

"THE BLOOD OF THE  
INNOCENT IS ON THEIR  
HANDS!"  
(See page 8)

# THE NEW TIMES

THE "NEW TIMES"  
IS OBTAINABLE  
AT ALL AUTHORISED  
NEWSAGENTS.

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Vol. 3. No. 7.

MELBOURNE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1937.

Every Friday, 3d

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# CASEY'S GOSPEL OF DESPAIR

## AND

# The U.E.A.'s Message of Hope

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(Continued on page 3)

# Young Men To Fight, And Old Men To Pay Taxes

## Federal Treasurer Casey Pictures Our Future BUT HE'S OFF TO LONDON HIMSELF

Once again the Federal Treasurer, R. G. Casey, has selected Wesley Church, Melbourne, as a centre from which to preach the gospel according to the canons of sound finance. And from there on Sunday afternoon—perhaps because the Lenten season was at hand—he clothed his thoughts in sackcloth and ashes, and uttered words of woe and desolation.

"Are we," he asked, "in a state of preparation to defend Australia and play a part in defending the British Empire? It would be a brave man who would say we are . . . We will have to wake up our young men to a sense of their responsibility to the Australian

happen that we shall see their nightmare dreams come true.

### THE TRUE PICTURE

Had Mr. Casey painted Australia in its true colours, he might have said something like this:

"We are living in one of the most richly endowed countries on earth. Men are yet alive whose fathers were born about the time white settlement began in this land, and what a marvellous, what a stupendous transformation has taken place since! But the changes of the last 150 years are as nothing to what we may look forward to in the next. And these latter can be accomplished without the hardships that beset the pioneers, and without a tenth of their physical effort. For man in the meantime has learnt how to harness the sun, how to utilise the stored-up energy of millions of years, how to shift his burden on to the back of the machine.

"Gone forever is any likelihood of war. Gone forever is the fear of poverty. Now at last we can enter upon an age of goodwill, of peace and of happiness."

Is this picture as rosy a dream as that which Mr. Casey painted was gloomy?

It is within the power of a single Federal parliament to make it an actuality, and it is within the power

### THE 1937 PARADE

The Prime Minister (Mr. Lyons) will have a personal staff of three on his trip to the coronation and Imperial Conference. His wife and probably his eldest daughter, Sheila, will accompany him. The main delegation party will leave Melbourne on March 30 on the Orama, and will comprise Mr. Lyons, his private secretary (Mr. Irvine Douglas), an assistant secretary (Mr. Jon Swanson), his confidential stenographer (Miss E. Lenihan), the secretary of the Prime Minister's Department (Mr. F. Strahan), the Commonwealth Solicitor-General (Mr. G. S. Knowles), the secretary of the External Affairs Department (Mr. W. R. Hodgson), the assistant secretary of the Defence Department (Mr. Shedden), and the assistant secretary of the Commerce Department (Mr. E. McCarthy).

The Minister for Defence (Sir Archdale Parkhill) will accompany Mr. Lyons, and possibly Lady Parkhill will go. The Treasurer (Mr. Casey) and Mrs. Casey will leave Melbourne for London on February 16.

—Melbourne "Sun."

of electors to force parliament to do so.

For let us look again at what R. G. Casey says we need.

### MEN.

Do we need men?

We have hundreds of thousands of men today who are either idle because no one hath hired them, or who are doing quite unnecessary work from which they could at once be released for better purposes. We have, apart from those classified as unemployed, the vast army of those who duplicate services, especially in the physical distribution of goods and in the collection of payments. Probably half of our total male population could so be released. During the war, even with our population of twenty years ago, we released hundreds of thousands of our fittest men and employed countless others in servicing the most wholesale plan of destruction ever devised—yet during that same period our production of wealth went up by leaps and bounds. And science has made possible today what was hardly dreamed of even in 1914.

As for the future supply of men, there is such abundance today, such a capacity to store against lean years, that none should be afraid to marry and bring up as large a family as they wish.

### MONEY.

Do we need money?

All the money used in Australia is made in Australia. A small part of it consists of metal tokens and pieces of printed paper. Most of it consists of bookkeeping entries in financial ledgers, the adjustment of which is arranged by little written messages to the ledger keepers.

There is no difficulty to a sovereign government in adjusting the supply of any of these things to

### AUSTRALIAN PROGRESS IN CIVILISATION

For the first time in the history of Australian architecture a bombproof shelter has been incorporated in the design of a Melbourne home.

—"Herald," February 6.

meet national requirements for internally produced goods and services.

As for things, which come from peoples abroad, they are a matter of bartering. The bartering may be reckoned in terms either of their money or of our money, but its continuance depends upon their desire to receive our goods and our desire to receive their goods—which is a matter of markets.

### MARKETS.

What is the position of our markets?

Australian producers have at home a market, which has not yet absorbed a fraction of what it genuinely desires to absorb.

In a few lines, such as wool, this market, even if satiated, would not absorb more than perhaps a quarter of the supplies annually produced. But our neighbours overseas are clamouring for Australian wool, and are bidding one against the other to offer us in exchange ever-growing quantities of their own products, and largely products which either we do not produce at all or which, through their local circumstances or acquired skill, they can produce with far less effort than would be required for us to do the same.

There is every prospect of those markets expanding to the point where every need or desire of our own folk for goods or travel could be met. And if we ever pass that point, then we can allow ourselves

more time for the activities of leisure and less for those of "work."

### DEFENCE.

We don't need to worry about defence unless we have to worry about an enemy. And in view of the state of our markets there is no enemy. An enemy, in national terms, is someone who wants what you have and who sees no easier way of getting it than by making war upon you.

Thus Japan wants our wool. But it is far more easy and pleasant for Japan to make rayon and exchange it for our wool than to make war and take our wool. And the same thing applies in other cases.

### WHICH PICTURE?

This is a true picture of Australia's immediate future, as physical facts would determine it.

Mr. Casey's picture is a grotesque distortion.

Why, then, is it possible or probable that his reading of our

### WHO'S WHO?

In England the desire of a large number of people owning Jewish names to disown them is one of the principal factors accounting for the perennial briskness of the name-changing market. Already this year there has been a pretty big turnover of Cohens. Among the new names they have chosen, according to records in the Enrolment Office at the Law Courts, are:—

Kaye, Hodgson, Maxwell, Cowen, Collins, Castle, Storn, Henston, Colne, Williams, Curtis, Cowan, Coates, Gordon.

Isaacs have preferred, in 1936, to become Andrew, Essex, Irvine, and Iredale.

Sometimes the transaction is a gentle one, as in Rabinovitch to Robinson; sometimes it is rich and strange, like Zeischang into Alexander.

—Melbourne "Herald," Feb. 6.

horoscope—which should be as wide of the mark as the Aspro year book on King Edward—may work out more accurate than ours?

Simply because Mr. Casey and other parliamentarians are not facing up to facts. They are mesmerised with symbols themselves—"money not coming in fast enough - from overseas," and so on—and are trying to put us into a similar trance.

The remedy is for the Australian people to say to such servants: "Here are the facts. Act upon them. Give us the results, which the facts justify. If you don't, out you go—and quickly."

Try that, and watch Mr. Casey change his tune.

## "NO" REFERENDUM

THE ELECTORS IN THE VARIOUS DISTRICTS WILL HAVE THE

### "NO" CASE

PLACED BEFORE THEM NEXT WEEK AS UNDER:

TOWN HALL, RICHMOND,	Mon. 15th February.
TOWN HALL, NORTHCOTE,	Tues. 16th February.
TOWN HALL, FOOTSCRAY,	Wed. 17th February.
TOWN HALL, WILLIAMSTOWN,	Thurs. 18th February.

MR. M. BLACKBURN. M.H.R.

And Others will Speak on the Food Referendum  
Authorised by Thos. C. Day, "The Rest," 18 Bangalore Street, Kensington, W.1

**THE NEED OF AUSTRALIANISM**

**This is the eleventh of the weekly series of broadcasts being delivered from Station 3AW every Tuesday night at 9.30.**

On Friday last the citizens of Bendigo gave a farewell dinner to the Premier of Victoria, Mr. Dunstan, prior to his departure for the Coronation. Mr. Dunstan's speech on that occasion is a remarkable example of the confusions and contradictions of party politicians.

Two points only of the press report of his address need be taken to illustrate this. One was an appeal for "the cultivation of a large Australianism" and a deploring of the tendency of Australians to adopt a semi-apologetic attitude to their own country.

The other was a promise that Mr. Dunstan, while abroad, will investigate the possibilities of attracting British capital to Victoria for investment in the gold-mining industry.

Could you imagine two attitudes more flatly contradictory?

Dissociating gold mining from all the hocus-pocus wrapped around it, what is the nature of this industry? It represents the outlay of a great deal of human labour, undertaken with considerable personal risk and under most unpleasant conditions. And for what purpose? To dig out of the bowels of the earth a small store of a dull yellow metal in order that it may again be buried even more securely in an underground hole called a bank vault. Apart from its very limited use by dentists, jewellers and the like, the production of gold, unlike the production of other metals, fills no useful purpose.

Assuming, however, that the Australian community was really short of dental fillings or wedding rings, why should Mr. Dunstan have to attract British capital to give a fillip to our gold mines? Will not the labour in the mines be carried out by Australians? Will not the surveying, engineering work and general supervision be carried out by Australians? Will not, or cannot, the machinery used be made in Australian factories out of Australian materials — and even if it be thought desirable to import some of this latter, is there not a profusion of Australia's other products available to offer in exchange? Then why this talk of importing British capital?

