

The Individualist

A Pint-size Periodical of Pith, Punch and Perspicacity



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“... And Then There Was One.”

PEOPLE ARE SAYING that if the Republicans don't make it this time the two-party system is dead. That's like saying if the Giants don't hustle the Yankees will win the 1951 world series.

The Yanks have already won the 1951 world series. The two-party system is already dead.

There is now but one political party of any consequence in this land of the free and home of the brave. It has no name but should be called the labor-socialist party. It takes orders from organized labor and follows the socialist party line of “From each according to his ability, to each according to his need.”

All politicians belong to that party, all office holders and all wanting to be office holders. As well as nearly everybody else. The people like it—don't kid yourself about that.

The party has two wings, as alike as the two wings of a bird. To detect any difference between the two, you'd have to get so close you wouldn't like the smell—unless, of course, you're a member. In that case you wouldn't notice it. You know—even your best friends won't tell you. Eisenhower leads one wing, Stevenson the other.

The two-party system was tagged for the undertaker in 1940 when Willkie got his signals mixed and campaigned for Roosevelt. It was started on its way to the morgue in 1944 when Dewey ran the gamut of emotions all the way from A to B in telling what he thought of the Democrats. It was speeded on its way with a good kick in the pants in 1948 when Dewey endorsed what Truman was doing but said he could do it better.

It got its coup de grace — that's Chinese for the knock-out punch—

at the two conventions in Chicago this summer.

The two conventions came up with virtually identical platforms and virtually identical candidates. Without the tags you couldn't have told the platforms apart. Without the bald spots you couldn't have told the nominees apart. The tags had different names. The bald spots had different shapes.

Each platform — and each nominee, too, now that he has had his briefing — is strong for peace and prosperity. Each hates communism. Each would preserve labor's gains, continue farm aid, expand social security, and do the right thing by education, housing, rural electrification, and needy foreign nations that are on our side.

Each convention was high-pressured into lip service to a so-called civil rights program which compels, instead of prevents, discrimination in employment.

Each would impose price controls “when necessary to prevent inflation,” — which shows appalling ignorance of the effect of the one and the cause of the other. Both platforms — and you'll find the nominees keeping right in line—promise practically everything to practically everybody. Except, of course, to the businessman. To heck with him. Let him pay his taxes and quit bellyaching.

The platforms could have been switched, and few people would have cared. The nominees could have been switched, too — Eisenhower to the Democrats and Stevenson to the Republicans — without causing a ripple of excitement in the cheering sections.

You can add it all up, over and over again, until you're black in the face and the cows come home, but you'll never be able to make it come out anything but one, one big party — and the end of the two-party system, for the present at least.

When Nature Strikes & When Labor Strikes

THE WEATHER BUREAU estimates that a series of disasters — starting in July, 1951—has taken a toll of more than five billion dollars damage. When nature goes on a rampage, man's defense is puny. But when man takes the offensive, when he gets around to doing damage to himself, homo sap is no slouch performer. It takes a lot of floods, droughts, tornadoes and earthquakes to hurt him worse than he hurts himself.

For instance, the recent steel strike is said to have cost the country four billion dollars. The loss in tonnage was larger than Great Britain's output for a full year. As Defense Secretary Lovett summed it up, “No enemy nation could have so crippled our production as this work stoppage. No form of bombing could have taken out of production in one day 380 steel plants and kept them out nearly two months.” And then he added, “The wierd and tragic thing is that we have done this to ourselves.”

We didn't exactly do it to ourselves. The vast majority of us had no say in the matter. It was done by Phil Murray and the Democratic Administration. Steel workers were already getting 24 cents an hour more than the average wage in manufacturing industries. In the past two years their wages had risen further than the cost of living. But Phil Murray said strike. Phil knew where he stood with the Wage Stabilization Board. The workers said nothing; they never had a chance.

That “impartial” Labor Relations Board recommended an increase of 26½ cents an hour — more than Murray himself had asked for — as well as “fringe” benefits and the union shop. The final settlement called for a hike of 21.4 cents per

hour, certain of the "fringes" and most of the union shop demands.

But if not all of us had a hand in the four-billion-dollar shake-down, we all stood by like a lot of sheep with jellyfish backbones and let it be put over on us—which amounts to much the same thing. It just goes to prove what was said at the outset—when it comes to doing himself harm, man doesn't have to take a back seat even for nature.

True, nature is ahead at the moment by a score of five billion to four. But it took nature a year to hang up her mark. For us the year is young—and John L. Lewis is yet to be heard from.

Just wait until that guy puts us through the wringer, and then see what the score is.

