

Someone once said, "He who enters a court of equity must come with clean hands." In seeking to prove the reprehensible behavior of another, your own had better be above reproach! It takes a clean utensil to establish dirt elsewhere.

When I first became concerned about the growing intrusion of government into people's lives, I reacted with what I suspect is rather typical, emotional Republicanism. I had been raised within a Republican household. All Democrats were suspect. I believed that Republicans were people of principle and integrity, their opponents were scoundrels, of varying degrees of villainy. A Democratic President had put us into World War I; another, into World War II. Later, a third Democratic President got us into the Korean War and was the first to use the atomic bomb. If we could just elect a good Republican as President, and LeFevre as a Congressman, we'd be well on the road to solving our problem. (Curiously, I'm hearing today from persons saying nearly the same thing: Elect "libertarians" to office and we can solve the problem.)

I was a rock-ribbed, iron-clad, tight-fisted reactionary, angry and filled with hate. "Those terrible liberals in the Democratic camp" were destroying "the American Way of Life." Only later did I discover that anger and hate are major obstacles to sound reasoning. At least I found it true in my case.

I read John T. Flynn's *The Road Ahead*. Others whom I knew and liked whispered darkly of a "communist conspiracy," of "spies who had infiltrated our government." It was easy to find

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parallels between the methods and objectives of communism as expressed by Karl Marx, and the practices and policies of the Democratic Party. My love of America and everything American was buttressed by my hatred and anger at anything and everything communistic.

But what was "communistic"? Others who had been angry longer than I and who hated as deeply were not slow in bringing me up to date, among them Joe McCarthy. A communist was someone who loved Russia. Russia was a communist country, wasn't it? The communists had imposed centralized controls over all aspects of the Russian society. Clearly, any efforts to impose centralized controls in America must be communist (i.e., Russian) inspired. A "good American" ought to hate everything Russian. Ergo, movements in the U.S. which favored Marxian policies were conspiratorial, the result of a carefully laid plot, managed by extremely skillful and brilliant blackguards, out to subvert America and create a world government ruled from Moscow.

This position became the political center of the "conservative" movement — an amalgam of Republicans, Democrats, Independents, and others, from every segment of society, who sought to preserve American tradition. This position favored free enterprise and presumed that the Constitution, if followed strictly, will do the job. Various Supreme Courts, it was argued, had subverted the Constitution by injudicious interpretation. So there were really two objectives: (1) elect a good Republican as President; (2) return to Constitutional government.

THE LIBERTARIAN FAVORS A CONDITION OF FREEDOM FOR ALL, YET HE REALIZES THAT FREEDOM, BECAUSE OF ITS NATURE, CAN NEVER BE IMPOSED BY FORCE.

Within the Conservative wing, the small but vocally powerful "anti-Semites" (actually anti-Jews) proclaimed that the real enemy was a handful of "Zionist Jews" out to enslave the "goyem" and destroy Christianity. The John Birch Society pointed to another group of arch-villains, the "Illuminati," the "Insiders." Currently, the conspiracy spotlight is on members of the Council of Foreign Relations of the federal government. These arch-conspirators have no fixed international headquarters but function at strategic places throughout the world.

Thus the theory of conspiracy developed and flourished in the Conservative wing. There are differing views as to the "who," but there is unvarying agreement as to the evil intent and successful strategy of a powerful cabal which must be opposed and annihilated before freedom can be restored in America.

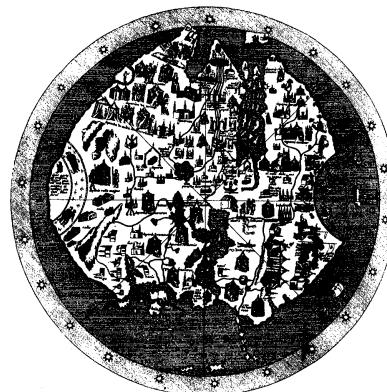
The rationale offered to convince me of the conspiracy theory was pretty much as follows: If a person accepted the notion of conspiracy tentatively, and then used it as a base from which to reason, it was possible to predict what the conspirators would do next. And this seemed to work out — at least it appeared so, much of the time. This is, of course, to reason *a-priori*. The presumption of a discovered principle is accepted. Then, from that acceptance one reasons to obvious conclusions. *A-priori* reasoning has its place in logic; indeed, it is one of the most useful tools of logic *AFTER* a principle has been established. But it is virtually useless in establishing a principle. Principles are discerned by an *a-posteriori* presumption which is then confirmed by *a-priori* prediction.

