
VIEWS LETTER

Volume 23, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Other Things of Interest

March & April 2002

One Sad Summer Day

By Gaylon W. Stamps

We called our little dog Spot. Maybe it was because he had white spots all over his black body... or maybe it was just a good name for a dog. I really don't remember. Nor do I remember where Spot came from. I don't remember our having him as a puppy. Maybe someone from the plant where Dad worked gave him to us. Maybe he came from the city where he got into a lot of trouble, and Dad agreed that he would be a good farm dog and took him in. I just don't remember.

Regardless, Spot was our dog. Spot was a good dog! Spot was a faithful dog!

*Continued on page 3, Column 1, See **Summer Day***

The Case Against College

By Linda Lee

Do you, like me, have a child who is smart but never paid attention in class? Now it's high school graduation time. Other parents are talking Stanford this and State U. that. Your own child has gotten into a pretty good college. The question is: Is he ready? Should he go at all? In this country, two-thirds of high school graduates go on to college. In some middle-class suburbs, that number reaches 90 percent. So why do so many feel the need to go?

America is obsessed with college. It has the second-highest number of graduates worldwide, after (not Great Britain, not Japan, not Germany) Australia. Even so, only 27 percent of Americans have a bachelor's degree or higher. That leaves an awful lot who succeed without College, or at least without a degree. Many read books, think seriously about life and have well-paying jobs. Some want to start businesses. Others want to be electricians or wilderness guides or makeup artists. Not everyone needs a higher education. What about the statistics showing that college graduates make more money? First, until the computer industry came along, all the highest-paying jobs *required* a college degree: doctor, lawyer, engineer. Second, on average, the brightest and hardest-working kids in school go to college. So is it a surprise that they go on to make more money? And those studies almost always pit kids with degrees against those with just high school. An awful lot have additional training, but they are not included. Ponder for a moment: Who makes more, a plumber or a

*Continued on page 2 Column 1 See: **College***

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Julius Caesar Quote.....Page 2

Thomas Jefferson to Richard Price,
Excerpt of letter, 1789.....Page 5

U.N. Global Tax Police Coming to Get You
By Kevin Curran.....Page 6

Immigrants, Not Americans, Must Adapt
Unknown Author.....Page 7

James Madison Quote.....Page 7

Thomas Jefferson, letter to William Johnson
Excerpt of letter, June 12, 1823.....Page 7

What a Mess!
By Jasmine Doudney Schnauzer Dog.....Page 8

Keep the cards, letters and contributions coming. You can reach me at VIEWSLETTER5@AOL.COM or Via Snail mail at: 1015 West Dorchester Way Mustang, Ok 73064

College, continued from page 1.

philosophy major?

These are tough words. I certainly wouldn't have listened to them five years ago when my son was graduating from high school. He has been smart enough to get into the Bronx High School of Science in New York and did well on his SATs. But I know that he did not belong in college, at least not straight out of high school.

But he went, because all his friends were going, because it sounded like fun, because he could drink beer and hang out. He did not go to study philosophy. Nor did he feel it incumbent to go to class or complete courses. Meanwhile I was paying \$1,000 a week for this pleasure cruise.

Eventually I asked myself, "Is he getting \$1,000 a week's worth of education?" Heck no. That's when I began wondering why everyone needs to go to college. (My hair colorist makes \$300,000 a year without a degree.) What about the famous people who don't have one, like Bill Gates (dropped out of Harvard) and Walter Cronkite (who left the University of Texas to begin a career in journalism)?

So, I told my son (in a kind way) that his college career was over for now, but he could reapply to the Bank of Mom in two years if he wanted to go back. Meanwhile, I said, get a job.

If college is so wonderful, how come so many kids "stop out"? (That's the new terminology.) One study showed only 26 percent of those who began four-year colleges had earned a degree in six years. And what about the kids who finish, then can't find work? Of course, education is worth a great deal more than just employment. But most kids today view college as a way to get a good job.

I know, I know. What else is there to do? Won't he miss the "college experience?" First off, there are thousands of things for kids to do. And yes, he will miss the college experience, which may include binge drinking, reckless driving and sleeping in on class days. He can have the same experience in the Marine Corps,

minus the sleeping in, and be paid good money for it and learn a trade and discipline.

