

# the Southern Libertarian Messenger

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## Taxpayers should form party

WASHINGTON — Once again this year, this time at more than 200 sites around the country (compared to 160 last year), taxpayers turned out for rallies and demonstrations on Taxpayer's Action Day.

With the economy churning sluggishly and governments at all levels imposing or talking about tax increases, you shouldn't be surprised at the added interest in this year's rallies.

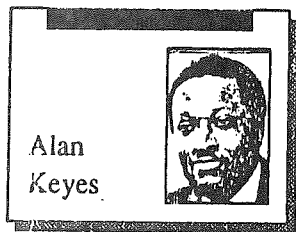
New tales of government waste reinforce voter anger.

### Letter

In a small fishing village on the west coast of Scotland, seamen from some fifty ships moored in the deep water harbor, came ashore to sample the delights of the West. These ships come from Bulgaria, Soviet Union, Poland and Romania to buy and process fish. On coming ashore there is one question, "Where can we get Bibles?" In five days over 5,000 seamen received Bibles and children's New Testaments. The Russians were asking for various languages, Ukrainian, Estonian, Latvian, Lithuanian.

The Southern Libertarian Messenger could use a few more good, new readers. Please send money & correct name & address to go to. Also, let the Harleian Miscellany send you a list of books & other things for sale; you might find what you want.

We have backcopy SLM for those who want them for new subscribers or???



Alan  
Keyes

By B.J. Ellis  
Knight-Ridder Newspapers

COLUMBIA, S.C. — Nelle Horton Mulligan watched the recent 11-hour PBS Civil War documentary with interest and mixed emotions.

A true daughter of the Confederacy, her father, Howell Foster Horton, ran off and joined Company F of the 6th South Carolina Cavalry of the Confederate Army in 1863.

"I thought the music was excellent. I heard my father sing every one of those songs on the program," says Ms. Mulligan, referring to classics like *Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Grounds* and *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

"He would always cast his hat in the air and dance every time they sang Dixie," she says, recalling that the music reminded her of the way her father woke her up for church when she was a little girl. "If he didn't hear us getting up, he'd sing louder. That was the note to move."

Throughout his life, her father remained active in Confederate veterans' organizations. "He never missed a reunion," she says. The last one he attended, she says, was in 1925, when he was 82. "He rode on a red sorrel horse from Rock Hill to Orangeburg."

Ms. Mulligan, who is elderly but would not reveal her age, carries on the family tradition as an active member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, which has about

## a major new political party will emerge as soon as TAX-PAYERS unite to fight TAX-EATERS ! Confederate South rises again

"Nowadays many people don't mind finding a Confederate ancestor. In the past, people have been afraid of being branded a Northerner or a Southerner. Now they realize we're all Americans and not fighting a war anymore. It's something to be proud of."

The Dallas Morning News

— Dotsy L. Boineau

28,000 members nationally and about 1,700 members in South Carolina. She also serves as president of the Real Daughters of the Confederacy of South Carolina, which has 61 members statewide, and has been a past president of the Real Daughters Club General of the national UDC.

Some parts of the PBS show were too much for her, she says. "It was a useless, useless war. Brothers fought against brothers. You would think we would learn a lesson from all the people killed," she says. "We should think about the consequences and the aftermath of the war. I think the aftermath was as bad as the war itself."

For Ms. Mulligan, the War Between the States, as she calls it, is part of her family heritage.

Other Americans, sparked by interest in the recent PBS series, are checking their family trees for Civil War heroes. And South Carolina is obviously fertile ground to plow for Confederate roots.

"There are so many misconceptions about the Daughters of the Confederacy. People are finding out the UDC is not just little old ladies in tennis shoes waving Confederate flags," says Dotsy L. Boineau, a 38-year UDC member and former president general of the national organization. She is also curator of history at the South Carolina Confederate Relic Room & Museum in Columbia. "Nowadays many people don't mind finding a Confederate ancestor. In the past, people have been afraid of being branded a Northerner or a Southerner. Now they realize we're all Americans and not fighting a war anymore. It's something to be proud of."

Members of UDC, she says, are "very devoted to preserving history

and having people discover the truth about the war."

With that in mind, the UDC has published *Recollections and Reminiscences, 1861-1865*, a collection of letters, oral histories and newspaper articles related to the war.

It takes considerable documentation to be eligible to join UDC. A woman must provide proof of her relationship to a Confederate veteran, using documents such as marriage and birth certificates or family Bibles.

For men, there's the Sons of Confederate Veterans, which is, not surprisingly, restricted to male members who can also prove they are descendants of a Confederate veteran.

If your lineage confirms you're a true daughter or son of the South, you'll be in the company of Sen. Strom Thurmond, R-S.C., philanthropist philosopher Bernard M. Baruch, astronaut Charles M. Duke and Gen. William C. Westmoreland, all of whom are Confederate descendants.

Ms. Boineau also pointed out that Alexandra Ripley, who is writing the sequel to *Gone With the Wind*, was educated at Vassar College on a UDC scholarship.

has a desire to achieve the goals set before him. How are you going to improve or make changes so he won't be another statistic of the USA and the South Carolina Educational System?

A lot of teachers don't have patience, self-control and love for children. So I guess we won't see a change. And all our children do is get tested, tested and more testing.