Now, I had to learn about logic from bitter experience. I had emerged from a government school as an adult with a memory loaded with trivia and a mind unaccustomed to reasoning. But there was one very powerful fact that kept intruding to make me unhappy with the conservative belief in conspiracy. I had organized and operated various businesses. And I knew from my own experience that it is virtually impossible to get a group of people, even a few, to do as they are told, even if their getting paid depends on it. Yet the conspiracy theory would require unquestioning obedience by a trained and disciplined hard core to men who set down policies and issued orders. Further, this would have to mean that various leaders in the government were a part of this consciously controlled network, overtly or covertly carrying out the orders their masters imposed, for the evident evils were being implemented by the

machinery of politics. But to suppose that the evils in the world — the transgressions upon human liberty — were all attributable to a mere handful of men and their dedicated lackies to me was incredible. Human nature being what it is, such a conspiracy on such a grand scale was unrealistic. This is not to deny that there *is* party discipline and that certain groups of men would like to control. The question is, are these attempts at conspiracy the *effective*, prime cause of our observable problems? I can only answer No.

It took me a long time to resolve the dilemma to my own satisfaction. Thanks to good luck on my part I became associated, through books and personal contact, with people who were far better informed and educated than I was. And I began to learn that every human being always acts on the basis of his deepest convictions. Whatever he believes to be true forms the basis of his behavior. What he believes to be true doesn't have to be true. But what is essential is that he *believes*.

For example, up to about 400 years ago a majority of people believed that the world was flat. Few would risk sailing beyond sight of land. If they sailed out too far, they would fall off the edge, they believed. Was this ever true? Of course



Fifteenth-century mapmaker Andrea Bianco portrayed the world surrounded by the Ocean Sea. At the top is Paradise (east), and to its left is the territory of Gog and Magog.

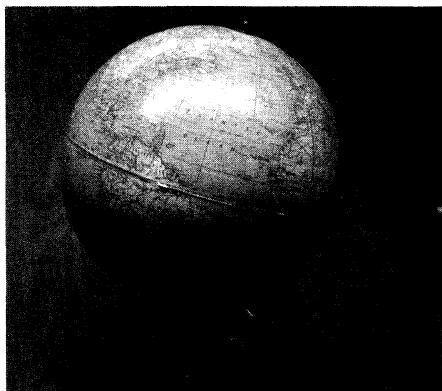
not. But because people *believed* it was true, they acted as though it were true. And it seemed that they could predict accurately from this conclusion because many times when ships ventured far from land, there were no survivors. Ergo, they had fallen off the edge. And whenever someone returned from a long voyage, why, *ipso facto*, he had not sailed far enough to go over the edge.

Was this belief a matter of conspiracy? Not really. It was a matter of education. The Bible was used as an educational as well as a religious source. And the Bible said, somewhat cryptically, that the earth has four corners and is flat. People accepted this as true, literally. There were no organized gangs that I've heard of who went around punishing people who undertook a hazardous sea voyage or compelling enforcement of the flat-earth view. It wasn't necessary to enforce it. It was only necessary to convince enough people that the

concept was true. People obeyed, not by organization but because of belief.

And gradually I discovered that the same thing had happened to us as Americans. A very great many people in this country had been educated to believe that we could improve life for human beings and have a far better, more equitable society if the concept of private property were abolished and we accepted the notion that government is a benign agency that will do wonderful, fine, just things for everyone.

