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Vol. 3. No. 20.

MELBOURNE, FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1937.

Every Friday, 3d

Will Labor Put In Deflation Again?

*

Bank Takes One-Legged Digger's Pension

*

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(Continued on page 3.)

GWYDIR AND THE GENERAL ELECTION

WILL LABOR CARRY THE BABY FOR NEXT DEFLATION?

The first thing to be remembered in discussing last Saturday's Federal by-election at Gwydir is that it was deliberately sought by the Government. The seat was rendered vacant through the Ministry's appointment of one of its supporters to an administrative position. On this account, therefore, the defeat must be taken as having more significance than might otherwise attach to it.

Various reasons are now being brought forward by the Government press and politicians to account for their rout. All of these may have some foundation; but if one wishes to get at the major cause, it seems only sensible to seek the main points of the appeal made to the electors by Labor before polling day. And a careful perusal of Labor's case indicates that this hinged almost entirely upon finance, and particularly upon the domination of the Government and the people by the private banks.

The most sensational of the charges, as usually happens, was the bringing forward of a concrete instance of bank oppression, as related by Mr. Gordon Wilkins, one-legged Digger, ex-Country party M.L.A., and former opponent of J. T. Lang. The charges of Mr. Wilkins are reported elsewhere in this issue, but their effect was probably summed up pretty accurately by the Sydney *Labor Daily* when it said on Thursday of last week: "Reports from the Gwydir electorate indicate that the effect of Mr. Wilkins' revelations was instantaneous, resulting in a surge of public indignation that has placed beyond all doubt the defeat of the Country party that was responsible for the outrage."

Another point which sticks out from Gwydir is that J. T. Lang is far from the spent force which so many people—and not least Labor officials in other States—would wish him to be. Although the U.A.P. press was jubilant a few weeks ago when it seemed that Mr. Lang would do very little speaking in the electorate, he actually played a prominent part in the campaign, and his broadcast speech from Gunedah on "Thursday night of last week was as full of fire as anything he said five or six years ago. Moreover, it was not a defensive speech. It was a recital of the principal acts of the Lang Government of 1930-31, and a comparison of those acts with the administrative measures of the Stevens-Bruce Ministry. As for the effect of Mr. Lang's incursion, the Labor campaign director pointed out when the results came through that "the swing to Labor was more noticeable in the subdivisions where Mr. Lang addressed meetings, although the Country party fought the election on the Lang bogey."

What Does Gwydir Indicate?

Is Gwydir a forecast of a Labor victory at the general elections at the end of the year? Will there be another swing similar to that which placed Mr. Scullin in the Prime Minister's seat?

Looking first at the existing Ministry, there is little doubt that its unpopularity is as widespread and as deep as was that of Bruce's Government. It was the same record of unfulfilled promises, of mounting debts and of increased taxation; it is as barren of any constructive programme. And its personnel are far more detested. S. M. Bruce, whatever his failings, seldom made a fool of himself personally; but J. A. Lyons and R. G. Menzies rarely make a public utterance which is not greeted with widespread contempt. And Mr. Lyons has just about exhausted playing upon his family and his affection for Royalty; while Mr. Menzies, apparently recognising

that his "democracy" note is cracking, is now falling back upon art discussions and such like. (Incidentally, to give him his due, he is on safer ground here—but he is sure to slither into the mud again.)

The Country party wing in the Federal sphere is just as much a part of the U.A.P. as ever it was; and it will remain so as long as it is represented by such men as Messrs. Page and Paterson. Within the States, and notably in Victoria, there is a growing rebellion against these men, and an indication that soon the Country party may begin to represent more truly the man on the land; but it is unlikely that this will take place in Federal circles before next December.

Labor's weakness lies within itself. Leaving out Mr. Lang, it is hard to name one solitary politician who is in any way outstanding. This is not meant in any uncomplimentary sense. There are plenty of decent, honest men in the Labor party, but, if you care to while away a winter evening tackling an insoluble problem, just try to work out for yourself a Labor Ministry that would make a better fist of administering the affairs of the Commonwealth than was done in 1929 by J. H. Scullin and Co.

The Significance of Labor's Weakness

This poverty of brains amongst Labor's political leaders bears all the signs of setting the stage for another national tragedy, for a tragedy similar to what befell us in either the last or the second last Federal Labor Ministry. The second last pooled Australia into the Great War fought to make the world safe for finance. The last pooled Australia into the great depression brought about for the same reason. And it is practically a certainty that before the term of the next Parliament expires we shall again be faced with the reality either of another war or of another depression.

It may merely be chance, or it may be design, but the time when the most crushing blows have been inflicted on the mass of the people has been when Labor held the responsibility. And Labor, through the weakness or the brainlessness of its office-bearers, has let down the people on each occasion.

The stage is now set for another Labor Ministry at Canberra. And if that Ministry eventuates, what will it have to face?

It is generally admitted, as it must be, that the present high pitch of rearmament cannot be sustained forever. Even gentlemen at the heart of the business, such as Lord McGowan of Imperial Chemical Industries (as was noted recently) give it only another couple of years or so, at the best—if it can be called a best. And what then?

Rearmament is the last "peaceful" device known to our financial rulers whereby they may add to the community's purchasing power without abdicating from their throne. They have tried ordinary public works programmes; they have tried municipal works programmes; they have tried housing schemes; they are now trying armaments. After this must come (1), war, if purchasing power is to be sustained through the system of national debt; or, (2), deflation, which happens whenever normal purchasing power is not artificially propped up.

For the moment, it looks like depression. For you must remember that depression which breaks people's hearts and spirits, is a safer instrument than war, which puts arms into men's hands and gives them dangerous notions. Besides,

the danger from the foreign enemy, what with incendiary bombs and poison gases, increases daily, even to the gentlemen behind the lines.

Depression for Christmas

Already, in spite of rearmament, the overseas financial journals are talking of a new depression about Christmas time (just after our elections). Discussing the recent commodities boom, the London *Economist* said in its issue of March 27: "If the present state of affairs is maintained for long, history will repeat itself, and the outcome of the boom will be another damaging and costly slump." Do you remember the Stock Exchange boom (not real prosperity, any more than now), which immediately preceded the last

MOTOR SALES CONTINUE TO FALL.

Details of the number of motor vehicles registered and registrations renewed for the first four months of this year were issued by the Government Statist (Mr. O. Gawler) yesterday.

Compared with the same period last year, new private cars decreased from 5835 to 4534; new commercial and hire vehicles from 1475 to 1325

Registrations of used private cars decreased from 5580 to 4369; used commercial and hire vehicles from 1343 to 1303

Motorcycle registrations decreased from—new, 1178 to 1141; used, 1782 to 1742.

—Melbourne "Sun," May 11.

slump? If you don't recall the particulars, have a look over old newspaper files and compare the prices of key stocks then and now. You will see the same inflated quotations put upon the monopoly holdings—the breweries, Australian Glass, Broken Hill Proprietary, and so on. And do you remember, when all the suckers were in, how these came tumbling down (to be bought in again on the ground floor, probably, by the same persons who had sold out when they were at the top storey)?

Apart from the Stock Exchange boom, there are all sorts of other signs about us of impending de-

pression. Luxury trades are on the down grade; in spite of the high prices for wool and wheat the registrations of motor cars, both new and secondhand, were considerably lower for the first four months of this year than for last. And other instances could be multiplied.

If the stage is set for depression, you know where you will be under Lyons or Menzies or Casey—or Page or Paterson. You will be kicked from pillar to post. But will you be any better off under Labor?

If Labor, even at this eleventh hour, can pull its forces together; if Labor can learn the lesson of Gwydir—which is that the people's dissatisfaction centres almost entirely around the financial system; that the people, without wanting socialism or any other subtraction from their liberties, desire monetary arrangements which will enable them to enjoy the fullest results of their own industry—if Labor will learn this, and if it will concentrate all its efforts on doing this, and this alone, then Labor will deserve to walk in at the polls. Nor will any Senate of Peaces and Lynches be allowed to stand in its way.

But it is to be feared that those who secretly rule the present Government are as confident of ruling a Curtin Government as they were confident (justifiably) of ruling a Scullin Government. In which case they will be just as jovial in their clubs next Christmas as they were in the Christmas of 1929.

The science of the game is: When dirty work is to be done, let Labor be in office to do it; if Labor kicks, get some of its members to rat (Hughes, Lyons, etc.); then, when Labor dismisses itself by its own well deserved unpopularity, come back to cash in.

How these bankers who rule us must laugh in their baths. Dubbing Labor "inflationist," they use them as their tame pets to give us deflation; hailing the Bruces and the Pages and the Lyonses as "sound money" men, they utilise them to sneak in inflation under our very noses. And, pinning our faith to parties instead of to results, we let them get away with it.

(T. J. Moore, Elizabeth House, Melbourne.)

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GO TO THE ANT

By YAFFLE, in "Reynolds News."

*There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
But the War Office welcomed her fertilee,
And got the old woman a D.B.E.*

We are invited by Press, Pulpit, Platform and other popular pabula, to stay awake at nights because the birthrate is declining.

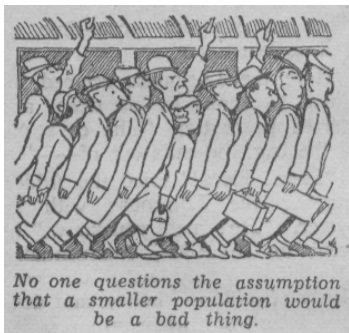
The question, therefore, arises: Shall we worry? Is this justifiable ground for a national fretting of fat?

The assumption is that a smaller population would be a bad thing. No one questions this. I see no suggestion that four million happy, healthy and friendly people might make a better nation than forty million strenuously scrapping for an insufficiency in the midst of a plenty they mayn't touch.

Apparently, only numbers count. In a civilised State the people are not supposed to receive the greatest measure, but to produce the highest common multiple.

This will correct those who were under the impression that in human affairs quality was more important than quantity.

The inquiring mind, reading these demands for more people, may note with surprise that no limit is



No one questions the assumption that a smaller population would be a bad thing.

mentioned. Are we to understand that there cannot be too many people? Is a country to be judged by the same standards as a Gorgonzola cheese—that the more thickly it crawls the richer it is?

