

A U.S. Commerce Department regulation, Section 5999B of the Commodity Control List, authorizes the unlicensed export to Australia, Japan, New Zealand, and NATO countries of items officially identified as "specially designed implements of torture." A commerce spokesman explained, according to *Newsweek*, that the implements include "thumbscrews and cattle prods—just routine items for the police."

-the Progressive

the Southern Libertarian Messenger



June, 1985

Rt. 10 Box 52A, Florence, S. C. 29501

Vol. XIV, No. 2

**THE LARGELY
DEMOCRATIC
STATE
LEGISLATURE
FACES A MORAL
DILEMMA...**



Learn To Live Like the Amish

The Florence County Council's request for more taxes reminds me of a conversation I had with an Amish man from Ohio who came to Florence to visit the Sexton Dental Clinic.

He told me he owned a small farm, 50 acres, on which he paid taxes amounting to \$1,500. I asked why his tax was so high on that amount of land. His reply was that in 1945 the government let a lot of people go to college under the GI Bill. Most of these people were not really college material but the schools allowed them to stay in school and graduated them to get the funds the government had supplied. Upon graduation, these unqualified people infiltrated state

government in Ohio and they are controlling the whole state.

I asked how did he pay his taxes. He said he grew everything he ate. His wife made the suit he was wearing. He had no lights, no car. He raised enough cows and hogs to pay his taxes, but every year, he said, they sold farms bigger than his for taxes in his county.

So, if Florence County is going to continue on the taxing course it is on and if people want to keep their farms and land, they had better cut out their lights and learn to live like the Amish man from Ohio. Either that or change their county councilmen at the next election.

Oscar Watts, Florence

First Floor — Northwestern Bank Bldg.
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HOLLAND LETTER.

POLICE spent days hunting for
"kidnap" victim James Joiner
... before discovering he had
been in jail all the time.

And the two "criminals" seen
bundling Mr Joiner into a car and
roaring off turned out to be County
Court bailiffs.

The bailiffs pounced on Mr Joiner
outside his home and arrested him
for contempt of court.

A County Court judge sentenced him
to 14 days in prison in his absence
for failing to turn up to
answer a case brought by THE SUN,
the Inland Revenue.

Triathlon July 13

Pee Dee Libertarians are planning to sponsor a triathlon to raise money for the repair of the Statue of Liberty on Saturday, July 13. For details contact SIM. Any help appreciated.

South Carolina Libertarian Party's TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION is scheduled for September 21 in Columbia. Anyone who would like to come & talk, sell or whatever, contact convention committee c/o SIM.

In Madison, ME, Tolerance Day was cancelled when a lesbian was added to the list of speakers. More than they could tolerate. (Wash Blade/Alt Media)

"Integration is the biggest con job ever pulled on any group of people," declares James Meredith, 1st black student at Univ. Of Miss., "It was a plot by white liberals to gain black political power for themselves and their wild ideas, and for a few black bourgeois who were paid to exercise leverage as black spokesmen." (Ind Lib.) Ipse dixit.

Freedom Country, Campobello, SC 29322 is now offering the Bob LeFevre type seminars again.

New zine: STRIDER, Box 554, Laytonville, CA, reports local deputies are looking for a man with a large knot on his head who tried to hold up a pool hall & was hit with a flying 8-ball.

Find a way to use trash

While the county is looking for a site for a new landfill, Wellman Industries in Johnsonville is still importing trash from Georgetown & Williamsburg counties to burn in its steam generator.

Instead of looking for more places to throw garbage away, maybe we should be looking in to ways to recycle it into scrap metal, electric power, and other useful items. John T. Harlee



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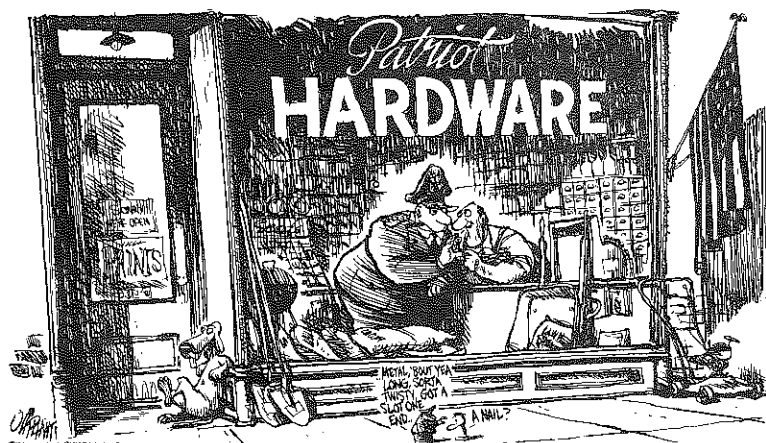
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Methodism In His Madness?

