

KING EDWARD'S
LAST DAYS.
(See Page 4.)

THE
NEWTIMES

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Every Friday, 3d.

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(Continued on page 3.)

Japan Wins Trade War

Gullett's Boomerang Comes Home

And Costs Australia £4,000,000 A Year

Speaking of the treaty which, for
eighteen months at all events, brings
to an end the trade war declared
upon Japan last May, Henry Gullett
on Sunday declared Japan's position
as follows:—

"The settlement reached is ap-
proximately upon a total import"
(per annum) "of 120 million
square yards of the two textiles"
(cotton and artificial silk). "This was
approximately the amount imported
from Japan in 1934. The import into
Australia of these two textiles for
the year 1935 amounted to 153
million square yards."

**Japan therefore keeps the
entire market she had in
1934 and four-fifths of what
she had in 1935.**

What about Australian wool?
Japan will issue permits to her
buyers for the purchase of 533,000
bales per annum. In 1934-35 Japan
purchased 709,000 bales from
Australia, and in the 1935-36 season
785,000 bales.

**So Australia gets back
only three-quarters of the
wool market she had in
1934-35 and only two-thirds of
what she enjoyed in 1935-36.**

In addition to granting the
quota, Lyons and Gullett have had
to recast entirely their scale of
tariffs against Japan. The May tariff
provided for a duty on artificial silk
of 9d a square yard, and on cotton
piece goods of 2½d unbleached, 3d
bleached, and 3½d printed—plus a
primage of 5 per cent, in all cases.
Under the new arrangement these
Japanese goods will come in under an
intermediate instead of the general
tariff (a tremendous moral victory
for Japan); primage will be abolished,
and the rates of duty will be:
Artificial silk, 4d; cotton piece goods
(as classified above), 1¼d 1½d and
2d.

WHERE DOES AUSTRALIA STAND?

The sum total of all this means that
**Japan is back to where she was
two years ago, while in Australia
we have lost a market for
nearly 200,000 bales of the wool
we were then selling.**
**Compared with the position a
year ago, Japan has lost a
buyer for 30 million square
yards of her artificial silk and**

**cotton (say, £600,000 a year)
while we have lost a customer
for 250,000 bales of our wool
(say, £4,500,000).**

**AS A NET RESULT,
AUSTRALIA IS ABOUT £4
MILLIONS A YEAR
WORSE OFF.**

This is where Lyons, Gullett and
Co. have landed us. They have, in
addition, disturbed the whole tenor of
our highly profitable relations with
Japan; they have cast away the
goodwill of the one country which
kept wool prices from absolute
disaster in the first years of the
depression; they have turned Japan's
eyes towards other markets for the
purchase of wool; they have dislocated
Australian business and caused
severe losses during the past seven
months, and they have left the future
as uncertain as ever—for the treaty
will expire at the end of the next
wool season. Could incompetence
or treachery have done much
worse?

And no one will be pleased. Most of
the efforts of the Manchester mission
which preceded the May tariff will
be felt, by those who sponsored it,
to have been wasted. Australian
wool-growers will still know they
have been sacrificed—"they have the
rather cold comfort," said the
Melbourne *Argus* on Monday, "that
the position might easily have been
much worse." Importers and
shopkeepers will be cursing the
meddlesomeness, which has upset the
continuity of their business. The
prestige (if any) of the United
Australia party will have received a
further shattering blow, and the fact
that the treaty is announced at a
moment when parliament is out of
action, just as the tariff was imposed
as it went into recess, will not save
it. Finally, Japan has scored
another decisive victory over so-
called British diplomacy—so-
called, because the bungling
stupidity, which passes for
diplomacy, does not represent the
mind of the British people at all,
whether here or in England, but
merely the desperate efforts of a little
clique of financiers to cling to
power at all costs.

TRADE PROBLEMS STILL REMAIN.

The treaty with Japan, though it
may provide a breather, settles

nothing. In so far as it will more
nearly balance our annual trade with
that country, it will only add to
our trading difficulties with other
countries. For Australia's objective,
like that of every other modern
nation, must always be, under the
present financial regime, to export
more than she imports, to send out
of the country more real wealth
than comes into it, and to proceed
even to the extent of military war to
retain this madman's privilege.
Under the present financial regime
this must continue, simply because
the people have not enough money
to buy the whole of what they
produce, and therefore not enough to
buy imports up to the full value of
their exports, and so to balance their
international trade without damaging
their home industries. All nations
must live by taking in one
another's mortgages.

Our difficulties with Japan are only
the forerunner to still graver
difficulties which are absolutely
inevitable, and which must continue
to discredit governments, to throw
business constantly out of gear, and
to culminate in a general explosion
unless the electors of Australia
force their Federal Parliament to
prescribe the one true cure. That
cure is to

GIVE THE PEOPLE MORE MONEY.

It is not sufficient to increase
wages, to add to taxation, to give

government subsidies and bounties to
producers as at present, or to borrow
more. Wages are costs in industry;
costs go into prices, and so the dog
chases his own tail. Taxation adds
nothing to total incomes; at best it is
merely a palliative and, like increased
wages, it will generally be passed
on into prices. Subsidies and
bounties derived from taxation are no
better—in effect they take from,
consumers and give to producers
some of the money, which consumers
already find themselves unable to
afford for producers' goods. And addi-
tional loans only add to our general
burden; taxation to pay interest on
today's national debt is higher than
total taxation was at the end of the
war.

There is no good tinkering with the
problem. If you have ten naked
men in a room and only five pairs
of trousers between them, all the
argument in the world about one
man having seized two pairs will
not alter the fact that at least five
men will be arrested for indecency
if they venture out upon the street.
The first thing to do is to make up
the total deficiency of trousers.
And money, which is mostly a
matter of pen and ink, is far easier
to produce than trousers. But the
people won't get it until they
demand it.

THE BATTLES OF PROGRESS

From "Wake Up."

Right down the ages, outstanding
geniuses have been ridiculed,
abused, and labelled heretics and
madmen for daring to suggest
changes or improvements in
what was regarded as the impossible.
What a good thing for us,
however, that the real madmen are
forgotten, while the names of
those who persevered and
triumphed over all obstacles, blazon
forth with the truth, and serve as
an object lesson and an inspiration
to all right thinking people at the
present time.

When an old Aberdeen postmaster
was asked to explain the working of
a telegraph instrument, he said:
"See that dog over there—suppose
we hold his hind quarters here and
stretch him out until his head reaches
Glasgow, then if we tread on his tail,
he will bark in Glasgow! As it is not
convenient to stretch a dog, we
stretch a wire instead." In 1838
Morse gave a public exhibition in
New York of his apparatus
transmitting messages over a wire
three miles long with complete
success. The public, however, were
not altogether convinced that, some
sort of trickery was not involved
in such a highly mysterious pro-
ceeding.

Marconi, an Italian, after long-
experiments, patented in 1897, a
method entirely independent of
wires. In 1899 Marconi conducted
in England a series of successful
experiments, sending messages
across the English Channel from
South Foreland to the French coast
near Boulogne. He predicted the
possibility of transmitting
messages to any part of the
world—Wireless Telegraphy! What
a huge joke was Marconi. Since
then we have had thousands of radio
stations established throughout the
world transmitting speech and
music "over the air." Today we have
moving pictures "over the air"—
what of tomorrow?

The telephone, Bell's invention
was introduced in 1876. At first
businessmen were unanimous in
voting it nothing more than a
scientific toy, which could never be
of any practical value. Poor Bell had
to submit to such epithets as crank,
imposter, impudent ventriloquist, etc.
When the opposition of these
scoffers was broken down, and 778
subscribers within sixteen months
proved it a wonderful success, phone
wires in the United States alone stretch
over forty million miles, with as
many talks a day.

Edison's first filament lamp, "a
hairpin in a bottle," was introduced in
1879. Special trains conveyed
thousands to Menlo Park to view
the "curiosity."

The first motorcar was looked
upon as a freak, then a rich man's
plaything. Fancy it being able to
travel faster than a horse was the
general expression.