If Gov. Campbell and Ms. Nielsen feel that there is such a dropout of black males at grades nine — then how do they want to help "these black males" so they won't look bad. It's time to stop talking and put the "proof in the pudding!"

I hope some more upset parents will say what they have to say to the system.

Mrs. O. Nichols  
Darlington

### Preferred customers only

You'll have to excuse Joe Rideoutte if he thought the \$1,200 damage to his state car was around \$400 and, thus, didn't have to be reported.

Robert Blair, a highway department official, testified before legislators Tuesday that parts taken off old cars for replacement parts are considered of "no value" internally.

## Taxpayers headed for poor house

WASHINGTON — The California Senate just voted to hike the state's sales tax from 6 percent to more than 7 percent. That follows an increase in the state's gasoline tax from 9 cents to 18 cents per gallon. The taxes are being piled on, because the state has been spending like crazy for the past decade and has no reserves to cover a \$14.3 billion budget deficit.

Though a big offender, California is not alone in its profligacy. As many as 35 states have spent their way into deficits. But politicians cannot admit that, because their solution to every problem is to spend more.

Jimmy Stevens is FREE at last from Varnatu socials, bails & jails. Jimmy, 74, can't get visa to Austral, for cancer treatments.

Paul Craig Roberts

## Cut bureaucracy cost

**This decade of prodigious increases has spurred taxpayers in some states to demand a lighter property tax burden, though the relief has often been accompanied by individual and corporate income tax increases.**

"A nation is on the way out when it devotes much of its wealth and energies to the care and welfare of the least endowed segment of its population and puts a low ceiling on the rewards of those who ceaselessly strive and achieve."

— Eric Hoffer, *Before The Sabbath*

**State leads South in number of days worked to pay bill**

By BRUCE YANDLE

The average U.S. worker puts in 125 days to pay the IRS this year. South Carolinians will do slightly better.

According to the Tax Foundation, a citizen of our state earning an average income will work 123 days to pay all state, local, and federal taxes, hitting tax freedom on May 3.

Picture a map and a swath from Texas across the entire South, including Kentucky and West Virginia. Of these states, South Carolina ranks highest in the number of work-days required to pay the tax people.





The Southern Libertarian Messenger  
Rt. 10 Box 52-A  
Florence, SC 29501

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

Editor  
Associate Editor

John T. Harillee  
Robert Brakeman

Regular subscription, 3rd class mail, USA, \$6.  
First class subscription, Canada & Mexico, \$8.  
Overseas, in quarterly batches of mailing, \$9.  
New subscriptions, 1/2 year, as a specialty, \$3.

#### THE RIVERBOAT REBELLION

It was one of those nights on the Mississippi; I suppose it had also been one of those days too, but I'd kept my nighthawk reputation intact by missing the day entirely---so I can speak only of the night, the night of nights.....

It was the kind of evening that thrusts into your mind the Great Visions, the Visions which usually confine themselves to literature and motion pictures and art and television---but which occasionally appear in real life, on very special occasions. On this night there was nothing "special" about the date, so there was no "occasion" in that sense---but are there not other senses? What took this evening out of the ordinary was the look of things and the sound of things and the touch and the scent of them.....

The Delta Queen. Few Americans have heard of it, but it's Out There, cruising the Mississippi and the Ohio the way a thousand majestic boats used to---and the way only three of four (depending on when you read this true tale) still do. The Queen is a riverboat of the old style, a passenger ship in an age when freight dominates the Mississippi-system, a great sternwheeling monster which calls to mind---

That brings us to the Great Visions. On this night, as on any "good" (meaning good-weather) night on the Queen, it was impossible not to think of things like:

The opening scene in "Show Boat", where the massive, floating, river monarch which dominates the humans in the movie comes drifting/steaming up to the dock and shows you the proudest, whitest, gayest visage any boat ever presented---with a deckfull of people with absolutely nothing in common, with young bodies and old bodies and white faces and black faces and male forms and female forms---nothing in common except that everyone was so indescribably happy that it could all be happening nowhere but in an MGM Musical.

Except that it was happening on this night, and Louie B. Mayer had nothing to do with this production. The gleeful people weren't just swarming all over the deck, they were drifting and strolling and sitting and running and dancing on four decks, each set back in a bit from the one below it, each guarded by a sturdy white railing to keep the overly frisky from becoming permanent residents of the water outside of Cairo, Illinois, and each full of people who seemed just frisky/happy/exuberant enough to need special attentions to see that they didn't overdo it---by falling overboard or falling to a lower deck or falling into the great stern paddlewheel which was pushing the floating palace through the Great Rivernight.

It seems unlikely any of them had been sent by Central Casting, but they might have been; they might have been.....Some folks were staring, entranced, at the passing Kentucky shoreline off to the east, while others were happily gazing at the blink/blink/blinking of the Missouri/western shore; every so often (and the "so" was "very") someone would spy something especially interesting on the far-distant shore (like a great fountain lit by multicolored lights or a towering/spotlighted civil war monument or a brightly illuminated river mansion), and one whole side of the boat would sound a collective "ooooooooo...." or even, if the sight was mightily impressive, a lengthy "aaaahhhhhh...."---and the people on the other side of the ship would run over to see What The Sight Was, and you could feel the Queen tilt, ever so slightly.

