done, my child. Before the autumn comes again you will be leaning on your husband's arm. Your dream will have been fulfilled.

Her father's words fall like a dirge upon her ear. Her heart throbs in torment, but her lips dutifully thank her father, who gleefully bestows his blessing on the youthful pair.

The wedding day has dawned. The golden disk of the sun gleams from a cloudless sky, and bells peal glad welcome to the feast of joy. A crowd of guests throngs the count's palace, speeding the time in cheerful sport.

(To be continued.)

America had proved a dismal failure. Labels count for nothing. We may be getting a heavy dose of Fascism in the guise of paternalistic invasion of private initiative, and not be aware of it until there is a change of leadership. Given the power of state regimentation, the result depends wholly upon the leanings and designs of President, Duce or Führer. A Huey Long or even a Mussolini, running as a professed Socialist, is possible in the White House here.

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It would be well for our left-wing idealists to forego the enticements of benevolent government "planning" and regimentation, taking warning of the velvet-sheathed claws that lurk in the paws of the tiger. Certainly the chief planning so far undertaken here has been pressure-group planning. Most government meddling in private business has been pressure-group meddling. Regardless of the espousal of free enterprise by the Wall Street Journal, Old Guard Republicans and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, free enterprise remains the safeguard of democracy against totalitarianism. Free enterprise has not broken down because it was free, but because its freedom was legislated out of the picture and monopolistic suppression of competition substituted in its stead. To lose faith in private initiative because the enemies of private initiative constantly subjected it to assault would merely spell retreat or surrender. To restore free enterprise to its rightful status, through destruction of monopoly, would appear the sane answer of democracy to the challenge of state domination over the lives, business and property of our citizens. After all, there is *no planning* that can equal automatic planning, through supply and demand, as evidenced in the upbuilding of the greatest wealth-producing machine the world has ever seen. What abuses there have been can be traced to interference with that very law of supply and demand. Therein lies the means of correction rather than abandonment of private enterprise for pork-barred bureaucracy, wasteful, inefficient, graft-ridden, burdened down with an army of office-holders, feeding at the public trough. And as for the sacredness of private property, surely nothing could be more sacred than a man's right to that which he creates, against the world. It is the unearned property, the fruit of exploitation, that has cast the shadow of doubt on the rightfulness of all private property, luring many into the delusion that socialization of wealth and bureaucratic administration of it might be desirable. Yet while our freedom remains we retain the power to abolish the special-privilege practices that have been responsible for unearned property, restoring private ownership to its place of respect as honest accumulation for honest work. Under expanding state regimentation we shall ultimately lose even that power.

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The antidote for dictatorship is not further dictatorship here. We cannot withstand state socialization by instituting a weak-kneed, half-baked socialization here. Rather, the defense of democracy must be more democracy; the defense of freedom, more freedom here. Too long under an uprising domestic plutocracy have we been drifting away from the Jeffersonian conception of minimum government-talism. Let history be our warning. Excess government has always been the instrument of further enslavement of the masses, through abuse of arbitrary power. Selfish groups, seizing the lawmaking machinery, have in-

variably done so for their own enrichment at the expense of the people as a whole. Only to the extent that state control has been held in check has the Forgotten Man survived at all. Better far that he remain forgotten than be discovered, regimented and plucked to the bone. Under free enterprise, restored competition and minimized special privilege, minimized government-butressed monopoly, he may ultimately come into his own. He is in dire straits now because of state grants to the strong, robbing him of his birthright. What hope remains for him springs from the possibility he may some day break the shackles that bind him, through intelligent exercise of the franchise in a democracy. Under a dictatorship he and his millions of fellows would remain in bondage until that distant day when once again humanity uprose for liberty and freedom, a struggle that again would last through centuries of bloodshed, martyrdom and sacrifice. Vigilance is indeed the price of liberty. For us to discard it and cast it aside for a mislabeled benevolent paternalism that in fact is the fanged beast of tyranny would be a major tragedy along the highroad of man's progression to a better day.