POLITICS MAKES STRANGE BEDBUGS

GOVERNOR STEVENSON is being criticized for having in 1949 signed a deposition saying that, as far as he knew, Alger Hiss had a good reputation. The criticism is uncalled for. Hiss did have a good reputation, didn't he? Almost any one who knew him would have said as much if called upon.

What we can't understand, though, is Stevenson's appointment of Wilson Wyatt of Louisville and Arthur M. Schlessinger, Jr., of Harvard, as his personal aides in the campaign. Wyatt is former head of that twisted group of alleged liberals calling themselves Americans for Democratic Action. Schlessinger is national vice chairman of the gang.

ADA, to give it its short ugly name, is the closest thing we have to a socialist party in this country, the Socialist party itself never having come close to anything. Wyatt would out-deal the New Deal, which wasn't new, and the Fair Deal, which isn't fair. Schlessinger—well, maybe the guy is no Communist, but he is so pink his face turns pale when he blushes.

Why Stevenson dunnit we dunno. And another thing we dunno is this: Why did General Eisenhower pick Joe Barnes, former foreign editor of the one-time Republican Herald Tribune and a notorious fellow traveler, to ghostwrite his book? Didn't he know, or didn't he care? Well, it was his business to know, and to care—plenty. For whatever you can say about Schlessinger and the Reds—and that's plenty

—you can double it for Joe Barnes.

With so many capable writers to pick from—present company always suspected—why Eisenhower should have drawn Joe Barnes, we just can't imagine. Or why Stevenson should choose the pair of coocoos he picked.

MEET THE STAFF

FOR THE BENEFIT of those who are just now joining our happy throng (sic) of readers, a little background material about The Individualist family may not be amiss.

The editor of the sheet is seventy years old—and you know what a pain in the neck those seventy-year olds can be—sometimes. He is—sometimes. But he has more fun and gets more kick out of life than people twice his age.

He gets around our third-of-an-acre estate—which the everloving helpmeet calls The Steepletrap—on two sticks. He did it for a while in a wheelchair—which the everloving helpmeet called Tugboat Annie.

The ambulatory impediment is the long-term aftermath of a football injury of fifty years ago. It was a fortunate accident—for the doctors. For the past few years those lads have been hinting at cancer of the spine. A few months ago X-Rays disclosed a shocking state of affairs. Thar was no more gold in them thar hills. The medicos were down to the last dollar—which they promptly excised. And they immediately discovered that there was no cancer—and never had been. There was only dandruff. That shattered the editor's claim to being one of those strong men who suffer the most agonizing pains known to medical science in silence—though the everloving helpmeet is wont to remark that there is precious little suffering and no silence.

Next on the staff is the everloving helpmeet herself—five foot one, 114 on the hoof. She is a peach of a gardener. If her back holds out, we'll have the handsomest yard in Bradenton. We darn near have already. A crystal-ball gazer once told the everloving helpmeet that she'd be poor the first fifty years of her life, and after that she'd be used to it. She's two years past the fifty mark now and—well, it beats the band how right those crystal-ball guys are sometimes, doesn't it?

Then comes our Siberian Flea Hound. His name is Bo, but we call him Gallupoll for short. He's always nosing around to find out what is going to happen—which it usually doesn't. Our earlier readers will recall Gallupoll. If they think he hasn't improved with age, they're right—he hasn't. Ninety-nine times out of ten he is wrong. But he's as good as the human polesters, at that.

Finally, there's our 1949 Pontiac, Samantha, successor to Abigail, 1942 Olds. We loved Abigail, faithful family retainer that she was, but she had sand in her parts and couldn't hold her water. So we sold her down the river, put another fifty dollars with the proceeds and acquired Samantha. Samantha was practically new when we bought her—hadn't been driven much over 200,000 miles.

And that is the editorial family. We hope you'll like them because you'll be hearing more of them—and often.

WORD MASTERS —AND BALONEY

SAMPLES THUS FAR SUBMITTED indicate that Governor Stevenson has a facile pen and a fluent tongue, in pleasing contrast to the schoolboy prose and mumbled mouthings of a certain H. S. Truman.

Consider the following passage from the Stevenson acceptance speech in Chicago:

"And more important than winning the election is governing the nation. That is the test of a political party—the acid test. When the tumult and the shouting die, when the bands are gone and the lights are dimmed, there is the stark reality of responsibility in an hour of history haunted by those gaunt, grim specters of strife, dissension, and materialism at home, and ruthless, inscrutable and hostile power abroad."