Certain astronomers hold that there is a cosmic force, called the static-dynamic balance, by which nature endeavours to maintain the right number of each type of organism suitable to every area. If the right number is exceeded, the stars apparently pass a resolution of protest, and submit the superfluous creature to some form of sticky visitation.

Colour is given to this theory by the fact that whereas from the earliest times down to the middle of the eighteenth century, the population of Britain never exceeded ten millions, it jumped during the next hundred years to forty million, and was visited in rapid succession by industrial areas, high explosives, motors, aeroplanes, and swing-music.

It may be, therefore, that there is such a thing as the Right Number of People suitable to our geographical area. We note, for instance, that in those periods known as The Good Old Days, The Days of England's Greatness, and Merrie Eng-

land, the population was never above six millions.

When England produced Shakespeare, and the nation was enjoying what Tennyson called "The spacious days of great Elizabeth," there were even fewer—which may explain what he meant by "spacious." Are we to assume that if the population had been six times larger, Elizabeth would have been six times greater, or that the Swan of Avon would have had five cygnets?

The question of the Right Number, however, remains unanswered.

INVESTMENT TRUST RACKET

The ownership of shares in a company carries voting rights. In theory the shareholders can determine the policy of a company, enforcing it by their power of appointment of directors.

The policy of the company (says "Social Credit," London), is then enforced by the board upon the company's servants, with the power of dismissal to enforce it.

In practice, shareholders in general neglect to enforce policy, and are content to draw dividends. This leaves policy to the directors and works fairly satisfactorily, although occasionally producing awkward situations.

A new element, however, has entered the procedure of companies—the investment trust. These trusts purchase blocks of shares in a number of companies and sell shares in these shares to the public, deducting their own expenses and profits from the consolidated dividend.

The public thus owns no shares in the companies concerned, but only a right to dividends based on units in the shares held by the trust.

Voting rights thus pass to the investment trust, which by virtue of its large holdings can control the policy of the companies, in conjunction with other investment trusts. Into this little game of financial control of industry yet a further detail has now been added.

Investment Trust Units, managed by the Trust of Insurance Shares Limited, has been formed to be an Investment Trust of Investment Trust Shares.

Once again the public can draw dividends on the profits of Investment Trusts, while the voting rights in these trusts are exercised by the Trust of Trusts!

This ensures that the policy of the various Investment Trusts which in turn can jointly control the underlying companies is the right policy!

It will be found on examination that trustees, which in every case are one of the joint stock banks, invariably hold the shares held by Investment Trusts. The trustees for the trust of trusts are Lloyds Bank.

Is not that a dainty dish to set before the Governor of the Bank of England?

But what may puzzle you even more—the purpose of the required increase remains unmentioned also. No one suggests that eighty million people would be individually happier than eight million, or that by doubling your offspring you double their purchasing power per head. We are, therefore, obliged to conclude that the reason is that the only means of race-survival is

efficiency in war, and that in war a large number takes longer to kill off than a small number.

It is clear, then, that we cannot have too many people, and that the nation's duty is to make two bomb-stoppers grow where one grew before.

What methods are we to pursue to ensure the necessary multiplication of the species? What example are we to follow to attain this ideal of mass-production?

We have not far to seek. There is, fortunately, a creature, which, by strict suppression of individual choice and backchat, has reached success in communal reproduction. For many generations now moralists have exhorted us to go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise. Then let's go.

Here is a creature, which has perfected the method of subjecting the interests of the individual to those of the State. The ant is the perfect patriot. It increases its kind by mass production, and asks no questions.

"In the ant," says a treatise before me, "instinct reaches its highest level." The ant's mental powers, says Lord Avebury, differ not so much in kind as in degree from



"We ought to have more children."

man's—an observation which may be explained by the fact that "the practice of slave-keeping prevails among certain species."

Let us further consider the ways of the ant and be wiser still. The sex and occupation of every ant are decided beforehand by the community. They are bred for workers, fighters and breeders according to the needs of the community. Which-ever they are bred for, they do nothing else all their lives—and like it.

You do not appreciate this. Two out of every three of you would, I fear, envy the third. That is because you are only human, and not a perfect patriot.

All reproduction is performed by a few queens, who do nothing but

THE DAME AND THE PANTOMIME.

"London is not drab. It has been transformed by means of colourful decorations. They are best in Trafalgar Square and along Whitehall and in THE JOYOUS EAST END."

"I doubt whether English people realise the FEVER HEAT OF LOYALTY elsewhere in the Empire."

—Dame Lyons, on the air.

lay eggs all their lives, and never have time to see their offspring, which are hatched and fed in another department by a well-drilled and sexless proletariat, not one of

which, I gather, ever knows or cares when it's Friday.

The termites, or white ants, seem the most successful in meeting the "menace of de-population." In their communities there is one queen to tens of thousands of neuter, not one of which, up to the moment of going to press, hath e'er with one long kiss another one's soul drawn through its lips as sunlight drinketh dew.

If one queen is killed, another appears, and the average population of the community is always maintained.

For ten years each queen steadily lays eggs without stopping for anything, even meals or elevenses. As fast as the eggs are laid they are taken away. She lays 60 eggs a minute and 86,400 every 24 hours,

THE PARTY SYSTEM FARCE

Commenting on the Baldwin Government's new list of parliamentary salaries for British Ministers, the London "Daily Mirror" of March 24 said:—

"What interests us above all in the revised salary list for over-worked Ministers is the proposal to give £2000 a year to a politician who isn't a Minister—the leader of the Opposition.

"It seems to support Mr. Belloc's thesis that Party strife is only friendly accommodation.

"Perhaps if, in an awful nightmare, Blacks came into power against Reds, the Black leader would give a nice income to the Red, who would give it back after the change-over.

"Then they would all be happy, while pretending to go on hating one another like poison."

"with the regularity," I read, "of a pendulum marking the seconds." What is home without a mother?

Here, it seems to me, we have the ideal to be followed by a nation which announces its desire to increase its numbers before it has discovered how to ensure sufficient food, clothing, health, safety, and happiness even for those it has now.

Here we have an example to be followed by a community, which demands a higher birth rate at a time when its press announces—"Government Experimenting with Gas-masks for Babies."

Go, therefore, to the ant, thou democrat, consider its ways, and be totalitarian.

"IT IS TRUE"

"The light-heartedness which the millions in London and elsewhere are already exhibiting is directly associated with a system of government that British people have learned to take almost for granted. There are, it is true, people who assess life at a money value and in mournful language deplore the unequal distribution of wealth. That is a subject, it is true, to which modern authority gives the greatest consideration, and deservedly so. It is, however, quite apart from that spiritual and mental freedom which is the portion of everybody enjoying good government."

—"Argus" leader, May 11.

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(Continued from page 2.)

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(Continued on page 7)

Hon. R. G. Casey, London.

Dear Mr. Casey,

Wednesday's papers related with due prominence a "delightful incident" between yourself and Princess Elizabeth and Margaret, the substance of which was that after a lengthy conversation with them you said: "You both have a secret my children haven't got." When the children "excitedly pleaded" with you to be told the secret, you at last confided: "You can keep your stockings up. My children can't." And the Queen was most amused. Ha., ha, ha! And so were we.

A couple of weeks ago another "delightful incident" of your tour was the telling at a banker's dinner, of a little secret that your friends the overseas bankers are quite pleased with

us in Australia. We haven't let them down for a shilling! Year after year, in a world falling about their ears, we continue to pay them their toll of interest with the regularity of clockwork. The bankers, doubtless, were most amused at that story. When you come to write your reminiscences and impressions of your overseas wanderings, we hope you will put these two stories side by side. Because, you see, apart from your own children, there are quite a lot of other youngsters in that Commonwealth whose financial affairs you administer who find it very difficult to keep their stockings up. Thanks to the everlasting drain upon this country's resources to meet usurious interest charges, both overseas and at home we are now finding that we can't pull up our stockings when we haven't any on.

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FRIDAY, MAY 14.

Chain Store Super-Monopoly

The preliminary announcement of a pending merger between the millionaire chain store enterprises of Coles and Woolworths, following closely upon the absorption of Edments by the latter, indicates the completion of another Australian monopoly.

The spectacular rise of these two companies within the last few years, and the tremendous price now commanded by shares in both of them, is often taken to indicate that they are supplying a service, which the public wants. To a certain extent this is true (as it is true of undertakers and others), but it is equally true that their prosperity is a grim commentary upon the community's unnatural poverty. Restore real prosperity to Australia, and the turnover and profits of these companies—at least in so far as the present nature of their business is concerned—would come tumbling down.

Coles and Woolworths give the public two real services—convenience in display and wide variety under the one roof. But it is hardly unfair to suggest that most of their profit comes from the purveying of machine-finished shoddy. They are a practical expression of the perversion of the machine age. All the finish of mechanical construction is there, but underneath, the quality of material is lacking. And the public are constrained to take this class of goods simply because they must have something to go on with, and they cannot afford to pay for the better goods they really require. It is no secret, either, that these businesses are ruining the suburban shopkeeper, or that they are forcing the small manufacturer down to a price at which he becomes in practice an employee risking (and often losing) his own capital in return for little better than a chain store wage.

The merger, if carried out, will

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add another to the monopolies which are strangling the community. A few weeks ago we had in Melbourne the case of a small rival which came from Tasmania and dared to open in opposition, and which was frozen out in short order. With a capital of several millions, the new combine will be more secure than ever against opposition, the manufacturer will be beaten down more brutally than ever, and the public will take what it is given, and at whatever price the monopolist says.

Is Judge Dethridge Going Red?

If Chief Judge Dethridge doesn't look out, he will be getting himself a bad name in certain quarters. At the opening hearing of the unions' claims for a better standard of living this week, he began by saying that it is a heartbreaking struggle for a man with a wife and three children to live on the basic wage, and that for a man with four or more children it is a desperate struggle. All this is of course true, as anyone in similar circumstances could have told the Judge long ago—even before he imposed the infamous 10 per cent, cut, in addition to the "automatic" adjustment to falling prices, in 1931. But such an expression of opinion, coming from so eminent an authority, denotes an official cleavage from the pretence that the basic wage provides a standard of "frugal comfort."

