

The Individualist

A Pint-size Periodical of Pith, Punch and Perspicacity

VOLUME FIVE

APRIL, 1953

NUMBER NINE

Well Red

METHODIST BISHOP G. Bromley Oxnam is frothing at the way the House un-American Activities Committee is going about its task of ferreting out Communism in our schools. "Our faith and freedom are in jeopardy," he cries, "and if freedom of the universities is denied, the next attempt will be to silence the pulpit."

The good bishop—so to speak—should have let some one else do the frothing. For there is such a thing as coming into court with clean hands or pulling down the shade, if you live in a glass house, before bathing. And the bishop has been a little negligent on both counts.

The truth is that Bishop Oxnam has so often associated himself with known Communist-front organizations as to leave no doubt that he has a warm spot in his heart and a soft spot in his head for Communist Russia and her ways.

Bishop Oxnam is probably the most influential factor in the Federal Council of Churches, an organization which has been made notorious by the way its top level figures preach and write what, if it is not outright Communism, is Marxian Socialism. For the free enterprise of capitalism they show only contempt.

One of these torch bearers, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, gives us the gospel according to Jones in these words: "The Kingdom of God is a new social order within the individual and in the collective life." He explains that the Kingdom "would be harnessed to the collective good," with a "holding of the means of production by all in behalf of all."

Russia is coming to be the most powerful nation on earth, Dr. Jones informs us, "Because she has got hold of a higher principle, cooperation, and it is working out in higher results than we can work out of a lower principle, competition." That higher principle did, for a certainty, work out of existence, by starving them to death, several million Russian Kulaks who refused to be collectivized. There's no denying that little detail.

Then there's Dr. J. Henry Carpenter. (Some of these days one of those birds is going to forget himself and use his first name—and will he be embarrassed! G. Bromley Oxnam, E. Stanley Jones, J. Henry Carpenter—P. Nuts!) Dr. J. Henry avers that "Capitalism, as we have known it, is irreconcilable with an organized society motivated by a spirit of love." (As in the Soviet Union, no doubt.) And he adds, "Democracy is the twin of capitalism." Apparently democracy, too, is to go out the window. Another great man—Stalin was the name, if we remember correctly—felt the same way about capitalism and democracy. He was agin 'em both.

Dr. John G. Bennett—if you haven't got a bellyful already—is another of the Council's bright lads, and one who, to give credit where credit is due, isn't ashamed of a good old-

fashioned name like John. Dr. John's contribution is that "the whole Communist attack upon Capitalist society is ethical through and through." And he adds, "There is more in common between Christianity and Communism than appears on the surface. Christianity has no stake in the survival of capitalism."

It is inconceivable that Bishop Oxnam, who has been president of the Federal Council of Churches and chairman of its policy committee, is in the dark as to what the Council's upperclass lineings are preaching. It is vastly more probable that he is directing their activities.

It is equally to be assumed that he had a hand in formulating and that he approves the Council's Social Creed. One of the gems from that document reads: "The principle of competition appears to be nothing more than a partially conventionalized embodiment of selfishness... The supremacy of the motive of self-interest... The Christian can be satisfied with nothing less than the complete substitution of motives of mutual helpfulness and goodwill for the motive of private gain."

That statement, of course, is nothing but a wordy paraphrase of the Marxist slogan, "Production for use and not for profit." And that, without doubt, is as silly an expression as ever was coined. All production is for use, and all production, save that which is consumed by the producer, is for profit. Men don't make things that have no use. Useful things are traded. If they weren't, each man would have to live exclusively on what he himself could produce—which would reduce the most prosperous country on earth to a howling wilderness quicker than you could say Jackie Robinson. It is impossible to make a thing for use that isn't made for profit.

In every trade there is a profit for each party to the trade. Each gets more than he gives—as he values things at the moment. If he didn't he wouldn't trade. That's profit, the gain which the Council's bigshots condemn, just as did Marx, Lenin and Stalin. The profit motive is synonymous with man's instinct to better his position in every way possible. The profit motive is responsible for all material progress the world has seen since the beginning of time. But the Council's Creed urges "the subordination of the profit motive to the creative and cooperative spirit."