For Mr. Dunstan to hold these views and at the same time to speak of cultivating a large Australianism savours either of hypocrisy or of a pitiable lack of thought. And he makes himself the more ridiculous in associating overseas capital with the winning of gold. For, while gold is not really useful, it is the cornerstone of that queer edifice which we call our money

system. Upon our unseen hoard of gold is built up the issue of notes and upon these notes is built up the issue of bank overdrafts, which in turn become bank deposits. In Australia's case about £300,000 in gold—held in London by the Commonwealth Bank—has thus been built upon until it is reflected in our £550 millions of bank deposits in the Australian banks.

When Mr. Dunstan speaks of importing British capital he means the importing of bank deposits. In return for these, more gold will be handed across to the overseas depositors. The result will be to limit the future expansion of Australia's bank deposits and to make possible a further expansion overseas. This in turn will lead to more and more of the future development and ownership of Australia being placed in overseas hands. And, as Mr. Dunstan's particular following, the primary producers, now

**"LORD NUFFIELD'S GIFT" OF £2,000,000 TO MAKE SOUTH WALES WORK HARDER.**

This fund is to be administered by Mr. Nigel Leslie Campbell (director of Helbert, Wage and Co., Ltd., merchant bankers, and of the British Overseas Bank, of the Bankers' Industrial Development Co., Ltd., a subsidiary to the Bank of England, of Baldwins Ltd., and of Stewart and Lloyds); Lord Portal (managing director of Portals Ltd., who make the paper for the Bank of England), and Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree (chairman and financial director of Messrs. Rowntrees Ltd., the Quaker firm which has affiliations with Barclays Bank).

The new chairman of the South Wales Commission for the Distressed Areas is Sir George Gillet, also of Barclays Bank.

Isn't it just too sweet!

—Social Credit, Jan. 1.

realise, the consequence will be harder work, more production and lower returns in order to service the payments of interest and dividends abroad.

Of course, the whole procedure, as has repeatedly been pointed out in these broadcasts, is a racket. And the racket has its origin in the divorcing of our money or accounting system from physical facts and possibilities. It should be the business of Mr. Dunstan, as the servant of Australian electors, to see that no artificial obstacles, financial or otherwise, are allowed to stand between the needs and desires of the people and such things as they have the capacity and will to carry out. If Mr. Dunstan will not do this, it is the business of the electors to tell him in very plain terms what they want.

So we see that man was not

**RING IN THE OLD**

By YAFFLE, in Reynolds News of December 27, 1936

*Ring out the bad, ring in the worse, The year is going, with a curse. The bells sound nothing but alarm, So another little drink wouldn't do us any harm.*

—Tennyson. (?)

I have been asked to give my readers a New Year message and inspire them to good resolutions.

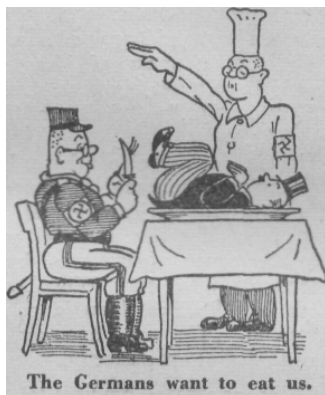
I cannot conscientiously do this. For one thing, as a moralist, I cannot endorse the suggestion that one should set apart any particular day for good intentions.

To me, every day in the year is equally a day for noble aspirations and uplifting resolve. Every morning I leap from my couch like the young doe, and greet the new day with gladness and a song. That, roughly speaking, is the kind of man I am.

Again, if I were to wish you a Happy New Year, I should be setting my opinions against all the best authorities.

Those who move in intellectual circles, and get the low-down on the Cosmos straight from the stable, will know that it is futile to want any happy years, for we have now entered upon the Age of the Sticky Ending.

This is reflected in architecture, which has revived the style of Babel, and in fiction, where the



best authors see life as through a glue-pot, darkly.

In political circles, if you suggest that anything might turn out all right without a preliminary blood bath, advanced theorists look down to see if you still wear elastic-sided boots.

This is all strictly scientific. Man cannot have happy endings, for, according to the correct theories, his beginning was a mere mishap.

As a famous modern philosopher recently informed us — man's origin and growth, his hopes and fears, are "but the accidental collocations of atoms." He is "the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving", and man and all his labours are "doomed to extinction in the vast death of the solar system."

With a wow-ti-tiddley-o. I love these jolly old English drinking songs.

So we see that man was not

only a mistake, but, what is worse, he is a mistake that nobody made. I cannot imagine anything more utterly *de trop* than this disowned offspring of a double blank. I almost feel I lower myself by passing myself the matches.

It is not surprising that a creature so accidental cannot control or design his social system. According to the latest theories it is his social system that designs him.

For note: Human society changes not by its own volition, but by reaction to its surroundings, as the molten gelatin is shaped by reaction to its dish. And what is the use of wishing a blancmange a happy new mould?

Little as he can control his national affairs, however, in the sphere of international affairs his helplessness rises to supreme heights of nothing doing.

\* \* \*

And that brings us to practical politics. It were absurd, not to say unpatriotic, to wish you happiness in a year that is to be devoted to intensified preparation for war, for that is another thing which the best authorities, helping themselves to another plateful of worms, say is inevitable.

There are doubters among you who say that the best way to avoid war is to disarm. How, you ask, shall any people be persuaded to attack an unarmed nation?

I admit the question puzzled me. Why should anyone attack an unarmed neighbour? I asked it of the night, I put it to the parrot. I tried to work it out by philosophy, psychology, metaphysics, and archaeology. I found the answer in zoology.

According to zoology, the only occasion on which even the fiercest and wildest animal will attack another non-aggressive and harmless animal is —WHEN IT WANTS TO EAT IT.

\* \* \*

That is the answer to the pacifists: The Germans want to eat us.

It is well known that the Germans, under Nazi rule, are short of certain essential foodstuffs. It is equally well known that among the virtues of the German race is a just appreciation of the relative value, in the scheme of things, of eats.

But you may ask, why do they pick on us? Nearer to their tables are Swedes, Danes and Dutch. Why this preference for Englischer-wurst and Britischer-kuchen?

Far be it from me to brag of the distinctive qualities of my race, but certain facts are indisputable. Foreigners, being less civilised, are coarse of fibre and only fit for boiling. Not having our wide class and racial distinctions, they lack variety, and all fetch about the same price on the hoof.

But the British Empire, with its mixture of races and social strata, offers a menu of infinitely varied flavour, ranging from grilled gentleman and lady-schnitzel down to scrag end of coloured aboriginal for slender purses.

Cannibal chefs tell me there is nothing so succulent as the pedigree beasts provided by our ripe and fruity aristocracy; while the mixed elements of the British people, due to centuries of cross-breeding between Celt, Teuton, Roman, Norman and Refugee, have produced a flavour so rich as almost to be termed a bouquet.

Small wonder, then, that the Germans are arming. For they see in the British Empire a vast and varied Delicatessen Store on which the sun never sets.

And now, having brought your ideas up to date—bad luck! Here's all the worst!

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—THE NEW TIMES

**New Times SHOPPING GUIDE and Business Directory**

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**MELBOURNE (Cont.)**

(Continued from page 2.)

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(Continued on page 7)

Lord Nuffield,

Maker of Motor Cars and of Well Advertised Benefactions.

Oh Lord,

How are the motor sales going these days? And how is your new armaments concern progressing?

As a super salesman we suppose you should be congratulated on putting across one of the most spectacular publicity stunts yet thought of. Front page stuff day after day, and at an outlay which considerable as it seems, is probably far less than would be the cost of an equivalent advertising coverage in all the papers which fawn upon your munificence. On top of which it must be far more pleasant to a gentleman of your particular type to bask in the limelight of newspaper editorials than to rank as a mere advertiser. As it was so happily put in Melbourne on Monday by Mr. A. S. Baillieu (president of the Melbourne Hospital Management Committee and director of the Commercial Bank):

"Your wonderful beneficence is known throughout the world. No man has gained greater prestige."

But there are forms of publicity and prestige, which become a little too blatant, even in these days. We are not referring to your positively awful threat that you may "never come to this country again," but we suggest you overstepped the mark hopelessly when you let it be advertised on Tuesday that you had "shouted" for all the first-class passengers and the crew of the ship on which you were travelling—AND ALSO LET IT BE KNOWN WHAT A LARGE SUM IT HAD COST YOU FOR THE DRINKS. That type of nouveau riche behaviour (even in this land of "Colonials") is usually associated with bookmakers who have had a "skinner," and similar folk. We admire, however, your prudence in "shouting" only for the first-class passengers (who presumably buy cars) and for the crew (who may have to handle them as cargo). As for passengers of a lower class, they have apparently not yet entered the ranks, which can afford to pay for Morris cars such a price as leaves a margin for multi-millionaire profits.

We understood you to indicate recently that it would be your dearest wish to retire from the hurly-burly of the spotlight and to live in modest retirement on a mere pittance of £750 a year plus a cottage. Since the cares of your yet indisposed-of millions prevent that ambition being realised, might we suggest a step in the right direction, which would still leave your energy the chance to break records:

Your £25,000 cheque to the Melbourne Lord Mayor's charity fund this week eclipsed a previous five-figure donation in so far as your amount was bigger. But your predecessor still holds one record—his gift was ANONYMOUS.



## THE NEW TIMES

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Telephone: M 5384.

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1937.