Judge Dethridge went on next day to greater flights. Here is the Melbourne *Herald's* report of a dialogue between his Honour and Mr. Crofts, who was appearing as a union advocate:

Judge D.: "If you can prove Australia can afford it, it is simple enough to make the present equivalent of £5/16/- (£4/9/-) the basic wage. But unless you can prove it we must say we can't pay it. It is undoubtedly our desire that the worker should receive £4/9/-. We don't want that proved. What we want proved is the capacity of Australia to pay it."

Mr. C.: "We are showing the Court what we are entitled to."

Judge D.: "You are entitled only to what Australia can pay."

Mr. C.: "Well show first what we are entitled to, and then we'll show how it should be paid."

Judge D.: "Putting aside the employers' share, I am looking only at what Australia can pay."

Mr. C.: "We'll show how it can be met."

Judge D.: "Don't let us be namby-pamby. If you can't get it by means of this Court, get it through Parliament. If you can't get it then, get it by force—if it's there."

Now, what *did* his Honour mean? Was he inciting revolution, or what?

Possibly, since newspaper reports do not reflect facial expressions or tones of voice, the Judge did not mean to be taken as seriously as his words

would imply. However, he did give the wage earners very sound advice when he said, "If you can't get it by means of this Court, get it through Parliament." The Court can only administer laws; Parliament makes them. And it is to Parliament that the people must look if they are to have their standard of living raised, as distinct from their nominal or money wages. Both Judge Dethridge and Judge Drake-Brockman, in subsequent remarks, indicated that a reduction of government borrowing adversely affected the capacity of industry to pay higher wages. This is tantamount to still another admission—on top of those recently drawn attention to in these columns—that wages must be subsidised from some source other than what private industry pays out. It indicates that the first step to better conditions for the people is not an Arbitration Court award, but parliamentary action to supplement our money supplies—not by borrowing at interest from private money manufacturers (which leads to a still lower standard of living), but by the nation issuing its own financial credits free of interest.

If the unions will concentrate on this, instead of trying to gain a little temporary advantage at the expense of the boss, it will soon be found that a majority of all our people are demanding the same thing—in which case we shall assuredly get it.

"A Light Dusting of Powder"

Thank God, that's over, at any rate.

"The important task of dressing the Queen will be entrusted to her maid, Miss Catherine MacLean, nicknamed 'Catta' . . . Her Majesty has long hair, which is more difficult to dress than short . . . She uses little make-up. A light dusting of powder, the faintest touch of rouge and the smallest quantity of lipstick, which the Queen will put on herself..."

The above is not rudely taken from the intimate pages of a women's fashion journal, but is a sample of the balderdash served up on the front page of Melbourne's "greatest" newspaper during the week. Alongside it we had such other important items as this: "Officers of the Guards Regiment made complimentary references. They pointed out that the step of the Australians was noticeably slower than that of the Guardsmen, but the easy swing of the shoulders and body was just as impressive as the Guards' stiff, machine-like march . . . The Australians, who took two-hour shifts, showed no signs of weariness afterwards."

What a desperate effort has been made to fan up some sort of excitement, if not of enthusiasm, towards this week's proceedings in London.

But the Australian public, for the most part, were simply not interested. They knew it was a second-hand show. They noticed it was treated as such by most of the other Powers, who, if represented at all, contented themselves by sending over minor delegations. Everyone realised there was a skeleton at the feast.

Even the *Argus* made the terrible *faux pas* of coming out with an editorial the day before the Coronation, headed, "Our Servant The King," during the course of which it said: "These millions of young people may not all be aware that the King in his high office is their servant..." He's *somebody's* servant all right, as those who can

ALASS IN BLUNDERLAND (With Apologies to Lewis Carroll)

BY M. R. WENTWORTH LEE.

There they were, having tea on the lawn. It was a ridiculously long table, top-heavy with the very best. And at this table there were only three, sitting down at one end.

Alass walked in and caught them at it. She was hungry.

"No room! No room!" they cried on seeing her coming.

"There's *plenty!*" exclaimed Alass indignantly. She sat down at one side of the table, next the Arch Heir.

"Have some salad and cream," said the Arch Heir, benevolently.

Alass looked all round. The table was laden with salad, and there was plenty of cream.

"Thanks," she said, "I'd like some."

"There isn't any," said the Arch Heir, quite seriously.

"That's not being polite," said Alass rudely, for she was hungry.

"It wasn't polite of you to sit down without showing a permit," returned the Arch Heir.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," retorted Alass. "It's laid for many more than three."

The Adder opened his eyes very wide. "Come, now," he said. "Why is our table like an empty larder?"

"Ah! Now we're coming to it!" thought Alass. "I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Can you?" said the Adder, opening his eyes very wide, indeed.

"Why not?" said Alass. "It seems so simple."

They all refrained from thinking—except Alass, who was wondering just how to frame that answer to the stupid riddle.

The Lormouse had dropped off to sleep again.

But the Adder could not stop talking.

"What year is it?" he asked of Alass. He had taken a watch out of his pocket, and was puzzled as to what the watch meant.

"Oh, it's 1937," said Alass, without hesitation.

"A.D.?"

"Yes; of course."

"Just a year out," moaned the Adder. "I told you glue wouldn't suit the works. You've got to use ink, the very best ink."

"It was the very best glue," the Arch Heir cried in defence. He took the watch, smeared it over with honey. He looked at it again, and handed it back to the Adder.

"It was the best glue," he said, hanging his head.

"Oh, what a funny watch!" cried Alass, looking at it as it was passed back. "It's all figures—and not Roman figures, either!"

"The Lormouse is asleep again," said the Adder, depositing an ice cream on the poor thing's nose.

"That's what I think," said the

remember back six months are well aware. And, knowing this, our people are not very much concerned as to how the servants, and the servants' wives and servants' servants comport themselves at the other end of the world.

It is not that they may not have a genuine sympathy for the individuals who have to submit to a four hours' toilet before being taken out to be shown like marionettes to the populace. Still, even these trials are to some extent compensated for by rather handsome allowances, extending as far as members of the family who are at foreign courts. And quite a few millions of toiling, careworn British mothers would have to spend a great deal more than four hours trying to dig up enough clothes to make their children even presentable for the streets, and would require something more substantial than a light dusting of powder to give them decent complexions.

Lormouse, blinking twice and going to sleep again.

"He's our 'Yes-man,'" chuckled the Adder to Alass. "Have you guessed the riddle yet?" he went on.

"Of course. What's your answer?" asked Alass.

"I haven't the foggiest notion," said the Adder, looking wise.

"Nor I," said the Arch Heir.

"Nor I," whispered the Lormouse drowsily.

Alass sighed in despair.

"I think you might do something better with your time," she said, "than waste it asking riddles that are too simple to be riddles at all."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Adder, "you wouldn't talk about wasting him."

"I'd like to take time off," said Alass.

"There you go!" shrieked the Arch Heir. "If you don't work for your living, look out you don't 'do Time in'—in gaol!"

"Anyway, it's nearly time we had another fast," said the Adder.

"How can you," demanded Alass, "with all these things on the table?"

"Oh, I wasn't meaning just us, you know," said the Adder, quite affably. "I was speaking for the People. We can set our watch back or forward, or leave it where it is. And, of course, we make Time for everyone—meal-time, as well as fast-time."

Here the Lormouse seemed inclined to choke in his sleep, and started to mutter, "The cat's out of the bag, the cat's out of—"

"Here! Here!" cried the Adder, gagging the Lormouse with an oyster. "He's mad, you know," he went on to Alass, confidentially. "But if we only stuff him with plenty of milk and honey, and dope him so he won't wake up much, it's not very noticeable."

"Move up! Move up!" cried the Arch Heir. "My plate is empty."

"I can't move," squeaked the Lormouse, almost waking up. "I'm between the two of you."

"Let's all move together—have confidence—in me, boys," said the Adder.

They all moved. Even Alass moved into the Heir's place—and he had left it very dirty and sticky. Only the Adder got a clean place.

"We'll gradually get right round the table, like this," said Alass.

"What of that?" cried the Heir.

"It's a savage circle," said Alass.

"You mean 'vicious,' do you?" sneered the Adder.

"It's all the same. We'll come back to where we started."

"Why not?" said the Adder.

"But what happens then? We can't eat and eat and eat."

"Why not?" grunted the Heir.

"Why not?" grunted the Lormouse, again closing his tired eyes.

"Suppose we invite someone else to our party?" suggested Alass.

"Suppose we change the subject," interrupted the Heir, yawning.

"Take some more ice cream," said the Adder to Alass very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," replied Alass in a rude tone, "so ----"

"So you can't take more, eh?" said the Arch Heir.

"You mean I can't take *less*," said Alass, still more rudely.

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said the Adder.

"Oh!" exclaimed Alass, "I don't think—"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Adder.

"But I will!" said Alass, rising. "I'll tell everyone I meet; and I'll tell them there's *plenty* on this table for the whole lot of them. You can go to the Devil with your Permits and your Fasts!"

She knocked over a chair, and was gone.

The Lormouse opened his eyes a little and muttered: "The cat's out of the bag; the cat's out of the bag."

THE MISNAMED "AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRATIC" MOVEMENT

More Plutocratic Than Democratic

A Letter to the Editor from BRUCE H BROWN

Sir,

Before every Federal election all sorts of societies, leagues, clubs, and councils spring up like mushrooms to "preserve", "protect", and "maintain" some existing institution or practice. These organisations always seem to command great publicity, to be well supplied with finance, and to have more than a touch of militarism about them. The Melbourne *Argus* invariably shows particular devotion to them, and makes it appear that their motives are entirely altruistic, with the object of advancing the welfare of the people. For some strange reason, however, the condition of the people does not improve; in fact, it becomes worse and worse.