A little later it was a necessity and
replaced the horse. Today it is
indispensable, and Malcolm
Campbell, of England, has set up a
car speed record—beating the horse
by nearly 300 miles an hour.

We laugh at the ancients for
thinking the world was flat and for
imagining that the sun revolved
around the earth, just as the ancients
laughed when it was suggested that
the world was a globe and that it
revolved around the sun. A
thousand years hence we shall be
the ancients and the people living
then will laugh in their turn at our
colossal ignorance.

In the days before William
Harvey discovered the circulation
of blood, the leading scientists lists
were firmly convinced that the blood
ebbed and flowed up and down the
same veins, some of them thought
that the body was full of blood, as a
sausage is full of meat

(Continued on page 8.)

THE "AGE"

We would again draw our readers' attention to what we said about
the Melbourne "Age" in our issue of December 18. In that issue we
charged the "Age" with

1. Treachery to the then lawful and reigning King, his
Majesty Edward VIII, in its refusal to accept any advertisement for a
demonstration to express the citizens' loyalty to
their king.

2. Treachery to democracy and the right of free speech,
in its attempt to suppress either advertisement or report of
a law abiding, peaceful meeting of citizens convened to demand their
right to be heard before any Prime Minister or
other person should take it upon himself to speak for citizens
who had not been consulted upon a vital issue.

In conclusion, we asked readers henceforth not to refer us to
articles or other matter published in the "Age", as we did not propose
to decorate our office with copies of that paper in the future.

As there seems to be some misconception on the point, we would
now add that we do not wish to receive from correspondents cuttings or
clippings from the "Age", nor do we propose to make any comment,
even unfavourable, upon them; and we do not propose to allow any
references to the "Age" to appear either in contributed articles or in
letters to the editor.

We are not suggesting that the editorial policy of the "Age" is
worse than (or different from) the policy of other papers published in
Melbourne—though the "Age" was the only daily paper which
boycotted the meeting in question. But we do suggest that the proprietors
of the "Age" are the champion hypocrites in Melbourne's daily journalism
through their pretence of being the democrats they are not. Compared
with the Syme paper we should put the "Argus" on a pedestal, for with
the latter you always know where you are.

We trust we have made our point clear.

A Stranger Comes to Melbourne

The place is Melbourne, but it might just as easily be anywhere else. Coming in by train you pass platform after platform whereon the people are exhorted to "Drink More Milk," "Eat More Fruit," and so on, until you wonder what sort of a population inhabits this city. Have they never heard of vitamins? Have they queer notions of food values? What do they subsist on? As you leave Flinders Street station you are sure you have discovered a streak of rabid insanity.

They feed their babies on newspapers. Before you at the exit there is a box with this notice printed on it in bold lettering: "Victorian Baby Health Centre s (Paper Fund). Every Newspaper Left Here Helps To Save The Babies. Give Your Paper And Help To Build Up a Nation of Healthy Children."

Healthy children on newspapers! Is this why the *Herald* prints forty and fifty pages of what appears to be such trash—?

is it to help build bonnie babies?

Is this why they have to beg the people later on to accustom themselves to things like milk and fruit?

You wander out into the streets in a dazed sort of way, and soon you find yourself looking into the shop windows. Beautiful things are before you on all sides, but almost invariably you see strange placards beside them—"Make a Lay By," "Cash Orders Accepted," "Terms Arranged," "Pay As You Use." Window after window, in big shops and little, in the main, streets and in the arcades—almost all of them are decorated with these mystic signs. You decide to inquire, and go into a "Lay By" establishment.

An assistant obligingly explains—you get to notice that in spite of the beautiful things for sale, and in spite of the crowds of people who ought surely to want these things, very few assistants are too busy to talk to you.

"It's this way, sir. People haven't the money to buy these things straight out, and so we have to help them. In our case we hold the goods while they are saving up. Other firms will deliver the article when a deposit is paid, and the customer completes the payments over a period. Or, in the case of cash orders....."

"But why haven't the people the money?"

"Oh, ask me another, sir." "Well, then if they've made the things you have on show, and if they haven't the money to buy what they have already made, how do they get the money after wards?"

The shop hand brightens. "That's easy, I sir. They pay with the money they get for making other things—next month, the month after, sometimes next year."

"Yes, but what about the things they make next month or next year? Who's going to buy them, and how?"

"Oh, they just keep on keeping on. And every now and then someone comes a crash, and the receiver steps in, and things are sold at any old price. You noticed Craig's that huge shop down the street, opposite the station? Well, wonderful store years ago. But a little while back the mortgagees, or whatever they call them—I heard it was two of the banks.—He lowered his voice confidentially. "I hear there are some other shows in this city pretty shabby, that would surprise you, sir—"

* * *

You stop beside a smartly

dressed man in a white uniform, an attendant at a weighing machine. You thought all these things were automatic. You find plenty of them are. Some drop you out a card with your correct weight, and a message, too—like you used to get on the old "conversation" lollies. You discover another, which quite fascinates you as it talks to you and *tells* you your weight. Clever fellows, men, the way they think out all these contrivances to save work and make life pleasant.

But this white-coated attendant. What's he doing wasting his time fooling about all day, with automatic machines on all sides? Is he an S.P. man in disguise, or what? His hand-tended machine is more accurate? Bah! No human hand is so accurate as an automatic machine; even the man on the farm, has found that out long ago. But the automatic machine sometimes gets out of order! Quite so, and it can just as easily be kept in order by an occasional overhaul.

Well, a man's gotta live. And if there's no other job about—

So that's it.

A man's gotta live.

You meet the same cry again and again in your wanderings. You see funny little boxes, like ticket windows, scattered about the city. There are people in them all, cramped in all day, with hardly room to turn around, much less swing the proverbial cat. They sell cigarettes, and chewing gum, and trifles like that, which you can buy in any of the roomy shops nearby. A terrible, unhealthy, unnatural life. A man's gotta live.

Some of them are girls, selling silk (or near silk) stockings. Even a girl, it seems, has gotta live.

Eat more fruit. Give your paper and build up a nation of healthy children. Pay as you use. Goods everywhere—in windows and on counters, in shelves and boxes, piled up, tier after tier, floor upon floor, shops and ware houses, and factories behind them, and producers at the back of the lot, and machines turning and whirring, power, dynamos—

"Spare a copper, sir?"

A man's gotta live.

Madman's city.

V. —The Swindle of the National Debt

This is the fifth of the weekly series of broadcasts sponsored by the Social Credit Movement of Victoria in its session over Station 3AW every Tuesday night at 9.30.

As indicated in last Tuesday's, something will be said tonight about the national debt.

The total national, or public debt of Australia—that is, the amount directly owed in the names of the Commonwealth and State Governments—is now nominally over £1260 millions. Actually, in terms of the present Australian pound, after allowing for exchange on our sterling debt in London and our dollar debt in New York, the real figure is about £1400 millions.

You will perhaps begin to realise how phenomenally this debt has grown in recent years when you reflect that in 1901 the debt was £200 millions; by 1913, the year before the war, it had reached £300 millions; in 1919, after the war was over, the debt stood at £700 millions; and in the intervening years it has grown by a further £700 millions. This takes no account of another trifle of £80 millions or so which is known as the floating or unfunded debt, and which has also been built up during the last few years.

Our national debt may be divided into two sections, the internal debt and the debt owed abroad. The internal debt, which will be dealt with first, stands at about £670 millions, and costs us about £244 millions a year in taxation to pay interest.

There is only one term that can be applied to a so-called internal national debt, and that is that any such debt is of its nature a barefaced swindle. In the attempt to justify the swindle you will often hear it said that the present generation cannot afford to pay for such and such a project or development. But in point of fact each generation does pay for every development that takes place during its lifetime. Take as examples enterprises like the Yallourn power scheme or the Sydney harbour bridge. The present generation paid for both of these as they were actually executed. It was living people who provided the labour and the skill, who fashioned the materials and put them in their places, who fed and clothed and sheltered everyone connected with the jobs.

