

K. C. TIMES WRITER WARNS ABOUT THE DANGER OF "CHAIN" FARMS

Corporation Tillers Imperil Individual, Journalist McGugin Tells Readers Of Eminent Sheet In Dear Old Bloody Kansas

By T-BONE SLIM

"Monopolization in America is taking away the last opportunity for the American citizen to enjoy economic freedom and opportunity."—Yeah, Mac, whether that monopolization be local or distant? Is that it?

"Monopoly controlling our merchandising means that the profits derived from the buying power of our community are daily sent away to build up some other community. Individual ownership of local business is the only way whereby profits derived from our community may remain at home for our development and wellbeing."

Mac, you must mean the profits in the latter case will stay in the local merchant's strong box and develop him? Is that it? You know, the intruding monopoly is able to intrude only because it sells cheaper and leaves the "difference" in the purchaser's pocket, where it belongs—isn't that building up your community? Do you want to build up your business man, or yourself?

"Until all our roads are built, our streams under control, with devastating floods forever prevented, civilization has not yet finished its work here. To do these things, it will require all the wealth which we can produce." (Sure will, Mac). "That wealth must remain here for our development lest our civilization a hundred years from now be no more advanced than it is today."

Well, Mac, the wealth is gonna stay here, if left in the purchaser's pocket, and will be available for road building, flood control, etc. And, if you desire local labor power to build those roads and floodgates, there's your home talent, young and fairly oozing with energy—employ them—surely you were not thinking of importing labor for such important work—and have them carry away all that wealth in the form of wages?

Surely, Mac, you did not intend that? Why, one time there I thought you was gonna put me to work, and I belong way over there in Flint, Michigan, so I do.

Then it may be your ex-merchants and business men are desirous of loosening up their shoulder blades with a few licks of hard labor, and earn a few honest dollars?

It shall come to pass . . . "Corporation farming replaces the individual farmer with a few hired hands. (or transforms the farmer to a hired hand or chore boy). It is the purpose of corporation farming to completely supercede (super-seed) the individual farmer."

"Rest not in the vain delusion (vanishing varnish, Mac) that corporation farming affects only the wheat farming sections of Western Kansas. Corporation dairying is rapidly monopolizing the dairy business. A 30 million-dollar dairy corporation

is driving the individual dairymen of the South into bankruptcy.

"Chain banking or monopolistic banking will destroy all local and personal credit." (Not until locality or person is stripped clean of everything but the hide—any banking, will do that much for a feller, Mac). "Local chain banks will be but gathering agencies (what're the others?) to ship the money to the parent bank located in some large banking center. The large distant banks will not care to make loans to local farmers, merchants and business men." (Yeah! Well, how are they gonna do their gathering?)

"Large distant banks will only be interested in making large loans to large borrowers. (Large loans to small borrowers would hardly be a proper caper). Individual credit will be destroyed."

Right, Mac, and as far as the working man renter or one-horse farmer is concerned his credit is already destroyed at the local bank, has been for years, and the only way he can get money is slap a plaster on his prayer-rug and coffee-pot—which same deed isn't credit but peaceful penetration.

Just a question of how you prefer to be robbed—I'll take mine standing up, hands toward high heaven in front of a pistol loaded with blank cartridges—that is, I'll hand mine over—no, I can't do that, my hands are up in the air—I mean, they can have, take all I've got—and I've got nothing—hope they don't tamp up on me—for my neglect—I've been sick—terribly sick—am still sick—of the capitalist system, Mac.—T-b. S.

If there are better people than Kansans they must be further west. Now, lest that fervid remark be construed akin to flattery, salve or taffy let us put it this way: the citizens of the Sunflower State average better than the average, and to do that some of them must of needs measure well night into perfection or better—a superior people.

Rub that out, editor! I wrote that last night on a full stomach—you know, a fellow can't write well when his stomach is overloaded—rub it out. Why, this morning I ain't had no breakfast yet and here it's an hour and half past dinner time. Barbarians, that's what they are! Savages!!—They've changed over night.

Isn't human nature grand? Heh, heh, heh! Been trying to find out when summer begins in Kansas: "Oh, long about middle of August it begins to warm up a little," stuttered the drayman through his chattering teeth on a bitter cold June morning.

Ice in under the bridges, I found, when I went to bed and there I lay dreaming about—about Duluth, Minnesota and swore never again to pillow my head on a glacier.