In 1934 there was the example of Colonel G. I. Stevenson (known in A.I.F. circles as the Iron Duke) and his council for "the maintenance of sound monetary conditions." Although he is an auditor, it is possible that he knows nothing about the actual production of money, but he was a member of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, where he sat side by side with Mr. G. D. Healy (one of the spokesmen for the "Associated Banks" in connection with the Premiers' Plan frame-up), Sir Ernest Wreford, Mr. Warren Kerr, Sir Robt. Knox, and Mr. H. G. Darling—all bank directors. He did good work for these gentlemen and their interests, even though it meant further hardship for the community, and, while we may have no respect at all for what he did, we can at least respect the open way in which he did it. It is almost certain that he acted on the "advice" of others and did not really understand what he was actually doing.

The Austin Emblings and the Fairbairns

Now we are in 1937 and another election is in the offing. In consequence of this it was not surprising to read in the *Argus* of April 29 that the first meeting of "the recently formed Australian Democratic Movement" had been held the previous day, and that, according to Mr. S. H. Austin Enabling, the movement is non-party. The report also announced that Sir George Fairbairn was one of the speakers, and that he had strongly denounced the financial "cost" of Federation. (Note.—Mr. S. H. Austin Enabling is a master of arts and a master of laws from Yea, but evidently does not know what money is or who produces it. But more about that later.)

We did know, Mr. Editor, where we stood with Colonel Stevenson and his "sound" monetary friends, but to put the Austin Emblings and the Fairbairns forward as the non-party champions of democracy is too much.

Mrs. H. A. Austin Enabling is a prominent official of the Australian Women's National League, and exercises more than ordinary influence in the matter of deciding who shall be endorsed as U.A.P. candidates. The Rt. Hon. R. G. Menzies is familiar with the part she plays, and some of the aspirants for the Fawceter pre-selection after the death of the late Mr. Maxwell will also have vivid recollections in this respect. Mr. H. A. Austin Enabling is a prominent member of the Melbourne Stock Exchange, where his personal interests are somewhat similar to those of the Baillieus and Staniforth Ricketson, who are also members. Most of your readers will be familiar with the name Baillieu, but may not be aware that Mr. Ricketson a business friend of the Federal Attorney-General, as mentioned elsewhere, appeared before the Monetary and Banking Commission to plead that no alteration be made in the existing control of the community's money arrangements. Besides being a partner in the stock-

broking firm of J. B. Were & Son, which, like Mr. Embling's Stock Exchange, literally lives on the present fraudulent system of finance, he is also (1) chairman of directors of the *Argus* and Australasian Ltd. (in which his firm was allotted no less than 300,000 shares); (2) chairman of directors of Capel Court Ltd. (a firm of landlords); and (3) chairman of directors of Were's Investment Trust. It should also be noted in passing that his firm has just been allotted 400,000 shares in Australasian Paper Manufacturers Ltd., while the general public was permitted to share in only 100,000.

On the board of the *Argus*, Mr. Ricketson sits with Sir George Fairbairn (who holds 30,000 shares and was principal speaker for the new movement), Allan Spowers, and Kingsley Henderson, all three of whom have been closely connected with politics of a particular brand. Kingsley Henderson, who has just figured in the "honours" list, and whose wife has a prominent place in the National Council of Women, also sits with Mr. Ricketson and the Hon. R. G. Menzies on the board of Were's Investment Trust, while Allan Spowers sits with the same Hon. R. G. Menzies on the board of the Equity Trustees. Mr. Ricketson sits again with the Hon. R. G. Menzies on the board of Capel Court Ltd. In these circumstances, it may not be without significance that a sister of the Hon. R. G. Menzies was recently appointed to an important position on the staff of the *Argus*.

Why, I wonder, has Mr. Menzies been given these directorships? Perhaps the answer is to be found in the reference to Mr. Bruce which appeared in the *Argus* of April 28, as follows: "It is generally accepted that if Mr. Bruce was elected to the House he would be offered appointments in the city. In view of his high prestige among bankers... he would be assured of influential and lucrative directorships." Is it because of similar prestige with bankers that Mr. Menzies is doing so well for himself in this respect among the financiers of the city of Melbourne?

The Lovers of Democracy

All these gentlemen would, of course, have no interest in a political party and would be anxious to surrender their present positions of power to a democracy in which the power would be exercised by the people. At least, that is what their verbal protestations suggest, but the actual circumstances indicate rather that the democracy they have in mind is the continuance of the existing arrangements under which the people are forced into a condition of servility to the private money monopoly and those who find favour with it.

It may not be generally known that the *Argus* has been connected with the forces, which have us in subjection. It has been associated with the National Union, a body that in ways unknown to the community exercises a controlling influence in politics and represents the private financiers who secretly control the affairs of the nation to the detriment of its people. As the Premier of Victoria has said, the U.A.P. may not have the men, but it has the "cash." Mr. R. O. Blackwood, a former director of the *Argus*, is financially interested in bank-owning monopolies, and at the same time is a member of the controlling committee of the Melbourne Club—the rendezvous of the money controllers, at which they may also meet the Federal Treasurer, Mr. R. G. Casey.

Sir George Fairbairn himself, though an old man of 82, is quoted in the *Herald* "Who's Who" as a director of Dalgety & Co. and ex-director of the A.M.P. Society, and

a director of the Union Trustees. It would appear, however, that he has surrendered his seat on the Union Trustees to Mr. J. V. Fairbairn, who so conveniently replaced Mr. Bruce in the House of Representatives. The fact that, on the very same day that the *Argus* announced the resignation of Mr. Bruce, it also named J. V. Fairbairn as a suitable successor must be ascribed entirely to coincidence! On each of these companies, the *Argus* Fairbairns sit with bank directors, including Sir James Elder, of the National, and A. F. Bell, of the Commonwealth Bank Board. Another *Argus* man (R. O. Blackwood) sits with Sir Claude Reading, the chairman of the Commonwealth Bank Board, as co-directors of Trustees, Executors, and Agency Co. Ltd. These, too, would naturally have no interest in a political party, and it is natural to see the Austin Emblings and the Fairbairns so suddenly bursting with a desire to safeguard, and preserve democracy, i.e., something we have never yet experienced.

The Military Touch

But there is another significant aspect to this allegedly democratic movement. No less than seven of the members of its council are prominently connected with the military. Their names are as follows:—Brig.-General J. C. Stewart, Brig.-General W. K. Bolton, Lieut.-Col. J. C. Barrie, Major S. H. Crawford, Major W. D. Joynt, Major L. Young, Captain L. Renwick.

Doubtless the uninitiated of these have been enticed in to give tone to the movement, but two at least of them should know better. Those two are Brigadier-General Stewart and Brigadier-General Bolton.

"Who's Who" tells us that the former is 53, was married in 1925, and apparently is without family. He is quoted as chief inspector of Land Settlement in Victoria, member of the Victorian Closer Settlement Board, 1932-33, and chairman of the Victorian Farmers' Relief Board since 1933.

The same publication gives Brig.-General Bolton's age as 76, and records that he has been twice married. He was a Senator from 1917 to 1923, and a member of the Joint Committee of Public Accounts from 1920 to 1923.

Both of these men have had first-hand knowledge of the disastrous effects of the financial swindle on the community—one in connection with the plight of the farmers and the other in the plight of so many returned soldiers, to say nothing of the subservience of governments to the private money monopolists. Notwithstanding this, neither of them appears to have done anything towards telling the public the truth of the situation, and both seem satisfied to talk platitudes, which mean nothing.

If they do any thinking at all, these military gentlemen must realise that true democracy is an absolute impossibility while the country's finance is under private control, and that unless they are ready to have that aspect put right all their talk about "upholding the ideal of constitutional government and the preservation of national liberty" is so much humbug. It is difficult to believe that such a body of men, themselves living in comfort, could publicly declare, as they have done, that the important things we need in these fateful days are adequate defence and a re-arrangement of State political boundaries, without so much as a word about nutritive food for the stomachs of the hungry or decent clothes for the backs of the multitude. Government by the people for the people is a physical impossibility under present conditions, and intelligent men can hardly escape knowing it. Not one of their stated objectives touches the fundamental necessity of restoring to the community the control of its own credit. On the contrary, several of them show clearly the intention to make us more dependent than ever on the private money monopoly, and perhaps it would be interesting to have a look at these next week.

Yours faithfully,
BRUCE H BROWN

ON REFORMERS-MONETARY AND OTHERWISE

By LEONORA POLKINGHORNE.

If you are anxious for popularity, there is one thing you must never be, and that is a reformer. If there is one person above another who causes grief and pain to his or her family, and who gives society in general a bad pain in the neck, it is the reformer. From the over-zealous housewife, who suggests to the washerwoman a new and better way of transporting clothes-peggs to the line, to the unfortunate wretch who discovered the circulation of the blood, all these people have earned the hatred, distrust and contumely of their kind. The washerwoman says, with a baleful gleam in her eye: "I have carried peggs from the box to the line in 40 separate journeys all me life, and I don't hold with these here new-fangled idears." While the doctor said: "It is clear that this man Harvey is an impudent upstart who seeks to revolutionise the whole science of medicine, so it is our bounden duty to suppress him and outlaw his theories."

So it happens that reformers are about as popular as an alarm clock, and for the same reason. They have been called all sorts of names—wreckers, cranks, traitors, lunatics—and once, 2000 years ago, some of them were called Christians. Even now, when any of those last make an attempt to put their Founder's principles into practice, they are looked upon as unpleasant nuisances, and no statement can be more generally unpopular than to suggest that the Leader meant what He said.

Taking Things Literally

So you see that a New Idea only finds favour when it has lost something of its original force, and taken on some of the protective colour of its surroundings. Of course, the trouble with reformers is that they will persist in taking things literally; they do not realise that symbols are only symbols and do not connote anything in particular. Edward VIII was an outstanding instance of this. He thought that a king was the father of his people, that their sorrows should be his sorrows, and their unhappy circumstances his care. Of course, he was soon disabused of this extraordinary delusion, and not only dropped overboard in a weekend and banished from the realm, but pamphleteers have gone to the further trouble of showing how a man who holds such views is neurotic, unbalanced, and altogether unfit for the lofty and responsible position of Chief Rubber-stamp of the Empire. No one, of course, expects a rubber-stamp, however glorified, to have real blood in his veins, to love a woman sincerely, and desire to possess her honourably. However, as there are always plenty of real rubber-stamps lying round, the unfortunate matter is soon readjusted, and the strains of the National Anthem betray no discordant note, except to those unreasonable people who are so unbalanced as to be unable to transfer their love and loyalty in the twinkling of an eye at the behest of a Cabinet Minister.