And that's what the conspiracy amounts to. The *effective* conspiracy is nothing more than the acceptance of a philosophy, a general way of looking at life. Was that philosophy taught conspiratorially? I doubt it profoundly. Take a look at the monstrous problems Karl Marx had when he attempted to promote communism through organization. He didn't make it. But in process, a great many people were educated to believe that communism is a kind of earthly paradise that would arrive if we got rid of the selfishness of capitalism and the idea that people had a right to own property privately. Those who taught this view weren't members of a conspiracy. They believed it



themselves. They taught what they believed. And they convinced others in the same way. As a person is convinced, so will he act. And thus I came to realize that what the argument was about related to basic philosophy rather than to a furtive, totally infallible group of supermen who had conspired to take over the world.

As a matter of fact, had our problem been the result of conspiracy, it would be far easier to deal with. Conspirators can be corrupted, their plans frustrated. But however wrong a *belief* may be, people *will* act it out. It is nothing but basic human nature.

Finally, I was able to see that the only real way to get anywhere in helping my country or any human being was to begin by learning the nature of reality and then by teaching that reality with as much honesty and forthrightness as I was capable of summoning.

This, I will suggest, is the birth of the libertarian attitude. When a person begins to recognize that all

of us are human beings and all of us confront reality, no matter how we interpret it, truth becomes important. And then we find that none of us has ever been correct all the time. I have made many errors, but I can say that every error I have made was made with the very best of intentions. But what of it? Nearly everyone can say the same.

Good intentions don't wash. Most of the men in government have good intentions. Communists have good intentions. Objectivists have good intentions. Christians have good intentions. Jews have good intentions. Virtually everyone has a good intention. The man who pickets a store or who robs a bank is seeking to improve his own lot in life. His intentions are constructive *as he sees it*. True, he may injure others in process, but he views this as acceptable since he believes (and often with justification) that he has been injured to some degree beforehand. In his view "society" has injured him, or the employer, or the bank manager, or the "establishment," or some other villain. In his own view, he is above reproach, for he is deserving and is entitled to something better. He hasn't been able to get it any other way, therefore it is "right" that he get it in whatever way he can.

When a person can, at long last, put these facts into his own personal philosophy and reason from them, his hatred and his anger begin to subside. He is no longer "sore." He begins to heal. And as his psyche or his libido or his ego or his soul, or whatever you want to call it, recognizes these facts as a constant condition of human existence, then and only then is he ready to enter the court of equity with clean hands.

There are two baneful motives which we are prone to accept: the motive of power and the motive of vengeance. So long as I see myself as being always constructive and well-motivated, and everyone who differs as being destructive, wrong, and possibly dangerous, my hands are not clean. Those who seek power over others, even for ostensibly noble purposes, are not clean. Those who seek to punish those who have done wrong (as we all have) are not clean, either.

If liberty is ever to emerge as a concomitant of human life, we are going to have to be worthy of it. There is, I believe, an old Arabian proverb: "Happiness must be earned." So, too, "Liberty must be earned." You and I will obtain liberty for ourselves when we stop seeking power to impose our view of liberty on others, and when we stop trying to punish those who have most assuredly injured us and taken away our liberty. We earn liberty when we stop destroying it for others. The problem is an educational problem and can only be dealt with successfully at that level.

That is the way I finally came to see it. I do not require that you agree. But I am free to let you know the genesis of my belief and the problems and benefits I have had as a result of it.



The Other Side

I have been joyously overwhelmed. Naturally, I had anticipated some response to the first issue of *LeFevre's Journal*. I've had over 300 replies and with the wonderful letters has come enough money to pay for the first issue and a few dollars toward this one as well. Not enough for the full year's operation by a good deal but so generous and so warm and friendly have the responses been that I have no doubt at all that I'll be able to fulfill my commitment of a gift to you without undue strain. I can only say, thank you very much. That is such a pallid expression to convey the depth of my feelings.

I hope those who wrote me extensive letters will

BRAD MORSE: "Your illustration of ultimate pressure brings into sharp relief the issue of principle versus expediency/survival. Good writing."

