

**SWAMP CABBAGE**  
*and*  
**ANGEL WINGS**

BY  
*Dale Wimbrun*



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## DALE WIMBROW

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There is a creature on a planet of a star who runs filling stations, crawls to the aid of a buddy on Heartbreak Ridge in Korea, lambasts Mayors and Presidents, attends P.-T.A. meetings, dishes out for the Jaycees and the Boy Scouts, aspires to a divinity little lower than the angels and makes a darned fool of himself with amazing regularity. He is Mr. and Mrs. U.S.A. and Junior.

Millions of words are written about him every day by thousands of men, but few have the awareness and insight, the deep feeling for America and humanity at large, to write from the human heart with sympathy and understanding. Dale Wimbrow, in one edition of his celebrated Indian River News, lets us share the pride of the hamburger chef at Joe & May's stand on the arrival of a son and heir and in a column alongside reminds our souls that the Lord God Almighty is weighing us in the balance, considerably disappointed, but still on our side.

Though it be humor to charm, poetic insight to awaken our spirits, or a crusading challenge to right a wrong, his is the gift to make the reader say: *"That's how I feel, too."* Honored by his fellow newspapermen as the master craftsman of them all in editorial expression, winner of the first and last Florida Press Association's Oscars, he is honored more by those friends who know his courage, integrity, capacity for friendship and ability to laugh. We are all the richer that he has compiled this collection of editorials —and for knowing him.

—ERNEST LYONS,  
Editor Stuart News

Sincerely  
Dale Wimbrow



# Swamp Cabbages and Angel Wings

*A Collection of Editorials by*  
DALE WIMBROW

THE EDITORIALS AND POEMS in this book were written by Dale Wimbrow, with the exception of "Fifteen sez to Fifty" written by his son Pete Jr. and "Father, Dear Father" written by his daughter Sallydale.

Dale Wimbrow, editor-publisher and owner of "The Indian River News," a small weekly newspaper in Florida, wrote the poem "The Guy in the Glass" for a contest held by The American Magazine in answer to a seventeen year old boy's question whether it paid to be honest.

It states the Wimbrow philosophy. St. Joseph's Retreat at Malvern, Pennsylvania gave it as a parting souvenir to each visitor. It has been read twice into the Congressional Records.

The editorial "Bloody Highways" was awarded the first Florida Press Association Editorial "Oscar" (1949) in competition with all Florida newspapers.

The editorial "Motor (R)age" was awarded the 1952 Florida Press Association Editorial "Oscar" in competition with all weekly, bi-weekly, tri-weekly and small daily newspapers.

The Indian River News was presented with the bronze plaque by the Florida Press Association for the year 1951 as first place award in the State of Florida for "Community Service."

"Our Song of Shame" was read into the Congressional Records in Washington by Florida's Representative Dwight Rogers, and a copy of the poem was presented to each of the Legislators in the Florida Legislature by State Representative Alex Mac William.

Dale's editorials and poems have been reprinted and broadcast in many parts of the United States including The Christian Science Sentinel, The Mill Valley (California) newspaper, The Florida Suntime magazine; and Radio Stations KFI, Los Angeles, WCAU Philadelphia, and WJZ New York.

The editorials "Don't Have Children—Unless" and "Letter To A Son" were broadcast over KFI by Burritt Wheeler, who received over 600 requests for copies.

Over 11,000 reprints of recent editorials have been sent throughout the country. This collection was printed to supply the steadily increasing requests for additional copies of the editorials and poems.



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# Song Of Florida

Let's write a song of the East Coast of Heaven,  
Where God took a rest when He finished His chore;  
For God labored six, and the rest day made seven.  
He sought Florida when His labours were o'er.

The mountains He built out of earth's massive grinding,  
And gnashing of rock when the pattern was laid.  
The crevices set all the rivers to winding . . .  
And flowing below; And Lo! Oceans were made.

The plain, and the desert, the hill, and the valley.  
Are relics of Earth's most gargantuan strife;  
But Florida's strand was where God chose to dally . . .  
Survey His creation . . . and contemplate Life.

This mood from the Father was passed down the ages  
To those in His image who roamed the earth's face.  
The instinct of men through all history's pages—  
To ease Life's grim battle . . . forget the mad race.

The crest of a hill is a dare till we've made it.  
The peak of a mount is a height to be flown.  
The spread of a desert, a dare to invade it.  
O'er most of earth's surface we plumb the unknown.

Then tired of the struggle . . . tho loser or winner . . .  
We long for repose, relaxation, surcease.  
The lure is the same for the saint, or the sinner,  
The hunger for places where Life is at peace.

We emulate Him in our own puny fashion.  
We dare the impossible, brave the unseen;  
But then comes the time when we, weary of passion,  
Grow tired of the turmoil, and seek the serene.

So let's write a song of our silver-tipped waters,  
Of strands golden yellow, of sunsets aflame,  
Where all of God's sons, and where all of God's daughters  
Can come where the "candle's" worth less than the game.

There's only one Florida . . . only one ocean . . .  
Only one Indian River that flows  
Along the bright side of the Maker's creation,  
As every old "cracker" and "settler" knows.

The essence of Heaven's about us, and near us,  
The warp and the woof of the Paradise loom,  
The land of the jasmine, and night blooming cereus,  
The land of the flame vine, and citrus in bloom.

This is the land that is calling, inviting;  
The haven of peace just around the last bend;  
Of these is the song that we fain would be writing  
For here we can rest at the long journey's end.

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# Don't Have Children Unless...

Don't have children unless you want to suffer. For from the first minute you discover that two is going to be three, or (Heaven help you) maybe four or more, you will suffer either **WITH** your children, **THROUGH** your children, or **BECAUSE** of your children.

You will never know another single minute of complete quiet, relaxation, or peace of mind.

Just about the time you educate your wife to the fact that every creak of a floor or scurrying of a mouse is not a burglar bent on murdering both of you and you manage to snore on undisturbed through the night, you find yourself listening for a wee wisp of a whimper. When the whimper comes it's a photo-finish rush to the crib by both of you to see what caused it.

You strain your ears to **CATCH** sounds during the night and plug your ears to keep from **HEARING** them during the day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't have children unless you want your ego to suffer set-backs from which there is no recovery this side of the grave. For by the time your various offspring discover that you were **RIGHT**, they are having their own troubles with your grandchildren, and by that time it may be that Life has already chronicled you among the great departed army of "Here lies . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

You will discover, in great and increasingly often doses, just how little you know concerning the world about you, and the universe about the world.

You think you can spell? Then stay barren of heirs and you can go on thinking it.

You are satisfied about how you got here and why? When prattlers start asking questions you discover that you don't have any explainable reason for your satisfaction. You actually don't know (in baby talk) how you got here; and you're not **ABOUT** to explain to childish innocence "why."

So unless you want to develop into the handiest liar since Annanias, don't put yourself in the position of having to answer a lot of embarrassing questions. The only way you can evade that necessity is not to have any children.

If you had any false ideas about when a child ceases being a child; and if you were steeling yourself to endure the baby stage, the prattler stage, and even the post-adolescent stage, under the assumption that your worries diminish as their age increases, then paste this in the back of your first "Baby Book": They **NEVER** grow up.

Just as one ancient Supreme Court Justice (in a movie) said to the other, "Oh, to be **EIGHTY** again."

If you **LIVE** to be eighty, then that **SIXTY** year old brat of yours will still be a weight on your mind.

About the time you graduate from worrying about the lethal gadgets in the kitchen: the vicious butcher-knife or the hot kettle of water, you matriculate into worry about crossing the street, the bicycle, the automobile, companions, mates; and you wind up by worrying about their health, happiness and business. **These are never outgrown.**

So if you figure your kids to outgrow your concern for them, then save yourself some headaches now and tell the Stork to "Scram."

\* \* \* \* \*

You can also save yourself some delving into philosophies that are largely paradoxical and inconsistent; and to illustrate that, here is a sample:—

You will (if you are average) want your sons to savor and test "Life" as they pass along. Some fathers have gone so far as to en-

courage their sons to drink "within reason" and to learn about Life from women, feeling that such worldly activities broadened and rounded their outlook.

Now for your daughter, you will develop the opposite philosophy. Even though you might be the father who looks somewhat lightly on your son's experiences with girls, you regard with horror the possibility that **YOUR** daughter could be one of "the girls" with other fathers' sons.

You find yourself brewing two kinds of sauces: one for the goose, and one for the gander.

You may be the more rare parent who teaches a common code to both son and daughter. You realize that the chances are that your son will not completely live up to it, and that goes for other fathers' sons—and your daughter is going to date them. So you are going to have some solemn thoughts regarding sex ethics and morals. The best way to avoid these most serious considerations is **not** to make yourself vulnerable by having children.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of course, there is always the chance that you will grow to be a haggard, old crone or an irascible and crochety old fossil.

Then not having to worry about the vital things, you will worry about the trivialities. You will place your errant love and affection on a parrot, who will bite your ear off; or a cat, who will scratch you without a qualm of regret even immediately after you have fed it a warm bowl o' milk.

You will never know the snuggle of a warm little face against yours.

You will never get a thump in the heart when a voice gradually growing more baritone storms in the house with "Where's Daddy?"

You will never be able to change the failures of your own life into successes through the lives you are given the responsibility of molding.

You will never know the satisfaction of "THESE ARE MINE—I CONCEIVED THEM—I BROUGHT THEM INTO THE WORLD—I LOVE THEM—I LIVE AGAIN THROUGH THEM.

Unless you have spent intermittently, sleepless nights and finally dozed off and seen them car-mangled in nightmare dreams, you will never know the great joy of hearing the gravel rustle in the drive when they roll in safe, happy, and whole.

Unless you have heard the gurgle of congestion in a fevered little chest, you will never know the music of a healthy laugh welling up out of the same chest.

You have no great use for information, unless you can pass it along. You have no real reason for experience unless you can analyze it for the benefit of the foot-steps following yours.

Without children you can go your solitary way among your fellowmen. You can earn a living, make money, even amass a fortune with only one-half of your mind functioning and half your heart strings vibrating.

You can acquire possessions to no purpose. You make mistakes that end in nothing constructive, unless you can pass the experiences along to those who come after you.

You can live a life of frustrations that culminate in a closed book when you pass on. You can tread Life's path half-awake, half-seeing, half-hearing, half-loving. You, in brief, can live half a life.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, unless you want a rebirth and a vital, glowing, promising **SECOND CHANCE** — don't have children.



# My Indiana Home

Indiana has had probably more songs written about it than any state in the union. Maybe there is a reason.

Those Hoosiers are bonafide states-righters, and they don't give a hoot who knows it. They have just got up on their dignity and talked back to Congress.

From now on out, I shall have more appreciation of the lines: "When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash—then I long for my Indiana Home." And do you remember the last lines of another one: "I'll leave tonight about eleven—I'll be in Heaven—Tomorrow Morn at seven—when I'm in my Home-Sweet-Indiana Home."

Hoosiers! Send some more native sons and daughters down to Florida.

\* \* \* \*

Now we will come to the point of this perioration and explain why we got this sudden revival of sentimental interest in Indiana.

They've got what it takes—and they've got what this nation needs more of—grant us 47 more sovereign states with Indiana's intestinal fortitude.

Some time ago she got tired of being put through the wringer of government paternalism, and being taken to the cleaners in the name of relief, and gratuity, and grant, and subsidy.

Indiana got tired of political patronage feeding from the public trough. She demanded that her welfare rolls be opened to the public. Her demand was put into effect by her state legislature.

Uncle Sam in Washington lifted horrified eyes to an affronted political heaven and declared Indiana cut off from Federal relief funds.

\* \* \* \*

This was calculated to chasten the independent upstart, but it has had just the opposite effect.

Indiana recently sent the following message to the United States Congress. We reproduce part of it from E. Hofer & Sons Industrial News Review—We quote:

"We have decided that there is no such thing as 'Federal Aid.' We know that there is no wealth to tax that is not already within the boundaries of the 48 states. So we propose henceforth to tax ourselves and take care of ourselves.

"The people of Indiana resent the encroachment of the Federal Government into the fields of education, highways, employment, agriculture, medicine, banking, welfare, and civic projects. They hold that these activities are the responsibilities of the state, the local communities, and private individuals; and that Federal participation in these fields both financial and managerial should be abandoned throughout this nation of ours."

\* \* \* \*

Brothers and sisters, the editor of this newspaper wishes his name had been signed to that document. It could have been in effect in Florida, if Governor Warren had signed a similar piece of 1951 legislation.

Florida feels the same way Indiana feels, but it didn't have the top bracket of political courage to establish its feelings as a matter of record and policy.

The people of Florida—probably the people all over the nation (so far as the people are concerned) feel the same disgust at the never-ending line of hind-teat suckers draining the substance out of the steady producers' larder.

But the people's great need now is to convince the law makers that the business of "something for nothing" has long ago turned sour: that the goose who lays the golden egg is getting tired. Patronage is too sweet and alluring for the politicians to abandon, unless they are shown, in no uncertain terms, that the ballot is heavier than the boon or the boon-doggle.

Unemployment compensation is another example of numerous laws passed in good faith being subverted to the detriment of everybody concerned. It was passed as an aid to a worker who found himself, through no fault of his own, out of work. It was established to act as a bulwark against want until such time as he could locate another job. But it has run afoul—as do all socialist experiments—with the old killer: the human equation. When the human equation enters the window, exalted ideals fly out the door. Now in many instances unemployment compensation is subverted to mean that the employee works the minimum number of hours to draw the maximum benefits—if he cares to take advantage of the literal interpretation. It can't go on indefinitely, because of another quite definite basic reason. And why this isn't obvious to a ten year old intelligence is a mystery.

\* \* \* \*

Let's state it briefly once more. We've stated it in these pages many times but let's have another go at it.

A dollar in circulation can mean only a dollar which has been earned by somebody's effort.

Somebody, somewhere must earn each dollar that flows through the channels of trade.

Therefore, when you or I get a dollar from some agency — a dollar which we haven't matched with a dollar's worth of our effort—it simply means that we are taking somebody else's dollar . . . for somebody had to "produce" it.

That is not fair—and we who take it know it isn't fair. Yet we do it. Why? Because it is the order of the day. It is the cheap, dishonest, unhealthy method by which our Screw Deal Administration perpetuates itself in office.

It is the cheap short-sighted, bumble-fisted fiscal policy which wrecked the Roman Empire—and is now in process of wrecking us.

\* \* \* \*

We are coming more and more to a government by autocratic bureaucratic decree, rather than by rule of law, reason, and common sense. Common sense tells us that it can't go on—but there is no common sense in the hind-teat suckers. They will snuggle by the old sow until she keels over from malnutrition.

\* \* \* \*

Well—Indiana busted up the brood in one sty. We hear that swarms of letters came in from the leeches asking that their names be removed from the lists of welfare. Indiana got her independence back—along with her self respect.

"Through the sycamores the candle light is gleaming — on the banks of the Wabash far away."

The candle light in the sycamores is out-gleaming a Kleig . . . we need more Indianas in the United States of America.



# Sweeping The Sea With A Broom

We laugh at the old lady of legend, who tried to sweep the ocean back with a broom. The Office of Price Stabilization, with a straight face, is trying to do just that; and if Mike DiSalle is as smart as he evidently was considered to be . . . he knows that price stabilization will never do anything but momentarily slow the march of supply and demand.

How can a chicken raiser sell chickens for less than they cost him to raise? How can a chicken raiser sell chickens for more than they are worth for very long? He can get exorbitant profits just so long as it takes another man to discover the gold in them thar quills. Then you've got two chicken raisers—and you pays your money and takes your choice.

If, because of fat profits, there is a general rush to raise chickens then, shortly thereafter, a-la-king becomes a drug on the market because people can't eat chicken meat fast enough—and the easy profits go out of the business.

But the guy who knows how to cut corners and work hard stays in the chicken business. The rest of the claim jumpers seek new fields . . . and the price of chicken is "stabilized" simply because the market has adjusted itself to demand against supply.

\* \* \* \*

The same process applies to the production of automobiles, or bobby pins. There was a day when junk yards held better cars than are now found in some used car lots. Those were the days of honest production balanced against consumption.

Any attempt to artificially stabilize a price is an economic lie in its teeth. And any administration that tells you it can be done is banking on an intelligence below kindergarten level.

\* \* \* \*

Supports!! Where does a "support" come from?

If you find that you can't raise your crop at a profit, and you get a support from government—where did the government get the money? Again the answer is obvious to a kindergarten intelligence. If YOU are SUPPORTED, then I'm the guy who is doing it, brother; and I don't like the deal — or the government that took my money to pass over to you.

Stabilization! What a word. So we're going to stabilize men's thinking, and resourcefulness, and industry, and ambitions. In other words, we're going to do something that God didn't even try to do. We're going to make everybody alike. That ought to make the Creator pretty mad, especially seeing as how He could have done that in the beginning.

\* \* \* \*

The only stabilization that could even approach a workable basis would be a process under which all volitive power was taken from the individual; then a standard established based on the rate of production of the least able.— Carry that rule from the bottom to the top of all industry, and commerce, and completely freeze the status quo.

That would work. IT WOULD WORK TO THE COMPLETE DEGRADATION OF CHARACTER; AND THE CHAGRIN OF THE ALMIGHTY.

\* \* \* \*

The unions have tried to apply that process. The result has been a falling off in quality, and volume, and higher and higher wages and

prices. Even this wouldn't have functioned at all, had it not been for the millions (not in unions) who are paying the "bonus" in artificially high prices.

This screwball era came into flower right after the second World War. As a matter of fact 1913 was the last normal year the United States has seen. It took about eight to ten years for the brew to sour. When it finally fermented, and ran over the top like Mom's old-fashioned buckwheat batter over the crock lip—pore old Hoover—a stolid, stodgy, reasonable man—was in office and took the rap for a depression caused by crack-pot tampering with a fundamental law.

Even then he cried out against the rape of our national integrity and economy. His voice was lost in the hue and cry of a people gone berserk with the idea that you can draw more water out of the pipe than you pump up into the tank.

\* \* \* \*

So into the picture stepped a man who never earned a dollar in his life — a man who made a shambles out of the fiscal policy of New York State — a man who allegedly wasn't judged able to handle his own legacy — and this man was elected on the sound platform of "balancing the budget." What short memories we have.

Instead of balancing anything, Mr. Roosevelt started a stabilization schedule. He took YOUR money to pay ME for something I couldn't sell back to you. It was all very beautiful, and was advanced as a temporary measure. Virtually all Mr. Roosevelt's things—except the ideas he got from Hoover—were only temporary. They were designed to stabilize.

Then a Pendergast politician eased in by a fluke — and got elected later by another fluke of over-confidence of the opposition. And Mr. Truman may be elected again by virtue of the great mass of leeches and parasites on the public payroll, plus the great mass of stupid voters who still think a natural law can be flouted.

\* \* \* \*

Stabilization . . . it's a pretty word, isn't it? Lots of deadly things are pretty.

Controls! Sounds big and impressive, doesn't it? Sounds like we've got some real big shots doing our thinking for us. And they are. They're big enough to stay up there in Washington and issue directives they themselves don't understand while you and I sweat it out.

We are not exactly "between the devil and the deep blue sea," but rather between the old woman's broom and the surf. The choppy surf is our domestic situation — the administration is the old woman — and those impractical control measures are the futile dabs of the broom. Alternately we've got sand and salt in our eyes. We're slowly going blind while the old woman keeps dabbing furiously with the broom in the hope we won't notice the broad, endless horizon — and realize just how hopeless is her entire performance.

Even the ocean is an example. To float on it you've got to displace more than your weight. To operate a stable economy each citizen must pull his own weight. Any other process is a laugh, and delusion, and a snare.

THE OLD LADY WITH THE BROOM ACTUALLY ISN'T FUNNY. THE PICTURE IS TRAGIC AND PATHETIC; BECAUSE THE OLD LADY ACTUALLY THINKS SHE CAN DO IT!



# "Concerning Anniversaries"

On the 30th of May, 1925, when the Governor was signing the papers creating Indian River County, the preacher was hitching one delovely Dorothy to one Dale Wimbrow . . . but we never knew the three of us would come together and celebrate our simultaneous Silver Anniversary.

Twenty-five years for you . . . and us.

\* \* \* \*

You either get facetious at a time like this, and make a lot o' wise cracks you don't mean . . . or you get maudlin and say a lot of things nobody cares about.

I don't want to do either. There are a lot of you people who have been married twenty-five years, too. You've seen the divorce mills grinding away and separating people estranged by poverty they didn't know how to lick, and by riches they didn't know how to handle.

There are many of you who have been married more than twenty-five years, and there are many more of you who will be married to your twenty-fifty anniversary . . . if you're smart.

Fight? Sure you do. The only people who don't fight much are the couples who have an undisputed boss. Either Himself or Herself. But as for me . . . the only thing that could ever have separated the two of us would have been too many "Yes, dears" from Missus Wimbrow.

Life to most of us has a way of getting a little bit dreary, so you stir up a little excitement between yourselves. It takes a little breeze to blow away the clouds and the fog; and it takes a little belligerence to brush away the cobwebs. Go ahead, and fight . . . it's good for you. But don't think that because you don't agree on all your problems it's time to see the Judge.

\* \* \* \*

I'm not very smart, but I've just about come to the conclusion that if you can't get along with one partner, you can't get along with another. Ninety per cent of the people who marry the second time could have stayed married the first time if they'd been willing or wise enough to make the same concessions they made the second time.

Marriage is a partnership of give and take . . . mostly give; and if you stay married . . . first, second, or third . . . you're gonna give, brother and sister. Smoke that in your little cigarro, and you won't have to say "Good Morning, Judge" so often.

I don't believe poverty should do anything but bring people closer together. When you face each other across a bare table, and share a can of beans for dinner, you've come about as close together as God ever allows two people to get. The really poor people are those who never had that experience.

Wealth seems to be harder to take than poverty. I've stood on

the sidelines for over forty years, and watched 'em rise and fall. I could give you names you'd recognize, but names prove nothing. Human nature is the same whether cartoonist, carpenter, contractor, or crooner. As long as you're struggling, eatin' out of the same pot, and dipping into the same "Kitty" things go well enough. Then comes the deluge of fame, or acclaim, and he, or she, starts rolling their eyes and considering the field. He takes up with some little "Floozie" who never had her fingernail polish peeled off in dish water; or she goes for some patent-leather-haired Romeo . . . and then both chew their nails for the rest of their lives.

I see where Frankie was in some furrin' country chasing some beauty, or other. I was old in show business before Frankie ever gargled a note or a single female moron ever screamed or fainted. I've watched other couples who entered vaudeville, radio, and show business around the time I did. Frankie's business is his business, and I can't run his life or advise him; but I've got one observation to make and I hope he reads it. He may die wealthy, but he won't die happy . . . and I wouldn't bet on the wealth either.

You can't live with another person for twenty-five years without being marked. Not if you've lived.

You can't stand in a room and watch another life come into the world without leaving that room with a knot in your heart strings that the years can't untie. You can't face each other over a bassinette, or crib, or bed with part of both of you tossing in a too high fever without scars on your soul that will last as long as you can think.

Romance may go bye-bye. Who cares? None but the young has any use for romance. It is wonderful, it is glorious, it is ineffable . . . and very productive. But neither you, nor your patient old long-suffering partner will ever know the real sweetness of life until you take each other's hand and start down the other side of the hill together.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty-five years? They've been wonderful . . . We've pouted and petted; and fumed and fussed; and laughed and loved. We've been tied to concrete sidewalks; and toured the seven seas. We've lived on filet mignon; and fried cabbage. We've owned Lincolns on cash, and Plymouths on credit . . . and had more fun with the Plymouth.

This is our Silver Anniversary. We're gonna kibitz on your celebration of Indian River County. When you celebrate your 30th of May, 25th Anniversary we're going to be in their chewing fish and cole slaw pretending it was we who pitched the party. I hope you can say the same for Indian River County that I can say for my "Partner" of twenty-five years.

If I had to do it all over again, and take the same weight and measure of heartaches and happiness . . . I'd go back to the same ol' girl and ask the same old question.



# "Come Up'n See Us"

Our house is to be remodelled. My wife says so, and after twenty-six years, I've learned to keep my mouth shut. If my wife says the house is to be remodelled . . . then the house will be remodelled — if the bank says so.

I like it the way it is . . . but after all, I only live in it . . . it's my wife who rastle with it; and puts the davenport on the left side of the room just as I get used to it on the right. My legs are full of scars, and all of them came from barkin' my shins on pieces of furniture I thought were somewhere else.

Now I won't be able to find my own bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

This concoction we live in is actually four houses. The aggregation rambles all over an acre of ground; now, my wife wants it to ramble all over two acres. We bought one house of Lib Futch. It was built for his over-flow of winter guests . . . to accommodate two persons. There were four of us, and we didn't fit . . . so we had to do something else. And we had to do it during World War II, when you couldn't even get a piece of new roughsawed pine lumber with the juice still running out of it, much less a piece of seasoned stuff. And if you did manage to cadge a few square feet someplace, and nail them together you wound up (after it dried out) with cracks so big your side-walls looked like a lattice. I put up some two by fours, and four weeks later they were one by twos . . . but that's another story.

We tried living in the one room house, but got tired of sleeping in relays. There was a feller up in Cocoa who advertised some portable houses at a price that didn't sound like he was selling the Metropolitan Museum; so in desperation to get anything at all with a roof on it so that the Florida dew couldn't run down our necks, I got on the 'phone and ordered three . . . "sight unseen."

\* \* \* \*

It's just as well I hadn't seen 'em. If I had seen 'em first, I think we'd have taken turns standing under a cabbage palm, rather than trust our carcasses inside these so-called "Portable Houses." They, undoubtedly, were built as kennels for toy poodles. A great dane would have sneered at 'em. But the truck man laid 'em out in our yard, so we had to put them together. The ad read "One unskilled carpenter can assemble one house in two hours."

That sounded good.

Uncle Sam had all the skilled men standing around at various bases, so we had to have unskilled labor. Those were the daze! Haw! It took my unskilled men a month, eight hours a day, five days a week, to put those gadgets together, and seal them with paper walls that cost more than Vermont marble. And we had to cut extra openings, so you could walk in, and get back out again.

The O.P.A. fellows wouldn't let us join them to the original house. They were bought as portable, and by O.P.A.! portable they were to be. So we had to ooze them up close, and leave a crack between the corn-

ers. This crack we covered with skeeter wire, after we talked a bootlegger out of a hunk. A little later the restrictions eased, and we got enough lumber to build a sort of a porch run-way affair between the two front kennels. This kept sand out of our toes when we went to bed at night . . . or made a bath-room sneak during the night. Later we screened this in, and added a screened-back porch to the back of the backhouse . . . I mean the third house in the back.

\* \* \* \*

And here they stand! You come in the front door of the original house . . . take six steps . . . and you don't know where you're at. You go outside and everywhere you look you see another house hangin' on the corner of another house. It's a screwy looking menage . . . but I like it.

My wife, though, says it is to be remodelled.

We came up here to Gopher Ridge to "get away from it all." We have an allergy to cities and Vero Beach was becoming too metropolitan. Even Sebastian traffic is hectic. So we moved to the middle of sixteen acres where an occasional state of dishabile is not a jail offense, and what happens?

They put up a tourist court exactly across the road in front of us. Now if we run from one little house to another in our shirt tails, we'll send sixteen Yankee tourists back to Jersey in hysterics, or a state of shock.

We tried a screen of Melaleuca trees, but the hurricane blew all the leaves off; and now that row looks like a line up o' petrified zombies.

\* \* \* \*

Nothing will do but a remodel job, and my wife undertook the designing. First, she drew the four houses (as is) then she started adding. A wing here, and a room there. I try to get some sense out of it, but it still looks like a cross-word puzzle. Everytime she looks up from sticking her pencil to her tongue, I expect her to ask me for a six-letter word for Duck-Billed Platypus.

You must come up and see us . . . if you can find us . . . when it's finished. She's got an entrance like the run-way into an Igloo; then one wing tacked on to the building with a low roof which will have to have an entrance you'll have to lie down and roll under. There will be so many rooms, wings, and annexes, that we won't have time to get out a newspaper. We'll spend our waking hours searching for each other.

She says, "How are we going to heat it?" I says, "That's easy, babe . . . we'll buy one o' those 'circulating' heaters . . . it'll sure have to do some circulating."

Yeah! We're about to be remodeled. You really must come up and see us. But when you get here don't take a chance on coming in . . . just stand outside and yell . . . and we'll send out a guide.



# Cheers, Jeers and Tears

This concerns football, your son and my son, Coach Warrington, winning and losing and sportsmanship.

Last year Vero was top dog. The team was eulogized. The coach idolized. The victory dramatized. All concerned in the unbroken line of victory were dined and feted. It was a grand season and it came to a fitting climax at the Hall of Giants with the Indian Chiefs and assorted invited guests at McKee Jungle Gardens.

Last year she was "Hero" Beach.

This year she just might wind up "Zero Beach"—for from Hero to Zero is a mighty short distance.

\* \* \* \*

A champion is seldom a great deal better than the runner-up. There is only a little bit of difference . . . but that little bit makes the difference.

In a great race, there is only a nose over the tape. If there is more than a nose it isn't a great race.

The difference between a champion and the field is seldom more a matter of ability than a matter of heart and courage. It isn't so much how much you've got, as learning how to use the last ounce of what you've got. This is the reason why football is the wonderful training ground it is . . . if it is used to demonstrate and exemplify the elements that make for success on the bigger gridiron of Life.

\* \* \* \*

How the crowds cheer the champion and forget the loser. And the same crowd can cheer and boo the same man within the span of the same week. It's the old story of a man who sued another.

The sued one said, "How can you do this to me after all I've done for you? The time I paid the hospital bill for your operation; the Doctor for your first baby; the sheriff to go away and let you keep your furniture. You admit I did all these things for you?"

The answer was, "Sure—but what have you done lately?"

Not too long ago they were booing a famous baseball figure. Then he bopped a couple of homers over the fence and he was a hero again.

This is Life, fellers. It isn't pretty and it isn't fair, but it is Life. This is what you got to live with after you toss your sweaty jersey in the hamper for the last time.

You can't carry any one success with you because you're only as successful as your current activity. In show business you're only as good as your present performance, or your current movie.

Football doesn't hang a wreath of roses around your neck to be worn down through the years. But if you give to football the elements that make a good team you will get back from football the elements that sustain you in the years ahead. The crowds will applaud your wins and boo your losses, because there is just that same thin line between a "curtain call" and a "cat call." But inside of you, whether you win or lose, you are building, or neglecting to build, something the crowd seldom sees.

McNulty whipped you last week. McNulty backed by an almost perfectly coordinated machine. Melbourne as a matter of fact has as good a team as anything on the Suncoast Conference insofar as essential characteristics are concerned.

\* \* \* \*

You lost. So what?

You are not playing football merely to lay away a lot of ribbons in lavender and sachet. You are playing football so you can lay away for future use the elements that will sustain you later. If football

doesn't do this for you then you are indeed expending a lot of fruitless energy.

You've got to face the always present thin line between cheers and jeers. In Life it will always be "What have you done lately?"

You didn't lose last week in my book, fellers. I don't know how many join me in this; most I imagine. You played a good game. You will uncover your fair weather friends, to be sure. And that's fine. You will know how you stand and why you stand with whom. It's good to be able to catalogue your fellowmen while you are still young.

\* \* \* \*

You are now facing the time when courage counts. This is when "the men are separated from the boys."

Anyone can stand up under an avalanche of cheering fans that rush on the field after you've won and embrace you. It feels good even if their enthusiasm knocks you down. Sure you can grin, and bask and writhe in sensitive pleasure when the stands cheer.

But it takes a man, fellers, to stand over in a bedraggled huddle after a defeat and watch the fair-weather friends, "Fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away."

Few went on the field after last week's loss and gave Coach Warrington a pat on the back. But "Tex" knows how to evaluate things. He has lost and won before. To you it comes hard.

But you're learning something wonderful. Something you've got to learn somewhere down the line, anyhow. If football doesn't teach it to you Life will. And it is certainly some compensation to have, if no one else, at least Mom and Pop pat you on the back and whisper the old bromide: "It's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game."

\* \* \* \*

And I wonder if any of you has considered Melbourne's great joy. Have you considered what a small price you paid after all to give to Melbourne the thrill of more than a decade?

Remember how for years Vero wanted to lick "Port Fierce"? Several years ago she did it. Last year she did it again.

Wonderful, wasn't it?

Then let's live and let live. In order for somebody to win somebody must lose. Melbourne has reached the goal of twelve years' ambition to lick Vero Beach. Let her have her place in the sun and her moment of glory. You had enough glory last year to divide it with the whole conference and still give 'em all a generous helping. So you lost; and Melbourne won?