Even those minor sections which imported materials were paid for by exports—as will be shown when the overseas debt is examined.

Hence there is no *physical* debt to be handed down; only a bookkeeping or *financial* debt.

Looking further into this financial side, either there is or there is not enough money in Australia to finance the works, which the people physically perform. In the case of public works, if there is enough money in existence it is the clear duty of the State to obtain this by taxation; if there is not enough money, then the Government should *issue* for itself the new money required.

What has actually happened in the case of our internal debt cannot be clearly stated in exact figures. For, in spite of requests, no Government has ever yet published the names and addresses of those from whom we have borrowed. Some portion of the loans does, of course, represent genuine borrowings from those who have saved money, but there is every ground for assuming that by far the greater part of most loans came into the hands of governments as new book-entry money created by the banks. All the banks' own subscriptions to loans are clearly new money, since the banks obtain their holdings by simply writing out checks on themselves—as was seen in last week's broadcast. While even that section booked up in the names of individuals or companies, if obtained by way of bank overdraft (as is commonly done) also represents new money.

Of the £24 millions a year which we pay in taxes as interest on our internal debt, therefore, every penny which goes to the banks is money which they get in return for the simple process of writing a few figures in their ledgers. Of the balance, we may suspect that a large part of the interest paid to individuals by governments is also passed on by them to the same banks as interest on their overdrafts.

Does not the whole ramp justify the term, barefaced swindle?

Next Tuesday night we shall have a look at the overseas debt.

To The Members of the Federal Parliament

Gentlemen,

At a time when ordinary citizens are preparing to take up again the burden of struggling for a livelihood, hoping against hope that 1937 may be more fruitful than 1936, that at least it may pass without a new war in which Australia will be engulfed, what are you doing? What busy programme of national service are you outlining for yourselves? What measures to defeat debt and destitution, to frustrate the war which nobody wants, to distribute to your fellow citizens the plenty which is a positive embarrassment when termed a marketing problem? What is your plan for 1937?

One long holiday on full pay! Parliament, we are told, is to meet for a brief session to deal with whatever position will arise after the March referendum; then it will again go into recess, perhaps assembling finally for a short while before the elections towards the end of the year.

The Ministry, so it is given out, is content to rest on its laurels and to appeal to the people for fresh support on the strength of its past performances. What performances have the Ministry to show except frequent excursions abroad and constant torpor at home? What positive action has the Ministry initiated except action to restrict still further the liberty of the people, to stifle criticism, to entangle Australia in all sorts of overseas obligations for which it had no warrant? In the Abyssinian war the people of Australia were told to keep out of the ring, although they might at any moment have found themselves committed to another 1914. In the Japanese trade war they were told to keep out of the ring; the Ministry was in a delicate position and acting with the most patriotic motives. They kept out of the ring, and awoke the other day to find that the Ministry had had to eat its fire-eating words and to revert to the status quo ante—except that Australia was the loser by a mere £4 millions a year. In the matter of King Edward they were again told to keep out of the ring: they did so, and found that the Ministry, by treachery and deceit, had forced the abdication of the most popular head of the State whom Australia has ever known.

And now the Ministry itself intends to keep out of the ring, hoping that, because the public memory is short, its crimes against the Australian people will have been forgotten before the time for election promises comes round again.

As for you Gentlemen of the Opposition, what record have you to show? The discharge of a few blank cartridges. Nothing more—absolutely nothing. You have been the most complaisant and spineless Opposition that an Australian Parliament has ever known.

And now all you overworked parliamentary gentlemen are going to treat yourselves to another year's holiday! With very few exceptions the lot of you should get, not a holiday, but the summary dismissal accorded to unjust stewards.

THE NEW TIMES

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MELBOURNE (Cont.)

(Continued from page 2.)

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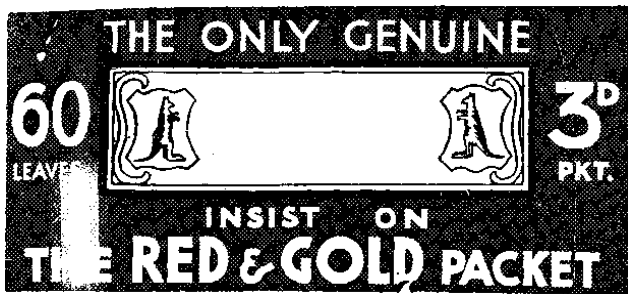
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(Continued on page 7.)



THE NEW TIMES

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Give the Children a Chance

At the annual conference of the Teachers' Federation in Sydney last week a motion was brought forward that corporal punishment in schools be abolished. In spite of the mover correctly referring to the cane as a relic of barbarism and to its use as being generally a cowardly action on the part of teachers, the motion was lost by a majority of about two to one.

A little over a year ago the *New Times* had something to say on this question, and there was quite a hullabaloo about it. The Victorian State schoolteachers in their journal took umbrage, and a great many teachers in the denominational schools expressed keen resentment. For the moment we were content to let it go at that, but it seems to us high time that the responsible authorities took serious action about the whole matter of the conditions under which the education of Australian children is carried out, and particularly in the primary schools.

In the first place the inflicting of physical punishment on children at school is purely and simply barbarism. It is no excuse to say that it has gone on for centuries, or that Solomon recommended it. We have yet to learn that Solomon was a model in his own conduct. For centuries men were allowed by law to assault their wives, and there is no more justification for hitting a child in school than for striking a wife. Physical punishment should be abolished by law from the Australian school curriculum—and it will be abolished if parents take a firm stand. Large numbers of teachers, particularly in the State schools, never use a cane or a strap, and if those who still cling to this barbaric habit were regularly summoned for assault by the

parents of the children concerned, there would soon, with or without legislation, be an end of the practice.

Caning or strapping, however, is only one of the abuses overdue for removal. An even worse evil is the growing habit of extending school hours—to say nothing of excessive homework—under the plea of preparing for examinations. The State schools being under more rigid supervision, the offenders in this respect are principally, if not entirely, the denominational establishments. In the senior classes in these schools, including children from eleven years upwards, it is a commonplace during a large part of the year to have school from nine till five. Morning and afternoon breaks are not infrequently missed under one pretext or another, and even the hour for lunch is often cut into. Towards the end of the year Saturday morning work begins, and we can even produce cases where not only has the whole of Saturday been given to classes, but where the children have actually been asked to come on Sundays! Add to all this heavy home tasks—and are the children slaves, or what are they?

Those who carry the responsibility for this sort of thing may not like to have notice drawn to it. Possibly they may not be aware of what is taking place. If not, we invite them to conduct a searching inquiry. They might be surprised at the results.

Who Wouldn't be a Dog?

On page 1 of the Melbourne *Herald* of December 23 there was a prominent notice, "Free Aid for Injured Dogs." In it the public were informed that arrangements had been made for hospital treatment for all dogs injured during the Christmas holidays, and that from any point within eight miles of the dog hospital free transport would be provided by simply calling a Yellow Cab or by telephoning.

On page 4 of the same issue it was announced that measures were to be adopted by the Children's and the Royal Melbourne Hospitals for dealing with the overcrowded conditions in their outpatients' departments. Briefly, the measures outlined propose to abolish overcrowding by abolishing the patients. In future only those outpatients will be attended to who are old age or invalid pensioners, persons on sustenance, or who can prove that they are indigent. It is proposed also to give only first aid to urgent accident and emergency cases, who will then be told to "see a doctor."

These decisions are the result of a conference between the metropolitan hospitals' management

committees and the council of the British Medical Association. The advice of the B.M.A. would naturally be a foregone conclusion, nor can it be cavilled at, since doctors must live. But what about those patients who receive neither pension nor dole, and yet cannot afford even half a guinea for a doctor? The number of such people is legion, and must always be so while the fixing of wages makes no provision for medical expenses. What are they to do? Ring up a Yellow Cab?

Names, Please!