### TOM MOONEY

Submitted by DARWIN SMITH

The friends of Tom Mooney, which include many Americans ranging over the geographical lot from Maine to California, and the social terrain from Communists to the more conservative champions of Civil Liberty as a cult, are preparing Mooney's case for the Supreme Court. Apparently, if ten of the living jurors who tried him, and the judge who sat on the bench are to be believed, under oath, he was convicted by framed and perjured testimony.

Nevertheless, he was no angel of light in his day. But neither was John Brown. He was probably making considerable trouble when they jailed him. Very likely he was bad medicine for the owners of property affected by its public use in California, when he was seized and sent to State's prison for life. These owners, and probably many other honest people, regarded Tom Mooney as a bad egg. It seemed, at the time, to them and to the ruling classes of his State that it would be better to get him off the street and under lock and key than to let him run loose. So someone paid the witnesses, someone inflamed the hate of the jurors, and Tom Mooney went to jail.

Let us assume that he was a bad egg. All right, maybe he was guilty of the crime with which he was charged. He has been in prison now for 20 years. The heart has been taken out of his life. He will be released an old man; his day is done. He has no great power for evil. He will doubtless make a few speeches if he is released, and denounce the ruling classes. He may agitate a little for Communism but his voice is weak, his fires are banked, his spark will soon flicker into a drab memory if he is out of jail.

But let him die there, and Tom Mooney will be resurrected a martyr, Labor's martyr, as John Brown was slavery's hero. Mooney will be the symbol of a man, a pure and righteous man, framed and imprisoned for the cause of the oppressed. The evil men who are in the martyr business do, is always interred with their bones. The bad egg legend will vanish, and Tom Mooney, dead in jail, will live for half a century, a powerful force against his persecutors.

Why not let him out? The generation in which he lived and wherein he attacked his enemies has been taught by his example how futile it is to antagonize organized society, right or wrong. The younger generation is beginning to see him only as an emblem of class hatred. All the gain there was in enforcing even a just penalty upon him has been harvested in the case of Tom Mooney. For the core has been taken out of his life. A thousand men have gone to jail since he lost his freedom, and have paid their penalties, have done their time for murder, rape or grand larceny. They have been given their freedom and have walked out of jail while he has stayed—and he becomes what? A political prisoner, a hateful thing in a free country. Apparently the only chance that his life now holds in jail is the chance that he may die there and be born again as a martyr.

How foolish it is! Are the ruling classes moronic? Haven't they sense enough to know that their time is short, that the days are few in which they can save their class from the impact of the idea of Tom Mooney as a martyr? As the class lines threaten to grow tense, the soil of martyrdom grows rich for the one kind of seed Tom Mooney can sow. The blood of the martyrs is ever the seed of the church. Surely mercy is the part of wisdom, even if the mercy is called justice, which it is when an old man, chained for 20 years, walks out of jail, stricken by age, impotent save for a few days or months or failing years to battle for his cause. If there is anything that will set the high gods laughing at the theory that brains and wealth are synonymous, it is the effort of the rich men of California to keep this poor old stump of a man in jail to cherish for martyrdom's flaming torch to burn their battlements!

### THE TRAGEDY OF WAR

By JEAN E. CHURCH

War in all its ghastliness seems to be pointing its dripping finger of blood directly and accusingly at European nations today. We pick up a newspaper and read lurid and horrible accounts of the Spanish Civil War; we see that China and Japan are the warring factions once again; that Mussolini is preparing to extend his colonizing powers, and that the Reich arms output in Germany has reached some two billion marks. And now across the war-streaked sky an ominous note has been heard from the heart of Russia. Many former prominent officials in the Soviet government have been accused of treason and of conspiring to divide Soviet Russia among the other countries. Rather peculiar reasoning is it not? It seems hardly plausible that high government officials who have worked to make a success of Russia would consent to give their beloved land into the hands of foreigners. Rather, another purge apparently is about to take place. Some of the most eminent and scholarly men of Russia have been accused of black treason and it seems that they will forfeit their lives as a result of this accusation. Stalin, the invisible figure behind the red velvet panel in the center of the courtroom has appointed himself to sit in judgment upon these men. War! The word seems to reach Gargantuan proportions as with a sickening feeling in the pit of the stomach we realize that the whole of Europe is a tinder-box to be set aflame at the drop of a match.