According to Dr. David Morris, a West Columbia physician, "I searched through my medical textbooks and could find no mention of 'fear of filing' phobia. It isn't listed in DSM-III or ICD-9CM, which are the two most widely used classification systems of mental disorders. Besides, I didn't realize that the Internal Revenue Service had the authority to 'recognize' an illness. The next thing you know, they'll classify 'hatred of the I.R.S.' as a mental illness and throw all libertarians into mental institutions."

THE COLUMBIA RECORD

Minister pleads guilty to tax return charge

An Orangeburg minister, who said fear kept him from filing tax returns for 25 years, pleaded guilty yesterday in federal court to failing to file just once, in 1981.

The Rev. Bundy Bynum is on a leave of absence as the Orangeburg District superintendent of the United Methodist Church's state Conference until his tax troubles are straightened out.

Bynum told a religious magazine

that he suffers from the "fear of filing" phobia, an illness that is recognized by the Internal Revenue Service.

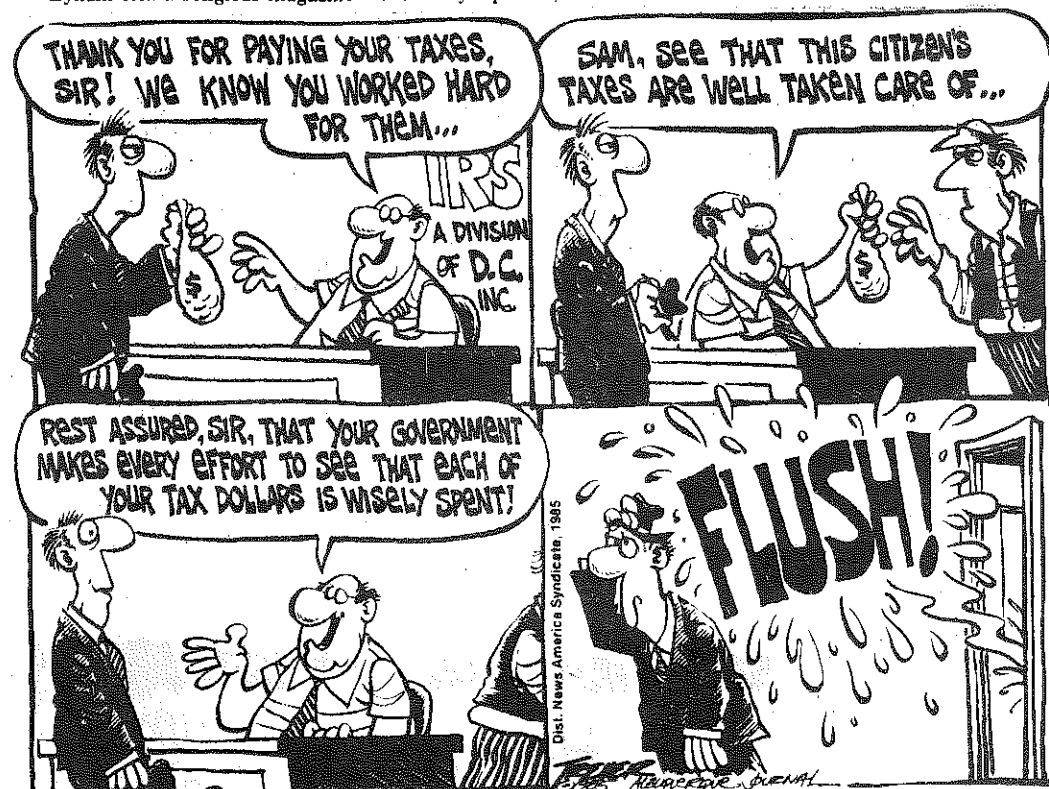
The government could have charged Bynum with four counts of failing to file tax returns but agreed to charge him with only one count.

Bynum made \$26,000 in 1980, said U.S. Attorney Henry D. McMaster, and was legally obligated to file a tax return by April 15, 1981.

The misdemeanor carries a maximum penalty of one year in prison and a \$10,000 fine. The minister won't be sentenced until a report is done on his background.

Bynum could face IRS lawsuits and punitive action by the Church's Board of Ministry.

The minister said he first stopped filing tax returns in 1960, when he made \$3,600 a year and was struggling to pay medical expenses.



the Southern Libertarian Messenger

A newspaper is not for just reporting the news as it is, but to make people mad enough to do something about it.

John T. Harllee
Robert Brakeman

Editor
Associate Editor

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The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal and hasten the resurrection of the dead."

-William Lloyd Garrison
First issue - The Liberator...

