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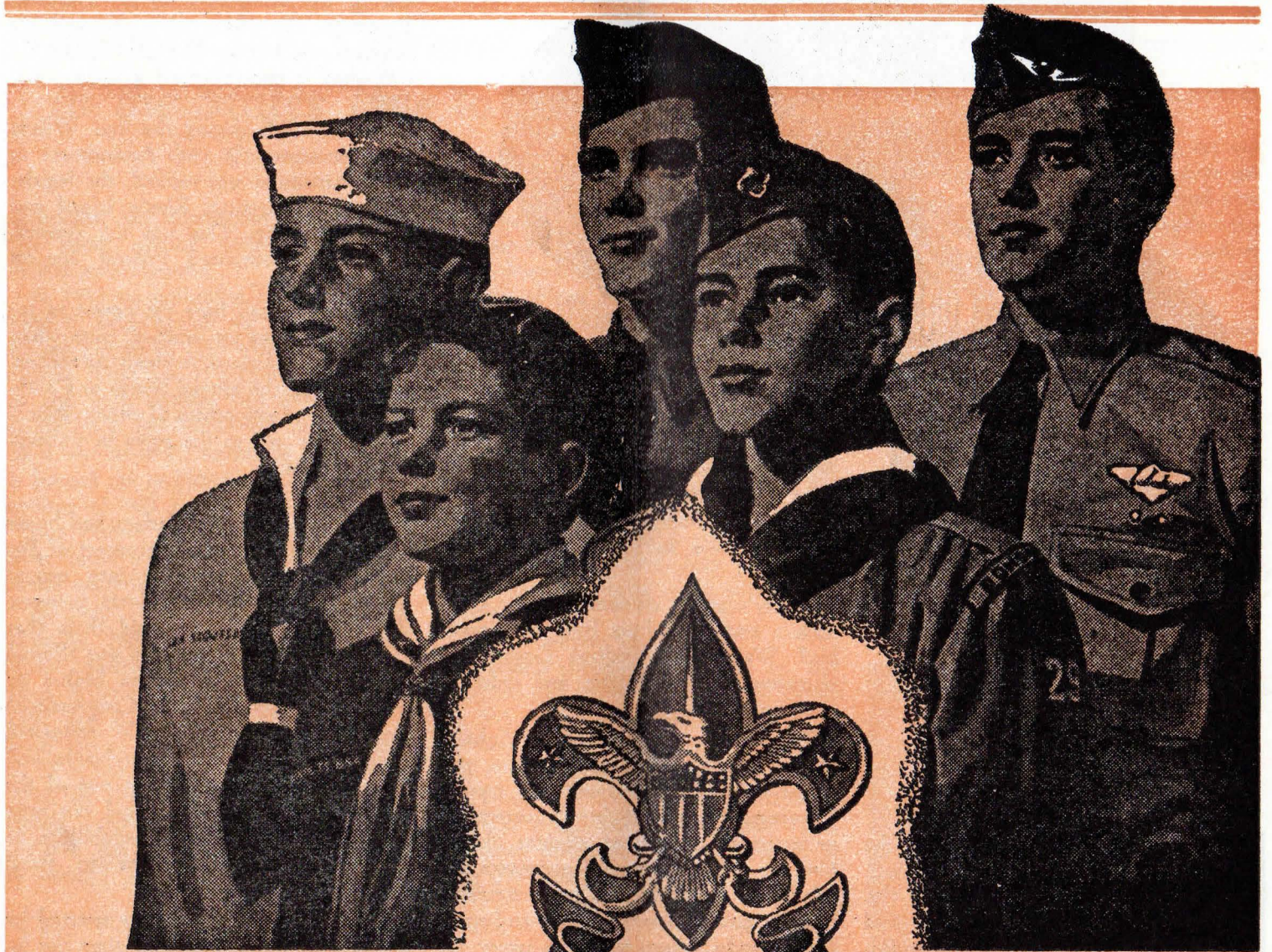
The Golden Times Weekly . .

How to Live Life with Courage, Wisdom, and Enduring Peace of Mind through Soulcraft

Volume IV

Noblesville, Indiana, Saturday, February 14, 1953

Number 16



Our Custodians of Tomorrow . .

WHETHER it shall be one world or many small worlds . . whether a world of plenty or a world of privation . . whether it shall be led by men of wisdom, humane and principled . . depends upon the guidance, the education, the ideals instilled in our youth of today. On their young shoulders will fall the mantle of Leadership. But it must be leadership built four-square on the splendid precepts of The Christ. Because no other resource can give today's youth so much.

Why Shouldn't Support Its

This was the state of national affairs during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt. The whole public debt in 1905 stood at the modest sum of \$1,132,357,095. And it hadn't upped a dollar since 1885.

But in 1913, during the first Wilson Administration, the 16th Amendment to the Constitution was ratified, the legislatures of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Utah dissenting. This was the Amendment that authorized Federal Income Taxes. It said—

"Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever sources derived, without apportionment among the several States and without regard to any census of enumeration."

We were off to the races in political squanderbust.

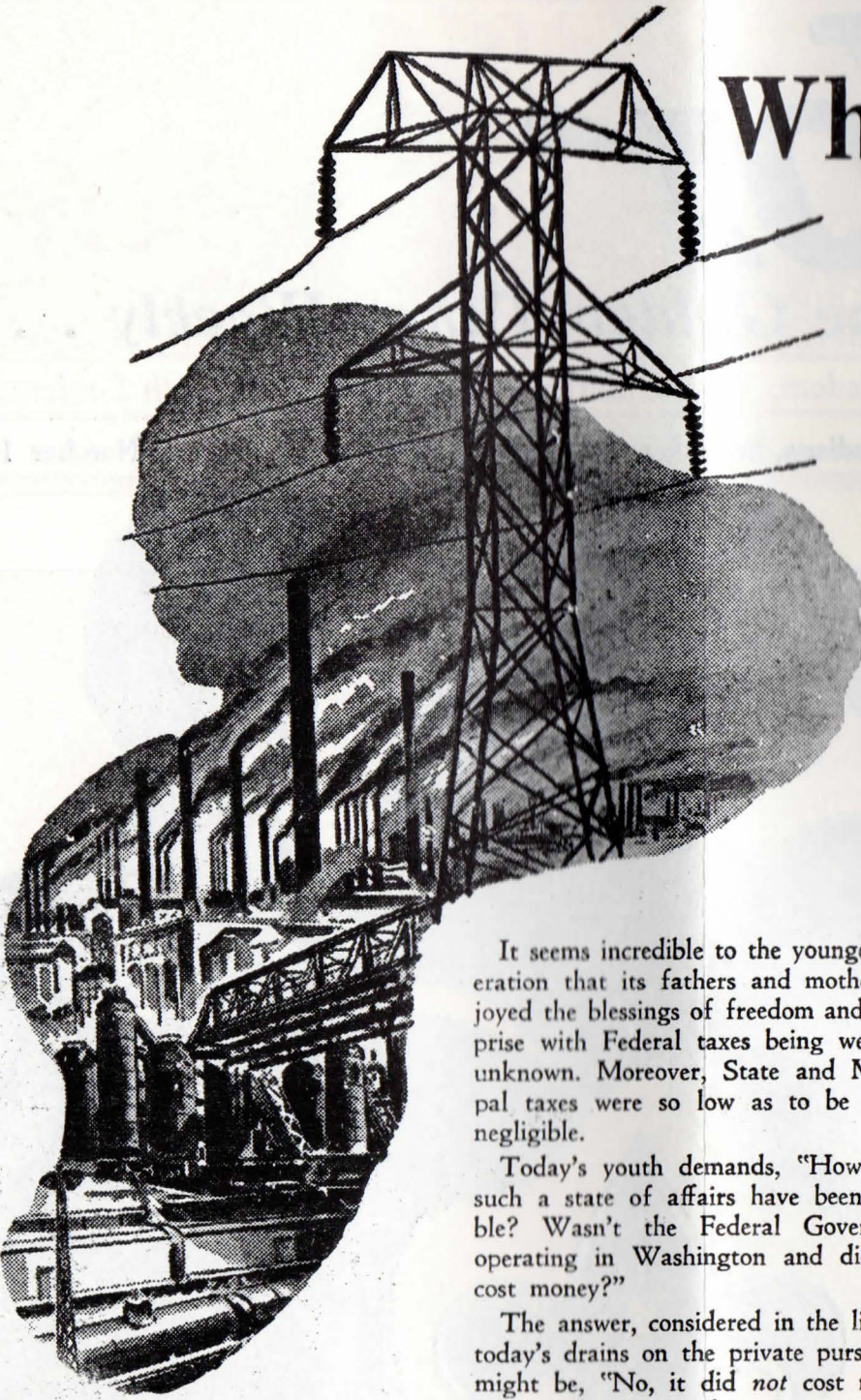
THE FOUNDING Fathers had by no means tolerated any prospect of Potomac politicians entering into several States and levying on private incomes. An uncanny sixth sense told them that the moment such a condition was allowed to exist, there would be no brakes on Federal spendings. Heavy Congressional representations from greatly congested States like New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, would dictate to the rest of the country as well what national tax rates were to be regardless of capabilities of the smaller commonwealths to stand them.