The Creed sums up its program in these words: "Social planning and control of the credit and monetary systems and the economic processes for the common good." For that, the boys in the Kremlin could sue the Council's creedsters for plagiarism. It's right out of their book.

It is not to be thought that the Bishop himself fails to improve each shining hour in the work of undermining the property-owning capitalist society which the Founding Fathers envisioned. He was sponsor of a Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, an out-and-out Communist front since there wasn't a smidge-

on of democracy in the Spanish Government which was overthrown. He was a member of the Round Table Group on India, which was chaired by Guy Emery Shieler, long a Communist apologist and editor of The Churchman, The Churchman specialized in violent abuse of churchmen who ventured to oppose Communism. Shieler's secretary was a member of the Communist Party.

Bishop Oxnam was editorial adviser of another so-called church periodical, The Protestant, which was even more vitriolic than The Churchman in its attack on religious leaders who repudiated Communism. He was a member of the reception committee to welcome a Soviet delegation sent here to counteract the unfavorable publicity resulting from the Soviet's execution of Polish Jewish unionists.

Those are just a few of Bishop Bromley's menageries in Red fields. It is not surprising that he opposes the efforts of the House un-American Activities Committee to unmask those mentally twisted Americans who would substitute the iron-fisted regimentation and purges of the Communist police state for our American system of government by consent of the governed. What is surprising, in view of his own crimson background, is that he is so careless as to stick his neck out by saying so.

Silence Is Golden

ON THE overly well-trod ground that their answers might tend to incriminate them, Prof. Wendell H. Furry of Harvard and Prof. Barrows Dunham of Temple University have refused to tell the House un-American Activities Committee of their Communist affiliations—if any. The excuse is as phony as a wooden minnow with tail feathers. It might fool some poor fish now and then—but that's all.

It's no crime to be a Communist in this country. If it's no crime, then you can't incriminate yourself by being one, much less by admitting that you are—if you are—or by being a fellow traveler or just a soft-headed gullible—as the case may be.

Neither of the two exemplars for the guidance of our youth was being asked if he had ever done a murder, kicked his wife's teeth out, wrung his mother-in-law's neck, choked his baby to death or robbed a bank. Those are crimes, and if either of the professorial gents had been doing a little something along such lines, then for certainty his answers, if truthful, would tend to incriminate him. But as to Communism—nope.

It wasn't fear of self-incrimination that sealed the lips from which pearls of wisdom might be expected to flow. It was fear of losing their jobs. That was what was behind the boys' reticence. And they had some reason to fear—though not as much as could be wished. So far as we have been able to learn, the Harvard pedagogue continues to sit tight on

the payroll, in the classroom and on his pe-rogative. The Temple professor was suspended—driven from the Temple, so to speak.

It has been stated repeatedly in the public print—and never denied, so far as we know—that some 76 members of the Harvard faculty have been revealed as members or sponsors of organizations cited by the Department of Justice or the Committee on un-American Activities as "Communist fronts." One had joined 38 such fronts; another 23. Harvard President James B. Conant either knew of what was going on or he didn't. If he knew and did nothing—and apparently nothing is what he did do—then he wasn't fit to be president of a great university. If he didn't know what was going on—ditto. Either way you take it, is he fitted for the high office to which he was recently appointed—United States High Commissioner to Germany? Mebbe so, then again, mebbe not. We'll take the not side. We don't like people with a high tolerance for Communists and their kind.

But the alacrity with which President Robert L. Johnson of Temple University gave his shy little boy, Professor Dunham, the bun's rish, sorta indicates that this here Johnson may be just the guy to chase the Reds out of the Voice of America, to head which agency he was recently picked by President Eisenhower.

Maybe Messrs. Furry and Dunham have now come to realize that though silence may be golden it can at the same time be darned embarrassing.

Half Fair On the Railroads

THE NATION'S railroad workers have been granted a four cent hourly wage boost. W. P. Kennedy, president of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, says that the pay hike establishes the principle that the workers should share in increased output.

Sure, workers should share in increased output if they have anything to do with bringing about the increase. If not, not. And the record shows that rail unions, far from contributing to any increase in production, have sought consistently to curtail production by rinning up costs—through featherbedding.

