
VIEWS LETTER

Volume 89, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

March/April 2013

<http://TheViewsLetter.com>

The River Is Socialist

~By *Richard Maybury*

The Mississippi offers an important lesson for investors.

I'll never forget the first time I drove along the river's banks. I had to look up at the passing ships because in some places, the bed of the river is so high, it's above the surrounding land. It can be kept confined to its channel only by dikes. If the dikes were not there, the river would flow out across the surrounding land and destroy everything.

Year after year, decade after decade, the bed of the river rises, and the government responds by raising the dikes. What causes the bed to rise? The dikes.

Here's why...

In college during the mid-1960s, I took a geology course. The professor used the Mississippi as an example of what happens when government "experts" try to improve on natural systems.

The Mississippi is America's largest, most important river which means its behavior affects millions of voters. In the 1800s, some of these voters built their farms and towns on the river's floodplains.

I once heard another geologist ask angrily, "Why do you think we call it a floodplain?" In the 1800s, some of the voters decided the government should do something about the flooding. Did the politicians say no? Of course not. They said, give us more money and power, and we will fix your problem. They started building dikes.

My geology professor explained that when a river is confined to its channel, it has no place to dump its silt except in the channel. This raises the bottom of the river until the river overtops the dikes. Did the politicians admit that building dikes was a bonehead idea? Absolutely not. They said, these worsening floods are a huge problem, but give us more money and power... and we will build the dikes even higher.

And so it has gone for more than a century. The dikes are raised, which lifts the bed of the river, causing more flooding, plus more demands for higher dikes. All the while, the cities on the floodplains grow larger.

In 1883, the great river pilot, Mark Twain, warned that efforts to control the river were futile. "Ten thousand river commissions" could not do it. As you can see on the TV news, he was certainly right.

My professor 46 years ago said it was well understood among geologists that this addiction to dikes, piling mistake on top of mistake, would eventually lead to catastrophe. No one listened, and the government kept on "fixing" the flood problem until here we are today, with a river that is above the surrounding land.

It's interesting to note here...

... another word for dike is levee, which is the French word "levee," meaning "to lift."

Lots of rivers have levees – mistakes piled on top of mistakes. In 2008, hydrologist Robert Criss showed that the bed of the Mississippi is now so high that over the previous 25 years, Twain's hometown, Hannibal, Mo., had been hit by ten floods including one 200-year flood and one 500-year flood.

The insane attempt to improve on a natural system was begun by an Army engineer named Andrew Humphreys (1810-1883). This is the same General Humphreys who led thousands of troops to their deaths in the Civil War, then wrote that he enjoyed battle so much, "I felt more like a god than a man." After 1865, Humphreys continued his pursuit of godlike sensations by declaring war on the river.

I'm sure it is not an accident..... that this attempt to control every inch of America's greatest river system became a hot project during the era the socialism of Karl Marx was on the rise. Socialism is about control, and

just as the democratic and republican politicians have controlled the Mississippi into chaos, they've controlled the rest of the economy into chaos, too.

We are ruled by an idiocracy. (Idiocy + bureaucracy = idiocracy.)

It is often said of socialism, and its offspring Keynesianism, that control breeds more control. This can be seen nowhere more clearly than in the idiocracy's attempt to regulate the Mississippi. All of east Europe, Africa, and Asia have been through the socialist meat grinder.

This is why the first word that comes to mind when we think of these areas is not "wealthy," despite their abundance of oil, gold and other natural riches. West Europe, too. The debacle with the euro and European Union is more of the inevitable disintegration. Don't expect the repeated bailouts and other stopgap measures to accomplish much. It's just more variations of robbing Peter to subsidize Paul.

Again, the government's management of the Mississippi is a good cross section of the idiocracy's management of the whole economy. All the farms, towns and cities on the river's floodplains are malinvestment caused by the government's efforts to improve the river. They are another example of what I mean when I say the political meddling in the natural economy is so great that I believe there are whole cities in the wrong places doing the wrong things.