If my son had gone straight through college, he would be a graduate by now. A number of his friends are, and those who were savvy enough to go into computers at an Ivy League school walked into \$50,000-a-year jobs. But that's not everyone. An awful lot became teachers making half that. And some still don't know what they want to do.

They may, like my son, end up taking whatever jobs they can get. Over the last two years, he's done roofing, delivered UPS packages and fixed broken toilets. His phone was turned off a few times, and he began to pay attention to details, like the price of a gallon of gasoline.

But a year ago he began working at a telecommunications company. He loves his work, and over the last year, he's gotten a raise and a year-end bonus. He tells me now he plans to stay there and become a manager.

So, just about on schedule, my son has had his own graduation day. And although I won't be able to take a picture of him in cap and gown, I couldn't be more proud. He grew up, as most kids do. And he did it for the most part, in spite of college. ✍

Anti-Terrorism or Anti-Liberty?

"Beware the leader who bangs the drums of war in order to whip the citizenry into a patriotic fervor, for patriotism is indeed a double-edged sword. It both emboldens the blood, just as it narrows the mind. And when the drums of war have reached a fever pitch and the blood boils with hate and the mind has closed, the leader will have no need in seizing the rights of the citizenry. Rather, the citizenry, infused with fear and blinded by patriotism, will offer up all of their rights unto the leader and gladly so. How do I know? For this is what I have done. And I am Caesar."

~ Julius Caesar ~

Summer Day *Continued from page 1.*

Dad reminded me that Spot was part Rat Terrier, and he was good for what his name implied. He was a good “rat catchin’ dog. Dad remembered one time moving an empty stock tank and a bunch of rats running from a nest underneath. He said, “In a flash, Spot bit and killed at least a half dozen of them rats before they could run away and hide.” As he reminded me of that story, I thought I kinda remembered it. But sometimes a fellow remembers things from stories told, rather than from actually having witnessed the event. (That’s what my Mama told me one time when I said I remembered something when I was a baby, and I ain’t gonna argue about it.) In any event, it gives a little insight to the value of old Spot!

The thing I remember most is that Spot followed me everywhere I went. Whether it was to work or play, Spot was right there. He loved to follow the tractor. He loved to follow me on my bicycle. He loved to follow the pickup, but that usually got him yelled at, so he stopped doing that!

If I climbed a tree, Spot was sitting right there at the base looking up at me like he wondered if I thought I was a bird. If I climbed the windmill, he looked up at me like he didn’t know what I was! But when he cocked his head, he made me think he wondered if I was “crazy”! He made me laugh!

I couldn’t outrun Spot on my bicycle. If I rode to the mailbox, he was right along side of me all the way. I’d ride as fast as I could to see if I could leave him behind... but I couldn’t. If I rode clear around the section (a long bike ride by “kid” standards) just for the fun of it, he was right there. I suppose I never knew Spot’s endurance because, for sure, it was greater than mine... even on a bicycle!

Old Spot loved to be petted. If I was sitting on the porch or on the side of the bar ditch digging worms where the “gray water” ran out from the house, he was right there. He would nudge his nose under my hand until I gave him some “dog-lovin’ head-scratchin’”. And if he

could get me to do it, he loved to have his belly scratched. Yep! Old Spot was kinda “into” that petting!

When I first started driving the tractor alone, I wasn’t big enough to hitch or unhitch the plow, so Pop would hook it to the tractor and I would drive the whole rigging to the field. And when I finished, I would just bring the whole thing back. And Spot was always there... running right along side the tractor... all the way to the field and right along side every round I made with that old plow, then all the way back to the house.

