THE FARM DEBACLE.

JAMES W. ZACHARY.

/How/

How sad and disgusting, is the sight when those who love to slam,
In one another's sins delight, then slam and horn and ram. When each
can find his brother's sin but never see his own, when each a gnat
straims out to win and swallows camels down.

When bankrupt farmers call for aid and plutes their calls eschew,
while banks the U.S. Treasury raid, what can the CONGRESS do?

Loan more money to Europeans, send some more to Caribbeans,
shovel the cash to WALL STREET plutes, and let agrarians, "Shoot the
chutes"; then tell the farmers "All is well": just save yourselves or
"Go to hell." We are not paternalistic, nor in the least socialistic;
if you want help then cross the ocean or stay at home and change your
notion: best of all if you would save, then work like a galley slave.

There are millions for Navy and Army, millions for rail roads and
banks, other millions for shrewd grafters, and millions for political
cranks,--aircrafters get their part of the swag, and all experts at "Chew-
ing the rag"--electric power comes in for doles, and walks right off, with
Muscle shoals. Congressmen's salaries are not too high, they also get a
"finger in the pie"-- every body sings the Postmen's praise, who also get
a handsome raise, and the whole damn Treasury to WALL STREET lent, at a
rate of only TWO PER CENT.

And when the cash is all thus spent, and all TIRED backs by TAXES
bent, the FARMERS get not ONE RED CENT. That's what makes the hayseeds
swear, and say "By haeck" it aint no fair, to load us down with bonds and
taxes, while we chop wood with old dull axes,-- they even called in the
good SEED LOAN to further help make us groan. Damn their hides, at next
election, we'll give them cause for sad reflection.

The wise plutes say: "Hellen Maria Dawes!" You can't help a farmer
with any sort of laws." Loan money to the banks and CREDIT to the farms,
for CASH does good and CREDIT does harm: who is so blind that he cannot
see, if I have the CASH and you OWE me, "You're between the Devil and the
deep blue sea", but if you have the cash and I owe you, then you can tell
me "eggsactly" what i MUST do. For Credit means Debt and debt is enslav-
ing, hence the reason PRODUCERS are raving,--And [illegible] or cash TAXES
fixes the price, and kills the debts slick and nice,--that even the marc
and Russian ruble put the farmers out of trouble.

It makes the very old Devil laugh, to watch the worshippers of the
golden calf--its "Haw" to the left, and "Gee" to the right, we pity the
farmer in his sad plight; "Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker, has comee
too late to get his supper." Besides old Tuck, it is not nice, for you to
be fussing about the PRICE--scarce gold money does you no harm, just feed
us all and stay with the farm; for of all the songs of ancient lore, the
sweetest is "FEED us Till We Want No More." So rally 'round the flag boys,
rally once again, shouting the battle cry of FEED 'Em.

Deaf and dumb to their wailing cry, let farmers "Root hog or die";
we told them once then told them twice, "You need less cash and more ADVICE -
darn your Leagues, Blocs and clogs, Avaunt! --"Go home and slop the hogs."

The FARMERS say it may be nice, to hear some more damned ADVICE, but
your advice brought on the CRASH, and now "By gosh" we want the CASH.
We'll do our best to tend the shoats, and bear in mind we have some votes,
and when the plutes want back in, we'll hoist our flag, stick and win--
and though the plutes "Cut a swell", we'll tell the Devils to "Go to hell."

We've had advice for fifty years, some of it midst falling tears,--
bankers talk sweet as honey, but give us TALK and keep the MONEY, then when
the credits cause a smash, we still got to get the CASH. That's what makes
us bloomin' hot, when there's no cash to be got.

Then take up the quarrel with the foe, the torch of TRUTH to you we
throw,--hear the watch word for the hour, a thrilling word, a word of power,
let it echo through the skies, so the clarion call never dies: "Comrades,
ORGANIZE-- ORGANIZE, EVANGELIZE AND MONETIZE.

Thus alone can you win and put Ford and La Follette in, to falter is
cowardice, to hesitate is sin;-- thus alone will you stick, then ORGANIZE and
do it quick.

When turmoil, wrath and endless strife, make your road rough and cloddy,
do not forget the Christian life, don't, don't slam-bang some body; just
forget the "foul hot air", and cast your votes with greater care; take
possession at the ballot box and put the pirates behind the locks.

Lord free us from the slander crowd, the crowd that loves to slam,
and help us all to cry aloud: Slam slam-bangers--Ubi Damn.

Good Water Ranch, Winifred, Mont.

P.S.

Mr. Cmaeron:

Thinking you might care to use some or all of the enclosed matter in the Booth discussion, I add this private business message.

I am broke inso far as regards spot cash, as you and Mr. Ford know from former letters, hence my hands are ted and my efforts cripple d for what can a man do without money, except just TALK, talk, TALK.

Granting that talk means much and like cash ultimately controls --it too often makes slow progress for lack of cash. What great obstacles beset the Christic message on account of its poverty--lack of cash!

Start down any street or lane to peddle books and pamphlets on monetary reform to overthrow the worship of the golden calf and you will learn what I mean if you don't know it already?

What do you and Mr. Ford think of the plan to use the Booth mummy as a draw card together with a Stereopticon and cinema in a spe specially equipped truck (to curtail expense) with a good lecturer to visit county sites to lecture on Lincoln and Financial Reform, say usually in two day and night sessions, with now and then side visits for street talks in other nearby towns, and evrwhere and at all times boost and sell financila reform literature?

Please take the matter up with Mr. Ford and let me know your conclusion. We must devise a way to get the monetary reform more before the public mind. Of course every body knows something is wrong--but on only a choice few know what is the matter and how to remedy it. it is constructive building we need.

It will take about ten thousand dollars to put my matters here in safe and leavable condition and about five thousand to buy the Booth mumy outfit and equip for a campaign, Mr Ford can make such an enterprise possible about as easy as he can light a cigar (both might be a small imposition on his conscience but he is in position to do the thing) and if he will release my hands here and supply the cash, I will assume evry dollar of the responsibility and make both the ranch and the money campaign a success.

Are you interested? Can you get Edsel or his father interested?

Of course it is a small matter to attract their attention, but you and Ford know it is often the small matters that developpe into national and cosmopolitan matters.

I don't like to bother you people so much or so often but you have read in a good book about the fellow who knocks and keeps on knock -ing until something opens and --thats me. There is no getting rid of me until a way is devised to win. Youand Mr. Ford already know that the one thing above all others which I want to win is NATIONALIZED MONEY AND BANKING FOR PUBLIC PROFIT, to abolish the curse of PROPERTY TAXATION, by providing a scientifc and safe way to raise county, state and national revenue in the substitution of SOCIAL USURY for PRIVATE USURY, a doctrine that has a solid economic foundation, because Money is like the postage stamp, a per se PUBLIC UTILITY, created by sovereign, socialistic poewr, and no man or set of men have any more right to an advance private "rake off" on its issue and use than the same set of men have to a "Rake off" on the postage stamp.

Of course it all relates back to the worship of the golden calf, and as the fellow said about the preacher; "He is the fellow I am after."

Once more, awaiting your pleasure, I am

Respectfully,

James W. Zachary.

April 23,-25
Good Water Ranch,
Winifred, Mont.