The news media refers to Mississippi floods as natural disasters, but the floods are really...

... political disasters

The socialized Mississippi system is a kissing cousin to socialized schools, transportation, monetary system, medical structure, financial framework and on and on. They all show the same characteristics. Each "fix" creates more problems that need more fixes until it all falls down which is apparently where we are now.

All this reminds me of the fine book. "Why Government Doesn't Work," by Harry Browne. Geologists have always known that dikes could not be built to the sky. No one can predict exactly when the boondoggle will come crashing down, but we know it will. Conditions at Hannibal and many other places seem to be saying the end is near. For the economy as a whole, I think the end is near.

An economy is simply too complex for humans to understand and control wisely. The halt to QE2 is starting another shakeout of the malinvestment, so it will be quickly followed by QE3, which is building the dikes even higher.

On June 7, Fed chief Ben Bernanke (accidentally?) admitted this complexity. In regard to higher capital requirements for banks, and a blizzard of 300 new financial regulations, he was asked, "Has anyone bothered to study the cumulative effect of all these things?" Bernanke's answer was no, "It's just too complicated."

This was an amazing admission that the government's management of the economy is just a collection of shots in the dark. After the nightmare is over, we can make a new start toward an age of peace, liberty and abundance, but the transition – as the political structures come down and a century of malinvestment is washed away – will be nasty.

Summary

I think the whole world economy in general – and the Mississippi River system in particular – have entered what Austrian philosopher and economist Ludwig von Mises called "planned chaos." This is because neither the river nor the rest of the economy are mechanical... They are organic, and their complexity is far beyond the understanding of humans, socialist or otherwise. This is explained in Chapter 15, "How Things Get Done," in my Uncle Eric's book, "Whatever Happened To Justice?"

No one knows how to make the millions of goods that constitute a modern economy, yet all these things get done with no masterminds at all. Chapter 15 explains how. When governments play God, they always do it badly. In the months and years ahead, as you watch the chaos caused by political meddling in the Mississippi, you are watching only a small part of what this meddling has done to the whole world economy and investment markets.

Stay extremely cautious, and don't touch anything that assumes governments will do what is rational.

Regards, ~Richard Maybury

America Is A Phenomenon

~ by *Adverse Yaw*

I love the USA, and I am greatly offended when someone belittles my country. It is the greatest nation since King David ruled Israel. And, America is a phenomenon! No other Nation on Planet Earth has ever had so much true liberty. In the words of our 16th President, “. . . . our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.”

As individuals and as collective groups of individuals, we have our flaws, and we have our faults. As a nation, we have made many mistakes, we have been involved in conflicts that we should not have, we have allowed self-conceived prejudice to control our attitudes, and we have allowed immorality to run rampant across our movie screens and televisions. We have allowed the disintegration of the family unit. We have murdered more than 55,000 unborn human beings for the sake of convenience. And now more than ever before, we are blatantly placing all things ahead of the Almighty God whose blessings have been showered down upon us for more than 200 years. God is the reason for our success.

Our 16th President also stated: “. . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.” However, if President Lincoln were to comeback today he might have a different opinion about America not perishing. America is by far the best place in the world to live, but these blessings cannot continue forever especially when the vast numbers of people who live here refuse to recognize Almighty God as Lord and sovereign ruler of the Universe.

History is our friend if we only see it, study it and apply its lessons. All nations who have placed Almighty God on a back burner have failed and all people who have deliberately ignored His rules of morality have been destroyed, many by flood and fire. All nations who recognized Him as Sovereign have flourished.

On January 16, 2013, President Barack Hussein Obama issued 23 executive actions against your 2nd amendment Constitutional right to bear arms. He did this without the consent of Congress which in itself violates the foundation of the Constitution and the Co-equal branches of government.