It was nice to have a dog along. Plowing was a lonesome job. Back in those days we didn’t have a cab with an air conditioner and a radio. A plow-hand was in charge of keeping his “own-self” entertained while he was out in the field. This was usually done by singing at the top of your lungs, day dreaming up stories of what and where you were gonna be someday, or wondering what your cousin was doing’ right now, 10 miles away on his farm. Sometimes you might even cogitate what you might get to do together next Sunday after church and who would go home with whom for the afternoon. Sometimes your mind was just blank... hypnotized by the never-ending trail you followed round and round that field. But... if you had a dog, often times HE was your entertainment! A good “tractor dog” would be right there by your side... all day long. And when you went back to the house, if you had to go around the perimeter road, a good dog had it figured out where you were headed and cut the corner across the pasture and beat you to the diesel tank! He’d just sit there in the “sittin’-but-alert” position, wagging his tail and tongue wondering if he had been good enough to deserve a little scratch on the head. When that happened, you knew you not only had a good dog, but a SMART dog as well!

Old Spot was a smart dog. He was a good dog too! Having a little “Rat Terrier” in him and hating rats the way he did, he always stayed pretty close to the plow just in case you happened to plow up a rat’s nest. Knowing I didn’t see every

Continued on page 4 column 1 see, Summer Day

Summer Day, *Continued from page 3*

single chase, I doubt that any “single” running rats ever got away from old Spot. And it was a given that if Spot killed a rat, it was one less rat to get into the barn, the granary, or the house and do the little dastardly deeds field mice (AKA “rats”) are noted for. And the things they’re noted for NEVER made Mama smile!

Old Spot wasn’t limited to chasing just rats! No sir-ree-Bob! If a rabbit ever got up in front of him, he’d chase it till he was plum spent!

Now to catch a jack rabbit in an open field, a dog needs two things; foot-speed and long legs. (I am aware of this fact from many hours of watchin’ dogs chase jack rabbits from “tractor-back”. (Kinda like “horse-back” but from the back of a tractor.) Well, old Spot certainly had the foot speed! When he was running “all out” (otherwise known as “full-throttle” or “wide-open”) you couldn’t even hardly see his legs... they were moving too fast! But now in the “long-leg” department, old Spot was left a little on the “short end of the stick.” You see, his head might barely have come up to my knees. He was a “little dog” as farm dogs usually go, and his legs... well... they were pretty short, which, as I think of it now was a pretty good deal considering how funny he would have looked if he’d had “Greyhound” kinda legs on that short “Terrier” kinda body. But who knows? I might have won a million dollars in a “ugly dog” contest somewhere out in California! (There I go daydreaming again. I’ve got to get back to the story.)

Anyway, old Spot would chase those old jack rabbits till I’m sure he thought it was hopeless, then come trotting back to the tractor. Sometimes I would stop the plow and give old Spot a drink out of my water jug when he had expended all that effort. I know he appreciated it cause he always said, “Thank you” by letting me scratch his head after he’d had a drink. He was a grateful dog!

But, during the chase, it was a few minutes of “grand entertainment” out there in the field. I’d root and holler, “GET ‘EM SPOT! I KNOW

YOU CAN CATCH HIM THIS TIME!” Of course he’d always holler back, “ARF... ARF... Yip.. Yip.. Yip.. RAA.. RAA.. RAARF... RRARFF... RARF... ARFF... ARF!” which in “dog-talk” is of course, “I’M TRYIN’ AS HARD AS I CAN! I KNOW THIS IS MY TIME!”

But I never remember Spot’s ever catching a jack rabbit. He sure did try hard, but I think God didn’t intend for terriers to be the natural enemy of jack rabbits. You got to be somewhere closer to the “Coyote” breed to get that job done. But it was fun to watch him try! And I was always proud of his effort, and grateful for the entertainment.

Instead of going on and on, I suppose I should take you to that “sad summer day”.

It started off like any other plow day. I headed to the field after breakfast and had plowed most of the morning in the field Dad had laid out for me. I figure he was working at the plant that morning, or he would have been around the place somewhere. But it was just me and Spot and the field of wheat stubble that needed to be plowed for the second time that summer.

We were going along just fine. I was daydreaming as usual, and Spot had killed him a rat or two. On one round though, I suddenly realized that Spot wasn’t where he usually was... running along side the tractor. I looked all around and couldn’t see him. I wondered if he’d gone back to the house, but if he had, it would have been the first time he’d ever left me alone in the field. I’d seen some pickups pass along the road that morning, and in my “near panic” condition, I wondered if someone might have stopped and stolen Spot by whistling him into their truck. “Not likely,” I thought, “but where was he?”