A Parent's Punishment

It is possible that reformers show signs of their unhappy malady even in the cradle. As infants, they have been known to reject the unsanitary "dummy," and to rid themselves of superfluous clothing. At school they are seldom the pet boy or girl of the class. That is because of their habit of asking awkward questions, and a propensity to argue. "That child," say the elders, frowning, "wants squashing." And usually he gets it. He does not remain permanently squashed, however, but persists in his upsetting course till he has succeeded in moulding social usages more to the pattern he has in his brain. Such a child in any family is regarded as a parent's punishment, especially if it is a girl—and every other member of the group feels it his duty to cure the malady by a persistent course of snubbing.

But you can't cure a reformer. You can persecute them, preach to them, punish them, kill them even, but they are reformers with their last breath, and, indeed, if it were possible to separate a reformer from his ideal reform, you would have already killed him, even if his body lived on.

Families in particular, as small copies of society at large, feel acutely the disgrace of being allied to a reformer, and are often more sympathised with than the offender himself. ("Poor Queen Mary! How our hearts ache for her!")

No matter whether it is science, art, religion or government, all those who sought to introduce change or improvement were alike pilloried, and everyone sympathised with their relatives who were guiltless of ideas. The man who invented the telephone must have brought his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

If you have ever been a reformer, you will not need to be told of the prickles that are thrown under the feet of these people. You will know that you need to have the patience of a Job, the tact of a Machiavelli, the courage of a lion the hide of a rhinoceros, the faith of a St. Stephen, and the zeal—well of a reformer, for there is nothing equal to that. You must be prepared to give all your time, your money, your talents and your peace of mind and in return be vilified by the very people you are toiling to serve.

"Back to the Good Old Days"

Why is this so? It is because you are seeking to change the pattern, and, no matter how bad the pattern, most people do not want it changed. They have got used to it, and object to any other—much as they become annoyed if they hear a new hymn in church. The new one might be a lot better than the old ones, but it has the drawback of having to be learnt, and that means a mental effort. So fixed is this obsession that the most popular leaders are those who assert that they are leading the people back to former conceptions of society and government, not withstanding that this is a negation of the whole idea of human progress. In spite of overwhelming statistics, we will always find any number of people who assert that past generations were healthier, happier and longer-lived than the present.

"Let us go back," says the deal old gentleman who has just stepped out of his comfortable limousine and seated himself in modern upholstery before his electric fire, "let us go back to the good old days when the men shored the wool from the sheep's back, and the women wove it into garments; when no one was afraid of work, even to 14 and 15 hours a day." Back to the good old days when there was no sanitation, no antiseptic surgery, when unbathed people crawled along bad roads at six miles an hour, to sleep in airless inns.

We don't do that now, because there were "cranks" who insisted on the benefits of cleanliness, fresh air, and the danger of germs. They had a hard time, be sure of it, but they went on.

So, fellow-reformers, must we—in the face of war-scares, poverty, dictators, militarists, and all the forces of reaction. It may be that only posterity will thank us, but none of us doubt that it is worthwhile, anyway.

Collective Consumers League Ltd.

Meeting of Shareholders and Others Interested

Wednesday, May 19, 1937

At 8 o'clock in Wallflower Café, 1st Floor Nicholas Bldg. Swanston St. Melbourne.

DIGGER WILKINS AND HIS PENSION

The Man Who Trusted the Bank

When Gordon Wilkins, of Wellington, N.S.W., came back from the war minus his right leg, he little thought that, graduating through a Country party seat in the New South Wales legislature, he would be an important factor in keeping a Country party man from winning a New South Wales seat in the Federal House. This is how it came about, as publicly related by him at Mudgee last week.

"Twenty-two years ago," said Mr. Wilkins. "I left the Wellington district to do my bit for Australia, and after three years on the other side came back minus a leg.

"Still a young man, I set out on a new battle, the battle of life to provide a home and living for myself and family. I received a pension of £2/10/- a week. Remember that, because I propose to tell you what can happen to a soldier's pension when the banks get their grip on a man. Well, it was a big fight, but by dint of hard work I managed to build up a prosperous business in my hometown.

"By 1930 I had assets worth almost £30,000, and I was looking forward to comparative comfort. My liabilities were £14,000. But the farm was paying well, prices were satisfactory, and I was quite satisfied of my solvency.

"I had a property of 1035 acres in the Wellington district, freehold and C.P. title, of which 400 acres was under wheat, 10 acres under lucerne and the balance all excellent grazing country. It was valued at £5/10/- an acre, and on it I had a comfortable little home.

In Wellington itself I built up a large garage, one of the largest in the Central West. The building and plant was valued at £5800, while from September 1928, to September 1929, I cleared over £800 in commission alone. I was paying £50 a week in wages, and was one of the largest employers in the town.

"Then, with the depression, sales fell off. Like other good employers I was anxious to keep my employees, even if it meant losing money. Many of them were fellow-Diggers.

"I felt I had an obligation to them, as they had put their trust in me, and, like so many of you thought that the depression would be over in a matter of months. So I borrowed everything that I could to keep my business going.

The Overdraft

"I went to my bank manager. Previously he had urged me to accept an overdraft, so that I might extend my business. By 1930 that overdraft amounted to approximately £2500, but it was well covered by my assets. But now the depression was on us and the bank was a different proposition. It slogged me day after day. I realised on everything I could and, in spite of conditions, reduced the overdraft to £2066. The overdraft was secured by a mortgage on the land and buildings, and, in addition, was

supported by a guarantee of £1000 entered into by two guarantors being jointly and severally liable. This was what is known as a 'personal covenant.'

"In 1931, the Lang Government introduced its Moratorium Act and the bank found itself unable to foreclose or call up the security. The Moratorium Act did away with the 'personal covenant,' and freed both my co-guarantor and myself from the guarantee. But, in spite of the Moratorium, I still kept my interest payments going. I did not want to evade any obligation and, like so many others, was particularly proud of the fact that my word was my bond.

"I was a member of the Country party and had been their candidate at a number of elections. I did not want it to be said that I was taking advantage of Lang's Moratorium in any way, so I did not claim any protection in the way of its benefits.

"I thought it was my job to fight Lang, and I did as I was told. So I went into the country and told them that Lang was a wrecker.

"It all came from Sydney, and I did not inquire who was responsible for the propaganda.

"Of course, I knew that many of my fellow-farmers were claiming the protection of the Moratorium, but, being loyal to the Country party, I thought it was my job to get in and attack the Government.

"So, rather than claim the protection of Lang's Moratorium Act, I went into voluntary liquidation in February, 1932.

"The Bank Came In"

"So the Bank came in and took possession of the land and buildings under its power of mortgage. It cleaned me up. From that time on the bank collected all the rents. I had lost my business, but there still remained the matter of the £1000 guarantee under the 'personal covenant.'

"If I had taken advantage of the Lang Moratorium Act at that time I would have been a free man. I could have taken advantage of the 'personal covenant' and walked out ready to start all over again.

"Instead of that, I decided to fight Lang and accept all the obligations of the guarantee. I went into the Bathurst electorate in the 1932 elections, opposed Lang and defeated Gus Kelly, the sitting Labor member.

"I was still satisfied that all the Party propaganda that was coming

up from Sydney was the truth. I was still satisfied that the banks would give me a fair go and as soon as the crisis was over would allow me to get back to where I was before.

"About the middle of 1932, Mr. Martin, Minister of Justice in the Stevens - Bruxner Government, brought down a Bill to amend the Moratorium Act. On reading it I discovered that if it was carried it might mean that the bank could penalise me for not having accepted the benefits of the Moratorium Act the previous year. I was not the only one affected. There were other members of the Government also disturbed over its possible effects.

"During the debate on the second reading, Mr. Lang and Mr. McKell, both members of the Labor party, pointed out that it would mean reintroducing the 'personal covenant.'

"After discussing it with other members of the Country Party, as well as the U.A.P., we felt that something would have to be done to protect the interests of the farmers and country businessmen who would be affected.

"So I went to Mr. Martin and told him that I could not support the Bill in its present form and that for the first time I would be forced to cross the floor and vote against him. He was very disturbed, and told me he would inquire into what I had told him. I put all the facts

"After my co-guarantor came to me and asked me the meaning of the notice, since I had given him an assurance that we would be protected under the Bill, I went straight to the Minister of Justice, Mr. Martin.

"He promised me that he would see the representatives of the banks and try to make some arrangement. He did not deny that he had given me an assurance before I voted for the Bill that the measure was only intended to cover certain wealthy men whom it was declared were evading their obligations.

"To my surprise, I received a letter from the Minister, in which he declared: 'To my mind, it is clear that something must be done and at once. In my judgment, you are both liable under the guarantee, but the thing is to make the best arrangement possible under all the circumstances.'

"After many interviews, the Minister notified me that he had interviewed the bank on my behalf, and had concluded an arrangement.

"It was agreed that I was to pay £100 a year off the guarantee and also pay current interest on the balance of the debt. I figured the interest out at approximately £125 a year, which meant that I was forced to pay £225 a year. I told the Minister of Justice, Mr. Martin, that with the rent and my military pension of £2/10/- a week I could just about do it.

Bank Takes Pension

"From the beginning of 1934 the bank collected my war pension. I merely filled in my signature, the order, receipt and declaration, and they filled in the rest and collected the pension.

"I went over to the other side, lost my leg, and yet the bank was quite prepared to accept the paltry £5/1/- a fortnight that my country was paying me.

"If there is any doubt on this matter, I invite the Minister for Repatriation, Mr. Hughes, to call for the official pension slips, where he will find all the details.

"Many of you farmers have suffered at the hands of the banks, but, surely, you never thought that they would be so greedy as to take a man's war pension.

Crucified by Banks

"But, as far as the bank was concerned, I was only an item in their ledger, and although it meant crucifying me, they were prepared to do it.