Okay! Where do we go — and how do we go from here? That is the important thing.

\* \* \* \*

And whadda ya know? You haven't lost the conference yet.

You may lose it. You can lose it. And by the same token you may win it. But the important thing is how you feel about it inside. And it is the only important thing.

It may not seem relevant or encouraging to you at this moment but you might tuck away for future reference the words of the old prophet who had come to the end of the race:

"I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith. I have finished the course." For believe me, fellows, that philosophy is what football should mean to you. It is what makes football what it is . . . and it is what will make you what you should want to be.

Let's go, Indians!



# Lotions, Liniment and Lozenges

How long since you cleaned out your medicine cabinet? You know what I mean, don't you? The cabinet is that gadget that comes with a new house. It, for some fool reason, is always located in the bathroom; so that in case you nick a finger, or bark a shinbone, you hafta suffer in Spartan silence if the bathroom is otherwise engaged.

The cabinet door has a mirror always. It is furthermore the only mirror in the house that suits everybody. It is the only mirror that is neither too high, nor too low for the face powdering, lip stick gooing members of the household. I have seen a line form three deep at our house waiting for the "B. R." while daughter preens, and pats, in front of the only available mirror.

\* \* \* \* \*

One day I got mad and went down to the lumber mill and had three mirrors made to order. There was a small one for my wife's room; and a medium-size oblong for the dressing room jointly used by my wife and her image. Then I had a long one built to put in the breezeway . . . a sort of hall affair leading from the living room to the kitchen. This was so my wife could find out if her slip showed, or if her stockings matched, or if the girdle sagged. I figured then I might get an occasional gander at the bathroom looking glass.

Wot 'appens? Well, my son thought the small mirror made a swell heliograph to signal code to the next door neighbor's boy. That took care of that. The medium size mirror got busted; and a big packing case arrived full of stuff we've had in storage for ten years (if we unload the stuff, we'll hafta move out) and that is in front of the long breezeway mirror. That puts us back status quo as of the era prior to my visit to the lumber mill. The bathroom medicine cabinet mirror is still the only utility job in the house.

The bathroom used to be a man's sanctuary where he could catch up on his reading; but now it's a public thoroughfare. I'm chased out when my boy wants to examine his chin to see if that patch of fuzz is sturdy enough to shave yet. I'm chased out when my daughter wants to paint her lips, and her nails . . . the paint, lacquer, (whatever you call it) is in the M. C. Then when I do finally sneak in and get established the door eases stealthily open . . . I yell and grab my bathrobe; but it's only my wife (surprised to find ME there) opening the door so she can stand in the middle of the living room at the correct distance from the medicine cabinet mirror . . . to see if her slip is showing.

\* \* \* \* \*

The medicine cabinet is always placed just above the wash stand. Will somebody tell me why it has to be placed above the wash stand? The answer is quite simple. How else can you be guaranteed to bang your head after raising up from lathering your face? I've got pump-knots on every patch of my scalp; except the places where the hair has been knocked plumb off by the swinging medicine cabinet door. Is there a corner of Hades as sharp as the corner of a medicine cabinet door? I think the manufacturers, after putting the devilish things together; then file the corners to a razor edge so they can be assured of doing a real job of manslaughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yesterday I scratched a mosquito bite. Knowing what I know of skinned places in the deep South I took no chances, but galloped to the medicine cabinet. I wanted some iodine, mercurochrome, or merthiolate. I would even settle for some peroxide . . . that stuff that boils when it comes in contact with you.

The first bottle I picked up was a half pint, more or less, of camphorated oil. That was bought the last time my wife had a baby . . . That was 14 years ago . . . There was still a little gummy stuff in the bottom; but mostly the bottle was coated inside with camphor crystals. It's a good thing my wife hasn't got another baby. This bottle I grasped gloatingly by the scruff of the neck, and carried it to the garbage can. Then, on second thought, I

brought the garbage can to the medicine cabinet. Starting at the west end of the north shelf, I picked up in order . . . an empty Empirin bottle. That was bought just after Dewey took Manila. Ponce de Leon was just wading ashore off St. Augustine when the next packet was purchased. A box of Antiphlogistine . . . now in a complete state of exhaustion.

There was a bottle of amber colored fluid which I well remembered. It was the residue of a bottle of "House of Lord's" Scotch, a fellow had gone off carelessly and left. I had put it in this smaller bottle; so it wouldn't evaporate, thinking I'd have me a nice little nip sometime. Well, I now felt like a little nip, what with my wound and all (which had now stopped bleeding and sealed up any incipient infection) so I unscrewed the cap and tilted. My reflexes were slower than my olfactory senses—that is, I couldn't act as quick as I could smell and I had swallowed a fair sized potion before I froze my Adam's apple in neutral. Some gremlin had changed the bottles . . . THIS was sun tan oil . . . and if you think sun tan oil (especially Gabby's) makes a good libation; then you can eat kerosene on mince pie.

After I gargled . . . with clear water (for of course I couldn't find any mouthwash in the cabinet) . . . and snorted and somewhat neutralized the insipid potion I went ahead with the cleaning.

A package of safety razor blades glued together with household cement, the parent tube of which lay next to it in a state of rigor mortis. Three jars of some evil smelling stuff which once was some sort of salve. In the words of Lord Byron when I bought this salve "only the Lord and I knew" what it was for . . . now "only the Lord knew." I chucked all three in the garbage can. Next came some bobby pins which had been used to mend the shower curtain . . . the third one back from the one we have now. A package of sodium bicarb now posing as a sample specimen of Maine marble. Three more bottles with a fluid in each. One of 'em probably had my "House O Lords" . . . but you can't sting me twice brother! I chucked all of those in the garbage. Then I started on shelf number two going south. Custer hadn't even made his FIRST stand when the next preparation was purchased. It was a box of flaxseed for removing cinders from your eye. You get a cinder in your eye . . . then you pry up the eye lid . . . and drop in a couple of seed (if you don't blind yourself in the process) and the seeds swell up, and get slick, and chase the cinder out the corner of your eye while you cry like Alice's turtle in Wonderland. For these two seed, as big as a pinhead, you buy a pint box of seed; and you never use another one to your dying day; and the seed slowly ossify, and amalgamate, and freeze together until atomic fission couldn't pry off an odd seed. This went into the scrap pile. Then I stood back and looked at my work of over an hour. One shelf cleaned . . . and three more to go.

So I tiptoed gently over to the cabinet and lifted it off the bracket. I tiptoed out of the house; and I sought the incinerator. There I lit me a fire, and stood and laughed deep in my chest as the cabinet with its disrupting mirror, and its murderous corners went up in that beautiful blaze.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mercurochrome, and merthiolate, and tincture of iodine I found in my son's First Aid Boy Scout kit, except that there was no iodine in the iodine bottle, no mercurochrome in the mercurochrome bottle, and no merthiolate in the merthiolate bottle. THAT had jimson weed ink in it where he'd been practicing Indian writing.

I still have my skinned place, and I'm waiting for that suspicious stab at the base of the brain where tetanus (lockjaw) first strikes. If it comes . . . so be it! That chance I must take.

But if I escape I have done a noble deed. I have rid my house of a major nuisance . . . the cabinet has gone where the woodbine twineth not . . . and I have a bottle of iodine hid under my mattress.



# "Who's A Sissy?"

Men! I have a confession to make. I am what is known in "he-man" circles as a "home-made" sissy: I wash dishes, and often cook my wife's breakfast: and . . . can I face your scorn? . . . I sometimes serve her breakfast in bed. This is frowned upon in most male circles, because "a woman's work is never done;" and if the male should flirt a dish cloth the female might be able to see over the stack of gooey crockery in time to do her hair up in curl papers before going to beddy-bye. She then might be able to get up in the morning looking some semblance of her wonted romantic self. The male would then be robbed of his excuse to prowl because his help-meet lacked "romantic" appeal.

No friends, I shall be anathema to the "Lords of Creation" who scorn to change a diaper. Me? Heaven help my receding chin, I've not only changed 'em — I've washed 'em . . . dozens of 'em. I've even hung 'em to dry and ironed 'em later. Now fire your salvo.

\* \* \* \*

We men . . . or should I so classify myself? . . . fight for years, and rob ourselves of irreplaceable dollars, in order to establish an eight hour work day and a five day work week. We now have our wagons hitched to the star of a six hour day, a four day week, and a three week month. In time we may even establish a two hour work day, and take both those off for lunch. We may ultimately get paid for doing nothing at all if Truman stays in office, and the Republican money holds out.

But the women? They are the buck privates of society; and society must have buck privates . . . can't everybody be staff sergeants. That is why I have repudiated my stripes by hobnobbing in their circles. There is nothing left for me to do but pluck my eyebrows, and put ruffles on my shirt tail.

You see . . . if I may be allowed a word or two in defense (after all I am the father of two children, so I ain't a total misfit) I grew up in a peculiar environment. Somehow I found out that when a woman has been jarred out of bed with a six-bell alarm at six-thirty a. m., placed her right foot in her left mule, single-footed to the baby crib, redressed a moist offspring, sloshed her mules to the kitchen, put on the kettle, sliced the bacon, mixed a formula, heated a bottle; and in the middle of feeding the junior staff sergeant had to stop to fry lord male's eggs and bacon and toast his toast, look at the south end of his morning paper, kiss him good-bye at the door, rush back to junior . . . get him in his pen, eat her own clammy eggs which she was silly enough to fry because she wanted to save gas when the pan was hot . . . wash the dishes, break a glass, cut her finger, drop the dish towel; then entertain Mrs. Fingerpointer while Mrs. Fingerpointer

discusses the community . . . smile her to the door . . . rush back to the cooling dish water now granulated with congealed soap flakes . . . stow the dishes, mop the floor, toss the lord's socks, shorts, and shirt, in the hamper . . . hang his tie, make up the bed, tilt the crib mattress to dry, throw Junior over one hip and crow-hop to the grocery . . . return with two hips loaded, lunch Junior, get down the sewing basket and replace the missing buttons, wash Junior's things, hang 'em, prepare his bottle, sing him to sleep, peel potatoes, core the green peppers . . . (and this only brings her to pre-dinner) . . . she isn't feeling too enthusiastic when "himself" walks in with playful notions.

\* \* \* \*

I was handicapped with another old-fashioned notion that marriage was a kind of a deal where two of you set up a house in partnership. If one of you got bogged down, the other one was honor-bound to give you a shove and un-jam the starter. From some "unreliable" source I snagged on to the theory that the home was the thing, and who ran it was only of secondary importance.

Besides . . . I state this with bated breath and face averted . . . I have more fun in the kitchen than a 'possum up a 'simmon tree. Give me a pound o' hamburger, some olive oil, rice, red beans, onions, green peppers, pimentoes, garlic, chili powders, tomatoes, and sow belly on the lean side; and I'll make you wish you happened into my house at meal time more often. Fun? Brother, you take your male prerogatives down to the "Greasy Spoon" and let me in my kitchen where I can cook what I like.

I don't wash dishes the way my wife wants 'em washed, but my way saves a lot of soap; and when you save soap today, friends, you've got a lot of tax money left to give Uncle Sam to give to Europe. I scrape off most of the goo and wash the rest down the drain with hot faucet water. They shine pretty good, except for a stray egg fleck here and there which is only minor . . . you just take a knife and touch the dish lightly and that's that. The one small fly in my ointment is that I've never been able to convince my wife to take my short cut.

Furthermore I'm just soft-hearted enough to enjoy the look in my wife's eyes when I fetch her the breakfast tray with the soft-boiled eggs and toast; and hear the hypocrisy in her voice when she sits up in bed, tucks in the napkin, and says, "Oh, you shouldn't have!!!"

Sorry men. This is treason of the first water. I am untrue to the clan. From now on my escutcheon shall be a branch from the wild fig, and my middle initial a "Q" . . . just call me Judas Iscariot Quisling Wimbrow.



# "Ask the Blessing"

How many of you say "Grace" before meals?

Wait a minute . . . don't go away. To some of you that question is merely routine. You do "Ask the Blessing" before the home meal is served. But to many of the rest of you it sounds childish, or unnecessary.

So if you have three or four spare minutes, let's see if this question is as juvenile as it sounds.

You ARE sick at heart, aren't you? You are apprehensive and nervous, more irritable than you feel you should be, more impatient with annoyances, more snappy with your spouse, children, parents, than you have any reason to be. You are all of these things, and a whole lot more.

You are . . . if you'll face it . . . a little fearful of an atomic bomb, germ warfare, H-bomb—sudden all-out war flareup in Europe or Asia? You are sore at politics, a little resentful at the church, and pretty well disgusted with the whole "damned" human race . . . because at heart you are just before being convinced that the whole human race is damned?

You are right.

The human race is unquestionably damned, unless it invites Almighty God to more of its affairs.

\* \* \*

All of us agree that God should sit with the United Nations. Certainly, then, He is important enough to sit at our home table. Does He?

How many of you recognize the presence of God at your dining room table? How many of you finish your day's stint of efforts, and worries, and fall exhausted into bed to get back enough energy to face another day . . . without Him?

My friends (call me "Deacon" if you like) we've met on this page many times over the past two and a half years. We have exchanged ideas on politics, and policies. We haven't discussed, as much as we should, the basic force that makes for happiness . . . and (believe it or not) much material success.

Most of us are quite definite about the education we give our children. We pick, with an eye naturally on our ability to pay, the best schools available. We are careful about the selection of studies. We choose engineering, chemistry, law, medicine, agriculture or whatever seems logical, according to the tendencies shown by our children. We are, especially, careful to equip them for the battle of life in the struggle for material things. We do what we can to make sure our offspring will accumulate enough worldly goods so that they will not lack food, housing, or raiment. And in the main we do a pretty good job.

Belatedly we came to realize that there was almost a separate education needed to fit the youngsters for life in marriage. Sex

education, they call it. So we now try to outfit them in the fullest material sense . . . how to acquire money and keep it . . . how to acquire mates and keep them.

Pathetically too many of us leave their souls to wander aimlessly around without a definite objective. Of the three essentials health, wealth, and happiness, we largely ignore the last one of the three . . . for the attainment of HAPPINESS requires an education of its own. It is impossible without religion.

\* \* \*

So maybe I talk like a preacher . . . I've been called names I liked less. Pop used to say that any intelligent man past fifty ought to be his own best Preacher and Doctor. He meant just that. By the time a man, or woman, has reached the half hundred mark the main essentials of bodily and spiritual health should be pretty obvious.

Prayer is the beginning. Spiritual education begins . . . and probably ends . . . on bent knees. The basic element is humility . . . recognition of the fact that, in the sight of Almighty God, we are all infants at the fount of vital knowledge. No one but God will ever know the tremendous forces of good that are unleashed and perpetuated by the mighty chorus of "Our Father Who Art in Heaven . . . hallowed be Thy Name . . ."

If you want to taste the ineffable sweetness of Infinity, then listen to a baby's "Now I way me down to s'leep, I p'ay de Lord my soul to teep . . ." If you can listen to this without a lump in your throat you are a better (or a worse) man than I am.

God is a perpetual broadcasting station. All of us are born with a receiving set. We are also born with the free choice of keeping our "set" in repair, or allowing it to fall apart with disuse and decay. We can tune in on the Celestial program, or not, as we decide, but whether we tune in, or not the Great Station is still broadcasting. Some of us are getting the programs . . . some are not. It is there for us. It is there for one, for ten thousand, a hundred million, or a hundred billion.

We do the deciding and WE DO THE TUNING.

Try it. This is one of the things in life that still comes free . . . the opportunity to try to increase our intake of spiritual consolation.

Try starting the day with the old-fashioned "LORD BLESS THIS FOOD TO THE NOURISHMENT OF OUR BODIES, AND USE OUR BODIES TO FURTHER THY WILL. AMEN!"

Start the children off with the daily consciousness of a God in Heaven.

Try saying "Grace" . . . and the day of grace may be nearer than you think.



# Open Letter to a Son

Dear Son:

This is not one of those father to son things that are written as much for effect as for sincerity. This is from me to you because I want you to know how I feel. I don't think you ever quite have.

The thing that made me write this is a dream I had early this morning. It is now a quarter past five—about three quarters of an hour before my usual getting up time. The dream woke me up so hard I couldn't lie in bed with it. I had to get up and try to walk off the horror and awful emptiness. I'm still shuddering and my throat is still full of ache. I would have told you about the dream, anyhow, so I thought it was as good a time as any to tell you how I feel about you—and me—and life in general.

\* \* \* \*

I dreamed you were killed last night. A dream like that is nothing new or different. Most mothers and fathers have had such dreams. I am not of the superstition that this one points out, indicates, or casts the shadow of any coming event; or has any such significance. It is my belief that, by some subconscious process of mind, all the things I feel about you were lumped together and put in one basket; and some sort of vehicle had to be provided even in the subconscious. So an accident—a car wreck was the most logical in these days when car wrecks kill more people than do wars—and more juveniles than does disease.

As in all dreams, there was one discordant note—one inconsistency that went unnoticed at the time or I would have known even while dreaming that it was a dream.

The unreal note in this dream (that should have clued me) was the difference in your Mother's appearance. She didn't look like Mommy. When I got home she was sitting there rocking in little, short jerks. We have no rocking chairs. Your Mother didn't tell me—it seemed I got the short, horrible story in another way.

Her eyes were puffy. I said, "Did you know this before I came in?"

She answered, "Yes." Just the one word and kept on rocking.

I said, "Well, don't you care? Why don't you cry?"

She said, "I don't dare let go and cry—if I do . . ." and she looked at me with eyes from which all life had gone. Then the thing hit me and my consciousness. It had taken several minutes for me to realize that you were **actually, definitely and finally—GONE!!**

Like a lot of men who have been blessed by marrying women too good for them, I looked for something to blame: some object upon which I could transfer my own terrible shock and grief and get a shred of comfort by placing the responsibility on somebody else. This time it was your mother. I asked her why she had allowed you to go out again after you came home earlier. She made no answer. Just sat there rocking and looking at me with great, big, dead, empty eyes.

Then I realized that I was being diabolical—that she was hurt just as bad as I was—and then the hurt hit me **full force**. I realized how much dependence I had put in you. A dependence that I had never taken the time to put into words; and this made the shock and loss even worse. I realized with paralyzing certainty that now I could never tell you the things that were in my mind. Things that were always in my mind, even in the midst of some of our quarrels and misunderstandings. Your mother kept looking at me from a face drained of all animation like a death mask and I knew with a knife-sharp pain in my heart that I was about to suffer a second loss. This was more than numbed nerves could take and I started to cry in great, shattering sobs, and to say over and over, "I had SO much hope for him—so much—SO much."

Then, Son, I woke up. Thank God I woke up.

\* \* \* \*

But the dream is still with me. I have had to stop quite a few times writing this to wipe the horror tears out of my eyes. Tears that millions of fathers have shed over sons when the first shock **SEEMED** like a dream . . . and wasn't.

I have prided myself that I had a vivid imagination and could visualize most of Life's vicissitudes. Now I know I was only indulging in dreams of lesser magnitude. Not until the dream this

morning have I ever known what an immediate family loss means. I have been given a realization of the awful empty shock that has come to hundreds of thousands of parents before this dream. The words over the 'phone "There has been an accident, your child is—" Or the brutal frankness of the telegram from the war department, "We regret to inform you—" Merciful God, the hearts that break all around us—about which we know nothing. This time I escaped. I **WOKE UP**. Those other parents can't wake up. It is finished. It is final.

I am not telling you this, son, to scare you. I just thought maybe the dream might have been given me for a purpose, or if I am not that important in God's scheme, maybe I could **PUT** the dream to purpose. So I am writing some things I could never say out loud—even after such a dream. You are a man now and somehow a man just doesn't go up to another man and start muttering, "I love you." Maybe a father should—but he doesn't.

Oh, there were times when I did. Too long ago for you to remember. I have leaned over your crib and mumbled maudlin things like this: "This is my man child—this feller is mine—I'm going to teach him how to duck all the pit falls that have tripped me . . . I'll show the world what a member of this family can really be."

\* \* \* \*

But things didn't work out that way, Son. In these days when it is hard to get enough money together even to put food on the table, neither fathers nor mothers have the time to do and say the things they should. We are busy making a living, and worried with outside problems. We see our children's feet inching along toward the same traps that caught us and we try to warn them.

But we try to do it in two minutes . . . and it can't be done that fast. So our honest efforts wind up in misunderstandings that never should happen.

I have no greater hope for you than any other father has for his son. We all see ourselves over again in our **MAN** children more than in our daughters. This is not fair, but it is natural. Some of us have the time to teach—some of us don't. Some of us are able to set examples—some of us are not even able to do that, because extraneous circumstances often make us into an apparent personality that is not at all what we really are. No nervous, worried, busy or badgered father can project his true personality. You kids don't understand that. There is actually no reason why you should. But it doesn't look like Life is going to change much; so I guess kids are going to go right on misunderstanding parents, and have differences that are basically unreal.

I have used this dream to illustrate some things I should have said many times before. Now they are said and I hope that you in **TURN REALIZE** a little more than you did.

I want you—and your buddies—to know what you carry with you as you go on your way. Tell Ysie (for he was killed with you in my dream) what **HE** means to **HIS** family. Try to convey to your whole circle of friends what you are actually doing when you take chances in your automobiles. Many of you are killed each year . . . and for those it is all over . . . a flash, a crash, a screeching of brakes and life pulls down the curtain for you. But the footlights only go on brighter for the desolated parents you leave behind. Parents — actors — in a drama they have to keep on playing before an audience that neither knows nor understands because the audience has its own problems.

When your foot touches the accelerator, you take the happiness of mothers and fathers in your hands. Every ounce you press harder, every curve you round faster, you gamble that much more with a happiness that is helpless to protect itself. It can only wait for the telephone call or the hospital message.

Watch it son. You've got everything I have and more. You can develop into what I **HOPED** to develop, but never quite accomplished. As I wrote in our editorial three weeks ago, you boys are your fathers' second chance. Try to understand that there is in us more love for you than can always meet the eye. We are caught, most of us, in a knot we can't untangle. Try to understand, and to protect, the only real and worth-while deposit we ever made in the bank of Life.



# The Motor (R)age

You can't buck a natural law. You can cut corners; harness a certain amount of it; modify its effect on your life—but the best bet is to roll with the punch. A good boxer, knowing he can't completely duck the punch, learns to take it and roll with it.

I am beginning to believe that we are approaching the "Hot Rod" situation from the same angle we have approached the Law of Supply and Demand. We are working on the wrong end.

We used the law of gravitation to our advantage in hydro-electrics. We use the law of centrifugal force in our motor governors, speedometers, and cream separators. We rolled with the punch and turned those laws to our advantage.

The law of evolution: the law of progress, development—change in other words, is as immutable as any other natural law. Nothing is permanent but change.

Our kids are a "change" from what you and I knew even ten years ago. The days when we oldsters smoothed our hair back with bear's grease, geared ol' Nell to the Surrey and went courtin' little Jennifer are gone.

## THEY WON'T BE BACK!!

Little Jennifer now has her nylon stockings and a job. She isn't waiting by the taffy pan in the kitchen for her beau to show.

"Ol' Nell," the family hoss, has given birth to a brood numbering from 85 to 160. Instead of one hoss hitched to the front end of a buggy, our kids pull rein on a hundred and twenty horses under the hood. Figuring them to have no more sense than you and I had at their age, they've done a pretty good job of controlling that many horses—or that much horse power.

\* \* \* \*

I have been worried the same as you. I have taken my kid out of the car—grounded him for a spell—the same as some of you have; and the same as most of you have been tempted to do.

I have noted with a great deal of concern that insurance rates are constantly rising. I have noted with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach that at least one big insurance company has pulled out of Florida altogether. Most accident repair bills are out of reason—and this has contributed to the rise in insurance rates.

I know that if repair shops keep on gouging Insurance Companies, and if people with a "punkin' knot" on their head from a car accident, or a bruise on their left shin bone keep on entering law suits for enough damages to have supported all of Solomon's wives for life, we shortly won't be able to buy insurance at all.

And I know that 80% of all highway accidents are traceable to 'teen agers.

I know that the kids in Stuart, and Fort Pierce, and Vero Beach, Wabasso, Sebastian, Fellsmere, Micco, Grant, Malabar, Palm Bay, Melbourne, Eau Gallie, Cocoa, Titusville (and the U.S.A.) are a bunch of wild Indians.

I know these things, and after some fifty odd years I know that these things are the natural symptoms of a natural law: evolution: change.

\* \* \* \*

I have no doubt that the first amoeba raised the devil with its other half (after the split) because the second half pulsed a couple of

times an hour faster than the first half. And I can imagine the family fuss, a billion years later, when the first lung fish (our dim ancestor) climbed out on a piece of rock to see what land looked like.

Our kids are in the throes of the same law that pulled the lung fish out of the water through curiosity.

\* \* \* \*

Ham radio has contributed immeasurably to general communication—and most of the investigative hams were, and are, kids.

Hot Rod mechanics have contributed tremendously to transportation. The science of mechanics has advanced on the basis of knowledge gleaned from standard car conversions—real Hot Rods, not "Shot" Rods. There is a difference.

Hot Rod speed trials, acceleration tests, "cornering," drag races all have left pencil marks on the page of change that will be transferred to the drafting boards and blue prints of tomorrow's cars. Our kids, between screeching tires and war whoops, are learning things that will be used to coming mechanical history's advantage.

So what do we do?

We run ads warning them that we're going to arrest them—for this, that, and 'tother.

We're putting another "O.P.S." type of thing on the law of supply and demand. Why don't we just arrest them for being boys—and curious—and investigative? Why don't we penalize them for having energy and vim and ginger?

Why don't we just put 'em all in jail—so we can roll over on the other side and go back to sleep?

\* \* \* \*

It won't work, our folks. It hasn't worked in any other natural law; and it won't work in this one. We've got to roll with the punch.

California—after the example set by one pioneering town—has established hot rod strips, drag strips, in virtually every city in the state. Police Departments of these cities testify that highway and traffic accidents have dropped 90%. If California can do it, Florida can too. The Californians can't raise better citrus—I don't believe they can raise better kids.

Personally, I'm for giving them a chance. Call it their "last" chance if you like. Let's fix 'em up a place where they can blow off some of the steam without blowing you and me out of the window. Maybe they can teach us some tricks even we might like.

I don't believe it would be too hard to sell this idea to the City Council, Chamber of Commerce, or the Jaycees. Several garages have expressed a desire to help. The kids will do most of the work. Surely we can find a piece of land not too far from the city that can be converted. Maybe the new Vero Beach Sport Racing Association would sponsor it.

Think it over, parents.

And by the way, have you read any o' those hot rod mags? Buy a couple. Me? I'm kinda pining for that ol' "Bear Cat" again.



# You Climb A Mountain Because It's There

You never know when, or from where, you'll get your grist for your mill, or material for a column.

The world is full of people, and people are full of drama, and every drama has a reason.

Last Monday night a week ago I ambled into the Florida Theater in Vero Beach, and saw a movie in color about Mountain Climbing. I heard people's comments leaving the theater. One woman said, "Whew! . . . I'm worn out with watching those people climb mountains."

I went in curious to see if pictures of mountain climbers were going to make me, too, feel tired.

Quite the contrary. The picture "White Tower" had a particularly unimpressive title. I'm still wondering if the director knew how great the picture was. Just a picture of mountain climbing? It was the story of the human race since the first lung fish clambered out to sun itself on a lone bare dry spot of earth.

In one scene an actor asked of another, "But why do you climb a mountain?"

She answered, "Because, it's there."

\* \* \* \*

The movie almost faded when I recalled a scene many, too many, years ago in my own largely misspent life. I started to swim out to a distant float . . . got half-way; then got scared and swam back to shore. It stuck in my craw for several days. I had been afraid, and you don't like to be afraid. Two days later, I climbed in my car . . . drove to the lake . . . hurried into a pair of shorts, and jumped in, before I had a chance to think much about it. This time I swam to the float and climbed aboard it just before collapsing. But I had found out it could be done. Finally, I swam back, then turned, put my tongue between my lips and blew the prettiest "Bronx cheer" anybody ever heard at the durn float that had scared me. Why did I do the crazy thing? Why try to swim to a distant float over 30 feet deep water? No reason, except that it was there . . . a challenge . . . a thing to be done.

Why do men ride outlaw broncs? Why play football? Burn midnight lights working over chemistry formulas . . . blue prints of machines never before attempted . . . serums to combat disease? Because they are challenges to be met . . . needs to be filled . . . problems to be solved . . . destiny to be fulfilled . . . heights to be climbed.

You climb them because they are there.

\* \* \* \*

What happens to a man when he starts up a mountain, gets halfway, and decides it's too much trouble . . . too tiring . . . too dangerous . . . and turns and goes back to the floor of the valley? As a matter of fact, what happens to a kid when he turns back only half-way to the float out in the deep lake water? He either makes the swim, or spends the rest of his life wishing he had at least made the try.

Failure is no disgrace. Only the lack of trying is disgraceful. Something dies in a man when he quits trying.

Something dies in a corporation when it manufactures a commodity on the basis of pure profit, rather than service.

Something dies in a Labor Union when it turns in man hours on the pure basis of wages, rather than pride of accomplishment and pride in workmanship.

Markets today are full of shoddy merchandise because production has degenerated into a consideration of profit and price, rather than pride.

Something dies in a country when it predicates itself on wealth rather than worth.

Something dies in a civilization when it descends to the consideration of personal and bodily comforts, rather than cultural and spiritual refinements.

\* \* \* \*

Our civilization is dying. It has stopped climbing mountains. Our factories are producing for profits . . . our workers for wages . . . our doctors for fees . . . our politicians for patronage . . . our lawyers for retainers . . . our preachers for charges . . . our composers, writers, playwrights and novelists for royalties.

Western movies must have so many pistol shots in so many feet of film to be successful. A book must have so much pornography, filth, to be a best seller. Our literature is full of sex. Our comics, magazines, and bathing beaches, full of nakedness. Our civilization is dying the death of a catfish drying in the sun. All we mumble about is security—and there IS no security.

\* \* \* \*

Now comes Korea. Trouble ahead. Another obstruction across our path. Our climbing poles are rotten—our ropes frayed—our shoe spikes dull—our packs empty, another mountain to climb.

Either we climb it, or Russia will.

China is a senile civilization . . . an old crone mumbling and nodding in the sun . . . a toothless old hag who shows her gums and nods foolish assent to every suggestion. China's teeming, uncounted millions can be led by any vigorous or positive show of purpose, or decision. We have no specific purpose . . . no real policy . . . no definite decision. We have only handouts, and money to purchase collaboration and loyalty. We are not leading China. We have quit climbing mountains.

Europe is tired and worn with the struggle to maintain mere sovereignty of her various national identities. Europe has lost even the energy to follow. Europe can be taken by any real show of force.

We are soft, flabby, and lacking in incentive. But we are neither senile nor worn out. We have reserve energy if the spark plug will fire.

The Russian threat should be all the incentive we need. It is the biggest mountain we have ever faced. It is no mirage . . . no bad dream. It is there: solid and real in front of us.

We are going to climb it . . . not so much because we fully appreciate its menace . . . we will climb it as Americans have always met a challenge . . . BECAUSE IT'S THERE!



# Two Back-Seat Drivers

I am a very fortunate man. For twenty-four years I have had the priceless aid, advice, and assistance of one back-seat driver . . . now I have two.

It is a wonderful supplement to these modern cars which do all your gear changing for you. Virtually, all you have to do now . . . if you have a coherent back-seat driver . . . is to open the door of your car and get in. From then on until you arrive wild-eyed at your destination you merely press the throttle and turn right or, left according to direction from the rear.

That is, I mean, when you have ONE back-seat driver. But I am more blessed than most. I have TWO. My son has just finished learning to drive (he thinks). We all do (think, I mean) at fourteen . . . at fifty-four you quit thinking, for by that time you've found out it's no use.

But to get back to my enviable station in life, I am now equipped with two capable assistants in the art of driving who sometimes have different ideas. I have sat at an intersection for twenty minutes while Missus and Junior discussed directions . . . the verdict generally goes to that one which holds the map . . . I finally assert some modicum of independence, and inquire confidently if they don't feel that, perhaps, the company who made the map knows whether Biloxi is north or east of Tallapoosa.

\* \* \* \* \*

The car I drive . . . let me amend that . . . the car at whose wheel I am allowed to sit . . . has a gear shift lever. I like that. It makes me feel like a man. Neither of my two assistants can talk fast enough to direct just when I should shift from low, to medium, to high. THAT is my bid for individuality. I AM ALLOWED TO CHANGE GEARS. But slowing up; turning right, or left; minding the railroad crossings, streets, and road intersections . . . they are the things over which I exercise no jurisdiction. Why should I? I have two eagle-eyes with me; one in the rear, and the other to my right. How can I go wrong?