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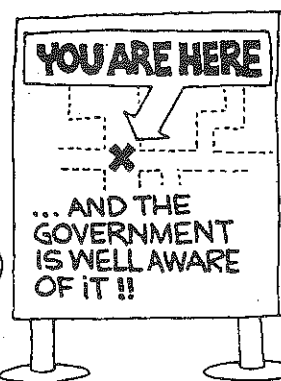
July 12 - 14

Pissed Off at Big Oil

The "bladder gap" is the latest window of vulnerability in a war between small and big business in the oil industry. The big oil companies are fighting to force full service gas stations to convert to self-serves--and restrooms are among the first casualties (as well as air for tires and water for radiators).

"If you want to see something alarming," says Don Skilling, president of the Service Station Dealers of America, "park outside one of those new superpumpers, that only have a cashier in a cage." Don did just that, and counted 12 people going outdoors in the back of the station to relieve themselves. "I wonder how many of our corporate managers think about that when they are building these units."

-Dollars & Sense



- Robert Brakeman

That's what it was; the world's greatest. No one who ever saw it doubted that that's what it was. No one who ever saw it--even experts--even had a guess at what was in second place--this one was so far ahead of the rest.

It covered an entire floor of a house. To you and me that's impressive, but to train fanatics it isn't. They perhaps will be impressed by the fact that after covering that floor it chug/chugged it's way up an incline, went through a hole in the ceiling--and then covered a second floor of the house. It's trackage comprised a couple of thousand feet, with every conceivable and a couple of inconceivable kinds of twists and turns and loops and figure 8's. There were double intersections and triple intersections and at least one quadruple intersection. There were mild inclines and intermediate ones and immensely steep ones (like the one that ran up to the second floor). Inside and outside and beside and surrounding and surrounded by the tracks were dozens of communities, communities made up of houses and stores and factories and schools and police stations and bars (more bars than schools and police stations, for this was a realistic train set of settlements) --and even a building with a quaint old sign saying "Bawdy House" on it (of course if that's what it really was there would have been no sign at all, but let's not quibble). There were highways paralleling the tracks and roads crossing the tracks and roads which did both. There was every size body of water but an ocean, and a couple of forests, one mountain--and what was either a desert or a very large sandlot.

People who saw this thing (and few ever did) always noticed the detail. Every highway was complete with streetlights, and each light was complete with intricate trim on its pole; each house had doors which could be pushed open, and on every door was a tiny--perfectly formed--doorknob; every lake had tiny boats floating in it--and in each boat were even tinier people; and the forests distinctive groves within them--and romping in the groves were to scale animals.

That panorama was so impressive that people often forget all about--the trains themselves. There were seven of them--three passenger, three freight, and one train made up of a line of cars being pushed around a switching yard (of course there was a switching yard) by a utility locomotive. Most of the engines were diesels, but there were two old coal-burning types and one which ran on electricity from a third rail (that is, they looked like that; actually of course they were all driven by the same--electrical--power source). The passenger cars were all either brilliantly gold or brilliantly silver, and they all had colorful names like "Chief" and "Super Chief" on them. The freight cars were of every imaginable type and color; the colors went from blue to green to yellow (very popular) to purple to orange to pink (no I don't know how that got there either); and there were lumber cars and coal hoppers and flatcars and dumpcars and piggyback cars with trucks on them and crane cars (whose cranes of course actually worked) and refrigerator cars and brilliantly red cabooses.

This toy train extravaganza was powerfully impressive even at rest, even when no trains were in motion--but when one or two of the seven got going and raced each other up and down and around and about the endless "world" of the setup--you began to think that was the real world and the bigger world outside the house just an illusion; and when all seven got going, providing as much mad motion as the average city-scene, you were sure what was before you was the real world.

The man who owned this world-within-the-world was affluent enough to have spent tens of thousand of dollars on his extravaganza --- and affluent enough to be able to devote two floors of a three-story house to it; he lived on the ground floor and gave the upper two over to the trains. He'd been a train fanatic as long as he could remember--and his parents told him he'd been one even longer than that: About as soon as his infant hands could anything someone had stuck a tiny toy engine into them--after which he embarked on a career of biting anyone who tried to take it away from him. His train fetish had grown explosively over the years, and by the time he was about thirty his superset was more or less complete. Hewas a secretive man, and most people in the neighborhood had not even heard of the trains, let alone been allowed to see them. Those who were vouchsafed a view of the top floors invariably went away mumbling to themselves that that was surely the most unusual house for a few thousand miles in any direction. They were of course right--but more than the train set made it so.

It was a totally secure house. There was nothing unusual about the grounds, but the house itself was hard to get into or out of. Every window was permanently locked so that it could be open from neither the outside nor the inside. There were but two doors, and but one key to each of them--both in the possession, at all times, of the owner. Any man who keeps every window permanently locked obviously worries about something more than he does fires--and this man's worry was burglaries. While the value of his trains fed that worry to a certain extent, they were not the main cause of it.