However, this passage was enacted by the Democrats at about the time the internationalists were beginning to throw themselves around in American affairs. Also, the Federal Reserve was being set up, and the anti-German War was gestating in Europe. Before the new Federal tax-take was getting down to the business of collecting from the Vermont farmer, the North Carolina hill-billy and the Arizona desert-rat, the anti-Kaiser war was on in truth, and Wilson had

It seems incredible to the younger generation that its fathers and mothers enjoyed the blessings of freedom and enterprise with Federal taxes being well-nigh unknown. Moreover, State and Municipal taxes were so low as to be almost negligible.

Today's youth demands, "How could such a state of affairs have been possible? Wasn't the Federal Government operating in Washington and didn't it cost money?"

The answer, considered in the light of today's drains on the private purse, well might be, "No, it did *not* cost money! Government engaged in no enterprises or activities outside of efficient clerical hire for the conduct of departments, the salaries of administrators and executives, and the going upkeep of army and navy. And largely offsetting these, were the public revenues from a high protective tariff, postal receipts, sales and improvements on public lands, and excise taxes on such luxury items as spiritous liquors and tobacco." The two came within a workable balance. From 1901 to 1905 the receipts of the Federal Government were \$559,481,000 and the expenditures \$535,559,000. The nation was living within its Federal income.



WE ARE approaching the innovations of Tomorrow's World along the devious, torturous, and educative paths of industrial turmoil, confiscatory taxation and predatory internationalism. It is difficult to discern, at the current moment, which is most pernicious of the three. But confiscatory taxation—that is, taxation imposed on John Q. Public beyond his ability to pay—is the more readily understood by the everyday citizen. Particularly is this true of Federal taxation.

the Federal Government Cost as Atomic Power Project?

Otherwise 32 State Legislatures Voting to Repeal the 16th Amendment Can Restore the Supreme Taxing Power to the States Due to Federal Abuse

abandoned the adjurations of Washington about getting entangled in Old World embroilments.

In 1918 we proceeded to spend 18 billions to help Britain win her war, and followed it up in 1919 with an added 27 billions. That was 45 billions that bought us absolutely nothing but a partnership in Britain's intercontinental turmoils, after a war in which humanity had insanely burned up, or blown up, the European savings of 400 years.

But Federal Government had learned what could be done with citizen assessments regardless of State.

By 1929 it was taking away 4 billions annually from interstate business and citizen revenues. Then came the panic years in which it dropped to three. But 1942 saw it go up dizzily to 12 for a fresh job of slaughtering Germans, then to 22 billions in 1943 and 43 billions in 1944. In 1945, the year World War II closed, it hit 45 billions.

Have you any idea what this means in money?

THE NATIONAL Small Businessmen's Association has figured it out that in 1937 it took *all* the income of *all* the people in Pennsylvania and Missouri to pay the cost of our Federal Government for one year.

Fourteen years later, in 1951, it took *all* the income of *all* the Americans in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New

Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, and Wyoming, to pay the cost of our Federal Government for one year—\$44,632,821,908.

This meant that the remaining States—California, Washington, Texas, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts—with Rhode Island squeaking into it—were carrying the load of supporting John Q. Public in the whole 48 States in his private and domestic affairs.

That, however, was in 1951.

Truman's budget, submitted to the Congress just before he left office, called for \$85 billion or thereabout, although the Republicans of today are striving to trim it to \$70 billion. Still that's a long way from the 1937 figure of \$7,910,000,000, and a still telescopic distance from Theodore Roosevelt's expenditures of a petty \$535,559,000.

THE CITIZENS living on three-fourths the land area of the 48 States are now contributing *all* their earnings to the Gargantuan enterprises into which Internationalism has taken their government, with the citizens on the remaining quarter barely earning enough to support *all the rest* whose total money must go to Washington . . . and through Washington to Britain and sundry countries overseas.

The public and private debt, by the

latest trade indexes of the United States Department of Commerce, is estimated at \$867,000,000,000.

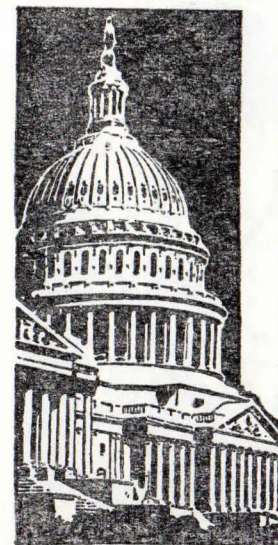
It's a debt that every economist in the world knows cannot be repaid—with wholesale deflation imminent.

Such is the harvest of the 16th Amendment.

We talk about "saddling it on our children." Our children are not even going to get the chance to pay it—and even if they got the chance, they *wouldn't* pay it. Why should they? They had nothing to say about incurring it. It will collapse in our lifetimes.

It was the infusion of the internationalist element into our Federal suzerainty that began the mischief. And the last act of the drama is contained in the defeatist recommendation—

"Things have been carried to such an insufferable pass that the only solution is to turn the whole bankrupt United States over to the super-wisdom of United Nations, and let United Nations' intellectualism—meaning pro-Marxist intellectualism—settle it."



NOW citizens who bewail the present inroads of the federal exchequer on their incomes, or cry in despair at times, "How can these assessments of Congress be brought back inside citizen control?" have lawful and ready remedy if they could only realize its effectivity—and it is astounding that nobody has thought of it earlier.

If 32 state legislatures voted the repeal of the 16th Amendment, Squanderbust

Capitol Hill could be brought to its knees tomorrow—and nothing under the sun could prevent it from happening.

Repeal of the 16th Amendment would compel the Federal bureaucracy to go to the legislatures and peoples of the 48 States with hats in hand, and be made to show cause why certain moneys should be appropriated from State funds for the carrying on of national government projects.

Overnight, that would make the Federal department the Uncle Tom instead of the Simon Legree of the States. And if the several State legislatures saw fit not to vote the appropriations for the national throw-away running into billions the Federal Government would have to forego them. Besides, State legislatures and legislators would have all that State wealth to administer in their own interests, instead of shipping it to Washington as relay state on the road to Switzerland strong-boxes against the time when the country goes broke and its assets may be bought for a song.

The 16th Amendment can be repealed with no more fuss or feathers than attended the 18th Amendment.

But how would the Federal government support itself and endure, if the many State legislatures went suddenly upon a program of economy and parsimony?

How about setting up as a great self-sustaining corporation for the manufacturing and merchandising of atomic power? . . .