## Business Dividends £2 Millions Behind

The publication some days ago of particulars of twenty-odd companies listed on the Melbourne Stock Exchange must have given a rude jar to those who speak of the "recent" depression. From the figures it appears that these companies owed their preference shareholders at their last balancing date a mere trifle of £2,158,000 in dividend arrears. As last year's figures showed that the arrears are still mounting, and as ordinary shareholders can receive no dividend at all until the full preference arrears are wiped off, the condition of the holder of ordinary stock in these companies can best be left to the imagination.

There are many other companies which should properly figure in the published lists, since their absence is accounted for only by their shareholders having agreed to write off dividend arrears, and often a large slice of their paid-up capital also. Under such a "reconstruction" these companies have returned to the dividend list, and will probably remain there—until the next financial squeeze or depression is applied, while there will be a fresh crop of dividend arrears and more writings off.

Yet it would probably be correct to say that nearly all these companies are reasonably well conducted, and that they are providing goods or services which the public appreciate and which they would buy if it were financially possible.

From the International Labor Office at Geneva there comes this week the statement that "the total losses to the world economic system by the depression from 1930 to 1934 were between one hundred thousand million

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and one hundred and twenty thousand million gold dollars, an amount equivalent to the total cost of the Great War."

Towards such a stupendous total our local losses may have contributed a very small fraction; but individually no loss can be more than absolute—and many Australian enterprises have been absolutely ruined these last few years.

Remembering that the depression years have been marked by bountiful seasons, and that the losses have resulted from artificial and not from natural factors, it is surely time our business people faced up to the future. That future holds no prospect other than ultimate general ruin unless businessmen demand that consumers' incomes be stepped up to a point, which will enable them to absorb productive output. Governments have tried to do it by increasing taxation and by increasing national debt. Both have failed, and the latest indication in Australia, judging by Loan Council reports, is that our politicians propose to let things slide while they have a Coronation holiday and think up some new election promises."

Are YOU satisfied to let things slide, or will you join in the United Electors' Campaign to demand that parliament produce RESULTS?

## Should We Kill?

In nice harmony with rearmament and British War Office preparations, some prominent churchmen in England and in Australia have obligingly issued pronouncements to show that "Thou shalt not kill" must not be interpreted literally.

"It can be a Christian duty to kill," said Archbishop Temple of York last Friday. "The real dangers to peace are pacifists", said Bishop Ingram of London. And Archbishop Head, of Melbourne, duly trotted along with his "agreement that it could be part of the duty of a Christian man to take life, as it was part of our national duty to defend our country and resist oppression."

We are not quarrelling (just now, at any rate) with this view about our duty to kill, or whether we should show further respect for our Christian obligations by perfecting ourselves in the good works of poison gas. But we should very much like some of these eminent ecclesiastics to make their position a little clearer.

Thus Bishop Ingram said: "I would rather die than see bombs dropping on children while we stood by doing nothing." But what has this estimable gentleman done while tens of thousands of children in his own diocese of London have been subjected to slow starvation? Would not the swift death of a bomb have

## THE I.C.I. GAS DEPARTMENT

By AQUARIUS

"Sir John's mind was a soakage-pit for other people's ideas. It never generated an idea. His mind was a sump. At bottom it was thick slime (thank goodness we needn't stir it up with a psycho-analytical walking stick).

"Thoughts, ideas, notions automatically examined (part of his mind worked like a separator) and found to be unacceptable, sank quickly to the bottom. Those found to be useful, amusing, interesting, stimulating, floated on the surface and changed the pattern of the slowly moving iridescence.

"In conversation Sir John would let down the bucket and draw up a sample of ideas and thoughts. He took them to be his own, but in reality they had all been dropped in by friends, relatives, business acquaintances, newspapers and the B.B.C.

"He took care never to let the bucket bump at the bottom; it might draw up all manner of accumulated rubbish.

"He let the bucket in gently, and drew up ideas and opinions—especially opinions and views and beliefs—slopped them about, spilled them and splashed them, emptied them away in words.

"He did his best, by means of a gadget he called 'Sound Common Sense,' to make his mind act as a filter through which certain 'unsound' ideas could not pass. In this way a great mass of ideas that would have upset him was strained off altogether." ("Summer Time Ends.")

It is conceivable that Lord McGowan, Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, was not John Hargrave's model when the above pen picture was drawn: Hargrave may, like Will Dyson, have had Business-Man in general in mind. The cap, however, fits Lord McGowan perfectly.

### A NOTED STABLE

When Lord McGowan arrived in Australia he was Sir Harry Duncan McGowan and one of the local I.C.I. bigwigs was Alexander Anderson Stewart, Esq. Since the February Honors List we find ourselves confronted with Lord McGowan (elevated to the Peerage) and Sir Alex. Stewart (now a Knight).

Sir Lennor Raws is a past successful candidate from the same stable, and if it cannot be said of

been more merciful to many of them?

And as for Archbishop Head's dictum about our duty to defend our country and to resist oppression—what does "our country" mean, and what constitutes "oppression"? Take the thousands of people in Melbourne alone who for years have been denied the right to a decent life simply because productive industry offered them no wage—are they not part of our country? Take the innocent little children whose bodies are being debauched and whose minds are being debased in a State which fixes their total living allowance at sixpence a day—are they not victims of oppression? But when has the Archbishop ever taken up even a verbal cudgel in their defence?

Let us be logical. Let us insist that every man who publicly ranks himself on the duty-to-kill side should get into a private's uniform. Surely even an Archbishop cannot theologially absolve himself from what he asserts to be a Christian duty. What an inspiring prospect to see one's self at Port Melbourne pier, holding the shore end of a streamer and cheering enthusiastically as Private Head goes off with the battalion to perform his Christian duty.

Prof. Copland, the Premiers' Plan urger who got us to put our money on the policy of restoring our prosperity by reducing our incomes, that he belongs to the stable, it can at any rate be said that he is one of its strongest admirers. (C.M.G., M.A., D.Sc., Litt.D.).

## A BUCKETFUL OF IDEAS AND BELIEFS

On February 4, members of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce gave a luncheon to Lord McGowan, and after the liqueurs the great Lord let down the bucket and drew up and spilled and splashed about the following beliefs and ideas:—

(1) "Industrial leaders can help political leaders."

(2) "The present industrial picture is a pretty one; but we should not be unduly carried away. The present era of prosperity cannot be permanent, and we shall in time face a diminishing volume of business; therefore, it is essential that industrial corporations should take advantage of the present prosperity to ensure that they put their house in order, that they should, out of today's surplus earnings, equip themselves with the most up-to-date plant procurable so that they shall have the lowest operating cost possible against the day when they see a recession of trade, and they will continue to be competitive with the rest of the world. More money must be spent on research."

(3) "Once we get international trade going with full stomachs for the many millions throughout the world who have been poverty-stricken through unemployment, there will be less desire for unconstitutional, changes and less attention paid to agitators."

(4) (a) "Great Britain relies so much on her export trade throughout the world."

(b) "We are today facing a wave of economic nationalism."

(5) "I believe that, given freedom from war, the world is set for recovery. I do not believe in the probability of war. What did the last horrible war accomplish? Looking round the world today one would say in truth—nothing. Victory neither to the victor nor the vanquished. The relations of certain countries in the world are worse than they were before August 1914. What a terrible, what a devastating criticism of our 20th century civilisation! With nations again arming to the teeth it looks like a return to the days, of barbarism. But this should not occur; it must not occur; and I believe that the greatest hope that war may not recur for a long period will depend on Britain's efficiency in the Air Force, the Army and the Navy.

"When Britain is properly equipped in these Services she will then hold the balance of power, and we shall find that countries disposed to war will think twice before engaging in it, not knowing on which side Britain will throw her might.

"God grant that we have that time in which to prepare, and if our expectation that our preparedness will put back the possibility, of war for years to come is fulfilled, then the insurance premium which we in Britain are now paying—albeit a heavy one—will not have been in vain.

"Does it not fill you with pride, as it does us in England, that the world today is looking to Great Britain for a lead to bring the Continent out of its present chaos? Great Britain stands out today like the Rock of Gibraltar in its desire and efforts for world peace."

### ANALYSING THE CONTENTS OF THE BUCKET

#### BELIEF 1. —

We give this full credence, as witness the rise from obscurity of politicians both here and in England

e.g., Joseph Lyons, Lord Snowden, etc., etc.

#### BELIEF 2. —

This is undoubtedly a proper objective, not on the basis of leaving competitors in the cold, but on the basis that the true purpose of a productive system is to supply the maximum desired quantities of goods and services with the expenditure of as little human energy as possible.

What concerns us most, however, is the effect of Lord McGowan's policy if put into operation.

It will mean one thing, and one thing only. Productive capacity per human energy unit will be increased.

In other words, the present scale of production will be sustainable with less employment; or if employment is maintained at its present level, production will increase enormously.

#### BELIEF 3. —

From this belief it is clear that Lord McGowan regards unemployment as a curse, and as the main cause of world unrest. It is clear also that he looks forward to, and hopes for, the re-employment in industry of the present unemployed.

Just couple this with belief (2) and it is clear that the world will be flooded with production to an extent never before experienced or contemplated (not even in the Great War, for then vast armies were paid to destroy, not to produce).

#### BELIEF 4. —

In both its departments (a) and (b) this belief shows that Lord McGowan accepts without question the necessity which drives nations to export more than they import—to seek external markets, and to shut out imports by tariffs, devaluation, etc. (economic nationalism).