Parking is no problem at all. My wife picks out the spot, and my son supervises the manipulations of the wheel. Then my wife watches the street while my son surveys the curb. Between the three of us . . . I mean the TWO of THEM . . . I sometimes manage to berth the craft alongside the mooring grounds with only a few minor dents . . . to my-er-OUR machine. If I so much as nudge the car ahead, or astern, I'm in disgrace for a week.

\* \* \* \* \*

I drove a Buick which I bought in its infancy, nursed through adolescence and nurtured in its old age. I could locate any squawk, rattle, or thud instantly, and tell you exactly whether it was a birdie in the door, left rear spring, or distributor. I learned to distinguish between a knock in the motor, or play in the pump shaft. I knew the old gal from head to tail light, and I loved every inch of her senile, old carcass. BUT the convertible top got so it wouldn't "convert" any more. One day, facing a fairly stiff wind, a minor tear in the front of the fabric became a major wound;

and two thirds of it peeled back over our heads, and flapped merrily astern while we sat outside in what used to be the inside. Of course, it was my fault. I shouldn't have made that left turn back there . . . THAT was what caused the thingamabob to militate against the hoopnanny, and the gizmo caused the top to peel. I never could see the logic in their contention, but anyhow, it wasn't the breeze, but I who tore the top.

My son didn't like the de-horned aspect of the old wagon, so one morning I heard a tremendous thumping and banging, and by the time I reached the scene of the massacre the fell deed was done. The top, in its entirety, had been removed. The fenders were piled in the back lot, the ol' girl had been painted a deep aluminum, and looked like a cloistered female convert in a nudist camp. I blushed for my old, faithful vehicle. She was now a "hot-rod." My son had bought her from my wife. He has a license to drive under certain conditions.

\* \* \* \* \*

That's the point I want to bring out to you. If you want to experience the joys of assistant back-seat driving; then fix it so your assistant can get a license. You get pretty complete advice from a non-licensee; but once they have a card signed by the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles your participation in the act of car manipulation is at an emphatic zero. The card DOES something!! It gives them a certain confidence in your ignorance that they only implied formerly. You are now color-blind, directionless, and tone deaf. The card in your OWN wallet is merely a token of carelessness and laxity in the Commissioner's Department.

Now, my son has a Hot Rod! Sometimes he lets me drive it. I drove her for going on sixteen years, but what's a measly sixteen years in a fourteen-year-old's life? Since he assumed ownership she has mysteriously assumed new characteristics. If I push the accelerator, I am informed that I push it too hard. I don't "brake" properly . . . my stance at the wheel is archaic; and my hand signals are ill advised. I've been using those hand signals since I let go of the neck of a nursing bottle. Those hand signals have kept speed demons and "semis" off my neck for more years than my son is old, but now they're "corny." So I quit driving his old hot rod. I am sipping the ineffable flavor of poetic justice. I let him drive while I do the "back-seating."

\* \* \* \* \*

There is just one horrible thought that brings me upright screaming from my slumbers. I have no seeing eye dog to care for me in my December of life. Whatever will happen to me if my son should marry and move away? And I should have to take a trip without my wife's capable supervision. Maybe I am worrying prematurely. The modern cars do everything but cook your eggs sunny side up. My son will doubtless be with me a few years yet, and by the time I am called upon to relinquish his aid, the manufacturers will come out with a car equipped with radar control.

Then I shall indeed be independent. My wife can sit at home and run the whole deal.



# Why?

Why—in the face of evidence that everyone has more money than he ever had before in his life—is everybody worried?

Why—in the face of such evident prosperity as we used to only dream about—is everyone nervous and apprehensive?

The answer is quite simple. We are worried because we “smell a rat.” Something about all this rings false. Our prosperity is not authentic and we know it.

But, many of us don't know why?

\* \* \* \*

The answer, again, is quite simple. We know the economics bubble is going to burst if we keep on huffing and puffing. We see strikes and walk-outs wind up with only one net result—higher prices on everything we buy.

We read of trusted public officials, traitorous conduct—five percenters—chisellers—influence peddlers; and these wind up again in only one net result (economically speaking) higher prices on commodities.

We read the histories of vanished civilizations: the Roman Empire (historically, only a few days ago); Germany, relatively only yesterday; and we shut our eyes and shudder. We remember the harassed German house frau after World War No. 1, with her barrow load of Marks at the market to buy a few potatoes. Even the formerly “stable” British pound is today only worth \$2.20 — it was a standard \$4.80. We cross our fingers and hope for a miracle to keep it from happening here—for we know it can happen. It is right now happening.

All we need is a few more strikes and walk-outs; a couple more Government “take overs” and it will have happened.

And Joe Stalin will have a victory that cost him not one single round of gun powder.

And we think we are smart people.

\* \* \* \*

All of us, at one time or another, use some borrowed money. Few of us see any real currency. Roosevelt took good care to fix our economy so that we have no sure measuring stick. When some knot-head in our official family decreed that the intrinsic gold foundation of our currency could be removed, he just about sabotaged the constitution.

Our Gold—that commodity that insured our promissory bank notes—was one of the inalienable rights mentioned in our Constitution. We had few enough of those rights. Nobody actually owns land. If you think you do—if you think you own your house, or your farm; then try not paying your taxes. When the sheriff's hammer stops pounding, you will then know for sure that your Real Estate is merely something you “rent” during your lifetime. You never owned it — You can't own it. You merely pay your government for the right to use it.

We did own our gold. We owned it, because we worked for it and earned it. For a dollar's worth of gold, we put out a dollar's worth of sweat. We went into somebody's factory, or somebody's grove, or made something in our own shop; and sold it for whatever value it represented in gold. For that gold we were issued a solemn yellow back “promise to pay” that could be redeemed in gold any time we asked for it.

The government — our government — gave us assurance that the gold was there waiting for us.

Then Roosevelt took it away on the advice of some of his advisors, most of whom never made a legitimate “sweat-earned” dollar in their lives.

Since then, our economy has been a shambles. The Indian aborigines had more sense than we did. Their strings of wampum and shells had a certain intrinsic worth. That worth was guaranteed by tribal agreement. So many shells—a string of a certain length of wampum—was worth a pony, or two ponies. Ponies were basic. They carried you on their backs to the buffalo herds; so you could eat. They hauled your tepees or wigwams when you migrated. The pony value of so much wampum never varied. Therefore, you always knew where you stood.

At the very instant our gold was removed, the foundation of our economy began to quake. We neither knew where we stood financially, or socially. If one basic right could be taken away, then why not all? Most of them actually have been taken away. If you will stand still some time—if you can afford to stand still—and reflect, you will soon realize just how subservient you have become to the government you are nominally supposed to run. Your government is now running you.

Money has become a vagrant intangible thing. It has no actual basis in fact. You can strike, and demand more of it—and get it—but you pay it back with interest when you go out to buy.

If one of your fellowmen (or a group; or a class) reaches the decision that he can't make a go of things, he goes to what was once your government and (if he can sway enough votes) gets a subsidy. But all that happens again is that both he, and you, pay it back “with interest” when you go out to the markets to buy goods.

There is only so much horsepower in society. There are only so many drops of sweat society can produce. When one man sits down on his canasta, and produces not one drop of sweat, then you've got to sweat out two drops—for you both have to eat.

Then it comes to pass, that you've got so many leeches sticking around that you can't sweat fast enough; so what was once your government borrows some more of the faceless paper to take up the slack; which in the final analysis only means that you've either got to sweat still more—or you've got to depend on your children to sweat out the deficit.

It is just that simple.

\* \* \* \*

We are borrowing money from generations yet to be born . . . to boys and girls not yet even married.

Borrowed money is unstable stuff. We hate to be in debt. But we must eat. We can't eat on the mere value of how much sweat we can produce—so we borrow more money to take care of those who don't sweat, and those who are cheating us in our counting houses.

Of course, it can't go on. The bubble of economy—inflated because it no longer stands on a dependable foundation — has got to burst.

So we are apprehensive and irritable and impatient. We know that all our goods are mostly bought with borrowed money. In our jittery dreams we can hear the sheriff's hammer banging on the table. If we are realistic we know that we've got to pull in our belts and accept as ours only that which we can produce while demanding of our neighbor that he also produce and sweat out his share. That will take some drastic readjustment.

We've lived on borrowed money so long that now we actually doubt ourselves. We wonder if we any longer have the guts to do what we know we've got to do.

So we are scared — as individuals — and as a nation.

We should be.



# "Demockery"

We give you a brand-new word, coined out of whole cloth, and cut to fit the national Democratic political party disintegration now in progress. Regard it well! It is the label that adorns the proud old party of the South — the party that, in the past, has militantly stood for the preservation of Human Dignity (both individually and collectively), Personal Rights, and States Rights.

"Demockery" is the label that flies unseen behind the grand old banner, born of blood and sacrifice in order to first achieve our independence from despotism.

\* \* \*

Out of that struggle emerged a new nation of allied and integrated sovereign states — a Republic operating under a form of democracy. A Democracy is that government under which the people either directly or indirectly through representatives rule themselves. A Republic is a form of democracy under which indirectly through elected representatives, elected by the adult population, the governmental affairs are decided.

After our Republic was formed, the "Democratic-Republican" party of Jefferson and his followers was a political party, later becoming the Democrat party. In 1856 the Republican Party grew out of the sectional differences over slavery.

The two political parties had certain definite characteristics, and a certain pattern of applications of principles.

The Republican Party was organized chiefly for the purpose of opposing the extension of Slavery; and advocated a high, protective tariff on imports in order to protect American laborers from the necessity of competing with foreign labor, much of which could subsist on four cents worth of rice a day. The high tariff also provided monies with which to run the Federal Government.

The Republicans supported the negro franchise and largely gave him equity in industry. For this they were often called "Black" Republicans. The negro voted Republican, because a Republican "freed" him. The laboring man voted Republican, because the Republican tariff guaranteed him a higher standard of wages than he could have drawn had he been competing with cheaper foreign productions.

The Democrat Party advocated a low tariff, because they always carried the principle of human rights to extremes (as in their present welfare program) . . . and as a result the American laborers' living standards fell, and the Federal income tax was born to supply the monies lost to the Federal Government through the reduction of the High Tariff in 1913.

Since 1860, with the exceptions of President Grover Cleveland, Woodrow Wilson (World War No. 1), Franklin D. Roosevelt (World War No. 2), and Harry S. Truman (Korean police action), all presidents have been Republican.

\* \* \*

The Republican Party stayed in power from the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, until 1884; and became so powerful, and consequently rotten, that the disgusted people threw them out . . . and Grover Cleveland, a high type of man, was seated by the Democratic Party. However, with all of President Cleveland's fine character and personal integrity, the democrat economists skidded the nation into a ravaging depression. Few living people remember long lines of men looking for jobs, the overworked Salvation Army, the overflowing poor houses, and the soup kitchens. In 1889 a chastened and sobered Republican party, under Benjamin Harrison, came back to Washington; and the wheels of industry began turning again.

The fact is (and I come from a section of the country where Democrats sprouted on every bush, and "Republican" was a fighting word. It was an epithet, rather than a designation) that the Democrats as a national organization have never shown the talents, or the "know-how" to run the American economy. Under Woodrow Wilson's democrat administration, a national depression was rapidly growing in proportions, and World War No. 1 saved it from economic collapse by a flotation of borrowed money.

This synthetic prosperity bubble, riding largely on the crest of inflated, borrowed dollars burst under Herbert Hoover, when he became president.

The bloated, surfeited fabric of industry refused to listen to sane logic, and the Democrat Congress refused to back up Hoover with his recommendations; and a debacle followed. Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. He, together with Congress, put into effect many of the recommendations offered by Hoover, but in true Democrat fashion carried them to extremes. Under Roosevelt many unrealistic promises, and a few well-intentioned projects (which soon became political patronage) caused a bigger bubble to grow, based again on borrowed money.

This bubble was about to burst — there was even talk of impeaching Mr. Roosevelt — when he declared World War No. 2, which drew a veil across the collapsing picture of domestic economy. Millions of idle workers were rushed into industry . . . war contracts, based on the unsound and dangerous cost-plus basis, were issued. No sane mind can visualize the crazy abandon with which people's money was squandered during, and immediately after, World War No. 2.

On through into President Truman's administration, the tumor of unrealistic economy had grown so great that even inflation wasn't answering the need. The "people" were requiring one shot after another: Grants, subsidies, gratuities, welfare, and federal loans. The result: Taxes and more taxes on a heavily hurdened people.

Again, a veil was drawn across the collapsing picture of domestic economy — the Korean "Police" action. We had become so accustomed to unreality, screw-ball economy, and brain-storm measures . . . that we couldn't even call a war a War.

During these years, into what has the Democrat party evolved? A Demockery.

\* \* \*

And slowly, during the last decade or so, into the political picture has come a third party; the Socialist Party, whose platform is an economic system of the reconstruction of society on the basis of co-operation of labor, and community of property . . . which if carried to its logical conclusion becomes Communism.

Washington has become the home and stamping grounds of so many screw-balls that even a crack-pot is ill at ease. Lobbyists run the country. Graft is so much a part of the accepted procedure that a business conference is automatically prefaced by a booze or cocktail party. A sane and conscientious seasoned legislator, or senator, is faced with brow-beating tactics; younger ones encounter silly seniority rules and customs. So much graft and corruption is rampant that hopelessness follows political nausea.

This causes a form of resignation which has produced no leader worth the name. Any considerable bloc vote or a lobby with dough to spend can send representation to Washington, and just about write its own ticket.

Statesmanship has been abandoned. A real statesman today would be crucified by both Washington and the people Washington presumably represents.

Society has been shot in the arm so often that most citizens are lethargic from doses of the "something-for-nothing" doctrine.

The few people, who actually understand what has happened, and why and how, and who have some idea on what to do about it, are so outnumbered by the general public who have sheep-like jammed themselves into a milling mass in the corral of Federal benefits, that even they wonder if it is worth while to try to stem the tide of economic collapse.

They are wondering if it wouldn't be better to simply let the trend flow to its ultimate conclusion; then try to pick up the pieces afterward . . . and start over again.

\* \* \*

Which, of course, is exactly what the Kremlin wants us to do.



# "A Rift In The Clouds"

Last Sunday I saw a cartoon of a man kneeling in prayer. He was a great man, as popular figures are judged. He was bigger in public consciousness than the Archbishop of Canterbury, or Cardinal Spellman, or any of the great contemporary ministers of the gospel.

People knew this man by name better than they know Mary Baker Eddy, or Brigham Young, or John Wesley. And the fact that this man got down on his knees, before the Highest Tribunal, was a great deal more remarkable — One expects a preacher, or even a deacon to pray. — But when Dick Tracy knelt by the bedside of B. O. Plenty, my friends a great gong rang in the belfry of the universal church. There was a rift in the clouds of religious fog . . . and spiritual history was made.

\* \* \* \*

Scoff, if you will . . . and I expect you will. B. O. Plenty is a scrawny, and uncouth character. He was born one night in the brain of a man who drew a few curlicues and straight lines, a sloppy hat, some wisps of hair, and plagiarized a soap slogan . . . and B. O. Plenty entered a stage bigger than all the boards trod by the great names of the drama from John Wilkes Booth to Barrymore.

To witness a performance of the Wilkes and Barrymores you had to get dressed, buy a ticket and go somewhere. The comic strip "stage" reaches from the palaces of Potentates to the hobo jungle; and the cost is of no consequence.

\* \* \* \*

There are great messages in the world. Great messages are being written and spoken by great characters. But it is, usually, the great speaking to the great. Men say things to men; and men write things to men who are already versed in the theme or the message. The great difficulty in the advancement of any doctrine is the difficulty of transmission. People aren't reached who need reaching. They aren't reached, because they aren't sought out . . . aren't contacted.

Doctor Cadman, in his great church, is reaching a pitifully small percentage of the people, who need his words of wisdom. Great editorialists don't reach the people who need the messages that flow from enlightened pens. The people who need the light

are, incongruously, those who avoid it. The vast bulk of the people don't hear great sermons, peruse great documents, or read great editorials.

\* \* \* \*

But they do read the sports page, listen to the radio, go to the movies, and read the comics. Dick Tracy is known from Turkestan to Tampa. And "B. O." is known in homes that never heard of Baruch. John Foster Dulles, Trygve Lie, Ralph Bunche, and Helen Gahagan Douglas are known to the thoughtful bracket of the daily news readers; but for every one who knows these names there are a hundred, who can tell you exactly what Snuffy said yesterday to Miz Smif; and are speculating as to whether Daisy Mae will hog tie Lil Abner. There are fifty million people, who are indifferent to the outcome of the latest Bunche mediation, but are worried to death because Downwind won't show his face. Therefore: when Dick Tracy knelt to pray . . . history was made. History doesn't make people . . . people make history. So when Tracy addressed his Maker . . . good history was in the making.

There was nothing new in the theme. The basic truth is as old as God. Men have definite limitations; so when man comes to the end of physical, or spiritual endurance . . . when there is no other recourse . . . there is always, and forever and ever . . . God.

This basic truth has been known since man's mind became plastic. Our priests, ministers, poets, and philosophers expound and enlarge the theme . . . But they talk largely in a vacuum. The Tracys go directly to the well.

The doctor said: "B. O. Plenty is sinking. We have done all we can do."

Tracy said, "Oh no . . . there is something else."

And he knelt and prayed to God.

Of course, we know that "B.O." will live. The artist wouldn't dare let stark realism spoil a perfect picture of what this benighted earth needs.

More Prayer. More Religion. More God.

And when these messages begin to simmer into the common carriers, like the comic strips, we are on the way. The cartoon of Dick Tracy kneeling will never hang in the Louvre, but in the minds of millions it will be a picture to rank with the Angelus.



# What Negro Persecution?

(Ed. Note: The following was written in answer to a woman from Canada, who wrote a friend of mine asking about rumors of Negro Persecution in the South).

Dear Mrs. Graham.

Your friend in Canada seems upset about White persecution of the Negroes in the United States, and particularly in the South.

This persecution story is generally rumor that is largely kept alive through constant repetition by those who see something to gain through racial friction. Communists are at the head of the list of those who might gain through negro unrest and resentment. Politicians, of the lower breed, see a chance to garner a bloc negro vote by appealing to their racial unity—and incidentally by making them promises that can't be kept either economically or logically. You will note this in at least one of our National Conventions this Summer. Sensation-seeking negro and white newspapers maintain heavier circulation by exaggerating every black-white incident. If you were to eliminate these three main causes of friction, there would be very little of a real race problem.

Our problem (if it could be called a problem) is not half as explosive as your own situation now in South Africa, nor half as bitter as the friction in Ireland (purely among Whites) during the days of Sin Feiners.

There is some friction here, yes; but it is no more than exists between any of the major sub-divisions of the human race; and God made that division, not the "South" part of the United States. Negroes do not, generally, see eye-to-eye with their exploiters and the agitators.

\* \* \* \*

Let's look at some correspondence and releases that have come to my desk. Let me quote: (From a Tallahassee news release) "Southern negroes have been urged, by a local negro newspaper, to rally behind Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia for president, and help protect the south against exploitation and name-calling." This word came from Leon L. Lewis, publisher of the Record Dispatch, which circulates principally among the negroes.

And a release recently from Governor Warren's office. "Governor Warren has increased from \$2,500 to \$5,000 the reward for conviction of the terrorists who bombed the residence of a Mims negro and his wife, killing both. He told a group of spokesmen for various groups that an explosive expert from the Third Army has arrived to continue the investigation, and promised the electric chair for anyone convicted of the murders, without recommendation for mercy."

Negroes, generally, accepted the above bombing incident as the work of isolated individuals, and not as representing the feeling of the South. As a matter of fact, the white people were more perturbed about this than were the colored people. Nor were the efforts of the negro organization the "National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" at all needed. About the only accomplishment of N.A.A.C.P. was to fan hatred and aggravate the situation. One result of the N.A.A.C.P. efforts was a program over a Lake County radio station by sixteen prominent negroes in which the theme was: "Leave us alone and we and our white neighbors will live very well in peace."

You can read and hear a lot of things, especially if you read prejudicial literature. Communists' tracts and publications, sensation-seeking white newspapers, and inflammatory negro publications are full of misstatements and exaggerations.

The State of Georgia has a reputation for being "tough on negroes."

Here are the facts: There are more wealthy negroes in Georgia, even considering its smaller population, than there are in the combined states of New York and New Jersey.

And to bring the case directly to your own back door: a higher percentage of U. S. Negroes than all of Britain's go to college.

In this country, Negroes own fourteen banks, two hundred credit unions, sixty thousand retail businesses, twenty-six Savings and Loan Associations, twenty-five large insurance companies, and negroes publish over one hundred and fifty newspapers (some of them quite large) and several major magazines. Negro students are being enrolled in White-Southern Universities.

The white student newspaper of the University of Alabama said, "We fail to see what would be so terrible about admitting negroes to the school."

Negroes are on civic boards in many Southern cities. Recently the "Chicagoan of the Year" was a slave's grandson; and the Nobel Peace Prize went to the United Nation's Mediator in Palestine, Dr. Ralph Bunche (a negro) in 1950.

Negro workmen (a large percentage of them "skilled") work in Southern steel mills, coal mines, cigarette factories, aluminum plants, foundries, pulp and paper mills, and chemical plants.

A politically inspired F.E.P.C. can well disrupt these conditions, rather than help them.

Negroes such as Marion Anderson, Hazel Scott, Ella Fitzgerald, Florence Mills, Bill Robinson, Burt Williams, "Rochester," etc., have made huge fortunes in stage, radio, and movies. Booker T. Washington, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Dr. George Washington Carver and many others have been hailed by the whites as outstanding educators, citizens, and scientists.

The entire sports world has roared acclaim of negro athletes, fighters and baseball players: Jack Johnson, Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson, Jackie Robinson and on into the night.

Must we applaud all negroes just because they are negroes in order to disprove the charge of persecution and discrimination?

\* \* \* \*

To be sure there are negro slums. There are also white slums just as hideous and filthy. Speaking of Chicago, a full page editorial in "Ebony," a negro magazine, stated: "We have our slums to be sure. But we also have blocks and blocks of fine Negro apartments and homes. Slum clearance programs, far-past the blue-print stage, will become a reality for thousands of families in the lower (income) brackets in the next several years. Most certainly what exposes the evils of slum life in America — or anywhere else in the world — is to be welcomed but not at the expense of misrepresenting truth . . . By all means we should shout loudly and belligerently about slums, but let us also mix our denunciations with praise for the advances in housing which we are making."

There have been individual and isolated cases of mistreatment of negroes by whites. But there are far more cases of white mistreatment by "white."

Naturally, two wrongs do not make a right. I am merely stating these facts to show you that both the negro and the white have opportunities to rise above "slum" conditions. However, as a rule, those who submit to living in filth and degradation are those who don't care about betterment. There are exceptions, of course, but the rule still holds. In the South, especially, the Negro has been an economic asset. The White, with few exceptions, cooperates in every way to keep the Negro healthy and informed. An industrious man can usually find employment; and a lazy man will always live in slums . . . black or white.

\* \* \* \*

You can occasionally hear an ol' cracker mutter something about the "dam nigger." But he can't tell you, to save his life, what dam-nigger he is referring to. He generally has one at home in his kitchen who bosses the whole household; and if you mistreat one of his negro grove or farm help, you've got Mister Cracker to fight right now.

\* \* \* \*

The truth is—and nobody has brought it out or really tried to—that there is a natural and unavoidable lack of complete understanding between Black, Red, White, and Yellow races. The color lines were drawn by the Almighty, and probably only He knows why they were drawn.

As long as definite color lines exist, there will be a lack of complete harmony—and neither politics, force methods, legislation nor "Eleanor Clubs" are going to change the status overnight.

All races, due to speeded communications and transportation, world-wide will eventually blend. With blending of color will come blending of cultures. With blending of cultures will come elimination of friction. Time, and only Time, can build the ultimate understanding which is necessary to racial accord.



# Why A Hat Box?

The hat box is an institution for which there is no logical explanation. After twenty six years of rastling with two—my wife's and my daughter's—I still can't see any reason for women's hat boxes.

Of course, I could go whole-hog, and say I don't see any reason for women's hats either—except that lately women have seemed (I said seemed) to have been exercising a little more judgment in their selection of head gear. I had just about decided that this was a general return to sanity until day before yesterday. That was the day my wife showed up ready to go to "Jackie" Minnick's Fashion Show with a creation plastered to the side of her head that brought me up out of the driver's seat fighting for air. The—er—thing—looked like she had been out in a williwaw, and a vagrant gust had wafted a loose bit of stray cloth that had caught on the side of her head and clung there precariously perched over her left eyebrow. It had a front curtain of lace over both eyes that rendered her an unsafe driver; and instead of jerking it outa the way, she actually patted it more securely into place.

She asked me how it looked—and I told her how it looked. We had a very silent ride into town. I tried conversation twice, but all I got was a snort; so I finally gave up and decided to be smart (and lie like a hero) the next time I was asked any questions about hats.

Even so, my wife does have a couple of hats that look like the salesgirl wasn't being malicious, or intent on slander, when she recommended them. In the main, where hats are concerned, women now seem a little more sensible from the ears up, except for one thing. They cling to that Hat Box atrocity like a hermit crab clings to an abandoned conch shell. No home is complete without a hat box—but nobody in anybody's home can tell you what it's good for.

\* \* \*

I've traveled nearly a half million miles with hat boxes in the luggage: automobile or train. I've sweated it out packing automobile trunks. I've handed France's Marshall Plan payment to Red Caps for toting hat boxes. In all these years and for all that money, I have yet to see a hat put in a hat box.

In the first place the things were made to fit a snare drum, except that somebody bashed in one side so that you can't even fit a round snare drum in it. And if it did fit, you'd have no place to put the drum sticks—except the same place my wife puts her hats—anywhere but in the hat box.

My daughter now is more practical. She doesn't even pretend to put hats in her hat boxes. She just tosses in the last things she thinks of—a hand full of bobby pins, a comb, a brush, her Lady Helen Fair de Luxe creme perfume, a large silk handkerchief to tie up her head, a face cloth, a cake of soap—plus a tired phial of nail polish and nail polish remover, which leaks and sticks half the contents of the box together and removes dye from the contents of the other half. My daughter could have bought half a year's national output of polish and remover for half o' what she's ruined with a series of six cents worth of left-over goo.

\* \* \*

To get back to the hat box—it not only won't fit anything you try to put in it—it won't fit anyplace you try to put it.

Now me—I'm an expert packer. I can spot that extra little corner up near the spare tire in the trunk that was made to order for the little overnight bag, or extra vanity case. I can put two bags where only one bag would go for just ordinarily smart people, who ain't as brilliant baggage stowers as I am.

Brothers and sisters, I can stow 'em in neat and precise and compact—and when it's all finished, here comes my wife—or daughter—or both—out of breath with that atrocity—that lop-sided, no-fit, no-place hat box.

So I unload the stuff and start all over again. With a patience that Job might have been proud of, I unload each of the pieces and try to remember where they had been nested.

Not to change the subject, but you may wonder why I mention Job. I don't want to belittle the sainted old hero, and I will admit that he had patience in an exalted degree. But I just want to point out that they didn't have hat boxes in Job's day—he only had boils to contend with. So, in case you wonder why I classed myself in the same partial bracket with Job, I will tell you that while I have not had as many boils as Job had, he never had as many hat boxes as I have.

So—after I get everything unloaded, I start again packing the auto trunk—and look for that likely spot to stash the lop-sided one. I find it; but it means that one suit case will now have to ride in the back seat; so my daughter can complain of cramped legs from here to Apalachicola. Anyway I've found the place for the hat box—only it won't fit either. The round sides are what stops it.

My wife adds to the merriment of the party (if you can call it merriment) by suggesting, with a twinkle in her eye, that I might have saved all that trouble by putting the hat box in the back seat in the first place. And I counter by saying that she could have left the damthing home.

Now everybody is in a perfect traveling mood, and we all start off loving each other profoundly.

Half way down the lane to U. S. No. 1 my wife says, "Dear"—I hate the way she says "Dear" when I'm mad—furthermore she only calls me Dear when at least one of us is mad. So I say, "Humph"—and she says, "Did you bring your razor—and plate brush"—I hate that 'plate brush' business too (she could call it a tooth brush)—she goes on "and an extra suit of pajamas?"

She knows I only have one suit that I wear on trips or when we have company, just in case they might stumble by mistake into my bedroom on their way to the powder room. She runs down a list of things: "Did I bring?"

Of course, I didn't. How can I remember little details like that when I've got the important job of stowing luggage?

So I go get the razor, and soap, and lotion, and pla-er-tooth brush and pajamas—and—stow 'em in the hat box.

It is now serving its normal and only purpose. It's got everything in it but hats.



# What! Another One?

Just about the time you get sense enough to enjoy life, you're so old that all you've got left is sense.

We're born exactly backwards. We should be born at ninety, and die at nine. Then by the time we grew down to the age of thirty to twenty, we'd know what to do with all that juice and ginger — pep, vim and virility.

What's that other old adage? "It takes six years to learn how to talk, and sixty to learn how to keep quiet."

My young 'un — 17 — comes in and mauls me around. I'm too proud to tell him that I can't take it anymore, so I occasionally tangle with him — and then go off — outa breath — in a corner where he can't see me, and have my heart attack in private.

Now me — I could use that 17 year old energy. I could put out six newspapers just by using the excess energy he wastes in two days. He doesn't know what to do with it, and I ain't got it to do with; so again, I rise to submit that we're born in reverse — I oughta be 17, and he 57 — but, so what?

\* \* \* \*

I reckon that about all you, we and the rest of the old fossil relics have got now is our memories. I got some pretty good 'uns, but I can see where lots of improvements could have been made. But, do you think Life is gonna let me go back and do it over? Nunh-unh! I gotta look back, grit my teeth, and seethe with frustration.

Which brings me to the point of mentioning the thought I had in mind when I realized that this paper comes out just a little before New Year's.

I had a lot of thoughts all wrapped around each other and jumbled together like those noodle letters in Alphabet Soup or the Bureaus in the Pentagon.

Why is it that so many of us feel that we've "gotta get drunk" on New Year's Eve? I've been wondering about that one for years, and even so I've come home a couple of times during our wedded bliss and asked my wife if I was the right husband. Of course, she was nice about it and said, "I was the right one in the wrong condition," which is charitable of a woman who's been baby sittin' while you're out holding up lamp posts.

\* \* \* \*

But still I wonder, "Why?" What is it about New Year's Eve that we look forward to it as our big time to howl? Seems like the birth of a New Year would be a solemn affair — a time at which we'd take stock of the old one, and take inventory of how much we'd been able to invest in it, so that we might draw interest on its memories in the years to come.

You know — you can't bury the years. You can have wakes and funerals, but all the talk and ceremony and ritual, and all the tipsy caterwauling you can engage in doesn't cover them up. Retrospection always brings them to life.

The New Year is yet a mystery, but the old one is an open ledger; and not only you, but a surprising lot of your fellow citizens, can open it up anytime and read the debits and the credits.

Seems like we'd be stingy with the red ink, doesn't it?

No fellers, the years are stable and our memories are permanent things. We can recite the burial service over the open grave of our old year. We can see the old year out in a fuzzed-up blur of bleary vision. We can shout ribald laughter we don't mean across a room to other celebrants, who neither know nor care what we're saying. We can go through all the gestures of tucking away the old '51 in a well-pickled casket, but we can't camouflage it or hide it. We can't cover it up with ashes. We can't bury it with dust. It is our baby now and forever.

\* \* \* \*

So what will '52 bring? It won't bring us anything, pals. We may bring it something, but the New Year is just another empty basket; and at the end of its stay on our calendar, we'll take out of the basket exactly what we put in the basket — with a little friction-loss just as in any machinery of motion.

Physics will tell you, you've got to figure on a certain friction loss, otherwise perpetual motion machines would now be in common use.

So you've always got to figure on getting back actually less than you put out. Somebody is going to misunderstand your kindest words.

... Somebody is going to misinterpret your best meant efforts. Count these a friction loss, and only to be expected.

When the bells ring out for '52, the old year will stand at the back of time with his beard trailing the basket you loaded in '51. He will say, "Son, this is all I can leave you — I produced nothing in myself. I came merely that you could use or abuse me. I brought my empty basket just as yonder pink-cheeked, plump '52 cherub is lugging his new basket through the door of Time. I don't know what you put in my basket . . . there are too many of you for me to remember each one of you — but it's all there. Thumb through the ledger, and you'll find your account. If you're in the red, I'm sorry. There now comes another new feller. "52," maybe you can put in his basket what you didn't put in mine. Au revoir."