NOW HERE is approximately what our Federal establishment would cost if all the fol-de-rols of government
(Continued on Page 14)

Chapter 112, The Golden Scripts

What Do We Want for Counsel?



DEARLY BELOVED:

LET US pray for those who make mischiefs unto evil forces. Let us pray WITH those who have divine inspiration, that they bring their plans to fruition in circumstance.

I bid you rise up and know that I speak! I bid that ye tell your brethren, The Lord hath made one with us, let us adore Him for His gentleness with our shortcomings.

Take ye this message throughout your lives: Ye have sought Me blindly, now ye seek Me with intelligence, knowing that I look unto each of you for service.

Discourse on discourse have I given you until your ears have rung with knowledge;

Pour it out on My sheep, beloved. Anoint them with it. Thus shall increase come to you as shepherds, knowing the plans by which the sheepfold is increased.

Now I say more: I tell you that ye do come unto a place where the Great Darkness yawneeth, yea before your footsteps doth it spread with a dreadness.

I lead you through Circumstance to provide against that time. Teach my sheep probity, teach them intelligence, teach them veracity, teach them that all which cometh unto them hath in it the likelihood of fortune.

Thus shall it be well with you, beloved, even as of old.

Do My work, teach My flock, lead My people, be My Staff on a wearying journey to help the sons of men.

Ye do belittle yourselves by saying, The spirit weakeneth in the face of want. My version hath it, Want must weaken in the face of Spirit.

Abide Mine instruction and it shall be known of you as it was known of old: Ye didst make a garden and flowers sprang up, ye didst give of their increase that the walker who passed that garden was cheered by the blossoms that fell before his feet. The world is a garden where blossoms grow quickly. Tend them with care that the cheerless know their fragrance . . .

PEACE

What You Should Realize about Disease and Pain . .



THE AVERAGE man or woman accepts Pain and Ill-health as facts of life. They "catch a cold" or they succumb to a disease. Nine out of ten persons assume that a cold or a disease hits upon them as victims by a Law of Chance. One moment they are feeling physically fit, the next moment there is an irritation somewhere, they begin to run a temperature, the doctor comes and prescribes nostrums for them, and they get well or grow worse—without the slightest suspicion that their conscious wills may have anything to do with this turn of events in the slightest.

Some people are confirmed invalids. Some people are hypochondriacs—that is to say, they "enjoy being sick" and take a morbid delight in remaining physically under normal. Other people are angered by an attack of this or that. At least they appear to be angered. They get feeling "mean" and this "meanness" grows worse. They are frightened and disgusted. "I don't want to get sick right now!" they exclaim. "Too much depends upon me." Their conscious wills put up a battle to overcome the malady that threatens. Conflict is introduced. They declare that they are "fighting off" the threatened indisposition.

Or perhaps there is a dull ache in a certain portion of the anatomy day after day, month after month. They finally go to a physician. The man makes an examination and his features grow grave. "I hate to shock you," he says, "but this trouble that's bothering you has all the symptoms of being from cancer."

Cancer!

The conscious mind of the "victim" does a tailspin into panic.

Cancer is popularly supposed to be fatal. With a sinking feeling in the pit of the tummy, the victim emits a hypotheti-

cal wail. "Why should cancer attack Me? I don't want to die. I've got everything to live for!"

And from that moment—emerging from the physician's office—all the world is altered. Life henceforth, the career, the ambition, everything! must be subverted into a mad campaign to preserve the physical existence.

As if the physical existence mattered!

SO the gamut of disease runs all the way from mild influenza to cancer, and the human soul decides that Life is very hard indeed. The vexations of Life are bad enough, without having physical collapse occur to make the struggle worse. Others there are, who for no seeming reason are committed to mad pain. Rheumatism, arthritis, a thousand and one chronic ailments, seem to afflict the bodily mechanism without the slightest reason. Crutches are called for, pathetically utilized. Family lives are thrown out of gear because some member of the domestic circle is "stricken" with this or that.

We seek out the Wise Mentors and we ask them: "Why in the name of all that's compassionate, does Pain as physical handicap or inconvenience have to be? Why must some people suffer, and others be exempt from suffering? What sort of a God exists at the head of the universe, that He picks out this man or that woman for a mattress grave—fine moral people who seemingly have done nothing to deserve such fate—whilst others without a conscious thought about existence from New Year's to Christmas abuse themselves vilely and never suffer penalty?"

The Mentors smile, for they are very wise. "No one," they answer sadly, "ever suffers anything that he has not decreed for himself. The Law of Life is the law of self-election. Pry into the subconscious



minds of persons who succumb to illness and you will discover strange, strange reasons for their unwonted bodily discomfort—forever self-motivated!"

The suffering mortal is furious at this.

"Would I, by any chance, decree this agony for myself if I had the gift of self-election?" he cries.

And the Mentor answers: "Yes! That is precisely the thing that you are doing. You have deliberately invited a physical condition in order to balance something in your career that otherwise is uncontrollable—or at least out of control. You may not recognize consciously just what that out-of-balance condition is. But you, and you alone, are answerable for the distress which has afflicted you. You are 'after something' which you cannot obtain in the ordinary maneuverings of human intercourse, and what you are doing is striving to destroy the physical because the physical has seemed faithless in performance."

FEW terms in the English language are used more incorrectly than Health and Disease. People talk about "catching" a disease. They speak of "regaining" their health. They do neither, strictly speaking, for each would be impossible. We get the word Disease from the old French "aise", signifying Relaxation, and "dis", the prefix meaning Apart, Asunder, expressing the contrary of what is implied by the second element. In other words, Dis-ease conveys the pristine thought-picture: apart, asunder, or contrary, to relaxation.

How can you "catch" a contrariness to

relaxation? In the meanings of words we sometimes have our cues to great and significant truths . . .

Or consider Health. It comes from the old Anglo-Saxon root-word "hal" and conveys the pristine thought-picture of Completeness. We get the word Whole from the same root—we get the words Hale, meaning sound or hearty, and Holy, which needs little definition.

To speak of repossessing one's Completeness, is a trifle absurd.

If a man lost an ear in a motorcar mishap, and some small boy found it, and carried it to the emergency hospital, and the victim said, "Bless my soul, that is mine!—by all means sew it back on," and the surgeon did so, and three months later the owner of the repossessed ear could wiggle it quite as dexterously as before he took his head-dive through the windshield, then he might be entitled to say he had "regained his health." But that would be about the only instance in which the term would fit.

It is a strange fact about our language that you can take about all the synonyms for physical stricture—ailment, malady, affliction, all the rest of them—pull them apart to get their original meaning, and find that scarcely one of them describes literally any such business as little bugs getting into you and gnawing daylight through you, so that you die.

Practically one and all convey this thought: The bodily processes are either speeded up, or speeded down, from what is commonly the tempo of the mechanism for most efficient exercise. They do not imply that any of the body's members have dropped off, or any of the internal workings fallen out like cogs dropped along the highway by an ancient Ford. They say that the physical self is functioning at improper speed.

Now something normally makes the physical self function at any speed whatever, and we call it the Life Principle within it, the Psyche, or Soul. So when the body is misbehaving, something has happened to alter the tempo of its operatings—or rather, make the Life Principle, the Psyche, the Soul, alter the tempo of its operatings.

The old lady who has a complex on draughts can't stand in the open doorway two minutes "without catching her death of cold" and probably in the end, perishes of pneumonia. Or a whole nation of people read that an influenza epi-

demic is felling its thousands overseas, and a pandemonium of Fear starts a similar epidemic on this side of the ocean. The nitwit asks awesomely, "How did the flu-germ ever jump across three thousand miles of water?" The flu-germ did not jump anywhere. Influenza microbes are probably being washed in and out of every human being's body a thousand times an hour, every one of the 365 days in the year, but the mind doesn't feed it the thought-aspic in which to breed.

It amounts to that!