The main cause was the nature of his business. He was an agent of the government. Which one of the interchangeable punk-regimes which terrorize most of the world's people it was doesn't matter; what matters is what he was doing for them. He was an undercover operator--not an espionage agent, though; his activities were directed solely at citizens of his country. His interest lay in digging out opponents of the regime, in setting them up to incriminate themselves in one way or another--and then in seeing that they disappeared into that realm where the sun never shines and the dogs never bark. he was very good at his work, and all kinds of proliberty people who'd been working against the terrorist-in-power had suddenly ceased to exist (at least as far as anyone knew...).

There were, in this country, certain people who thought it would be a wonderfully beneficial move for the future of freedom there is this man were suddenly in big trouble himself. I hate to give you another "it doesn't matter" so soon after the last one--but I must: It matters not who these people were, or even whether they were citizens of that country or outsiders there temporarily: what does

matter(there's always a "what does" after an "it doesn't") is that they were people capable of turning their thoughts into realities---not always, but often. There were, you might say, serious people; for serious people operating in a world dominated by punks---much is possible.

The trainsman had invited him there for a business reason and a personal one. The business one was to go over certain documents, certain small memos which were going to be wonderfully useful in getting rid of an opponent of the regime. However, he was so immensely proud of his trains that he always mixed business with pleasure---anyone who was admitted to the house was given at least an hour's worth of playing with them---or at least watching the trainman play with them. On this occasion the two men spent some time going over the memos, and then they took a train break. After the trainman demonstrated the wonders of his choo/choo possessions, the visitor said he would like to operate the controls for a while himself. Since that was proof that the visitor thought the trains just as wonderful as the owner did---he was proud to let him do it. The trainman had some more work to do on the memos, so after giving the visitor a few more instructions on how to operate the seven trains, he went back downstairs.

After about ten minutes (so I'm told) he returned, returned to find the visitor looking like a kid at his fifth birthday party. He had on an appropriately silly-looking engineer's cap on, around his neck was a red neckerchief, and he was riding the controls as if it were the only job he had ever had. He'd start one train and then start another and keep up until he had all seven going at once---and he'd learned to shoot them toward a switch at high speed---and then pull the right lever at the last second to keep them from slamming together. He'd just done this when his host interrupted (he hated to do it, of course; fellow--train-fanatics were hard to come by).

He said that they'd better get back to work on the memos, for they were under some time pressure. The visitor agreed, and back downstairs they went, each one of them casting a last longing glance at the trains as they did. They were working each on half the memos, and that work took them far into the night. When they finally did as much as they were going to do, the visitor took his leave---passing as he did through an optical scanner at the front door. All the materials the trainsman used were coated/plated with the stuff used by libraries to keep people from walking out with books under their clothes, and there were scanners at both the front and back doors. Just routine---and a very effective routine it was: There had often been as many as a dozen people working at night in the house, a couple of times one or more of them had proved to be infiltrators---but no document had ever made out either door(though certain individuals had developed sudden and immense problems when they tried walking out with various papers, not knowing about the hidden scanners).

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As the visitor had left the scanners had made no noise---and it wasn't until he'd been gone about ten minutes that his host discovered that---certain memos, some of the ones the visitor had been working on, seemed to be missing. No, there was no "seemed to be" about it---they were gone. That was impossible, he told himself---told himself in the spirit of the man who knows perfectly well what he's saying is not only possible---it's definite. He madly dashed around the house checking all windows to see if there'd been any tampering, and there had not. Since the visitor had not taken them out the door with him and hadn't dropped them out a window, they could not be missing. And yet they were. He searched every piece of paper again, in the desperate hope he'd been careless the first time (he didn't truly have that hope---it was just the thing one did in such circumstances). He hadn't been. His desperation sprang from his knowledge of the severe intolerance of his bosses. If crucial documents in his possession turned up missing, at the very least he'd be busted and jailed; the very most was a subject so marvelously unappealing he preferred not to think about it.

To take his mind off that "most" possibility, he turned where he always turned in troubled moments---to his trains. He made his way to the second floor, sat down at the controls and sent all seven on their rounds. It wasn't until one of the shiny passenger trains had zipped/whizzed by him several times that he noticed there was something odd about it---and not until it'd gone by a couple of more times before he figured out what it was. It was wet. Another impossibility. He'd occasionally had trouble with dripping pipes---but they got everything wet---and this train and only this one was wet now. In a mood which was on slow speed and followed it on its route. When it reached the farthest room on that floor and went into a hidden alcove, it disappeared; not into the alcove, but beyond it: It went into a newly carved out hole in the wall. In a few moments it came back out. By the time the panic stricken trainsman had run down and found the spot beside his house where the newly laid tracks made their appearances, the train was darting out of the house; he watched it go around a circle and then disappear back inside, wet from a very light rain.....The people who had spent all that day adding that down-to-the-ground-outside spur watched events with great interest as the authorities jailed their subordinate for losing those train carried documents, as the innocent person "incriminated" (of opposition of the regime) went free (the regime's undercover operation in that town was shattered for most of a year as suspicions and recriminations tore regime--forces apart (the main argument was over whose incompetence was such that it did actually happen quite regularly---but it never went down easily). They also made the winning bid when the government auctioned off the trains of its former flunky; most of it they gave to needy kids, but a certain little engine they.....