Yep! My friends, the old one says, "Au Revoir," not "Good Bye," because Au Revoir means "I go, but I shall return."

And he'll be back. Don't ever doubt that he'll be back. In the midst of a sleep or a business conference, you'll see the old year's accusing eyes looking at you from the dim closet of recollection where you tried to hide him.

Here comes 1952. I'm not going to tell you what I'm going to try to do with him. But I'll say this much. Personally, I've reached the point where I'd rather not build up any more regrets. So I'm pretty sure I'm going to do some of the things with '52, that I didn't do with '51 and the years before; and I'm definitely not going to do some of the things I did with those other years.

I've got fifty-six of 'em hanging around my neck now, and they're loaded pretty heavy with idle words and lost motion, and self-kidding false premises; and my neck's got a kink in it from carrying the load.

\* \* \* \*

Have a good time, but not too good. Old '52 will be with you in your memories as long as you live. Be nice to him while you have him, and he'll pay off a year from now — and in all the years to come.



# Let Me Run My Little Red Wagon

Up to now I have tried to discuss national and state trends from the standpoint of logic and common sense and in general terms. But the situation facing us can't remain generalities — it must inevitably affect us all as individuals. It is going to affect me and my way of life, and I'm beginning to get personally good and sore; and I'll tell you why.

I don't think that anybody . . . and that includes whoever reads this . . . has the right to take America away from me. I, too, have fought for the right of democracy to survive. The youngsters of Okinawa, and Tarawa, and Bastogne are not the only ones who got their guts shot out of them to make the world safe for democracy. Believe it or not they sent over some pretty hot ones at St. Mihiel and the Argonne, and we didn't have the drugs and safeguards in War No. 1 they had in War No. 2. I don't belittle the late conflict; but I don't want to hear the first belittled either. We too lay in shell holes . . . they were often full of water with the diabolical green scum, left by poison gases, on them, which meant that the hide peeled off you shortly thereafter. When I landed unconscious in Mesves-Bulcy Hospital I didn't have a hair on my body. My eyebrows were gone, along with my intriguing curly lashes. I looked like a cross between a tattooed man and an aborigine of Bongo Bongo. I was long, lank, and skinny; and I had always been fat and funny looking.

So I lay in the Hospital for months . . . with my eyes bandaged and no voice except a hoarse croak . . . my vocal chords still carry the scar. I have, (with as good grace as I could manage) been forced to carry the cognomen "loud mouth" and "windy," because at times it is virtually impossible to make the scarred, dried vocal chords emit a sound, unless I expend twice the ordinary volume of air. I haven't complained at the nick-name. It is part of the price I have, personally, paid for my democracy; and I'll be damned if it's going to be taken away from me without a scrap.

\* \* \* \*

In the first and the latest World Wars we cherished and nourished the fallacy that we were accomplishing something constructive for the world in general. Democracy. It has a beautiful intonation. But the "word" isn't the thing. It's how it works — and lately democracy hasn't been working so well. Too many and lately democracy hasn't been working so well. Too many cliques have taken the word "rights" to mean their rights to put over any deal that lay in their power to engineer. Riding herd on these pressure groups have been another group of too often spineless public officials who saw nothing but blocs of votes. The way the Negro for instance has been, and is being used, as a political football is a disgrace to the theory upon which we are founded.

After my war . . . I mean the war thirty years ago . . . The world's economy was in an impossible mess, and the international depression struck. I thought then, and I think now, that the im-

possibly high wage demands was one of the biggest contributing factors. The white collar bracket was squeezed, as it is squeezed now, until its purchasing power, always light, was used up. When the demand for goods falls off; so does employment. Once that spiral starts the end is the soup kitchen.

Mr. Roosevelt was the saviour of "the little man" . . . at the general public's expense. He was still busy saving the little man, (while the national debt piled bigger and bigger) when the second World War drew a curtain across the ridiculous failure of the domestic picture.

\* \* \* \*

After the second war came the same aftermath as after the first. Groups demanding "parity" and Labor stubbornly and stupidly holding on to a war-time wage level in a peace-time economy. It didn't work out the first time, and it didn't work out this time.

But up to now there had only been political, and economical, maneuvering . . . some skullduggery here and there . . . aside from having our gold taken away from us, our liberties hadn't been seriously threatened.

This is not true any longer. Group after group has been pandered to until the money drawer is dry. The weak have been nurtured at the expense of the strong; until now the strong are weak. Day by day the rights we knew are being taken away and we're asked to give up more and more.

I don't like it, and I'm going to do what I can to resist it. I think that I am just as much entitled to protection as the Maine potato grower. I paid that bird twice last year. I and my whole family. I paid one Maine County alone (that does not include all other potato growers . . . even in Maine) forty cents; my wife paid forty cents; my son paid forty cents: for the Maine farmers right to a floor price under his crop. Then I went out and paid too much for his potatoes in the store. I'm doing the same with wheat, cotton, butter, eggs — there's no end to the crazy story.

I think I am just as important as the man I employ to dig a ditch. I made less money last year than he did. My wife, working with me, made less money for all-day-and-into-the-night hours than she would have to pay someone to come in and wash her dishes for her three times a day.

\* \* \* \*

I'm not griping. Get me straight . . . I'll stand or fall by my right to get what my efforts are worth. If I can't make as much dough for winning editorial "Oscars" as a man can make digging a ditch that's just my Little Red Wagon.

It may haul me to Glory — or the wheels may fall off. I may ride my Little Red Wagon to fame and riches, or I may wind up with a fishin' pole and a 'tater patch' But it's still my Little Red Wagon . . . and by God! Harry, you gotta let me run it.



# The "Unknown Soldier" Speaks

I speak to you now — for too long have I remained silent . . .

I died unknown — but I was not buried unsung. Millions have known my "anonymity," where only my small personal circle would have known my identity.

\* \* \* \*

My name could be Flannigan, MacIntosh, Papouloupas, Ginsberg, or just plain Smith.

I shall never in the narrow sense tell you who or what I am . . . for in the broad sense I am an American.

I died fighting for the things America stands for.

You buried me with pomp and ceremony, and great honor.

Tears were shed over my grave by mothers, any one of whose son I might have been; and by fathers, who in me came face to face with the futility of war.

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Long, long before the last sodden thud sounded over my Arlington grave, I was conversing with those who had gone before — many of whom died as I did, unknown.

I have talked with prophets and scholars who had been vilified on earth for their profound utterances. Utterances which, if weighed and considered, might have lifted man's thinking to a higher plane.

I have been enraptured by the heavenly harmonies of great musicians, who died before man's groping appreciation recognized their genius.

I have held long discussions with martyrs of medicine and science, who cut their lives short that their fellowmen might live long.

With great souls I have consorted; and from all I have received assurance that someday the race of men on earth shall awaken to a new dispensation of enlightenment.

\* \* \* \*

But I am troubled. I do not profess to be great. I do not claim to be a martyr. I do not even make the claim that I was a sacrifice. I only say to you that I — the "Unknown Soldier" — was just another one of the servicemen whose number came up on the battlefield.

Still I am a symbol. I am symbolic of the price that is being paid in Korea.

I am symbolic of a slaughter that is endless, pointless, and useless.

I am symbolic of your own failure to do your duty in your intercourse with your kind all over the surface of the earth.

You have failed me.

You have failed me, because you have failed yourselves.

And when you failed yourselves, you failed your country, your world, and your God.

Therefore, I am troubled.

\* \* \* \*

My sadness does not originate from the act or manner of my passing. Eventually I would have died anyhow . . . the time or the date does not matter.

I am troubled because my passing has changed nothing in you that could tend to change things in the world.

You have listened to taps sound over my grave. You have seen the great flag furled, and tears have sprung from your eyes.

But before the tears dried on your cheek, you were thinking your old thoughts — doing your old acts — neither my death, nor the manner of my death, has changed any essential in your make-up; nor advanced by one second the time when men may learn to live with one another in Peace.

\* \* \* \*

There is no day, nor night, here where I am. All time is now. The past and the future are one, and the same.

In the countenances about me I see no sign of sadness or doubt. I sense a spirit of rightness and assurance that material things are in process of perfect adjustment. That the strife laden years from Yorktown, to Bataan, to Heartbreak Ridge are not even a period of Time, but merely an interval of the now which is the only element we know.

But then I am new here. I am not yet mellowed by what we on earth called Time. I still remember the long days of our world, and the longer nights when the end of life might be tied to the screech of the next shell.

I still remember the feel of earthly emotions; and I still judge by earthly values. By those values I judge that your grief over me has been mostly maudlin, and your tears counterfeit.

Except for the Mothers and Fathers, whose son I might have been, your grief has been sentimental rather than emotional.

I have seen no slacking off of material greed. I have seen no concerted effort by the men on the streets to put Spirit above Matter. So I say to you now — on this day of an Armistice that is a mockery — that unless there is a rebirth of the spirit — unless you cultivate and nurture and enlarge the good that is innately a part of you — you shall never know happiness on the plane of earth.

\* \* \* \*

In Flander's Field the poppies grow, and beneath the crosses row on row lie bodies like mine . . . all over the earth . . . useless sacrifices as long as men follow selfish paths.

Today, after keeping silence too long, I have spoken. I shall not speak again. I sense in many of you a feeling that I am bitter and have offered no constructive advice.

I have offered no design for living; because I do not presume to place myself, an unknown, on a plane with the great prophets of history.

You have a spiritual blue print in one inspired message alone, even if no other had ever been offered. Go home — turn to your Holy Bible — read the "Sermon on the Mount" — and you have your answer.

Don't ask me what to do. Ask yourself. The answer is in your own heart — yours and your brothers all over the earth.



# Let Me Run My Little Red Wagon

Up to now I have tried to discuss national and state trends from the standpoint of logic and common sense and in general terms. But the situation facing us can't remain generalities — it must inevitably affect us all as individuals. It is going to affect me and my way of life, and I'm beginning to get personally good and sore; and I'll tell you why.

I don't think that anybody . . . and that includes whoever reads this . . . has the right to take America away from me. I, too, have fought for the right of democracy to survive. The youngsters of Okinawa, and Tarawa, and Bastogne are not the only ones who got their guts shot out of them to make the world safe for democracy. Believe it or not they sent over some pretty hot ones at St. Mihiel and the Argonne, and we didn't have the drugs and safeguards in War No. 1 they had in War No. 2. I don't belittle the late conflict; but I don't want to hear the first belittled either. We too lay in shell holes . . . they were often full of water with the diabolical green scum, left by poison gases, on them, which meant that the hide peeled off you shortly thereafter. When I landed unconscious in Mesves-Bulcy Hospital I didn't have a hair on my body. My eyebrows were gone, along with my intriguing curly lashes. I looked like a cross between a tattooed man and an aborigine of Bongo Bongo. I was long, lank, and skinny; and I had always been fat and funny looking.

So I lay in the Hospital for months . . . with my eyes bandaged and no voice except a hoarse croak . . . my vocal chords still carry the scar. I have, (with as good grace as I could manage) been forced to carry the cognomen "loud mouth" and "windy," because at times it is virtually impossible to make the scarred, dried vocal chords emit a sound, unless I expend twice the ordinary volume of air. I haven't complained at the nick-name. It is part of the price I have, personally, paid for my democracy; and I'll be damned if it's going to be taken away from me without a scrap.

\* \* \* \*

In the first and the latest World Wars we cherished and nourished the fallacy that we were accomplishing something constructive for the world in general. Democracy. It has a beautiful intonation. But the "word" isn't the thing. It's how it works — and lately democracy hasn't been working so well. Too many cliques have taken the word "rights" to mean their rights to put over any deal that lay in their power to engineer. Riding herd on these pressure groups have been another group of too often spineless public officials who saw nothing but blocs of votes. The way the Negro for instance has been, and is being used, as a political football is a disgrace to the theory upon which we are founded.

After my war . . . I mean the war thirty years ago . . . The world's economy was in an impossible mess, and the international depression struck. I thought then, and I think now, that the im-

possibly high wage demands was one of the biggest contributing factors. The white collar bracket was squeezed, as it is squeezed now, until its purchasing power, always light, was used up. When the demand for goods falls off; so does employment. Once that spiral starts the end is the soup kitchen.

Mr. Roosevelt was the saviour of "the little man" . . . at the general public's expense. He was still busy saving the little man, (while the national debt piled bigger and bigger) when the second World War drew a curtain across the ridiculous failure of the domestic picture.

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After the second war came the same aftermath as after the first. Groups demanding "parity" and Labor stubbornly and stupidly holding on to a war-time wage level in a peace-time economy. It didn't work out the first time, and it didn't work out this time.

But up to now there had only been political, and economical, maneuvering . . . some skullduggery here and there . . . aside from having our gold taken away from us, our liberties hadn't been seriously threatened.

This is not true any longer. Group after group has been pandered to until the money drawer is dry. The weak have been nurtured at the expense of the strong; until now the strong are weak. Day by day the rights we knew are being taken away and we're asked to give up more and more.

I don't like it, and I'm going to do what I can to resist it. I think that I am just as much entitled to protection as the Maine potato grower. I paid that bird twice last year. I and my whole family. I paid one Maine County alone (that does not include all other potato growers . . . even in Maine) forty cents; my wife paid forty cents; my son paid forty cents: for the Maine farmers right to a floor price under his crop. Then I went out and paid too much for his potatoes in the store. I'm doing the same with wheat, cotton, butter, eggs — there's no end to the crazy story.

I think I am just as important as the man I employ to dig a ditch. I made less money last year than he did. My wife, working with me, made less money for all-day-and-into-the-night hours than she would have to pay someone to come in and wash her dishes for her three times a day.

\* \* \* \*

I'm not griping. Get me straight . . . I'll stand or fall by my right to get what my efforts are worth. If I can't make as much dough for winning editorial "Oscars" as a man can make digging a ditch that's just my Little Red Wagon.

It may haul me to Glory — or the wheels may fall off. I may ride my Little Red Wagon to fame and riches, or I may wind up with a fishin' pole and a 'tater patch' But it's still my Little Red Wagon . . . and by God! Harry, you gotta let me run it.



# Sour Grapes

Call it sour grapes if you like, but I've paid my last visit to the dentist. Emancipation? . . . it's wonderful!

The only thing that keeps me from wanting to be a kid again is the thought of going through the years with the teeth I came equipped with.

Authorities tell you: "Keep your own teeth as long as you can." Well, there ain't one o' those "authorities" that woulda kept my teeth more than five days, if he could have found anybody to give 'em to.

Hurt? Cold water? Hot coffee? Dessert?

Eating was five minutes pleasure, and five hours regret. One session with a stack o' hot cakes and syrup meant walkin' the floor all night with both hands clamped on the lower jaw, while a demon made uppercuts with a ten pound sledge hammer. I spent a hundred and eighty-six years one night waitin' for a dentist and daybreak.

The world for me was full o' dentists—every time I got a chance to go to a baseball game I had to go see a dentist. Truman travels with his personal doctor. I traveled with my personal dentist. It got so bad that every time I saw a tooth doctor's shingle, I put up my head and bawled like a motherless maverick.

I had the usual number of wisdom teeth, but even they were stupid. They didn't have sense enough to come up natural. I had to have them pulled out. Two of the extractions were "breech" deliveries, and two were "Caesarian."

And the informed boys say . . . "Keep 'em."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have a beautifully clear conscience. Heaven knows I did what I could to hang on to 'em. I kept every Judas one of 'em until they turned traitor on me. Then one day a friend told me to have them crowned. I should have "crowned" him instead, the six front ones crowned. I should have "crowned" him instead, but I went to the best tooth man in New York. He had officiated at the demise of Marilyn Miller's original dental equipment — and at this time was dentally glamorizing Alice Faye. He murdered me in slow, malicious inches. If you think it hurts to grind a little hole through the enamel of ONE tooth, then try having ALL the enamel ground off — and on six at one time. I wouldn't take the needle — the stuff reacts on me like a guy in the last stages of D. T.'s.

So "Doc" ground, and I groaned. Finally, I had a set o' front work that put me in a serious competition with Clark Gable.

I went all over New York grinning at the slightest provocation. They were real purty. But they still hurt!!

I still couldn't handle waffles and honey, or polish off a section of pineapple upside-down cake. My family ate steaks, while I sat down to a bowl of pablum. Finally, I toyed with the idea of abandoning eating altogether, and being fed intravenously.

Then came the dawn — only I didn't know it. This was that "darkest hour" thing you hear about. A doctor told me I had to have 'em all out.

"But, Doc," I quavered, "Can't I even keep one little bicuspid — just one to—er—kinda remember 'em by?"

"Nope," he said (he was the yeppinest and nopeinest guy I ever knew). "Gotta have 'em all—BAD—y' know."

"Bad?" I yelled. "You don't even KNOW how bad! I just had them things retreaded a year ago — twelve hundred dollars I gave that specialist — that's a hundred dollars a month on these chompers—and now you want to take 'em away from me . . ."

"Doc," I cajoled hopefully, "there ain't any GOLD in 'em . . ."

"They're bad," he said. "Look here, watch this!"

He came over and tapped the left incisor with a crow bar — he tapped it quite gentle, but when he hit it my left toe blew off. He raised the bar again . . .

"Cease, Doc," I yielded, "I know when I'm outnumbered — when are you going to expropriate 'em?"

"Right now," he grunted, fingering a thing like a stillson wrench. "You want gas?"

"Nope," I noped (this time). "The thought o' those twelve hundred leafs o' lettuce I wasted is counter-irritant enough to feel no other pain . . . le's go."

And brothers HE WENT.

In three visits my teeth were all gone, and in their place was Luray Cavern. He had taken not only the jobs I had had half-soled, but also the old models that had been beat up by every dentist from Cape Town to Cape Cod.

Talking was now a luxury. Saying words like talk, or teeth, or fruit, or fish — any T's, or F's — meant gettin' your tongue and lips in a Houdini tangle. You hissed like a puff adder. Your chin went up to meet your schnozzle like the ol' witch in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

Then came the great day when I went to get the tailor-made jobs.

James Chaitowitz, D.D.S., held up a double set o' grinnin' things that looked like he'd just come from the Morgue.

"Doc," I hollered, "You ain't gonna put them things in MY mouth—take 'em BACK—the guy ain't even dead yet."

But he popped 'em between my jaws . . . and the top o' my head raised six inches.

"Just a thecond 'oc," I gargled, "Yoo thure theethe ain' fer Man Mounthin Dean?"

"They fit fine," he smiled, "You'll like 'em in time."

"Yeah," I lisped, "But not in MY time . . . Why, Doc" (by this time I had 'em out) "I'LL NEVER learn how to USE 'em."

"Oh, yes," he soothed, "Try a bit of banana first — something soft."

Well, the Lord knows I tried. I went and got a banana — and opened what I had left of a mouth — I shoved the banana through the tiny crack between the crockery — and bit. It was chaos.

The upper plate went one way — the lower plate another — and I ain't found that hunk o' banana yet. Maybe I swallowed it, which was better than swallowin' one o' the plates. Anyhow, I rastled with that banana until it got exhausted and gave up.

Now, I'm a man again!! I can eat, and grin, instead of groan. Some time ago, I was gnawin' a chickens' hind leg, and knocked a front "tooth" off the hinge.

What did I do? I got me some DuPont Household cement and stuck it back—that's four months ago . . . an' it's solid as a rock.

I can chew gum, eat taffy and chomp ice. Life is wonderful. No fits—no "duns"—no terrors—I'm emancipated—YIPPEE!!



# "Too High On The Hog"

You all know what the phrase "Too high on the hog" means? It is a simple rustic way of saying "extravagant." It occurs to me that our entire economic difficulty could be wrapped up in the simple statement: that this nation from and through municipality, county, state and federal divisions is doing nothing more complex than simply living "too high on the hog."

Due to Labor's largely selfish single-mindedness (and in spite of labor's gripes) the fact is that the buying power of labor is greater now than it has ever been before.

It is hard to blame any man for wanting to stretch his buying power as far as he can. But when his buying power reaches the point where it disrupts the buying power of his neighbor, then he is (legitimately or otherwise) interfering with his neighbor's rights. Our pensioners, dividend drawers, annuity owners and salaried brackets should also have the right to what they originally bought and paid for. Due to the resulting imbalance, between their purchasing power and labor's purchasing power, our domestic economy is in a state of wobble and confusion.

That a laborer may be "worthy of his hire" has been repeated for years from the old adage—but sooner or later the fact must be stabilized as to what is his "hire"?

I simply don't believe that any laborer anywhere in the world is worth as much to society as a senator or governor or high echelon public servant. It goes without saying that I am referring to good labor, and good public service. The way labor structure operates today a dub can (earn?) draw just about as much in wages as a skilled operator. This is a destructive facet that must inevitably kill off incentive among the laboring men. There isn't very much encouragement today for a man to try to excel in his trade.

This discussion could go on and on, but the simple and inescapable truth is, that under the present inequitable distribution of purchasing power, labor is eating the hams and loin chops while their chasing power, labor is eating the hams and loin chops while their salaried, pensioned, etc., neighbors are reduced to competition for the hocks, livers, and pig knuckles. Labor is therefore living "too high on the hog."

And every time a strike occurs the discrepancy becomes more pronounced. The salary bracket falls still further behind.

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The answer (at least most of the answer) would be in greater productive capacity. Manufacturers have done a mammoth and incredible job of trying to maintain a production ratio in the face of constantly rising wages which represent more than 87% of their costs. But there comes a time when even these have exhausted their last resources—and production output lags when a labor agent taps a member on the shoulder and warns him to slow down.

The answer to high production cost lies in a basis of piece work. So many units produced for so much per piece. This would certainly separate the sheep from the goats, and it would work a hardship on many laboring men. Yet it is what may be expected, if present practices continue and if we don't go socialistic.

On the subject of "ism," it might be pointed out, that in our big production centers labor is too often the tool—even though unwittingly—of subversive elements. It might be further pointed out that in Russia (the biggest "ism" on earth) the piece work theme is used in reverse. Production there is geared to the fastest operator—not the slowest. Labor may well read the handwriting on the wall and call for a new deal in its ranks.

O'Dwyer uncovered instances of labor slavery—slavery to its own officials—but O'Dwyer evidently proved himself to be without character and called off the probe. Whereupon Mr. Truman appointed him Ambassador to Mexico. You can imagine what the informed Mexicans think of us. But that is another story—and it is disgusting, sordid, and humiliating reading.

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"Too high on the hog." It is the city, county, state and national theme song.

We ask each other why our taxes keep rising. We wonder why our councils, commissions, and legislatures are constantly asked to provide more taxes. The wonder to me is why we ask for an answer. The answer is so pitifully simple. We are "snipping the super slices on the swine." We are demanding things we haven't earned. We are requesting projects we can't finance. We are buying goods we can't pay for. We are going in debt with no possibility of settlement. What can we expect but deficit and insolvency and Rome reenacted?

We are supporting an army of blood sucking leeches in one department alone, that was not only set up too late but has long outlived any usefulness it may have had. There is today no excuse for O.P.S.—except that it continues to finance a throng of loyal democrats. It is merely control for the sake of control. It's printed volume of over half a million words can't be perused in less than sixty days or understood in less than sixty years. Its own administrators can't understand its ifs, whereases, and therefore. It is disruptive, destructive, restrictive, and completely burdensome. It has our retail bracket in a state of hair pulling frenzy, yet we continue to support it.

We allow huge projects built at (our) government expense (operated tax free) to compete with probably our greatest source of revenue—our privately owned utility and power companies. This has never made sense. It is actually paying a yegg to rob our safe. We are depleting our treasury of tax revenues and paying for the process.

We demand economy in the other forty-seven states, while in our own we conversely demand federal funds for projects we can't swing alone. And it is the same in all other states.

Instead of policing our society and directing our young men and women to take care of their aged fathers and mothers—as they did when we were earning and paying our way—we ask Uncle Sugar to establish "assistance." So we all pitch in and support each other's grandfathers. It sounds fine and Utopian—maybe even Heavenly—but it's "Too high on the hog."

Unemployment compensation is a national disgrace in our tax administration of it. Paying out tax money to an unemployed ship fitter in Arizona makes sense in nothing but deliberately crazy fantasy.

Subsidizing illegitimate children, one after the other, until a three line descent is being supported out of our dwindling tax barrel isn't even fantastic—it is insane.

Compensating wives and mothers for unemployment who actually have working children and husbands making more money than some other husbands who are making the compensation financially possible, was never part of the original act.

Compensating Veterans for technical disabilities, which actually do not "disable" them, is an indictment of our national sanity. V.A. was set up to take care of actual need and helplessness—and as such could easily be financed. A general grab cannot.

These things are all fine for the recipients—if you're a little short on vision and common sense. It's a nice deal to have Uncle Simple to come in and federalize your kid's education, and build you a stadium, and a tax exempt power project, and take over most of the burden not only of your unemployables, but also your "won't workers" and unwed mothers and old folks, and pay you gratuities for crops you wouldn't otherwise grow. It's a grand picture if you're stupid.

But actually it amounts to passing a rubber check—for it bounces right back at you. We are, in brief, trying to add ten dollars to our bank account by giving the cashier another personal check for ten dollars. We are buying everything in sight and to hell with the pay off.

We are just plainly and simply living "TOO HIGH ON THE HOG" and we're not going to like it when we get left with nothing but the chit'lins.



# "God's Soliloquy"

Fellows . . . we are celebrating an Armistice. It is a sardonic celebration. It is Faith, with her tongue in her cheek. It is Hope, with her fingers crossed. It is Mirth, with a tear in its eye.

\* \* \* \*

None of us are fooling any of us. We know the First War wasn't finished. We know the Second War has not ended. We know the Third War is almost as inevitable as the sun rise.

We know these things by something deep in our hearts that will not stop tormenting us. We know that Humanity is not on the approved route. We know that somewhere we have detoured. Our yearly Armistice celebrations are pathetic and futile gestures . . . a final and desperate attempt to hold on to a Faith that is only a shadow . . . Hope that is a mirage.

\* \* \* \*

There was no Armistice. There was only a pause between bouts . . . the bell rang . . . then came the seconds with their smelling salts, their buckets and towels. Then the bell rang again . . . and the Second War championship bout was on. This time the blows were more savage. There was no sparring . . . no beautiful footwork . . . no skill. It was sheer brutality. This time the battlers brought them "up from the floor". This time they swung haymakers . . . not for a decision; but for a knockout.

The Third War will be fought by contestants with already bruised bodies . . . with bloody bandages over eyes that can't see; and ears that can't hear.

\* \* \* \*

We are wrong fellows. All of us . . . from Kansas to Kamchatka . . . from Siam to Siberia. Many of us, perhaps most of us . . . know it. And we don't know what to do about it.

We belong to a specie of animal which has advanced mechanically faster than it has advanced ethically. We are a growing body whose perceptions are keener than its morals. We have not yet caught up mentally with our automobile . . . and we have the Atomic Bomb.

This is the "Pay Off". This is the show-down. God has given us the key to the final door. We can almost hear Him saying:

\* \* \* \*

"At least I did my best . . .

Mankind has made its decision. Some of it by participation. Most of it by default.

I had great hopes for the human animals whom I endowed with the power of deep thought, and profound speech. I set up chains of events, circumstances, and reactions which (had men's powers been used) would have pointed the unerring way to universal happiness.

These chains they refused to evaluate.

I gave them examples, precept, counsel. I gave them philosophers wise in the ways of human intercourse. I gave them prophets to predict . . . and centuries later I gave them historians to prove that the earlier prophets were right. I gave them sages to advise, and scholars to inspire.

These they ignored.

I gave them students and thinkers.

These they belittled.

I gave them poets to soothe their spirits . . . artists to mellow their minds . . . musicians to lift their souls.

These they starved.

Where was I in error?

Man has prospered in worldly goods and made great edifices.

He built them not to make himself better . . . but to make himself greater.

Man has built scientific devices to stagger other men's imagination . . . but even so his motives were negative. His major advances in transportation, physics, and even medicine were fathered by Wars of his own making. Man's history has been a chronology of ways to protect himself against himself.

Man has blamed Me for giving him a choice. Man has failed to see that without his free choice of good or evil there would have been no virtue in his decision to do good. I deliberately made men free agents, so that their voluntary choice assumed significance in my cosmic scheme.

To compensate for this I gave them cycles of cause and effect. I gave them the intangible law of compensation, for their ultimate happiness. I gave them the tangible laws of gravitation and centrifugal force. The intangibles they neglected. The tangibles they developed.

Man now has plumbed the depths of my cosmic universe. His great mind has sought and harnessed my Atom . . . the basic element with which I built his material dwelling. Now he stands on the threshold of his last great decision.

He still must have a free choice. If he persists in the belief: That the way to happiness is through pleasure. That the way to profit is through gain. That the way to satisfaction is through power . . . then soon a void will be in the Heavens. The electrons, neutrons, and protons of earth's basic structure will be on their way back to the Mother Sun.

I shall be a lonely God."

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God's Soliloquy? It is yours and mine as well. We all know that somewhere we jumped the tracks. We all from Antarctica to the top of the world know that there is only one source of well-being, and good will, and human happiness.

Somehow we've got to figure out a way to get back to God.



# "Our Bloody Highways"

Seven deaths in less than twenty-four hours along a fifteen mile stretch of road.

**This isn't war you're reading about . . . it's worse. This is the result of man trying to harness a machine . . . but without brains enough for the job.**

The devil's dance will continue until measures are taken so drastic that it's unthinkable to mention them now. You readers may have to lose a baby, or a husband, wife, son, or daughter, before you're ready to listen.

So bear in mind that in these following words we are talking to **YOU**, brother; and **YOU**, sister . . . not your neighbor or the guy down the street.

\* \* \* \*

A remark came to our attention a few days ago that there was some resentment at our paper because we advocated speed traps. We don't know what created such an impression . . . furthermore we don't care. But since the subject has come up, we will say that from now on out, until people start driving with their heads instead of laying on their infernal horns, we are for bigger and better speed traps. We could visualize with delight a speed trap every two miles from Canada to Mexico, and from New York to California. Does anybody realize how many lives might be saved? Has anybody even a remote idea of how many potential deaths may have been prevented by the "so-called Sebastian speed trap?"

To be sure, we've heard criticism, much of it bitter, and much of it justified, regarding the "speed traps" along the highways of Florida. There have been abuses, certainly. Some of the officers have been surly, discourteous, and generally unfit for the job. The system of extracting money from motorists under the guise of a bond when there is no judge in the near vicinity is a vicious practice; and if it's unconstitutional then the constitution should be amended. No officer should have authority to function except to issue a warrant, or make an arrest. The fee system is another vicious practice, and can't be abolished too soon. The idea of an officer's pay depending upon the arrests he can make is both vicious and revolting. These are abuses. But between the existing abuses and the existing need for supervision on the highways, we will take the "speed traps" . . . and God love 'em.

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Morals can't be legislated. No law can be passed that can make people moral. Laws can only deter some fractions of IMMORAL practices. No law can be passed that can make people drive their cars with intelligence. Laws, arrests, and fines can only slow them down momentarily.

The fact is that there's not too much intelligence to work with. A vast percentage of drivers just don't have it in the upper story. This goes for bank presidents or ditch diggers. A man can be a successful and brilliant corporation lawyer and change instantly into a slobbering imbecile when he parks his important rear behind a steering wheel. It doesn't make sense; but there it is. Here's a blind curve; so he pulls out of line with no way under Heaven of knowing that another car isn't approaching . . . indeed he has every reason to suspect that another car is approaching . . . and furthermore the approaching car has every legitimate right to that side of the road. Here's a blind hill. He pulls out of line again . . . Brave? Nervy? The pathetic and inescapable fact is that the driver is a lunatic. The fact we must face sooner or later is that those people are not merely reckless, or careless, or thoughtless . . . they don't have anything to think with . . . they just haven't got all their "buttons."

\* \* \* \*

As a general thing we shun the scene of highway accidents for obvious reasons. We regret the tragedies, and the sheer unnecessary waste of life makes us mad. But a few days ago we followed the ambulance to an accident just north of Winter Beach. Here was an example of two drivers who didn't have all their buttons. Both pulled out of line on a curve at the same instant. The impact was terrific . . . estimated at about 140 miles an hour for both cars. We saw the body of one driver removed. Our stomach isn't as sound as it used to be. We can still see the blood and orange juice sloshing around in the bottom of the car and dripping onto the highway. We can still see the grotesque dangling of arms and legs as he was put

in the ambulance. Even the man's thighs bent like sacks of feathers. There couldn't have been a solid bone in his body. Nothing but a mass of bloody pulp which had slammed against the front of the instrument board when the car came to an abrupt stop, and the body tried to continue at one hundred and forty miles an hour. Think this over . . . if you've got what it takes to think. If you haven't, then sooner or later somebody will drag your dangling carcass from the same sort of wreckage.