I kept my eyes scanning all over the field as far as I could see but never caught a glimpse of Spot. I’d finally resigned myself to the fact that he had gone back to the house.

The field I was plowing was pretty big, and it took maybe 20 minutes to make a round. I had

Continued on page 5 column 1 see, Summer Day

Summer Day, *Continued from page 4*

missed Spot for roughly 15 minutes when I approached the corner at which I'd last seen him. As I came to that corner, I saw what at first looked like a big clod in the ground I'd plowed. As I got closer, it became clearer what I was seeing. It was Spot!

I don't remember ever being as heart-broken as I was at that moment of that day! I turned the corner and stopped the tractor. I could hardly believe my eyes! I jumped down and ran to Spot. It was an awful sight. He had been laid open by two of the plow discs. I wept loud and hard. I cried to heaven for God to change things... "Somehow turn back the clock... Let me have that corner one more time so I can holler at Spot to get out of the way!"

As a man, I know now that God heard me..., the boy, and that He was probably crying right along with me. But he didn't roll back the clock. I didn't get another chance to keep a closer eye on him or holler at him. It's just the way it was. Like it or not... it had happened.

I didn't know what to do... and still wonder to this day why I did do what I did. I picked Spot up, and sobbing with tear-filled eyes took him and laid him down in a place in front of the plow where the dirt would be soft and deep, and buried him with one more pass of the plow. After I covered him with the plow, I stopped again and pushed the soft dirt over him until he was completely covered. I had buried him in the field where he died.

After this was done, I began to question my deed and began to feel more guilt. "It was all my fault! Why hadn't I been more careful?"

I couldn't plow anymore right then. It was a little too early, but in "road gear", I drove the tractor back to the house. I think I cried all the way.

When I got there, Mother wanted to know why I was back so early. I sobbed into her embrace and told her what had happened and what I had done. Today, I don't remember what she said, but I know my mother. And I know she

comforted her broken-hearted son as best she could, and I'm sure she cried right along with me.

I don't remember lunch that day, but I remember going back to that field. I thought about Spot all that afternoon, and into the next weeks. It was a long time before I could plow that field without thinking of that "sad summer day" and how an accident had taken the best dang dog in Texas away from me.

But life goes on. There were more dogs on that old farm. BoBo, the Collie, and Prince, the German Shepherd, are two stand-outs in my memory, but there was never another tractor dog like Spot.

I guess that was the first real "tragedy" I ever had to deal with... and it was hard for a kid. Now, as an adult, I have been through other tragedies, and it's still no fun! But I know from that experience that bad things can and will happen sometime. What's important is not the "yesterdays" I cannot change, but "today" and the "tomorrows" I will press through even though I have yesterday's memories... like that "sad summer day".

Songs were written about Ol' Shep, and Ol' Blue. Ol' Spot never had a song written about him... but he was a good dog, and would have been worthy of a good song. Maybe he lived to one day inspire this story. If so, "Here's to you Spot... you Good Old Tractor Dog! Sometimes I still miss ya... like right now. Rest in peace, Puppy."

Gaylon Stamps, March 19, 2001

"Whenever the people are well-informed, they can be trusted with their own government;... whenever things get so far wrong as to attract their notice, they may be relied on to set them to rights."

--Thomas Jefferson to Richard Price, 1789

U.N. Global Tax Police Coming to Get You

By Kevin Curran, Wednesday, Jan. 2, 2002

A plan for a new tax structure is emerging which makes no attempt to mask its goals of income redistribution and the reduction of national sovereignty.

This scheme is not coming from that great deliberative body on the Potomac, but from the third world-dominated General Assembly on the East River.

The details will emerge at the United Nations International Conference on Financing for Development in Mexico in March. Former Mexican President Ernesto Zedillo chairs a panel that recommends creating within the U.N. an agency called the International Tax Organization.

