

Fear not citizenry, Big Brother is watching you

By J. Dana Haynes

There are eight million stories in the Big City. Eight million hopes and wishes, dreams and plans, opinion and theories. It's my job to weed out the bad ones. I'm an Inquisitor for the Moral Majority.

Monday, 0630 hours. Ridding the good old U.S. of A. of the liberal, communist atheists is no easy job. My partner Bob and I start at the trouble spots: the schools. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.

Che Guevara Memorial High was a trouble spot. Always has been. Back during the '60s, there was a lot of the Get-out-of-Nam talk. Most of the neighborhood are Democrats, and some J-E-W-S...you see what I mean? Trouble spot.

My partner Bob and I arrived at 10:00 and made our way to the teacher's lounge.

Seated behind a table, eating yogurt, was a bearded young man. He wore corduroy slacks and no tie.

Left winger. I can smell them a mile away.

"Mr. Alan Goldfarb?" I asked.

"Yes."

My partner Bob and I flashed our tins.

"The Moral Majority?"

"That's right, Mr. Goldfarb. Plain-clothes Inquisitors. We'd like to talk to you."

"What about?" He was looking scared now. Bob smiled disarmingly.

"We just want to ask you a few questions," my partner Bob said as he sat.

"What about?"

"Do you know a gentleman

named Caulfield? Holden Caulfield?"

"Well sure, I know who Holden Caulfield is. I'm an English teacher."

"Uh huh. Ever have your students read 'Catcher in the Rye'?"

"Well...uh...as a matter of fact..."

"That's what we thought," my partner Bob nodded and removed his notebook from the sportscoat, inside pocket, "Tell me, did you have your charges read essays by Benjamin Franklin on Nov. 3rd of this year?"

"Uh, yeah..."

I chimed in, "And did you not casually mention that Franklin had a...paramour?"

Goldfarb was pacing and smoking by now, his eyes darting like a trapped animal, "Er, I don't recall...That is..."

"Uh huh. And how about defacing Thomas Jefferson?"

"Now waitaminnit!"

My partner Bob stood, "Didn't you say, on Oct. 14th, 'Jefferson owned slaves?' Quote-unquote?"

"W...well maybe...but..."

"Uh huh," I nodded and stood, "Bob, book him."

We finished with Goldfarb, called a prowler car to come collect him, and made our way to the school library.

One of the first things you learn in this business is that the library is usually the center of trouble. Take out the trash literature and you've got a nice, healthy book depository, with novels by Louisa May Alcott and Louis L'Amour. But once in a while, bleeding heart,

knee-jerk left-wingers sneak their twisted morals in, and what have you got?

Well, in this case, you've got Gertrude Davis, librarian. We knew that Gertrude was working at Che Guevara High because we'd pulled her rap sheet at headquarters.

Gertrude has two strikes against her. First, she's a Negro. There's nothing wrong with that, of course. Why, some of our best friends are of the colored persuasion. It's just...well, you know what I mean.

Second, Gertrude had been on welfare. She'd sponged off our society for almost five years. Some teary-eyed story about carrying incestuous triplets and having cerebral palsy.

If there's anything my partner Bob and I dispise, it's panty-wasted leeches.

My partner Bob and I sauntered casually into the library and leaned against the microfiche machine. When Gertrude saw us, she gasped.

"What's the beef, officer?"

"Gerty, baby. Can't believe we came by just to chat? I suppose you know my friend?"

"I'm his partner, Bob."

"Listen, flatfoot," she whispered and looked around nervously, "you know I'm clean. I've been off the welfare for years now!"

"Sure, sure," my partner Bob sneered, "That's not what we're here for. We need someone to testify against Goldfarb."

"G...Goldfarb? Alan? What's



My partner Bob leaned forward menacingly, "How about 'Conscientious Objectors'?"

he done?" she tried the old innocent act.

"Several charges, sweetie-pie," I grinned, "Teaching heretical literature, not posting the Ten Commandments in his classroom. Teaching minors that Viet Nam was a mistake, ad infinitum."

"Ad nauseum," my partner Bob responded.

"Look, I told you. I'm clean now. I've got a good job here and can't afford to lose it!"

"Oh, yeah?" I looked around, "Cushy job, Gerty. Just checking out nice little books to minors. Got any pornography?"

"What? NO!"

"Steinbeck?"