Pretty smooth stuff that. It falls pleasantly on the ear. If he is elected and keeps up the pace, Stevenson may come to rank with another president who had a superb command of the English language—Woodrow Wilson.

In sheer lung power, neither Stevenson nor Wilson are to be mentioned alongside William Jennings Bryan. When Bryan whispered to the umpire at home plate you could hear him in left field. If he had ever used a mic-

rophone, he'd have shattered it in two syllables.

But, getting back to Stevenson, not even a facile pen and a ready tongue can keep a man from talking nonsense at times. For a horrible example, read Stevenson's words to the Ohio State Democratic convention at Columbus:

"The American people must decide whether they want to entrust a free society to those who have always stood for the traditional American freedom for the individual—or to those who would seize upon the crisis as an excuse for attacking and limiting individual freedom."

That's baloney, all wool and a yard wide. Compare individual freedom today with what is was prior to the Deal dynasty—New and Fair, neither of which was either. The recently concluded steel strike, in which 160,000-000 Americans took a four-billion-dollar licking at the hands of Harry S. Truman and Phillip Murray—what happened to the freedom of the individual in that instance?

Read the headline, "Grocers are Ordered to Post Prices." Does that smack of freedom of the individual? Are prices determined by sellers and buyers in the free market—or by bureaucratic edict?

Compulsory old-age insurance—you are required to buy it whether you want it or not, to say nothing of the fact that the premiums are swiped as soon as the bureaucrats can get their hands on them and used largely for other purposes. Do you detect any odor of individual choice, individual freedom, in such doings?

Consider the higher prices you are compelled to pay for farm products because of the government's price-support program. Free choice? Freedom of the individual? Or a shakedown which you are powerless to resist? Think of the millions of tax money—your money—paid to farmers for not growing things. Is there anything about that handout at your expense that hints at individual freedom?

Think of the taxes you pay—if you can do it without shuddering. One-third of the average American's income. Two days a week working for the government without pay. Time was when what a man earned belonged to him. And that was part and parcel of individual freedom. Nowadays they take a big slice of what you earn and give

it to somebody else. And that, they say, is standing "for the traditional American freedom for the individual." In a pig's eye it is.

It is a matter of open record that just as the Truman Democratic Administration alone has spent more money than all previous administrations in the country's history, so the Truman Democratic Administration alone — or possibly with a little help from the preceding Roosevelt Democratic Administration — has lopped off bigger chunks of our "traditional American freedom for the individual" than all the previous administrations put together.

And not even the versatile Mr. Stevenson can laugh that off!

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SOCIAL STATICS

IN BROWSING AMONG THE HEADLINES recently we came across this: "Heir to Oleo Fortune Arrested With 8 Beautiful Girls in Vice Den Raid," which you will agree, is calculated to arrest the eye. And then in the same paper we found this which, too, is an attention getter: "Auto Heir Dodge Has Showgirl Arrested For Taking His Candy, Perfume and Lighters."

A day or two later we encountered this: "Pickle Heir Exiled From Town For Shooting Escapade." The shooting, it appears, was done with pistols 1½ inches long and loaded with blanks. The idea was to break up a children's party which was making too much noise to suit the marksman.

And then the news takes a matrimonial turn and we read that the wife of Richard E. Reynolds, tobacco heir, received a settlement of two million dollars when she divorced him recently. Two million smackers is a sizeable hunk of change, but even so the young tycoon of the filthy weed was doing better. He was taken for more than three million when his first wife shucked him a few years earlier.

But he still has a lot to learn, a long way to travel, to get into Tommy Manville's class. Tommy ditched his number nine not long ago for a mere \$100,000. And of that, according to the gal herself, \$50,000 was bonus. But, then, of course, Tommy has had more experience.

Young Jelke's old man—Jelke was the lad with the 8 beautiful girls in the vice den—made his money making oleo. The senior Dodge made his making auto-

FROM WHOM OIL BLESSINGS FLOW

THE EVER HELPFUL ASSOCIATED PRESS gives us this from New York under date of August 22, last.

"The government sued four giant oil companies today for \$67,000,000, claiming it had been overcharged for Middle Eastern oil shipped to Europe under the foreign aid program."

There was more to the story but that was enough to cause us to wax wrath. And whenever we wax wrath the typewriter takes a pounding and somebody takes a drubbing.

Far be it from us to break into three hearty cheers for dear old Standard Oil and its partners in crime—if there was a crime and there were partners in it—but in this fracas our sympathies are wholly with the oil companies. As between crookedness and dumbness, we'll take the former every time. We find more pleasure in consorting with sinners than with simps. Smart crooks are more exciting company than honest dopes.