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Modern Age, published by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute (formerly Intercollegiate Society of Individualists), 14 S. Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010, quarterly needs subscribers for the usual reasons; \$10/yr, \$18/2yr. They often have book offers that alone repay the subscription price.

NOMR, 4425 W. Napoleon Av, Metairie, LA 70001 holds its summer investment conference at Cable Beach, Bahamas, July 14-18. Everything from the Aden sisters to Walter Williams. Also Swiss con July 20-25.

Rep. Jarvis Klapman (R-Lex) has offered a bill to require a 4-day waiting period to buy alcoholic beverages, being annoyed by the proposal to require a waiting period to buy guns. (State)

Rep. Mulloy McEachern (D-Flo) offered an amendment to the State Dog bill to name the polecat as the State Cat. Failed. Pity.

"Why can't a German Mutual Fund ... a British insurance company mail literature to you?" asks Lawrence Patterson, in a Monthly Lesson in Criminal Politics, Box 37432, Cincinnati, OH 45222.

Western Review Institute Newsletter is a new zine, \$20/yr; \$35/2yr, from Box 806, Chono, CA 91708. Ask for prospectus.

The Air Force paid \$7400 for a coffee pot that would continue brewing if the cabin lost pressure. So if our planes are shot down in combat, the coffee pot will still work. (\$&)

In Coob Co., GA a parent complained that her daughter was being taught humanism & personal decisionmaking during a lesson on drug abuse. (Reason) Here we have the public school parent - totally opposed to the pupil being taught any sort of thinking or decision making.

Wall St. Journal reports Soviet gene-splicing experiments for biological warfare.

Dr. Clayne Pope of Brigham Young U. in a study of 15,000 Utah families over 50 years, reports the families who were poor in 1984 were not necessarily the same who were poor in 1980. (Moneysworth) This may not be true elsewhere.

2 American Protestant missionaries have been sentenced to 3½ years in Greece; Don Stephens and Alan Williams were jailed for prostelizing in 29 towns in Macedonia. Protests should be sent to Embassy of Greece, 2121 Massachusetts Av, Washington, DC 20008.

Half-Life Network, c/o D. McLean, Art Dept., Glassboro State College, Glassboro, NJ 08028 invites submissions; ask them what of.

"Management did not believe that there was a solution for the problem;... I was new in the field, and since they didn't believe anyone could solve it, they didn't want to waste their senior experience. As a consequence, I was left alone more than is normal. And since I didn't know the problem couldn't be solved, with this kind of freedom, I just went ahead and solved it." - Anon. (Issues & Observations, Box P1, Greensboro, NC)

"As the King learns from the complaints of prelates and magnates of his realm ... that workmen (in kilns now burn) sea-coal instead of brush wood or charcoal, from the use of which sea coal an intolerable smell diffuses itself throughout the neighboring places and the air is greatly affected to the annoyance of the magnates, citizens and others there dwelling and to the injury of their bodily health."

(England, 1307)



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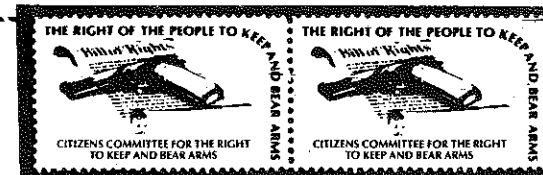
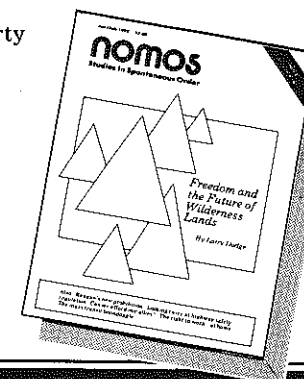
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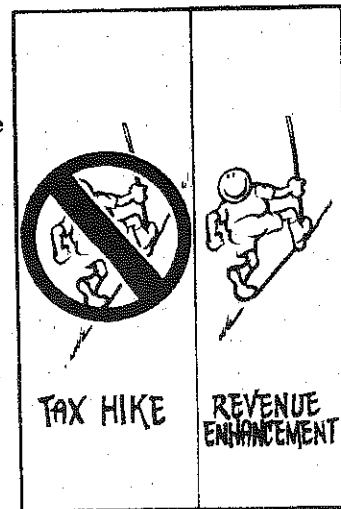
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Urban Politics

A new report from the Population Reference Bureau offers these facts about blacks in America:

