

Oh, To Be Fifty In California

To enjoy in slippered comfort the noble efforts of one's children—or neighbors' children—as they provide the aromatic cigar which tops a good dinner, also provided for by the brawn and sinew of youth.

Immoral? Bosh! Fact is, removing one's self from the productive field is a highly honorable deed. A job has been created. What more can a young fellow ask for? At fifty, one owes it to the huskies coming up in the world to lay down his tools, remove himself from competition, give another fellow a chance.

For which opportunity to work, of course, no decent boy would begrudge us oldsters the comforts of life we so richly deserve. It's a quid pro quo. They pay us for the opportunity we give them to work. Fair enough.

Nobody really pays. It all comes out of taxes. It's the government that actually hands out that thirty dollars to every man over fifty every Thursday afternoon. Good government!

It comes out of taxes? Well, everybody pays taxes. The fellow over fifty pays his share too, doesn't he? There's a tax on everything the old fellows buy—it all goes into the common pot of government. Who's hurt?

And remember, that thirty dollars each Thursday is spent for things these young bucks make. That creates more jobs. That's what's called the "velocity of money" theory. More money spent, more jobs, more wages. That's prosperity. Swell!

'Tain't any different from what those liberals in Washington are doing, is it? What's the WPA for, anyhow? The government provides work that's not needed so that the wages they pay can be spent for other things, and that makes jobs. That's exactly what this thirty-every-Thursday does. Or, take the AAA. They pay the farmer for not working, regardless of his age. There's more humanity in this California plan. And more sense, too, because now there's more money to buy the things the farmers produce.

Oh, baloney about the state going bankrupt. California's rich. Look at the great fruit industry, the wonderful farms, oil wells, mines, the moving picture business. And the sunshine—there's millions in that sunshine. Nobody knows how much wealth there is in this glorious neck of the woods. And, what's money, anyhow? Just chips with the government stamp. Well, what's stopping the government from stamping more chips? Just the hoggish bankers who're trying to corner all the chips for themselves.

The idea is perfect. It's the answer to the country's prayer. If the rest of the Union follows the California trail the depression will be over soon and forever. Only one thing—they should increase the amount to fifty dollars, and include everybody over forty. Yes, fifty-every-Friday would be better. That would increase the amount of money in circulation, and by reducing the age limit to forty more jobs would be open. After all, this country is so rich nobody should be asked to work more than twenty years—from age twenty to age forty.

Oh, it's all so swell. In fact, the millenium.

—F. C.