"I carried the arrangement through 1934, 1935 and half 1936, honouring my word as well as voting with the Government on every occasion.

"In May, 1935, I went up as a Country party member for Bathurst, still prepared to use the anti-Lang propaganda supplied from Sydney and still believing that the bank would honour its latest undertaking. I admit that I had doubts -and that the position was worrying me.

"It was not till I was defeated, however, that I found to what extent the bank was really prepared to go.

"As soon as I was defeated, letters of demand commenced to be sent to me and my co-guarantor, asking us to satisfy their demands under the personal covenant.

"Mr. Martin wrote to me: 'I will, of course, do anything in my power to help you. Let me have full particulars, like a good fellow, and I will go to see the bank at once and do everything I can to help you. What you ask for is very trivial.'

"I pointed out to the Minister that the bank had collected my pension and was obtaining the rent on the property. He promised to keep the bank at bay while I tried to raise the money. They wanted full payment of the guarantee, plus interest. The taste of blood was too strong and they were prepared to get at my co-guarantor.

"On August 4, 1936, Mr. Martin again wrote to me, saying: 'Dear Dick, I will see the bank tomorrow and do everything in my power for you. Meanwhile, do not sell your farm for a day or two; wheat is on the jump, and if yours is a wheat farm you had better hold off for a while. You will hear from me again almost at once.'

Writ for £1730

"I heard all right. My co-guarantor received a writ for £1730, representing the £1000 guarantee and compound interest. I had paid in £398 through the surrender of my war pension and other amounts, which I had managed to save. My co-guarantor is an old man of 80 who had confidence in me and had backed his confidence. He had nothing to gain by giving the guarantee and everything to lose, and now, for the first time in his life, he received a writ. It almost broke his heart. He looked a different man, but I am proud to say he stood up to it like a true Australian. He paid £500 immediately to the bank and appealed for time to pay the remainder. He asked them not to sign judgment against him but to advise him what they would take monthly to liquidate the debt.

"He was not trying to evade an obligation, he had not benefited by the money himself, but was still willing to pay. If we had taken advantage of the Lang Moratorium Act in 1932 the bank would have been out of court.

"Yet here they were insisting upon their pound of flesh—and at compound interest.

Bank Puts in the Boot

"The debt had almost doubled itself in the short period of eight and a half years. The bank then wrote and said that they would accept £100 a month, while the debt would still carry on at compound interest. We were in a vicious circle, and the bank was putting in the boot. So much for the promise made on behalf of the Associated Banks to the Minister of Justice.

"So much for the promises made by the banks of what they would do for Australians who went over to the other side to risk their life and limb in order to protect them.

"They made the profits. We are doing the suffering. This bank that I was dealing with had been declaring dividends of 15 per cent.

"Not satisfied with the position, we wrote to the bank and asked them to explain to us how the account was made up. What a master-

WAGES LOWER THAN IN 1907.

Mr. C. Crofts, secretary of the Australasian Council of Trade Unions, and chief spokesman for the unions, told the Full Bench that he proposed to show that the present basic wage was lower than the Harvester standard of 1907.

"Herald," May 10.

We have been telling the unions that ever since this paper was first issued. And we have also been telling them that the remedy won't and can't come from the Arbitration Court.

of my position before Mr. Martin, told him that I was prepared to meet my obligation to the bank provided I was given time and consideration, but that this Bill would put me in an impossible position.

"As a storm was brewing among members of the Country party as well as the U.A.P., Mr. Martin agreed to make inquiries.

"The Assurance of the Associated Banks"

"He then came to me next day and said: 'I have gone fully into the matter, Dick, and I have the assurance of the Associated Banks that no guarantor who is brought back under the provisions of the Bill will suffer any hardship. In fact, they will be treated sympathetically and justly on the merits of each case.' So on this assurance I went into the House and voted for the Bill, and against the amendments introduced by Mr. Lang to protect the 'personal covenant.'

"I only wanted time to pay and consideration and I felt that after such an assurance I would obtain it.

"Other members of the Country party also accepted the lead given by Mr. Bruxner and Mr. Drummond, and as in 1932 we were prepared to follow them rather than heed the warnings of Mr. Lang.

CALLING UP OF THE GUARANTEE

"Yet the Bill was no sooner operative than my co-guarantor and myself received notices from the bank's solicitor calling up the guarantee. They had a legal weapon and they proceeded to flog me with it. I make no excuse. I was a member of the Parliament that passed the Bill. I had helped to give the bank the whip and they were using it.

"When Lang had told us about the interlocking of the banks with the overseas financial groups and how they were dominating the affairs of the Country party and the Government, I had not believed him. In fact, I laughed at the suggestion. But now, to my sorrow, I was to find it was only too true.

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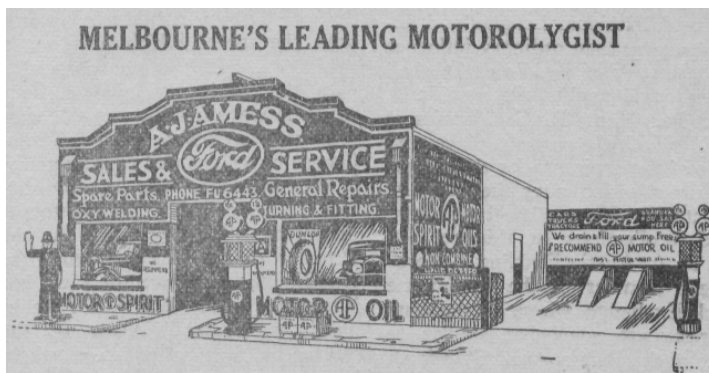
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COLLECTIVE CONSUMERS' BONDS ACCEPTED

piece of high finance the account proved to be!

"Although I had paid to them by surrendering my war pension and by other means an amount of £398 when they issued the writ, they did not give me credit for one penny of that amount. The writ was for £1730/3/1, plus legal costs. We objected to the account, and the bank was then compelled to give us credit for the £398 collected by the bank through my pension vouchers, and for the £600 that had already been paid by my co-guarantor.

"On September 23, 1936, L. O. Martin wrote me as follows: 'Dear Dick, George Wilson saw me today in regard to you and the bank. I am very sorry, old chap, but I have been doing everything I can with them. I saw them again today, and they are going to try and give me an answer tomorrow.'

"At the end of last year I offered to pay the bank 5½ per cent, on the balance from December, 1934, to December, 1936, which would amount to approximately £150, but the bank, still after its pound of flesh, refused. On December 1 I instructed the pensions officer to cancel the authority given to the bank for the collection of my military pension, as the bank then had £1000 from my co-guarantor and myself, and actually only the interest was still in dispute.

Paid Over £1200 Interest

"I wrote to Mr. Martin conveying the offer, and I told him that I paid the money mangers over £1200 interest, much of it in the time the account was in liquidation. I further told him that I only wanted a little time to clear things up for my wife and boy, and that I would go to hell before I would agree to pay a farthing more than what was fair.

"I wrote to Mr. Martin informing him that I had instructed the pensions authority not to continue paying my military pension to the bank. As Mr. Martin did not reply to this letter, I came down to Sydney to ask him once again if he could get me a fair deal. He offered to fight my case for me free of charge, but as the Act was quite specific, of course, I knew that I had no hope. Mr. Martin had been the Minister in charge of the Act, so it was not likely that he could go into court and defeat it.

"In 1933, after the Act had passed through Parliament, he had advised me that we were both liable, so it was not likely that in 1937 he could go into court and prove that he was wrong in 1933.

"On Anzac Eve I received advice from my solicitors to say that there was no possible redress. They wrote as follows:—'We have consulted all relative authorities available to us, and we are forced to the conclusion that Section 41 of the Moratorium Act, 1932, in its practical operation withdraws the protection afforded by the previous moratorium legislation from any mortgage in which a guarantee is involved. We cannot see any way of defending the action of attacking the bank's position as regards the law.'

"Remember, I got that letter on Anzac Eve. Twenty-two years ago I left Australia to fight, and that is my reward.

"Here, after being opposed to Lang for almost 15 years, campaigning against him bitterly, I am told that his legislation could have saved me, and that the legislation brought in by the Country party Government, of which I was a member, is sacrificing me to the banks.

"Lang had fought for me and had given me protection. Yet I scorned the protection and went my own way.

"Come Into the Open and Fight"

"I've had many years in politics, but this is the most bitter lesson of my life. Just as I was prepared to fight and risk everything in 1915, so, after thinking this out calmly and without any passion, I have decided there is only one honest thing that I can do; that is, come out into the open and fight the interests who have given me such a raw deal.

"There is not a Digger listening to me who would not have felt as I did

OUR LIMPID LAWYERS

(From the "Economist" of March 27, 1937.)

There is nothing that helps a man so much to clarity of thought and speech as study of the law and legal practice. From the first moment of applying his mind to this great subject, the young barrister adopts even in his common speech a precision of language, accompanied often by a rotundity of phrase, which delights those of his elders who are admitted to the privilege of his conversation. The habit, as it grows and ripens, prepares him for the later tasks of guiding a jury from the bench or drafting a Bill for the Houses of Parliament. In time he will acquire a lucidity and an impressiveness that are the envy of all who try to enshrine argument in words, and place him far above the historian, the scholar and the journalist.

To this happy fact we owe both the wise guidance of our juries, and the intelligibility of our Acts of Parliament. Who, for example, but a trained lawyer could have worded the simple, penetrating sentence which occurred recently in a summing-up delivered to a jury by one of his Majesty's judges:—

"Quite plainly, in my view as a lawyer, I cannot find it very dif-

"I have listened to more cant and humbug than I have ever listened to in my life. . . . I have no doubt that you will go on praising the next King as you have praised this one. You will go on telling about his wonderful qualities.

—George Buchanan, M.P., in House of Commons, Dec. 10, 1936.

"The 'Times' says that daily, in the coming week, every part of the Empire will reciprocate the devotion to the people's welfare that the King has shown to be his guiding principle."

—Melbourne "Herald," May 10, 1937.

ficult to see how you can fail to find that this woman is not guilty of manslaughter."