- Blacks now constitute 11.7 percent of the population.
- Only 53 percent of all blacks live the south compared with 77 percent in 1940.
- Eighty-five percent of all blacks live in urban areas compared with 49 percent in 1940.
- 55 percent of all black births are out-of-wedlock compared with 9 percent with whites.
- Life expectancy for blacks is closing in comparison with whites, but is still six years less.
- Infant mortality among black births is twice that as among whites.
- About half of black families are headed by single adults compared with 20 percent for whites.
- 19 percent of college age blacks are in college compared with 26 percent of whites.
- Fifty-one percent of blacks have a high school degree compared with 71 percent of whites.
- Black unemployment is twice that of white.
- Median black family income is 56 percent that of whites.
- The poverty rate for black families is 31% compared with 9% for whites.

PETITE Susan Bray became a "wildcat" the night she clashed with 6ft. 3in. copper Andrew Bates, a court was told yesterday. He had to be off duty for 23 days after the incident at a public house in Huddersfield, Yorks. the policeman told Wakefield Crown Court. Police had been called after a group of people had refused to leave the pub.



PUBLIC POLICY EDUCATION FUND
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LIES, DAMN LIES & STATISTICS

In his recent book, *THE GOOD NEWS IS THE BAD NEWS IS WRONG*, Ben Wattenberg tries to show that we are not in a period of economic distress by citing a number of interesting statistics.

In 1982 25 million Americans, notes he, attended professional football or basketball games. A little arithmetic concerning the number of such teams, their home games, and the capacity of their arenas, will show that this figure is actually the total paid attendance. What everyone else seems to know, in fact, is that most of this attendance represents the holders of season tickets. Furthermore, many persons who are sports fans buy season tickets for both sports, and individual tickets for out-of-town games for the home team.

What we have here is not 25 million Americans attending pro football or basketball; what we have is 2 or 3 million Americans attending an average of a dozen games a year.

The same is true of the 21 million paid admissions to symphony concerts; symphony orchestras are totally dependent on the season ticket-holder to stay afloat. What we have is 2 million who attend an average of one concert a month, and this does not include maybe a million more, mostly school children, who attend free concerts, either voluntarily or under compulsion.

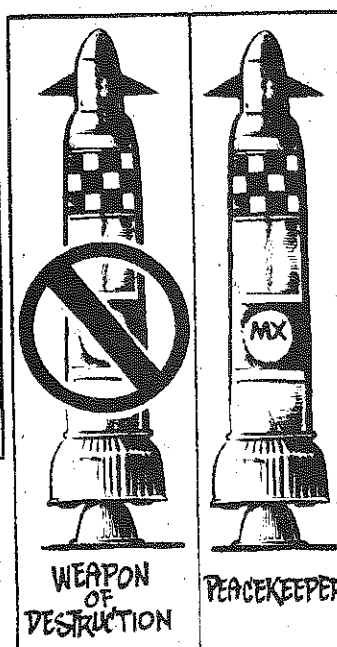
The point is that this is not a broad slice of the population; it represents a relatively small affluent group. It says nothing as to the state of the economy as a whole.

Similarly, the median years of school attendance (12.9 for whites; 12.7 for blacks) says nothing as to the quality of such schooling.

Likewise, one factor in the increase in the percentage of married couples under 30 who owned their homes was the increase in unmarried couples living together (who mostly didn't) and the delay in the average age of matrimony.

Let the reader beware.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT THE FREEDOMWORK, PLEASE WRITE TO:
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Third party realpolitik

New Options

If the proponents of simple living were to start a (successful) third party in the U.S., what kinds of things would they have to do? What kinds of candidates would they have to run? Many activists have been finding some answers to these questions in Steven Rosenstone et. al., *Third Parties in America* (Princeton Univ. Press, 1984; \$10 pbk).

The book is based on a prodigious amount of research. Special attention was paid to eight third parties from the 19th century (including the Free Soil, Greenback and People's parties) and eight third party movements from the 20th. Among the conclusions that may be drawn:

—Run prestigious candidates. Voters are many times more likely to vote for them.

—Have these candidates emphasize their opposition to policies, not only — or even primarily — their support of alternatives. Most people do vote "against" rather than for.

—Appeal primarily to younger voters. They're far more likely to vote for third party candidates than voters who came of age before 1960.

—Don't make a special appeal to "the locked-out." If anything, they're less likely to vote for third party candidates than the general population.

—Focus on media outreach, not party organization. The 19th century was the age of organized political parties; today, "technology [has] replaced organization as the crucial ingredient."

There you have it — third party realpolitik. The trouble is, most of these suggestions are anathema to simple living/decentralist/globally responsible activists. It's not hard to see why.