That is not to imply, of course, that the oil companies are either smart or crooked. For all we know, they may be neither—for all we know.

But that's more than can be said for the government. The government bought the oil—vast quantities of it. That's admitted. It paid for that oil. That's admitted. And now, after the bill is paid and the deal closed, the government comes out with the plaint that it has been gypped to the tune of sixty-seven million bucks — and wants its money back.

How come? Wasn't the price agreed upon before the oil was

mobiles. The "pickle heir," who was chased out of town, is a grandson of "57-variety" Heinz who, as might be guessed, accumulated his bundle making pickles. Reynolds' pop gathered his wad making cigarettes. Tommy Manville's old man picked up bales of the long green making asbestos shingles. The oldtimers made the money, the current generation make the headlines.

Whether any of the gents who begat such news-making progeny ever made any effort to make something of their offspring—that we wouldn't know. The evidence is against it.

Even so, it must be great to be rich, don't you think?

bought? Wasn't the bill checked before it was paid to see that the price was right? How then, if such is the case, could there have been any shenanigans? The answer, apparently, is that such was not the case. The oil was bought, and paid for, and then, and not until then, somebody remembered to ask the price. And didn't like it when he got it.

It looks to us like stupidity over and above the call of duty—even for the government. If you had a ten-year old son as dumb as that, what would you do with him? Get him a job with the government, where he wouldn't be lonesome?

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HOW IT ALL BEGAN

IT WAS IN AUGUST, 1946, that a circular letter went out from Forest Hills, N.Y., beginning, "Will you gamble a dollar on The Individualist?"

"The Individualist" the letter went on to explain, "is a monthly magazine I plan to start soon. A dollar will entitle you to twelve issues. It will not guarantee them, you understand, it will just entitle you to them. If twelve issues come out, twelve you get. If not—well you will have learned your lesson and will know better next time. That ought to be worth a dollar."

The sheet's aims were set forth thus: "The Individualist will concern itself with social and economic problems in the light of freedom—freedom being the right to do as you please so long as you do not infringe the other fellow's equal right. It will discuss the news of the day in its bearing on the individual's three basic rights—the right to work, for himself or another; the right to hold as his own what he produces; and the right to trade as he will without let or hindrance."

A couple of more short paragraphs and the letter wound up, "So-o-o, if you are game, send a dollar to The Individualist at the above address. And accept my thanks and blessing."

That fetched 'em — in fairish numbers. We almost ran out of thanks and blessings. The first issue, September, 1946, led off with an article entitled "We Make Our Bow." Since the piece represents our views of today, it is reprinted here, so that late comers may know what to expect henceforth.

This is where The Individualist, at the urgent solicitation of

practically no one at all, steps into the fray. With his eyes open—and on a shoestring.

The Individualist is interested in what is wrong with the world—which is just about everything—and what can be done about it—which is plenty. What is wrong is obvious. What can be done about it is what we hope to make clear in this pint-size periodical. To that end we shall delve into the doings of the day with a scalpel in one hand and a fine-tooth comb in the other. What we bring up will be examined in its bearing on the rights and dignity of the individual.

The findings will be given to our readers with candor but without rancor, with spirit but without spite. In the telling you will find neither the dull stodginess of smug complacency on the one hand, nor the bitter hopelessness of what's-the-use defeatism on the other.

The Individualist hates no one. Hate gets you nothing in return—but hate. And you wind up with stomach ulcers. This little paper will fight pernicious practice and predatory privilege rather than persons; evil institutions rather than erring individuals. Not all politicians are crooks, any more than all crooks are politicians, even though the boys switch roles on occasion, and what the May-Garsson business gives off is not exactly attar of roses. Not all business leaders should be shot, nor all labor leaders hung. Some, no doubt, but not all. By and large, men are a pretty decent sort—given half a chance.

Despite its shortcomings, this U.S.A. of ours is quite a country, quite a country. Here you will find more of that precious intangible known as freedom than in any other country on earth—and also of those prosaic necessities called food, clothing and shelter. And there has never been a moment from the time the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock when that wasn't true. There's room for improvement, to be sure, but we should build on what we've got to make it better rather than tear it down to make it over.

In these parlous and uncertain times when every one—well, most every one—is yelling for security, the undertaking upon which The Individualist choseth to embark must come under the heading of Brash Ventures, particularly when the shoestring angle is remembered. All right, so what? Brash Ventures can

be fun. They have more than a little to do with making life the interesting and exciting thing it is.