Export, as England has known it since the beginning of the industrial era, the "export" England has to "rely" so much upon, is not the mutual exchange of goods, which would be insisted on if British incomes sufficed to pay the whole price of British production. It is the achievement of an export surplus, against which bankers augment the insufficient domestic income so that it will suffice to buy the products left in the country.

Every nation is up against the same problem, and unsold goods (failure to find markets) lead to stagnation and unemployment at home. Under existing rules unemployment means stopping of income. Stopping of income means starvation and degradation.

Lord McGowan has never advanced any proposals for equalling domestic income to domestic prices. A child of four would be able to supply the correct answer to the problem of increased production coupled with this necessity to find export markets. That answer is—word in three letters—"What happened in 1914?"

W  
A  
R.

War would temporarily provide employment and markets like the very devil, and increase I.C.I. profits in like measure. It requires but a slight change in process to determine whether a finished product shall be a beautiful dye or a poison gas, a fertiliser or an explosive. In wartime we would be completely in the hands of I.C.I.

#### BELIEF 5. —

While Lord McGowan's intellect apparently has not progressed to the stage of that of our hypothetical child of four, and while he apparently has not tumbled to the fact that the whole policy of international finance has in recent years been to keep international gluts at the lowest possible level, he seems to have a vague idea that another world war is undesirable from his own point of view.

If however, he will not face the problem of the equation of the flow of income to the community pocket, and the flow of costs charged against that pocket, he is leaving untouched an influence, which must lead to war.

(Continued from previous page.)

His research and what not will accelerate the final catastrophe.

He is in the position of the inebriate who will do anything to avoid D.T.'s except give up drinking.

He is a solemn fool learnedly proving that the way to get out of a mess is to stick to the way that led into it.

**"LET US PRAY."**

After the emptying of the McGowan bucket, the great Lord sat down, and Mr. Relph (President of the Chamber of Commerce) prostrated himself before him and offered up fulsome adulation which, as big-business and high-finance have taken the place of religion, we had better paraphrase in the form of a prayer:

"Oh, Lord McGowan, Prime Minister of Industry in Great Britain, we cannot in our humbleness envisage the immensity of the I.C.I., which is world-wide in its branches, which in England alone has 54,000 paid slaves, and which thou controllest. The assets of thy Company exceed £100 millions (sterling) and yearly it recovers from an already impoverished populace £6½ millions more than it distributes to that populace. Thou has knocked thy competitors rotten, and in Australia hast nearly swallowed whole the small local monopolies. Thy competitors scratch like the very devil and are bowled over like ninepins.

"Oh, Lord, how thou hast got on!"

The assembled members then crayfished out of the presence, moving as Napoleon's soldiers, on their stomachs, feeling that all their problems had been solved, and that no longer would the bad old maxim hold - - "Any fool can produce goods, but it takes a mighty slick man to sell them."

**DEBUNKING.**

It is difficult to know how to tackle this atmosphere of colossal humbug and self-congratulation otherwise than by the rude laughter of the Rabelaisian.

To paraphrase John Hargrave, Lord McGowan has not always been Lord McGowan. He was only recently Sir Harry McGowan. For years before that he was Mr. Harry Duncan McGowan, before that young Mr. McGowan, and before that Master Harry — queer, isn't it? And before that an interesting event, and before that an unmentionable hope.

A human ass like you and me, possibly known as Pie Face or Stinker to his younger contemporaries.

Lord McGowan, Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, Director of General Motors Corporation of New York, Director of the Midland Bank, and director of several other concerns.

Yet, as Will Dyson has pointed out:

"There is ground for suspicion that there are in the high places of finance a number of men who are unconsciously fighting to keep themselves guiltless by keeping themselves intellectually innocent — innocent of all comprehension of the true implication of their actions." And again:

"It is no proud position Business-Man is in, that of being suspected of being the world's prime dunce — its grossest failure in a field where failure is measured in terms of illimitable misery for men."

It would be well, as the late Eimar O'Duffy has said, for the debunking of pompous humbogs and public men if they could be forced once a year to put on their trousers in public.

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**UNITED ELECTORS LAUNCH  
VICTORIAN CAMPAIGN**

**Enthusiastic Meeting in Melbourne**

Over three hundred citizens of Melbourne, thoroughly representative of every section of the community, took part in the launching of the United Electors' Campaign in Melbourne on Monday night. The meeting was held in Scots Church Hall, the chair being taken by Dr. John Dale, who for the past ten years has been the Health Officer of the City of Melbourne, and who, apart from his reputation in the Victorian metropolis, is known to a far greater circle of people through his many broadcasts over the national stations.

There were present clergy from all the Christian denominations in Melbourne, and men and women associated with practically every social welfare organisation in the city. Glancing round the hall one recognised on all sides the faces of those who have for years been connected with slum abolition, infant and maternal welfare, the various reform movements, and what may be described as the charitable or ambulance activities of the community — earnest workers, now for the first time seeing the chance to give each other the fullest co-operation in a campaign designed to reach the objective of all.

**DR. DALE'S ADDRESS**

Dr. Dale, after expressing his thanks to those who had accepted the invitation to be present, and to many more who, though unable to attend on that occasion, had written promising their support to the movement's activities, continued: —

"This is a conspiracy—an open conspiracy on behalf of the people, sometimes called the sovereign people! We are all of us—as probably are a large majority of our fellow-citizens — gravely dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs, characterised as it is by wholesale paradox and frustration. We are also anxious, almost despairing as to the future, with its growing threats of violence from Right and Left and the further curtailment of liberty. We are all of us people of good will desiring more life and liberty for mankind, and many of us have had the experience that we are getting no further forward because most of our energies have, up to date, been consumed in arguments amongst ourselves as to the feasibility and the pros and cons of the various methods of social reform which we severally advocate.

"Tonight we are met to consider an entirely new proposal. It is, in effect, that we should abandon the advocacy of methods and unite to demand results. We propose to enlist the co-operation of all our fellow citizens to demand one result which is as feasible as it is desirable—and that is the abolition of poverty, of which Mr. George Bernard Shaw has said: 'Poverty is a public nuisance as well as a private misfortune. Its toleration is a national crime.'

**WHAT IS POVERTY?**

"I am well aware that poverty

is a relative term and that it is necessary to define it. I would define it for our present purpose as the lack of the physical means of livelihood, of such a modicum of food, clothing and shelter as is necessary for growth and health on a purely physical basis. In other words, the demand is that each and every citizen should be assured of the physical essentials of health—which, in view of the actual and assured abundance of those materials, is a very modest demand.

"I need not stress that at present a large, though not definitely ascertained fraction of our people are the victims of poverty as above defined. The nearest approach to any definite ascertainment is that of Sir John Orr in Great Britain, who tells us that one-tenth of the people (including at least one-fifth of the children of the community) are existing on a grossly deficient diet and that only half of the people can be said to be well fed.

"In Australia we know of our unemployed, of the startling figures of incomes revealed by the census, and of the thousands of children provided for by that weekly allowance which has just been raised from 2/6 per week to 3/6. Children, mind you—Australia's best immigrants!"

"I do not propose to waste time discussing the desirability of abolishing poverty.

**IT CAN BE DONE.**

"The feasibility of doing so is no longer open to doubt. Quite suddenly Western civilisation finds itself in an entirely new situation, an era of assured and embarrassing material plenty. It is due to the development, almost overnight, of science, which has placed almost unlimited energy—solar energy or power—at our disposal. It is no longer inevitable—as perhaps it was in past times—that human labour should be exploited. We can exploit the sun to the same end, and to any extent we may desire. I repeat that it has caught us quite unawares and it necessitates a revision of our ideas of morality and social justice.

"Does anyone doubt that this is an age of plenty? Even at the height of the blizzard of the depression, when the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, returning from a world tour, said 'he was sorry to say the whole world had to face the hard fact that it is up against hard times'—even at that very moment everything which human beings needed was more plentiful than it had ever been before, and you could have named no commodity the production of which could not have been trebled in no time.

"To protect us from the blizzard, wheat, cows, pigs, cotton, coffee and what not had to be destroyed on a wholesale scale. Even now the English farmer is fined if he plants more than his quota of potatoes. The situation is fantastic and preposterous in the presence of

so much dire need. Can poverty be abolished, indeed? There can only be one answer. But do we really *want* to abolish it?

**CAN THEY BE TRUSTED?**

"I referred a moment ago to our moralising. Can we trust our fellow men—ought they to have what they don't work for? In the sweat of thy brow,' etc.

"Well, we trusted, we expected and encouraged them to die—can we not trust them to live?"

"Actually, of course, it is the moral right of every individual to share in the existing plenty, for the factor mainly responsible for the existing glut is science—the cultural inheritance—and that belongs to all men equally.

"This new movement proposes to march by entirely constitutional methods, but upon a new principle of democracy. It is not true that democracy has failed. It is true that democracy has never been tried, and this movement proposes to try it. Hitherto electors have been faced with the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of a party system controlled by outside interests, and if it were not for the compulsory voting and the fun of a contest most of us would not vote at all.

"The new movement proposes to regard the politician in a new light, as a servant, and to give him his orders—and if necessary his marching orders, irrespective of party. A new conception of democracy, ladies and gentlemen, which we can, if we will, try out on this simple issue of the abolition of poverty—the solution of the torturing paradox of poverty amidst plenty. That can be abolished, never to return, if we unite to demand it—despite all threats of a recurrence of bad times.

"There is no fear that the mere abolition of physical destitution and paralysing anxiety as to the future would produce a state of lethargy or coma in the people. We would desire life more abundantly, and I am sure, you also can think of many other desirable objects towards which we would combine."

