

Old Digger Dan had a smile on his face the other day, when I saw him at the post office.

"Son," he said. "See that tree over there. Been here for over a hundred years. Seen a lot, it has. Heard a lot too, I imagine. Just a generic tree. Millions of them around the earth. See what it's done to that side walk. Doesn't march to man's tune. Just keeps on doin' what its supposed to do. Man could call it a cottonwood, but makes no difference to that old tree. It doesn't get paranoid if someone says some trees are weeds. It doesn't jump out and say, 'You calling me a weed?'. It just keeps on doin' what's right by nature."

I knew old Dan was about to spin a tale. I looked him square in the eye.

"O.K. Dan," I said, "Why the smile?"

"You know that tin dictator stuff I was talkin' about last week?"

I nodded my head.

"Well you know there must be a lot of paranoid types out there. You'd think I had drilled some tin dictator in the most important part of their anatomy. Talk about having apoplexy over some common sense principles....why I thought some were going to faint with an attack of vapors. One aggressive type comes up to me and says, 'Who were you talkin' about, with that little Napoleon stuff?'. I nailed him right there with that, 'if the shoe fits' stuff. He stomped off mumbling something about his boots bein' too tight."

"So you made some people uncomfortable?"

"Boy did I! Think I sent some scrambling for their pencils. You know what paranoid types are like. They got to start defending themselves as soon as their imagination gets the best of them."

"Say Dan! Why do you allude to World War II so much."

"You mean like I did last week, with Mussolini, Hitler and the death camps?"

"Yes."

"Because the older generation relates to it and the younger generation needs to. Let me tell you, the seeds of dictators are still around, ready to sprout. Look Son, you got a lot of politicians elected by the people, doing the Goose Step Two Step, with their bureaucrat cronies. Keep your eye on them. Their so busy Sieg Heiling each other around the dance floor that they don't realize the music has stopped and no one's cheering but themselves.