that's the way the bankers like it. They could, if they wanted to, lie on the sand at Palm Beach or the Riviera swizzling martinis year round, while that interest keeps on compounding itself year after year, rolling in with the same sweet rhythm as the waves on the beach.

But who ever calls bankers "welfare bums"?

You can't know how much of your tax money goes to the CIA because its budget is a secret. And you also pay the salaries and upkeep for the FBI and countless other "intelligence" agencies, including those new spies who spy on the old spies.

Welfare for the Brass

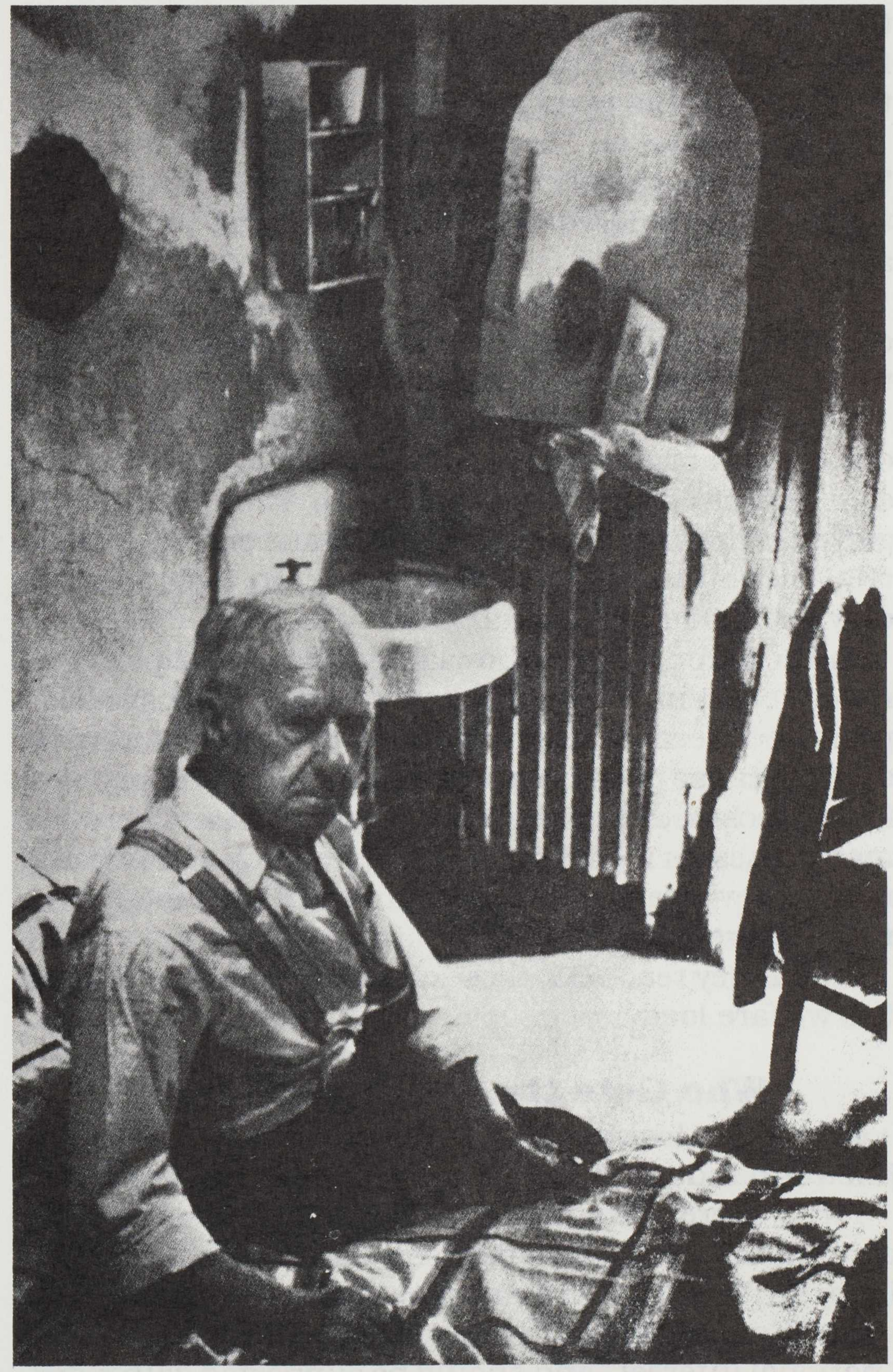
Then, there is the little matter of pensions for the military. All officers collect a pension of half-pay after 20 years of service, or two-thirds pay after 30 years. That isn't bad, if you think of it. A man who makes lieutenant at the age of 20 can collect two-thirds of his pay at 50 and loaf for the rest of his life. Besides, it is regular army practice to promote an officer just before retirement so as to up his income in those golden years when life is supposedly most worth living.

Privates, of course, can't claim any pensions at all unless they can prove service-connected disability.

Generals, naturally, make out best of all, but it is not on record that any case worker ever asked a general why he hadn't been able to save enough from his earnings to take care of himself in his old age.

In 1980 the bill for officers' pensions alone—not counting any military hardware—was $10 billion (more than double what it was ten years earlier). Less than 100,000 officers divided among themselves half the money that went to more than 10,000,000 poor in all the land.

In a column on April 12, 1980, Jack Anderson related an incident about a Navy Commander, Griffin F. Hamil-



This elderly man had to apply for welfare because his Social Security check couldn't keep him alive.