In Sebastian there are two signs just a little smaller than the Empire State Building. One at the north end . . . the other at the south end of the city. Any driver who can't see those signs should be taken from his car by force if necessary before he kills somebody. He's blind. And after that warning if he doesn't slow down; then he should be put in jail. The city policeman has orders to make no arrests under fifty miles an hour. That is already too fast; but Mayor Earl Roberts has told us that he wants to circumvent publicity about a "speed trap". No man who is apprehended for driving through an obviously settled town, posted or not, at over fifty miles an hour can consider himself "trapped." He should consider himself lucky that he isn't shot. As far as we know there has been no "speed trap" in Sebastian. If there is we want to be the first to know it. If any motorist is victimized, and can prove it, let this newspaper be the first to have the facts. We will not only print the story here, we will try to do something about it.

The city policeman saw one of the cars in the late accident. The rate of speed through Sebastian was so great that he had no hope of catching him without endangering the lives of the other drivers on the highway; so he telephoned ahead to Vero Beach. His voice hadn't died on the wire before the wail of an ambulance siren took up the sardonic refrain. The driver was already dead. That was the pulp we saw removed.

\* \* \* \*

Ah people! In God's name use your "buttons." If you haven't got 'em all, admit it and move over and let somebody else drive. There are ways of telling whether or not your thinking is normal. If you get mad when a motorist ahead holds out an arm to turn into his own property; then you're erratic in your thinking. Your "buttons" aren't all in place. If you get fidgety, or nervous, in a slow procession up a hill, or around a long curve, or behind a trailer . . . that is prima facie evidence that your reactions are unstable . . . you haven't got all your "buttons."

If you're in a hurry to save a friend's life you're to be forgiven if you take a chance with the other driver's safety. But if you merely head for Florida on a vacation in God's footstool and you figure you simply must be at a certain spot at a certain hour . . . and you juggle the lives of other innocent drivers and pedestrians; then "Bud," you may as well face the grinning truth . . . you haven't got all your "buttons," and we hope somebody "traps" you before you kill some of our friends.

\* \* \* \*

In the meantime, Florida can't do much more with her roads than she is doing. We wish down here we could give you a four-lane highway with clover leaf turns and underpasses. But that's not possible right away. In the meantime, you'll have to take what we've got and mix it with your intelligence . . . if you've got that.

In the beginning we said that these words were for you—they are. This weak attempt to arouse your thought process is for the "cracker" as well as for the tourist. There is a solution, but nobody would listen to it now. Not enough people have been killed to arouse you to the need of actually drastic measures. But you can do this: You can not only give your own brains a "shot in the arm" . . . keep your eyes open, your foot on the brakes, your hand off the horn, and both hands on the wheel . . . you can also start right now and drive the highways with this idea uppermost:

Every other driver on the road is a congenital idiot and can be expected to do the wrong thing any second of the day.

We admit that this is the philosophy of the insane guy who thinks he is right and the world is wrong. But if you don't regard every other driver with suspicion as you tour our bloody highways; you will never live long enough to die of old age.



# The "Old Man of the Sea"

Ed Christman says, "The country has just one more chance in the next presidential election."

"Ed" is a feller who used to operate his own chain of theaters, tent shows, minstrels, and carnivals before coming to Florida some thirty-five years ago. Al Jolson, as "end man" has worked for Ed. Citrus is the current Christman activity, but politics is his hobby, and the United States of America his consuming love. He loves it because the system under which the U. S. grew to top power in the world also is the system under which a man could either operate a theater, or an orange grove; or both . . . and ask odds of nobody.

When Ed was growing up there was a currently popular English story going the rounds. Two men, an American U. S. Citizen and an Englishman were discussing society. The Englishman said, "Oh, but yew Ameddicans hev no gentry."

The U. Esser said, "Gentry? What's that?"

"Why," explained Johnny Bull, "The gentry are those who nevah did any wuk . . . and whose fawthers befaw them nevah did any."

"Hell," chuckled the Ameddican, "we got plenty o' them . . . We call 'em tramps."

\* \* \* \*

At just about the time when Ed and "A. B." Michael were "roosting" wild turkeys where the Sunrise and Florida Theaters now stand, life was considerably less complex. Society's brackets were pretty well tagged. There were the tramps, the drunks, and down on their luck bums, the gamblers, and thieves, the shiftless, lazy, and improvident. There were also the mealy-mouthed politicians, many of whom never made a success of anything but politics. Now, as then, we have the same general division of society, but with one great exception according to H. F. Doughty's letter to the editor. In Ed Christman's younger days "the low life tribes didn't call forth crocodile tears, or ride under the name of "the underprivileged." Nor did the politicians in those days force the provident hard-working citizens to support the bums. (Ed. note. Thanks Mr. Doughty. You said it without cutting any corners. We need more social and political thinking like this.)

\* \* \* \*

In Arabian Nights, if you older readers recall, Sinbad The Sailor was exhausted to the point of death by the Old Man of The Sea. The "Old Man" was a pathetic creature. He begged Sinbad, a husky, vigorous young sailor, to take him upon his back for a little way. Sinbad lifted the pitiful old wreck up on his broad shoulders whereupon the decrepit one showed unexpected strength. His scrawny legs clamped around the sailor's neck even while he slept. Finally, Sinbad waded into the ocean determined to end his own life along with the old man's. But the Old Man of The Sea couldn't stand as much strangulation as his benefactor, and his legs finally relaxed. Sinbad went on to Bagdad a weaker and wiser man. We, my friends are Sinbad. Our "relief" load is the "Old Man."

Hitch hikers are pathetic spectacles. Your heart bleeds for them. But, if you take the trouble to investigate, you usually find that there is a good reason why they're thumbing rides . . . and it is seldom a legitimate hard luck. Three times I have gone out of my way to, not only offer rides, but to try to establish them back again on their feet. One of my friends nearly sued me . . . the hitch-hiker whom I recommended vamoosed in the small hours of the night with over a hundred dollars worth of my friend's stuff . . . The other incidents were just as unfortunate. Now don't go off half-cocked and accuse me of being as heartless. . . . I know there are exceptions. BUT you try to base conclusions on the rule—not the exceptions.

Go to any free dispensary of services. Any free clinic . . . anything free . . . and you'll find the same faces. Always there. Yes. I don't mind lending a helping hand. I love it . . . but . . . when I pick up the morning paper and read where a swell guy was murdered in cold-blood, and his car stolen, by the hitch-hiker whom he befriended, it makes me cast suspicious glances at the poor, pathetic-looking mendicants.

\* \* \* \*

I shall not call any names, but there was once a woman who got very sore with me because I would not drive my car many miles out of my way to pick up her child, and deliver him to the door of an agency which was furnishing transportation to, and free optical services in, a town many miles away. Her complaint was that, in order to put the boy on the bus, which took him to the first town where the agency was located, she had to get out of bed at five in the morning. I was quite blunt about it.

I said, "Look, sister . . . I'm busy . . . I've got a child that needs medical attention right now . . . that I can't pay for. If I send my youngster to a similar clinic it costs me a minimum of forty dollars. So I don't send him. Yours GOES . . . for FREE to YOU, which is still O. K. I'm glad for you. But who pays? I do. I support everything that comes along . . . and pay taxes . . . and donate again and again so your son can get services that I can't afford for my own. And you get peeved because I won't spend still more money so you won't have to stir outa bed a couple hours earlier. That's just too tough."

The really aggravating angle to this incident is that the woman has a husband in another town who makes money enough to support the family. Instead of our laws requiring him to assume his obligation, his offsprings are supported by those who, under the present system, are assuming MORE than their obligations.

It doesn't make sense.

Unemployment compensation, for instance, is really understood by few. Most workers think they are paying for it. Why they think so is beyond me. They pay withholding tax, and social security. The employer pays every dime of Unemployment Compensation.

\* \* \* \*

Now unions demand . . . they demand, brother . . . that employers pay them a pension. It's purely wonderful that the provident have stood the "Old Man of The Sea" as long as they have. But every day, every week, every month, the old man's scrawny legs are clamping tighter and tighter. Frankly, I'm beginning to wheeze, most of you who are reading these words are wheezing. Taxes: visible and hidden, are strangling you to death. That's why my pal, "Ed" says, "We've got just one more chance." When the money earners are finally strangled off . . . when the geese laying the eggs of gold are finally all killed . . . where will the trough get the swill for all the snouts now in it?

When the politicians have used the votes of all the public relief beneficiaries to keep them (the politicians) in office long enough to bankrupt the producers, what happens? You have only to look at most of the rest of the world, and now—incredibly—England. Most of the world today is being held back from complete collapse by the same tax payers who are footing the bills here at home.

The sixty-four thousand dollar question today is: How the situation has stood as long as it has?

The solution? Scrap both parties, and quit calling the Roosevelt dynasty "democrats" . . . and including Truman and the Screw Deal in the category of "democrats." If a corpse can experience nausea; then poor old Democrat Thomas Jefferson is a very sick man. "Best government the least government?" . . . Brother! What Thomas would be saying to Boyle and Barclay. What tears he'd be "Veeping."

This isn't funny, my friends. It's serious, and it's serious right now. So! I'm for scrapping both parties. Find a big hole, toss 'em both in it; cover with a thick layer of our almost repudiated currency and run a bull dozer over the whole works. Then start fresh with two parties correctly labelled. The Liberals and Conservatives. Then ask Claude Pepper to name his party.

You solid south Democrats then wouldn't be afraid of your grandfather's ghost walking if you voted for something else besides "party." Right now if you voted anything but the Democrat ticket, the skies would fall. But let Uncle Dale tell you this . . . the skies are dam well going to fall if you do keep on voting it. Why? Because they ain't Democrats any more.

I hold no brief for the Republicans as individuals. I held no brief for Dewey as a man apparently afraid to define an issue. Taft has more political guts in a week than Dewey has shown in all the time since he made a swell District Attorney. I do want a change of National political thinking. I do want to get the "old man of the sea" off the shoulders of the guys wheezing under the load . . . and who are just before wading into the ocean.

I'm as soft-hearted as anybody who will ever read these words, but I've come to the point where (slightly altering the old song title): "Polly Annie doesn't live here anymore." If the Screw Dealers don't unwind the governmental tape from around us, lift some of the "welfare" load off us, reduce, instead of increase, our taxes, and repudiate our deficit financing we're washed out.

We've got one more chance. We'd better start getting ready for the show-down!!! It's "We," or the Old Man of the Sea.



# Pixilated?

Ever think you were goin' wacky? You probably have. Most of us think so at one time or another. I mean most of us . . . sometime or other . . . feel balmy, and get a panicky idea that at last "it" has hit us, and soon we'll be hanging from chandeliers or climbing grape vines.

This is just to make you feel a sense of companionship. Not by any manner of means to try to convince you that you aren't nuts . . . you probably are. So'm I. What I mean to convey is that if you ARE loco . . . you're not the only one.

\* \* \* \* \*

Don't go for that stuff that "If YOU think you're going off the deep end, it's proof that you're not." That's malarky six times in a row. I'll never believe that a formerly intelligent person can't sense his "think-box" going off key. As a matter of fact, I knew a couple of people who repeatedly went to psychiatrists and regular doctors with the complaint that they felt "Quare in the haid" and they did finally wind up behind bars making faces at the guard.

Oh, no . . . if you're this side o' the belfry now you can feel the bats beginning to fly in and out when the ding dong starts goin' off key. It isn't to REassure you readers at all that I'm writing this. It's only to ASSure you that if you ARE loco you're in plenty of company . . . including me.

Last night I made three deliberate trips to my studio to get an item. Each time I picked up something else and had to go back. The third time I went back without the item (and I still don't know what I went for in the first place) I reached up, tore out a handful of my sparse hair, and announced to my wife in deep dramatic tones "I'm crazieshell!" She said, "I know it." I looked at her real pitiful and said, "You mean it?"

She said, "Certainly I mean it. You gotta right to be crazy if you want to haven't you?"

I said, "Why don't you divorce me and marry somebody else?"

She said, "And get **ANOTHER** crazy one . . . no Sir. I've gotten used to your craziness, I'd only have to learn somebody else's . . . and he'd have to learn mine."

I said, "You mean every body's crazy, huh?"

She answered, "Who knows who's crazy, and who isn't?"

And I said, "I dunno."

And I don't. Neither do you.

\* \* \* \* \*

A perfectly normal act committed by one type of personality would be abnormal if performed by another different type. The other day I went into the Theatre Drug and felt a little ditty comin' on; so I gave forth with a few bars o' "Will there be any stars in my crown . . . in my crown . . . when at E-E-EVE-NING the sun goeth down . . . **GOETH DOWN** (that big print was the bass notes Cousin Charlie Dale used to hang onto the end of the line in the good ol' Methodist Church choir).

Well, when I hit the bass notes that morning in the drug store a couple of strangers over at the show case buying a box of talcum powder from "Rick" asked him, "Is that the Holy Roller Minister in town?" "Rick" bent double, smacked his hands together, and laughed until tears ran behind his ears. He dropped the box of powder and couldn't pick it up for laffin'. The strangers looked at him kinda funny, then at each other; and one nodded, and they both inched toward the door. As they got closer to the door they got a little faster, by the time they came to a photo finish with the magazine rack they were in a half trot, and they tore outa pracktikly in a run. Then their car started, and they tore town. They undoubtedly are now down in Miami telling the natives how crazy the folks are up in Vero Beach. I bet they don't

come back either to a place where big ugly lookin' guys walk in drug stores singing "Will there be any stars in my crown."

You see Church is the place to sing hymns. If you must sing a hymn then don't do it in a drugstore. If you do you're nuts.

\* \* \* \* \*

But suppose you **FEEL** like singing a little snatch of an old barber shop tune, or one of the old hymns they used to sing when you were a kid, and you got feeling kinda homesick and felt the need of a little moral support? I did . . . and so I DID. So I got six screws loose, and **THEY** don't even match . . . half of 'em are Phillips, and the other half are the kind with slots in 'em.

**Crazy? Who ain't? The only difference in people is that some are crazy . . . and some are crazy. Some are crazy to do the things they do . . . and others are just as crazy not to do the thing they don't do.**

History's full of examples of men and women who were crazy in their day, but considered in the light of another day were only normal. Henry Flagler was nutty as a pecan roll . . . but his crazy railroad built the eastern sea board of this crazy state. Maybe he was dizzy headed at that. This must have been an impossible looking mess o' skeeter jungle in those days and most sensible people saw nothing in it but palmetto bugs, gopher snakes, and bob cats.

\* \* \* \* \*

Take your morals as another example. We fellers usta congregate in the back of Johnny Rayne's barber shop and read the Police Gazette. It was ultra ultra. It showed a picture once of Annette Kellerman in black tights. Tights mind you! In a day when women not only didn't **SHOW** the shape of their legs . . . they didn't even admit to **HAVING** legs. My Aunt Ronie used to ask, modestly, for the "Limb" of the chicken. If anybody had ever said "Leg" to Aunt Ronie she'd a-fainted.

Now look at our fair sex . . . and I **DO** mean **FAIR**. They run around the beaches with less on than they used to wear to bed. Business houses . . . staid dignified business concerns give away calendars of dames with drapes flowing back over their shoulders (I said over, not around their shoulders) that would have landed those same concerns in jail thirty years ago. The gals on the calendars aren't even weighed down with a fig leaf . . . and we thought Kellerman in black tights was racy perusing.

\* \* \* \* \*

So who was crazy? The gal who used to go on the beach with long sleeve, long pants, bathing suits that weighed a hundred pounds when they got wet . . . or the gal that wears a suit now made outa grandma's lace collar with 1/2 yard left over? The truth is, I reckon, that time and place is the only guide stone. The bathing suit today would have been crazy then . . . and the big balloon affair Mom wore would be a lunatic's costume today. No wonder Mom never learned how to swim. She had to hold on to the safety ropes . . . her clothes would have drowned her if she'd ever dived in.

Anyhow, Brothers and Sisters, if you've been doing funny suspicious things lately . . . If you've stood in one spot and turned around, and around like a dog making' a nest for the night . . . if you've reached for the sugar . . . and put salt in your coffee . . . if you've started to say something and forgot, in the middle of it, what it was you were saying . . . don't get feelin' sorry for yourself. You may be jarring loose in the top story, and just before going daffy, but you've got a lot of fellow passengers. If you wanna cry on somebody's shoulders; I'm your boy. But look out I don't cry on yours first.

Still and all . . . I ain't gonna sing any more revival songs in any more drug stores. The next two strangers may be a couple o' guards from Chattahoochee . . . and me the next customer.



# *The Guy in the Glass*

When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf  
And the world makes you King for a Day;  
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself  
And see what that Guy has to say.

For it isn't your mother or father or wife  
Who judgment upon you must pass;  
The feller whose verdict counts most in your life  
Is the Guy staring back from the glass.

He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest  
For he's with you clear up to the end;  
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test  
If the Guy in the Glass is your friend.

You may be like Jack Horner and chisel a plum  
And think you're a wonderful Guy;  
But the Man in the Glass says you're only a bum,  
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years  
And get pats on the back as you pass;  
But your final reward is just heartaches and tears  
If you've cheated The Guy in the Glass.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE:—The above poem first appeared in the American Magazine in 1934, it has since been reproduced by just about every type of publication that uses ink. Labor and trade papers, house organs, veterans publications, sales campaigns have used it, St. Joseph's Retreat at Malvern, Pa. gave it away as a parting souvenir. It has been read at least twice into the Congressional Record. Radio stations use it constantly. It has been used without the author's permission or knowledge in at least two books—one writer claimed to have written it. Too often it has appeared anonymously.



# "Avery W. Hall"

Never heard of him? Oh, yes, you have. You've heard of him, and a thousand like him. He lives across the street . . . down the block . . . or next door to you. You, yourself, may be "Avery W. Hall."

\* \* \* \*

Nowhere else on the face of the earth are the "Avery Halls" possible, except in the United States of America. Now, sink back in the cushions; light your stogie, and let Uncle Dale tell you a story that should bring tears to your eyes . . . tears of pride and thankfulness . . . IF you still believe in the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, THE BILL OF RIGHTS, AND THE PRECEPTS OF FREEDOM.

Big words!! You bet, they're big. Too big for Harry Truman to monkey with. This country has had thirty some odd presidents before Harry; and we ardently hope, will have thirty some odd thousand presidents after he is gone. It depends, perhaps, upon what we . . . YOU AND I . . . do about it within the next two or three years.

I've been "rastling" with an idea for days. I knew what I wanted to say, but wasn't big enough to say it. I have filled two waste baskets full of drivel. Just as I was about to give up and throw in the towel, I got a letter from my father. In the letter was a clipping from the Salisbury Times noting the wedding of Avery W. Hall.

THIS, said I, is my editorial!!

(We quote) . . . "More than five hundred persons from the Eastern Shore (of Maryland), Washington, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and New York filled the Asbury Methodist Church. . . . "A reception followed in the ballroom of the Wicomico Hotel in Salisbury for the guests" . . . "After the reception the couple left for a wedding trip to White Sulphur Springs, Hot Springs and Williamsburg" . . . "Upon their return they will live on Park Ave. Clairmont Village." . . . "Mr. Hall, who until their home is built in Clairmont Village, here is PRESIDENT OF THE AVERY W. HALL INSURANCE AGENCY here is PRESIDENT OF THE VICTOR LYNN LINES, INC., PRESIDENT OF THE RED STAR MOTOR COACHES, INC., AND IS A TRUSTEE OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE, CHESTERTOWN."

\* \* \* \*

To you perhaps there is nothing noteworthy about the quotations. You read these things daily . . . but you don't see behind the scenes, or read between the lines. Come with me back to Avery's and my childhood. . . .

"Sal . . . LAY!" (Mom's name was Sally). A rickety Dear-born rattled into our yard. A moth-eaten mule sneezed . . . there is a "Whoa Lem," . . . then again "Sal . . . LAY, want any fish today?"

"No . . . Mister Hall, don't believe I do today," calls back my Mother.

"Well, by dam! ef ye don't buy 'em . . . ye don't have 'em t' eat . . . Giddap Lem!" and out of the yard trots ol' Lem with Lambert Hall at the reins.

Lambert peddled fish and lived on Steam Hill in Whaleyville and was Will Hall's father.

Will Hall worked for Pop in his Whaleyville lumber mill. We had a berry crate and strawberry cup business. Big gum logs, four feet long were steamed over night in a big tank at ground level. Next day the logs were lifted out and placed in a veneering machine where the hot soft gum wood was peeled in thin slices. Groups of women sat among the steaming gum veneer sorting the pieces. These they took home, and made into the berry cups that you bought your berries in at the market.

Will operated the veneering machine as long as I knew him. Called the machine "Betsy." Pop tried to buy him a new one . . . Will would have none of it. "I like Betsy," he said . . . and that was that!

Will used to love "Diamond Dick," and "Buffalo Bill" . . . the affections of Bessie Powell. At school we used the old-fashioned recitation bench system. The class filed up and sat in a row according to their grades. If you answered a question correctly,

you held your place. If you didn't, you moved down and the next in line took your place. Harry and I were constantly changing places. When I headed the class, Bessie was my girl. When Harry "turned me down" Bessie was his girl, and that evening he would carry her books home from school.

Will used to love "Diamond Dick," and "Buffalo Bill" . . . the ancient equivalent of "Red Ryder" and "Dick Tracy" . . . and sold on the newsstands at a nickel a copy.

We'd assemble at Will's after Sunday School and the big Sunday Dinner that always followed, and read the book aloud for him. "Bang! Bang! . . . and two more red-skins hit the dust." . . .

"Oh, boy!" he'd yell, and slap his thighs.

He'd always wanted to read, but never had time to learn . . . so he, with his firm belief in education, took a great pride in Harry's ability to lead the class.

Then Harry died!

It just about broke Will's heart. . . . But he still had Avery. So he sent his son daily to school, and finally to business college in Salisbury. The son graduated . . . got a job at Smith and William's ship yard . . . and began to sell a little insurance on the side. He was industrious . . . He was ambitious . . . He was obliging . . . Men buying yachts at the Ship Yard gave him their insurance business. A kid, raised on the old Horatio Alger doctrine of "Sink or Swim" and "Pluck and Luck," sold an occasional policy; and pyramided it into THE AVERY W. HALL INSURANCE CO.

From fish peddler; to day laborer; to Corporation President. From one town of a hundred and fifty population comes today's Capitalist and Industrialist . . . WHILE THE "STARS AND STRIPES" FLOAT LAZILY IN THE BACKGROUND MAKING THE "AVERY HALLS" POSSIBLE.

\* \* \* \*

They can't happen anywhere else on earth. And I'm beginning to grow a fairly strong suspicion that even Harry "Spendthrift" Truman and his starry-eyed boys won't in the finals be able to destroy the system that makes the "Avery Halls" possible.

"Miss Jones"—take a letter:

President Harry S. Truman  
Key West, Florida.

Dear Mr. President:

I hope you see a copy of this . . . a too brief synopsis of Avery Hall's life story. I didn't mention that the only debt Will ever piled up was a modest charge account each week at Wimbrow Bros. Department Store. When Lambert got old and couldn't drive old Lem any more; he retired to the Lambert Hall house on the Hill and the "big" Halls and the "little" Halls took care of him. He got no old age pension. If a workman got hurt in our mills, the firm took care of it. We had few laws in those days . . . BUT WHAT WE LACKED IN THE FABRIC OF THE LAWS WE MADE UP FOR IN THE FIBRE OF THE "PEOPLE."

Avery is an "easy" touch. Nobody knows the number of people he has helped. In the Church at Whaleyville is a big stained glass window . . . Everytime there is a Church social, there is Avery sometime during the festivities, with a check for a hundred dollars.

I could go on and on Mr. Truman; but you won't see this anyway . . . so I'll just tie off with this final and brief observation: To be sure our civilization has become more complex . . . Cities are bigger and farms' population are smaller. We want to take care of the misfits, the disabled and the unemployables. We want to minimize suffering and privation wherever we find it. We want to help the guys who actually lose their jobs, or who run into a spell o' hard luck.

BUT we've got to start thinking about the other bracket of society . . . FOR WITHOUT THE "AVERY W. HALLS" THE REST OF US WOULD STARVE TO DEATH.

Sincerely and in all good faith,

YOUR I. R. N. EDITOR.

\* \* \* \*

(And brothers and sisters, if you can find yourself better editorial material than this sory, it's your pen and your ink . . .)



# "Turn Backward Oh Time—"

Dear Dale:

Your editorials on national and international affairs have attracted a lot of attention, as I happen to know, and have doubtless served a useful purpose. But do you realize that some of your humorous slants have served a useful purpose also. These are days when people don't have too much to laugh at — nothing is very funny any more. You made all Florida, and I suppose a fair percentage of the country as well, laugh at your editorials on cleaning out the medicine cabinet, and the refrigerator water-bottle battle.

How about the line that forms in homes all over the country to get into the bathroom every morning. Come on, Dale make me laugh again — I need it.

(Signed) Peggy Cole

Vero Beach, Florida

(Ed. note: Y' know, Peg, I been thinkin' about that.)

Speaking for myself, I have one last luxury to ask of Life. I've crossed the Ocean — I've had some fairly nice automobiles in the past — I've eaten a few good steaks — I've even tasted truffles, and past caviar, and breast o' guinea under glass, and once smoked a two dollar seegar. Life doesn't owe me a thing, but there's just one boon I ask. I want my own personal, private, and exclusive bathroom.

When I wanna read about Dick Tracy, or Dean Acheson (and try to figure out how each of 'em is going to get out of his current mess) I don't wanna hear somebody yell: "You gonna stay there all day?"

We ain't got but one mirror in the whole house that's fit to show my daughter where to smear her lipstick.

We've got only one mirror where my son can examine the down on his chin, and gloat about when he's gonna start shaving.

The only mirror in the entire menage where my frau can see whether her slip shows or not is where? Right again! The mirror in my bathroom . . . well, our bathroom, then.

\* \* \*

Now up in my boyhood's Maryland, we still had one of the old buildings that Chic Sale and James Whitcomb Riley made immortal. It had quintuple accommodations—three "seniors" and two "juniors." It was my last retreat, and there I was safe. In winter it was colder than the windward side of a Pribiloff Island, but if you wore a shawl (I had one hangin' on a hook always ready) and if you draped your overcoat around you careful like, you did pretty good. Nobody bothered you.

Talk about memories — that old place has more memories than Windsor Castle. On the east side we had a pig pen. In the Spring, just as we got our new "Monky" Ward, or Sears-Roebuck catalogue Pop bought a pig. He was always a cute little feller, and he'd come and poke his nose through a crack in the wall and I (on the east "location") would scratch him on the snout. He'd grunt and squeal a little bit, and we'd get to be great friends. During the Summer, as the catalogue got thinner, the pig got fatter. By the time we reached the catalogue's harness section, the pig was big enough to convert into bacon and pork chops and sausage. But I never ate an ounce of it. I'd ask, "Mom, is this ham offa ol' Brownie?"

Mom would say, "Dale, I give you my solemn word that this meat came from the store." Then I'd eat. But ol' Brownie? Never!

We had cemented a long and enduring friendship out there in my retreat during the summer when the dirt-dobbers and wasps scared off the squeamish members of the family.

\* \* \*

It was wonderful. Sometimes Pop would join me. He wasn't afraid o' wasps either, and we'd have long talks. My kid brother sometimes made it a threesome. But about the time Nut graduated from a "Junior" seat to a "Senior" location, I had to leave home. Pop was a pretty busy man, and he and I never did get a chance to get clubby anymore after we quit assembling in the little meetin' house with the half moon in the door, and the poignantly sweet wistaria twining on the lattice outside.

\* \* \*

But now! We got modern. Now everything is porcelain and chromium and shiny. No more caterpillars humping along the floor, and stopping to rear up and look at you, and you, kid like, wondering what life would be if you were a caterpillar. No more dirt "dobbers" buzzing in through the crescent in the door with a hunk o' mud, and building a nest in the rafters. No more mockin' birds singing their heart out in the wistaria vines while the breeze told a sweet story of peach blossoms and early June ripening apples.

The modern place has no personality. It's just a spot where everybody "wants in" at the same time somebody else wants to catch up on their reading — usually me.

Lately I bin keeping a record of how many times I've been chased out. The record figures exactly 85 percent. That means that out of ten visits I've made I've been chased out eight and ½ times. The "one half" time was yesterday when I figured I'd get out on my own responsibility. I opened the door to the living room, and there was my wife with her fingers twined and weaving at the hips like Gilda Gray in all her glory.

I said, "Dottie, what are you doin'?"

"Oh, just the scarf dance, dear," she said . . . and wham! went the bathroom door.

I call that only a "half" chase. The other times were outright ultimatums . . . get OUT! — or ELSE.

\* \* \*

Peg, when you mentioned bathrooms you hit me right in the middle of my nostalgia. In these days of:—

Atom bomb discussions, and a looming World War three, Thoughts, like baby's dreaming, bring a wisp of peace to me: I think of cozy winters in my overcoat and shawl, And lazy drowsy summers, and the pig pen by the wall.

A man was part o' Nature with the birds and bees, and flowers He could hob nob with the Universe, nor count the idle hours Of peaceful retrospection as he thumbs the page through Of the current "Youth Companion" or the "Sears Roebuck" new.

We hadn't reached the tempo of the hustle and the strife. We still knew how to pack a little LIVING into Life. I'll trade these nickle trimmings if you'll only take me back To the cozy little building where the breeze blew through the crack.

This economic planning has our backs against the wall. I crave a spot where I can go and plumb forget it all. So take your chrome and ivory — a kid again I'll be Out yonder in that little house beneath the apple tree.



# Uncle Sam Speaks:

## PROLOGUE

Uncle Sam exists in fancy like Santa Claus. The following editorial is an experiment in fantasy. It is an address such as Uncle Sam might make if he could materialize and speak.

(Editor's note: It comes to us that the sessions at Lake Success are not opened with prayer. The many religions represented there basically include the same deity. Only Russia refuses to recognize God.)

(To the United Nations)

Greetings gentlemen, and good will. I regret on this day of my first real appearance here, that I am forced to note . . . and to comment upon what I regard as a glaring omission on the part of this assembly.

Somewhere in the stress and duress of the last several years, we have all lost something that goes deeper than physical need, or material necessity. You, as well as I, gentlemen, have lost contact with the only force that will ever . . . can ever . . . set our feet back on a solid path of reason, or unite our various ideals into a common pact of mutual understanding.

We have made a mistake in our analysis of the needs of the international man. Each of us has, in his separate way, tried to give the impression of universal cooperation while, at the same time, steadfastly withholding such concessions as would have made our theory an actuality.

You, Mr. Malik, have set a colossal example of stubbornness, and shown an incredible ignorance of human values.

I have, in my own way, been as remiss as you. I have leaned with the wind, gentlemen, except when I, with you, insisted on the power of veto during that early period when this assembly was in its formative stage.

I offer, as my justification, the belief and faith I have had that differences between all nations might be eventually reconciled if we continued to confer one with another. I knew, early in my life, when I was first called "Uncle Sam," that in the world will always be a class of men who value bodily security above spiritual satisfaction, and I knew that there will always be selfish egomaniacs who can take advantage of men's physical and material standards of value.

I knew this . . . but I also knew that the world is rich in souls who place spiritual values first. Men to whom ultra-physical needs transcend mere bodily comforts. Men to whom liberty of thought, and speech, and sensible freedom of action, are essential to human happiness.

So I have procrastinated. Not because I was weak in will, or conviction; but because I felt that, sooner or later, these joint conferences might light the spark of understanding, and that even Russia might be forced to the realization that there are peoples who will never voluntarily, or satisfactorily, accept any "ism" other than individualism.

To that end I have taxed my people. I have strained their credit. I have mortgaged the heritage of their children for the next three generations. I have sent uncounted millions to the far and wide corners of the earth. My people have not only accepted these conditions but have in turn sent more billions in gifts and loans to individuals all over the world. Now they once more add the priceless blood of their sons.

I come today, gentlemen, to tell you that I have been forced to readjust my thinking. To the money I have been investing in impossible idealism you are welcome. To the blood of my boys in

Korea you are not welcome—nor a single drop of the blood of my friends. You have suffered greatly. Please believe that I fully appreciate your World War I and II vicissitudes and privations. I neither belittle nor disparage your losses and your heartaches. My people, aside from personal griefs, suffered little in the past wars except some few shortages of material accessories.