W. E. LYMAN: "Your philosophy is mine exactly. What bothers me about the Pine Tree pin is that I'll have to punch a hole in my new fine specially made suit, the only one that ever really fit...."

LOU BEARDSLEE: "One of the best things you have done... more and more people seem to be laying the blame squarely where it belongs, in the laps of the U.S. government and the politicians...."

RICHARD COLLIER: "Students on campus seem to be accepting (or at least are becoming aware of) libertarian thoughts. Is it widespread or localized?" (LeFevre: Amazingly widespread.)

JERROLD D. DICKSON: "Too much of the libertarian literature is dominated by the revenge school of thought and your reflections on human liberty are indeed a welcome change. I hope you'll give serious consideration to a more frequent publication schedule." (LeFevre: Not until the present schedule is paid for.)

P. K. SLOCUM: "*LeFevre's Journal* introduces a warm personal touch combined with 'soft sell.' There must be at least 799 others who agree with me."

understand that I can't reply to you individually. I would love to do it. I no longer have a staff I can call upon for help. I hope you'll accept the *Journal* as my response.

What I particularly enjoyed was the large number of communications which picked up on the "exchange of gifts" concept. I'm giving you four issues of the *Journal*... many were glad to give me a gift of dollars in exchange. The recommended sum: \$10. A number sent in a bit more, thus helping to offset those few who couldn't afford the full amount. In case you didn't get the first issue and care to write for it, I'll mail it to you at no cost while the supply lasts. And, of course, the offer continues to hold good for the exchange of gifts: a "non-subscription" to the *Journal*, plus an autographed copy of *This Bread Is Mine*, plus a gold-plated Pine Tree pin.

The comments I've received are too fine to keep to myself. With permission, I wish to share some with you: First, to those intrigued by the fence-climbing dog and the Walt Whitman quote (Poster 150 FS 1-8), write to April House, Box 653, Shawnee Mission, KS 66202, attn. Carin Dengel, for the name of the nearest dealer. Purchase must be made through dealers (price \$1.50, approx.).

MICHAEL L. FREITAS: "Anyone who thinks so highly of Rose Wilder Lane can't be all bad."

LYNDIA GOLD: "One day a friend gave me *This Bread Is Mine*. It's hard to describe the feeling — like finding out that you were the only one in the world with a disease... then finding that it isn't a disease after all."

NAME DELETED: "Remove my name at once, please! I suggest you take up something meaningful such as learning to understand, accept, and love all mankind, or is this too big a task for your closed, twisted, sick little minds?" (LeFevre: Sorry I offended. I'll put my minds to work on the task you outline.)

D. FRISSELL: "I need the comfort publications such as yours bring as I am embarking upon a few years of law school. As I say to my skeptical friends about 'the law' as a field of study, 'You don't have to believe in disease to be a doctor.' I hope you continue to argue your unique and rather effective philosophy."

RANSOM HUNGERFORD: "I would alter your statement that 'the Constitution is an instrument of limitless and unqualified power'... unqualified in power in minds yet to be developed to do what they believe as true and good. As I see it now, I think I have a lot more developing and independent learning to do before I

could send you \$10 to keep the *Journal* coming." (LeFevre: Try reading the Constitution analytically.)

SOLAND DOENGES: "I want to keep in touch with you and to enjoy the sharp and challenging reasoning you advance so well... even if I do not agree with all of it."

L. NEIL SMITH: "I was especially amused by your account of the difficulties of an 'organization man.' I know what you mean, but some of us work best in an organization."

BUD WOOD: "Your retirement from the college is a bit like the end of an era — the past twenty years have been a near revolution of thought in the concept and practicality of freedom." (LeFevre: The era hasn't ended but let us hope that it has broadened and been extended.)

BRUCE GERSCHLER: "*LeFevre's Journal* is so educational and satisfying to me and my goal of understanding as many aspects as possible about the nature of freedom, liberty and justice... I am a libertarian and yet a Constitutionalist, I am a Jeffersonian and yet a Federalist in part, I am a libertarian who loves profits, sees value in the Foundation for Economic Education, the John Birch Society, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, the American Independent Party, and other key influences." (LeFevre: What else is there?)