The woman who doesn't like children, or who doesn't want children, or who has been subjected to motherhood excessively, or who has had a dickens of a time giving birth to her last baby and shrinks from the distress of having another, will mystically grow a fibroid tumor.



Any tumor is the improper alignment of growing cells. They take shapes or patterns that they shouldn't.

But *why* should they take shapes or patterns of themselves? Of course they do not. They obey the behest of Mind. Mind is thus only subconscious Will.

The only real disease is the vertebrae of the spine getting out of whack, through a mishap in work or gymnastics, shutting off vital fluids to the brain or pinching the nerve-centers of the spinal cord. Then follows Lack of Ease, indeed. But who in common phraseology would describe a crick in the neck as a *disease*?

THE AVERAGE person thinks that he goes gobbling up the germs of diseases like little polly-wogs. If he happens to snare one in his nostrils or his gullet, he is in for a spell of sickness. But examine the temperaments of the persons who "come down sick" . . . observe how they behave as tired of the economic struggle, "fed up with life,"

starved for affection, or at odds with the social circumstance.

What they truly want—subconsciously—is a vacation or graduation. So they take a mattress joy-ride, or they toy subconsciously with the idea of suicide, or self-death out of season, for a matter of days or weeks. Then the drive of the old life-errand comes back, and they decide to get along with it. The local paper says their friends are rejoiced to learn that they have recovered their health—a nonsensical phrase conveying the thought that they have "put a new cover on their wholeness."

The local paper means to say that the person concerned had quit his subconscious idea of personal physical indulgence.

People who joy in their work and find every moment of it enthralling, people who are happily married and have enough to equip them with life's reasonable necessities, people without much of a gripe at the universe, don't "get sick" from decade to decade.

The doctor or nurse whose professional business it is to treat the sick, usually passes unscathed through a thousand pestilences. And the explanation is simple. They are too interested in their work of human healing to take time out for self-indulgence in a personal vacation.

They stay well because the mind instructs the body to keep its tempo.

Even the very word Sick betrays this thought. It comes from the old Anglo-Saxon "seoc" meaning Languishing—as with some unattained desire.

There you have it: unattained desire! Tell me your unattained desire, and I'll tell you how to end the rubbish of sickness in a tail-shake.

A PROFESSOR in a college was secretly loved by a woman pupil. She sought to attract his interest in the conventional feminine manner. He was too interested in his work to take time out for romance. One day it was reported to him that the woman had suffered a "breakdown", was confined at home, and running a dangerous temperature. He must hasten at once to her bedside, said a message.

"Fiddle-faddle!" he snapped.

"But she truly IS running a temperature," the doctor confirmed.

"Let her run it," retorted the first, "till

(Continued on Page 11)

Britain's Perfidy from the Christian's Viewpoint

Charitable Understanding in Acknowledgment of Tragedy



AM not one of those who get overly poisonous upon the subject of the British Empire and its place in modern world politics just because I had an ancestor or two on my mother's side who fought at Concord Bridge. If I happen to dislike certain British traits, it's because they're my own family traits. On my father's side I'm a direct descendent of British aristocracy, just four generations removed. In consequence of this, I find my personal name listed in Burke's Peerage for 1939, Page 2859. My maternal grandmother was an Irishwoman by the family name of Sullivan, and my paternal grandmother was a Scotchwoman, whose maiden name I never heard. So the blood of the whole British Isles flows in my organic veins. If I want to criticize—or blister—my own flesh and blood, I claim that's my privilege . . . Who has a better right?

I have a certain sympathy for the British character because I understand it. My esoteric studies have convinced me that in previous careers I had much to do with the history of the British Empire, and while I have never visited England thus far in my present life, I feel myself as oriented to the Tight Little Island as I do to Vermont, Indiana, or California. Collectively I can't tolerate English mass smugness—even though I know it's a subconscious defense-mechanism. On the other hand, if I were given an assignment on which the fate of empires depended and it was more than fifty-fifty whether I emerged alive, it would be an Englishman—any Englishman—whom I would choose as com-

By the
Recorder

panion. An Englishman doesn't run out on you, and the tougher the going, the harder he grits his teeth and digs in.

That's the heritage of his breed from the geographic situation in which Kismet and History has located him . . .

THE THING we want to bear in mind, in all this global diplomatic business to which England alone seems to hold the key, is that Britishers were cast by the God-of-Things-Generally to evolve their breed on a little patch of sea-enveloped land only 300 miles one way by 350 the other. This is no more land area than is contained in our western State of Arizona. And nearly 30 millions of Anglo-Saxon souls must live and make sustenance on its 50 thousand square miles. Imagine the American state of Arizona containing 30 millions of people. There wouldn't be land enough to feed them. They would have to sprawl out and do business in distant territories, by sheer economic necessity.

So England turned to the sea because there was no other avenue for her to pursue. She became a shipping nation by the very force of her world predicament. Which meant that she likewise had to be a naval nation to give her shipping protection. For 300 or more years she was known as Mistress of the Seas. All seas. She built a great empire by nominating and supervising peoples with

plenty of land but lesser intellects.

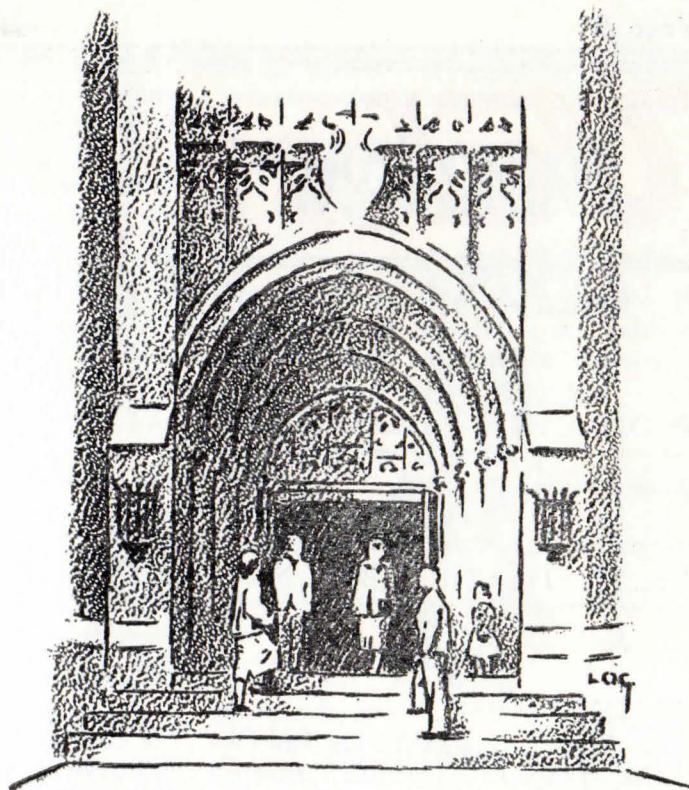
Because her position was so strategic, at the very gateway to the continent, she became a constant challenge to other suzerainties. Then on August 1st, 1914, she reached the crest and apex of her historical power and world influence. Next day she was embroiled in war on the continent . . .

SHE LOST that war, just as she lost the second world war—because they were land and not sea wars. Oh, she won it in the military way because of the assistance supplied by the allies she was able to rally to her aid. But she lost it in the economic way, because they were wars that cost in treasure what she could not afford to pay. With her great historical and cultural heritage in pawn she went bankrupt economically—because world trade turned to air routes instead of water.

However, what a nation of Americans has yet to learn is the fact that, left to the ingenuities of her people, she might have recovered from that economic plight at a far faster pace than she did, had her war controls bureaucracy not insisted in lingering on to alter her institutions politically in the interests of Russia and Communism.