Nor do I come here today to assert that I won either of the wars. I know . . . as do all of you . . . the extent to which I contributed to both decisions to end active hostilities. From now henceforth the word win must be stricken from the war dossier. There will never again be a winner of any war. If we here are so lacking in perception as to allow the present conflict to ignite another universal conflagration, then, gentlemen, we have wasted two thousand years of the Dispensation of Jesus Christ. Your sons and mine, and the Son of God Himself, have pointed the futility of the Cross from Calvary to Flanders' Fields, Bastogne, and Korea.

We cannot allow that to happen. I call on you now, if our civilization is to continue, to lay aside national and racial prejudice . . . to stop quibbling about unimportant trivialities.

\* \* \* \*

I shall dispense with recriminations. If I am entitled to some resentments as to how my misguided contributions have been used and abused I shall mark that up to profit and loss . . . and we will all go on from there. I shall dispense with some pointed questions my people wish me to ask Great Britain, and the Chinese Nationalists. That, and other entries in my note book are Bygones, gentlemen, in the strictest sense.

Malik . . . you may tell your boss that as long as I sit at this conference table, it shall never again be used by you solely as a sounding board for lies, deceit, double talk, or any doctrine that destroys the prerogatives of freemen. If you want to sulk I suggest that you immediately so engage yourself. If you, on the other hand, are interested in preserving civilization from chaos then, speaking for myself, I shall be glad to exchange amenities.

Otherwise, regrettable as it may be, I shall suggest to this assembly that we immediately take steps to get along without you. If you consider this statement of mine to be "loss of face" for you, then consider my face. I have lost it so many times that I now am in some doubt as to just where to find it. I'll trade you face for face, for I consider loss of face to be less important than loss of civilization.

\* \* \* \*

I have more to say at a later session, gentlemen, but first we must orient ourselves. We have failed to consider one transcendent theme. We are jousting with windmills and cutting ourselves off from the source of all vital inspiration. We have . . . in common with Russia . . . divorced ourselves from the Almighty Creator of all things. We are spiritual paupers in the only values that will ever make the United Nations a living, glowing thing.

I look around me. You are all here. But there is one Seat vacant. Our most important seat has been empty for That Member has never been invited to commune with us. I see Holland, Belgium, England, Scandinavia. I see the eastern and western hemispheres well represented by men of good will. But national good will is not enough . . . international good will is insufficient. Our mechanical brilliance — our plumbing of the atoms mystery — has brought us to the doorway of the Universe . . . and behind that door sits the One Being whose advice and counsel we must have.

Everybody sits here . . . but God.



# "Spare The Rod And Spoil the—" World

If enough evidence could be dug up from preceding civilizations, you might find that social customs go in cycles . . . as civilizations rise and fall in cycles — like child-raising, for instance.

We have lately had a surfeit of psychiatry. You are psycho-analyzed for everything from epilepsy to warts.

If you have a yen to throw an egg into an electric fan to see what happens, then you are a victim of "repression" during your youth — probably stemming from the day your Mama restrained you from playing ping-pong with a setting of duck eggs.

Austere looking characters, with buck teeth and long fetlocks, have roamed the earth advising parents and teachers to be careful lest they "inhibit" their pupils and offsprings, and turn them loose on society with an inferiority complex.

If you find yourself to be the surprised parents of a screaming brat, you are told that the child is struggling for self-expression.

If your child is inclined to be argumentative about a parental dictum, this is a psychological index of a legal mind — he will grow up to be a lawyer.

If he shows a fiendish pleasure in plucking the wings off butterflies and watching them squirm, he has a biological "psychie," — and will, if properly directed and furnished enough butterflies, develop into a great surgeon.

Never must he be manhandled. Never administered corporal punishment. This will damage his ego and only turn his resentment against you, the innocent medium of his entrance into this vale o'tears.

\* \* \* \*

Haw! — and a couple more Haws even more staccato. I had the unadulterated pleasure of answering my kid once when he voiced the ageless plaint, "Well — I didn't ask to be born. It is you and mother who are responsible for that."

That is the juvenile poser. You are now supposed to grovel and hand over the whole works to the poor thing, who finds himself in a world not of his choosing.

I told him I was real sorry that his Mom and I had done him that-a-way. I told him that if we had known in advance that he felt that way about it, we would have ordered another girl — who, incidentally, ten years previously had shot the same stunning ultimatum at me.

So I rehashed the answer I made to my daughter. I said that, as far as I knew, everything in the world got here the same way—and with just as little to say about it. I didn't recall God asking Adam and Eve for permission to create them in His image, and that from then on no one had had a chance to discuss the question of whether or not they wanted to join the earthly throng. I said that certainly I had not been asked, nor had my father or mother, or their fathers or mothers before them. So, inasmuch as we all were in the same fix, he'd just have to figure out some mode of conduct that didn't tend to drive me — a loving father — plumb cuckoo.

He didn't try that "I didn't ask to come here" technique on me again.

\* \* \* \*

Of course, at intervals, I gather that I am an old fogey and not precisely up to modern snuff, and that I don't understand kids' problems, because people were different back there in the Miocene (or Pliocene) age of my youth, when I rode dinosaurs bareback.

Now, I don't know what kind of a job I have done on my kids—I mean as much of a job as my wife would let me do. They could

be the worst brats ever to beset a community and I (we) would be the last to know about it. But I do know this. We have had very little psychiatry at our house.

My man-child, early in life, showed an overpowering yen to bounce cast iron toy locomotives off his Mama's noggin.

One bounce went by as an accident. The next bounce I took as deliberate intent at mayhem, committed with malice afore-thought. I told him, in baby talk, that Mom and I didn't take kindly to being liquidated, and when I got through paddling his little canoe he was convinced that bashing in people's heads was unpopular at our house.

I don't know how much psychiatry entered into the incident, but whatever it was it worked. He didn't throw any more heavy ammunition.

\* \* \* \*

I never was a sadist. I don't like to hurt things, or see animals suffer. I shot one deer in my life—that's all. If I live to Methuselah's age I'll never kill anything else unless I'm starving to death for its meat. I am, in brief and in fact, a sissy. I certainly don't enjoy busting my kids around.

But I'll tell you this, friends—many of the kids you see around these days show strong evidence of not having been busted around nearly enough. That old wood shed — and the famous old shingle — had more efficient psychiatry in it than all the text books written by all the long hairs in the last three generations.

I think that the reason school teachers are so hard to find is not due so much to low salaries as to the aggravation of the job. Most teachers today ride herd on a bunch of kids who have no respect for God Almighty on down; and if a teacher tries to instill respect in the old-fashioned way . . . when newer methods fail . . . then that teacher is besieged by a gang of angry parents with war paint and scalping hatchets.

I wish some of our modern mammas had invaded Miz Angie's domain where I went to school. I repeat again on this page that Miz Angie taught her pupils to keep quiet, take off their hats, and say "please" — and when you find a kid doing those three fundamentals he's started on the upper level of good conduct.

Miz Angie had a loving heart and a sharp tongue. If that tongue didn't do the job . . . she had a ruler—and if that still fell short of the mark she had a black-gum switch that stood four feet tall in the school room corner. I saw her wield that rod and curl Elmer Dennis's hair one day, and him eighteen years old and six-one in his stocking feet — and if Elmer had lifted his hand to Miz Angie — then "Con" Dennis (his pappy) would have peeled the rest of his hide off when he found out about it. Elmer grew up to be a right nice feller, and he'd fight you today if you low-rated Miz Angie. . . .

\* \* \* \*

Maybe the barrel stave on the bottom wasn't exactly aesthetic — but it got results. Maybe some of this book-raisin' is all right in some cases, but it looks like there's a change of sentiment taking place.

It looks like a lot of our modern parents have decided that, maybe, the rod has been spared these too many years, and that the wear and tear on parental nerves is a lot less, and good behavior results a lot quicker, if a few blisters are raised in the right places.

Me — I don't know. Maybe I've done a bum job on mine. If I have you'll know about it sooner than I will. But anyhow, I think the fashion is changing in raising kids; and that the rear-busters are winning out over the brain-trusters.



# Bottle Troubles

A water bottle is a simple little thing, isn't it? It only has two sides: inside and outside . . . and only one top and one bottom. The top has a cap on it.

That is it did have a cap on it.

In the first place, my wife doesn't know anything about machinery. You tell her about threads . . . and she only thinks about thimbles, and needles. What I mean by threads is those diagonal ridges on bolts, and jars, and bottles you screw things on. In the second place, my wife doesn't know her right from her left. I've tried to explain that she was vaccinated on her left arm . . . and that when you want to unscrew something you twist it toward your vaccination.

So the little woman faces the bottle and only succeeds in remembering that when you face somebody your left is their right . . . then she twists the bottle cap to their left . . . which is her right . . . Result? I hafta get a pair of pliers, or a stillson wrench to loosen the cap.

We didn't get anyplace at all on that deal; so one day she lost the cap. I always did think she lost it on purpose.

Anyhow, from then on the bottle was capless.

Now your main idea is to have a nice drink o' cold water when you come in hot, and dusty, and tired of trying to scrape enough taxes to support all these Dem . . . er . . . Bureaucrats.

You go to the refrigerator and reach for the bottle of nice, cold sparkling, aerated (because the bottle lost the cap) sulphur water . . . the best water in the world even with the sulphur. Without the sulphur it's still the best water in the world.

So you reach, grab, and pull. It comes out so fast it busts you in the nose, because the water bottle only has a thimble full of water in it.

You say . . . during the first five years (because you haven't been married long enough to be frank) you say . . . "Honey, the bottle is empty."

Honey answers: "Yes, I was using it today."

You say, "Well, I kinda figured that was what had been happening . . . on account of there ain't any water in it — but . . . er . . . you didn't fill it up again."

She says, "No, I didn't because I didn't want to warm it up because I might want another cold drink out of it."

So you reach up, grab your eyebrows, pull 'em back down off your forehead to where they belong just level with the top of your nose . . . and you go over to the sink and draw yourself a nice full bottle of water.

Then you put it carefully next to the unit, and tip-toe out.

After a while when you figure she will observe what you do you go out, pour yourself a little smidgin of water (you ain't thirsty, understand, you're doing it for an object lesson) then you drink it and go carefully to the sink and fill it up again. Then you place it carefully next to the unit and tip-toe out.

You do this six times in the next hour. Your stomach is now so full you look like a blow fish. Then you rub your hands and congratulate yourself for being so illustrative of how to treat a family water bottle.

Next day you come home hot, dusty, and craving some more sulphur aqua pura. You open the refrigerator door with all the confidence of which you are capable of which. You grab the bot—you grab the—you grab . . . and discover . . .

No bottle!

So you get down on your knees and move a carton of eggs . . . then a slab o' bacon . . . no soap! . . . and no bottle! You put the eggs back, after crackin' two of 'em, and the bacon; then you wade through a jar o' prunes of which you had the rest of last week. A nice piece of apple pie the bakery would deny on sight, wrapped up in waxed paper. A couple of dishes of mummified broccoli and string beans . . . still no bottle.

But you're not going to give up while life is in you; so you keep on. Finally . . . way in behind a can of Crisco you find the bottle . . .

Empty!

This time you go over very firmly, but oh so nice and quiet, and in your most impressive lower register you say. "Honey, the dam . . . er . . . the bottle is empty again."

She says, "Oh, is it?"

You say, "Yes it is it! and I'm thirsty."

She says, "Oh my goodness . . . I was cleaning the refrigerator, and I guess the bottle got mixed up with the rest of the things when I put them back."

You say with the same patience that made Job famous: "But Honey, the bottle is still empty."

She says, "Why certainly it is. I was drinking out of it, and I didn't want it to get warm" . . .

This goes on for twenty-six years.

You explain that the only way to keep cool water in the cool water bottle is to fill it each time you take a drink out of it.

During this twenty-six years you've become a father twice, and both young 'uns take after their mother.

After the second fatherhood I got two water bottles. On one I put a piece of adhesive tape with my name on it "Dale Wimbrow Senior." I hadda do that because one o' my kids is a Junior.

And I said, "Look gang . . . this bottle is mine. Empty yours if you like, but you leave this one alone."

Then for fifteen years I came home to two empty bottles.

But at last I have made a little headway.

Today I came home, and reached for my bottle. I got it . . . And it was full.

Of tepid water.

They'd heard me coming in the drive, and ran and filled the bottle.

Anybody got a cold drink o' water to spare?



# Point Of "No Return"

There could be a rough awakening coming to those in this country, who feel that the Truman administration is so far discredited that a Republican victory is inevitable.

It is entirely possible that Eisenhower will not be elected—or in blunt English, it is entirely possible that the perverted Democratic (so-called) Party is so firmly entrenched that dislodgement is impossible. In which case, we are just this side of Socialism and worse.

I have lost more sleep over this prospect than I had any logical reason to lose. By that I mean that my little mead of influence is not great enough for me to feel that I have got to lose sleep over it. I realize that all I can do is do what I can . . . and this is too little.

Somewhere in this great nation, and God knows it is great (at the moment) there must be leadership capable of showing the great mass of voting people what we stand to lose if we go collectivistic. It is to society's loss that we can't all go to England and witness what has happened to a nation of once militantly proud and independent people. A nation so proud that the rankest cockney and Coster boasted of dominion over all the seven seas.

There was a famous yarn circulating during War No. 1. It concerned the capture of a German sub by an English destroyer. The prisoners were taken aboard and the victor crew told to treat the enemy with all courtesies guaranteed under the international code, even though the sub crew was a cocky, over-bearing bunch.

Within a few hours a British deck hand was hauled before the mast for beating the tar out of a prisoner. The skipper asked the panting, disheveled seaman why he deliberately disobeyed orders.

The seaman said, "Suh! Seaman Cuttleby 'ad no manner of intention of beatin' th' swab until 'e did wot 'e did at the vurry lawst. 'E tried me patience sorely, Suh, an' that 'e did . . . but I 'ad no notion to let 'em 'ave it, until 'e did wot 'e did."

"What did he do, man, speak up!"

"Suh, this'll grieve yew suh no end. First 'e called the 'ole English race a bunch o' pigs. Swine!, 'e said. Then 'e called the King a nawsty name—and he called me Lord Church'll a nawsty name, and all o' Parliament 'e called nawsty names. Then 'e said the Queen was—I cawn't repeat it suh; and then 'e named our crew some choice ones; an' he walked up to me and kicked over me bucket an' belted me in the face with the mop . . . and I didn't do nothing until 'e rally went an' did it."

"What, man, what?"

"Suh! The swab went to the rail an' 'e deliberately spit in our hocean — then I let 'im 'ave it."

\* \* \* \*

This story exemplifies the fierce pride of the average Englishman a few years ago. A pride that almost surpassed belief until government got into the hands of those who repudiate private enterprise and the capital system. I am preparing some observations based on the recent visit of a personal friend — a former British subject — back to England.

It is a shame that some effective voice can't tell all of our people the disillusionment and abject loss of individuality that skulks at the end of any "ism" road.

Ten years from now . . . if I should live (or want to live) so long . . . I may meet some of the birds who have, either through willfulness or stupidity, tried to bring us to a condition of state control. I shall say with some sneaking, grisly and sardonic sense of satisfaction:

"Hi chum . . . how do ya like your cubby hole and your serial number?"

(To the Jew): "How do you like your concentration camp — and what did Hitler do that isn't being done now to your people?"

(To the Negro): "How do you like your 'equality' now? You've got it and we're all in the rabbit warren together."

(To the farmer): "How do you like raising your dictator-state-imposed quota and adjusting your state limited rations?"

(To the stubborn straight-laced and party-name blinded Democrat): "How do you like your party now, Chum? Sure asked for it, didn't ya?"

(To the former public parasite): "You'll work now bud . . . and like it."

(To the grafter): "What happened to you? You aren't near as purty as you used to be. The Commissars' wives are wearing the mink coats now."

(And last, but not least, to the union partisan I'll mumble through my slowly, starving, blue lips): "How do you like working until you drop? How do you like the "norm" system? Let's see you pull a strike now, son, when your country is in desperate need."

\* \* \* \*

These are bitter words. They are bitter, even though they only faintly touch on the actual bitterness and hopelessness of a collectivistic form of government. For bear this in mind: The minute you depart from the traditions that made the United States of America the greatest, most independent, most self-reliant nation on earth; then that minute you have started on the road to state dictation.

I am not at all sure that the clear and straight thinkers can out-vote the 30,000,000 who, in some form, nurse from the Federal breast. And added to their ranks we have our minority groups who have been fed the dangerous and poisonous swill that the present party administration is the particular friend of all minority groups.

We have the Labor segment, which is being fed the demagogic poison that the Democratic party is their haven of refuge each time they get involved in a difference with capital. Somehow many otherwise intelligent laboring men are being led to believe that wages can keep on going up, working hours keep on growing shorter, production keep on diminishing . . . and yet that Capital can pay and pay and pay: Taxes that in some instances amount to virtual confiscation; benefits; pensions; unemployment compensation; vacations and holidays with pay; and still stay in the business of furnishing employment.

We have hide-bound partisan democrats, who see little of the new alignments in the ranks, and only view the scene from the dead past of the Republican carpet-baggers.

Democrats who either won't see, or seeing, won't believe, that the breed is now democratic carpet-baggers to whom not even party name is sacred. Democrats who are, in spite of the nauseating picture painted over a twenty-year period and the handwriting on the wall, now talking of "regaining control."

\* \* \* \*

You can't do it, fellows. You're outnumbered by those who have defiled your old, proud traditions of state and individual rights. The only way you can ever get control is let the so-called party go down in defeat. The only way to rid the hold of rats is to sink the ship. They'll leave it fast enough then.

The Republican ship sunk long ago and, if the strict Southern democrat could get rid of the "party" glare in his eyes, he would see that the genuine democrats now call themselves Republicans.

It is tough to swallow, but better some bitterness now than hopelessness later. There is a point, to which society can go, from which there is no recovery. We have gone almost that far. Maybe we can save some of the wreckage.

There is only one possible choice to make next November. If we don't make it . . . if we don't repudiate the present party in power . . . we will have reached the point of no return.



# La Cucaracha

For years I wiggled my nether torso, dislocated my spine, and insulted my years trying to do a Spanish dance to the strains of that intriguing melody "La Cucaracha." Instead of a rumba it looked like a zombi but anyhow I tried.

Then I found out what the title meant. "La-cuckoo-rah-cha", my friends, means "Cock-roach" . . . and somebody wrote a tune about it.

Up further north we used to see an occasional cock-roach. In college I had one that used to come around and drink from my paste jar. One day I got the idea of putting a few drops of gin in the paste, instead of water.

Did that cock-roach get DRUNK? He took a sip, and ran like the devil. I sat still and waited, and pretty soon he came back . . . walked all around the jar, and finally cocked us his rear end . . . and took another sip. Then he raised up . . . backed away . . . and I saw that one feeler was pointing nor'-east, and the other due southwest . . . he took another circle around the jar (looking for the Mrs. C. R., I guess), and this time when he bent down he meant business. His belly filled up like a skeeter on a sleeping man, and when he finally backed away he was feelin' no pain, and ready to lick his weight in whatever came first.

He started down the slant of the desk and ran into a big, flat pencil eraser. Do you think he went around it? Not full o' Holland Gin, he didn't. He backed off, and butted it head-on. Of course, it didn't move; so he climbed up on it and somehow got upside down. He laid there with his legs waving and I said, "Oh, Oh, he's got a case of acute alcoholism."

I should have known better.

That cock-roach was just having a little individual jam session.

I could tell by the way his feelers were waving that he was singing "Sweet Genevieve". The right one waved the slow rhythm, the left feeler took care of the down beat. Then he went to sleep.

I did some work, and finally started to straighten up my desk and gave him a poke in the short ribs. He went offa that perch like a tarantula was after him, made two complete circles of the desk, skidded in a drop of gin, bent down, sampled that; and started another lap around the desk.

Then he got too near the edge, and fell off into the waste paper basket. I said, "That's the end of him," and I was kinda sorry.

He and I had been sharing the same paste jar for several weeks. But I didn't know my Cucarachas. Next day he came back with two of his buddies. They went straight to the jar, but this time it was pure in heart . . . no spiritus fermentus . . . They all took a sip, then backed away and went into a huddle . . . feelers waving like mad.

They, quite obviously, said, "Whatsa idea of gettin' us up here on a wild goose chase?" and after some discussion, strode off.

My old associate-in-paste went back and took another sip; then turned, waved an accusing feeler at me, and followed the others.

I reckon the disappointment was too much for him for he never did come back.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now down here in Florida we don't have no cockroaches . . . Just palmetto bugs.

"Oh no, Mrs. Jones, they're not the DIRTY kind . . . THESE grow outdoors in the nice . . . clean . . . palmettoes. Sometimes they just WILL get in the house, but they're harmless."

Haw! So Mrs. "Tourist" Jones trustingly hangs her rayon or woolens (or write your own caption), in the closet, and three days later it looks like a lawn mower had clawed into it. A Florida cock-ro—, pardon — palmetto bug, can eat more bookbindings than a billy-goat.

Smart? You think you and I are smart? You think a short-stop can duck a grass scorcher in a line drive? Aim a fly swatter at a palmetto bug, and he's in Idaho by the time you leave Georgia. We've busted a barrel o' dishes at my house and 90 per cent of 'em were busted by haymakers aimed at palmetto bugs.

I've tried roach powders, roach tablets, bug juice, D.D.T., Penicillin, and Sloan's Liniment. The only cure for palmetto bugs is to move outa the house.

On the kitchen wall is a calendar . . . I think Crosby's gave it to me . . . or maybe the bank . . . Come to think of it I believe it's a Clyde Evans' calendar. Anyhow, it's got a picture of a little boy with a goose pinching the seat of his pants. That's my surest bug trap. I noticed that when I suddenly turned on the light in the kitchen they disappear . . . smart? . . . they run behind the goose calendar.

So now I don't bother with the flit gun. I just saunter in singing "Blue Tail Fly," in a casual tone, then get my big Rand MacNally Atlas, and slap it smack on the calendar. I always get two. You ought to see the wall behind it . . . it's a regular palmetto bug "Boot Hill."

My wife ain't going to like this piece. She says the varmints make people think you're dirty. Well, I been living with that woman now for going on 26 years. One time in our early days she washed out the dish towels in water she drew out of our ONLY supply of drinking water, on a camping trip. She couldn't carry them home dirty . . . oh NO!

If she leaves our cabin a mile from Sebastian to go with me after the mail, she's gotta take a bath first . . . even is she's already had two baths that day. That's how clean she . . . (well I already said that) but anyhow, she feels a personal responsibility for every foxy varmint that invades the place; so I've got to slip this in the works before she gets a chance to use a blue pencil.

Come up and see us sometime, and I'll show you my "Boy with the Goose" dead-fall. There's spray guns, and dusters, and scat, and sta-way . . . all over the place. I'm about to try "Holiday 100-1". We've got six sizes o' fly swatters and busted yardsticks. But I'm through playing Post Office, or Hide an' Seek with a spalpeen that's smarter than Steinmetz was, or Einstein is.

No more hot an' bothered for me. I just saunter in . . . wait . . . and Whammy! flat on the calendar . . . and that's the day's quota.

The calendar is getting kind of beat up now. The little boy's play suit is full o' dents like the goose had manhandled him plenty before he concentrated on the seat of his britches. Even the goose is shy one eye and some tail feathers. I've sure given that calendar a bad time.

Next year I'm going to get a nice, fresh one.

It certainly does do a job . . .



# Will It Be You?

The old man with the scythe is roaming the roads. Death is stalking the highways and by-ways of the United States of America. Is he looking for you?

One of us is on his list — the list to be completed sometime within the next two weeks. In that time the one millionth person in this country will have the distinction of having been killed in a traffic accident. Within the next two weeks the automobile will have taken one million lives, since it first came clanking, jerking and stinking out of the experimental shop.

\* \* \* \*

The brain of man, who developed this terrible engine of destruction, is in many ways similar to that of the story book Frankenstein, who constructed the monster which he was unable to control. We, even now, after more than fifty years of manipulating our man-killing monster, are not able to control it.

We are already in an atomic age, while our brains haven't yet caught up with the motor car age. We have invented the atom bomb—but we don't even understand the automobile.

\* \* \* \*

If you trace the evolution of the automobile, you can see that even the inventors were not trying to "develop"—they were only trying to "eliminate." The pictures of the auto's various stages show clearly that the motor car was an accidental phase of the inventor's attempt to get rid of the horse. "Horseless Carriages" they were called. For years all automobiles clung to the lines of construction of the buggy and carriage. Even the dearborn—"durbin" we called the horse-drawn kind—the surrey with the fringe on top (one of the early Chalmers)—and even the sulky and Tally-Ho were represented. All they lacked was one, two, or four horses.

Decent horses went crazy, and dashed for the woods when they met one of these apparitions moving down the highway pulled by nothing but the invisible ghosts of their departed ancestors. In time the horses grew callous to this supernatural condition; and Man's brain went to sleep with the horses.

Then the automobile started killing.

\* \* \* \*

Man, who had only been concerned with getting rid of horses tied to his buggy, had no idea and less understanding of how many horses he had added to the vehicle.

No average layman actually comprehends just what a team of ninety, a hundred, a hundred and sixty horses in uncontrolled flight can do. Few team drivers ever had a runaway with more than two horses at a time.

Now, after science and engineering has eliminated the ruts in the dirt roads and the bumps from the highways, man no longer

notices, notes, or comprehends the element called speed. He cruises along thickly crowded streets now at a speed which, even within the law, would have been a run-away pace a comparatively short time ago.

So man, whose reflexes actually haven't had sufficient time to adjust themselves to the new demands, finds himself sitting in a precarious spot.

The irritability noticed in normally well-mannered people behind the wheel of a car is not natural boorishness or meanness. It is the subconscious dread of the unknown. It is a feeling of insecurity—and near helplessness.

The yelling, shouting driver is merely the exemplification of a poor inadequate mortal mind in a position of indecision. He doesn't understand his Frankenstein monster and he subconsciously knows it. So he shouts.

The driver who blithely turns out to pass you on a blind curve, or going up a blind hill, is not demonstrating recklessness, or even a specie of careless courage. He is only demonstrating his inability to think. He is taken completely by surprise when he is brought face to face with the fact that there actually is somebody coming from the opposite direction. He is still back there in the days before Winton, or Haynes, or Buick managed to unhitch the roan from the runaway.

You can pity this man, and his contemporary the shouter. They are living proof that the age of the day is ahead of the perceptions of the day. Man's inventiveness has outstripped his understanding.

\* \* \* \*

You and I are largely in the same category. We allow our kids to cruise the roads in an engine of almost unlimited power at an age when they are hardly past the stage of rolling a hoop. They twirl the wheel, and push the accelerator, while they have barely finished learning how to manipulate a nursing bottle. Then we wonder why they play reckless games like "chicken" in the cars they neither bought nor paid for.

We — without demur or protest — watch while the automobile companies build more power, and still more speed in the Frankensteinian monster that will have killed its millionth victim by the time this ink is dry on the paper you are holding.

We are making a futile pass at the monster. We draft a few state laws with no real medium of enforcement. We make a few arrests and pass out a few ineffectual sentences to potential killers. We do a little fanfare with driving instructions at High Schools . . . but we don't do a job. We could — but we don't.

In the meantime, "Frankenstein's" destroyer is on the loose. It roars down the roads, and in its wake comes the grinning death-head picking up the broken pieces.

One of them will be numbered 1,000,000.

Will it be you?



# God Will Not Be Mocked

The bridge game has been played. Partner's aces have been trumped — finesses have failed — scores have been falsified. Good men have been crucified, and "sorry" men have been put in positions of responsibility for which they were, obviously, not equipped.

We have played politics while the barren soil of Korea turned red with the blood of tens of thousands of better men than we. In our last national election forty percent of us ran out on our duty to God, Community, State, and Nation. We had a glorious birthright, and we spat on it.

A lot of bloody water has flowed under the bridge, and the water that flows from now on will be mixed with blood, tears, and sweat.

It was accepted long ago that Lincoln's words: "A nation cannot endure half slave, and half free" were true. So we freed the negroes — and after Lincoln's death we enslaved the south. Since Roosevelt we have consistently enslaved one class of worker in order to partially free another class. We freed the potato grower, and enslaved the annuity, dividend, and pension drawer. We freed the egg producer, and enslaved the bank clerk. We freed Labor. We gave it the right to strike, picket, wreak havoc and violence, and abuse the tenets of the democracy which it was committed to uphold. We made a free Labor — and we made white-collar slaves.

It couldn't work. It didn't work. It has never worked. And any nation that has ever tried it has been buried by the sands of antiquity.

\* \* \*

We can't learn. The one animal to which God gave the power of free thought, and free decision is the one animal which refuses to profit by experience.

But God will not be mocked. He gave us the power of thought — and He expected us to make better use of it. For us he decreed a potential human dignity. We were not created merely to become herds, flocks, droves, swarms, or schools. We were created individuals.

Even to Himself, God did not give the power to pull the strings to make his puppets perform according to His will. That faculty — that decision — that volitive power was given only to the individual being. Man must make his own decisions — for in no other way, this side of Heaven, can man develop in any direction.

The Human Race will not perish from the earth. Before our trail is ended most of us may wish we could — but the human race will go on — and it will develop according to plan either in OUR time, or time to come.

If a touch of levity is permissible, our situation is reminiscent of the young farmer who went to the big city and came home for a visit. He forgot the old mule's contrariness, and poked her ribs. The mule kicked him over the fence. The boy's Dad picked him up — spat — and the manure — rolled a cud of tobacco over in his mouth — spat — and drawled: "Well, son . . . you ain't half as purty as you was a few minutes ago, but I bet you got a damsite more sense."

When this thing is finally settled we won't be half as purty as we were — but we'll have more sense.

The human race will have sense enough to finally admit that greed is a one-way street. It will have sense enough to vote for statesmen and humanitarians, instead of pork-barrel politicians and

demagogues. It will have learned the wisdom of "Live and let live." It will value democratic privileges too much to neglect them, or conversely, to form pressure groups to penalize some other group. Men will value their own personal integrity, and help defend the other fellows.

\* \* \*

There is no retreat. There is no back door. Recriminations, and finger-pointing must be turned inward. We are all guilty. What are we going to about it ?????

Why should I, another guilty "Joe Blow," tell you what to do about it? There isn't one of you readers who doesn't already know exactly what each one of us can do about it — and there are very few of us who do not know that we haven't been doing it.

We have read enough disgusting, revolting, and blood-curdling exposures of criminal activities to send us home shaking in our shoes — but we have, in our smugness, still figured that somehow "George" would take care of it.

We have seen the top brackets of our government disgraced in the eyes of the world: R.F.C. scandals, procurements, five percenting, mink coats, alleged homosexuals in the State Department — even if these things were not true the mere accusations are enough to rip a nation's dignity to shreds.

We have read them with goggle-eyes, and smacked our lips at the sensationalism. But we have sunk back in the cushions and left the remedy to "George," that nebulous fellow who takes care of the things we are too lazy to bother with.

While we have been doing this, we have closed the door to rectifications. Nothing will solve our problem but a moral resurrection, and we have made of our Religion a puny, innocuous thing.

We have insisted that our ministers of God and the Gospel mouth platitudes, because we haven't had the courage to face facts — and our preachers have yielded because they, in turn, haven't had the courage to tell us the truth.

Religion has failed us — because we have failed religion. You who read these words will apply them to the man next door. Some of us may decide that we have been remiss, and that tomorrow we'll do something about it . . . but we won't get around to it.

\* \* \*

The Dispensation of Jesus Christ is in its last Chapter. Civilization, as we currently know it, is in the balance. Only we, and our highest resolves can tip the scales for God, Nation, and self.

We may fail.

History is full of civilizations who have failed. But out yonder are reaches of space that have no limits — aeons of time that had no beginning and can have no ending. Planets that group into solar systems. Systems that form galaxies of billions of their kind — and uncounted galaxies spot the endless space.

Over all this is GOD. Behind all this is a PLAN that is as immutable, and as invincible, as God.

We may fail HIM — but His Plan will not fail. Sooner or later Man will come into his inherent dignity, and he will hold on to it.

GOD WILL NOT BE MOCKED.



# "Father, Dear Father..."

By SALLYDALE

(Mother of the editor's grandson)

You've all heard the old song, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now" . . . That was popular in the old days of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," when father, dear father hung around the corner saloon . . . while mother hung onto his coat tails and tried to entice him home . . .

My father doesn't hang around the "Saloon" — it's a type-writer, printer's ink, and a paste pot that keeps him away from the home fires . . . where daughter is waiting to show him his only grandson.

I came five hundred and forty miles to see my daddy . . . have been here 2 weeks, and though I've had a good look at Father . . . Father hasn't looked at me yet. He has a newspaper, you see, and time for nary else.

"Daddy . . . talk to me!"