FRANK MEINEN: "Bob, are you jealous of Ayn Rand? It is impossible for any two people to think or believe anything exactly alike. Ayn Rand is a woman. You should know that that makes a difference." (LeFevre: I wouldn't trade places with Rand for all the shrugging Atlases in the world. The differences between us are noted. Vive la difference.)

JIM ROAF: "(A mutual friend, name withheld) was here for a short visit some weeks ago. During the discussions he mentioned his criticism of your 'pacifism,' you would not use force even if attacked. I was surprised but gave him some of the arguments you used in the 1973 *Libertarian Handbook*. He borrowed it for a week or so and on returning did not mention the subject." (LeFevre: Among those who have fear at a high point on their scales of judgment, remaining at peace appears dangerous. My position is almost impossible to grasp so long as fear, anger, or hate dominate the mind.)

BOB ADELMANN: "How can I resist a soft-sell pitch like that?"

WALTER OAKES: "My last recollection of you is associated with hard folding chairs, rubber veal cutlets, and cybernetic loops, etc. Feel free." (LeFevre: Check with your dentist about the texture of the cutlets . . . that was real veal.)

W. N. MADISON, Jr.: "Presently I must confess to practicing a kind of opportunism rather than a fully developed freedom approach. My head tells me the libertarian is right, but my viscera harkens to the sound of knights championing noble causes and 'protecting' the weak — all the things young boys learn about 'manhood.' It is difficult to shed the chivalric traditions of my upbringing, but perhaps with study and maturity I may grasp in part what you seem to have assimilated in its entirety." (LeFevre: Protect the weak, but don't injure strong or weak in so doing. And that does take maturity. Perhaps one day we'll both be mature enough to live up to that.)

ED SHORT: "My God, and I thought I was the only one that didn't like to work in an organization!"

ROBERT JESSEN: "I'm curious to know why the revolutionaries chose the pine tree as a symbol of their resistance to King George III's interference with freedom." (LeFevre: During the French and Indian War the king ordered that all trees in the new world be counted with a brand placed on the

best ones for exclusive use by the British navy. American woodsmen represented this order and the pine tree became the symbol of resistance to excessive bureaucratic zeal.)

DOUG ROSBOROUGH: "I truly enjoyed the relaxed, personable manner in which your *Journal* is written. The story on those Pioneer Women is great for human interest . . . knowing all those fine ladies makes me feel like I got in on the ground floor."

FREDERIC OVERESCH: "Your articles were thought-providing and merit rereading several times. I'm afraid I shall never agree completely on your concept of Liberty and the necessity of government — or rather the lack of necessity of government." (LeFevre: Wait until after the Presidential election of 1976 and you begin to think back on how fine Nixon was in comparison.)

MARGARET HARKNESS: "I attended the Libertarian Conference today. The speakers were quite interesting but when they went into the Libertarian Party business, I left. I haven't been voting. Why should I start now?" (LeFevre: You shouldn't unless you wish to *force* others to conclusions you've reached.)

MARY BLECK: "The *Journal* is a great idea. Can't think of anything I'd rather read than LeFevre saying 'This is me' and 'I'll decide.'"

CYNTHIA DOBRY: "I am proud that your own individual *Journal* is being sent to me. My friends and myself are using the same envelope to enclose our letters and checks. This will not only help us save some Govco postage but will also give you less to open up."

GORDON DAVIS: "I have just finished reading volume one, number one — and with a great deal of interest and excitement. I've read your bulletins since we first met a few years ago with increasing interest."

WANDA LEE ZUERCHER: "LeFevre has always been my favorite libertarian because I *understand* when he talks."

DOROTHY SOBEK: "A very fine letter appeared in the public forum in Escondido's *Times-Advocate*. The writer was one (name withheld) who once won a scholarship to Rampart in Colorado. Now he's active J.B.S. Seems he feels there is not enough action in libertarianism."