The new organization would:

- Impose global taxes, either on international currency transactions or fossil fuel consumption
- Attempt to restrain tax competition between nations
- Allow countries to continue taxing emigrants
- Operate an information exchange requiring countries to share financial data to facilitate tax collections from residents who earn income in other nations

Furthermore, The Center for Freedom and Prosperity Foundation reports Zedillo's group is calling for a doubling of foreign aid from larger nations, more social welfare spending, higher taxes and an international bureaucracy that may prevent countries from setting their own labor and environmental policies.

Daniel Mitchell of the Heritage Foundation did not mince words in his analysis of the proposals. Mitchell said the United States should stop the United Nation's plan and that "to preserve prosperity and opportunity around the globe, Congress and the President should tell the bureaucrats at the U.N. to take a long walk off a short pier."

Zedillo's panel admits taxing currency transactions could be difficult. Although they

estimate the tax could collect as much as \$400 billion a year, currency traders could find ways to avoid the tax or create instruments that would be difficult to tax.

The fossil fuel tax proposal would be easier to implement. The panel envisions taxing fuels according to their contribution to greenhouse gases at levels high enough to discourage consumption (even though less consumption would mean less revenue).

Despite the committee's stated intention of helping nations develop, developing nations would pay dearly under this plan.

What would the International Tax Organization do? Its goals could make life difficult for individuals and nations alike. While the ITO would likely collect statistics and monitor tax policy developments, it could also help implement drastic changes in how nations shape their tax policies.

Perhaps the most ominous responsibility of the International Tax Organization would be to restrain tax competition. The committee members did not explain how competition between nations is harmful.

Mitchell said this aspect of proposed duties of the ITO is a threat to both high-tax countries like France and low-tax nations like the United States. A lack of competition could lead some countries to raise taxes.

Companies and individuals that seek to better their income by moving their capital to lower-tax countries would be denied that opportunity.

In fact, individuals seeking a better life could find themselves chained to their old tax system. One of the ITO's responsibilities would be to facilitate the taxation of emigrants.

While the committee claims this would help countries who suffer economic loss when productive people leave, it makes those people government property.

This proposal puts the United States in a difficult situation. Throughout U.S. history, people have come here seeking a better life. American officials would likely oppose efforts by

*Continued on page 7 column 1, See: **Global Tax Police***

Global Tax Police *Continued from page 6*

other countries to tax income earned within the U.S. The problem is, the United States already taxes income its citizens earn overseas.

Finally, the new organization would require governments to collect financial data on individuals and share it with other nations. This would facilitate the taxation of emigrants and its effect on the American economy could be devastating.

International investors might re-consider putting their money into the American financial markets if they knew they faced both the disclosure of their income to their home country and the imposition of higher taxes.

These thoughts remind me of the toad in the boiling pot. Before the toad knows it he is too weak to jump out. Similar things have already happened right here in the United States of America. A good example is the IRS.

We Americans better start jumping!
~AWD~

I believe there are more instances of the abridgment of the rights of the people by the gradual and silent encroachments of those in power than by violent and sudden usurpations.

-James Madison, fourth US president (1751-1836)

“On every question of construction (of the Constitution) let us carry ourselves back to the time when the Constitution was adopted, recollect the spirit manifested in the debates, and instead of trying what meaning may be squeezed out of the text, or invented against it, conform to the probable one in which it was passed.”

-Thomas Jefferson, letter to William Johnson, June 12, 1823

IMMIGRANTS, NOT AMERICANS, MUST ADAPT

I am tired of this nation worrying about whether we are offending some individual or their culture.

Since the terrorist attacks on Sept. 11, we have experienced a surge in patriotism by the majority of Americans. However, the dust from the attacks had barely settled when the "politically correct" crowd began complaining about the possibility that our patriotism was offending others. I am not against immigration, nor do I hold a grudge against anyone who is seeking a better life by coming to America.

Our population is almost entirely comprised of descendants of immigrants. However, there are a few things that those who have recently come to our country, and apparently some born here, need to understand. This idea of America being a multicultural community has served only to dilute our sovereignty and our national identity.