"I can't . . . I'm thinking about my editorial."

"Daddy . . . Don't you want to play with the baby?"

"Sallydale . . . no editorial no newspaper."

"Daddy . . . I haven't seen you for a year."

"Sallydale . . . no newspaper . . . no Daddy."

So you see, I'm writing the editorial . . . and don't blame Daddy . . . I insisted that he hold his grandson . . . and he said, "O. K. sweet stuff! Write an editorial!"

So here I go! Folks (have to make this sound a little like Pop), you have no idea what a thrill it is to ride into your section of the country . . . after being away. The longer you're away . . . the greater the feeling when you return.

The little things that you took for granted grow into great big yearnings for home when you move away. The Indian River with its quiet waters . . . fish jumping in big silver splashes . . . sunsets in every color . . . snow-white boats going their way . . . oranges even in the summer time . . . makes me feel all quiet and peaceful inside. We literally floated down U. S. No. 1 (no pun intended, even though it did rain a bit) . . . right up to the door of the old homestead (well, six years old) . . . Now we're here . . . and as usual, the only bad feeling we have is knowing we have to leave. (The Charleston Chamber of Commerce won't like that.)

This is a nice spot, even in the hustle and bustle of newspaper deadlines . . . and I'm enjoying a chance to express in my small way what a joy it is to just be home. But what is home without a father? I'll tell you now . . . and you'll be bound to agree . . . Editors are a sorry lot.

Home is where the faucet leaks. Dad has no time to fix faucets . . . the "Paper," you know . . . so we decided to do a good turn and fix up the drippy faucets. Got the leak fixed . . . but sprung a leak in the pipe . . . and upon attempting to solder same with a blow torch, we set fire to my Daddy's beautiful log cabin! What is father without a home? Believe me, we almost found out.

Next we were assigned to three hours hard labor. While we were trying to put the fire out a truck load of marl had arrived. Had to be dumped . . . and since Father was in Vero working at editorializing . . . we had to find the depressions we thought were to be filled in . . . Boy, they looked deep before we filled 'em in, but after the dirt was dumped and the truck merrily away, it looked like the hills of ol' Virginny ('scuse me, Florida . . . over around Iron Mountain way) and my husband arriving on the spot exclaimed, "How do you expect the Paper Wagon to pull through that tonight? Thus . . . shovel, and rake, and a broken back, and a terrible thirst for cool clear water (even sulphur) . . . but home is where the refrigerator is cooler on the outside . . . "Something Daddy hasn't had time to fix."

Well, it does a little better now . . . except it sounds like a P-38 on the take-off . . . So to drown that out of our already buzzing head, we turned the radio on to get some music . . . You guessed it! Hasn't played for a year. (We tried to fix that the last time we were home.)

Of course, I realize in my editorial I haven't attempted to settle any economic problems. Tell you what's wrong with "Mom" or "Pop." Tell you why Vero Beach should have a city manager; or play "Turtle, turtle, who's got the turtle?" . . . But time is runnin' short . . . my vacation is over in a few days . . . and I'm just makin' a last desperate attempt to get a little of the Editor's attention.

Well, if this thing's good enough to print . . . Daddy's going to spend the time with his grandson and me. So please, readers of the I. R. N. no letters to the editor, or cancelled subscriptions . . . Give an old man time to play peek-a-boo with his grandson . . . and I'll promise never to do this to you again.



# "Damned If You Do--Damned If You Don't"

It isn't cussin' to say, "You'll be damned if you'll run for public office" — for brother, you'll be damned — in six languages.

That's a little crude, but it expresses just about the sum total of your experience if you run for public office — and get elected to serve the dere peepul.

These are days of buck-passing, indecision, and international jitters. The unstable state of mind is reflected in all phases of social and civic intercourse. No one trusts any one very far.

Where the responsibility lies is as much a moot question as "which came first—the chicken or the egg?"—but the fact remains that election to public office today is tantamount to automatic crucifixion.

After being elected if you take one side, you are a faction man. If you take neither side, but try to hew to the line of fairness and impartiality, then BOTH sides climb all over your carcass like a divided pack of hyenas. In brief, my friends, if you try to serve the unpleasable public today—you are a sucker! And a political suicide.

\* \* \*

This country needs a peculiar brand of individual, one who is willing to take his entire recompense out of personal satisfaction of knowing he has done—or tried to do—a job without bias or prejudice.

Wars breed such men. Spies are told before they go into action, that the responsibility from there on out is strictly their own. The satisfaction of serving their country is their only reward. If they perform a successful mission, no one knows about it, for the only valuable spy is an unknown spy. If their mission is not successful, then by the sheer nature of their work they are denied recognition by the country that asked the sacrifice, because others would be incriminated. It is a job absolutely without compensation of any kind, except the personal satisfaction of accomplishment. It is a lonely life, but it is a rich life if you're interested in the riches that accumulate as a result of sincere and honest effort. If, on the other hand, you're interested in the more shallow wages of public acclaim and appreciation, then spying is not for you.

This is not to be construed as a comparison between spying and occupying public office, except from the angle of public service.

Most capable men today—men who could and would develop or exercise great powers of leadership—are discouraged at the prospect of laying their health and nervous stamina on the altar of service to their fellowman. If capable men — worthy men — refuse the call of leadership, who is left to take up the cause, except the cheap, self-seeking politician?

\* \* \*

We have fed our children on the soul-stultifying poison of fiction and motion pictures, in which the Horatio Alger type of honesty and perseverance is presented as corny and out-moded.

We have fed them on gang Overlords, beer Barons, and crime Kings. We have watched shoulder to shoulder with them while Huey Long took over a commonwealth. We have, in act if not in spirit,

materially rewarded the Hagues, Kellys, Nashes, and Crumps. We have given them the examples of high officials, who speak little better than guttersnipe English, being appointed to represent the great Land of the Free in foreign courts; and to climax a long succession of shameful pageantry, we have given our children a Chief Executive — a Commander-in-Chief of all our armed forces—who is himself a product of one of the most sordid chapters of our sullied history — a Pendergast politician who spits venom at all who dare to question his decrees or his judgment.

Our children see this example in public life. Our neighbors — some of whom might lead us out of the wilderness — also see the lengths to which they must go, and the depths to which they must descend if they are to succeed to an objective in the rubble and garbage to which our national politics have sunk. The national investigations have merely served to show us how rotten we have become, but the statesmen necessary to show us the road back to clean government are not in evidence. Where are they?

\* \* \*

We have failed our offspring, and we have undermined our national stability by refusing years ago to see the need for a general college of leadership, diplomacy, and statesmanship.

This, as well as all our other ills, comes home to roost as the chickens we first hatched on our own doorstep. . . .

We elect a man to the office of Mayor; then blame him because he must enforce the laws we made. We elect a man to represent a county. We send him to Tallahassee: a place of sultry heat in summer and bone-chilling, moist cold in winter — and we pay him enough to take care of his barber bills.

He is thrown among the wolves and the jackals, which we allow to infest our legislative halls. If he falls for their graft, he's a crook!!! If he doesn't . . . he's a sap!!! If he fails to support our own immediate community project, he's a scoundrel and his desk is piled with scurrilous mail. If he does all we want him to do, his desk top is as empty as a Southern bank on Lee's birthday. He's damned going and coming—and for his public spirit, we pay him barely enough to cover his hotel lodging.

No one in private business, but an independently wealthy man, can afford to take the abuse and neglect — so the State Capitols are of necessity full of lawyers who can draw a fee for drawing up a special bill without also drawing a sentence in the penitentiary.

\* \* \*

We have better public servants than we deserve, simply because we don't know how to appreciate true or honest public service.

We have rewarded the clever crooks with fine raiment and plush automobiles. We have elevated the products of political gang machines to positions of high trust. We have spent our, and our children's, substance in endless subsidies — and stopped short of the most important subsidy of all. We have failed to subsidize honesty.



# "The Sheep And The Goats"

Automobile Drivers are separated into two main classes . . . sheep and goats.

Your "goat" driver butts his way onto the highway, and along it and continues butting until he gives his horn its final blast before parking his car at night. You can pass all the laws that books can hold . . . you can build highways of swansdown a mile wide . . . and that goat will find some way of coming to grief. A gear slipped somewhere in his development and he'll stay out of mesh as long as he lives. To circumvent this bird's injury, damage and murder potential you can only educate the "sheep" to stay out of his way. If he wants the right of way hand it to him with a smile while all your teeth are still in place. Any right of way becomes a wrong of way where this "Billy" is concerned. Argue with him if you want to die young. You may be quite firm and justified in insisting on your right of way . . . and you can get it . . . in an ambulance. All you can do with the goat on our cow paths is to hope that this tribe decreases.

It is to the sheep that these words are inscribed; and it is for the sheep that these words are written.

\* \* \* \*

One of our most flagrant offenders today . . . one of the big contributing factors to our casualty lists . . . is the automobile industry. The key note, the by-word, the inevitable and concluding nail driven in the sales argument is "power and speed." The industry predicates its expansion on the development of a speed our highways can't take, and that our drivers' faculties can't handle. We're giving our babies a bike before they can handle a stroller. We require them to use their heads before they know how to use their feet. The fact that it is working . . . in reverse . . . is chalked up in bloody letters following every holiday the nation celebrates. We have drastic laws that make it a Federal offense to allow the sale of body-wrecking narcotics to individuals. We stand by voiceless while the automobile manufacturers sell wholesale potential murder weapons to individuals who can not only wreck their own bodies, but other innocents as well.

The days when you could easily recognize the "make" of a car have gone. All auto makers got fancy notions. All individuality disappeared. For years Packard held on to the distinctive style of its hoods. So did Buick. Pierce Arrow kept her fender headlights until she went out of business. There was a day when a Dodge couldn't be mistaken for a Chrysler, or an Oldsmobile for a Cadillac. The only difference, at a distance, that I can spot now is between a Mack truck and a Jeepster. All cars look alike. All have been streamlined for no useful purpose. If there is a driver fool enough to push his car to a speed where streamlining is of any use whatever then the driver is either a potential suicide, or a murderer. Your streamlining has done one prominent thing. It has enabled you to put an extra person in the front seat where the driver can be submitted to extra diversion of his attention. It has taken away all identity and put the burden of sales appeal on performance. And performance is already fifty years ahead of our highway system.

\* \* \* \*

Intelligence can no more be legislated than can morals; but a uniform law is still indicated if we are to depress our fatality curve.

It should become an immediate federal law that any U. S. Citizen who has had three accidents warranting entry on a report be forever deprived of the right to operate a car. A stiff psychological, as well as physical, examination prior to issuance of a license should be another immediate federal law. This will be tough on some people . . . but it was also tough on the poor father and his two young children left without a mother . . . killed by a nice, old lady who shouldn't have been allowed to drive at any time during the last five years. This happened in a large Indian River town.

Any industrial commission can verify the fact that there are natural and habitual "accident havers." These are often high caliber, conscientious, well-meaning people; but they psychologically lean toward accidents. In the motoring bracket these people are never cured by an accident. They can't be. They have a disease called "accidentitis." It is incurable. The only thing that can logically be done to safe-guard the rest of society is to get these diseased psychics off the road.

\* \* \* \*

Highways can, and will be improved. This will tend to faintly decrease probability of accidents. But the worst debacle I ever heard of was caused by a sober man who had crossed three traffic lines to tangle nine cars in a wreck from which ambulances took seven bodies dead, one which for years wished it was, and two others disfigured for life. This was a "Goat" . . . and he tragically involved a lot of harmless sheep.

Speeds can be reduced by law, or mechanical governors. The mother to whom I just referred was killed by a car travelling at not more than three miles an hour. Some of the greatest hazards on our highways are the creepers. The ten, fifteen, and twenty milers. Decreased speeds will not solve the problem.

No fine should be considered in an accident involving loss of life. Depending upon the provable circumstances a jail sentence should be mandatory. Loss of license by the responsible person should be mandatory in any serious accident short of fatal. Establishment of responsibility in all such accidents should be mandatory upon our courts.

\* \* \* \*

Laws . . . drastic enough to be respected can materially help the situation.

Improved highway surfacing and construction can help but the real need . . . after the present crop of goats has butted its way into the cemetery . . . is for schools of instruction. Mechanics, hydraulics, and dynamics should be taught so that drivers realize the possibilities in the mechanical monsters they are maneuvering along our highways.

Your final and most important phase of education is a course in logic, common sense, and caution. Of this final phase of driver's education, the most important life-saving element of all, is a course in ways and means of adapting just plain, everyday side-walk courtesy to the conduct on the highway.

From one driver to another: If we ever hear, "I beg your pardon," instead of "Wherthahell d'ja thinkyer goin'?" then we shall know the situation is getting under control.



# Fifteen Sez to Fifty

By PETE, JR.

I didn't want to do this . . . but this is what I got for disturbing Pop. It seems he had an editorial to write, and everything was fine, until I came busting in with ideas of how to rewire our only car.

Dad couldn't see it my way, and in the following argument he lost the idea for his Editorial. So here I sit!

\* \* \* \* \*

You see, I had wired the car up last week, and I used some old wire, and that crumbled and caused a short; and the mechanic told Dad that it could have burnt up the car. Well, that "burnt" me up, because it wasn't the way I did the wiring, but the old worn-out wires that caused the trouble. Pop said that was all right about that, but maybe knowing what kind of wires to use was just as important as knowing how to connect wires together.

I'll admit the old Ma-er-Dad—had something there, but anyway about this time I said I was going to wire it up again. And he said, "Oh, no Bud" (he calls me "Bud" when he's aggravated). He said, "Once is enough . . . you go to a garage and have it done right." I kept on insisting that I knew how to do it . . . (and I do) but he finally got mad and said, There he was trying to get out a paper and me pestering him (I guess I was) and then a gleam came in his eye . . . and he said, And just for that I could write his editorial, and see how it felt to have to write when you're upset.

I told him one editor was enough in the family (too much if you ask me, the way everybody has to walk around on tip-toes when father is trying to get an idea, or something.)

Then he did blow up. He yelled, "I dam well . . ." Well, anyhow he said I had to write his editorial just to teach me a lesson. It seems like all you grown people do is try to teach us kids a lesson, and it never does. I don't know, maybe we are wrong. Somebody is anyway.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you ever tried to write about just anything. That's about the hardest thing there is to do (I'm finding out). All we kids ever hear about in school and at home is what a sad condition the world's in. We don't say much about it much less write about it—What's the use?

We aren't allowed to vote 'til we're 21 . . . but still all I've got to look forward to is about two more years of freedom; then off I go to fight a war to try and right somebody's wrong. Seems silly. I don't know if kids could do better than the grownups have but I'm telling the truth when I say I don't think the kids could do much worse. I sometimes wonder if they know what they're doing in Washington, or if they just think about what they can get out of Uncle Sam. And at Lake Success they make a proposal for "Cease-fire"; then somebody makes a counter-proposal.

What comes next? Why a counter-counter proposal, of course. All this while kids are freezing and getting hurt and giving their lives for something they didn't have anything to do with.

Then you have another view point: about what does it get us? When I was a little kid I used to play soldier with my Dad's trench helmet from World War I. And he'd tell me about how it was to "Save the World for Democracy." When I got a little older my sister's husband told me about World War II. He was in the South Pacific and lonesome and losing all his buddies . . . and he'd explain to me it was to "Save the World for Democracy," too. That's two times I've seen the world saved — Now I've got to save it again.

They'd both say, "It's all over now" . . . but it looks to me like the real fight has just begun. Now it looks like we're in a war only grown-ups don't call it that. They call each other aggressors . . . and they're busy saving Korea for the Koreans (who don't want to be saved by guys they don't know) blowing up their people and all their property.

And more kids dead. Why?

I don't know, but I do know one thing. Those boys have mothers and fathers. They didn't raise them to shoot someone else's son. But off they went with orders to kill all who weren't Allies. It looks like we pay most of the bills with money and men . . . and then we "win;" but we haven't won anything. All we have succeeded in doing is to get more countries on our list to support, and who pays for that?

That's the first easy one to answer. Why, my great-grandchildren, of course? Of course, that shouldn't worry me too much, because I'll probably get shot and won't have any anyhow. (But maybe you will . . . so you can worry about that).

Heard someone the other day say that the Air Force was going to spend some millions of dollars to build Air Bases some place . . . and yet there are several in the vicinity in moth balls. That's the kind of stuff I mean.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pop said to me when I told him I didn't know what to write . . . to just sit down and start writing . . . and the words would come. He said, we kids must be thinking about something. I said, "Yes, but they seemed like they were always the wrong things." "Like what?" Pop said. "Well," I said, "Like wiring up the car" . . . and he said, "are you going to start that again."

"Well," I said, "You asked me, and I told you" (I'm fresh, I guess). But it's the truth. Anyhow, if this is an editorial I got to write things that will set the world up straight again, like all editors do.

I can't understand why everybody votes for a man one year, and then gets mad at him the next year. Like everybody is mad at Mr. Truman. I don't know much about Mr. Truman, but I know he's got a hard job, and I don't see anybody helping him much, either. And now the trains won't run, because some men want to do less work now when they ought to do more work, and more proposals, and counter proposals, and counter-counter proposals; but nothing happens. The soldiers and Marines don't get their food in Korea, the people all over the country don't get any fuel to keep them warm, even the Post Office can't deliver mail. And yet one of my thoughts that come to me when you say "Post Office" is "THE MAILS MUST GO THROUGH." Gosh, doesn't that mean anything any more, either?

I don't understand how everybody can get so mixed up. The country ought to be run like a basketball team, or a football team; and everybody pull together. They teach us at school that Democracy means equal rights, but I don't think it's working out that way when one bunch of people can make it hard for everybody else.

A lot of people say to me, "Wait 'til you're grown up, then you'll understand." Humph! That's if I grow up . . . We kill more people with automobiles, than we do with wars, and they can't find out what causes Polio and Cancer; and there's no fun working because just about the time you like your job, somebody might tell you to "walk off your job," and you don't know why but you have to do it anyway or the union will scare your wife and kids, or bust your windows for you.

I'm not supposed to sound like a grown-up. I'm only fifteen. I'm not supposed to think. I'm supposed to do as I'm told, or not told (like not wiring the car).

I just showed this to Pop, and said, "Is this enough."

He said, "Son, that's a plenty."

I guess he likes it. He said he's going to print it. Maybe now I've suffered through the "object lesson" I'll get to wire the car after all.

(Ed. note: Junior has wired the car—This was written two weeks ago.)



# "Throw Out the Life Line"

"Throw out the life line . . . Throw out the life line,  
Someone is sinking to Da-a-ay.  
Throw out the life line . . . Throw out the life line,  
Some one is drifting A-Way."

It was a grand old Methodist Revival song . . . and it got results.

The Church in Whaleyville was always crowded during the two weeks of revival services. That was something different from the run-o'-the-mine weekly, and bi-weekly, Prayer meeting, Sunday School, and Preaching.

We always imported an out-of-state evangelist . . . one who could not only preach loud, but also good. The careless and indifferent Church-goer got to see new faces and new doings.

\* \* \* \*

Aunt Ellen Donoway saved her strength all year for the two weeks of revival services each Fall.

One late afternoon Aunt Ellen would come walking down the shell road from "Up the Swamp" and come to my mother's house, sit down in her big, favorite rocker and say "Sally, El is a-goin' to git happy tonight."

Then we knew Revival Service time had rolled around again. So we all got dressed after supper, and went with Aunt El to Church. The vagrant stragglers around Whaleyville, who braved popular scorn by not going to "Tracted Meetin'," presently heard a deep rhythmic percussion, throbbing like a Massai war drum . . . it beat through your brain like a nervous pulse and filled you with a vague unease . . . the feeling that, perhaps, the spiritual world was slipping by while you dawdled and procrastinated.

This pulsation was Aunt El's shouting Methodist heels hitting the Church floor in regular rhythm. The dear, old soul could rise in the air like a bird, and sink back like rock ballast . . . but you had to catch and steady her between flights. Aunt El never fell. Never got a chance. She was always surrounded by enough of the faithful to prevent any such catastrophe.

\* \* \* \*

The preacher preached his sermon . . . usually a scathing denunciation of Sin . . . and during Fall revivals he generally stressed the evils of hard cider . . . which is strictly a Fall drink. Mix it with "corn stack buck" and it's Fall "dynamite."

Following the sermon was usually a hymn from the Choir, after which the minister gave "The Call." This was the critical period when the forces of the Lord, and the Devil, just up and announced themselves. The righteous all went to the front of the Church, leaving the randies, and the black sheep, to stew in their wickedness in the rear pews.

Then when the two armies were squared off, and "eyeing" each other, the visiting evangelist launched into one of the stirring old Methodist revival songs . . . and the battle was on. The militant minions of righteousness started out, one by one, and invaded the Church's rear stronghold of sin. Some were star salesmen for salvation. Will Hall could always be counted on to bring in one or two penitents a night. These either went to the "mourners' bench," or merely joined the happy singing throng, of which Aunt El was, by now, the throbbing well-spring. Aunt El was literally the beating heart that coursed the rejuvenated religious spirit through the assembly.

There were many conversions . . . and, of course, (humanity being what it is) many back slidings. Ol' man De Wit Ash was con-

verted regularly each Fall, but by Spring he had always slid back with a splash . . . in hard cider. At that, I used to find it hard to be too severe on the old sinner. If you never sucked hard cider (not too bitter) out of the keg through a punkin' stalk; then you don't know how attractive some ways of "goin' to Hell" can be.

But anyhow, when Winter rolled around just about everybody in the community had been "saved." No door in any house in town was ever locked that I knew of. Whaleyville was the soul of peace and contentment.

\* \* \* \*

Since those days I have seen and tried to analyze the functioning of many different religious faiths. I have observed the quiet types, the devout, the deeply spiritual, but outwardly reserved, and dignified. And I have just about come to the conclusion that what we need, quick, and more of, is some militantly spiritual effort. We need aggressive religion. We need Religious cooperation. We need a letting-down of all barriers of creed and sect. We need a militant aggressive, and purposeful evangelism. We need to "Throw out the Lifeline."

\* \* \* \*

Last Sunday a minister stood in front of his small flock, and delivered a beautifully phrased, scathing denunciation of strong drink. It was wonderful. Trouble is . . . it was wasted. There wasn't even a moderate drinker in his congregation. The minister was preaching to the wrong people. He should either get the "drinkers" to Church . . . or call at their homes. That minister isn't throwing out any lifelines, he's only standing in a pulpit fiddling with the ropes.

\* \* \* \*

I was not kidding awhile ago when I told you about Aunt "El," and Uncle De Wit . . . I was sorta bantering, but that moisture in the corner of my right eye was a homesick tear.

They were sweet old days. They were sweet, because people then seemed to love each other a little bit. They were sweet because the preacher regularly came to call on his parishioners. They were sweet because people usta argue over who fed the "Reverend" his chicken dinner on Sunday. The old days were sweet, because industry didn't seem so obsessed with making a quick "dollar" . . . nor labor permeated with the same idea. They were sweet days, because there was still some feeling of stability and security; and you ran your government, instead of your government running you.

They were grand old sweet days, because of the wheat thrashings, the house raisings, the quilting parties . . . and the Revivals. People used to pull together. If someone was sinking, or about to sink . . . or sunk . . . They joined hands and pulled him back. They built the house, thrashed the wheat, quilted the family quilt, or helped them save their soul. Their "lower lights were burning" constantly. They never missed very many chances to throw out a lifeline.

\* \* \* \*

Think it over, people. More than ever these are days when mass religious action is called for. If salvation is left to the quiet, reserved, inhibited forms of worship; then society is going to die of spiritual dry rot. Politics will go by default, and Church attendance will continue to fall off, while the devil chortles by his barbecue pit.

\* \* \* \*

Reach up on the shelf and dust off the old Hymnal . . . "Throw out the life line . . . someone is sinking today."



# But Not "Actually"

"Ninety percent of the people don't actually want good government," was the remark of a prominent citizen of Vero Beach not long ago.

Read the statement over again. Take each word separately. Whether the prominent citizen analyzed his statement to this extent is doubtful. I think it was merely an academic utterance, tossed off as a generality to illustrate a point—possibly law enforcement.

"Ninety percent of the people don't actually want good government," is how the remark reads. If you omit one word "actually" I will disagree. Ninety percent of the people do want it — or they think they do. But put the word actually back in the sentence, and I am in complete accord — they don't actually want good government or they would do more about it.

The average man or woman has had it so soft in this country for the past forty years that the nation has become soft. Even during both World Wars, we had it so soft economically that during our leanest periods we rated as kings of some races by comparison and we rated as rich compared to the average man of virtually any other nation on earth.

Good government? Oh yes, we want it — for the other fellow. We don't want slot machines in the drug stores, fruit stands and juke joints. We don't want our kids to be exposed to the gambling devices. We don't want the other political party to be held together by mutual pacts of understanding and division of spoils and patronage. We want the other candidate to be impartial and altruistic in his outlook. We want the other candidate for Governor to be a Governor of all the people. We want the other sheriff to be sheriff for all the county.

Now close your eyes—and honestly take stock of yourself. How, and on what premise, was your own vote—even if you voted (which 40% of you fail to do)—cast? If you were honest with yourself—and it's tough—you will find some personal or selfish reason why you voted the way you did. Ninety percent of us are not thinking about the state as a whole, or the county as a whole. And unless we are thinking exactly that way, then we don't "actually" want good government.

We don't want our kids to gamble. We don't want slot machines distributed around the state. But some of the best of us encourage them in our private clubs . . . and those of us who don't actively encourage them, at least, tolerate them. We want our laws obeyed—by other people. We want them obeyed—but not actually.

So law enforcement falls down, because law observance falls down. Law observance falls down, because you and I fall down. We don't actually want what we say we want. We are indulging in the sort of self-delusion that prefaces the fall of any civilization. It is the refusal to face realities.

\* \* \* \*

Small as we are, our publication does put words down on paper and it is therefore significant to a certain degree. Even one lone copy of printed words can be circulated and read by a lot of people.

We are solicited by a lot of people—more than is believable unless you know—to do certain things. They wave vague statements at us. Tell us vague indefinite things. They want us to do certain things as a medium of law, order and decency.

But when we press for details, we get evasions. When we ask for names, dates, places, we run into either generalities or silence. One man wants us to investigate a vague sum of money paid by certain organizations for foreign labor—at so much a head. He claims that this money has never been accounted for. We are directed to investigate.

Early in the life of this paper we started out starry-eyed with the sword of Galahad sharpened to slay the dragon of corruption. We ran into so many dead-end streets and blind leads, that most of our enthusiasm faded into skepticism. We say to you now, that we will print what we know. But you've got to make us know it. We have all we can say grace over to investigate our own prospects. If you want something investigated—if it is your baby—you investigate it and bring us the facts.

Those who bring us tales of vice and persecution and malfeasance are buoyed by a holy zeal to stick my neck out—not theirs. They want "that thing" straightened out—but not actually.

There are tales of bolito—any man on the street can tell me who runs it—but he can't prove it. And while we are on the subject of bolito, let me say that I don't buy numbers, punch the boards, or play hands with one-arm bandits. The Lord didn't give me too much sense, but I had more sense than that before I graduated out of three-cornered pants. So I am not conversant with either the operators or the operations. I do know that even in this pre-election lull of the numbers racket, you can still buy a ticket if you are trusted. I know it—but I can't prove it. And those who can prove it have six other things to do when pressed for details. Therefore, they don't actually want the racket cleaned up.

Parents don't want their kids to drink. But when they discover they are doing some drinking and buying their liquor illegally they go to a "coach" to straighten out the situation. Why not go to the kid himself—then go to the place that sold him the liquor? That is the way to get things done. And until we are willing to do them that way, then we don't actually want our kids not to drink.

We want safe traffic. So we bust down the highway like a mad meteor and squawl like a tom cat with his tail caught if we get a ticket. We may even try to get the officer reprimanded if we happen to belong to the order of "sacred cows" in the community.

We want our kids to obey traffic rules and keep a light foot on the accelerator. Yet when thirty-five kids showed up for a Reliability Run April 27, to illustrate safe and sane driving practices, not a single parent of a single kid showed up to offer encouragement. So we want them to be law abiding?

That kind of "want" makes me sick at my stomach. We all want something, but we want "George" to get it for us; or we want George to stick his neck out for us.

We want community projects. We want federal assistance. We want to be paid for not working. We want—want—want—but we howl at the taxes necessary to bring our wants to fruition. We want good government, officials, law officers. But we want them as a grant directly from Paradise. We don't personally want to be bothered.

So where can we go, but where we are surely going? What other destination is there?

We say we want. We think we want. But we don't actually.



# Immoral, Illegal Or Fattenin'

There's a slogan going the rounds that everything that's fun is either immoral, illegal or fattening.

Now, of course, it is easy to be facetious. You can get a lot of laughs that way. Even at the expense of deleting a few chuckles from these lines, however, I can't go along with the statement that in order to have fun you've got to be either immoral or illegal . . . or even mildly indecent.

But I do envy a skinny man.

With the last word in the slogan, I am in entire agreement. Everything that's fun to eat adds another notch to my belt.

\* \* \* \*

A few weeks ago I attended a "stag." There were speakers on the program. I was on it, but didn't know about it until they called on me to make the key speech of the evening. Then I got contrary and decided to do something different, just as an experiment.

I decided to tell a couple of clean stories.

Now I'm not above telling a yarn with a bit of "pernt" to it. I like a laugh and I like to see people laugh. And laughs today—real laughs—are getting harder to come by, because society is pretty much perturbed. There's a shadow in every corner and a bug-a-boo in every closet. You hear about skulduggery nearly every time you hear about another public official you didn't even know you had. We've been paying out tax money for people to do jobs we didn't know existed. And a lot o' these birds have been getting light-fingered with our purse. We're disgusted and we don't know quite how to go about doing something about it.

So we need a laugh. And even a little smidgin o' smut sometimes is a cheap price to pay for a laugh that wells up outa your belly and vibrates your bridge work.

But filth is filth, and seldom actually funny. Stag parties, however, are Pop's time to howl, and if he can't do a few things he wouldn't do when Mom's around, then he feels like he hasn't done much howling. So stags are the signal to bring out the pornography and serve it up in doses that would gag a pole cat. At that, it's a fairly innocent diversion and confined to the four walls enclosing the party. Pop generally goes home and tells Mom all about it anyhow—and she looks at him in mock disgust and says, "Oh, you men." Then Pop grins like a hooky-fishin' school kid and not very much damage has been done.

And, while we're on the subject, the wimmin ain't above a little yarn on the blue side occasionally either. Trouble with me and my Mom is, she never gets the story straight, and I have to rattle with it a week to figure out what the actual point of the story was. When I get it figured out, I tell Mom and she says: "Oh—ye-a-h . . . that was it! Oh well, they all laughed anyhow when Emmy Jo told it" . . . See what I mean?

It just goes to show — something or other.

\* \* \* \*

So — while I can't subscribe to the first two words immoral or illegal . . . to the word fattening, I will give a deep-dyed check, and double-check.

Everything I like to eat is something I shouldn't eat.

I can eat lettuce—bushels of it—and when you get all through chewing, all you've done is work your jaws. I like vegetables all right in their place—at the side of the plate—not in it. I like lettuce—but I don't wanna sleep with it. I can get it down with a lot of enjoyment, if it is well garnished with Thousand Island Dressing, or French or Russian dressing . . . But the oil and sugar in it is where the rub—I mean tub—comes. And lettuce without oil, or sugar, or mayonnaise, or chopped olives is a lie with leaves on it. A dressing like that is an UNdressing. So I hafta eat my lettuce in the nude.

Now "lettuce" see (O.K. shoot me!) what I can eat.

Steak I can eat. Steak has vitamins and proteins. Proteins not only don't build fat . . . they actually dismantle it and send it off to sulk in oblivion. So steak is a must on my diet. So is money a must in my wallet. If I'm gonna eat very much steaks I might as well quit carryin' my wallet—won't be nothin' in it.

I can eat cheese—that's full o' proteins, too. But after seven mornings in a row with melted cheese over my toast (and I shouldn't even eat toast); and after seven lunches of Welsh Rabbit—and seven dinners of Cheese souffle—I can beat a nanny goat in her own language. I can Ba-a-a-a! in six keys.

There are a few other things that don't double your chin, or puff your cheeks, or add an overhung car port to your bay window, but they are few—too few. You get around to each one several times in the course of a month—and you've only lost six pounds when you're already over-loaded by sixty.

\* \* \* \*

So I envy the man whose bones rattle when he walks. Dang his ornery buttons, he probably wants to be fat like I am, and yet lookit what he can do—

He can shovel in the creamed spinach, onion, celery, and mushroom soup—and he does.