GLEN HODGSON: "The first time I encountered the idea of 'no government' was from your writings. At first I rejected the idea. Slowly, I changed

my mind. If I were to choose five people who have helped me with freedom more than others I would say, Ayn Rand, Ludwig von Mises, Murray Rothbard, Harry Browne, and Robert LeFevre."

HERB DENTON: "I expect you find it strange that I as a member, active of government [state representative] believe in freedom. I assure you that I believe in freedom stronger than anyone I know personally. Is not our government now using the manufacturing energy shortage to get the same power (as the Russian government)?" (LeFevre: I never condemn a man because of the job he holds. Of course, better jobs are available. The principal differences today in Russian and American political policy relate to the language used.)

SAM WINKELMANN: "It is a sad thing that this government has turned into. I too am concerned that it is headed for bust! What can we expect? Communism? Maybe no — probably a dictatorship — either way mass killings." (LeFevre: We face a double danger: (1) that the economy may collapse; (2) that the government may not.)

DOROTHY TALBOT: "It was with mixed emotions that I read your new publication. Enjoyed the content, but if it means, as it sounds, that you are now disassociated from Rampart, it saddens me." (LeFevre: Think of it this way. Before, we had Rampart-LeFevre as a unit. Now we have two units: Rampart and LeFevre.)

The above is only a sampling. I think of myself as a very fortunate man. Having as many fine, individualistic friends as this sampling illustrates, what can I do? Clearly, I must do everything in my power to make the *Journal* readable, fun, entertaining, enlightening, and worthy of your attention. I'm sure going to do my best.



Keep the bureaucracy befuddled. Be a "non-subscriber."

THREE COUNTS DOWN AND UP SHE GOES

When I first went to work at the *Gazette Telegraph* in Colorado Springs in the fall of 1954, I was hired as editorial writer at a sizable reduction in pay. Prior jobs had been far more lucrative. But I had been attracted to the beautiful terrain of Colorado. And more than anything else, I wanted to learn how to write and to write well.

The publisher of the *Gazette Telegraph* was and is Harry Hoiles, the son of the founder of Freedom Newspapers, R. C. Hoiles. Working with him on a daily basis was a mind-sharpening experience. Everything I wrote was carefully examined by the publisher and anything that didn't measure up had to be done again.

One of the first things I had to learn was the willingness to take correction. This is a problem with most would-be writers. Most of us want to write what we want to write. But if we want to get anything published, it becomes necessary to write what someone else wants us to write. Why should anyone pay a person for writing, unless what is written is what the one paying wants to see in print?

In the back of my mind was the conviction that one day, somehow, I would find a school where the subject of liberty could be taught. But I had to put that partially formed notion from my mind for many months while I struggled to learn how to write to Harry's exacting standards. And how to survive on reduced pay at the same time. Even at the low rate of pay, I probably wasn't worth what I was getting at the outset. Fortunately, I had saved money from prior periods of employment and so I was able to get by. But I had no money with which to buy anything, much less a piece of land, or hopefully a piece of improved land, where a school might be established.

In 1956 what seemed like a golden opportunity arrived. A half-section of land (320 acres) had been advertised in the *Gazette Telegraph* and it was available for \$38,000. Of course I had no money for such an undertaking. But it did seem like a fair price when I considered that I had nothing with which to make even a down payment. The ad indicated that there were several cabins already on the property and that it would be an ideal campsite.

Loy and I, together with the three young ladies whose pictures adorned the front page of the first edition of this *Journal*, went out to examine the terrain under the guidance of a local real estate agent. Everyone immediately fell in love with the property. There was a level meadow, not large, but adequate, standing at about 7,000 feet of elevation. Rising up behind the meadow and comprising the bulk of the acreage were the foothills of the Rampart Range of the Rockies, fir-tree clad and redolent of resin and pine needles. A small stream

rippled across the meadow, coming out of a canyon from the west.