In other words, the same international interests and elements moved into control

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Perfidy



CLEARER and clearer the facts behind the Red China blockade situation would appear to emerge. Britain resents any effective closing of the South China ports because it means the end of her revenues from supplying munitions and commodities to our enemies in Korea. The gobbledygook veils this blood-profit that she fears "it will spread the war into Asia and involve Russia." If she truly thought it would spread the war into Asia and involve Russia she should encourage the blockade because it would mean a still greater volume of war goods supplied our enemies and make her that much richer. Russia has few goods to supply China or anyone else.

Anyhow, we do seem to have the spectacle spread before us of an empire to which we have loaned billions of dollars, giving aid and comfort to our enemies. And Eden puts on the Great Corkscrew Act in Parliament, calling it everything but that which it is—Albion's traditional perfidy in the name of empire survival and commercial profits.

Americans must learn the hard way that there is but one honor among governments, the honor of Expediency. When kingdoms as kingdoms are fighting to stay alive, any sort of moral crime under the calendar is permissible in the name of Policy.

Is it not time to tell Britain that unless she ceases supplying munitions that keep the conflict hot in Korea, we shall have no alternative but to apply the same embargo on everything British that we have

witnessed as having such salutary effects on the economic fortunes of Russia. Even a moral embargo against everything British promoted among Americans by the families of the dead or wounded in the Korean War, might produce an effective show down on British official behavior.

Anyhow, don't look for any successful China blockade so long as Britain sees a chance to procure shillings for survival.

Fooling Nobody



THE NEWS flashes come through from Southern California that the loud and venomous combatting of the UNESCO program of anti-American education and mongrelization taught in the California public schools has resulted in success for the indignant patriotic parents of Southern California and that the UNESCO program has been recalled. All Soulcrafters who likewise wish to believe in the reality of Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer may now sally forth into the nations's academic streets and blow pasteboard horns.

VALOR receives dependable enlightenment from the California Southland that usual Red maneuvers have been afoot and "the heat taken off" by the abandoning of the use of certain especially obnoxious U-N textbooks from teachers' curriculums. That is all.

No instruction has been altered.



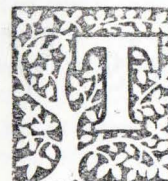
Obviously the oily-tongued international educationers have simply pointed to the dropping of titles of certain textbooks as proof that all is now Patrick-Henry Purity in the schools of Southern California.

Which might better be told to Rudolf the said Red-Nosed Reindeer and save breath.

The UNESCO treason will only halt

when United Nations is run out of America along with the Alger Hisses who are not yet in jail.

Discipline for Cause



THE HERITAGE of the whole New-Deal bureaucracy could be crashed to the ground in a month, if the people of the 48 States suddenly decided they were not going to pay any more confiscatory taxes to the Federal government. No need to call any tax-strike. No need to resort to any form of intimidation or display of violence. All that's required is to persuade a majority of members in 32 State legislatures to vote to repeal the 16th Amendment.

Not one taxpayer in a thousand is aware of the fact that prior to the passage of the 16th Amendment, the Federal government had no more authority to impose income taxes than it had power to dictate that the Emperor of Japan desist from eating pepper on his ice-cream. It could impose excise taxes—and did. But going into the States and bleeding citizens financially dry was as preposterous as backing a truck up to ones front door and moving out the pictures and rugs.

It might spread consternation throughout the Halls of Congress if a great hue and cry went up across this nation for the immediate repeal of the 16th Amendment. No more money for fantastic foreign projects? No more money for United Nations? No more money for Britain, France, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Abyssinia and Patagonia? What excuse would Congressmen have for tarrying in Washington?

The legislatures in 32 States gave the Federal Suzerainty the right to tax Americans to their last belt-buckle, back in 1912-13. The same legislatures can recall the indiscretion in this winter's sessions, if the citizen pressure is vehement enough.

If each State collected citizen taxes and donated to Washington what Congress sold it on the idea it was necessary to the common clerical government and defense, would it be discipline for cause or would it not? Why yammer about Truman taxes when relief is available for keeps?

It's all provided for—strictly legal—in the Constitution.

Report to Supporters



COMMENT has grown sharp at times, from VALOR correspondents, concerning dearth of information arising out of The Recorder's legal cases.

Supporters should realize by this time that whereas the courts waste little time indicting and trying a citizen whose use of the First Amendment results in Administration embarrassment—not to mention Marxist discomfiture—they can show themselves extremely technical when it comes to correcting injustices reflecting on their own integrities or errors.

The Recorder-Publisher was indicted on June 4, 1942 for having dared to publish a tract entitled *We Fight for This Republic Only*, from which it was adjudged seditious to cast the slightest aspersions on Downing Street or the Kremlin for their motives or worth as Allies. Having been the dean of all effective anti-Communist fighters in the nation, no "jammed docket" of the Indiana Federal Court prevented the quick date of July 28th from having been set for submitting him to what attendant newsmen called a typical Marxist Purge Trial. Fifty-four days was thus allotted him and counsel for preparing their defense, all technical motions were overruled and the trial came off with court and witness stand swarming with Commies.

"This war may last a long time," next said Judge Robert Baltzell in passing sentence after an octogenarian jury—that didn't know what it was all about—had found him guilty as charged. "I propose to give you a sentence that assures that you do not make any more trouble, or cause any more embarrassment, between this country and her hard-pressed allies."

The sentence was 15 years.

It was the longest and toughest sentence passed out during the whole War, with the sole exception of 20 years given to Wilhelm Kunze for having previously headed the German-American Bund.

Appeals were denied. Commies were jubilant. Indicted in Washington subsequently for the same charge in the so-called Mass Trial—in disdain of the double-jeopardy provision in the Constitution—the Recorder suffered an additional stress of 119 days in court and approximately \$23,000 in defense expenses. Whereupon the trial blew up with the

death of the presiding judge and the federal prosecutor betook himself out of the country to act as counsel for Red Tito in Yugoslavia.

But while that Mass Trial was running, the Supreme Court of the United States issued its findings in the Viereck, Baumgartner, and Hartzell cases which had been appealed to it, whereas the Recorder had been denied certiorari in his. In these decisions the Supreme Court defined what constituted Sedition, and by no stretch of any statement or printing could anything in the Recorder's writings or speakings have come under their definitions. In other words, the Supreme Court pronounced that what the Recorder had been indicted, tried, and imprisoned for, had not been punishable under the Statutes.

Nevertheless, to obtain his discharge from further confinement it was necessary to get a Federal Court hearing and have the Indianapolis trial and sentence reviewed and corrected. The Truman Administration, and the O. John Rogges still performing in the Department of Justice, got around the possibilities of the Recorder thus obtaining his freedom by seeing to it that no such court hearing was permitted.

"We can stop you in any Federal Court of the country," was the angry declaration of the Assistant Attorney General at one time to the Recorder's Washington counsel. "We can't have your client out. That guy knows too much. *He'd be the rallying point for the forces of reaction against us!*"

So Justice Goldsborough of the District of Columbia courts refused to recognize grounds for the hearing of a habeas corpus in his jurisdiction where the Recorder was jail-resident, and back in Indiana the original sentencing Judge declared he too was powerless to act and correct his own sentence in light of Supreme Court findings, because defendant was not physically in his jurisdiction. Habeas corpus went kapoot. The Kremlin's geese honked high.

This fight to get justice worried along for more than 5 years. The question of release on lawful parole came up. This too was vigorously opposed by the same powerful fellow-travelers in the Executive legal arm. Only deadly action taken by the Recorder's senatorial ally, William Langer, of North Dakota, asking the Senate for permission to investigate the

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Parole Board and whole Department of Justice, resulted finally in physical release.

Parole was granted three years ago this week.

But it was a parole that carried a First-Amendment muzzle. It was conferred on the understanding that the defendant was not to print or publish any controversial political or anti-racial material. And he was to confine his person strictly to Hamilton County, Indiana.