He can fill his hollow leg with whipped potatoes topped off with savory brown gravy—or Idaho prime baked (split while it's smoking) and lovingly laved with beautiful butter.

He can snuggle up to a platter piled six inches high with spaghetti covered with sauce with the savory spices of India and the Orient, the kind that lured Marco Polo away from home.

He can eat pots of beans from the Southern Field to the Great Northern. I enlisted in the Army just because I heard they served lots o' beans. But I was younger then, and could jump a fence without knocking it down and me out.

The skinny guy can snuggle up to a bowl of tapioca pudding, or Banana, or Boston Cream Pie, or Lemon, or Lime, or Sour Orange Chiffon.

\* \* \* \*

Not that I'd trade my bulge for a case of ulcers in order to be thin, but I sure envy the beanstalk who neither has ulcers nor a guilty conscience. Me? I'm always fighting with myself for sneakin' a snack.

But I think I've got a solution. I'm going to stay on my diet; but I'm going to diet "theoretically."

That way I can have fun and still keep my self respect.



# "...And The Republic For Which It Stands..."

There is no doubt in the mind of any thinking person, in this country, that our form of government is in jeopardy.

You have heard that said so many times, that the words have become trite and almost meaningless. But read them again and concentrate. Our **FORM OF GOVERNMENT** is in **DANGER**.

It is not merely our **NATION** that is in danger. That danger we can probably handle, if we don't have too many striking unions and too many recruiting Jehovah's Witnesses. Or in other words, too little united support of a concerted national effort. We can, more than likely, fight off a mere **NATIONAL** danger. The phrase you should concentrate on, and seriously evaluate, is concisely this: Our **FORM OF GOVERNMENT** is in danger of disruption and possibly dissolution. You don't want to see that happen, of course; and here is what you can do about it.

## STOP CALLING THE UNITED STATES A "DEMOCRACY."

We are **not** a democracy. Our form operates under the democratic principle; but that principle can be subverted just as the basic principles of Karl Marx's Communism have been subverted, under the current reign of Stalin and his stooges—for communism is **basically** a form of **democracy**.

Regard this, my friends: The word "Democracy" was spoken very seldom in this country until Woodrow Wilson, during my war, used the words, "We are fighting to make the world safe for Democracy." The word Democracy does **NOT** appear in the Declaration of Independence, or in the Constitution of the United States. George Washington never uttered it once in his Farewell Address. Lincoln didn't use it in either his Inaugural or his Gettysburg speech. Go over your Pledge to the Flag and regard these words: "I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND TO THE **REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS . . .**"

We are specifically a "Republic," and, as a republic, we are in grave danger. Don't let the fact that you have heard the statement so often allow your senses to be lulled by repetition. You simply have to be that much more vigilant.

There was a big crowd of people outside the Philadelphia Hall at the last meeting of the Constitutional Convention when Benjamin Franklin came out. He was asked what kind of a government had been decided upon and set up.

Benjamin Franklin's answer was: "A Republic—if you can keep it." Democracy in America had already been proven unworkable by experiments in colonial New England.

What you now have, and what you had better gear yourself to support and defend, is a "**REPUBLIC—IF YOU CAN KEEP IT.**"

Certainly, no one but **YOU** can keep it. If you are one of the 49,000,000 short-sighted slackers who fail to cast your sincere vote in elections; then my blind brother and fatuous friend, you are going to lose your Republic and all the individual freedom that makes your life worth living.

The difference in a Republic and a Democracy certainly is in more than words. A pure democracy can be subverted to the interests of a powerful majority rule. You can trace the economic shambles we are building up step-by-step through the successive stages of usurpation of personal freedoms, by the present Democratic Administration. "Majority" sounds idealistic. But it was a majority that instituted the glaring cruelties perpetrated in colonial New England: burning of heretics and torturing of individual citizens who had been accused of violating some majority concept.

It banned Roger Williams from Massachusetts. You can go on and on naming vile injustices under our initial attempts at purely democratic self-government. The majority doesn't know **HOW** to rule; therefore the majority inevitably comes under the power of un-

scrupulous leaders. This is why (to the tune of shouts, curses, tears, jeers and prayers) our forefathers set up a government with checks and balances — a delicate instrument, indeed — and called it a **REPUBLIC**.

\* \* \* \* \*

Westbrook Pegler, whom many of you dislike because of his violent and vitriolic style of attack on past and present public officials, has been one of my favorite columnists—and, regardless of how the average working union member feels about him, he has been Labor's best friend and has uncovered irregularities that would have wrecked the Unions long ago. Pegler once said in typical Pegler fashion: "**LONG LIVE THE UNITED STATES REPUBLIC — AND DAMN DEMOCRACY TO HELL!**"

Mr. Pegler spoke my sentiments.

There are three major forms of government or rule recorded by history: Monarchy (absolute or modified), Autocracy, and Democracy. We operate under the salient and apparent freedoms of the latter. Under a democracy the power comes from the **PEOPLE** but is executed through their elected representatives. Therefore, a democracy is a rule of **MEN**—and men are fallible. It eventually becomes a government of **THE MEN IN POWER**.

A Republic, however, is required to operate **WITHIN THE FRAMEWORK OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW AND CONSTITUTIONAL GUARANTEES**. To make a simple analogy a Democracy **SAYS** you have certain free rights and privileges and sets them out in full view for passers-by to nibble at and steal piece by piece. A Republic puts your rights in a strong box and gives you the key to the lock.

A Democracy **PROMISES** your rights. A **REPUBLIC GUARANTEES AND INSURES** your rights.

\* \* \* \* \*

You need no more proof than that you have been getting since Roosevelt's first administration. Personal rights have dwindled step-by-step. You have bureau piled on top of bureau; and bureau overlapping bureau all in the name of the **MAJORITY**. You have seen a government of **MEN IN POWER** impose burdensome chores on over-worked small businesses and atrocities (like O.P.S.) throw economy into a dither of uncertainty. **You have seen men in power in government run the people.**

United Nation's propaganda has bombarded our schools; and some of our basic state constitutional laws have been made invalid, because of a conflicting United Nations' Charter clause.

We have been heckled, and are irritated now by Eleanor Roosevelt in the name of **INTERNATIONAL MAJORITY**. We are urged to set up courses on the United Nation's Declaration of Human Rights—an international communism under a U.N. label. The proposed "Covenant of Human Rights" will destroy a large part of our Constitution and Bill of Rights.

The Republican and Democratic National Conventions will be a battle of giants. Being aware of the trend away from our Republic and its exemplification of individual freedoms, you can watch the proceedings with bated breath for this is **THE SHOW-DOWN**.

Out of it will come either a continuation of our destructive Democratic trend, or a realigning of our sights on the target of our original Republican government. Incidentally, under which we consistently prospered with only minor aberrations.

\* \* \* \* \*

You've got to make up your mind, and this time for keeps—and vote with your eyes open. What do you want?

A Democracy—**BOSS** of the people?

Or a Republic—**SERVANT** of the people?

It is your decision; and the best way to keep the objective clearly in front of you is to stop calling our **REPUBLIC** a **DEMOCRACY**.



# Bankrupt In Guts

Our trouble isn't political. Politics, merely, reflect the temper and temperament of the people.

Our trouble isn't economic. The economics of the world only reflect the sound judgment, or the fumbling of the politicians who in turn reflect the moods of the people.

Our trouble is that we've got a bad case of receding guts . . . perhaps a kinder term would be "collapsed morals."

\* \* \* \*

And, as usual, we've got an alibi. This time it's "communism." There was a period between the two World Wars when everything out of gear was blamed on Prohibition. We passed a law . . . then didn't have what it took to enforce it . . . or obey it . . . so we blamed it.

We, the human race, have a talent for ducking the responsibility of our cussedness. Even that old fraud, Adam; instead of admitting that his spine wilted, pointed the accusing finger at Eve . . . and Eve arched her eye over at the Serpent. So even God (according to many beliefs) was sufficiently impressed to decree, that henceforth, the serpent should crawl on his belly for the rest of his days, and that there should be enmity forever between reptile and man. (That enmity still flourishes. Intelligent people still kill any snake they find, even though informed men know that without reptiles the human race couldn't survive the invasion of rodents and bugs that snakes devour.)

We've always got an alibi, or an "out." Now the cry that goes up when we're backed into a corner and faced by the unholy harvest of the crop we've sown is to squawl "Communism."

Where do you think communism comes from? And how do you think it comes? Dictators are not the cause of totalitarian government. Dictators are a result . . . not a cause. Dictators are the wily opportunists who see a door open, and jump through it. We . . . the people . . . open the door.

\* \* \* \*

And there is only one open doorway: . . . lack of mental, moral, and spiritual guts. If you don't like the sound of that word . . . it's too, too bad. It is something we've got to face; and the facing isn't going to be much fun. It is a word that describes a part of our psychological make-up not covered by any other word in the English language. GUTS!!! FACE IT, people. This period through which we are passing may well be our Gethsemane. Only history, or a vast void in space where a planet Earth once rolled, will bear testimony as to whether we come from our Gethsemane enlightened, or lost.

We have strayed from the ordered way as our chiselling forebears did in the Beginning. They had Eden, but the Tree was a temptation. They wanted to eat . . . so they ate. And in eating destroyed a perfect thing.

We . . . all of us . . . want to eat our cake and have it. Manufacturers want to pay low wages and make high profits. Labor wants high wages, and low expenses. We . . . the people in between . . . want state service, and no taxes. We want to dance . . . but we don't want to pay the fiddler.

\* \* \* \*

We listen to the demagogue who promises something for nothing. We know it doesn't make sense, but it sounds so good. Eve said

the serpent told her a most enticing story. But God had spoken first. He wanted a race in His image. He wanted a race of men who could develop strength of will and character. Muscles atrophy and waste with disuse. So does moral fibre. Perhaps God put the tree in the garden with deliberate intent as a test. His creatures failed the test so the Creator, in today's language, said "Okay, children, then you shall learn the HARD way."

We're still in the throes of learning, and apparently as far from the solution as we ever were. Even Christ couldn't stem the tide. He did much. At least He showed us a dependable path which, if followed, will assuredly lead us all to Valhalla. But we still want to dance and let the fiddler pray for his money.

So we're in a mess. We've been on the Lotus road for these many, long years. We've listened to the mouthings of empty-headed idealists and opportunists. We've fostered a society that can produce the Boss Hagues, the Kellys, Nashs, Crumps, Huey Longs, and Tom Pendergasts. We thrilled at being called by our first names by bootleggers during Prohibition. We were nearly laid by the heels by vice mobs, and racket cartels. We alibied out of that by repealing Prohibition. We didn't have the guts to enforce it, or abide by it; so we weaseled out of it by repeal. Our gain? An epidemic of juvenile delinquency . . . legalized dives . . . bootleggers, and racketeers going into Labor, and taking over whole trade's unions, while the Frank Murphys smirked from Executive mansions, and Supreme Court Justices condoned hoodlumism in the New York Milk strike. Oh, we won a brave victory when we repealed the "Noble Experiment."

Now we're weaseling again. Gambling is stalking us. We know of national and international rings of vice, but we can only nail them with income tax evasions. Uncle Sam doesn't give a dam about the moral aspect, but he aims to get his "take" in dough. And he gets it.

We know that sheriffs play hand-in-glove with Cuba and Bolita. We see sheriffs all over the nation wax fat, and sassy, and rich . . . but if a governor removes a sheriff from office . . . we promptly vote him back in.

We are guilty as Hell, but we smirk it off . . . aim a quid of terbacker juice at the knot-hole . . . and allow as how—Spooey!—it's them "Dam communists."

Oh, no people! It isn't the communists. You . . . we . . . are the communists. By commission or omission we promote the communists. If our grave is dug, we can look to the dirt on our shovels and estimate to an ounce how big the hole.

Right now, while you're reading this, you probably haven't registered to vote. Right now, while you're reading (if you have registered) you're figuring that your candidate may be able to fix it so you'll have to work less hours, get more money, pay less taxes, and get more free service. You're thinking of yourself first—your country last.

The fruit of the Tree still looks good. The Serpent still talks in siren tones, and we still fall.

The only difference now, is that we're nearly at the end of the string. We now have the power of universal suicide. We haven't got a hundred thousand years ahead of us to make amends. We've had centuries in which to build our moral fibre; but we danced. Now it's time to pay the fiddler. His wages are character and moral stamina. The fiddler has played long and tirelessly all these centuries . . . now he wants his wages.

But we're broke. We're bankrupt . . . in guts.



# "Shut the Door... They're Comin' in the Window"

Yea Man! Shut the window . . . they're comin' in the door. It's the old song over and over again.

It's the Host and Hostess' refrain in the summer along the Sea Coast, or in the mountains; and it is the wintertime theme song of Florida.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last year Howard J. . . . stopped by my house on his way back to Maryland. I had known him many years ago up in Salisbury. Since then he had moved to Florida and established a business. Now he had sold out, and was on his way back to the old home place.

"Don't you like Florida?" I asked him.

"Like it? I LOVE it," said he, "but I can't stand the gaff. My visitors have put me out o' business."

To make a long story short, Howard had to lock up his house and call it a day . . . because his home had been a free parking place for all his relatives, in laws and acquaintances. He said that even people who barely knew him back home would roll up with a flourish in his yard in Miami without any advance notice . . . and yell, "Hi ya, Howard! Howza keed? We thot we'd drop by an' chew the fat for a spell."

Two weeks, and 14 "spells" later, they were still there chewin' Howard's fat, including a not inconsiderable portion of his ham and eggs, and various and sundry other groceries. Howard and Jen had to sleep on the porch, and it gets a mite cold in Miami sometimes . . . let no man say to the contrary.

So . . . after four years of feeding and doing house work for a never-ending procession of hungry friends, acquaintances, and family, Howard's bank roll was in the red, and his wife's back was in a cast. They had to throw in the towel!

\* \* \* \* \*

Me? Now I'm a hospitable soul. I love people. I love, enjoy, and cherish friends; and I get a kick out of reviving old memories and stirring up the ghosts of the old days. But those ghosts are expensive luxuries at seventy some cents a pound for butter. I love to break bread with guests, but at 16c a loaf it can soon break your heart.

There's nothing I like better than a friend across the table, and a platter of eggs and bacon in front of us. But it doesn't noticeably spoil the flavor of those eggs and bacon if the friend would remember to slip a little smidgin o' bacon in his car when he figures on holing up at my house for a two weeks chat. I love the guy; but it's a little bit of a drain on affection when he barges in with a wife, and a mother-in-law I've never met and two kids with eggs at eighty cents a dozen and the kids drinkin' the milk I ordered for my own young'un before I had advance notice so I could tell Big John to leave four extra quarts for my unexpected guests.

That's another one of the trials and tribulations of living in a resort area. The "swallows" don't even tell you they're on the wing. They just flit up in the yard and they're "on the house" . . . and for two weeks after they leave YOU are on your grocer's cuff."

We have a couple of friends not far from where we live who have the "host" business on a solid foundation. How they do it is more of a mystery than Einstein's theory. But here's how it works: Visitors come and go at their house all Winter long. But WHAT visitors they are. They come with a car load of groceries and their own bed clothes. My friend's wife simply forgets housework. The visitors take care of everything. They share the cost of the food, cook it, make the beds, wash the dishes, and send their laundry out. And when they go back home there is a lapse of a few days and then comes a nice little package in the mail: a set of silverware, or a pair of drapes for a spot in the house, or lounging pajamas . . . or what have you. I shall not divulge my married couple friends' names, because you readers would worry them to death for the formula. How they do it is still a deep mystery to me and they themselves can't explain it. Apparently they just naturally attract that sort of guests.

During the war the guest deal was really rough. One time during a two week period we served thirty extra dinners. Those were the days of ration tickets. Do you think one of our "boarders" tore off an extra ticket . . . to say nothing of buyin' a little extra snatch of sugar? Not OUR friends. We lived on dried beans for three weeks after they took off. All our meat tickets were used up.

\* \* \* \* \*

We've discussed this deal with many people. It's surprising how similar are the experiences. The story is the same at the sea shore, and mountain resort. For some reason, if you happen to be native to a resort area your groceries are presumed to be free. They pile in on you and actually brag about how HUNGRY they are. Nobody says anything about how hungry YOU are after they finish off your reserve stock o' canned goods and strain your grocery credit.

And even if furnishing free parking space, free groceries and free linens were not enough there's the angle of work involved. Howard said . . . and we solemnly say AMEN! . . . that the thing that finally made him turn the key in the lock of his Miami mecca was seeing his wife break her back over the dish pan. A stack of dishes left by six people, three times a day, is something you can only laugh off with one side o' your mouth. Said Howard . . . "Not one o' those females got up off her fancy clothes to help my wife wash a dish. THAT'S what DID IT!" To this we add another devout AMEN . . . check and double check.

\* \* \* \* \*

So . . . to you my good friends from the Hinterlands. Do come see us this winter. We love you tenderly. But don't expect us to go into ecstasies about your visit while we are massaging the kinks out of your hostess' aching back and putting lotion on her pore little dish-pan hands. Groceries down here cost real mazola. We'll feed you once for acquaintance's sake, twice for friendship's sake; and three times for Auld Lang Syne. But if you figure on an extended visit and expect to eat while you're here, then you'd better fix it so we can eat after you're gone.



# "Taxation... Unto the Fourth Generation"

If you haven't got a grandson; then you might just as well pass up this spasm . . . because these words are not for you.

For a couple of weeks, well, ten days maybe, we've been doing some statistics, as well as soul-searching, and we got all hot and bothered about the way things are going locally, and nationally, and internationally; and we said, "Come July Fourth, we're going to rare up on our hind legs and do some chest pounding about **"Taxation Without Representation."** That's what started us off as the U. S. A. back around '76 . . . and things are just as bad now, except it's **our** government instead of George 3rd's . . . We mean we were sore, and disgusted, and disgruntled and . . . just about then a letter came in the mail. Among other things the letter stated that my eight-month-old grandson is coming to see me . . . (Note: I dropped that "we" business . . . it's **my** grandson, not "we's") and he's arriving sometime in the next ten hours or so. Haven't yet seen him, you know. Up to now he's only been a rumor. Somewhere up in South Carolina were a couple o' people who had no more consideration than to make a grandfather outa me, and I didn't want to be no grandfather. For a week after I heard the news I went around like a pouter pigeon with his craw stuffed with beetles.

My wife said, "Ain't ya proud?"

I said, "Proud of what?"

She said, "Why, of being a grandfather."

I said, "Listen woman, I still got a semblance of a bicep, and the calf o' my leg ain't too withered. I totter a little, but I don't quite dodder. I gotta put up with gals lookin' past me, instead of **at** me, and I can manage to stand bein' called "Pop," but **grand** pop . . . it's just too durn much!"

She says (that's my wife—grandmom, that is), "Oh tush! Do you want to live forever? Why don't you grow old gracefully?"

That sounded logical, all right, but the jolt was too new. I said back at her, "The Lord can make me grow old, but even the Lord can't make me do it gracefully . . . as you call it."

So for seven or eight months I've been Grandpop by remote control. Then came the letter. He's coming to my house. Now, instead of a senile ol' wreck with "Grandpop" tacked onto it when people wanna be cute, I'm going to be a real, living, bonafide genuine grandpop. He'll probably squall and grab his mother's neck when he sees me, but he's **my** grandson right on . . . and we're gonna have some fun.

\* \* \* \*

Yeah! We've got problems. We've got a governing body that just spent nobody knows how much hard-earned taxpayers' dough to go to Tallahassee and squabble over which race tracks jumps the traffic light ahead o' the other. Those lawmakers got in a manful tug o' war straining at gnats and swallowing camels. That business of deciding which race track runs the bangtails first was so strenuous that questions about it brought on a fist fight. I pity those pore worried lawmakers. What they need is a couple o' grandsons they've never seen. It sure does things to your perspective.

\* \* \* \*

I'm gonna lift mine up and turn him all around, and point to the horizon and he ain't going to know a word I'm saying; but I'm going to say, "Son . . . that's for you . . . All that out there and

beyond . . . is yours, and you're welcome to it. You're going to grunt and groan, and sweat, to pay off the load that was on it when you got it. You better have a good time enjoying your three-cornered pants, because those days only happen once. Pretty soon they'll put britches on you, and you'll hafta start learning to use a fork when a spoon'll scoop stuff up better. And you'll have to read about Washington, and Jefferson, and Lincoln, and wonder why—because nobody seems to pay any attention to 'em any more. Then you'll have to learn how to be polite to your elders on account of they're older than you . . . but not much smarter.

You're gonna ask a lot o' questions . . . that nobody can give a sensible answer to. If you could say words now you'd ask why your Grandfathers keep on trying to streamline human nature by levelling off the "haves" with the "havenots" and still expect revenue from the "haves" to support government for the "have-nots." You'd wonder how a sensible democracy can furnish the "rights" to an enemy to destroy it. You'd wonder how an economy can endure with the well springs of that economy being badgered with rules, regulations, red tape, and taxes that must surely and ultimately dry up the well springs.

You'll look at us "so-called" adults with puzzlement as we dig you in the ribs, chuck you under the chin, and chortle "goo-a-goo" . . . and you'll mutter under your baby breath, "Aw! go take that infantile stuff back to Tallahassee this summer, and pile up another hundred thousand dollars or so for me to pay off along with the other silly billions around my neck."

\* \* \* \*

Yep, young feller, there's a horizon out there. Behind it just a leetle bit north o' north-west is the Hoover Commission that has given your elders the answer to the bulk of their debts . . . and your elders are doing nothing about it.

Lay in your little crib, grandsonny, and watch the free birds soaring in a free sky. They are probably the only things that will be still free when you're old enough to think about a son of your own. That's around twenty years; and in 20 years, son . . . the way things are going . . . the celebration of July 4th will be only a legend. Something the silly proletariat used to regard as a holiday stamping their independence.

It's a broad horizon, little boy. It would be vast, free, and fascinating were it not so full of fol de rol, faddle daddle, bellywash, and froth. Behind that horizon lie the bodies of mouldering statesmen who conceived all men to have the equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Another ancient grave claims the bones of him who said, "The **least** government is the **best** government." And turn around the other way, son, and behind that horizon are the bones of empires who taxed the thinkers out of existence. Greece, Carthage, Rome did it twice, and Russia is in the advanced stages of universal slavery. And here, sonnyboy, right here where you're visiting your grandpop, they quibble about racing dates, and gambling taxes, while the schools take a twenty-five per cent cut, and the governor's already tired of his job.

\* \* \* \*

It's a great old country, son. It's all yours. Eat a lot o' spinach, and say a lot of prayers; because you've got a job to do. That's your horizon . . . and you're welcome to it . . . your grandfathers have sure raised hell with it.



# Come Outa The Salt Mines

This piece is for those people whose girdles are always too tight, or belts too short.

The business of dieting has become a national concern. Most of us are too heavy. And the crazy diets we adopt to peel off the pounds are beyond belief.

I walked into the lobby of the Indian River Citrus Bank . . . they all have scales, I don't know why . . . The Melbourne Bank has a pair of nice, shiny ones right by the door. Anyhow, as I walked in the Bank a plump ol' gal was just stepping on the scales. She started fiddling with the pound indicator, and I casually hooked my toe over the platform (not hard, but real easy; so as not to make her suspicious). She pushed the slide along to the point where you could tell she wanted it to come to rest, but the arm kept just a little above center. (I did a real, good job of manipulating my toe). She pushed the slide up another pound, and looked. Then another pound . . . and looked again!

Then she said, "O dammit!" and pushed two pounds. The arm came down a little, but not enough. She laid down her handbag, put on her specs, and tried again as I eased my toe back to position. I gave her about twelve pounds more than I figured she wanted, and when the arm waved at mid-point and looked authentic . . . she just stared, and I heard (in a soft whisper) some of the most luscious cussin' that has passed these ears since I usta frequent the Hoboken docks.

I said, "What's the matter, Katy?" (that ain't her name) and she whirled, saw my foot resting twelve pounds heavy on the scale, and said, "Dale Wimbrow, I could either kiss or kill you . . . I don't weigh that much, do I?"

\* \* \* \*

She's on a diet. After discarding two girdles without a break, or a crack, or a fray in either, she decided to do something about it; but was having tough going. After three days on sauer-kraut juice, lettuce leaves, and dried toast she'd fall off the wagon and go for a hunk of up-side-down cake which was four times more calories in one meal than she had saved in three days. Then she'd go back to Rusk, carrot sticks, and black coffee . . . and get seduced by a big slice o' banana cream pie. This reducing business takes more perseverance, than Grandma ever put in a hand crocheted bed spread. But she had actually lost two pounds . . . without her handbag. So we both laughed and she wad-er-walked out of the Bank satisfied she was, at least, holding her own and would get some wear out of the new girdle.

\* \* \* \*

Last night I picked up the latest issue of Holiday magazine. In it is a diet that ought to interest us plump people. In effect, it says "Eat and grow thin." Apparently you can eat all you want and cheat the scales. From French fried potatoes to Boston baked beans you can kiss off the calories, and stop screaming in your sleep about coronary thrombosis, hardening of the arteries, acne, St. Vitus dance, spring halt, spavin, and the heaves.

Doctors have said for years that we dig our graves with our teeth, and a glance down the obituary columns is substantiating

evidence. Controlled diet supervised by a Doctor (but not a fat one) will, in time, scale your weight down; but you've got to worry yourself with details . . . until it is probably the worry itself that does the trick.

\* \* \* \*

If you're a business man, don't reduce scientifically unless you're ready to retire from business . . . otherwise you'll never get any business done whatever.

There's the orange juice diet, which will lean you down but your spouse will probably have to help you out of bed. There's the no fat—no sugar—no starch diet . . . but it's more fun to die. At least, you enjoy life up to the last spoonful o' grits. I ask you people: if you can't have a little pan gravy on a dab o' mashed potatoes . . . or some boiled sauce on a buttered apple dumpling . . . or pour the top o' the bottle over some sugared strawberries . . . why do you want to live to be ninety-four?

But this Doctor in Wilmington, where the du Ponts are scientifically engaged in getting the most out o' the least workers, has a diet that makes sense. In fact, it isn't a diet at all—as we understand diets—that's why it makes sense. If I can go on a diet without going on a diet, why then I will go on a diet.

You just cut out the salt. That's all . . . just the salt. You may soft-pedal the sugar some. Like, for instance, no sugar in coffee — which will immediately make you switch to Calvert — but you can eat all you want, when you want, and the more fat and lean meat the better. You can have that delicious crisp edge o' juicy fat on your sirloin . . . if you can afford the sirloin . . . and cut right straight through the whole succulent mass.

\* \* \* \*

There is just one drawback to the diet. You have to walk 30 minutes each morning. Now me . . . anytime I feel like running, I walk; when I feel like walking, I sit down; and when I feel like sitting down, I lie down. But the du Pont Doctor says you have to walk. He's a "two-timer" for putting it in fine print. I was a week on the diet before I read the fine print.

But it's worth it. For two years I haven't seen my toes. I buy loafers so I won't have to bend over to tie shoe laces. Since I've been on the diet my equator has considerably lessened. The other day I let out a breath kinda quick, and my pants nearly fell off. That's wonderful . . . so I went and had two more holes punched in my belt.

You people, however, better not take my say-so on this. Go to your Doctor (fat or thin) and let him say whether you can do without salt. He will know for sure.

Then again, you may disagree on whether or not saltless food is edible. I will admit that a lot of it tastes like shavings off a bar of Octagon soap, and if you can eat fried saltless suet you deserve a place of martyrdom up there with Joan of Arc. But you can't have everything. If you're fat, forty, and funny looking, and you want to live to be eighty, then come outa the salt mines . . . if you think the last forty years are worth it.



## Our Song of Shame

Oh, sing to me not of the gambling, or gaming,  
Official malfeasance, or hoodlums, or lugs,  
Of crooks tolerated, or high court defaming;  
Of cheap politicians, or gun-men, and thugs!

\* \* \* \* \*

I'll sing YOU a song of the sins of our people:  
The general public (who courted these ills),  
Whose sanctified chimes from each lofty Church steeple  
Ring out every Sunday o'er valleys and hills.

I'll sing you a song of the men who created  
The crimes that we read of in headlines today.  
No, let me not hear the law breakers berated,  
'Til Laws "We, the people" observe and obey.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gamblers get rich? None but we can prevent it.  
The gamblers don't gamble, for WE are the "Stupes."  
The slick game of chance? Sure, the gamblers invent it.  
But WE are the bankroll, the suckers, and dupes.

Without "We, the people" there'd be no more bookies;  
No gambling Palace; no organized Crime.  
Without all the billions produced by us rookies  
The gamblers would all starve to death in their slime.

No gambler can profit without our connivance.  
No crook get to office without our intent.  
The pitfalls, and hell-holes, are by our contrivance.  
The smear on our honor is by our consent.

We harked to the lure of the siren, and faker.  
We all share the guilt: every color and race.  
No nation on earth was endowed by its maker  
With greater potential for honor, and grace.

Our national theme was the same common story  
Of Man's basic dignity. This we have sold.  
We all shared the birthright of freedom and glory.  
This we exchanged for the pottage of gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

So sing to me not of the way we're manhandled  
By men we've elected by will, or default.  
We have shirked, and neglected, and lazed, and panhandled:  
And now in our wounds we cavil at the salt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why wonder because at long-last we are smitten  
By gangdom's foul odors, and racketeers' guns.  
Go read the scare headlines. By US they were written  
In shame, and disgrace, and the blood of our sons.

\* \* \* \* \*

With feet on the high-road, we spurned the high places.  
Now ghouls line the path of the low-road we trod.  
With blood on our conscience, and mud in our faces,  
We stand desolated and shamed before God.

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## The Poem I Threw Away

I sat down to write a poem that would be a shining light  
To my troubled fellow men. I labored sadly through the night—  
For when morning at my window sent a sunbeam peeping through  
I leaned back and read the poem — and I knew it wouldn't do.

For the verse my pen had written was no verse I had conceived  
'Twas as though another mind had written things that it believed.  
Though I begged, cajoled, and threatened still my pen went on its way  
And it wrote down things that troubled—that I never meant to say.

I had tried to make it cheerful with innocence of youth  
But my pen, with pure perverseness, drew a picture of the truth.  
When I tried to praise the wisdom and the cleverness of men;  
Then some unsuspected tendencies had ruled my stubborn pen.

When I tried to praise man's vision then the pen wrote "Man is blind  
For his utter lack of vision has devitalized his kind.  
He has sapped his independence — he has subsidized his soul —  
He has worshipped at the flesh pots. Acquisition is his goal."

I said, "Pen, you're too vindictive. Man is young in point of years,  
Give him time to get his bearings — give him faith instead of fears.  
He has travelled from the jungle, from a setting rough and raw  
Where his strength was his protection, and survival was the law.  
All his background sheer aggression. All his purpose but to strive,  
And by strength, or skill, or cunning, manage somehow to survive.  
Don't expect him to relinquish all the wiles that stood the test,  
Let me tell him things to cheer him . . . things to set his fears at rest."

But the pen wrote, "Man has travelled even further than you say.  
He has passed through many eras when his fears were put away.  
While he prates now of security and jungle laws' release,  
He has tasted all the flavor of society at peace.  
All his falls from Grace, a story that no tome has fully told.  
He has climbed the heights of culture—but the heights he couldn't hold.  
Many Shangri-las he's builded; but his greed snatched them away  
As he did back there in Eden; so he even does today."

"But," I said, "Pen you're too final—help me write a poem sublime,  
Let me tell my fellowman that this is not the end of Time.  
Let me sing a song of sunshine that must always follow rain,  
Let me write things to encourage man to scale the heights again.

But the pen said, "Time is wasting—from man's sins there's no release.  
He can't sow discord and hatred and expect to harvest peace.  
He can't preach of understanding yet his tolerance withhold  
While he writes success in letters that may only be in gold.  
He has crucified the prophets of the ages as they came.  
Then he snivels in his cellar as he tries to hide from blame.  
He has builded mighty cities—even clouds his feet have trod,  
He takes pride in earthly works, but he has shamed the Living God."

\* \* \* \* \*

So I sat and watched my pen move back and forth across the page.  
Though I knew my fingers held it, 'twas as though a vengeful sage,  
Through my hand, was venting spleen upon a race that had denied  
Every precept and example — every gentle art decried.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was finished, and I held it in a sunbeam's passing gleam.  
And I read it. And it wasn't what I'd tried to make it seem—  
For it wrought no faintest tribute to a nation, or a race —  
Just the sordid, bitter story of a shameful fall from Grace.

Then I said, "Pen, I admit that I ignored the grief and strife,  
While you copied down a poem from the tear-stained book of life.  
But the sun that rises yonder always brings another day.  
And another chance to mankind . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

So I threw the thing away.

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