**THE ELECTOR'S DEMAND**

Mr. G. Maltby, following the chairman, explained in more detail the proposals of the United Electors. Their object was, first, to re-establish in fact what was now little more than a pleasing theory—political democracy. By discarding party alignments and party methods and by concentrating on a demand for results the people could once more assert their control over parliament and force its members to carry out their wishes—which unquestionably was not being done today. He had no hesitation in saying that the first wish of nearly every elector was for economic security for himself and his dependents, and the second for the extension of this to every member of the community.

Taking up the form of the Elector's Demand, Mr. Maltby showed how this had been designed to achieve what he had just described. In conclusion, he supported Dr. Dale's earnest appeal that they should, as members of this movement, resolutely refuse to be sidetracked into discussions of detailed methods. For his own part, he made no secret that he had for a considerable time been an advocate of a particular technique. He had not altered his own beliefs in this regard, nor was he asking his hearers to alter theirs. What he was asking was that they should do what he was prepared to do—stop talking methods and unite in an irresistible demand for a result, which they all wanted, and which patent facts showed to be attainable.

**THE REACTION OF M.P.'s TO THE CAMPAIGN**

The Hon. E. L. Kiernan, M.L.C., speaking as a parliamentary representative of the people, expressed the pleasure, which it gave him to associate himself publicly with the United Electors of Australia. In an address remarkable for its frankness, Mr. Kiernan drove home to the audience that the responsibility lay with the

electors themselves. It was perfectly true that most members of parliament paid far too little attention to what their constituents really wanted. It was perfectly true that they acted rather in accordance with the instructions given them from party headquarters—or, more accurately, the instructions given party headquarters by a rapidly lessening group of men who were gaining virtual control over all forms of party government everywhere. But members of parliament did not act in this manner from their own deliberate choice. They were in the same position as any other man in any other job—they obeyed those who exercised the real power. In theory, political power rested with the people; in fact, the people, by their own apathy, had surrendered this power. In this movement he saw a reawakening of the people to their own powers and rights, and as such he whole-heartedly welcomed and supported it. Nor had he any hesitation in affirming that the majority of other parliamentarians would be just as anxious to feel that they were in direct relationship with their electors. They would be quite prepared to carry out the electors' wishes. But the electors must do their part. They must indicate what they wanted, and they must, on their side, stand loyally by those who were loyal to them.

Mr. F. P. Cantwell, the concluding speaker, appealed to the meeting not to disperse without taking practical steps to further the campaign. They were undertaking a huge task. Their first step, the conducting of a voluntary national referendum to ascertain the wishes of every elector, was itself of gigantic proportions. With this referendum must go an educational campaign, designed to show the people what could be got if they were united in insisting upon it. To carry out these operations, and the other steps which would follow, would require the enthusiastic co-operation of every one of them, and of thousands more besides. Money would be needed. Personal efforts would be needed. He asked them to enrol themselves in whatever capacity they could, whether as personal helpers, as financial supporters, or as the centres of further groups which would assist in either or both of these capacities.

At the conclusion of the proceedings a vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by Mr. J. M. Atkinson, was carried with enthusiasm.

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**ELECTOR'S DEMAND AND UNDERTAKING**

- I know that there are goods in plenty and that therefore poverty is quite unnecessary and must be abolished.
- I demand that monetary or other claims to those goods we now destroy and the production we restrict be distributed to every person in Australia, and that taxation be progressively reduced, so that the community may make the fullest use of the country's production.
- This must not increase prices, deprive owners of their property, or decrease its relative value.
- In a democracy like Australia, Parliament exists to make the will of the people prevail.
- So I promise to vote only for a candidate who pledges himself to support in Parliament these my demands.
- If my present member will not so pledge himself, I will vote to replace him.

Signed.....Address.....

Signed.....Address.....

Signed.....Address.....

## A PLEA FOR THE JUDGE

A Letter to the Editor from BRUCE H BROWN

Sir, —

A friend has sent me a letter expressing sorrow that I should have criticised Judge Beeby, and would have preferred me to regard him more as a returning Prodigal. My friend feels that the Judges made their awards in ignorance, and that I might not always have been so well informed on the subject as I appear to be now. Judge Beeby, he thinks, has got rid of a few cobwebs since then, and "is a subject for help—not vituperation; for encouragement - - not antagonism."

As evidence that the Judge "shows promise," my attention has been called to several extracts from his articles, as follows: —

1. "In Australia we do not cling to ancient institutions simply because they are ancient."

2. "We also have the advantage of living under a constitution which can be moulded into any shape by an organised majority."

3. "To the average Englishman we are once more a colony providing interest and profits on a vast amount of his country's invested capital."

4. "The nations of middle Europe regard Australia as the worst illustration of England's control of the sources of raw production. With their ever-increasing surplus populations they look with envy on all Australasia, including New Guinea, and are firmly convinced that before the world settles down to an era of peace, there must be a more equitable division of the world's surface."

5. "The principle of the right to work or to receive sustenance dividend from national income—well on the way to general adoption in Australia—is slowly becoming a vital issue in England, France and America."

### THE PLEA OF IGNORANCE

No one is more sorry than I that it should be necessary to offer such criticism of a citizen so highly placed as Judge Beeby, but the fact that he is so highly placed entitles us to look to him for the faithful expression of the true and fundamental facts, and not for the senseless reiteration of absurdities. He could not possibly be regarded as a returning Prodigal. On the contrary his very utterances prove that he has never left the home of his old conceptions, and that while he would lead reformers to hope for his assistance, he, like so many others, stops dead at the main switch—*finance!* If the Judges of the Arbitration Court made their awards in ignorance, then they committed a very grave crime, for they

had every possible facility for gaining knowledge.

It is true that I have personally become better acquainted with the subject in recent years, but the Judges carried a far greater responsibility to understand it than I or any other ordinary citizen carried, and they certainly should have looked much further into the question.

It is my considered opinion that the Court delivered the workers of Australia into the hands of the financial oligarchy, and if the community is satisfied that the facts support this conclusion they should hold the Judges of the Court guilty of conduct inimical to the interests of the nation. So far as Judge Beeby is concerned, I am informed that he does know the true cause of the national difficulties and that there is no legitimate excuse for his avoiding public discussion of it. On such an important issue, the Judge should be helping the people by denouncing the institutions, which are strangling them, instead of indulging in propaganda calculated to maintain the power of a private monopoly over their lives.

### THE RIGHT OF CRITICISM

As to the question of vituperation, I am not conscious of having brought myself within the scope of that term. In expressing a citizen's view of the public utterances of a highly placed official one is entitled to make use of words appropriate to the occasion, even though they may appear to be "strong." The time for the use of soft, smooth words has long since passed, and there must be no mincing of matters in future whenever any prominent persons take part in spreading ideas which can only lead to an intensification of the money-mesmerism from which we have so long suffered.

### JUDGE BEEBY'S HALF-TRUTHS

Regarding the extracts, which have been quoted, they may be described as half-truths with the essential half untold. They make no reference whatever to the *money* question which controls all other questions, and are only a lot of jargon designed to fill our minds with anything *except* finance and its swindle. Take a brief look at them.

If we do not cling to the present financial system because it is ancient, then why *do* we cling to it? It alone stands between the community and everything the community desires, and yet we, the sovereign people, exercise no con-

trol over it. Judge Beeby knows that but said nothing about it.

What is the advantage of being able to mould our Constitution into a different shape if we fail to make use of the most important part of the Constitution in its present shape? It gives the Commonwealth Parliament full power to control Finance, but Parliament has allowed that power to be usurped by a private monopoly. Judge Beeby knows this but said nothing about it.

If we are "once more" providing interest and profits on foreign capital then there must have been a time when we ceased to do it. If there was such a time, Judge Beeby apparently knows when it was and should have told us. He also made no attempt to tell us what the "capital" consisted of. What precisely did these people "invest," and how?

On the question of the world's surface, he did not tell us whether the talk of a re-division arose out of any country's refusal to supply raw materials or whether it was because any country has more population than it can hold. Finance alone prevents access to raw materials, and re-division of the earth's surface has never solved the so-called "surplus population" problem. Judge Beeby must be well aware of this, but conveniently omitted to say anything about the surprisingly few families transferred from Germany to West Africa and New Guinea before the war, or from Japan to Manchuria since. It will also be interesting to watch how many Italian families will be sent from Italy to Abyssinia. The talk referred to does not, of course,

### THOUGHT.

A man lost on a desert, hungry, famished, weary, stumbled upon a pile of gold nuggets as high as his head. He wept with joy, fell upon his knees and thanked God—and then starved to death. He did not die a rich man—he died a pauper.

Money is not wealth any more than a hatcheck is a hat. Money is a title to, or a claim on wealth. And there should be money in people's pockets equal in value to the sale price of all ultimate goods produced, just as there are as many hat-checks out as there are hats in the racks.  
— From "Money."

contemplate a re-division to take the surplus populations of India and China! As a matter of fact there are *no* surplus people, and if the inhabitants of each country were supplied with sufficient money to purchase their own production the use of the term "surplus population" would cease. At present it is being employed merely to give some semblance of justification for the armaments insanity, and Judge Beeby trots it forth as though it were really a serious problem.