Not until the 1st of July, 1952, could the Recorder get himself prepared to begin an aggressive fight for exoneration. On that date, an inch-thick legal motion was filed with the original sentencing court, praying for relief from a situation that the Supreme Court had long since cleared up but which the Truman Administration refused to permit to be adjudicated. Albert W. Dilling of Chicago, his partner-son, Kirkpatrick Dilling and George A. Henry of Indianapolis, filed this motion with Judge William Steckler, the sentencing Judge's successor.

It went under the pile of 934 previous cases, from which it has slowly been working its way to the top. No favoritism can be shown. It must be considered on its merits in order of filing.

The Federal Government was by no means so meticulous in Josef Stalin's interest in June of 1942.

So because there is a badly jammed court docket in Indiana, a malodorous and pernicious injustice must continue in force on a man who only spoke out for the welfare of his own nation in the face of global war—he must be penalized by months and perhaps years of restrictions because Judge William Steckler is a badly overworked jurist.

Meantime all the usual hazards to attorneys, witnesses, and evidence maintains, but that is regarded as the Recorder's ill-fortune. The quest for correction and vindication falls in the scope of Civil Action, not Criminal. Under the pile of 934 prior appeals for justice the Recorder's motion lies and not even a cold chisel can pry it out. Meantime the Recorder is denied the rights of unrestricted free speech and liberty of person outside of Hamilton County—with the sole exception of necessary business trips to Indianapolis city. And if Judge Steckler—an entirely conscientious, capable, and satisfactory magistrate—could knock off the cases ahead of the Recorder's motion

at the rate of five a week, one a day, with no other new cases interfering, a time lapse of 187 weeks or between three and four years must elapse. Granted the case then came to hearing and vindication, the Recorder would have but six months of parole remaining. At least 14½ years of Administrative jurisdiction would have been served—all for committing something that the U. S. Supreme Court has declared the defendant had every legal right in the world to commit.

Nevertheless, the Recorder and his counsel are determined not to let the matter die. It takes mettle to stand up to such a situation, and great spiritual understanding not to be cynical at such administration of American "justice" . . . besides, there is always the chance that a Republican Administration may take note of the congestion in the Southern Indiana Federal District and appoint assistants to Judge Steckler.

Meanwhile Attorneys Dillings and Henry are leaving no stone unturned to bring the matter to as speedy issue as possible. And this past month, Mr. Dilling Senior made a trip to New York City to interrogate the defendants in the Recorder's suit for libel against Walter Winchell. Walter, despite his blabbermouth vauntings of an ornate desire to get the Recorder into court, is moving heaven and earth to get off the Indiana legal hook. His position is, that by writing his slanders from New York City, it is the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate that is culpable for his printed character assassinations and must be sued in that municipality. Both principals are immune from reprisals in any distant States where the pernicious dispatches are published. Walter is well aware that a suit against him filed in Manhattan would get nowhere. In Indiana, before a grassroots jury and where his writings are anathema, the Recorder could and would recover a heavy compensation.

Tearing these motions for justice to ribbons and throwing them over the shoulder in cynical disgust, is precisely what the opponents of The Recorder desire and expect to have happen—and for exactly that reason it will emphatically not be done.

Both issues are going to court decisions if they require twenty years.

And this, barring the annoyance of a brief attack of influenza suffered by Mr. Dilling this week in reaction to his Man-



hattan trip, is the status of the Recorder's legal achievements to the moment.

Great Britain

(Continued from Page 7)

of the British Empire that had earlier moved into control of the New-Deal American Government. And their one desire was to smash and liquidate the British Empire because it stood in the way of internationalism supervised from quite another quarter. They early secured control of the Atlee Labor Government, proclaimed economic "emergencies" that only existed to suit their own pro-Russian purposes, okayed provision after provision that detached valuable domains from the British Crown politically, and brought Communistic austerity of living to the British people. It was British New Dealism, in other words, with British trade unionism loaded with the usual Red stooges who posed as "Socialists" . . .

None of this "Control" hocus-pocus was the real British people themselves—just as the supplying of goods to Communist China is not the British people themselves. But Britain under the Red "Socialists" signed a pact with Russia that now dictates her foreign policy, and took her within the Russian perimeter. The effect of this on international relations is to call for the use of what re-

mains of the British fleet to keep the sea lanes open for the Chinese Communists so that they have goods and munitions to continue the Asiatic War.

Both Churchill and Eden know all this, but are powerless to act without totally disrupting the British Government and raising a rancor that alienates Britain's American friends to a point where further economic aid to England is wholly out of the question.

SO LET'S get it fixed in our minds that this latest "perfidy" of Albion savors more of Red Fifth-Column operation behind British Government than it does of any desire on the part of Englishmen as Englishmen to truly give aid and comfort to America's enemies.

Perhaps the South Koreans are not the only world residents who need factual delivery from the paralysis of creeping Marxism.

However, in all Christian sagacity as well as altruism, it would be well to suspend judgment on Britain's motives in and behind this South China blockade situation until we see how a Britain awakening to new world obligations under a beautiful young Queen fights up and out of the world Marxist conspiracy and regains its traditional soul.

With United Nations sessions resuming shortly, and events proceeding in seven-league boots in relationships between Russia and Israeli, Britain in a

wholly new guise may push to the fore. To examine the whole circumstances behind current British foreign policy results in a totally different picture of Britain than the pro-Russian propagandists wish displayed to Americans.

One thing Americans should never be stupid enough to accept: that Britain as England is "all washed up." Britain is by no means "washed up" because the British character itself never "washes up."

VALOR will have more to say about the true condition in British Government as the pro-Russianism of the pseudo British "Socialists" becomes blatant in the China Blockade.

Pain and Disease

(Continued from Page 6)

she breaks your thermometer. If there's one thing I can't tolerate, it's a Sick Woman. Tell her to stop her play-acting and come back to class!"

The doctor reported this conversation verbatim.

The woman was so "mad" that she turned up in class next morning quite normal.

Question: If her internal pollywogs had been responsible, what became of them when she lost all interest in her illness because she thus learned that her professor despised her?

The item of Pain, is quite something else. Pain as a word comes from the Greek, down through the Latin, and means—something you'd never guess! a fine. The Greek spelling of it is "poine" and the Latin, "pena". The word Penalty likewise comes directly from it.

Of course, defining Greek and Latin words is a silly and superfluous business when one's toothache is making his jaw look like a cabbage, or when one has a disturbance in the abdominal parts that feels like a major explosion about to detonate. Nevertheless, the meaning of the term is pat.

Pain is what we receive in the nature of a fine, or penalty, when a bashing has come to a physical member, or when Mind has let the tempo of the body get so wild that the physical engine has gone out of control.

(Concluded in Next Issue)

DON'T forget that the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil was merely applesauce.



.. COGITATIONS

NEBRASKA Eric finishes up a letter to me this week, "I love you, from your brusque dismissal of all manner of pretense to your tender concern for a mongrel pooch in search of outlet for his frustrated libido." Eric, you see, has just been here to Headquarters and departed home to dreary snow wastes near the Rockies. And he seemed to be impressed with my weakness for arising and unfastening doors whenever this canine livestock desired to locate elsewhere. There's a lesson and a moral behind this weakness. I'll go into it in a moment, and it hasn't a thing to do with keeping rugs sanitary. As for my brusque dismissal of all manner of pretense, sometimes I wish a really clever psychologist would define for me the cause of the indignation and disgust that boils up within me whenever any of the brethren—or more often the sistren—remark what a literary superman and intellectual colossus they consider me and whatever would sacred metaphysics have done, had the none-too-bright physician who delivered me, dropped me at birth? I know of course in my own mind, that I'm the laziest and most indolent mortal that ever donned socks that were not mates, that there's only one thing funnier than I, and that's the human race en masse, that I go about most of the time feeling like an unmade bed, and that the only portrait of a contemporary that makes me take heart at the physiognomy with which life has smitten me is John L. Lewis'. Once in the Terre Haute federal hostelry I learned in chagrin that out of 1100 men I had been voted the guest with most character in his face—and I'm telling you it stunned me.