A daily commentator of world affairs on the radio spoke recently on this subject of war. He stated that despite the patriotic



talk and propaganda issued in the World War telling the country that the war was fought to make the world safe for democracy, deep down in our hearts all of us must know that it was a nasty, cruel and dirty business, in all respects personifying the old jungle law of the survival of the fittest. Sincerely and eloquently he said that war was caused by international greed, and that it was a pitiable state of affairs when supposedly civilized men satiated their lust for power by sacrificing other men's lives.

Erich Maria Remarque, in his books, has given us all the horror, ugliness and sadness of war, which is illustrated in a stirring manner in "All Quiet on the Western Front". In the sequel to this book which is entitled "The Road Back", and has been filmed into a stirring and splendid motion picture, more of the tragic aftermath of war is related. Mr. Remarque was a soldier himself, and surely no one could be better fitted than he to give the world a close-up of all he has seen and felt, causing a photographic impression to be registered forever on his heart and mind. This story is gripping and vital in its heart-breaking intensity and the poignancy of the home-coming soldier is told so realistically, that the trembling fingers of emotion clutch icily at your heart and throat. The scenes of unrest and violence which compose the epilogue of a great war are all pictured with a brutal reality and the story moves on to its tragic and ironic climax.

Following every story, or patriotic speech or eulogy concerning war, we have the words ringing in our ears that now the last war has been fought, and that fine, upstanding young men gave their all to make the world safe for democracy so that our children, and our children's children might enjoy peace forever. Hollow words they are at the best, and how miserably they must ring against the cold stone of the tomb of the boys who have heard taps for the last time. Surely none of us are so naive that we cannot sense the note of hypocrisy in these words. If we are going to talk democracy, and believe in this world principle, in which we surely must sincerely believe if the world is going to continue, let us not babble words from the sheer emotion of the moment, but let us actually believe in the rights of every human being and in the brotherhood of man, and gradually we will understand the world metaphors to come in the unfolding centuries.

On Memorial Day when people all over the United States are commemorating their dead, deep in their hearts they must live again the tragedy of those lonely little white crosses in Flanders Field, and the sounding of taps over a soldier's grave, and out of their anguish is born a sincere prayer that in the years to come "Peace on earth, good will to men," will prevail over the civilized world.

## HANDICAP

By J. D. CURRIS

Among moralists, the sporting world has always had a bad reputation. It might be interesting, therefore, to compare some of its practices with those of what is called Christian civilization.

In horse racing, it is quite common to add an extra weight to the superior horse, this weight varying with its running ability as shown by past performances. This is termed a handicap and gives what might be called a privilege to the weaker and slower horses. In pool and billiards, a handicap is put on the

expert by giving his opponent the privilege of a certain number of points. Thus, in the sporting world it seems to be quite generally recognized that special privileges should be given to the slower, weaker and less expert. It is interesting to observe that in what is considered low society, where one would least expect it, this spirit of justice is observed.

How is it in the world outside of sport? In this other world, according to the last census on the subject, there were, in the United States, approximately 55,000,000 church members out of a population, at that time, of 116,000,000, or 47%. Most of these were adults. Subtracting 12,000,000 under nine years of age makes the percentage of church members over 54%, and the number of adults who actually influence affairs in our country is very much higher. It is a safe assumption that the same ratio holds good at the present time. It seems fair, therefore, that from the standpoint of church membership, this may be called a Christian civilization.

Now, if the spirit of honor, justice and sportsmanship in the sporting world, as shown above, were emulated in our economic world under this Christian civilization, we might expect that special privileges would be given to the slow, the weak and the inept. And all the more so because in the sporting world only one in a given contest can win, while in the economic world, all can win, if the goal is considered to be a comfortable life with food, clothing and shelter, together with educational and recreational advantages, all of which modern machinery has made possible for everyone. Considering, therefore, the solicitude of the founder of Christianity for the weak and unfortunate, would it be too much to expect that they would be given at the very least an equal chance with the strong, capable and clever?