Due to the depraved minds working within the Executive Branch of the Federal Government, the irresponsible and self-centered behavior of Congress, Judges throughout the land including a growing number of judges in our Supreme court who have numbness between their ears and the IGMOs which are the fastest growing group in America, we as a nation are in deep kim chi.

~*Adverse Yaw*

**Perfection for mankind cannot be accomplished by Government
“experts” tinkering with God’s rules. ~*Adverse Yaw***

THE ARREST

Chapter 2

Before he had taken his seat behind the gigantic Oak desk in his chambers, the intercom buzzed and the squeaky voice of his secretary rattled, “Sheriff Joe Flynn has called several times and wants you to give him a call. He said it’s important and he needs to talk to you, now.” She barked the words with the cadence of an old teletype machine.

“Okay, okay, Bobbie, get him on the phone!” The judge’s voice held a hint of irritation. It had been a long morning in court and neither attorney presented a very strong case. Nothing ever seemed to be cut and dry anymore, he thought.

Less than a minute passed and the sheriff was on the phone. “What can I do for you this fine morning?” the Judge asked.

“I need to see you. May I come up to your office?” the Sheriff replied.

“Can it wait until after lunch?”

“No, it’s urgent!”

The sheriff arrived in less than a minute and after a howdy-do-hand-shake the sheriff stated: “I need an airtight warrant for the arrest of a Ms. Edith Stone, and I’d like to get it quickly.” Sheriff Joe was polite, but his demeanor was stern and adamant.

“You have the authority to make an arrest without my permission, so what is so important about getting me involved? Do I smell a snake in the woodpile?”

“Judge, I will make the arrest, and I know the procedure, but this may just be that snake in the woodpile that you mentioned, and he’s a big ole mean Diamondback so we need to watch out for him.” Joe had already had similar conversations with the Judge. The two men constantly, but playfully, bantered with one another like prizefighters at a weigh in. “The fact is that I want you to know what’s going on. Justice will need your cooperation here, and I want and need your blessing as well. As you know, sooner or later all prosecuted evil in this county comes across your desk, one way or another, and it is often dealt with in your courtroom. I happen to believe that this could be a very important need-to-know thing for you.”

“All right-already, I appreciate your concern! But, you leave the justice part up to me. Okay? Now, tell me what is so all fired important that it needs my attention before lunch. Did this Ms. Stone poison the water supply or what?” The judge’s demeanor displayed the arrogance of being the commander of the courtroom for so long that he had developed an I-am-god-don’t-cross-me attitude.

Joe stated the details as plainly and as honestly as possible which took all of five minutes. The Judge sat behind his desk and didn’t say a word, but seemed to be thinking deeply. After a chilled silence of almost a minute, he suddenly, as if awaking from a nap, called on the office interphone, “Bobbie, get in here with pad and pen.”

She appeared, pad and pen in hand, her reading spectacles on the end of her nose with the chain drooped around the back of her neck. Slightly overweight, her jowls paralleled the drooping chain which added to her ‘Aunt Bee appearance.’ “Yes sir.”

The Judge said: “Type up a warrant for the arrest of Ms. Edith Stone, federal employee of the United States for committing the act of treason against the American People. And that is to be done ASAP. Any questions?”

“What law did she violate that was treasonous?” Bobbie asked. “The warrant has a place for that on it.”

“United States Constitution, Fourth Amendment.” The Judge stated quietly “Anything else?”

“No.”

“Okay, thanks Bobbie, post-haste now!”

“Oh, Bobbie,” the Sheriff interrupted, “Here is an affidavit that we have prepared to make things perfectly legal, you will want to attach a copy of it to the warrant, and Ms. Stone’s federal employee number is on the affidavit, you might want that for your warrant.”

“Wait a minute, let me see that affidavit!” the Judge snapped. After carefully studying it he handed it back to his secretary. “You should have given that to me when you came in.”

“Sorry, Judge,” the Sheriff apologized.

Then Bobby promptly returned to her desk and started working on the warrant.