And there were five cabins. One of the five had a foundation and a fireplace and was livable in summer if cleaned up. The other four were shacks, leaning in various directions and obviously preserving an upright appearance only because they were sheltered from the wind. The four cabins were each accompanied by an outdoor privy — which we learned to refer to as "primitives." The one substantial building did have indoor plumbing. But the water had to be pumped out of the stream to a tank high on the slope. From there, in pipes that lay on top of the ground, a gravity flow provided running water in the one building. In the freezing cold of winter there would be no way of using the exposed pipes.

All of the cabins were on the hillside above the meadow. And from the top of the hill, at 8,000 feet, one could see far to the east across the prairies, and at a certain place, by looking just right, one could glimpse the top of Pikes Peak away to the south.

Clearly, I was dreaming. But then something occurred which provided a glimmer of hope that perhaps my dream could be realized. My mother had died in 1954 and now her will was finally probated. I was suddenly in possession of \$4,000 cash. Perhaps if I offered the owners of the property \$4,000 down, they would consent to sell it to me under a mortgage of some kind.

However, there was another problem. My job at the *Gazette* was exacting. I reported to work early and stayed late. If I were to undertake a purchase of this kind, I would have to be the one to make the cabins livable. The only way I could even imagine how to swing a deal of this kind was for Loy and me, our small son, Tom, and the three girls who shared my dreams of creating a school, to move out there to live. If we could fix up living accommodations and move in, then the rent we normally paid could be plowed into the property we would be buying.

The three girls all had jobs. Loy could be housekeeper for all of us. And with four persons paying rent, we might just make it. The girls were willing. But still another problem loomed. I would have to have time. And I didn't dare quit my job.

I had been doing good work at the editorial desk. This had been acknowledged by the publisher in the most tangible way any employer ever can acknowledge good performance. Without a request from me, he had given me a raise. I finally screwed up the courage to broach my idea.

I drew up the plan in writing. I outlined the advantages if an institution which taught the subject of freedom could be created. And then I offered to take a 50 per cent cut in pay if the

publisher would permit me to take half days off. I agreed to continue to produce exactly the same amount of editorial copy, in half the time. Surely, it would be to his advantage to obtain the same amount of copy at half the money.

He read my proposal and called me into his office. I went over the entire proposition with him. He listened without comment. Then he nodded. "Let me think about it," he said. "I'll talk to you later."

That was all he said. The next few days I spent in limbo. I wasn't even sure he would bring up the subject again. I had yet to learn that when Harry Hoiles said anything, he meant every word.

After a few days I was called to the publisher's office again. After motioning me to a chair, Mr. Hoiles said: "I want to ask you a few questions about this idea of a Freedom School."

"Yes, sir."

"First, building a school will take a great deal of money. You haven't any. I won't give you any. What makes you think you can get the money to build a school?"

"I do have a few thousand left to me in my mother's will," I said. "Of course, it isn't much. Just four thousand. I'll have to raise the rest of the money somehow. I don't know that I can. But I will live there and pay rent to the school. I have three others who will do the same thing. And maybe, when they learn of it, others interested in freedom will help also. I don't know that I can do it. But I don't know that I can't. And unless I really try, I'll never know."

He nodded. "Second," he went on, "assuming you do raise the funds, which I think unlikely, how do you propose to get students? Your location is remote, miles out of town. What makes you think anyone will come to such a school, even if you get it started?"

I grinned. "You've got me there, too," I said. "I don't know. But it's clear that conditions in this country are very bad. Our freedom is being eroded constantly. Surely, there will be some who will be concerned and who will want to learn more about it. I don't know that I can get anyone. But I don't know that I can't. Unless I try, I'll never know."

He nodded. "Third," he said, "assuming that you not only raise the funds and get the students, what makes you think that you can teach those students anything?"

I laughed. "You've got me on three counts. Again, I don't know. But here's the way I feel. I don't know that I can't teach. And unless I try, I'll never know. Here we are in 1956 with the economy worsening each year, heading toward an eventual collapse. The politicians are getting greedier and more overbearing all the time. So here's the way I see it. I do have some ability. I want to harness that ability, whatever it may be, in a major

effort to help my country and the people in it. But suppose I gave up before I start. Then, all the rest of my life I will have to say to myself, 'LeFevre, if you'd had the courage and willingness to try, you might have made a difference. But you didn't even try.' Harry, I don't want to reach old age with that thought in my mind. Whether I succeed or not, I want to try. I know I can't succeed unless I try.