While the lookers were looking the Loungers were lounging; the decks had plenty of room for people who just wanted to sprawl on deck benches and deck-chairs and talk with each other as the Queen chugged and puffed its way from Cincinnati to New Orleans; if you strolled the decks you'd pass one group discussing the force of the current and another talking about the occasional thunderheads which had been seen in the sky before the sun had gone down and a third giving their verbal attention to the things to see and do in the Crescent City when they got there and yet another bunch of travelers talking lazily about how the Queen looked like an ever-so-slowly-moving meteor as it cut through the blackness of the Mississippi night.

Some of these loungers/talkers gathered in such large groups they hardly left room for the strollers. All four decks were at the disposal of those whose idea of heaven was to promenade around and around while the Queen took them down and down---to N.O. Moving leisurely from deck to deck and spot to spot, it could take you half an hour to cover every inch of the ship---at which point you could

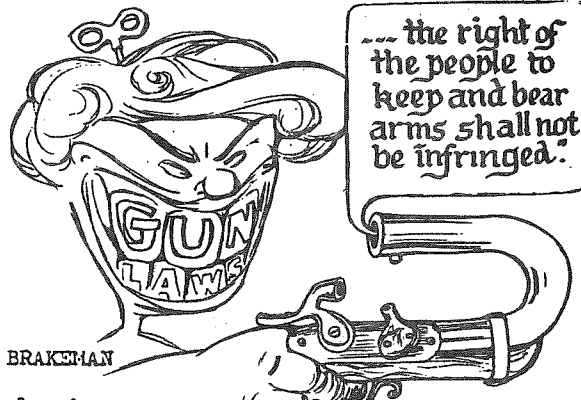
#### Good teachers need not be 'humanists'

Where did C. Laurie (Letters, Aug. 6) ever get the idea that humanist teachers have a corner on student participation, respect for the individual and even an element of fun in the classroom?

I am a teacher with 40 years of experience, and I can assure the writer that quite a large number of his suggestions have already occurred to some who are not necessarily admirers of "the humanist mode."

ROSAMOND K. SPRAGUE

ROBERT BRAKEMAN

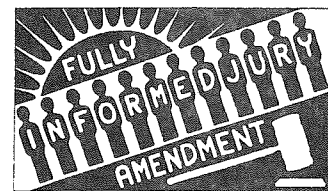


#### OTHER ODD NEWS

I.M.: Filiberto Lopez Peres, mayor of Chanal, Chiapas, Mexico, beat to death by mob for prohibiting sale of liquor. (WR)  
P.M. Edith Cresson (Soc.) of France calls for deporting of illegal aliens, a platform of racist ultraconservatives. (WR)  
"Puritanism is the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be having fun." Mencken  
"There are 1000s of lethal doses in 1 microcurie of Americium 241," says E A Martell of Natl Ctr for Atmospheric Res; by product of depleted plutonium 239 is used to make 95% of smoke detectors. USC just put 7000 in dorm rooms.  
Game Cocks may not be too game from this kind of disaster.



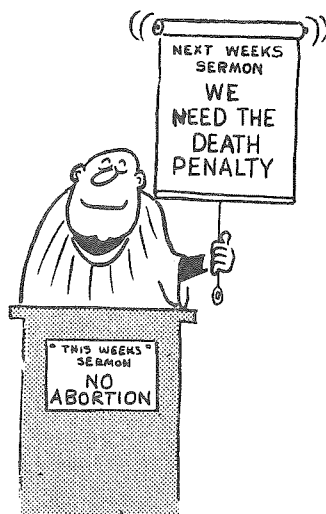
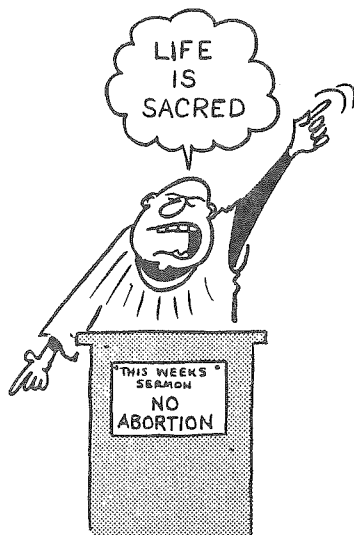
"Take from the rich and give to the poor... but remember to get a receipt for tax purposes."



P.O. Box 59  
Helmville, Montana 59843

Knowledge will forever govern ignorance. And a people who mean to be their own governors, must arm themselves with the power knowledge gives. A popular government without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is but a pretence to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both.

James Madison



Harleian Miscellany is glad to know that books on liberty, economics, etc. have made it to Lithuania, Latvia & other parts of the USSR. We will do all we can to help foreign & domestic readers.

BASIC RULES	
Matt Groening	
	AVOID ADMINISTRATORS.
	SKIM THE REQUIRED READING. SKIP EVERYTHING ELSE.
	WRITE VAGUE, SPINELESS PAPERS.
	CRAM.
	BLOT OUT ANY KNOWLEDGE INADVERTENTLY ABSORBED IN CLASS DURING THE WEEK WITH BRAIN-DAMAGING DEBAUCHERY ON THE WEEKEND.

# Welcome Back

## Riverboat, continued

spend your time in no better way than by starting all over again---unless it was by dancing. The allusion above to the sounds and scents and touches of this night being special was not dropped in for literary effect; it was true, and a key sound was the sound of---music.