The Judge remained silent for long enough that the Sheriff started to get up. “Sheriff,” he almost shouted, “you know that we are disturbing a very large hornets’ nest by making this arrest? What you’re doing is right, and I am a part of it, now. This is something that has needed to be done for a long time, but no one wanted to take the heat. Well, we are going to feel the heat, and it’s not going to be much fun! Neither of us will probably be re-elected because the media is in the federal government’s pocket. Many in our federal government will take this arrest as an assault on them personally. I really don’t know what the feds are capable of doing nor do I really know in whose pocket the workers, like the FBI, the CIA and the Secret Service are in, but this I do know; there is going to be hell to pay. I hate it, but there’s a storm on the horizon, and now, we are directly in its path.

“Well, Judge, I’m glad you said that! And, I have already been warned about what the feds may do. This is something that one person and even a few people can’t accomplish alone. I know that you and I have had a few differences in the past. I’m glad we are on the same page. Thank you, sir.”

“No problem here, Sheriff, you just get ready. It is going to be a rough ride.”

Via the office interphone, the Judge said: “Bobbie, please bring the warrant in when you get it finished, and I’ll sign it. The Sheriff is waiting, and I know that he is a busy man.”

Bobbie appeared with warrant in hand which the judge signed and handed to Sheriff Joe.

“Thank you, sir,” the Sheriff replied as he did a crisp-about-face and headed out the door of the Judge’s chambers.

Upon arrival back at his own office, Joe made a call to his friend, Arnold Holliday who was with NYPD to ask if he could meet the flight that departed from SAT when it arrived at JFK and attempt to interview a few of the passengers as they deplane. Arnold, too, was an old Army buddy with whom he had served in Vietnam. Joe had stayed in touch with Arnold. When Joe explained the situation to him, he said he would be glad to do it. They both knew it was a long shot, but they also knew what they needed and, hopefully, this effort would pay off with maybe a witness or two.

Joe had already sent deputies to the San Antonio airport to interview employees who might have seen something. Nothing turned up that would help. The TSA employees, who were present during the situation, were there, but were extremely tight lipped.

Joe had requested, through Abby, when they talked during the original phone conversation, that the manager of the TSA unit there at San Antonio call him as soon as he could. That was two hours ago, and he hadn’t heard from him yet. He doubted that he would.

Joe had three sheriff’s units meet him at the Airport in San Antonio. They each parked their separate cruisers at the curb in the passenger loading zone. They had arrived at a slack time because most of the people outside the secured area were sitting quietly, some sleeping and others reading. Joe and two deputies approached the security station and asked a woman who was checking tickets and identification of the passengers, “Where can we find Mr. Billy Edwards?”

She asked, “Mr. Edwards, the station manager?”

“That is who we are looking for.” The Sheriff remarked.

“He’s probably in his office.”

“Where is his office?”

“It’s located the other side of the secured area, four doors down the main concourse, on your left. If your identification matches your credentials, you can go there.” She was helpful in getting the three men through security and headed them in the right direction.

Joe knocked on the closed door which opened and an attractive uniformed TSA female asked, “Can I help you?”

Joe said, “Yes, we are looking for Billy G. Edwards, the manager, is he here?”

“Yes, just a second.” She turned and said, “Billy, it looks like the sheriff’s department is here to see you.”

Billy, himself, arose and opened the door for the sheriff and invited him in. “Hi, I’m Billy Edwards, can I help you?”

“Yes, I’m Sheriff Joe Flynn. First of all, I was under the impression that you would call me, when you got a chance. Didn’t you get that message?”

“Yes, and I was just getting ready to call you this very second, it’s been busy around here.”

“Is that so?” but Joe thought to himself, that that sounded like bull-ony. Deliberately speaking to Billy with confrontational authority, Joe asked, “Where is Edith Stone?”

“Edith is working somewhere. Let me make a call, and I’ll tell you exactly where.” Billy was showing stress in his eyes.

“You do that.” Sheriff Joe retorted.