### GERMANY'S "SURPLUS."

He should be nailed down on this point more definitely, and should be required to name the countries of middle Europe which have surplus population, to give us the names of the persons who told him so, and to state what is meant by the term "surplus." If Germany is one of them, how does he explain the special measures officially taken there to increase the "surplus" still further by encouraging more births? The *Argus* of the 3rd inst. told us that 700,000 marriage loans had been granted in less than 3½ years, totalling £35,000,000, and that "the marriages resulted in the birth of 500,000 children at a rate relatively twice as high as the number of children born to couples who married on their own resources. In cases in which births resulted from the marriage 25 per cent. of the loan was immediately remitted. The policy of granting loans will be

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continued as long as there are any women wage-earners of marriageable age left in Germany." Does that support his stupid talk of surplus populations?

### THE "SUSTENANCE DIVIDEND."

As to the sustenance dividend from national income, the statement that it is "well on the way to general adoption in Australia" indicates the hopelessness of the Judge's ideas. Those of us whose work is not wanted are to get "sustenance," but are to be cut off altogether from sharing in the increasing bounty of nature and the potentialities of the machine. More and more of us must inevitably be displaced by mechanisation and the utilisation of solar energy, and all Judge Beeby would have us look forward to is a "sustenance dividend from the national income." So long as the amount of the national income is determined by a private monopoly, the great bulk of the people will never get a dividend of any sort and will never rise above the breadline. In fact they will sink further and further below it. Any sustenance dividend will be paid from the proceeds of that form of robbery called taxation. Sustenance payments are now made because there has been shrinkage in the national income, not because there was a shortage in the production of goods, but because there was shrinkage in the "recorded value" of the goods. Judge Beeby knows this, but did not discuss it. He also knows that the payments are made, not as a distribution of additional money to rectify the shrinkage in the national income, but as the result of direct thieving from the other members of the community through taxation. It merely represents the redistribution of a totally inadequate quantity of money. If his idea of a sustenance dividend is well on the way to general adoption here, as he says, he is inferring that the existing system of sustenance payments from taxation will be extended, not that there will be a change in financial policy to ensure that the national income will reflect the facts of production and the consuming capacity of the community. How, he reconciles the idea of dividends to the unemployed "from national income" when in the face of increasing production he reduced wages because the national income could not stand them, is more than I can follow. It has already been shown that the Court's ideas of national income are farcical, and unless Judge Beeby proposes first to have the financial policy of the country placed on a more satisfactory basis, then his other ideas automatically place themselves in the same category.

It is absurd to say that payments from taxation are in the "dividend" class.

Although I read his contributions to the *Herald* with the greatest care, I finished their perusal with the feeling that the Judge had

studiously left untouched the very thing to which he should have devoted the most attention; and that, consciously or otherwise, he had allied himself with those who are consistently betraying the great majority of the citizens of Australia.

Articles of the type written by Judge Beeby, like those of H.G. Wells and J. M. Keynes, are being used as a sort of skirmish decoy to deceive us into diverting our attack from the real enemy—the private money monopoly.

— Yours faithfully,  
BRUCE H BROWN

## Letter to the Editor

### GAS MASKS.

The Victorian Government has commenced training the employees of certain State Government enterprises in the use of gas masks, stressing that the measures taken are purely precautionary. In the event of an enemy gas attack, it is claimed these measures would prevent panic.

What a glorious prospect, what a Government policy—to sit down and wait until the enemy (not yet decided upon) attacks us with gas or germs, hoping that he will first send us word of the nature and brand of gas he is going to use. If he proposes to employ a gas against which our masks will not be effective, we could perhaps send a deputation requesting the use of old-fashioned gas.

What stupidity, when every person capable of thought realises how utterly impossible it is to defend Australia with weapons of war, even if the 6½ millions of men, women and babies were armed to the teeth (if any). When will our alleged leaders wake up to the fact that the only way of defending Australia is to provide the people of this country with sufficient money to purchase the whole of their own production or its equivalent in imported goods, thus providing our potential enemies with that for which all nations are at present preparing to plunge the world into conflict—a market for their surplus goods?

Having obtained without bloodshed what they are prepared to fight for, our enemies would become our friends, to the mutual advantage of themselves and us. —"AWAKE:

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To hear Americans talk, you would think that they were the only nation to be cursed with a bureaucracy. That is because it is still novel to them. During the first hundred and forty years of the Republic, bureaucracy in the United States was as rare as snakes in Ireland. Now, apparently, American businessmen feel like Laocoon and his sons when the sea serpent—learned commentators believe it to have been an octopus—whipped its first coils around them; startled, indignant, and most unpleasantly impotent. I have increased my vocabulary listening to their complaints. But they don't know anything yet. The tentacles of the monster are only just beginning to embrace them. Now, in Europe Well, of course, everybody knows about the exasperating bureaucracy of France, the harshly efficient bureaucracy of Germany, and the super-colossal bureaucracy of the Soviets, which has been substituted for the minor but stifling bureaucracy of the Czars. But, say you, such things can't happen to the English-speaking peoples, with their ingrained traditions of liberty. Can't they?

Recently I went to London for an overnight visit. On arriving in the metropolis of the great Empire which boasts that its flag is synonymous with freedom wherever it may fly, two things happened: Firstly, changing my collar, my collar stud dropped, and I stepped back on the stud and squashed it. Secondly, I discovered, to my annoyance, that I had omitted to pack my shaving brush, shaving soap, toothbrush and dentrifice. But, after all, these were trifling matters, easily put right. A short distance away was the equivalent of a five-and-ten-cent store. I had an instant memory version of large trays spread with every kind of collar stud that masculinity had ever asked for. And the deficiency in the implements for shaving and care of the mouth could be remedied at any druggist's. It was only a little past midday—1.15 p.m., to be exact. All the shops were open.

**A THURSDAY IMPASSE**

Having improvised a precarious fastening to my collar, I went to the fascinating five-and-ten emporium. The store was crowded, as usual. Scores of charming young female store clerks were busily supplying the public with what seemed to me every conceivable small commodity. I wandered around the lavishly stocked counters. There seemed to be almost nothing I could not buy. But I could not find the stud counter. Eventually, I voiced my need to the smart damsel who presided at an adjacent display of knickknacks.

She drew herself up and replied, with a touch of scorn for my simplicity: "You can't buy studs today!"

"Why not?"

"It's Thursday afternoon."

The connection did not seem to me to be obvious; a man might legitimately need a collar stud on Thursday afternoon as much as on Wednesday or Friday. Mildly, I began to say as much. She shrugged her shoulders. "It's the law!" she said as she turned to serve another customer. Properly abashed as a detected would-be lawbreaker, I shouldered my way out through the throng of purchasers of everything, save collar studs. In the name of the law, I was condemned to neck misery until the morrow. I remembered, sympathetically, what Dickens had said about the law.

**THE PIG-BRISTLE PARADOX**

Now to fix the shaving and tooth-cleaning problem. I went into a druggist's where I had been a frequent customer. In a glass case on his counter was a beautiful array of shaving brushes. Other cases held a variety of vividly advertised toothbrushes.

"I want a shaving brush, a stick of shaving soap, a toothbrush and X's dentrifice, please."

The manager smiled deprecatingly.

"Sorry sir. I can sell you shav-

**BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES**

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN, in the New York "Saturday Evening Post."

In this remarkable exposure of how the people of Britain have been deprived of their liberty, the author is content to ascribe it to bureaucracy and to leave it at that. The conditions described prevail in Australia just as much as in Britain and, in, seeking to alter them, the Australian people should intelligently search out the cause. They will soon find that, having more or less exhausted direct fields of taxation, governments have been driven to pass laws and make regulations, not so much to encroach on our liberties as to ensure that either compliance with or breaches of law and regulation will bring in revenue. The ultimate result is a lowering of community morale and a loss of respect for all law. But the immediate consequence is an increase of funds—and at least half of all revenue from taxes goes to pay interest on the ever-mounting national debt. The national debt itself, as has often been shown in these columns, is nothing short of an abdication of national sovereignty.

ing soap or tooth paste, but not a shaving brush or toothbrush."

"But you have a shop full of them!" I protested, pointing to the display.

"I can sell you those tomorrow, sir," he replied, "but not today."

"What's the matter with today?"

"Thursday afternoon, sir."

"Is it like this all over England on Thursday?" I demanded petulantly.

"No, sir. Some places its Wednesday."

I pointed out the difficulty of applying shaving soap or dentrifice with my bare hands, but he was obdurate, although sympathetic.

"Sorry, sir. It's the law!" Then he began vaguely to recognise my face as familiar. "I think I know you, sir. You're not one of those inspectors who come round pretending to be customers and get us into trouble. I have been prosecuted and fined already, and it's a terrible waste of time having to go to court." Imagine employing agents provocateurs to entrap an honest tradesman into the crime of selling a shaving brush or a toothbrush. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, sir. You choose the shaving brush and toothbrush that you prefer, sir. You can come in and pay for them tomorrow. I'll wrap them up and leave them on the counter. Then, while I step to the back, you can steal them." So it was done.

Thereafter, I went to a tobacconist to buy some cigarettes. On the counter was a display of neat and elegant lighters. One of them took my fancy. "I'll buy that," I said.

"Can't sell you that, sir," said the attendant. "It's silver. I can sell you a metal one."

"But why in the world—" I began.

"Thursday afternoon, sir."