Some of it came from bends and some came from radios and (when passing under a bridge or by a levee or quite near a town onshore) some came from eastbank or westbank, but wherever it came from, it---in combination with the rest of the night's atmosphere---was enough to make you start looking for a partner to start whirling around with deck .....

Nor was the sound of music the only nightsound. The Queen emits a steady purr/whine/roar which is as gentle and comforting as the sound of the world's largest kitten, and that purr serves both as a distinct up-front sound of its own and as a deep-background sound which supports all the others---like, for instance, the sounds of other boats going by. The Queen is so huge it's not particularly speedy, and when other boats go by they tend to "whiz" (or some such speed-evocative word) by; I would stand along the rail on the uppermost deck and hear nothing much (nothing but the Great Purr) for a while, and then all of a sudden the Dull Purr would be superseded by a Great Roar as a speedboat or fast-freight boat would cut the night and give us a horn-blast as it shot by.

The scents of a night on the Mississippi vary, depending upon where you are. At the far-south, farther south even than New Orleans, the smell of Salt water, the smell of the winds shooting in from the Gulf of Mexico, is predominant. Upriver it is a wild, and wildy-beautiful mix: Here magnolias and there night-blooming jasmine and over there lilacs and cypress and honeysuckle and over there a mysteriously fragrant scent you can't quite figure out but one you're glad to have sweetening the night air along with all the others.....

This would be a wonderfully eventful night ("interesting", as one of the participants put it, "interesting"), but before hearing of its events you must understand one other thing about the Delta Queen environment: That environment "touches" you in more than just the figure of speech sense---it is not just that you're "touched"/affected by the sights and sounds and scents of the Great Night on the Great River, it's also that you're literally touched by the Queen's environment, you literally feel as much of it as you see and smell and hear. You feel the water; as the current shifts and dips and right-moves and left-moves, you have no doubt for even a moment that you're on water, that you're on a "road" to the south which is no ordinary road. You feel the steady vibration of the Queen itself ("Herself", to those of us who know her....), as its (her) powerplant makes its superstructure reverberate in a way which is so gentle and subtle it seems to be trying to lull/vibrate you to sleep. You feel the clunk/thud anytime the Queen rounds a bend and brushes an obstruction of some kind (& you also feel a sense of great security as it moves right on over or by whatever it is without even a momentary pause in its on-to-New-Orleans progress). And, you feel the Mississippi Wind. The last thing I remember happening before the night's Events began to happen is standing on the top deck, near the bow, ~~letting the~~ now-gentle now-powerful off-the-water breezes blow my hair around and rustle my coat and caress my face like some teasing/pleasing lover.....

Standing like that, with the wind whipping and the twin distant shores glowing and the magnolia/jasmine scents prevailing and the Queen purring, can be an entrancing, hypnotic kind of experience, which is no doubt why I didn't hear the commotion until it had already been going on for several minutes. Whatever it was that was happening, it was happening toward the stern, and on one

of the lower decks. The flow of the crowd running in that direction gradually swept me along with it, in spite of the fact that I didn't care much about what was going on. My mind was on the Mississippi Night.

"What was going on" turned out to be Trouble. Right here on the Mississippi. The crew wasn't involved with it yet, for just as I arrived on the scene the first of the crew members did too. What they saw, what I saw, was a group of people clustered not far from the plunging/thrashing stern wheel---and ignoring its thunderousness as they concentrated on screaming at other. Surrounding them was another group of folks---onlookers, people who were having as much fun watching as the others were having screaming. The first of the crewmen who'd come running was a clever, creative fellow, and so it didn't surprise us when he came up with a masterpiece of phrasing: "What's goin' on here?"

At the sound of his question the screamers stopped screaming and the gawkers stopped gawking (actually, they just started gawking at the crewman)---and then the Great Mumbling began. One of the former screamers mumbled something about "just a little difference of opinion" and another mumbled that there was "no problem, no problem" and a third said almost inaudibly that whatever was wrong was "nothing we can't handle". So, the Creative Crewman did it again: "All right then, let's break it up here". The crowd did start to break it up, but since I was one of the slower of the breakers I was still close to the disputants when they started at it again---but this time quietly, to keep from bringing the whole ship running again.

Now, my mother told me never to eavesdrop, and she told it to be very early on (right between the need to sit up straight and the need to say thank you), and

Riverboat, continued

so I should have had that bit of etiquette well-learned by the night of the Riverboat Rebellion---but I obviously didn't, for I dragged my feet and hung back and strained my ears to catch what was being said in the now-renewed arguing.

The dispute was over a woman; she wasn't in sight, but she was obviously near by. The arguers were three men, men who from the enthusiasm of their arguing might have been thought to agree on absolutely nothing---but who in fact agreed on approximately everything and were just quibbling over a trivial detail. The final detail, you might say, for it was the last detail that had to be ironed out before that somewhere-on-the-ship woman would be turned over to the police.

Oh, that kind of woman, you might now be thinking---and you'll be right if by the thought you mean the kind of woman who tends to get turned over to the boys at the local copshop, but wrong if you mean the kind who ought to have that happen to her. But let's leave her alone for a moment, and return to the arguers. One man's position was that the best thing to do was to do things entirely openly, to grab her and hold her until she could be turned over to the gendarmes when the Queen reached her destination. The second thought that was getting awfully involved, and as a man who was devoted to the cause of noninvolvement with almost religious intensity, he was opposed to any such nonsense as what number one had in mind; no, the thing to do was to do things anonymously---just make a quiet call to the cops once the boat docked, or slip a note under the captain's door right then, outlining the "situation"---and then sit back and watch the "proper authorities" handle things. Yes, anonymously was surely the way to do it.