The crime of shoplifting on a large scale dates from the time when our city stores began to be transformed into Asiatic peddlers' bazaars. If you spread all the wares of your pack out on tables under people's noses you are bound to make a certain number of catch sales, since there is a type of person addicted to picking up oddments at sight, either because "it's a real bargain" or because "it's sure to come in handy sometime." Unfortunately, the practice of throwing everything at the buyer also fascinates another class of person—the one who cannot resist the temptation to pick up unconsidered trifles. (The temptation also at times proves too much for the destitute.)

A great deal of the time of our minor courts is now taken up with hearing charges of shoplifting. But a peculiar method of reporting these cases is developing in our daily press. The name and address of the person charged continues to be given—apparently as a horrible example to others. The name and address of the person or firm laying the charge is, however, now being suppressed. A typical case occurred in the Melbourne *Herald* the other evening under the caption, "12 Cases of Shoplifting in Court." Here are two paragraphs from the report (we omit the personal names and streets):—

"-----, 20, single, waitress, of — St., St. Kilda, admitted having stolen a bracelet and a brooch, valued at 27/4, and a quantity of children's clothing valued at 7/11, from a Bourke Street Store on December 10.

"Her cousin, -----, 19, junior clerk, of the same address, who was with her, admitted having stolen a scent spray valued at 9/11, and children's clothing valued at 7/11."

The penalty in each case was a £10 fine, in default 14 days' imprisonment.

Why, in reporting these cases, did not the *Herald*, instead of "a Bourke Street Store", say "Myer's"—or whatever firm it was that laid the information? Assume it was Myer's, since it is understood that this firm plays a prominent part in such prosecutions, and, although we may be uncharitable, the following line of reasoning suggests itself:

It might be bad for the Myer

THE LAST DAYS OF EDWARD

Watching the Plot Woven

Overseas papers arriving by the mails this week are particularly interesting in their attitude to the matters that preceded the departure of King Edward from the British throne—the English papers by their apparent unawareness that anything of the sort was in the wind, and the United States' journals by their frankness.

Following the U.S. press week by week for months past, it is in the files which have just come to hand that one finds the first allusions to a possible abdication—although, even at that stage, only the chosen few in England had even the faintest inkling of what was being hatched.

The New York weekly review, "Time," with a news service covering many countries, presents

business to have its name appearing in the courts day after day in connection with shoplifting prosecutions. The thousands of people whose financial circumstances drive them into the jostling, elbowing throngs of Myer's "star bargain" rushes know from experience that they have literally to grab goods and hold them, often for several minutes, before the overtaxed staff can deal with them. Put into these people's (mostly women's) heads that Myer's are daily pouncing on people for shoplifting, and many of the customers may stay away. So the newspaper report (by request of a very big advertiser) omits the name of Myer—and other Bourke Street stores—while still printing the full name and address of the delinquent.

This may be an uncharitable view, and we should be glad to have it corrected, but what other explanation fits the case? *Give us the names, please!*

Another aspect of these wholesale shoplifting prosecutions that needs attention is the needless expense to which taxpayers are put by people who do not take proper measures for protecting their own property. If a householder in a busy locality were to tear down his fences and to leave valuables lying jumbled about on his lawns and verandahs he would expect, and get small sympathy or co-operation from the police when things began to disappear. And it is probable that if a thief were caught the Bench would be inclined to take a lenient view of the circumstances and to suggest to the householder that he should not lead people into temptation. It would be hard to imagine a fine of £10, in default 14 days, on a girl of 19 for the theft of goods "valued at" 17/10—and which presumably cost the householder no more than 7/10. Why the difference in favour of the big store? And why should the taxpayer have to foot the bill for courts and gaols when such stores, avaricious for the last penny of catch trade, refuse to take reasonable measures for safeguarding their goods?

a good cross-section of world comment, and we append some extracts from its issue of November 30:—

"ERRAND OF MERCY."

From the West Indies last week the greatest living Welshman, David Lloyd George, cabled home an apology that he was unable to be in South Wales with Edward VIII "on the King's errand of mercy."

His majesty, shortly before leaving London by special train, perturbed the Cabinet by sending for Percy Malcolm Stewart, the uncompromising Scotsman who, as Commissioner for the Special or "Distressed" Areas, wanted to spend so much money on them that his resignation was accepted by Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin. The fact that his Majesty went to South Wales straight from consulting Scotsman Stewart caused the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Neville Chamberlain, to arise in some perturbation and tell an audience at Leeds:—

"It is impossible to contemplate the general prosperity of the country with unalloyed satisfaction when we know that at the same time there are districts to which that prosperity has never penetrated; where hundreds of thousands of men are still unemployed, some of them having been out of work for years, and many of them, the younger ones particularly, who have never known what it was to earn their own living and in whom even the will to work is decaying. Such a deplorable fact afflicts the conscience of the nation and the desire to do something to solve this problem is not confined to any one class or one party."

THE BISHOPS AND ABDICATION.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and other Lords Spiritual and Lords Temporal were reported to have conferred in a private room of the House of Lords last week as to whether, in case King Edward attempts marry twice-divorced Mrs. Simpson, premises of the Church England and one of its pastors should be provided or withheld. To this United Press report, the Associated Press and that suggestions of abdication by his Majesty to marry Mrs. Simpson were welcomed by some of their Lordships with the comment, "Then let him abdicate, by all means, and let's get on with the Duke and Duchess of York"—i.e., as King and Queen.

"WHAT IS THE BRITISH PUBLIC NOT ALLOWED TO SEE?"

Questions to which his Majesty's Government would not reply last week include a barrage from Labor M.P.'s on the subject of the King and Mrs. Simpson.

Miss Ellen Williamson, the tiny member for Jarrow, whose "hunger marchers" have recently been snubbed in London, tackled the Cabinet's wealthy shipping tycoon, President of the Board of Trade Walter Runciman, thus: "Can the President say why, in the case of two American magazines of high repute which have been imported into this country, during the last few weeks at least two and sometimes three pages have been torn out?"

"My department has nothing to do with that," answered President Runciman. When "Wee Ellen" attempted to question the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, who heads the department concerned, Speaker Fitzroy of the House of Commons refused to permit her question. Skating on thin ice, London editors of popular news-organs, still afraid to print the Simpson story, asked their bewildered readers under

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screaming headlines, "WHAT S THIS THING WHICH THE BRITISH PUBLIC IS NOT ALLOWED TO SEE?"

"As a Briton, I am not supposed to know anything about Mrs. Simpson," said Miss Wilkinson off the floor of the House. "I have seen current issues of 'Time' with pages ripped out. Shortly after my question to Mr. Runciman, the parliamentary secretary of one of the Ministers came to me and told me there was no censorship of 'Time.' He told me the pages were torn out in the United States, not in England."

Added Miss Wilkinson with a laugh, "I immediately asked why;—if this were so—the issues reaching subscribers by mail are left untouched?" To this the parliamentary secretary made no answer, but in London some news dealers last week had managed to obtain some uncut copies of "Time" and were in fact bootlegging these to steady British customers. British wholesale news dealers continued to cut out of every arriving U.S. publication every Simpson story.

Members of his Majesty's Loyal Opposition, although prevented by the Speaker from complaining in the House, complained in the lobbies that the Independent Labor party weekly, "New Leader," had been blocked by the Conservative owners of the press on which it is printed from bringing out an editorial entitled, "How Long Will Censorship Be Maintained?"

"American readers may be interested to know the kind of censorship which is applied here," said "New Leader" Editor Archibald Farmer Brockway. "At first the printing company refused to include my editorial because they said it was a breach of faith, but after I insisted they came back and said their solicitors had told them it might constitute 'seditious libel.'"

"From the working class point of view," continued Editor Brockway, "the only issue which is relevant is the rumour that Mrs. Simpson has Fascist sympathies. We do not know whether this is true or not, but it may be of significance in the development of events."

Agreeing with Editor Brockway that the issue of Mrs. Simpson is not in any way a moral one turning upon the number of her divorces, but instead pivots on her politics, James Maxton, M.P., famed shaggy-haired extreme Left Laborite, declared warmly in the lobby of the House: "Finding himself in difficulties with the aristocracy, the King is on a campaign to consolidate his personal popularity

with the masses. "He will win."