Well, that will give you a rough idea. And that is all there is to say, except—being human. The Individualist hopes you will like him.

The Individualist suspended publication with the September, 1950, issue. It is now revived with confidence — former subscribers are responding so handsomely, and new ones are coming in in such gratifying numbers—it is now being revived with high confidence that it will continue in circulation as long as its editor does. Which, that old curmudgeon opines, will be quite a spell yet, quite a spell.

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FOR LAND'S SAKE!

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP in the middle East.

First, Egypt has given the bum's rush to King Farouk, as odious an excrescence as has disfigured the face of decency for a long time.

Next, with Farouk out and the place fumigated, a sweeping program of land reform has been announced. The Army, which was responsible for tossing the corpulent king out on his medulla oblongata and which has taken over the job of running the works itself, has asked for legislation which would include wholesale redistribution of private lands.

Under the army plan present owners would be paid for their holdings in Treasury bonds over a 30-year period. The poor people, to whom the land would be sold, would have 30 years to pay for it. And henceforth no

one would be permitted to hold more than 200 acres of land.

Another forward step in a backward country has been taken in oil-rich Communist-menaced Iran, where 40,000 of the country's 41,000 villages are owned by powerful absentee landlords. Premier Mossadegh has issued a sweeping decree taking 20 per cent of the harvest profits from the landlords and turning it over to the nearly destitute peasants who do all the work and take all the risks.

At the same time, the Shah of that hot unhappy country goes old Mossey one better by starting to divide up among the peasants the immense land tracts of the imperial estates.

Well-meant efforts all, but each leaves a little something to be desired. The army should have seized all of the millions Farouk stole from the people, not just part of the swag—and left him to live on his fat. There's enough of that to assure the big slob a long life.

No man made the land and no man should have to pay another man for its use. To indemnify the Egyptian landlords is merely to perpetuate them in the special privilege which they have long enjoyed at the expense of the people. To require the peasants to pay to use the land, is merely to continue them at the disadvantage under which they have labored for countless generations. And why should the Iranian peasants who do the work have but 20 per cent of the profits? Why shouldn't they have them all?

Even so, both Egypt and Iran are groping in the right direction—particularly Egypt in the matter of the king business.

DIPLOMATS

GOVERNOR STEVENSON referred to the "mess" in Washington. Whereupon President Truman chirped up to say that he knew nothing whatever of any mess in Washington.

The incident is of less than no importance but it gives reason to hope that Stevenson is no diplomat. A diplomat is a gent who is careful never to give offense by anything he says. Take Secretary Acheson, for instance. He's a diplomat. He never gives offense — particularly to the Reds. He just gives them everything else instead. For Acheson, you see, is a diplomat.

If Stevenson were a diplomat, he never would have made that crack about the mess in Washington. He would have pretended not to see it, though he knows just as does everybody else that it is there in a big way—and smelly. If he should take first money in the forthcoming presidential handicap—it's a little early yet to say which entrant is carrying top weight — it will be pleasing to reflect that he is no diplomat—not if we can depend on the evidence adduced so far.

What we want in White House is a straight-shooter — and it looks like we may get one, however the race goes. What we don't want is a diplomat. Look where diplomacy has got us. There is a mess—in our foreign relations.

Which reminds us of a story. If a diplomat says yes, he means maybe. If he says maybe, he means no. If he says no, he's no diplomat. If a lady says no, she means maybe. If she says maybe, she means yes. If she says yes, she's no lady. And that's that.

Levities and Brevities

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "Eisenhower Says He Will Show Respect For Congress." That's more than a lot of people will do.

ANOTHER HEADLINE: "Finland to Pay Last Red Claim." That's what the Finns think. There won't be any last.

APPARENTLY the famous trotting race at Goshen went musical this year. A nag named Hit Song won the first heat, but Sharp Note took first money. Sour Note was not among the starters. He had over-trained at the Chicago conventions, where he was entered in every event.

"MILLIONS OF CRICKETS IN Mass Invasion of Chicago," our paper tells us. Poor Chicago! Weren't two political conventions enough for one summer?

"DEFENSE DEPARTMENT Has New Rules For Economy," says a headline. The old ones never wore out from use, that's a cinch.

IF YOU LIKE The Individualist, tell your friends. If you don't, tell 'em anyway—and get 'em to subscribe. You don't want to be the only one stuck for two bucks, do you?

"OEDIPUS WINS 49th Shillelah Handicap," reads a sports page headline. In other words, Oedipus Rex the hopes of the other horses in the race. Excuse it, please. The pun is the lowest form of humor—if you can call it humor.

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