As Americans, we have our own culture, our own society, our own language and our own lifestyle. This culture has been developed over centuries of struggles, trials, and victories by millions of men and women who have sought freedom.

We speak ENGLISH, not Spanish, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Russian, or any other language. Therefore, if you wish to become part of our society, learn the language!

"In God We Trust" is our national motto. This is not some Christian, right wing, political slogan. We adopted this motto because Christian men and women, on Christian principles, founded this nation, and this is clearly documented. It is certainly appropriate to display it on the walls of our schools.

If God offends you, then I suggest you consider another part of the world as your new home because God is part of our culture. If Stars and Stripes offend you, or you don't like Uncle Sam, then you should seriously consider a move to another part of this planet.

We are happy with our culture and have no desire to change, and we really don't care how you did things where you came from.

This is OUR COUNTRY, our land, and our lifestyle. Our First Amendment gives every citizen the right to express his opinion and we will allow you every opportunity to do so.

But, once you are done complaining, whining, and griping about our flag, our pledge, our national motto, or our way of life, I highly encourage you to take advantage of one other great American freedom, THE RIGHT TO LEAVE. ◆◆◆

~Author Unknown ~

What a Mess!

By Jasmine Doudney Schnauzer Dog

I am glad that I'm a canine and not a human being. They are really weird—I can't believe all the pain and torment that they persevere in the interest of a new tile floor, the redoing of a shower and replacing some old wallpaper..

Since the beginning of this floor re-covering project, they have re-arranged all the furniture in the front of the house in a way that we can hide out, and the boss and Linda couldn't know we are there; and even if they did they couldn't get at us without a major effort.

We have met the guy doing all the work; his name is Bobbie and is a nice fellow. His work is good but the boss says that he sure is slow. I guess 'good' is more important than fast. My two sisters don't seem to mind, however, sometimes we have gone without water for a lot longer than what we should. A gal could get the vapors without the proper amount of moisture!

Since this fellow Bobbie has started banging around the house, making the dust fly and numerous other things—I've noticed a slight change in my psyche. I have developed this deep burning desire to learn all I can about everything that's going on. I overheard Linda telling the boss that I'm the nosiest thing that she has ever seen. It's just that my curiosity has gotten the best of me here lately. I've heard that "Curiosity killed the cat," Don't worry! I don't want to sound too arrogant, but I'm no cat. I did have to take a little taste of the water that he was using to put up the wallpaper. Yuck! They don't have to worry about me doing that again. It is very nice to have someone around that doesn't mind me watching them work. I have to admit there's a definite overall improvement in the appearance of the place.

Shelby and Camry don't seem to be concerned about anything other than getting the boss to give them an attentive pat, eating, sleeping and tracking the house with trash that collects on them as they romp around the yard. It takes something major to get their attention **or** at least,

if they find something interesting they don't let on about it. Camry comes alive when anyone comes to the door with the exception of the boss or Linda. She seems to be the one that starts us to barking when anyone shows up, even Bobbie. He has been coming everyday for the past two months. I don't know why, but when he gets here she goes into all kinds of noisy gyrations and before you know it, Shelby and I are right there with her making enough racket that we sound like some kennel in the city. When the boss is home it drives him crazy and the next thing you know he is right there making as much noise as we are, yelling, "**KNOCK IT OFF.**" I can only imagine what poor Bobbie is thinking—with all three of us barking loudly and the Boss yelling and barking back at us. Shelby and I know to shut up, but Camry just keeps barking as she exits the doggie door. Turning around and standing in the doorway and barking for all she is worth, the boss is persistently after her to knock it off. I predict that that is one thing that will never change around here. There is something that is contagious about barking. When one of us starts the other two chime in.

That is about it for now. Keep your nose to the wind and stay out of the rain. ~ Jazz ~

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson go camping and pitch their tent under the stars. During the night, Holmes wakes his companion and says: "Watson, Look up at the stars and tell me what you deduce."

Watson says: "I see millions of stars, and even if a few of those have planets, it's quite likely there are some planets like Earth, and if there are a few planets like Earth out there, there might also be life."

Holmes replies: "Watson you idiot. Somebody stole our tent." ☺