"The King's dramatic appearance in Albert Hall on Armistice Night, his review of the fleet and his present tour of Wales are all designed to overcome the vehement objections to a possible marriage from the ruling classes, especially their spokesman, the Archbishop of Canterbury."

THE "TIMES" BOYCOTT

Expecting to occupy the Royal Box, there arrived at the Covent Garden Royal Opera one night last week dashing Prince Arthur of Connaught, son of the venerable Duke of Connaught, who is the only surviving son of Queen Victoria. After a whispered altercation with opera flunkies who insisted, "There is some misunderstanding, your Highness," Prince Arthur and his visibly vexed party were shown into an ordinary box. Reason: Although Mrs. Simpson was seated unobtrusively in the shadowed rear of the Royal Box, she was nonetheless occupying it, in the absence of King Edward in South Wales. With Mrs. Simpson was a large party of whom the ostensible hostess was Maude Alice ("Emerald") Lady Cunard. As usual, stately Lady Cunard was in full sail with her famed cargo of rubies. Mrs. Simpson, who was recently provided with a 750,000 dollar emerald and diamond necklace, wore last week only a new set of diamonds. Next morning London society columns omitted Mrs. Simpson, but named every other occupant of the Royal Box. This sort of malicious snub recently provoked his Majesty personally to write Mrs. Simpson's name in his Court Circular and thus force the London "Times" to print it, but last week Editor Dawson, of the "Times," appeared to be again baiting his King-Emperor.

80 OUT OF 100 FOR THE KING

William Randolph Hearst, still championing a marriage of King Edward and Mrs. Simpson, had his London correspondents stop 100 people last week and ask them whether they were pro or con—a laborious process, since it involved explaining about the King and Mrs. Simpson to British subjects, most of whom have never heard of her. Next day Hearst-papers announced that 80 of the 100 questioned declared themselves in favour of such a match. Hearstmen then queried British officials in every Dominion and in India without finding any who cared to go on record as opposed to a marriage of the King-Emperor and Wallis Warfield Simpson.

THE BANK OF 2034 A.D.

A Day in the Life of an Officer

By P. & B., in "Savings Weekly."

Basil was running late; it was 9 o'clock, and he was just cranking up his airtaxi to start the 60-mile trip to the office. He would have to "step on it" to be in by 9.30, and he again questioned within himself the worth of living at Warragul. After all was not the freshness and openness of less benefit than a short run to the city? Why not stay at Berwick one of the inner suburbs, where George and Jack resided, and so dispense with the inescapable morning rush? Still, he was not as far out as some—Doug, recently shifted to Sale, goodness knows why! He wasted a good two hours a day, not to mention running costs.

Basil got away with a perfect take-off, and, with the engine running smoothly, he was making good time, when he spotted Reg., running fast to catch a train. He could see that Reg. had no hope, so he landed to pick him up, muttering to himself that men should be prohibited from marrying unless they could afford an autogyro of some kind. But, then, if there were no train passengers, how would the railways pay? Off again, and he was soon approaching the city proper and its confounded traffic code and air cops, who seemed always set on causing irritating delays. But he was not impeded, until, near the Yarra, he ran into a stream of heavily laden air trucks, carting materials to and from the work on the river, which was being restored to its pristine glory in anticipation of the Second Centenary of Melbourne. "Odds fish!" said Reg. "Fancy those twentieth century cads spending a fortune on boulevards and artificial beautification. They should have roofed in the railway yards and rebuilt the slums, instead of leaving those jobs as legacies to us."

Basil was so busy watching the workmen beneath that he failed to see an airbus approaching at right angles. He dented his bumper bars and broke a headlight, but, luckily, no air cops were about to make a fuss. On reaching Flinders Street he had to climb to 2000 feet to pass the regulation 1000 feet above the buildings. From this height they could see all the private landing places, and their labels. Star Bargain's building and roof arcade was the largest, Half Crown Store and 9-hole golf course was a close second and then ranged Bank Block. The latter had a clear area, bounded by Bourke, Little Collins, Queen and Elizabeth Streets, and it was filling up now with the arrival of the staff. "It must have been funny a few decades ago before they built those roof offices," said Reg. "Frightfully inconvenient for airmen to have to go down 100 floors to lodge or draw their cash."

Reg. and Basil made their way to the invisible ray clock, which recorded the time of their arrival. They were 30 seconds late, and the clock uttered to Reg. in a stern voice, "No. 6287B, second time this week, eighth for the month, and twentieth for this financial year." Basil's record was not so bad. Each person was known by a number, and wore an identification disc, it being many years since surnames were used. The trouble was that all surnames, except Jones, Smith, Brown and Robinson, died out, and obviously some other system had to be devised.

Our two friends went together down the escalator into the interior of the building. The scene was terrifying beyond imagination. Here was a gigantic, automatic, self-adding, self-posting, self-checking, self-questioning, and self-answering monster, which performed 99 per cent, of the routine office work. Coins, notes, cheques, etc., went in on one side, and, after being sorted, counted, cleaned, washed and polished, out they were shot on the opposite side. Reg. took his appointed place at this machine and prepared to receive the customers, who soon started to arrive, leaving their helicopters in the clients' park, and floating clown in parachutes to the required floor.

Basil continued on his way, and greeted the few members of the staff whom he met. There were not many about, because the service was only a little larger than 100 years before. But the officers, in common with all other employees, profited by the efficiency of the machines; a 24-hour week, worked in the three days of eight hours each, gave abundant leisure, and enabled men to enjoy a weekly break of three or four days—sufficiently long to allow a shopping jaunt to London or Paris. Only half the staff worked at once, and, as each day some officers completed their week's work, others were called up to take their places. Basil soon reached his office, with its imposing array of adders, dividers, subtractors, extractors, square-rooters, etc. Here, indeed, was the clearing-house of the institution, the focal point where were co-ordinated all of the multifarious activities of the Bank. Without Basil and his highly trained co-workers, the rest of the community could not function. All banking was under socialised control, and credit, etc., was determined according to price levels, and index numbers of wealth and production, and other relevant factors. The rich had to pay their surplus funds into the bank, which credited each person's account with a share, decided by a novel yet technical scheme. In addition, all wages, irrespective of the earner's occupation, were paid by crediting these accounts, the system in vogue many years before for paying Head Office salaries having been extended to include all employees in the community.

Let us leave Basil at his calculations, and inspect some of the other sections of the bank. Working conditions were revolutionary—television had many uses, and formed a most convenient means for depositors. It was invaluable for country visitors, who happened to be down to their last "bean," after losing their shirts on "certs." Much time and many words of explanation were saved. To enable this system to function, each depositor was photographed when he opened his account, and every two years he had to call for a new snap to be taken. "Making up" rooms were provided for those so disposed. Further, no reason existed for inspectors to travel throughout the length and breadth of the continent; they

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merely tuned in their televisions to the branch desired, and checked the cash, ledgers, postages and other multitudinous items needing verification. Television was most disquieting to branch officers, who complained of lack of privacy, as they dared not smoke in the office, or talk for long periods over counter or telephone to their pretty "cousins." However, this inquisitive surveillance was not feared enough to prevent human nature from taking its traditional course.

The Thought machine was a grim, ingenious contraption, absolutely indispensable, and uncanny in its perception of ulterior motives. No confidence man was proof against its detecting apparatus, and no junior could hope to conceal a faked previous balance, go hatless, or attempt to profess his lack of knowledge of the whereabouts of a missing nib or postage stamp. Furthermore, the old excuse for a half-holiday—to attend a relative's funeral—was easily disposed of.

Invisible rays protected all cash, securities, and other valuable property, and caused managers more trouble and worry than the old-time combination locks. Frequently the police were called by the ringing of alarm bells, only to find that contact with the ray had been made by a wandering mouse, or a crayfish staggering home before the party preparations started.