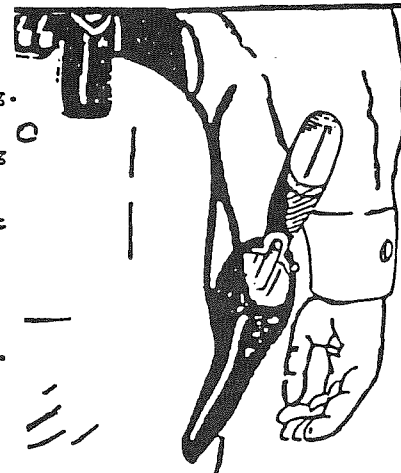
No, it wasn't, not in the eyes of the third arguer. He was neither as brave as the first man nor as cowardly as the second. Making some sort of waterborne citizen's arrest did seem a bit too extreme in one direction---but slipping a note under a door and then skulking away seemed unequally unacceptable in the nonheroic direction. His plan was to go openly to the captain and tell him what was going on---and demand that he place the woman on custody until the real arresters could be called upon. He seemed to be winning the argument, but I'll never know if he would have, for at that point I interrupted.

It now occurs to me that I shouldn't have badmouthed that crewman above for his tendency toward triteness, for I now have to report that the first words out of my mouth were: "I couldn't help overhearing..."

Politely ignoring the fact that of course I could have helped overhearing if I'd wanted to, they listened equally politely while I asked what was going on (since those are just the words I used, that crewman is starting to look more and more like a literary craftsman to me). It didn't take long for them to explain. Talking just loud enough to be heard over the whish/crash of the stern wheel and the night-breaking rush of a train which had caught up with us along the riverbank, they said that the woman was a call girl, that they (and their wives) were offended by that fact, that it was their duty to turn her in---and that they were going to. I muttered something I don't remember (something whose cleverness can probably be approximated by remembering my "I couldn't help overhearing" and "What's going on" lines) to indicate I understood, thanked them, and walked back toward the bow, and back up to the upper deck.

That was the wrong place to go, for the contrast between the beauty of what was visible from the ship and the ugliness of what about to happen on it was too violent to tolerate. The mood of tranquil beauty and soothing loveliness created by all that was described at the beginning of this tale was being shattered by the knowledge that someone was about to be assaulted for doing things she had every right to do. Both because the contrast between the splendor of America-passing-by-in-the-Mississippi-nighttime and America-at-its-worst down below was so depressing and because the river's passing scene would distract me from some thinking I wanted to do---I left the deck and went inside. Walking down one of the Queen's lushly carpeted hallways to a small anteroom where I knew I'd be uninterrupted---I found that I didn't have to go there at all---there was really no need for hard thought at all, for of the three choices available to me (mind my own business, help the vigilantes arrest the girl, or help her) only one was a real choice for anyone even partly schooled in the nature of liberty (the others were just opportunities to become art of the problem, not choices available to those who wanted to help solve it). I turned around, and went to find the people with whom I was travelling. Since one or more of them would wish their role in this matter to be kept secret, I will be vague about who these people were. It is enough to say that on the only question that mattered, they thought the right thoughts. Everything else about them, from their physical characteristics to their backgrounds to their views on other issues---all of that is irrelevant, all of it falls into the category of "merely interesting, not important" and so will be excluded in favor of honoring requests for confidentiality from some people who (as you shall see) merit any kind of consideration we can give them.....

I explained. They listened. My faith, not in human nature but in the nature of some humans was confirmed when I found we had to waste so precious time on whether to do something---once they understood the atrocity about to happen, we went directly to a discussion of what to do (figuratively, their "walk down the hall" was just as short as mine had been). The easiest thing to do, and the least messy and least risky, would be to---talk them out of it. Perhaps by



Check your guns!  
Put your helmets on!  
Fasten your seatbelts!  
Leave all personal liberties  
and rights at the border!

YOUR FREEDOM  
ENDS HERE!

## Verbatim

"How such a corrupt drug abuser got elected to the Legislature to begin with is beyond my comprehension. And then to have risen in the esteem of his peers to the point where he got elected circuit judge. It speaks, sadly, many volumes about the way government was conducted in South Carolina."

— John Barton, who prosecuted the federal government's case

"The worst government is the most moral. One composed of cynics is often tolerant and humane. But when idealists are on top there is no limit to oppression."

— H. L. Mencken

Advocates For Shelter A  
P.O. Box 3910  
St. Petersburg, FL

33731

"A politician normally prospers under democracy, not in proportion as his principles are sound and his honor incorruptible, but in proportion as he excels in the manufacture of sonorous phrases and the invention of imaginary perils and imaginary defenses against them."

— H. L. Mencken

William Vizzard, the agent in charge of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms in Fresno, California was quoted after the bombing of an IRS service center: "What we're looking at is someone who, possibly doesn't like the IRS."