"Sure, but..."

"Uh, huh," my partner Bob nodded, "Hemingway?"

"Yes..."

"How about Will Shakespeare?"

"Yes..."

"Tsk, tsk," I shook my head sadly, "Pretty racy stuff. Got anything on Birth Control? Or abortion? Ms. Magazine?"

My partner Bob leaned forward menacingly, "How about 'Conscientious Objectors'?"

Gertrude's guilty look answered the questions.

"Look, sychophant!" I dropped the Mr. Nice-Guy facade, "We've got you dead-to-rights on a dozen cases of Giving Bad Knowledge to Minors. Now you scratch our backs and we'll scratch yours."

Needless to say, Gertrude saw the wisdom of our debate. We not only had our criminal, we had a witness.

For now, our work was done. The battle was won, but the war remains. There were still cases of Loose Morals out there. Waiting to ensnare innocent children and congressmen.

But it was a start.

AAARGH! Hope seen in Reagan's cuts

By J. Dana Haynes

Several months ago, then-Governor Ronald Reagan espoused various and sundry promises. Most prominent among them was the vow to lower everybody's taxes. For better or worse, the majority of voters in America chose to believe this, and voila! Our new president is none other than the afore-mentioned Mr. Reagan.

Well, now the man has kept his promises. At least in spirit. Last week, before the eyes of this fairest of nations, and via the three TV networks, Presi-

dent Reagan politely asked Congress to lower the boom (or budget) on themselves. The idea is to lower the national debt, and then to lower the amount of money the good old working class pays into taxes. All good and well.

But also in keeping with the staunchly right-winged Republican President, Reagan put a hands-off sign on the defense budget. "America must remain strong," quoth the Chief Executive, and so we see proposed cuts in every section of the federal government save one.

Well, as much as it goes against my grain, I'm afraid I agreed with a lot of what Reagan said. His proposed slashes seemed, on the surface, to be fair and impartial. I don't think that big business will reap great rewards from the televised speech, nor that the common man will once again be stuck with the bill. Unless I'm mistaken (and we all know how probable that is), Mr. Reagan really does care about the great American middle class.

On the other hand, why should the Pentagon be given

"most favored status?" The political leaders of this nation love to interject the word "Defense" for "Military" or "Machinery of War." Defense is a buzz word, like "Pro-life" or "Moral Majority." It sounds virtuous and honest, and culls forth visions of protecting our women and children from the invading hordes. It does not bring forth the idea of a war-like stance against the rest of the world.

In his speech, President Reagan said that we actually to boost the "defense" spending. Yet, former President Carter sky-rocketed the military spend-

ding higher than any Republican President ever did. The cost of "keeping this country safe" is spiralling in a J-curve.

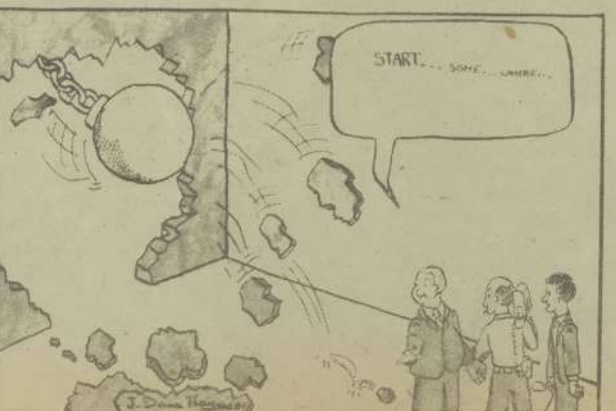
Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield, in a speech before the Tri-City Chamber of Commerce in Gladstone, summed up the current thinking on Capitol Hill fairly well: "I can take you to any military base in the U.S. and show you a shortage of pallets. You know, those flat, wooden things you set heavy machinery on, and then carry with a forklift. There's also a shortage of bullets. We have the most sophisticated rifles on the face of the earth and nothing to shoot from them."

Senator Hatfield's theory is simple. Why doesn't Congress take its monetary scythe and pare down the Pentagon? Monumental waste is the rule, not the exception, in government. Why should we not think it so of the military?

At the above mentioned luncheon, Senator Hatfield went on to say, "Why do we spend several million dollars to build a fancy tank that can be destroyed by a \$2,000 rocket launcher?"

A good question, sir.

EDGERTON



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