To save time and energy, and to provide scientifically correct meals, the staff were fed at their posts by means of the cafetube. The kitchen could be compared with a pneumatic tube exchange, with a pipe leading away to each officer, and an elaborate chart, nearby, prescribing his diet. Thus were conveyed the tomato soup, sausages, sprouts and sago, or as the case might be. The joy of masticating a juicy steak or tender cutlet was unknown, because they would not fit in the tube, and one was often liable to taste two courses at once if the first were at all sticky or "strong. One day the tripe was too rich, and, after partaking of the oyster trifle which followed too closely, nearly half the staff collapsed.

Nevertheless, taking everything into consideration, life in 2034 was not too bad—there was ample time to gossip, and argue, and court the female staff, with out allowing the office work to intrude too much upon such refreshingly pleasurable activities.

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A Letter to the Editor from BRUCE H. BROWN

Sir,—

Another Christmas season has come and gone, and once again we have had an avalanche of words about peace and goodwill. Year after year we talk of these things, but year after year we see little concerted effort as a community to put them into practice. Two institutions are largely responsible for this. They are the Press and the Church.

Every Christmas we see our newspapers full of references to the festive spirit and using superlative adjectives to make each one appear better than the last, while many of us listen to sermons in the churches about the Prince of Peace and the wonder of His message. Coincident with all this, however, we still continue to see increasing poverty in the midst of great material abundance. The Press and the Church could have this state of affairs rectified almost overnight, and there could be no greater indictment against both of them than the fact that they stand mute in this particular respect while the condition of the people goes from bad to worse. Half as much energy from these two institutions in prosecuting the demand for the abolition of poverty as was produced for the abdication of the King would accomplish something really worth while, and would secure for them a great deal more respect than they now enjoy.

WHAT TRUTH WOULD SAY

If the Press were as truthful as it professes, its columns would be telling the people the facts of the money swindle and how it is operated to keep them chronically poor, and if the Church were as sincere as it pretends it would be in the very forefront of the battle against the oligarchy controlling the nation's money. Instead of this, we see the Press and the Church actually combining to patch up human wreckage strewn about by the money swindle while the swindle itself is permitted to continue its wrecking unmolested.

Leading clergymen who take a prominent part in public appeals

for charity and yet never publicly denounce the flaw in the money system which gives rise to the need for such appeals are allowing themselves to be used in the service of Mammon, for the greater the response to these charitable appeals the surer the immunity from exposure the swindle will have.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

Jesus did not say, "Blessed are the peace-preachers." He said, "Blessed the *peace-makers*," and making means *doing*. The dove of peace would get a poor reception in a house of poverty, and a little Christmas charity is not much use to empty stomachs and cold bodies after Christmas. Peace depends on incomes, and incomes are a question of *money*. Any movement in the name of peace, which does nothing to ensure the economic security of the people through regular incomes, is therefore doomed to failure. It is quite useless to preach peace unless we also "pursue it."

The Rev. Palmer Phillips has just returned from the International Peace Congress, which was held in Brussels during September last. He is patently keen on world peace and I hope his efforts will be productive of more good than I believe possible. He delivered his "report" of the proceedings to a good audience at the Independent Church Collins Street, Melbourne, on December 15, and made special reference to the attitude of the Press and the objectives of the Congress. Unfortunately there was no opportunity for discussion, and questions were not invited.

IGNORED BY THE PRESS.

In regard to the Press, I feel sure no thoughtful member of the audience was in the least surprised to hear that the Congress had been ignored by the British Press. Was it reasonable to expect an institution that can thrive only on sensationalism and strife to make a fuss about peace? Wars, murders, riots, mutinies, or even abdications are boons to the Press, and most of these would be things of the past if we had peace and goodwill.

If there is nothing startling to report then it is necessary to concoct something, for these are the means by which newspapers increase their circulation and thus enhance their value for advertising purposes. If they cannot command the advertisements, they cannot continue to function, and newspapers therefore fashion their policy to attract advertisements, knowing full well that a condition in which people were secure and free would materially weaken interest in many of the organisations which provide the most remunerative advertisements under existing conditions. As things are, the different sections of the community are forced into cutthroat competition with each other, all trying to obtain a sufficiency of money from a totally inadequate community supply. While this condition continues peace and goodwill cannot extend. Neither the Press nor the Church has so far attacked this criminal inadequacy of money, but both prate about peace and goodwill as though they were entirely independent of the circumstances in which the people are obliged to live.

From the abdication and the Peace Congress we have seen how, through misrepresentation on the one hand and suppression on the other, the Press brings about the atmosphere appropriate to the ends of its owners. Open discussion of the aims and sentiments of the Peace Congress might have occasioned greater opposition to the designs of the armaments manufacturers, and the publication of the true reasons for the issue of the ultimatum to the King might have led to a far different "verdict" at the hands of the people. And both would have been opposed to the interests of Finance.

THE "ASSOCIATED PRESS."

All the daily papers are members of what is called "The Associated Press," and Sir Keith Murdoch has made the public statement that this organisation centers upon the public a cable service "of unquestioned veracity, completeness and authority." He went on to say that highly trained journalists in London "collect and prepare British and European news" and that in selecting news sources "only the most dependable newspapers are chosen." The news is not only "prepared," you see, but is limited to what appears in the "most dependable" journals. In these cases, "dependable" means approved by the financial oligarchy—i.e. by the instigators and beneficiaries of wars and depressions.

WHAT A BRITISH AMBASSADOR SAID

Some idea of how the Press is used is given us by the documents received at the hands of the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British Ambassador to the United States from 1914 to 1917. He soon discovered to his embarrassment how the policy of the newspapers was dictated by the money controllers. Permit me to quote two brief extracts, as follows:—

1. "... The German-Jewish bankers are toiling in a solid phalanx to compass our destruction. One by one they are getting hold of the principal New York papers, and I was told today that the *New York Times* ... has been practically acquired" by Kuhn, Loeb and Company and Schiff, the arch-Jew ..."

2. "The Jewish bankers are supreme. One by one the Jews are capturing the principal newspapers and bringing them over ... to the German side."

Coming nearer home, we have the spectacle of the Governor of the Bank of England, who is the financial dictator of the British Empire, actually sitting on the board of control of the *London Times* (one of the "most dependable" sources!), with his brother in charge of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

These are the so-called mirrors of public opinion and the channels through which most of the taradiddle about peace and goodwill is disseminated once a year. And yet Sir Keith Murdoch tells us that the Press is truthful, complete and authoritative! While the Rev. Palmer Phillips evinced surprise that his world-shaking Congress should have been so ignored! Perhaps this was part of his awakening.

A FUTILE CONGRESS

Then there was the programme adopted by the Congress. It consisted of four points, as follows:—

1. Sanctity of treaties.
2. Limitation of armaments.
3. Collective security through the League of Nations.
4. Greater elasticity within the League.

In the course of a brief commentary on this programme, he said that no nation should determine its internal policy independently of the conditions in other countries, and that it was our duty to convert governments and members of Parliament to the acceptance of the programme set out by the Congress.

As to the programme itself, when we remember that all wars arise from unsatisfactory economic conditions; that economic conditions are governed by financial conditions; that financial conditions are determined by an oligarchy operating outside government control; and that not one of the four points of the programme, or the whole four together, could possibly convert an insufficiency of money into a sufficiency, or could do anything towards giving the people incomes equal to their production, we see a once how really futile the Congress must prove to have been.

If financial conditions remain under the control and dictation of non-government authority and financial conditions continue to govern all other conditions, how in the name of common sense can world peace be secured by the sanctity of treaties, by the limitation of arms, by collective security (whatever that may mean) or by greater elasticity within the League? The League itself is the product of the finance controllers, and up to now it has been used entirely for the advancement of their interests. So long as this state of affairs continues, the people will be kept short of money, and the seeds of domestic difficulties and international strife continuously sown. Under a system, which generates costs and debts faster than it distributes money, war is inevitable. In the face of this, unless the members of the Peace Congress are, ready to devote their time, their abilities, their physical energies, and, if need be, their lives in the fight for the establishment of financial conditions which will guarantee a regular income, economic security and personal freedom for every citizen, then they must resign themselves

to the continuance and intensification of the shocking conditions which now besmirch the earth.