"The British take a superior attitude to the American belief that it is every citizen's constitutional right to carry a gun. But there is a scarcely less ridiculous British belief: that every citizen has the right to own a dog, no matter how dangerous, unhygienic or noisy."

Inde-



Those who will  
not read are no  
better off than  
those who  
cannot read.

Free Enterprise Society News

## Recession? Not for the government

It keeps spending, and Spending,  
and SPENDING!!.....

"Giving money and power to government is like giving whiskey and car keys to teenage boys."

This pretty much sums up P.J. O'Rourke's view of government, as the title might suggest.

He was good, but not that good:

"Bad news/good news: Attorney Albert D. Friedman got bad news recently: The Illinois Appellate Court ruled that a female client whose divorce he handled didn't have to pay his full \$15,500 bill because some of the time he billed her for was time the two of them spent having sex. Attorney Albert R. Griedman got good news recently: He was appointed to the Illinois Supreme Court's Committee on Character and Fitness."

— Chicago Tribune

"I'll publish, right or wrong: Fools are my theme, let satire be my song."

— Lord Byron

### Epilog

The girl? Then none of us even saw her & she had no idea what had happened. But the story eventually got around, both because people on one side grumbled about "blackmail" & people on the other (sorry to say) bragged. Then she learned what had transpired, she managed to find one of us, & said 2 things which made the world look even better than it did when that night ended: Though she was a top-of-the-line call girl & so hadn't been busted much, she'd been arrested enough times that what one would have been really rough; and she promised to "do the same" for someone else if she ever had the chance. Epilog to the epilog: she also wanted to do something immediately, and so a certain pro-liberty organization now gets part of its funding from an unusual source.

Riverboat, continued

adumbrating what a person may or may not do with his or her own life and resources, we could make it clear to the turn-'er-in boys that Ms. X was free to use her own body in any way she chose, as long as she committed no act of aggression against another---which of course she had not. We would try. Since I'd already spoken with them and was "acquainted" with the Junior G-Men, I tried first. I failed. One of my friends tried. Another failure. (If you think I phrased that two-word sentence in that way to avoid using using a sex-revealing pronoun, you're right). A third try; a third failure. While there are no doubt cynics who would suggest that those nonsuccesses were due to our inadequacies as explainers, as convincers, we would immodestly suggest something else:

Many people (I was about to say "most people" but a friend has convinced me to be an optimist one week a year, and this is it) have neither logic enough nor morality enough to lure them into a pro-liberty position; their lack of reasoning abilities keeps them from seeing that the only internally consistent set of beliefs is the one which springs from the principle that one is to be left alone by the state as long as one behaves nonaggressively) and their lack of morality makes them willing to assault other people who are behaving entirely legitimately but whose behavior happens to offend them (to be a bit more specific: it makes them willing to run and get the state to assault them; personal cowardice almost always makes them afraid to do it themselves). The people belowdecks were in the "many" group, and for reasons of their own psychological peculiarities or their religious upbringing or their wives' pressure or whatever---they weren't just willing to put this working girl away for a while---they were (you might say) lustine after the idea.

So, things would get messy. After finding out we couldn't get justice done by being reasonable with these people, we decided we would---be unreasonable. Since the same person who made me promise to be an optimist for 1/50 of the year also made me vow to control my verbosity, I'll resist the temptation to detail all of the "unreasonable" possibilities we considered before coming up with the one we decided to try. It is enough to say that some of them were what might best be called very "unreasonable", to give you an indication of what we had in mind without actually naming it on paper. In any case, the one we went with was one which was at the other end of the spectrum---a more modest proposal.

There is, on the Delta Queen, a spot where you can go and be assured, during late hours, of being bothered by no one---and of being seen by only one person---and that a person too busy with other things to pay any attention to you. It's at the bow end of the fourth deck, just in front of the pilot house. If you stand there you can be seen through the panoramic picture windows which wind around that little cubicle, but whoever's on duty there (the captain or the pilot) has too much to do looking at his radar screen for snags and sawyers (submerged logs) and sandbars to care what you're up to. What we were up to when we strolled on out there was this:

One of our group had gone down to talk to the working girl's enemies again, and by seeming to suggest that they had pretty much converted us to their way of thinking but that we needed a little more work, our emissary had been successful in getting them to come topside to meet with us. While we were milling/standing around under the sign which says "Delta Queen", waiting for them to appear, there was a good deal of talk about the need to explain the "facts of life" to these people---until someone cut in with the comment that all we were going to do was explain one fact. Then the enemies of private enterprise and initiative arrived, they found out what that fact was:

In our usual cheeeful/friendly/helpful way, we simply made it clear that if they went ahead with their plans, there was going to be some Terrible Suffering taking place. Now of course they'd planned on some Terrible Suffering---in fact bringing that about was the whole point of what they were doing. Ah, but we weren't just reporting old news to them, we did indeed have a new development to relate: When all this heavy suffering was done---they would be doing it. If they turned the girl in and reported on the services she'd been providing on the ship, the group of us, all of us, en masse, altogether, unanimously, would testify that (A) the young woman in fact hadn't been doing what she was charged with and was in fact just an average passenger in every way, and (B) what in fact had happened was that these clowns had molested the girl, and when she'd said she was going to turn them in they'd decided to beat her to it by fabricating charges against her.