"So win, lose, or draw, I want the chance to try. The newspaper won't lose. I'll see to it. Actually, you'll be saving money."

He was silent and we looked at each other. Finally he said, "All right. I don't think you can do it. But I won't stand in your way. You can have your half days."

"Thank you," I shouted. "Thank you very much! I really appreciate the opportunity." I started to leave.

"One thing more," he said. "There won't be a cut in your pay."

It would be hard to convey the feeling of jubilation that swept over me. With that kind of a boost, I was now sure that I could build Freedom School.

MISS VESTA MEETS LORD BRADSHAW

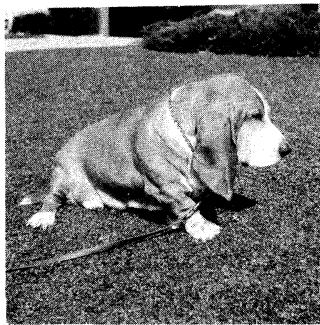
Sometimes libertarians are so concerned with social and economic ills and so dedicated to doctrine that they appear pontifical and heavy-handed. This was certainly true of me; most especially when I was working about 18 hours a day trying to earn a living and conduct the Freedom School at the same time. However, there were lighter moments.

A constant source of joy was my dog, Vesta, a consolation gift from Al Hemphill when my earlier companion, a German shepherd named Princess, died. Vesta is a pure-blooded boxer and without a doubt the most passionate animal I have ever known. She loves everything and everybody with such enthusiasm that she can be quite terrifying in her physical insistence on recognition and attention.

Sartell Prentice harbored a huge basset hound who, according to reports, made more calls in the Linda Vista section of Pasadena than any politician ever made in search of votes. Sartell said that Bradshaw was the "unofficial mayor" of Linda Vista. He certainly acted like a mayor, sponging off everyone in the neighborhood.

Vesta found out about Bradshaw, or Bradshaw about Vesta — I don't know which animal started the flirtation. Pictures were exchanged, and finally love letters. Both Sartell and I managed on occasion to intercept this canine correspondence. Here are extracts from typical billet-dogs (1967).

Please turn the page



Bradshaw wrote on stationery headed "Lord Bradshaw, care of my slaves, Elinor and Sartell Prentice (excuse my paw).

"Dear Miss Vesta: I have heard of this place in Color Ado where you reside — and I fear for you. I understand there is a school for subversives there where they brainwash other human slaves into believing they are our Masters! Ridiculous, but dangerous.

"My slave and his mate have been to this institution. They are kind-hearted, as I hope fervently your slaves are, but they do appear to be a little slow in obeying my orders.

"There's something I must confess: My capabilities for love were reduced by a rebellious slave some years ago by what he chose to call a 'small operation.' But I pant for you, my dear.

"There is a fun spot nearby called 'The Pink Puppy Dog.' Some evening let's go there together. Indeed, you are my Heart's Desire. Signed: Lord Bradshaw (just Bradshaw or Brad to you)."



"To His Lordship, the Right Respected Bradshaw, Protector of the Slaves and Enemy of Witches:

"Dear Brad (you old rogue): You don't fool me one bit. That story about your operation is just to lead me on. I've been hearing plenty of rumors about you. Or possibly you didn't think that French poodle with whom you disappeared for a couple of weeks several months ago would talk. Don't be ridiculous. Every woman talks.

"All that mention about the subversive school is, alas, true. I have a pair of subordinates here who keep trying to assert some kind of control over me. As if they could! But I do try to fool them once in a while because when I do, they reward me.

"Why did you try to deceive a poor defenseless girl like me? This is not your picture. It is a phony.

"My heart is a platter of dog biscuits for you."



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