I learned some other curious things in that tobacconist's. On Thursday afternoon he could sell me a leather or metal cigarette case, but not a silver or gold one. But he could sell me a silver-mounted cane—provided that the silver was not too massive. After eight p.m. on any night in the week—with the exception of Saturday, when the final hour was nine p.m. it was forbidden by the law to sell me cigarettes or tobacco in the shop, but I could purchase them from an automatic machine in the doorway—he cursed quite fluently at being virtually compelled to install those machines, although it was against the law for him, as a tobacconist, to give me change to feed the machine after the fatal hour. If I found myself in the predicament of being without small change, he explained, I had only to go to a public house or restaurant, where I could freely buy tobacco and/or cigarettes until the closing hour at eleven p.m.—unless the public house happened to be on the wrong side of the street, when it perforce closed at ten p.m.

**ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND ABSURDITIES.**

I made some quite fascinating discoveries that afternoon. I discovered inter alia that I could buy a bottle of eau de Cologne on Thursday afternoon, but not the bottle of lavender water adjacent to it. I could buy a dressing gown but not the raincoat hanging on the next peg. After a certain hour

I could not buy chocolates in a candy store, but I could buy any other candies they had in stock: also, after a certain hour, though I could buy sandwiches from the delicatessen store and all I wanted of ham to take home for supper, it was illegal to sell me any bread apart from the sandwich.

These Alice in Wonderland absurdities are typical of, the myriad petty restrictions and regulations—a tabulation of them all would fill this article—that the British bureaucracy has imposed upon its long-suffering citizens. The original theory of each and all of them was doubtless excellent. In practice, they maintain an elaborate bureaucracy mainly engaged in hampering the distribution of commodities and harassing the distributors. The convenience of the public is the last thing to be considered. The petty tyranny of the Shops Act and of the farcical restrictions surviving from the wartime Defence of the Realm Act—the famous DORA—is only a part of the vast bureaucratisation with its innumerable new statutory offences and penalties therefore.

In the Metropolitan Police District of London the number of police court cases has increased startlingly in the last three years, and it is proposed to appoint new magistrates to deal with the congestion. There were 51,433 cases in 1933, 78,471 in 1934, and 116,420 in 1935—most of them concerned with this, that and the other petty infraction of some new regulation of which the unfortunate citizen had never heard. If one is to take the statistics at their face value, then the whole population is rapidly becoming desperately criminal. In the period 1905-09, the average annual number of cases heard in magistrates' courts of England and Wales was 9330. In 1910-19, it was 18,844. In 1920-24, it was 88,671. In 1924-29, it was 173,485.

The vast majority of these cases were motoring offences, of which, in the past two years, the Ministry of Transport has created an infinity. In 1935 the courts tried 518,240 motoring cases alone—mostly for overriding traffic lights, exceeding thirty miles an hour, not possessing a licence, and the like.

It used to be an axiom of the British that you could not make a man good by acts of Parliament. But it is easy enough to make him a criminal by Act of Parliament if you invent simultaneously a bureaucracy to register him in a myriad ways and hale him before the courts if he fails to fill up one of the myriad new forms; to tempt him with agents provocateurs if he is a tradesman trying to work overtime to pay his taxes, and, alternatively, fine him if he is in arrears with them; to set disguised police cars cruising along the roads at thirty miles an hour that they may catch and prosecute any motorist who inadvertently touches thirty-one miles on any stretch of road marked as "controlled," which, in effect, means provided with street lamps. Once upon a time it was an indelible disgrace for a person to be hauled up before a court. But it must be difficult for the 518,240 minor motorist criminals of 1935 to feel any especial stigma. The deterrent effect of law in the abstract is proportionately

diminished. Prosecution becomes merely an incident in the ever-fiercer war between the bureaucracy and the public which pays the bill.

That bill has mounted fantastically. The Civil Service expenditure per head of population was £1/16/3 in 1913-14, for 1926-27 it was £6/15/8, for the current year it is approximately £10. Here is the schedule of its portentous growth:

1904-05.....	£46,790,657
1918-19 .....	95,736,200
1927-28 .....	307,622,911
1933-34 . . . . .	417,058,151
1935-36.....	430,210,024

This automatic increase in cost is, of course, characteristic of bureaucracy in every country. Once created, it never dies—though it may change its name and specific function. The ministries and departments created in Britain during the war have indeed in some cases ceased to exist, but the total number of bureaucrats has not diminished. Under other labels the bureaucracy continues its one supreme function—to "run and see what Johnny is doing, and tell him he mustn't"—and grows and multiplies in the well-known manner of all fungoid parasites.

Sir Ernest Benn, the English publisher, in his book, "The Case of Benn v. Maxton," gives an amusing sidelight on the working of one branch of the British bureaucracy, which may serve as a synthesis of the methods of scores of others. "The Agricultural Returns Act, 1925," says Sir Ernest Benn, "places upon me the obligation to tell the Minister for Agriculture every year how many fowls, ducks, geese and turkeys I possess, as well as pigs, sheep, cows and the rest; and as a good and loyal citizen, for some years past, I have sent this great institution, with its myriads of flappers filing futile forms, an eight-page return, giving particulars of the little bit of farming that I do at the end of my garden at Oxted."

**A BIRTHDAY BOOK FOR DUCKS**

"This year I told them that I had ninety chickens, five ducks over six months old, and nineteen ducks under six months old. But that does not satisfy them. They are quite prepared to accept one figure for geese of all ages; they do not appear to have a department yet to record the age of geese. Similarly, turkeys may be lumped together irrespective of their state of maturity; but with ducks and chickens they want to know when the little creatures reached the age of six months, and how many have survived that length of time. Well, now, with my ducks it was not difficult. You see, I have only twenty-four of them, and so I did go to the trouble of putting the two figures down, five ducks over six months old and nineteen ducks under six months old. I am not absolutely sure of my figures, because I do not at present keep a birthday book for ducks. But with the chickens the job was too much for me. You cannot tell with any degree of certainty, by looking at a healthy chicken, whether it is five or six months or seven months old. Neither am I at all sure as to the dates when most of my chickens were hatched. So I counted them all up and stuck in ninety . . . Now the Minister for Agriculture writes:—

"With reference to the Agriculture Return of the fourth of June last for your holding in Oxted parish, it is observed that although you state the number of poultry on the holding, you do not differentiate between young and old birds." He then goes on to tell me the Acts of Parliament which provide him with the powers to demand this information, and asks me to count my fowls again, ascertain their ages, classify them properly and, whatever I do, be careful to omit birds hatched since the fourth of June.

"I decline point-blank to do anything of the kind. I protest in the most emphatic manner at the waste of public money in absurdities like this. I think it an outrage that . . . time and labour

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(Continued from page 3.)

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should be spent on stupidities of this kind. . . . And so the Minister for Agriculture can do his worst with me. If he insists upon his right, I shall go to gaol. If he doesn't, his records will not be more useless than they are in any case."

**BRITISH BUREAUCRACY**

This anecdote appeals to me because, an author and not a farmer, I also was pestered with the ministry's eight-page return. But I was not so conscientious. I merely invented some proximate figures, saw they added up correctly, and sent in the return, year after year. No one ever queried it. The above-quoted little comedy could doubtless be paralleled in countries other than Great Britain.

In 1909 Mr. Lloyd George invented the formula of "nine pence for four pence." Since 1909, Britain has quite phenomenally been bureaucratized, originally to implement that financial wizardry. I gave the first cost of it a few paragraphs ago. But that is not the whole cost—which is beyond calculation. In 1909, Great Britain was incomparably the richest nation in the world. Today—although, thanks largely to the sterling area with which she trades, she has emerged more rapidly than most from the world depression—her accumulated wealth has in part vanished. It has been dissipated by confiscatory death duties and ferocious taxation. Some 400,000 public servants—up to date figures are not available: there were 344,004 in 1932—are expensively employed in inventing, checking and filing an innumerable complexity of forms and returns whose economic effect is purely negative; each to a greater

(Continued on next page)

## BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES.

(Continued from page 7.)

or less degree inhibits or restrains that individual initiative which is the sole source of taxable wealth. The waste of national energy in filling, them up and remembering all the regulations, old and new, is in itself formidable. Unemployment in Britain remains obstinately at about 2,000,000. Considering the hampering official restrictions under which every business works, the wonder is that it is not greater. True, the general standard of life in Britain is very high. It is so, not because an equivalent wealth is being earned, but because of the high-pressure distribution of previously accumulated wealth; and even more because of the reckless drafts being made on the wealth yet to be earned by posterity. In 1914, the little Britisher was born to a debt per head of £18—and to a collective inheritance certainly far in excess of it. Today, the baby Britisher is born to a vastly increased debt and a greatly diminished inheritance.

There is another aspect, which is even more disturbing to those Britishers who do not regard their countrymen merely as statistical ciphers, but as citizens in possession of social rights attained with difficulty through centuries of struggle. That aspect was not long back summarised by Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice of England, in a book called, "The New Despotism." The title was not exaggerated. The bureaucracy of Britain has usurped an autocratic power to which no Stuart monarch ever dreamed of pretending.

### A NINETY-PAGE SIMPLIFICATION

Lord Hewart commences by quoting the provisions of the Rating and Valuation Act, 1925—typical of a multitude of others since—filling ninety pages in the Statute Book, and described as "an Act to simplify and amend the law." Under the heading, "Power to remove difficulties," the section provides that if any difficulty arises in connection with the application of the Act, "or otherwise bringing into operation any of the provisions of this Act," the minister "may constitute any assessment committee . . . or make any appointment, or do any other thing (my italics) which appears to him necessary or expedient . . . for bringing the said provisions into operation." Finally, it is provided that "any such order may modify the provisions of this Act so far as may appear to the minister necessary or expedient for carrying the order into effect."