They all went into a cramped little office and the attractive woman disappeared. Billy picked up his phone and made a call. Within seconds he knew where Edith was.

“She has moved to Terminal 2 in order to cover for lunch breaks.”

“Okay, Billy. I want you to go with us to Terminal 2 and point her out. Okay?” The Sheriff paused for a reply, and Billy nodded yes. “We are going to arrest her, and she is going to jail. Then, I want you to gather all the information possible about the incident that took place sometime this morning, just prior to the JFK departure. It happened to a young girl, Abigail Washington, who suffers from Muscular Dystrophy. She walks with the aid of crutches. I’m sure you have heard of the incident. I understand it was a real “event.” Now, if you cooperate with me, it will go well for you. If you don’t, I’ll be out here to arrest you and take you to jail. Any questions so far?”

Billy said nothing, but nodded his head to indicate that he understood. He had turned a lighter shade of pale and appeared more than just a little nervous.

“Okay, Billy, I want you to point out to my deputy here, Eric Hunter, everyone who was involved at the checkpoint where this indecent assault took place. He will stay behind with you, after we take Ms. Stone downtown. Now, Billy, I want to emphasize to you the importance of your cooperation here. Okay?” Billy nodded. “I’m not after anyone except Ms. Stone right now, and it will behoove you to help us out here. Understand?”

Again, Billy nodded.

“Okay, let’s go to Terminal 2 and read Ms. Stone her rights.”

When they arrived at the Terminal 2 security point, Billy pointed to an overweight, uniformed woman with a very short haircut. “That’s Edith. She’s working the luggage x-ray machine.” Billy motioned for another TSA agent to come over to where they were standing outside of the secured area. When he arrived within talking distance, Billy advised the agent to relieve Bobbie and to send her over. When Bobbie looked up and over toward her Boss, Billy motioned for her to come over to where he and the sheriff were standing.

The sheriff asked her, “Is your name and are you Edith Stone, Employee number 4823892?”

“Yes! Why do you ask?” she snapped.

Sheriff Joe stated, “You are under arrest for committing treason and violating your sacred oath when you searched Abigail Washington without a proper warrant sometime around nine o’clock CST this morning. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to consult an attorney before speaking to the police, or in this case, the Sheriff’s Department, and to have an attorney present during questioning now or in the future. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you before any questioning, if you wish. If you decide to answer any questions now, without an attorney present, you will still have the right to stop answering at any time until you talk to an attorney. Knowing and understanding your rights as I have explained them to you, are you willing to answer my questions without an attorney present?”

“Absolutely not!” she barked

Looking directly at her Boss, she asked, “Can he do this?”

Billy shrugged his shoulders, “I guess he can, he’s the Sheriff.”

“What did I do?” She snapped at her Boss. Billy ignored her question.

The sheriff advised her to remove her shoes and any metallic items, and sent her through the TSA body scanner. Deputy Arlene Gonzales who had followed Sheriff Joe and the two other deputies into Terminal 2 patted down Ms. Stone and then secured her by placing Stone’s hands into handcuffs behind her back. Ms. Stone didn’t make another sound. She was helped into Deputy Gonzales’s patrol car, and was driven downtown where she was booked into the county jail.

CHAPTER THREE TO COME NEXT TIME

It’s Time To Fight Fire With Fire

~Mychal Massie 02-20-12

It is a well-known fact amongst pugilists and street thugs that the only way you will defeat an opponent with a doily is if the doily is dipped in poison and ground up in their food. Yet, every time we turn around, there the Republicans are with doilies in hand crying foul just before and immediately after they are run over by the opposition.

Until we understand that guerrilla fighting is not a country club sport and that overcoming the opposition is neither for the faint of heart nor the genteel, we will sit around sucking our thumbs, and looking for the liberal truck that just ran over us.

War is war, and it is neither pretty nor intended to be. We conservatives could take lessons from our liberal adversaries pursuant to how to conduct battle.