● A CLOTHING worker who was mentally ill in hospital told doctors he didn't want the drugs they gave him. He was injected with them by force. It often took eight male nurses to hold him down while the drugs were pumped into him. After ten days of this treatment he died from too many drugs in his blood.

The disturbing story of Abdullah Hassan, who

lived in London for eighteen of his twenty-five years, came out last week at his inquest.

For four years he has had bouts of mental illness. Last August, his family took him to the German Hospital, Hackney.

He did not get better. After a week of forcible injections, he got into an argument with a nurse and knocked him out.

A new "cocktail" of drugs was prescribed for him.

Five days later Abdullah was dead. After an autopsy, Dr Paul Tose-land of Guy's Hospital gave the cause of death as "the extremely high level" of Largactil in the blood.

No measurement of Mr Hassan's pulse rate was recorded on his charts for the last four days of his life.

By DAVID RADCLIFFE
FARMER John Roberts has plenty to beef about.

For planners want to give him a cattle corral—in the middle of a high-speed dual carriageway.

They say they can't afford \$250,000 to build a bridge over the new

Cattle round-up in middle of road

road that will split John's farm in two. So when John, 48, wants to move his cattle and sheep he will have to:

HERD 'EM UP on the edge of the multi-million pound North Wales expressway;
MOVE 'EM OUT across the first carriageway when there's a gap in the traffic;
DRIVE 'EM IN to the corral on the specially-

widened central reservation.

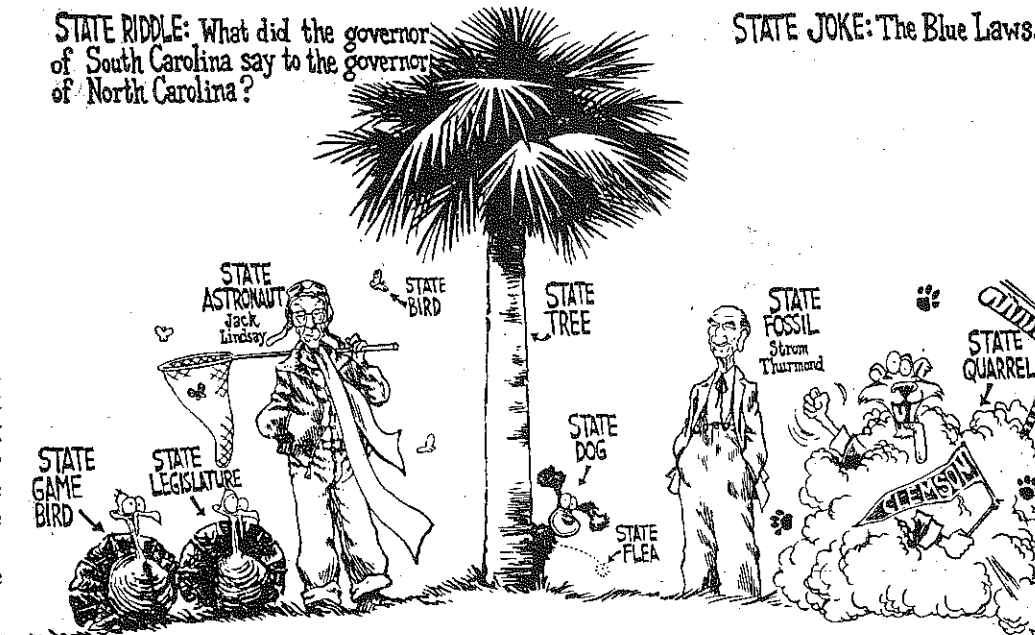
MOVE 'EM ON over the second carriageway after waiting for another lull in traffic.

John, of Ffyddion Farm, near Holywell, said yesterday: "It's madness."

He has lost two appeals. A Welsh Office spokesman said: "We don't dispute that animals on the road might be a hazard but it is a case of placing risks against the use of public funds."

STATE RIDDLE: What did the governor of South Carolina say to the governor of North Carolina?

STATE JOKE: The Blue Laws.



HARVEY The Greenville News

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a fare deal

HOUSEWIFE Joyce Hampshire was livid when she was overcharged 16p for her bus fare.

But she saw red—pillar box red—when she went to the depot for a refund.

For, instead of cash, she was given a 16p stamp!

Mrs. Hampshire, 56, of Charles Street, Ryhill, near Barnsley, said: "I thought it was a joke at

first. I just couldn't believe it." She added: "I then asked if the driver would accept stamps for the return journey . . . and he said no."

"But what if I hadn't had enough money? A Yorkshire Traction Company spokesman said: "We give stamps to save on administration costs."

But Mrs. Hampshire is demanding an inquiry.

BUT WHO'S TO BLAME?

The coroner, Dr Douglas Chambers, said he could find no evidence that the care of Mr Hassan fell below what was a reasonable level. But he referred the mixture of drugs to the Committee on Safety of Medicines.