Consider this from "Wages and Labor Relations in the Railroad Industry, 1900-1941:

"A business car was in shop for repairs to the speedometer. The work which had formerly been taken care of by a shop foreman was claimed as machinist's work, so that it was necessary to place a machinist on the job, with a foreman supervising. It was also necessary to have a carpenter remove a board from the floor of the car, which required 12 screws to be removed in order to get at the cord. Formerly one man had performed all the work.

"On another railroad," the report continues, "when an engine was about to be coupled to its train, it developed that a window fight was broken in the cab. As there were indications of a storm, the engineer insisted on repairs being made. There was no engine carpenter on duty at the time, and it was necessary for the shop foreman to call one to do the work that he could have performed himself in a few minutes, with the result that the train was delayed an hour and 30 minutes."

That's just a sampling. Here's some more: "To remove and replace a headlight generator required an electrician to disconnect the wires, a

sheet metal worker to disconnect the pipes, a machinist to unbolt and remove the generator and apply a new generator, a sheet metal worker to replace the pipes and an electrician to connect the wires. As each of the three employees usually requires a helper, it means that six men are employed on a job that ordinarily should be done by one machinist and a helper.

"To repair a leak in a boiler requires a sheet metal worker to loosen the jacket, a locomotive carpenter to remove the lagging, a boilermaker to caulk the leak, after which the locomotive carpenter replaces the lagging, and the sheet metal worker tightens the jacket. Here again, as each of these employees required a helper, six men are employed on this trivial job."

Now let's pluck a few remarks from proceedings before the Attorney General's Committee on Administration Procedure in the summer of 1940:

"... certain operations must be performed exclusively by a particular type-of-employee—even though the amount of work of that character is small and other employees have been paid for performing it. Thus, during a flood a bridge was badly damaged and a locomotive crane was moved to the scene of the damage to assist in making repairs, and a telephone was installed to obtain information as to the approach of trains to that the crane could be moved out of their way. A conductor and two brakemen were assigned to protect the movement of the crane, and the conductor was charged with obtaining information about train movements over the telephone. The Order of Railway Telegraphers filed a claim that telegraph operators should be paid for not having been called to operate the telephone. The Board sustained the claim. (Third Division, Award 1024.)

And again:

"... even though work presents itself unexpectedly when none of the class of employees supposedly entitled to perform it is on duty, it cannot be done by other employees unless these are paid extra wages and unless employees held to have a monopoly of the work are also paid a day's wages.

"A local freight crew was required to stop at an intermediate point on its run to set out and pick up cars and to move certain cars standing on a siding in order that they might be unloaded. There was no switch engine crew on duty at the time at this point. For this work the conductor and crew of the local freight claimed an extra day's pay at yard rates. An extra yard conductor and brakeman who were not on duty and performed no service claimed a day's pay on account of not having been called to do this work.

"The work required approximately 15 minutes. Although this was the kind of work generally required of local freight crews and the kind of work for which they received a rate of pay higher than the rate paid to through freight crews, the Board granted the claim of both the local freight crew and the extra yardmen. (First Division Award 1947.)

The atmosphere is getting rather smelly but let's carry on:

"A regularly assigned fireman made a round trip of 50 miles. On the first leg of the trip the train carried only passenger cars and at the turning point the crew was required to back the passenger equipment to a point where the engine was turned. Returning, the train carried only freight cars. It was held that the fireman was entitled to three days' pay, a day in passenger service for the passenger run from the initial terminal to the turning point, a day as hostler for taking the engine to the point where it was turned, and a day in local freight service for taking the train back to the starting point. (First Division, Award 3755.)"

And this:

"The Board has ignored the coverage and language of the so-called starting time rule so as to compel the employment and payment of crews during hours when their work was not needed, and in calculating penalty payments under the starting time rule for work not done has applied a principle which has resulted in largely inflating such payments.

"Thus, if a rule prescribed that starting time shall be 8 o'clock, and the crew is supposed to work 8 hours, the Board holds that it may be entitled to pay for 20 hours if it starts to work at 7:30 and works 8 hours. The theory of this is that the period from 7:30 to 8:00 is a part of a different working day; an 8-hour day is guaranteed and, therefore, for the different working day from 7:30 to 8:00, 8 hours' pay is due. However, since all of the work is within a 24-hour period, this separate working day, which falls outside the starting time hours, must be paid for at the rate of time and one-half, or 12 hours, and these 12 hours, added to the other 8 hours, produce a total of 20 hours. (First Division, Award 2251.)"