You may say it's a form of inverse vanity that causes me to mention it here but not altogether. I like most middle-class Americans, have, since the age of seven, severely and ruthlessly winced at my own countenance. Always when I plastered bay rum on adolescent locks, I regarded myself in the mirror sideways and decided that unless Nature supplied me with a couple inches more chin by twenty-one, nothing loomed ahead of me but addiction to strong drink. Also I could use a good mallet pasted against my nose, realizing that it protruded too far into the world and doubtless would get me into all kinds of trouble poking into other people's business. Which it has. When the knocks of life came along, however, they rarely hit me where they improved my nose—they bent me out in front. I just gritted my teeth and took 'em. The general result, so I'd always decided to myself, achieved the facial expression of my having swallowed a large and jagged triangle of glass. Then came that Terre Haute vote, and I went back to my cell and sat on the edge of my cot and faced Realism. I didn't know whether I was secretly pleased—or whether I was merely grasping why certain male humans reached incarceration in our best penitentiaries . . . To take another kick at my own vanity, if I've got one, there'd been only one other time in my career when I'd felt perturbed the same.



ONE OF the pet peeves of my younger days had been the circumstance that I'd been yanked away from academic learning at a tender 16 and taught to eat bread by the sweat of my brow, when

I did eat bread, As a general thing I never cared so much for bread, but whether I cared for bread or not, I certainly had to go to work to earn bread before I ate it. And I wanted a college education. Tearfully I remonstrated with Dad that all I wanted was my junior "time", that it wouldn't cost him a cent if he'd only let me go to college, I'd work my way through. But Dad was in an economic jam and insisted I share it. I cried all night in a Schenectady hotel when we changed cars at that junction-point, because I could never go back into a classroom again. Came the last week of each succeeding June and the sight of contemporaries galavanting in black robes and mortar hats made me feel like a squash-pie heaved at the face of Father Time and allowed to run down his beard. In a sort of despair I read books in bed nights, lost \$73,000 I'd made before I was 20 years old, through no fault of my own, became a father twice, stood over the casket of my first born with the sensation in my soul of having my feet planted in a spiritual waste basket. I'd owned two newspapers and written a best-seller. I went to the Orient, went to Russia, went to Hollywood. Came a night in 1924 when I sat in a Greenwich Village studio with a Professor from Columbia University with more letters after his name than there were alphabets in New-Deal bureaucracy. He just dragged alphabetical distinctions around after him like Buzzie drags tow-ropes after he's broken loose from a tie-up in the garage. And this Eminent Pundit, whose brain without a doubt must have hung twenty inches down his backbone, gazed sadly into the fire after listening to my exposition of the Vaillian Theory, which has to do with the periodic precipitation on our polar ice-caps. "William," he philosophized, "I've graduated from two universities and taken post-graduate work in Germany and Italy. But if I had the education in my brain that you've got in yours, I'd go to Sweden and pick a fight with Old Man Nobel for not nominating me as God's only Begotten Gift to

academics." And he wasn't kidding me, he meant it. Why, I wonder, did I sit there with whole panoramas of adolescents flapping in black robes and mortar-hats as June lilacs scented the atmospheres of my mind, and want to blubber down old P.H. Dee's neck? . . . The moral of the piece seems to be, that there's such a thing as realizing your ambitions without being conscious of it, providing you just do that Thing that Needs to Be Done the best you know how and with what equipment you've been handed. And the thing that makes me brusque at pretense is, that I have the feeling that every Good Thing that has come to me—whether a tribute to my Rand-McNally or commendation for an article I must have read somewhere in a book—has merely been accidental. In other words, I know in my own heart that I *fell* into it because I had no other place to fall. When comes the time that I've seriously put toil and tremor into some project that's really sugared off, and hasn't been done with one hand tied behind me in the dark, I'll beam instead of scowl when somebody does a Rave over me. Always I feel I've done whatever I've done because there was nothing other to do at the time. So praise for it irks me. I yearn to be praised for what I deserve. Now this matter of the pooches' libidos is quite another complex . . .

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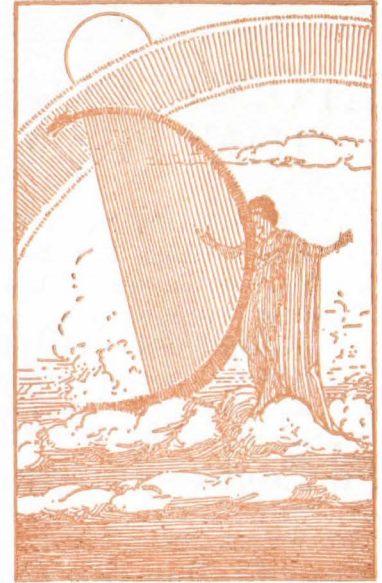
BUZZIE, as I've previously mentioned in these papers, is a tan-colored cocker that I acquired from a pet shop in Spokane of an evening's stroll in 1940. By all normal calendars that chalks him up 13 years in this Vale of Tears. If one year of a dog's life is seven of a human's, Buzzie is a doddering old blatherskite of 91. And does he play the role! He's lost his hearing and his teeth on the left side, having but one tusk that sticks up like the dental ordnance of a unicorn. He can only see from one eye by reason of cataract in the other and can't go forty feet into Woodward's pasture without bringing back as many cockle-burrs as he's got hairs to snarl 'em up in. In fact, he goes out a 91-year-old curmudgeon and comes back a self-pitying pin-cushion. And he whimpers about it when he has to lie down on the rug and his pasture connections. If I don't get the scissors and deburr him, he'll locate in the center of said rug and—as I say—howl. I think he wants "out" by reason of his libido

having plans about a rosebush, and I open the door for him. He goes out and passes up the rosebush but heads straight for the cockle-burrs—more of 'em—on the homeopathic theory that if he gets enough of them he'll cease to mind the pricks. But when he can't have his own way, burrs or no burrs, as I say again, he howls. He howls chiefly because he's dawg, and 91, and life's a bust, and when he reincarnates he's going to be a Great Dane so he can chew the ears off Fitz who continually assails him on his blind side. He's howling at this instant when I'm writing this effusion because the cashier's gone to the other part of the plant without making arrangements with him, about two beef stews and a ham-on-rye. . . . No good to yell at him. He couldn't hear a beefsteak falling out of a frying-pan onto the kitchen floor; he could only find it by smelling it. He's as sad-eyed as only a 91-year cocker can be, who's full of aches, pains, appetite and cockle burrs. He gets in *my* hair like his own cockle burrs a dozen times a day in a way that even scissors couldn't extricate. Why then do I have "a tender concern for a pooch in search of outlet for frustrated libido?" I'll tell you . . .

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I'VE GOT a unique superstition that there are times when I'm given to whining at cockleburrs in my own hair that I've gotten there through not having the elementary sense to stay out of pastures where they grow, or sitting in the middle of the rug, or behind a closed door, and lifting my own muzzle and yowling because God hasn't made his arrangements with me before going on business to some other district in the universe. If Buzzie had the sense that God is supposed to have given geese, let alone canines, he'd know or have learned by this time that to go through one of these doors at the studio, or any door any where, all he has to do is place a firm paw against it and *push*. The door will let him through. Butch has long since found it out—being a beagle of indefinite parentage who long since has toted his own petard in the world and scarcely dropped it once. As a petard toter, Butch meets all comers. But Buzzie, being a thoroughbred, with forepaws in the American Kennel Book, meets nobody but his own shadow in an empty room and simply can't take it. He howls to get on the opposite side of a door and when he

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makes it he howls to get back where he was in the first place. He has to be pulled from the way of cars backing from the garage—although in 13 years he's never gotten flattened because it hasn't been in his karma. He whimpers when he's hungry, but when I go for the Pard, he sits on the wrong side of the door and howls because it doesn't come out faster . . . Maybe I'm just as much of a stupid nuisance to God Almighty who keeps me for a pet—or substitute for a pet—and I haven't sense enough myself to push on doors that are straight in front of me and discover they'll open. I can't kick the daylights out of Buzzie without allowing God the same exultant joy in regards to myself. Eric says this is "tender concern" for the dratted cocker nuisance, but it isn't . . . it's plain, ornery, selfish concern for myself. I don't want God to do to me what I feel strongly like doing to Buzzie when he carries his annoyings to the point of reprisals. I want to kick Buzzie up onto the roof . . . only he'd howl his head off up there in earnest and I'd have to hunt a ladder

and bring him down . . . and God maybe feels there are times when He'd like to kick me up onto a roof and forget He's got any ladder in His repertoire. I'm reading myself into Buzzie every dratted moment in my Divine relationships, and when I've lost control of myself and paddled that spaniel I've done it with Prayer . . . "For every whack I give him, You can whack me, God. But I know I'll deserve it."