Privilege in the economic world does not consist of extra points given to the favored, or of weights to be carried by their opponents. It consists of such things as the ownership of land and other natural resources, power to manipulate the money system, the control of big business, the ownership of great factories, the monopoly of patent rights, the opportunity of absorbing huge profits as middlemen, the direction of the transportation system and the ability to obtain advantages through the control of legislative processes—all these and similar powers coupled at the same time with the ability to escape just punishment for misdeeds.

Only the mere statement is needed, argument is unnecessary, that under our present system these privileges are possessed by the strong and the cunning. Under this arrangement, the underprivileged who are in the vast majority, can buy back only part of what they produce, thus producing panics which add still more to their distress.

If the pool shark should claim special privileges on account of his superior skill, he would be hooted out of the place by the veriest pool hall loafers, but when one proposes to adjust our economic system so as to put these "superior" persons merely on equality with their less favored brothers, he is considered subversive, a menace to society—he is fortunate if he escapes the law.

There are those who would cure all our ills by the single tax, others by bank and money control, others by government ownership and others by cooperation and production for use—these plans are a legion. I have, in the past, been identified with a variety of these movements, but I am now satisfied that

no single one of these will solve our problems—nothing short of the abolition of all privileges will do. It is quite evident, too, that the privileged class will never voluntarily give up its advantages. Each one is willing to give up those of some other person, but not the one that he himself possesses. The underprivileged class, however, is in such a vast majority that when they can unite in a movement to abolish all privilege the ultimate victory of justice will be inevitable.

## LIQUOR COMES HIGH

(Reprinted from Christian Science Monitor, Saturday, May 21, 1938, Editorial Page)

EDITOR'S NOTE: President Roosevelt and nearly all the other outstanding political leaders are talking about taxation, the high cost of government and some of them seem actually concerned as to means of reducing the expenses of government and the securing of new forms of revenue. Now President Roosevelt and all these other political leaders are either ignorant or cowardly or are hypocrites, and some of these leaders possess all three of these estimable characteristics.

One of the reasons why our country is not getting anywhere comes about from the simple fact that we have no leaders who are really willing to tell the people the truth. Candidates for high office, in order to be elected, stoop to corruption, forces of vice and immorality; and in this connection let us not forget that even the great President Franklin Delano Roosevelt said in his Chicago speech, when he was addressing a lot of Chicago hoodlums in his effort to secure the nomination the first time, in that pleasing Rooseveltian voice, "I am for beer." When you make the list of reforms of which this country stands in dire need, kindly do not forget the outrageousness of the liquor traffic and the utter stupidity of the tobacco habit. Yours for courageous and genuine, scientific reform!

"If the experience of Los Angeles is a criterion, the cities of the United States are paying a much larger bill for the prosecution and care of publicly intoxicated persons than before the repeal of prohibition. Roy Knox, director of the Los Angeles Bureau of Budget and Efficiency, reports:

Arrests for drunkenness increased from a total of 93,438 in the six years prior to repeal to 156,326 in the three years following repeal!

Cost of handling these cases increased from an average of \$836,002 per year before repeal to a present average of \$2,360,898.

Whenever the police ambulance or patrol siren sounds, one out of three times it is answering a call for which a drunken person is responsible, and the average cost per call is \$45.

The city's total bill includes the cost of one-third of the police department; of trials; feeding, housing and clothing prisoners awaiting trial and after conviction; treatment of alcoholics and inebriates in public hospitals and clinics; damage to property and person, only a small part of which is footed by the taxpayers and in certain cases maintenance of wives and children of jailed fathers.

Higher taxes on liquor will not alone solve such a problem, even though they make it more difficult for the family pay envelope to satisfy the drinker's appetite. Neither the cost nor the quality of liquor have a decisive bearing on the social results of its abuse. Obviously, from Los Angeles' experience, the degree of its availability is the controlling factor."

—Small type from Christian Science Monitor.

## LETTERS FROM FORUM FRIENDS

Kindly find enclosed \$5.00 check for a year's subscription to the Roman Forum. (To me the paper is worth \$5.00.)

LOUIS A. CAMPBELL,  
90 San Miguel Road, Pasadena, Calif.