"—THE ENDS OF THE EARTH."

The idea that we should do nothing to improve conditions in our own country until other countries are ready to fall into line is quite unworthy of Christian minister. If this were applied it would mean that the private controllers of the nation's money would have even greater power over us than is now the case. Australian money is made in Australia, and it is Australian money the Australian people must use to make Australian purchases. It does not matter two hoots what any other country may do, there is nothing in the world to prevent our having the quantity of Australian money made equal to the production of Australian goods in Australia by Australian men and women. It is the fact that the quantity of their own money is not equal to our production that causes all the distress in the community, and it is decidedly mischievous for a well-meaning man like Mr. Phillips to suggest that that is a matter upon which outsiders should be consulted.

PARLIAMENT AND PEOPLE

As to the "conversion" of the Governments, that idea suggests a serious misconception of the basis of government in this country. The People are supreme, and do not have to coax or persuade. It is their function to tell Parliament what they want, and if Parliament fails to produce what the people have instructed them to produce, then it is for the people to change their parliamentary representatives. Parliament has only to instruct its financial experts to improve the financial machinery and the machinery will be improved, and all that is necessary to secure permanent peace in Australia is for the people unitedly to call upon the commonwealth Parliament to abolish poverty by seeing that all citizens are assured of regular incomes.

No country whose citizens enjoy economic security would have anything to do with a war of aggression, and if they should ever find themselves in the position of having to resist an invader they would not only have the means with which to do it but would actually have something to defend. Consequently every person who is genuinely anxious for peace and who desires to see goodwill in practice should join immediately in the movement seeking to unite the people in a demand for the abolition of poverty. That is a movement in which the Press, the Church, the Peace Congress, and everyone of goodwill can actively associate for the common good, and I earnestly commend this to the Rev. Palmer Phillips and his co-workers in the cause of peace.

—Yours faithfully,

BRUCE H. BROWN

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NUFFIELD'S TWO MILLIONS

The announcement that Lord Nuffield, formerly Mr. Morris, the maker of motorcars, who instantly reminds us that he started in business with a financial capital of £5, has given away yet a couple more millions, provides ground for quite a number of reflections.

In the first place it is significant that this gentleman should have chosen for his latest munificence the distressed areas in Wales. These were the areas last visited by King Edward before his "abdication," and it was to their people he promised that something would be done for them, and done quickly. It is at least peculiar that Nuffield should have been chosen by, let us say, Providence, to be the instrument of the first slight alleviation of their conditions, and hardly less peculiar that "Providence" should have inspired him to accompany his gift with pointed praise for King Edward's successor. Added to which, if we remember aright.

There cannot be lasting peace and goodwill as long as we tolerate a financial system which decrees that the greater portion of the world's population shall live in destitution, or from hand to mouth, while plenty abounds on every hand, to say nothing of the capacity of science to multiply production almost without limit; nor while the financial system decrees that millions, who would otherwise be unemployed, can only be employed by manufacturing armaments for the purpose of destroying each other.

—From the Christmas issue editorial of the "Railways Officer" (Melbourne)

It was recently stated that Lord Nuffield was not proposing to make any more of his spectacular and well advertised benefactions for some time to come. Were we not assured that Britain is quiet, peaceful, prosperous and contented under its new ruler (in spite of Lloyds' 15 to 20 guineas per cent, premiums for insurance against postponement of the Coronation), it might also be imagined that the Nuffield gift was prompted from quarters not far distant from Downing and Threadneedle Streets.

"WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM?"

Again, this giving away of millions to Universities, millions to the poor, admirable as it is in itself, prompts the question: Whence did Lord

Presumably from the sale of his cars. And is it possible for one man, within comparatively few years, to become many times a millionaire, and to do so honestly? It is not suggested that Lord Nuffield has broken any of the recognised statutes of England, but *can* a manufacturer spring from nothing to the status of a multi-millionaire in so short a time without giving a raw deal somewhere? Is there not a reasonable basis for arguing either that the price of Morris vehicles to the public has been extortionate, or alternately that the Morris workers have been deprived of their fair share of the profits of production, or perhaps both? Are there not grounds for thinking that the money given as *benevolence* to the destitute would more aptly have been distributed in the past as a *just wage* to workers, saving them, perhaps, from present destitution?

NATIONAL DIVIDEND IDEA

But in spite of this criticism, even if it be reinforced by the consideration that Lord Nuffield has still a far bigger income than he could ever hope to spend on himself, it would be churlish to deny him the credit for what is, after all, a voluntary offering of a huge sum (if money to relieve distress. And it is most appropriate that it should go to unemployed coal miners. Nuffield, maker of machines to dispense with coal, distributes part of the profit of the machine to those it displaces — something of the National Dividend idea.

The Bank of England did this more directly when it was recently replacing a large number of its staff with bookkeeping machines. Only the Bank offered each person put off an income for life, and the Bank did it with new money. In that case the money was of the Bank's own creation; in the case of Nuffield he had first to get it. But how easy it would be in every such case for the money to be provided nationally as a part of government policy. Money sufficient to remove from everybody the fear of destitution; money sufficient to enable the distribution, at fair prices, of those goods which are now a problem, which have to be destroyed, restricted, or sold at less than a reasonable profit.

There is no just reason in the world why governments should not supply money in this way without leaving it to the Nuffields and Normans to step into the

ZAHAROFF, THE MERCHANT OF DEATH!

(From "The Railways Officer.")

" 'Tis a mad world, my masters." The story of the life of Basil Zaharoff, as revealed since his death, must surely bring to the ordinary work-a-day citizen a realisation of the fools' paradise in which the peoples of the world live and move and have their being.

No event in recent years has so demonstrated the fallacy of war, or brought to the surface the reason for war and the means by which it is promoted. Powerful publicity has been given to the facts of the reason for war in many books and much literature of various kinds, but an unthinking public is inclined to be incredulous of the contributions of such writers, and to dismiss them as ill-considered opinions of disordered minds.

Zaharoff's death, however, has concentrated some attention upon a character who played a tragic part in the lives of many millions of many nations.

It seems strange to contemplate that this fiend in human form played so prominent a part in thousands of Australian homes, in spite of the fact, it is fairly safe to conjecture, that his existence was unknown to fully ninety-nine per cent, of the people of this country. And yet no more inhuman monster ever existed. The irony of the whole thing is that he bore the title of a Knight of the British Empire and a French Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Be it said to our shame that these titles were conferred upon him for the "valiant" part he played in what Fenner Brockway so aptly terms "The Bloody Traffic" in his powerful book under that title. How few people there are in Australia who for upwards of eighteen years have carried a sorrow indelible in their hearts who realise to what extent this British Knight, born in Greece, brought up in Turkey, and a citizen of every country in which he plied his nefarious trade, contributed to that sorrow, and all — as Fenner Brockway terms him — because he was the "Model Salesman." A salesman trafficking in the sale of instruments of war — in the blood and bodies of his fellowmen.

It is to men of this type that the world owes its troubles — mischief makers, acquisitive, unscrupulous individuals, whose whole life is one long effort at self aggrandisement, and it is to serve the diabolical ends of this type that the flower of the youth of nations of the world mobilise themselves to another.

Every young man, in every country, should in fairness to himself be presented with a copy of "The Bloody Traffic" for his edification.

This indisputable evidence is that armament firms and financiers know no territorial boundaries, are actuated by no patriotic motives, and have no higher ambition than the amassing of great wealth.

They supply all nations, and all nations use their products one against the other. What matter that hearts be broken, children orphaned, that through the long, weary post-war years men should lie helpless, cursing the Zaharoffs and their tribe, as they exist

through a living death — monuments to the ghastly system of war, which provides millions for the financiers and the manufacturers of armaments.

That they do mean millions the life of Zaharoff proves, and in this day and generation, millions mean power. So nations must be supplied with arms, and having arms, what more natural than that they should use them?