Now a few excerpts from an article by Theodore Brand in the Chicago Tribune of May 19, 1946:

"... a carrier attorney cited the cumulative effect of four proposed changes. He showed that instead of one day's pay which the crew now earns on a short turn-around freight run on the Norfolk & Western railway, they would be entitled to at least five days' wages and under certain circumstances could make up to 17 days' pay on each run (use of two locomotives, time and one-half on holidays, and night work).

"This train runs about 38 miles," the article continues, "20 of which are covered in four short trips for switching cars on branches. Under a proposed change, any side trip... should be compensated for by one extra day's pay. Four side trips would mean four extra days' wages, or a total of five for the run."

Pretty small business, isn't it, all that chiseling? But there's nothing small about it when it's totaled up. The writer of the Chicago Tribune article says: "Interstate Commerce Commission statistics on railroad wages show that in 1945 total straight time paid to all train and engine employees amounted to 872 million dollars. Over 17 per cent or 150 million dollars was for time paid for but not worked."

There's nothing petty about 150 million bucks. We'd call it grand larceny.

On the basis of the foregoing, do you think the president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has any business going around chirping about how his union minions should "share in the increased output?" Neither do we.

Who's Looney Now?

SAYS A WASHINGTON news item: "Government officials apparently are falling in their efforts to talk Southern and Western farmers into a voluntary 18 per cent cut-back in cotton planting."

Well, what did they expect, for heaven's sake? The bureaucrats, who produce no wealth, have long been proclaiming that the way to have more wealth is to produce less wealth. Remember Henry Wallace plowing under every third little pig so's we'd all be rich?

The farmers, who produce wealth—they know better. They know that the more wealth you produce, the more wealth you'll have—and that's that. And that isn't all. They know they'd be a fine set of gumps to cut their cotton acreage when their Uncle Sam—bless his good old heart—stands ready to take at a good stiff price all their cotton that the market won't absorb.

Maybe the farmers, like the rest of us, seem not too bright at times—but you can bet your sweet life they're not that dumb!

Whatta Racket!

HERE IS a little book that tells the fascinating story of one of the greatest swindles of all time, a gigantic racket that has been going on for hundreds of years, a monumental shakedown which makes the machinations of crooked labor leaders and their misguided and befuddled followers, the extortions of pressure groups, the bungling extravagancies of tax-crazy bureaucrats, the tricky little schemes of business for skinning the public—it makes them all look like childish pranks. In comparison, the worst that Al Capone and his gangsters could do would be merely playful antics in the junior diaper set.

Moreover, this short treatise—80 pages, paper bound—is a castigation of the human race beyond adjectives. It proves again, if proof were needed, the truth of Puck's immortal assertion, "Lord, what fools these mortals be." For the stoutest defenders of this enormous and enduring squeeze play are in the main the victims themselves, the millions of dupes who are penalized every day of their lives by its operations.

Equally strange is the fact that the perpetrators of this great crime, the men who keep it going, are for the most part outstanding citizens in their respective communities, men of high reputation for probity and business and political sagacity. And strangest of all perhaps, is that most of them are completely unaware of any wrongdoing on their part.

This, in short, is the story of that system of camouflaged thievery known as the tariff. And seldom if ever has the story been better told. The book is by W. M. Curtis, a staff member of the Foundation for Economic Education, and formerly Professor of Marketing at Cornell University. Dr. Curtis writes with a grace and warmth and human-beingness not commonly found with authors who must drag around a string of degrees after their name.

We recommend that you lay in a supply of Dr. Curtis' little work, hone up on the subject yourself, and make friends by passing the extra copies around.

THE TARIFF IDEA by W. M. Curtis, Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. 3 copies \$1. 19 copies \$3.