It is time to stop whining about what election Obama may or may not have stolen. It is time for us to march on Washington. It is time for us to “occupy” in shifts, if necessary, since most conservatives actually work for a living. We need to become virulent voices of civil discontent.

We should surround Congressional buildings, daring those inside to even consider taking away our Second Amendment rights. We could take lessons from liberals when it comes to menacingly getting our point across. We should target any politician who doesn’t act in our interest the way liberals (and Republicans) targeted Allen West, and Rick Santorum years before him. And, we should always remember what establishment Republicans did to Herman Cain.

What I’m advocating doesn’t take a lot of money, and it isn’t illegal. I’m not saying to stop writing and calling our representatives’ offices. However, you and I both know that the rats we are paying to represent us have found ways to ignore our emails and phone calls. But they cannot ignore us when they look out of their office windows and see hundreds of thousands of determined citizens carrying signs saying they must go.

It is time to fight fire with fire. At every appearance Obama makes, he should be confronted with the kind of respect Marxist college students showed President Nixon. Conservative cartoonists should draw the same kinds of political cartoons liberals drew of President Bush and Dr. Rice. Billboards declaring Obama a liar and billboards of his wife saying “all this for a damn flag” should blanket the highways and avenues.

We should call Jemu Greene Fox News “thick-lip tar baby” until they admit to their racial double standard in ignoring her calling Tucker Carlson “a bow-tyin’ white boy.” Fox News proudly presents her as a Fox News contributor even though there is absolutely no doubt that they would not tolerate even the perception of insult by a white conservative male.

We should dare them to call us racist. And when they squeal foul, we should ask them if they care how Tucker Carlson felt? We should ask them if they care how we felt having our sensibilities insulted by their actions? And more important we should stop watching Fox News. Let them feel the effect of diminishing numbers. I no longer watch Fox News: is there anyone prepared to argue that I am, in any way, less informed than I would be if I were still watching it?

Fox News Channel doesn't give news — it gives theater, choreographed histrionics, talking points, and qubee dolls more interested in mascara and Giuseppe Zanotti shoes than delivering factual news. And, yet Fox has snookered us into believing we will be less informed without a daily ingestion of their agitprop.

Too many conservatives want to make nice-nice and be polite. That's okay if you're sitting around the table playing mahjong, but we're fighting for the future of our children and grandchildren.

Liberals understand that they can simply ignore the true conservative warriors because sooner or later (bet on sooner) Republicans will cave, and liberals also know that they can silence the majority of conservatives by calling them names (read racist).

I say, let them call us what they want. Names cannot hurt us. We must take the battle to them in ways they understand. I guarantee you that when we start to do that in sufficient numbers — we will see the tide turning in our favor.

You don't win the war against liberals and rhinos with popcorn and doilies — you win it by using their brand of guerrilla warfare against them.

AROUND THE HOUSE

~By *Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

I'm telling you right now, the Boss is going to have a massive coronary thrombosis if his computer doesn't stop giving him such a difficult time. I have never heard such a spewing of adjectives coming from him. It's a good thing that he has the control that he has or I know just as sure as I'm black and furry he would have shot the MAC dead. He later told me that if it has been an airplane he would have turned off all the automation and taken over manually. He said it was easier for him to physically operate the airplane than to watch the automation do crazy gyrations.

Things around here are about the same. There is a wet snow on the ground today and more in the forecast for tomorrow. Life can be rough on me when there is the least bit of inclement weather in the vicinity. Not only do I have to deal with my fears of thunder, lightening, hail stones and tornados, but I have to tippy-toe around when the yard is wet because Linda will have a litter of kittens if I track in the least bit of moisture. At least that is what the Boss says and I hate cats almost much as I like killing Boat-Tail Grackles, if that makes any sense.

Cash VonWetzel is in town and the Boss says he is really growing. He hasn't been over here yet. He is presently hanging out with his cousins over at Andy's.