For an astoundingly long period of time the only sound was the sound the Queen always makes as she plows down the River. The rest of our environment was strikingly silent, for we'd said all we'd had to say, and the public-spirited citizens hadn't yet recovered enough to say anything. When they finally did, they decided they'd better talk with each other before talking to us, and they withdrew to the stern. It seems likely the key fact under discussion was which group of testifiers would be believed---because our group was both larger (by quite a bit) & more conventionally "respectable" than the other, there wasn't much doubt which way it would go. When they came back, their glum faces said it all. Suddenly, the world looked as memorably beautiful as it had an hour earlier.

"It's worth asking once in a while, 'When you get where you are going, will you be where you want to be?'"

Join the trip to a Free Country, but running all the snakes out of office here!

## Clean out the money wasters

I get very disgusted by letters from someone who doesn't know what he/she/it is talking about. You published one from someone who was in high school 20 years ago who claims that people objected to Francis Marion College. In fact, the only objectors were Columbia USC bureaucrats; USCF had almost total local support when it was started here in the 1950s, unlike any of the other USC branches.

Yes, there are new jobs at Florence Industrial Park, because industry located there on city subsidies, rather than better sites of privately owned industrial parks.

Now the way that District One has built miserably lighted buildings and thrown away better buildings is a scandal I can lecture on by the hour. McClenaghan and McKenzie were rescued by Bruce Hospital, who got buildings better than any built in the last 30 years. Wilson on Irby was discarded to get one with no students in walking distance; it was identical to Moore except for the manual training shops. Wilson Jr. High on Athens was superior to Williams in most ways. Holmes was the only one that should have been torn down; Harlee shouldn't - with an addition built in the 1950s. The site for Southside Jr. High at Marsh and 3rd Loop was also thrown away.

The Business & Technology center tore down or put out of business with Harlee Square about as many businesses as it has in it now, at a taxpayer expense. I could go on to the city investment in making Sears into a parking lot at huge expense, and so on.

The reason no civic center was built 20 years ago was that no business was willing to put up the money. Unless some group is willing to put up their own money, not money extorted from those who don't want a civic center, there is no way it could break even.

I won't even bother with telling you about the white elephant called the Settee Kowtow Conflux; taxes are far too high because we are keeping too many non-workers there in nonproductive jobs. The only reason the jail is overcrowded is that we abandoned the county farm and animal shelter at Effingham, to deny prisoners fresh air & exercise.

What we need is a complete cleanout of the moneywasters.

John T. Harlee

## Gay People Ask To Be Excommunicated From Mormon Church

SALT LAKE CITY (Apr. 9)—A small group of gay Mormons disenchanted by the faith's pronouncements on homosexuality met with church representatives Monday and asked to be excommunicated.

## Couple said to fake racist incident

FAYETTEVILLE, Ga. (UPI) — A Black couple has been arrested and charged with fraud by setting a fire to their \$400,000 home, spray-painting a racial epithet over a fireplace and blaming it on racists.



# Pursuing Real Black Progress

by Walter E. Williams

America's greatest blemish is the enslavement of its black citizens and the ugly era of Jim Crow that ensued. Despite the heritage of disenfranchisement, we can safely say that black Americans have come the longest distance over the most difficult obstacles in a shorter period of time than

any other oppressed minority. Nonetheless, massive problems remain. But there is a difference between yesterday's approaches and today's.

Listen to today's race experts. You'll hear prescriptions like: We need to promote black self-esteem; therefore, we need Afrocentrism. Blacks cannot make headway unless we have more affirmative action (quota) laws and suppress every iota of racial discrimination. Black youngsters need more role models. Blacks must have more political power. On their faces, these prescriptions seem plausible; but let's just use common sense and examine them.

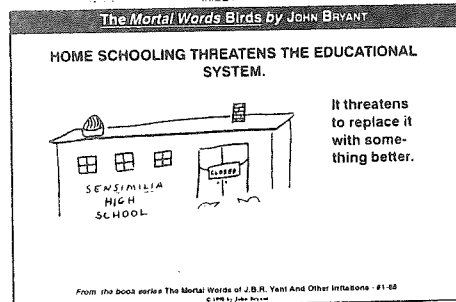
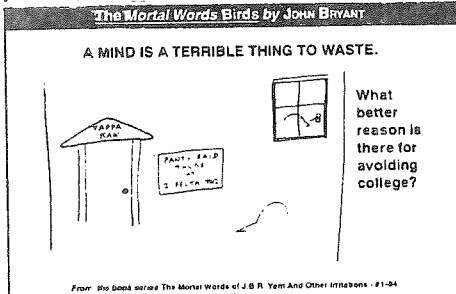
It might be a chicken and egg question, but which is more important to personal success—efforts that promote self-esteem or self-discipline? The evidence I see suggests that self-discipline, which itself leads to self-esteem, is the ticket. Making extraordinary personal sacrifices of time and effort to excel academically, start a business, master an instrument or a sport is a far more reliable road to success than a million recitations of "I am somebody" and Afrocentrism. And by the way, what has Afrocentrism done for Africa?

Let's look at the phenomenal achievements of blacks in the military, black pioneers at white universities like Harvard, Yale, Oberlin and Chicago, or black lawyers like Thurgood Marshall and Charles Houston in the courts. We can't explain their personal achievements through efforts to lower standards. A more satisfactory explanation lies in their hard work, discipline and sacrifice. Probably their parents and mentors preached that they had to strive to be better, or, as older people said during my youth, "Be a credit to your race."