Uncle Sam . . . Sugar Daddy

CUBAN SUGAR sells in Cuba at 3½¢ a pound. It sells in the U. S. at more than 5¢ a pound. Why the difference? Import restrictions to "protect" U. S. sugar growers. Sugar growing is small potatoes in this country. Cuba, the largest sugar-producing country in the world, could give us cards and spades and run rings around us growing sugar. Then why not, in the name of common sense, let the Cubans supply us with sugar while we make things to sell them for the dollars they get for their sugar?

American sugar producers would be put out of business, of course, but is it right and proper, to say nothing of being sound economics, for 160 million Americans to have to pay in order to keep a handful of Americans in the sugar-growing business? Not from where we sit it isn't! It would be

cheaper just to pension them off, give 'em their handout direct. They'd be getting something for nothing, of course, but that's not unusual these days. A lot of people have got their snoots in the Government gravy trough. And even on the dole, the sugar growers would probably cost us less than we are now paying to "protect" them.

Nostalgia

IN RUMMAGING the other day we came across a bit of verse we had perpetrated in the olden days when kings sat on their thrones in Graustarkian lands, romance and Strauss waltzes filled the air, and opera bouffe uniforms were *de rigueur* in court and army circles. Maybe we are not sufficiently mindful that there is a limit to what the customers will stand-for-but, even so, the lines we wrote in those far-off half-forgotten days—well, here they are:

In romantic old Rumania

Where the people have a mania
For those faany sounding names that end in "escu,"

The King was in a lather

For his ministers would rather
Let their work go hang while they looked pictures.

So the sorely-harrassed Carol

Said, I'll can those guys and there'll
Be a new gang that would rather work than shrink.

Then he summoned Tatarescu,

Saying, Boy it's all I esk you
Get a cabinet that has a quirk for work.

Tatarescu called Micescu,

Angelacacu and Slavescu,
Ezimescu, Gupetescu and Teodoroscu, too;

And a dozen other "escu's"

But I hope that you'll excuse
My not naming any others for I think those few will
do.

Then the King, his task completed,

To his private suite retreated,
To grab the phone and call up one Lapescu.

Stop your fretting, Red, he said,

The old cabinet is dead;
Don't you worry any more for we are "escued."

Fighter of the Old School

THERE WERE GIANTS in the earth in those days—and Tom L. Johnson was one of them.

"Those days" were when William McKinley was president, Theodore Roosevelt was soon to be president, and William Jennings Bryan was wanting to be president. The Spanish-American War was over but Funston was still chasing Aguinaldo in the Philippines. People were remembering the Maine but less noisily, and Dewey—Admiral George, not Governor Tom—was the national hero. Carrie Nation was making headlines with her hatchet but not much of a dent in the liquor business.

Parents deplored the lack of respect in their offspring and talked nostalgically of "the good old days." The kids around the piano in the parlor sang "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" and sits from Floradora and The Merry Widow. The surrey with the fringe on top was a stylish family conveyance, and not a song. Steak was twenty cents a pound, eggs ten cents a dozen. Jim Jeffries was heavyweight champion of the world, horseless car-

riages were beginning to startle the countryside, and the Wright Brothers were beginning to fly.

Tom L. Johnson was born at Blue Spring, Kentucky, July 13, 1854. He died at his home in Cleveland April 10, 1911, age 56. He had amassed a fortune in the street railway business, profiting largely by special privilege. When Henry George's writings opened his eyes to the truth about the established order, he set out to destroy the conditions which had made his own class possible. He devoted his wealth and the remaining years of his life to that purpose. He entered politics, was elected to Congress, and served two terms as Mayor of Cleveland. It was while he held the office of mayor, in the first decade of the present century, that he won his greatest renown.

As mayor he put into effect many reforms with resultant great financial savings to the city. Cleveland under Mayor Johnson was free from graft. Years later, a hostile State administration sent expert accountants to audit the city's accounts. No evidence of corruption was found. Lincoln Steffens wrote that Mr. Johnson was "the best mayor," and Cleveland, "the best governed city in the United States."

To Tom L. Johnson inequality of opportunity with its concomitant result, involuntary poverty, was the *social wrong*. To restore equality of opportunity by securing to each worker the product of his own labor, thereby depriving a privileged few from monopolizing rewards which belong to the many, was the *social remedy*. His philosophy must have been tremendously satisfying, for by means of it he worked out a simple, effective solution to every political problem that might arise, and the answers to his personal problems as well.