If disinclined to do so, bribery and propaganda will soon have the necessary effect. Armaments are made for war, and if there be no wars armament manufacturers would soon be out of business, so the Zaharoffs of the world see to it that wars happen, and, being cosmopolitan in their outlook, they oblige every country in the world by supplying them with everything most modern in "The Bloody Traffic."

What, we wonder, would the mothers of our nation do if they realised that those sons whom they brought into the world under such tribulation, whom they nurtured through adolescence, whom they parted from with a feeling that their very hearts had been torn out, were killed, by armaments and munitions supplied to a so-called enemy by manufacturers of arms in their own country? What can they think when, prejudice having been laid aside, they visualise a poor lad's body hung for days on barbed wire entanglements manufactured not in "his enemy country," but by the country on whose side he was fighting; that poor body lacerated and torn to shreds by shot and shell, manufactured and supplied in the same way, and fired from guns manufactured and supplied in similar manner!

Are we sane? Is this world mad? Is this twentieth century civilisation inflicted with megalomania? The world today is a neighbourhood. Men live side by side because science has eliminated space; abundance abounds on all sides; everything to provide contentment and happiness could be made available to all; and yet, war — the murder of one's fellowmen — is practically the only arbiter in differences in our relationships.

Surely in this age of science, of abundance, of practically universal high mental development, two thousand years after the birth of the Prince of Peace, whose advent the whole world is now celebrating; surely, man is not so barren of reason and logic as to imagine this sort of thing need continue. Surely the Zaharoffs and people of that ilk are not for long to be allowed to batten on the youth of the world, and wax wealthy and powerful by engulfing them in "The Bloody Traffic!"

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(Continued from page 3.)

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1. There is obvious and acute poverty.
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3. There is a general feeling of fear and insecurity. Individuals fear the loss of their jobs, which means the loss of their incomes. Businesses fear the loss or shrinkage of their markets, which means the loss or shrinkage of their incomes. Nations fear one another. The whole world fears war.
4. The shops are full of goods, which the shopkeepers want to sell to the public who want them but cannot afford them.
5. The factories are full of goods, which the manufacturers want to sell to the shopkeepers.
6. The transport undertakings, and all who provide service want to sell service.
7. Each nation has so much goods and services that it strives to export the "surplus" to foreign markets.
8. There are not enough buyers to provide the markets that nations, businesses or individuals need in order to get rid of their goods and services.
9. Goods and services can be produced in abundance—the very things EVERYONE WANTS. There is such plenty for all that NO ONE NEED GO SHORT. Thus poverty today is a crime, which need not be.
10. The FIRST thing to be done, therefore, is for the people to DEMAND, CLEARLY AND UNITEDLY, access to all the available goods and services they want; in other words, to demand monetary or other claims which will enable those who want them to enjoy the goods and services that are now being wasted or restricted.
11. These goods and services that are now being wasted, or restricted in production, are UNUSED NATIONAL WEALTH that the people of the nation would like to have distributed to them.
12. Everyone hates waste, especially when there is unnecessary poverty because of it. THE DISTRIBUTION OR DIVIDING UP OF THIS UNUSED NATIONAL WEALTH is what everyone wants—it would be a NATIONAL DIVIDEND—and NO ONE need be the poorer for it; ALL would benefit by it.
13. It is fatal to argue about causes, remedies, parties, persons or methods, because universal agreement is impossible on these matters. It is imperative to DEMAND, clearly and unitedly, THE RESULT THAT THE PEOPLE WANT—described above—on which THERE IS UNIVERSAL AGREEMENT.
14. Union is strength; when all the people are united in demanding the same thing—and that thing is possible—their strength will be irresistible, and THEY WILL GET WHAT THEY WANT.
15. The demand must be made in such a way that prices and taxes are not allowed to increase. No one need lose in this age of plenty.
16. It is up to the people themselves to realise these obvious things, to put aside the futility of party politics, and to demand that the persons who are paid to represent them in Parliament shall urgently instruct (not beg) the Government to carry out the WILL OF THE PEOPLE.
17. This is the simple means of solving the Great Universal Problem of Poverty in the Midst of Plenty, and the Root Cause of War. The time for action before the next Great War is short; the matter is desperately urgent.
18. It is up to you. You have some faith in yourself and in your fellows. Even if it is only as a grain of mustard seed, when all are united it will move the mountain of plenty to the door of all who want to enjoy it.

THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

"It cannot be beyond the power of man so to use the vast resources of the world as to ensure the material progress of civilisation. No diminution in these resources has taken place. On the contrary, discovery, invention and organisation have multiplied their possibilities to such an extent that abundance of production has itself created new problems."

DEMAND NATIONAL DIVIDENDS FOR ALL!

National Dividends are Money to Buy Goods that are Now Destroyed, and Production that is Now Restricted

THE BATTLES OF PROGRESS

(Continued from page 2.)

and bread crumbs. Poor Harvey suffered abuse and the medical men of his time did their best to foment public feeling against him—people regarded him as a lunatic. His discoveries, however, marked the end of the dark days of medicine and the beginning of a new era.

All the prejudice and obstruction and jealousy of the profession to which he belonged were

powerless to hold back the efforts of Jenner to prove that by vaccination people would be immune from smallpox. The first human being to be vaccinated was his own son, a touching testimony to Jenner's faith in his own discovery.

When Sir James Young Simpson fought to vanquish pain on the operating table, by the administration of chloroform, many of the B.M.A.'s ancestors regarded anaesthetics as an invention of the devil, but it didn't prevent them from trying to rob him of the honour of his discovery.

Pasteur, the son of a humble tanner, proved himself one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever known. He was vilified in public and private, but he fought his detractors by thinking out the most brilliant experiments to prove that he was right and they were wrong. "Find the germ," preached Pasteur, and the big guns of science were turned on him—but the trainers of the guns are forgotten, while this genius shines out as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

When Lister attended Pasteur's jubilee in Paris in 1892, as the delegate of Great Britain, and paid his tribute to the Genius of France, Pasteur led him to the platform and embraced him, while the delegates wept and applauded.

Why should a scratch, a tiny wound, destroy the miracle of life? This was the question, which Joseph Lister set himself to answer. Lister sought to save life by waging war on germs and persevered in his methods, treating with silent contempt the men who tried to deprive the world of antiseptics—Lister won!

Honoured by a peerage, revered by all thoughtful people, and as the American Ambassador said at a banquet given to Lord Lister by the Royal Society: "My Lord, it is not a profession, it is not a nation, it is humanity itself which, with uncovered head, salutes you."

The foregoing deals with only a few of the outstanding benefactors of the past, who were ridiculed and abused by those who should have known better. We have, unfortunately, the same type of

static minded fools with us today, in every phase of economy, spragging the efforts of all those who dare to suggest a change to improve the mental or bodily conditions of humanity.

Major Douglas, the greatest financial genius of the age, offers a simple cure for the world-wide man-made malady from which we are suffering today, but owing to the stupidity and utter selfishness of our readers, coupled with our own ignorance of the issue and control of credit, we put up with the disease and hope for the best, rather than apply a little common-sense and enjoy the happiness that would ensue, and incidentally do away with the cause of war.

Don't be a satellite—Spark up for yourself! Assist and encourage in every way those who are striving to improve the conditions under which you live, and leave the world a little better for those who come after you. Don't let it be said in 1950 that we wallowed in the mud of misery in 1936 and deliberately refused to get out to enjoy the superabundance of wealth and beauty, which surrounded us.

CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL ON THE MONEY POWER

The present Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, better known as John Buchan, the novelist, in his book, "A Prince of the Captivity," wrote in 1932 (before he got his title):—

"... There is a great and potent world, which the governments do not control. That is the world of finance, the men who guide the ebb and flow of money. With them rests the decision whether they will make that river a beneficent flood to quicken life, or a dead glacier, which freezes wherever it moves, or a torrent of burning lava to submerge and destroy. The men who control that river have the ultimate word. Now most of them mean well, but they do not see far, and they are not very clever; therefore they are at the bidding of any man who is long sighted and a master of strategy. Such a man has the future of the world—the immediate future—in his hands."

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