With these words ringing in their ears the jurymen retire. Let us follow them discreetly into the jury-room and listen to the discussion (not very clearly worded, alas, since they are no lawyers), which springs from this direction.

"It's pretty clear, anyway, that he doesn't want us to bring in manslaughter."

"Wants us not to! He said we might."

"Pardon me, sir, but your memory is at fault. I memorised the words carefully. He said that he couldn't find it difficult to see how we could fail to find that she is not guilty."

"Exactly. Couldn't see and not guilty. Two negatives. And two negatives, as all educated men know, make a positive."

"No. No. It's not two nega-

on Anzac Eve. It was a question of taking it lying down or putting up a scrap. The Country party, of which I have been a member ever since the war, has had its opportunity to help me.

"Instead it handed me—one of its trusted members—over to the banks, bound hand and foot, so that they could put the boot into me.

"That is why I am in Gwydir tonight. I have no political axe to grind. I realise that the banks are still in a position where they can take everything from me. I know enough of politics to know that you cannot fight a political machine.

"But they are not going to silence me. There are thousands of others, farmers, shopkeepers and professional men, all in the same position as I am, and if I can do anything that will help them by making known my own case, then I feel it is my duty to do so.

"I was crushed for one reason only because the banks and financial interests are today the real governments of this country.

"A Country party member, such as I was, goes into Parliament and is forced to vote for Bills which are drafted in the banks."

atives. It's three. Fail is a negative verb. When he said 'not fail to find' he meant 'not not find.' So there's an odd number of negatives, and the rule is that an even number of negatives makes a positive and an odd number a negative."

"Negative what?"

"Why, of course, a negative. . . . Oh, I don't know; I'm muddled."

Here a third voice breaks in.

"If you gentlemen will allow me to say so, you are both wrong. There are neither two negatives nor three. There are four. In this context the word 'difficult' has the force of a negative, and what he meant was that he could see that we could not find that the woman is not guilty."

So we leave them steadily moving under skilled guidance to inevitable truth.

Let us turn now from the lawyer as director of juries to the lawyer as draftsman. At the peak of his profession stands the gentleman who drafts our Finance Acts and brings to his task a gift of straightforward, virile English prose, which it is almost impertinence to praise. But even he, though pre-eminent, is not alone among draftsmen for his skill and clarity. That other gentleman who is employed by the Ministry of Transport to draft its Road Traffic Acts is very good, too, and scarcely a term passes in which his prose does not at least once come before a court of law. This term it came in the case of Wyatt v. Guildhall Insurance Company, which arose out of a curious problem concerned with a journey by car from Manchester to London. Mr. A being about to drive to London offered to carry Mr. B with him for 25/-, and on the way had an accident in which Mr. B was damaged to the extent of £235/2/10. Mr. B sued Mr. A, and, having won his case, proceeded under the Act of 1934 direct against the insurance company which had covered Mr. A for third-party risks.

The Road Traffic Act of 1930 set up, as we all know, a new crime—the crime of driving a car uninsured against certain third-party risks; but it did not call for an insurance of the owner's liability to passengers in the car itself unless the car was one in which passengers are carried for hire. Except,

TIN HARE KING OF N.S.W.

"According to Mr. Stevens, the introduction of the State lottery and what are known as tin hares struck a mortal blow at the morality of the people of New South Wales. What he calls the Lang Government introduced them. Well, what has Mr. Stevens done to repair the moral character of the people—has he abolished the State lottery? You know he hasn't. A State lottery is still drawn every week, and if it had demoralising influences when it was introduced, it still has them.

"Then there was that terrible curse, the tin hares. When Mr. Stevens took office there were six tin hare licences operating in Sydney, Wollongong, Newcastle and Lithgow. Has Mr. Stevens wiped out the tin hare racing tracks? Not a bit of it. Instead of the six tracks, which were running under the Lang Government, there are now nearly 60 of them, and all granted by the man who was going to repair the injury done to the moral character of the people.

"Under the Labor Government, these licences were granted only to areas with large population, but under this reforming Mr. Stevens, every town and village has its tin hare track running every week, all of them making huge profits. If this legislation under the Lang Government was a menace to moral character, then it must be doing 10 times the damage under the Stevens Government, because, by giving licences to every country town, he has increased gambling on dog races tenfold.

"And Mr. Stevens must stand up to it. A thing in itself is either bad or good; it cannot be just bad under a Labor Government and good under the Stevens Government.

"Stevens is the Tin Hare King of New South Wales, and all the pious denials on his part cannot take the title form him."

—J. T. Lang at Gunnedah, May 6.

said the Act, in the case of vehicles in which passengers are carried for hire it is not necessary to insure liability to persons being carried in or upon the vehicle.

Now, the policy that Mr. A had taken out excluded use for hiring, and the question inferentially arose whether, as he had accepted 25/- for the trip from Mr. B, his insurance complied with the Act or not. As the Act said that cars must be covered which carry passengers for hire, things really looked rather black for Mr. A. He must be a law-breaker. But, wait. His Lordship is discussing the meaning of the words "carried for hire," and he comes to the conclusion that they mean not the giving of an occasional lift for money, such as this, but of regular habitual carrying for hire, which was foreign to Mr. A's practice. So Mr. A is all right. He is no law-breaker. He was not carrying for hire. His record remains unblemished.

Alas! Things are not so simple. His Lordship has now moved on to another section of his judgment and is discussing the words in the policy "use for hiring." And it appears that a car, which is used for hiring, is something entirely different from a car in which passengers are carried for hire. It is true beyond question that when Mr. A took Mr. B's 25/- for a trip to London he did not make his car one in which passengers are carried for hire by the terms of the Act; but he did, unfortunately, make it one that is used for hiring by the terms of the policy; so when Mr. B stepped into the car in Manchester he was vitiating the Guildhall Insurance Company's policy, and the trip was made uninsured—which turns the driver of the car into a law-breaker liable to a punishment of three months' imprisonment, and this all through his being blind to the obvious and unmistakable distinction between (a) a vehicle which is used for hiring, and (b) a vehicle in which passengers are carried for hire.

Our lawyers will, of course, have understood the whole thing from the outset and will say at once that the matter was plain as a pikestaff from A to Z. What Mr. A ought to have done before giving Mr. B a lift to London was this:—

(1) He should have secured a copy of the Road Traffic Act of 1930 and studied it carefully.

(2) He should have appreciated the fact that for his immediate purpose the sub-section that mattered was 36 (I) (b) (ii).

(3) He should have noticed that this sub-section contained both a proviso and an exception, and seen that the words "persons being carried" in the proviso mean something different from "passengers carried" in the exception. He should have weighed both nicely, neither dividing the exception nor confounding the proviso.

(4) He should then have read carefully through his policy in the light of his study of the Act and seen at once that a vehicle which is used for hiring is not the same thing as a vehicle in which passengers are carried for hire, and that both of them are different from a vehicle in which persons are being carried for hire.

Altogether, the defence of ignorance which Mr. A would probably set up is a defence with which one does not find it very difficult to see how one can fail not to be impatient. Our excellent Ministry of Transport, with great trouble, research and expense, invents one or two brand new crimes for the encouragement of the public; and its admirable draftsman sets the crimes forth in language to which his Majesty's judges, after some hours of argument from learned counsel, find it possible to attribute a meaning. It is our duty as citizens to anticipate the result of his Lordship's judgment on the draftsman's purpose, remembering that if we get it wrong we shall have taken that first step in law breaking which, as all sociologists know is so terribly difficult to retrace. Only by earnest concentration on sub section 36 (1) (b) (ii) of the Road Traffic Act, 1930, shall a young man cleanse his ways.

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(Continued from page 3.)

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The United Electors of Australia would like to inform all those persons who are interested in the establishment of Political Democracy that the campaign to establish this objective is being launched throughout Indi by Mr. E. D. Butler, Campaign Supervisor.

Would all those who are desirous of obtaining the services of this young enthusiast immediately get in touch with—

THE UNITED ELECTORS OF AUSTRALIA

Box 1226, G.P.O. Melbourne.

ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN NOTES

VICTORIA.

Are You Ready? Set? We are off on Wednesday, May 19. Time and place: 8 p.m., Box Hill Town Hall. This is the launching of an intensive Campaign to mobilise the electors of Victoria in a united DEMAND that the criminal absurdity of poverty existing in this land of plenty shall end. Dr. John Dale, Melbourne City Health Officer, and John Hogan, the brilliant young orator, will be the speakers. Two or three months of unobtrusive work have paved the way for real action, commencing at Box Hill on May 19, and continuing at Caulfield on the 25th. At least two Town Hall meetings a week is the programme until the suburbs have been completed; then the country will receive earnest attention. *Wherever you are and whenever you can, talk of these meetings.*

By the Home Fireside —During the winter months a cosy fire, a cigarette and a chat with congenial friends, and a cup of coffee before departing into the night air, is quiet, placid enjoyment—and an enjoyment that can be instructive and helpful. Caulfield is initiating "Home fireside meetings." The first takes place on Saturday next. A few friends are to meet in a home and the topic of conversation is to be Town Hall meetings and the Electoral Campaign. Similar meetings are expected to be held two and three evenings a week, always at a different home, and it is easily recognised that friends strange to the idea of the Electoral Campaign will be drawn into the circle. And the circle will be ever widening. Other suburbs please copy.

"Mr. L— of Chelsea, receives 18/- per week pension. He cannot use one arm, and has it bound to a board at night; he manages to shuffle about, has partly lost his speech, and is unable to look after himself at all. He pays 3/- weekly lodge money and 8/- for the rent of a very poor house.

"He is supposed to be on a diet, mainly fish, but this is too dear for him to buy, especially since he has to pay 6/- a bottle for medicine, which lasts only a short time.

"Mrs. L. cannot leave her husband because he often has to go to bed for weeks at a time. In the battle to live she herself has become nervous and ill. After several months trying to get help from the Benevolent Society, she managed to get a little firewood.

"Bit by bit the remains of a once nice home have been sold to keep these two alive.

—*Workers' Voice*, May 8.

IS THE CAMPAIGN TO ABOLISH POVERTY NECESSARY?