Tom L. Johnson was a giant in the fight against privilege. Now privilege has numerous definitions and a million guises—and new ones are being thought up every day. But at bottom privilege is always the same. It is a scheme or connivance or arrangement by which somebody gets something for nothing. That's privilege, for when somebody gets something for nothing, somebody else of necessity gets nothing for something.

When one man is permitted to gain at another man's expense, that's privilege. "A peculiar or personal advantage, especially when enjoyed in derogation of common right"—that's the way the dictionary puts it.

If a labor union can force payment of wages for work not done, that's privilege. If a worker can collect a full day's wages for less than a full day's work, that's privilege. If he is compelled to accept less than a full day's wage for a full day's work, that's privilege. If a worker must join a labor union and pay dues in order to hold his job, that's privilege. If he can't take a job because a union won't accept him, that's privilege. If organized labor can engage in criminal practices under government-granted immunity, that's privilege.

If sellers can get more than free-market prices through "fair-trade agreements," or other conspiracies in restraint of trade, that's privilege. If manufacturers can charge more for their products because of tariffs than they could charge without tariffs, that's privilege.

If the government subsidizes pressure

groups, that's privilege. If it grants pensions, save to those who have made their own provisions for pensions, that's privilege. If the government uses social security funds for other than social security purposes, that's privilege. If it buys farm products in order to hold them off the market and run up prices on consumers, that's privilege. If it puts a floor under prices or a ceiling over them, or if it pays farmers for not growing things, that's privilege.

The use of public funds in the erection of power plants or other projects to compete with private industry; government payment for soil improvement and conservation which the farmer himself should pay for, he being the beneficiary; grants to foreign nations—all are privilege since all confer benefits on some at the expense of others.

If landowners are allowed to claim the unearned increment in land as their own, that's privilege, since such value results not from any individual's effort but from community growth for which all are equally responsible, and it should be taken, therefore, for the common expenses of the community.

In every instance cited above, some get more than they are entitled to, some get less. And that, of course, is of the very essence of privilege.

John L. Johnson understood privilege as have few men before or since his time. And he fought it as have few men before or since his time. This country would be immeasurably richer were there more men of the Johnson caliber alive today.

People Are Talking

"I want you to know of the very great respect I have for this journal of yours. I wish every American could be induced to read it and let it influence his thinking. I am sure the result would be a better America to live in."—Fred Rogers Fairchild, Professor of Economics, Yale University.

"Your stuff is good!"—Hon. Samuel B. Pettengill.

"More power to your elbow! I enclose check to cover annual subscriptions for the 33 names on the attached list."—B. E. Hutchinson, Chairman Finance Committee, Chrysler Corp.

"You have an excellent sense of humor and your articles are, therefore, extremely original."—Dr. Wilford I. King, Chairman Committee for Constitutional Government.

"You are doing a magnificent job. I read every issue with interest and appreciation. I wish more Americans had minds as good as yours, sir."—James H. Gipson, President Caxton Printers, Book Publishers.

"I have been struggling on this magazine for 3½ years, and I heard more compliments about The Individualist today at lunch at the Army and Navy Club than I have heard about U. S. AIR SERVICES in that time, Colonel Castle said The Individualist was one of the best publications coming to his desk, and added, 'Why doesn't some big syndicate snatch up this man Steele and hire him to write for millions to read?' Enclosed is page proof of the excerpts I stole from your March issue."—Earl N. Findley, Editor U. S. AIR SERVICES.

Antidote

LAST MONTH we commented on a scurrilous piece of drivel called "Progress and Poverty Reviewed," written by one Spencer Heath.

This month, in order to get the bad taste out of our mouth and, too, as a service to the customers, we call attention to an address by Klaus L. Hansen, entitled, "Henry George and the Present World Crisis."

Mr. Hansen, a Milwaukee Electrical Engineer, as well as an economist of deep understanding, points out that more than 70 years ago Henry George predicted that failure to comply with the moral law regarding the equal right of men to the use of the earth would inevitably bring us to the mess we are now in. Mr. Hansen's excellent short treatise should be read by all who wish to examine without prejudice the various factors underlying the world's present state of turmoil.