On which Lord Hewart judiciously comments: "Now, it will probably be admitted that matters must have gone rather far before a minister thought fit to propose, and Parliament, either deliberately or by inadvertence, consented to approve, a scheme that empowered a government department, on grounds of expediency, to make departmental orders modifying the provisions of the statute which conferred the power. A little inquiry will serve to show that there is now, and for some years has been a persistent influence at work which, whatever the motives or the intentions that support it may be thought to be, undoubtedly has the effect of placing a large and increasing field of departmental authority and activity beyond the reach of the ordinary law."

### THE NEW DESPOTISM

Lord Hewart goes on to fill 305 large pages of his book—which he describes as only a "brief introduction to a topic of large, and unhappily growing, dimensions. An exhaustive examination of the pretensions and encroachments of bureaucracy, the new despotism, must await greater leisure"—with instances of that despotism. Lord Hewart, by reason of his office, obviously knows far more about this matter than I can ever hope to do, and I cannot do better than to continue to quote him: "It is not, but it ought to be,

## " THE BLOOD OF THE INNOCENT IS ON THEIR HANDS "

The President of the Council of Churches in South Australia (Rev. A. C. Stevens) gave a remarkable lead to his fellow churchmen, and to his fellow citizens generally, in an address, which he delivered in Adelaide on Monday of last week. Taking for his subject, "What's Wrong With Our Political Life?" Mr. Stevens proceeded to speak with a blunt honesty that must surely have amazed, if not his hearers, at least many of those who read his address in the Adelaide daily press.

### "I BOIL WITH RAGE."

Discussing the state of affairs under "sound finance" in Australia, Mr. Stevens said:—

"I boil with rage when the guardians of the riches of the wealthy talk smugly to us about sound finance. Is it sound administration, which keeps the vast majority of the people near the bread line in a land so rich and in an age so prolific in production as ours?"

" . . . It is time that somebody told Sir Archdale Parkhill and his colleagues that no country has the right to spend millions in useless guns and aeroplanes and gold-braided uniforms when there are thousands of people walking our streets out of work, and while the social services are starved and cry-

ing social reforms are unattended to.

"Many politicians play not only the war lords' game, but the money lords' game. *There is the blood of the innocent of Australia upon Their hands.* Why are not the people allowed to share in the ample wealth of our civilisation?"

"The answer is that it does not suit the plans of those who move the press and the politicians like pawns upon the chessboard of their private plans and interests. I will not say the bankers, because bankers, too, are often pawns. I will say the moneyed interests, the persons who put profit before the people's lifeblood.

"Mr. Hughes is telling us that we ought to have full cradles, and that a virile nation—the sort which has plenty of cannon fodder, I presume -- must come from large families.

"What have the politicians done for decades but wreck the economic possibility of large families, and all but wreck the possibility of our young folk even getting married at all? Into what sort of rotten, festering cradles in damp, gloomy, hopeless houses are thousands of young Australian babies being born today?"

### THE REFERENDUM

Summing up the propaganda for and against the marketing referendum, as it is being generally put before the people, the president of the Council of Churches went on:

"We are not putting first things first. One political orator is telling us how much profit can be got out of the consumer for the producer under the referendum by legislation to bring about a home consumption price. His brother orator is advising us to vote No, and telling us that the Federal Government already possesses the power to extort the money in a better way.

"What about the poor, wretched people on less than the basic wage, £3/9/- a week, who are having profitable home consumption prices extorted from them by every industry you can think of?"

And he reached this conclusion about the Coronation delegation: "If I were a Federal politician off to the junketings attending the Coronation in London, leaving behind this wrecked, mismanaged, debt-burdened, sorrowful land of unemployment, and if I had the remnants of a conscience, I should never sleep a wink throughout the whole picnic."

### "WE GET WHAT WE DESERVE."

But Mr. Stevens was not content to denounce un-Christian conditions and unworthy politicians. "We get in the main," he said, "the politicians we deserve, and the degradation of our political life can all be traced back to the civic and political apathy of the people."

"It is degrading after our forefathers have laid down their life blood for the democratic franchise to see people having to be dragged to the polls to vote for things they know nothing about, and for candidates who do not represent the best brains and the best characters of the community.

"It is a tragedy to see the air filled with slogans at election times which have much emotional content and little relation to the real issues. It is sickening to hear of the jockeying and intrigue and lobbying and bribing which occur in the settlement of issues vital to our country.

"We want a people trained in Australia to such a pitch of political education that Parliaments and Parliamentarians will not last ten minutes when they put over some of the things which have been put over Australia in the past. How are we to get it? Only by that wave of religious fervour that mood of high seriousness, rolling like a prairie fire across Australia.

Not new parties, not necessarily new politicians, but a new mood possessing the mind of the whole Commonwealth."

Those people in Australia who have already embarked upon the campaign to demand results from Parliament, and who are now at work getting electors of all parties to unite in that demand, will very heartily endorse the sentiments of Mr. Stevens. As he says, it is our own fault that people have to be dragged to the polls. It is our own fault that people are asked to vote for things they know nothing about, to decide upon technical methods instead of re-electing or rejecting M.P.'s as other company boards are endorsed or supplanted —by the results they have produced.

## THE UNITED ELECTORS OF AUSTRALIA

### Campaign Notes

#### VICTORIA.

The Victorian Division of the U.E.A. was formally launched at the meeting convened by Dr. John Dale on Monday night, when, as reported elsewhere in this issue, an audience of over three hundred gave loud applause and enthusiastic support to the Campaign. In this encouraging atmosphere the work of the organising committee will go ahead without delay, and the first activity will be to get in touch with supporters all over Victoria.

#### What YOU Can Do.

First of all, sign the Elector's Demand that you will find elsewhere in this issue, and get all the members of your household who are electors to sign also. Send the signed form to Box 1226, G.P.O., Melbourne (the temporary address).

If you can send a donation, large or small, enclose it with the Demand form, and state if you can make a regular contribution. It will make the work of putting out propaganda very much easier and more regular if it is known beforehand how much weekly can be spent on this all-important branch of activities.

Another thing that will help in filing the forms is to write on them the Federal Electorate and the Sub-division.

Also, it is desired to know if you will get your friends to sign Demands, so if you are willing to do this, write "Yes" on the top of the form, and you will be sent forms which you can get filled in. It may be that your friends also will give the same assistance, and in turn get their friends in on the spreading movement.

By this means there will be obtained the names and addresses of very many supporters and workers from every part of the State, and from this start can be built up local organisations in every district.

#### NEW SOUTH WALES

The inaugural public meeting in Sydney is now fixed for Wednesday, February 24. Preparations are well in hand, and invitations are being issued to make sure that the meeting is fully representative. Judging by the reactions of those who have been approached, this is already assured. The simplicity of the United Electors' appeal is proving its strong point, and it is apparent that there is an ever-growing appreciation of the absolute necessity for the people to assume control of their own destiny. This applies to all sections of the community, even to those, which in the past have been most loyal to political parties, and it seems now, safe to say that the death knell of political party domination has been sounded.

Mr. P. Minahan, who has been visiting Victoria and South Australia, is returning via the Riverina and will discuss important matters relating to the campaign with leading

And the corrective is "not new parties, not necessarily new politicians, but a new mood possessing the mind of the whole Commonwealth." That mood entails making the politician responsible for results, but it also entails that the people must accept the responsibility of saying what results they want, and of demanding those results.

We find ourselves heartily in accord with the president of the South Australian Council of Churches. South Australia is already leading the other States in the electoral campaign for results. And now one of South Australia's most prominent churchmen is giving to his religious brothers in the Commonwealth a lead that they also might well follow.

people in that district, where several meetings have been arranged.

#### SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

During the past week the executive has had the pleasure of conferring with Mr. Minahan, of the N.S.W. section of the campaign.

At Seacliff a campaign meeting was held on Sunday, January 31, presided over by the Mayor of Brighton and Seacliff, Mr. F. J. Brown. At the conclusion the mayor signified his willingness to become patron of the campaign in his district—one more added to the already imposing array of leaders of municipalities who are giving their active support.

On Tuesday, February 2, the newly appointed 33 Contact Officers met at headquarters and received their instructions and the names of the 600 new volunteers who have offered assistance, and whom they have undertaken to contact.

On Thursday night, February 4, the newly formed Boothby Council also met at headquarters for discussion and arranging of plans. Boothby is the first Divisional Council formed, and they will have the first opportunity of launching the attack to be made by the "Shock Troops."

#### Massed Attack of Shock Troops.

A campaign is now being organised which should greatly stimulate activities, and, in addition, give that get-together feeling which all workers in a common cause like.

Early in March a rally will be held at the headquarters to welcome Mr. D. M. Sherwood, a speaker on the Electoral Campaign from England and New Zealand, to the former of which he is soon returning. At that rally will be explained the details of this massed attack, and the exact location in which the work is to be carried out.

Everybody will be given a street to work during the afternoon and evening. There will be a meeting place for tea, and a musical programme, which will while away that hour. This massed attack will be ably supported by amplifiers, which will tour the streets prior to the attack. Besides doing a good job, workers will spend a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon and evening, and they cannot afford not to join in this, for not only will it be productive of great results, but it will be a wonderful advertisement for the movement. If 400 streets are done that afternoon by 400 persons, and the average number of houses in each street is 30, 12,000 houses will have been visited, and probably about 30,000 votes secured.

Don't forget to watch these columns for the date of the rally, of which you will get full particulars. Address of South Australian headquarters, 17 Waymouth Street Adelaide.

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