WE ALL have our quaint little superstitions, and mine happens to be that Buzzie has lived to be 91—by human-bean ages—just to try my patience and see how well I've learned self-control after 63 years, so I don't give "brusque dismissal at all manner of pretense" when somebody compliments me on my patience. Maybe it'd be a humane thing to have Buzzie "put to sleep" by the vet, but then there's God standing in the offing, eyeing me with jaundiced eye and wondering if I too shouldn't be put to sleep by the vet because I don't like the fortunes He thinks best to deal me

in this world. Why can't I be more like Butch, and register a mental catalog of all the doors that open readily enough when I really throw my weight agin 'em? Butch has found out how to go the circuit of the whole plant without one door being opened for him—a push out of the anteroom into the garage, a push on Dave's carpenter-shop to get back into the anteroom. Thus Butch travels 'round and 'round. It's when some mean human skunk throws a hook on one of these doors that Butch lifts his voice . . . Yes, God, make me like Butch, who can find his way through all doors without assistance, lick anything five times his size and weight, never does anything in the house that mother wouldn't have approved of, and takes his nourishment like a gentleman. I'm not "tender" toward these pooches, Eric. You got it all wrong. I'm merely Playing Safe with God and my destiny . . . —THE RECORDER

Atomic Power

(Continued from Page 4)

were ruthlessly cut back to the administrative functions or items of the times of Theodore Roosevelt. The figures come from the indexes of the last year of peace, 1948, before we permitted ourselves to become involved in U-N's global headache—

Interest Public Debt . . .	\$5,211,101,865.47
Legislative estab.	43,390,625.28
Judiciary estab.	19,546,075.23
Exec. Office of Pres. . . .	322,112,357.37
Justice Dep't.	117,431,830.82
State Dep't.	32,270,256.25
Post Office Dep't.	310,000,000.00

TOTAL ESSENTIALS: . . \$6,055,853,010.42

The foregoing include nothing for Army, Navy, Air Force, or Atomic Energy Commission—but those branches of the military service are so mushroomed and inflated with every kind of an experimental doodad and freak appropriation in the name of Defense that almost no one can say which is essential and which not. The 1948 figures for our whole War Department were—

Office Defense Sec'y . . . \$	4,937,692.98
Office Air Force	1,690,460,724.36
Dep't. of Army	7,698,556,403.48
Dep't. of Navy	310,000,000.00

TOTAL: \$9,703,954,820.82

In other words, in 1948 it cost us practically a third *more* to maintain our global military sprawl than all the other major offices and functions of the nation put together, plus 5 billions on our swollen public debt. What the "water" in the 6 billions for the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Departments may be, means months and maybe years of research.

But this thing we do know, . . . the bureaucratic palliatives for whipping the 1930 depression, concocted by the Harry Hopkins Gang, have run up a total expenditure to maintain all their "administrations," "commissions," "authorities" and "security" fumadiddles of \$18,031,492,817.63. *Per year!* Practically as much as it costs to pay the interest on the federal debt, maintain all major branches of the government, and add the cost of the Department of Defense even at squanderbust figures.

If a federal receiver were trimming federal expenditures to the bone, and saying that no one could get anything out of government that he failed to earn in some productive capacity, the top cost of government could be brought down to 10 billions a year. Eight billions would be closer to the correct figure when extravagance, waste and duplication had been deducted.

Assume the federal government were directed to *make* its own eight billions out of legitimate commercial and industrial activities in which it is involved too deeply to retire, or which fall within its province because no one State can conduct affairs of such magnitude, or from sources that have always been accepted as quite correct for a federal revenue to derive, such as customs duties, and excise taxes on such luxuries as spiritous liquors and tobacco. What do you imagine the figures would run? Here is a canny surmise—and based on the economy and efficiency that private business would be required to practice—

Recpt from customs	\$ 421,725,028.07
Excise Taxes on	
Alcoholic Bev.	44,719,586.00
Excise Taxes Tobaccos	21,594,617.00
Stamp Taxes on corporate documents	6,637,893.00
Indirect Excise on Luxuries, mfg.	122,298,670.00
Indirect Excise on Luxuries, retail	20,711,951.00

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	7,500,000,000.00
TOT. BUS. REV.	\$13,488,108,745.07

IF BUSINESS of all kinds in the United States, outside of personal services, were reorganized upon the Cooperative basis, let it be borne in mind that the first tabulations of figures, showing costs of \$18,031,492,817 for the total conduct of the Federal business would be wholesomely clipped by reason of Federal employes returning to productive pursuits to enjoy the dividends returnable from their stockholdings. There were, at last census, 1,928,317 civilians—almost 2 million—in Federal employ in the continent-

al United States. The greatest number of these, 350,000 were in the postal service. But the great rank and file had returned to poorly-paid government employ because they could not find jobs in over-crowded private industry. Taking 50 percent of married women out of the business world, by reason of every married woman getting her personal cooperative dividend, is bound to readjust the whole American employment picture.

This plutonium market, properly supplied by U. S. Government plants and experts, could carry almost 60 percent of the costs of our national administration, without a penny forthcoming from the pocketbooks of American taxpayers.

Instead of compelling the laborer in the middle brackets to work over nearly 30 percent of his pitiful wages to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, therefore, all such balancings of revenue and expenditure should be done in the higher echelons of global finance. The productive laborer should keep all he makes!

Nothing which contributes to his material well-being should be taxed.

T h e P A Y O F F

THE QUIET little man had lived in the same house for thirty years. The day came, however, when he sought out his landlord with the announcement that he was moving. But inquiry developed that it was merely to a house across the street. The landlord was hurt.

"Haven't you and I always gotten along, Mr. Peekus? You live in my place thirty years and then move across the street. Why?"

"I dunno," said Peekus wistfully, "I guess it must be the gypsy in me."

THE YOUNG mother arrived at the hospital one night with her year-old child.

"I wanted to warm his little toilet-mug," she explained to the attendant in charge, "and I got it too hot and burned him."

The interne examined the circular burn on the little fellow's seat. It looked serious. He decided to send the child into a ward for further treatment. On the admission slip he penned his diagnosis—

"POT ROAST!" . . .

A SMALL and angry man bounced into the postmaster's office. "I've been receiving threatening letters," he shouted, "and want something done about it."

"It's a federal offense," the postmaster agreed. "Have you any idea where the letters are coming from?"

"Darn tootin'," cried the visitor. "Bureau of Internal Revenue!"

HE WAS out with the boys one evening and before he realized it, the dawn was breaking in the East. What could he possibly tell his wife? Suddenly he was struck by a bright idea. He rang her on the phone. When she answered, he shouted—

"Don't pay the ransom, honey! I escaped!"

A TEXAN passed away and upon arrival at the gates of his eternal home remarked, "Gee, I never thought heaven would be so much like Texas."

"Son," said the man at the gate sadly, "this ain't heaven."



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