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Adelaide Division. - The experiment of speaking on the Electoral Campaign in the Botanic Park has proved a success. Several hundred attended on Sunday, May 2, the speakers being Messrs. C. Goode and C. D. Brock. Permits will be secured for other speakers as soon as possible. As a result of these Botanic Park addresses, a number of inquiries have been received at Headquarters. One of these was from a man of seventy-four, who brought in a Demand Form with his signature on it, along with others. He took away more Forms to do his little bit.

In the Prospect District, Mr. Baghurst has obtained excellent results from his area, producing 85 per cent. signatures.

Barker Division. —This Division being spread over a very wide area that is sparsely settled, there is as yet very little to report. Two of the larger towns—Murray Bridge and Mount Gambier—have taken the initial steps with regard

to the Campaign. But there is yet much to be done in these two important centres. It is expected that in the near future a report of very definite progress can be made.

Work is proceeding in the Glenelg Sub-Division, and the Group is preparing to achieve big things through the winter. The leader of this Group, Mr. E. C. Finn, reports that signatures are becoming much easier to obtain.

New Leaflets—The Campaign Director, Mr. M. E. Dodd, seeing the need of a leaflet that would be complementary to the Demand Form, has now been able to get these out. These leaflets explain, clause by clause, the wording of the pledges. Even in so short a time as they have been to hand, they have proved very satisfactory, and appear to fill a long-felt want.

Publicity—The Publicity Fund is still causing considerable interest. It is felt by many members that this is to be a very important aspect of the future Electoral Campaign. Headquarters are receiving frequent enquiries regarding publicity. Members are reminded, however—those who promised to pay their donations to this fund—that the month is up on Friday, May 14. Since eighty members made this promise at the Rally on April 10, this fund should start well.

While we do not wish to raise the hopes of members unduly, negotiations are in hand for the distribution of a free paper in Adelaide. Certain publicity experts who are interested in the Campaign are hoping to be able to co-operate with us in this matter. The cost would be covered by advertising, and this would be handled by advertising experts. Our organisation would be asked to distribute the papers. Thus each body would be dependent on the other. The Electoral Campaign policy would be the policy of this free paper. E.C. matter to be contributed by Campaigners, and a tremendous boost for the Campaign would result. Incidentally, those papers now supporting the E.C. would themselves be supported and assisted.

Executive—At the Executive meeting of Monday, May 3, the members decided that, in order to assist the Campaign Director in his attempt to put the best man in each position, a re-shuffle of "portfolios" would be helpful. This was adopted; and Mr. Dodd is now rearranging the Executive members in what is felt will be a more workable order. A vote of confidence in the president, Mr. C. L. Tucker, was moved. Mr. Tucker thus did not vacate his position with the rest.

Council Meeting—A Council meeting will be held on Wednesday, May 19, to discuss important matters regarding the E.C. This will be followed by a Headquarters Rally on Saturday, May 22, when the publicity campaign will be discussed.

Dance. — The dance arranged by the Women's Auxiliary, held on May 1, was so satisfactory that the ladies have decided to hold a Plain and Fancy Dress Dance at the Hansen-street Hall on Saturday, May 29, at 8 p.m. No admission. A shilling basket supper. Proceeds for Campaign funds. YOU can make it a success.

Thursday, May 20, 2.30 p.m.—Conversational Afternoon: Topical Talks, Competitions, Afternoon Tea. Collection.

Children's Party, Plain and Fancy Dress—This is to be a treat for the children during their holidays, and will be held at Hansen-street Hall (5 doors S.W. of Wakefield-street), on Friday, May 21, from 3 p.m. till 5 p.m. Children and adults 6d. Proceeds in aid of funds.

Picture Competition—Owing to the non-appearance of one book of tickets, this competition could not be decided on May 1, as was hoped. The draw will take place at the Rally on May 22.

AUNT BERTHA IN LONDON

Dearest Children,

I was so pleased when the mail came this morning and I got all your letters, and all the Australian papers. You know, I thought that, while all our leaders were over here, things would go on just as usual at home, and there would be nothing doing. I was wrong, wasn't I, dears?

I am so pleased to hear that Mr. Kent Hughes is going to cut out the system of handing out jobs to party supporters. But, of course, he'll never get back into Parliament if he starts broadcasting these sentiments, because no one will vote for a party, which can't give them a go at the national cash box. There'll be a rift in the loot, so to speak. But he was speaking to the Young Gnats, so I suppose he exempted them.

Just fancy Melbourne *Truth* discovering that the Portuguese and the Spaniards were the same race. You know, nobody over here knew that; it takes the local lads to find out things, doesn't it, dears?

And you're all going to celebrate the King's birthday on the anniversary of the day he wasn't born. What a cute idea! I'm really delighted; because I think you can feel much more loyal when you know it doesn't hurt your business.

Now I'll tell you all about Auntie's doings. The Australian troops are all over the place, and I went to see them on guard at the Palace, protecting the King. It was so exciting, and they had to call out the police to protect the troops. An old gentleman said to me: "Quis custodiet ipsos custo-

TELLING ON JOE.

"Is all business success founded upon showmanship? I am inclined to think so."
—*Dame Lyons, in the "Herald."*

des?" And I said that was no way to speak to an unprotected girl. He said he didn't mean anything, so I shut up, because an ancient man who doesn't mean what he says is probably high up in the Government.

And I'm hearing all about Australians everywhere I go. The commissionaire at the Bank of England told me that such a lot of Australians will be in the Honours List. Some are even going to get honoured on their merits alone, and some will have to pay what is really an absurdly low purchase price; don't you think it's absolutely thrilling? Of course, I don't know who'll get what, but I know they can't knight Joe, because he's benighted already; but they ought to do something for Mother, because she writes beautifully; and I hear that George Wales will get some sort of an order. I like George, so I hope it won't be the Order of the Boot that Teddy Wales got. And I heard something about their giving Sir Isaac Isaacs a bath. I think it's a shame, because he's one of the best we've ever produced, and I'm sure he doesn't need a bath; he looked as clean as a man could be—but perhaps he's started dabbling in politics.

I read a lovely speech by our dear little Doctor Maloney today; it was so sweet. The Doctor wants to give all the children a vote. I think it's wonderful of him. All of you little children should have a vote; it would be of just as much

DON'T SPEND A PENNY—without consulting the "New Times" Shopping Guide.

use to you as it is to the grown-ups. And the little Doctor said that if he was younger he'd go and fight for the Spanish people. I'm sure he would, and I'm sure that, if he was younger, and had the time, he'd fight for the Australian people, too.

And, what do you know, I was walking down the street today and met our own warlord - - Archy Parkhill. Now, there's a man we can be proud of; he looks a warrior every inch of him—at least every inch of his height, and about two hundred inches of his girth. He told me that he's frightfully busy, but he will be a long time away from Australia. You know, the last time he had to go away from Australia was when he was Postmaster-General, and he went to the Big Congress. Then he travelled all over the world to get knowledge, because, as he said, a Postmaster-

THE ONLY ONE BARRED.

Chief Judge Dethridge said that the Bench would hear an application by either side to have an economist called. The Bench would welcome it.

Judge Beeby: Unless he is a Douglas Credit man.

General must have all the knowledge he can get. So Archy got all the knowledge about post offices, and then they shifted him to the Defence Department. I don't know what he did with the knowledge; I suppose he gave it to his successor. Anyhow, he hasn't got it now. Now he's getting knowledge about military matters. He told me that he can't see the experts until the school vacation. You know, dears, when Musso waded into the Abyssinians, all the experts said he never had a chance; so, after the Abyssinians were cleaned up, the experts had to go back to school again. But you'd be proud of our Archy if you could only hear him—they can't put anything over our local lad. They told Archy all about the big battleships that are being built on the Clyde, and Archy said: "Wait until you see the Japs being chased by the launch I'm going to build when the timber arrives from America." Then they told Archy of their experiments in screens to protect London from aerial attack, but Archy wasn't beaten; he said that when he got home his Government was going to give a grant for the express purpose of polishing Ned Kelly's armour.

I said to Archy that I thought it would be a good military idea to see if we could provide everybody with a square meal a day, then we'd all be better able to fight, and would have something to fight for; and Archy said: "Wipe your chin" And I said: "Why?" And Archy said: "You're spilling beer on your

skirt." He couldn't stay for another one, as he has a personal matter on hand—he told me all about it. You know, Archy, poor chap, is not too strong on history, and nobody will stop talking about loyalty and loving the King long enough to tell him what he wants to know. It appears that Archy has heard that some long time ago a lot of loyal people in England got together and put the skids under a man named Stewart or Stuart; and Archy says that for personal reasons he must find out how it was done, but the subject doesn't seem very popular just now.

I haven't been able to get in touch with Joe at all. I asked Australia House, and they said to see the liaison officer, and I found there wasn't one. There used to be one: Stanley London Bruce created the job for his cobbler, Mr. Casey; but some narks in the Labor party abolished the job, and, as Casey found he couldn't be of any further use to his country, he went home and got into Parliament. I wrote a letter about it; but, instead of addressing it to the "Intelligence Officer", I addressed it to the "Intelligent Officer" at Australia House; and, of course, there wasn't one, and the letter was returned.

I filled in time today by going to St. Paul's and listening to a lovely sermon about the Empire, and how it grew, and what trimmers we were now, and how we weren't like Italy, treading on poor little Abyssinia, or wanting colonies like Germany. I've forgotten what the text was, because all I remember from my Sunday school days is

According to official records there were only 604 U.S. strikes affecting 314,000 workers in 1928. Last year, according to preliminary figures, there were 2125 strikes of 790,000 workers. From the temper of Labor last week it seemed not unlikely that 1937 might match 1910's all-time record of 3630 strikes and 4,160,000 strikers.
—"Time," New York, March 22.

the story of Naboth's vineyard, and I know that wasn't referred to. But the next time you get a letter from me there will be plenty of news, because by then the King will have been crowned, and the big strike will be on, and Mr. Lyons will have put his foot in it again, and the miners won't have got that feed they want, and a lot more Jews will be Lords and Dukes, and one more meal of the tripe that is being dished up by the Melbourne press will have caused the untimely end of

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