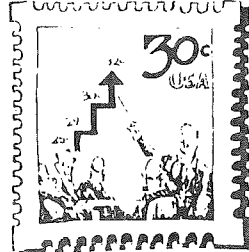
Like a mountain, discrimination can be an obstacle. However, whenever one encounters an obstacle, there's a strategic question. Which will accomplish my goal most effectively: whining, moving the mountain or going around it? Black people can sit and await the moral rejuvenation of white people, or work to empower ourselves academically and economically so that it matters little what a few white people say, do or think.

The biggest blind alley for black progress is the idea, peddled by the black elite, that political power and black role models necessary for socioeconomic progress. In cities like New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Newark and Washington, D.C., blacks are mayors, chiefs of police, have a dominant presence on the city council, are superintendents of schools and occupy other key positions. However, these highly visible political leaders and "role models" have produced little for large numbers of their constituents. Crime is rife; schools are rotten and the cities totter on fiscal disaster. We've had plenty of time to test the proposition that black political control delivers important socioeconomic gains, and the answer is a big fat no—at least for the black non-elite.

Look forward to the year 2020. Ask how many black physicists, doctors, computer specialists, mathematicians, chemists and other technicians and specialists would we like to have? Then ask: Are we doing the right things now to produce that outcome? Are we even headed in the right direction? Can we afford to pursue the modern strategy that has yielded today's results? In the name of future generations of blacks, I hope your answers, like mine, are no.



## NEW COMMEMORATIVE STAMP OF THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE...

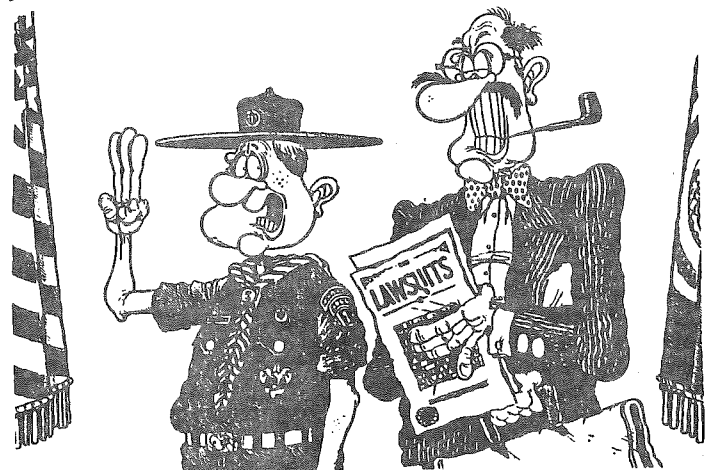


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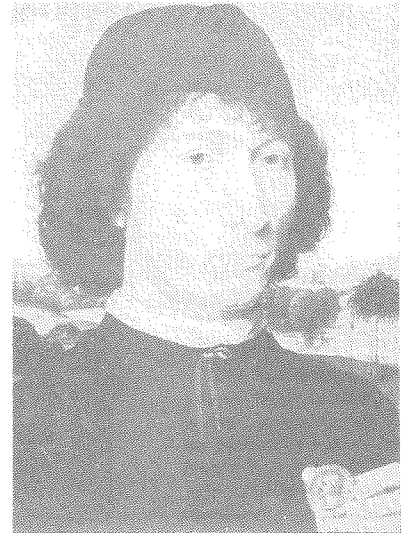
Approximately eight members of the Utah chapter of Queer Nation, a militant gay-rights group located in several major U.S. cities, showed up at church headquarters downtown to personally sever ties with the faith.

Another 20 people sent letters to that effect, but church policies required notarized statements and some identification, said Nancy Perez, a member.



"A SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY, ATHEISTIC, FEMALE, GAY, POLITICALLY CORRECT..."

# WHY DOES THE IRS *HATE* THIS PICTURE???



This is the logo of *THE MONEYCHANGER*, Franklin Sanders' monthly newsletter. Why does the IRS consider Franklin Sanders, a noted financial advisor and hard money champion, to be Public Enemy No. 1 in the Mid-South? Because *THE MONEYCHANGER* reports the undoctored, unretouched truth about the secrets the Establishment wants to keep buried.

On July 9th, 1991, *a jury found Mr. Sanders not guilty in the largest and longest criminal income tax trial in American history.* After nearly five months of testimony, the jury found 17 defendants **not guilty** on each of the 31 separate counts, including conspiracy. This trial was the greatest defeat for the IRS in recent memory, a clean sweep against every government dirty trick in the book.

*Why do IRS, the U.S. Justice Department, and the federal courts want to still the voice of Franklin Sanders? Why did they spend from three to twenty million "dollars" and seven years hounding THE MONEYCHANGER? Why did they spend nearly two million bucks and five months in court, call 145 witnesses, and cart in thousands of documents just to put him in jail? Month after month, you will find the answer in THE MONEYCHANGER. Each and every issue is filled with financial advice, news, articles, and interviews shining the light on information the Establishment wants to keep in the dark.*

*THE MONEYCHANGER* is a financial newsletter that boldly publishes the financial news the Establishment media suppress. *THE MONEYCHANGER* doesn't just ask questions, it answers them. *THE MONEYCHANGER* doesn't just pose problems — it offers *solutions*.

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