Copies of the talk may be had free by addressing Klaus L. Hansen, 2916 No. Prospect Avenue, Milwaukee 11, Wisconsin.

Technocracy

WHATEVER became of the technocrats? We haven't heard from them for quite a while, but we were on their sucker list at one time and loved it. From one of their pamphlets we learned that "The methods of technocracy are the result of a synthetic integration of the physical sciences that pertain to the determination of all functional sequences of social phenomena." And until then we'd thought they were the result of a brain-storm.

Here's another for your album: "Technocracy makes one basic postulate: that the phenomena involved in the functional operation of a social mechanism are metrical." Try and laugh that off.

"Science," the circular goes on, "is the methodology of the determination of the most probable." Sounds like Henry Wallace, doesn't it? Or Father Divine—or Gracie Allen.

Here's another slick passage: "As all organic and inorganic mechanisms involved in the operation of the social macrocosm are energy-consuming, therefore the basic metrical relationships are: the factor of energy conversion or efficiency, and the rate of conversion of available energy of the mechanisms as a functional whole in a given area per time unit." Well, what do you know! We never would have believed it!

Here's our favorite—wish we knew what it means: "Physical income within a continental area under technological control would be the available net energy in ergs or joules. An erg is a unit of work in the centimeter-gram-second system; a joule is a unit of work or energy equivalent to the energy expended in a second by a current of one ampere in a resistance of one ohm." Ain't that something?

We were so impressed that we wrote the poem below to the guy that technocratized those fabulous lines:

He loves its giddy gurgle,
He loves its soothing flow,
He loves to wind his face up
And listen to it go.

We do miss our technocrats!

BREVITIES AND LEVITIES

HEADLINE: "Rain Ends Dey Spell in Texas." That's the way dry spells are usually ended—even in Texas.

Do you face each new day as a new challenge—or do you just get the hell out of bed and go to work?

HEADLINE: "Government Employee Works in Wrong Building 2 Years." That's nothing. We knew a couple of government employees who worked in the wrong building 20 years. The building was the White House and the right, you've guessed 'em! Gottwald Got His, Goody!

HEADLINE: "Cold Keeps Ike From Church." Where was the cold? In the church—or in Ike?

AN AP DISPATCH from Vienna says, "Matyas Rakosi, Hungary's Communist boss and prime minister, has returned home from Joseph Stalin's funeral." That was more than Stalin was able to do. But then Joe had only a one-way ticket. And he wasn't expected back, anyway.

"BEANY," the everliving helpmeet's little bean bag doll (\$1 postpaid, 6 for \$5—Adv.) is making a hit with the customers. Business has been so good, indeed, that the everliving helpmeet, prone to worry, is now beginning to fear that they won't let the excess-profits tax die after all.

WHAT WOULD HE THINK now! "I think we have more machinery of government than is necessary, too many parasites living on the labor of the industrious."—Thomas Jefferson.

"SMEARING good people like Lauchlin Currie, Alger Hiss and others is, I think, unforgivable. Any one knowing either Mr. Currie or Mr. Hiss, two people whom I happen to know fairly well, would not need any denial on their part to know that they were not Communists."—Eleanor Roosevelt in her August 17, 1948 column.

A WASHINGTON DISPATCH reads, "The Maritime Administration said today the United States, which ranked second as a merchant marine nation before the war, now ranks first, with nearly a third of the world's commercial shipping."

How completely silly! Here we've gone and slipped tariffs on a lot of things to make trade more difficult, and then we go ahead and build a lot of ships to make it easier.

It seems like every silver lining must have its cloud.

MARCH 16th HEADLINE: "Tax Bureau Braces for Biggest Day in History." Yeah, and the poor guys who made it the biggest day—they need a brace, too!

ATL. PRESIDENT George Meany says "wages must keep up with production." Right he is. Pat, remembering organized labor's penchant for featherbedding, stand-in jobs and other tricky little schemes for getting pay for work not done, we'll just hold our cheeks until he says that production must keep up with wages. And something tells us that we shall have to hold them quite a spell, quite a spell!

THE INDIVIDUALIST

Published monthly by C. O. Steele, 2507 13th Avenue, West, Bradenton, Florida.
Subscription \$2 a year.

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