You know the strangest thing happened last week. Our neighbor to the west, David, has moved his mother in with him because she has been under-the-weather. I didn't know under-the-weather meant until I asked the Boss. When I first heard that phrase it really puzzled me. "Under-the-weather?" I thought we were all under the weather all the time, but I was wrong. It means that she is sick. Anyway, David's mother has this male three-quarter size, silver Schnauzer, and he is a constant irritation to the Boss and me. How in the world can a dog like that bark that loudly at the same person day after day is beyond me. He is really a bad influence on me because once he starts, I feel obligated to chime in with him. I don't do it when the Boss is around as all that barking really irritates him. However, when he is not home, I'm doing the same thing as that Silver does next door. Barking at every passerby. Anyway, I said all of that to say this. The doorbell rang the other day, and the Boss and I answered it. It was our neighbor from across the street, Carol. She wanted to know if we had lost a Schnauzer Dog, that there was a silver one running loose in the neighborhood. The Boss pointed to me and said, "No Barkley is here." He then walked out the door and to the end of our front porch and here comes the Silver that lives next door. He was friendlier than you would have thought. The Boss didn't recognize him because he wasn't barking at him. He actually came up and licked the Boss's hand. I couldn't believe it. The Boss still didn't recognize him. The Boss went back to work and forgot about it. The very next day when the Boss opened the garage door that Silver started in on the Boss with his irritating barking. What a two-faced-mutt! Dogs like that aren't worth anything.

The Boss specifically ask me to mention his re-working of the ViewsLetter web site. He is so proud of it. It presently has the back of a two-dollar bill on it. It has several pages, lets see if I can remember each page with

a description of each page. The first page is the HOME page, and presently it has a photo of Abe Lincoln and a copy of the Gettysburg Address. The Boss says he will change this periodically. The next is the BLOG page with lots of comments and stories. Here you can chime in and state your opinion about its content. LATEST VIEWSLETTER is next. Here you can download the latest ViewsLetter. FUN VIDEOS is packed full of fascinating and some funny videos. STORIES is next, then VIEWSLETTER ARCHIVES, then a SPIRITUAL page, It presently has a audio recording of a ladies testimony after being abducted by a killer and held at gun point for several hours. FUNNIES, POLITICAL and SNAP SHOTS are pretty self-explanatory. The Political page contains a couple of very interesting videos. Everyone who has looked at it thinks it is pretty interesting stuff. I like it, and the Boss has promised that I can have a page of my very own someday soon. The URL is www.TheViewsLetter.com/. Well, that-is-that, I did my duty for the Boss. I hope you enjoy the website as much as I do.

Keep your nose pointed into the wind. I can smell the sweetness of Spring, and it's headed our way. Spring is in the air.

~Bark

It is the mark of an educated mind to be able to entertain a thought without accepting it. ~A ristotle

Or not to accept a thought just because it feels good! ~A dverse Yaw

decides to sell oil for gold dinars instead of \$



Do you find these photographs and their captions interesting?

Who controls the U.S. Dollar which is the largest currency in circulation throughout the World?

\$\$\$

Does the name Federal Reserve Bank, or FED ring a bell?

decides to sell oil for Euro instead of \$



Invaded Overthrown Killed

Why is the FED Chairman, Ben Bernanke, so adamantly opposed to an audit? What do they have to hide? Who besides the owners of the FED have anything to gain from keeping the day-to-day operations of the Federal Reserve Bank a secret? Could it be an orgy of several participants including many people within our government (both executive and legislative branches), those Big Money people of Wall Street and the Federal Reserve Bank? Are we American's so blinded by our day-to-day busyness that we can't see the forest because the trees are in the way? As much as we want everything to be all right just like we perceive that it should be will not make it so. Can't we make a judgment call on logical information without allowing our hopes and wishes to influence our judgment? Try not to be duped! Think about it! That's all I ask. Just think about it. And, don't allow Political Correctness to ever keep you from asking hard questions!

~Adverse Yaw

Invaded Overthrown Killed