Professor Malcolm Lader of London University, told the court that the level of Largactil in the blood was twelve times the normal level in overdose cases.

The dosage of haloperidol was four times higher than anything he had ever come across. Mr Hassan's liver, he suggested, could not cope with both drugs at such high doses.

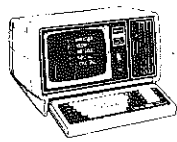
The jury's verdict: death by misadventure.

Penny Hassan, the dead man's sister-in-law, says: "We can't believe that no one is to blame."

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*

This letter appeared in the *Toronto Sun*. We are happy to reproduce it for your enjoyment.

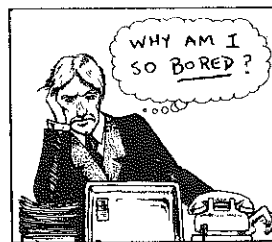
"Snow is, generally speaking, an unwelcome element; and it can be dangerous. It causes highway accidents and mountain avalanches. I am therefore forming a club for the purpose of having Toronto declared a snow-free zone. To remind the public that we want safe, snowless highways for our children, we shall parade regularly carrying signs bearing such terse messages as: Snow Is Flaky and Say "No" To Snow. These signs will depict accidents on snow-covered roads; innocent children buried in avalanches. To bring this to the attention of politicians a fountain should be dedicated at Queen's Park. Furthermore, to stress the seriousness of our cause, we may be forced to live in tents in front of the meteorological office. To some, this idea may seem avant-garde. But our members will agree that our idea has as much chance of success as Toronto has of being a nuclear-free zone. To each his own.

*

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Proposed plan could simplify state taxes

Every year about this time the Legislature considers reforming the state income tax, usually to make it conform to the federal. Unfortunately, as soon as this is done, Congress frequently changes the federal rules, so that the state tax code is out of conformity again.

I have several suggestions for simplification, starting with printing the whole tax booklet in black and white, with the instructions in type large enough to be read easily.

To simplify the computations, the federal definition of taxable income could be incorporated into the state law, including the \$1,000 personal exemption instead of \$800. From this, any items not taxable to the state, such as Social Security, state pensions, federal income tax paid (all of it, not just the first \$500), the first \$1,200 of military retirement, and so on, could be deducted. Only two things need to be added: deduction for state income tax on the federal, and interest on state bonds, not taxed on the federal return.

With this, the state tax could be computed, with some further simplification in state law concerning things like lump sum pension distributions that do not affect one taxpayer in a thousand, on a single page.

Of course, the best thing would be to abolish the state income tax; this would bring lots of new business to the state and solve many of our economic problems. This would require eliminating many useless and wasteful state programs, but who cares?

The telephone company has outdone itself with the new Florence telephone book. The new divisions—into residence, government and business sections—is really neat. Unfortunately those who did the dividing don't seem to know what is a government agency.

Take just the letter, "F." Listed as a business, instead of as a government agency, are the Federal Emergency Management Administration, the Federal Land Bank (under F), Florence Adult Development Center, Florence City-County Airport, Florence County Commission on Alcohol and Drug Abuse, Florence County Community Action Agency, Florence County Council on Aging, Florence County Department of Social Services, Florence County Extension Office, Florence County Health Department, Florence County Library, Florence County Mental Retardation Center, Florence Darlington Technical College, Florence Memorial Football Stadium, Florence Public Schools, District 1 and Francis Marion College.

Furthermore, several others such as the FBI, fire department, and FAA are listed both places, but the two rural volunteer fire departments are listed as businesses.

I think the telephone company is trying to tell us something. I think they believe—and I agree—that all these government agencies should be turned over to private business. It sounds like a great idea.

John T. Harilee, Florence

National Taxpayers Union

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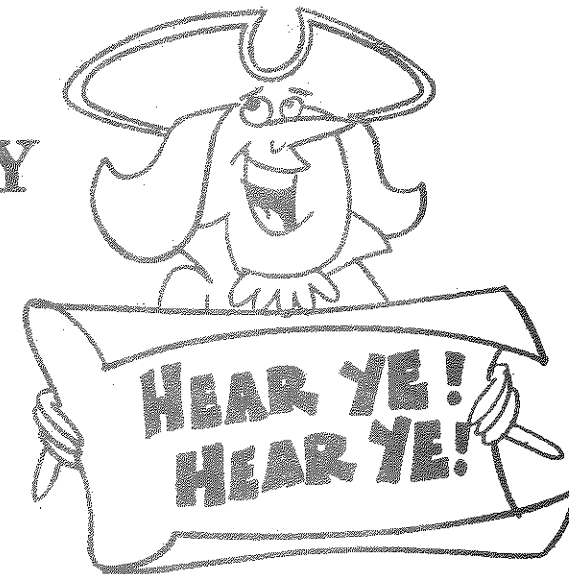
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