

THE "NEW TIMES"
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AT
ALL AUTHORISED
NEWSAGENTS

THE NEW TIMES

DON'T LET 'EM
WALLOW IN IT
By "Yaffle"
(See Page 3),

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER EXPOSING THE CAUSES, THE INSTITUTIONS, AND THE INDIVIDUALS THAT
KEEP US POOR IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY

Vol. 3. No. 51.

MELBOURNE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1937.

Every Friday, 3d

PARALYSIS- INFANTILE and MENTAL

*

What Is Behind Air Force Crashes?

*

The Minister for Customs and the Oxford Group

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(Continued on page 3.)

The Futility of Trade Agreements

What is it that makes the price of individual solvency a perpetual struggle, with the devil taking those who, through ill luck or lack of ruthlessness, are hindmost in the struggle?

What is it that forces nations to endeavour to send overseas a preponderance of their real wealth in return for nothing, and even to fight for the privilege of so doing, when it is known that their own nationals are going short?

What is it that sends nations to war and causes mother nations to devour their young?

The Common Denominator

The answer to all these questions is not to be found in some alleged moral imperfection of mankind in general. It is to be found in a system which mankind has allowed to come into operation throughout all nations, and which affects all individuals. The quite inevitable reaction of mankind to that system is to behave as he is behaving.

We refer to an economic system, which has as its avowed objective the provision of work, an objective that is contrary to all observation of human strivings and aspirations throughout the centuries. If one thing stands out more clearly than another in a consideration of man's struggle with his environment, it is that man's constant endeavour has been to free himself from the necessity of having to labour in supplying the basic needs of his existence, namely, food, clothing and shelter. He has tried consistently to place the work on to the backs of machines and such devices. That is why he invented the wheel, the hammer, the lever, the steam engine, and so on. He wanted to have liberty and spare time to devote to occupations of mind and body other than those dictated by necessity. This was his fundamental urge; even more fundamental, perhaps, than his desire so to conquer his environment that he would abolish the fear of scarcity forever.

Power-Lust and the Economics of Death

And while the better brains amongst mankind were steadily pursuing this objective, another small section of mankind, essentially parasitic in nature, crazed by a lust for power, and warped by that puritan outlook which will not let other people be, was bending its whole endeavours to sabotage their efforts. This section has built up, partly by a steady process of trial and error, and partly by design, a financial and economic system, which at present renders negative the efforts of scientists, inventors, and other seekers after truth to endow us with plenty of things and plenty of leisure. The system has grown up unobtrusively, and the most recent flower of its growth has been the post-war establishment of 24 Central Banks and the establishment of the Bank of International Settlements.

The mechanism is in essence simple. This section has come to wrest the control of money from sovereign governments. It issues money through productive industry only. One consequence of this is that incomes are paid only to those who can find industrial employment, and we have already stressed the gradual displacement of man from industry by the machine. In this situation of "Work or Starve" there must be, and in every walk of life there is to be found in operation, an incentive to do work that is either of little value or is potentially dangerous. The manufacture of armaments and the drug trades are instances.

Another aspect of the matter is that the money monopoly only

lets money out in such quantities, and in such directions, as it thinks fit.

But by far the most vital aspect of the matter is that the money monopoly reserves and uses the right to recall and cancel the money it has allowed to be issued through production, before that production has passed to consumers. The money is taken out of the consumer's pocket before it has served its proper purpose. It is short-circuited back into production through investment of savings (thus creating a further cost charged against the consumer's pocket), or it is prematurely cancelled out of existence by the banks on the repayment of bank loans. In essence, the system works poorly in the matter of putting money into people's pockets, but works superbly in getting money out of those pockets at a rate which has no relation whatever to the rate at which goods are delivered over the counter for consumption.

Expectations Fulfilled

Under such a system we should expect to find in a state of destitution those whose services are not required by industry, and that is what we do find. Servitude is their only alternative to degradation, and not even servitude (i.e., employment) is available to them.

We should expect to find a general feeling of insecurity and strain pervading the whole community, and that is what we do find.

We should expect to find it more difficult to sell goods than to make them, with all manner of tricks and devices resorted to induce people to buy, and that is what we do find.

XMAS and NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

There will be NO ISSUE of the "New Times" on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, or FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31.

The structures of advertising and hire purchase alone bear sufficient witness to this.

With a steady leakage of money we should expect to find a constantly growing snowball of undischarged costs and debt—both public and private. And that is what we do find. The public debt has increased at an accelerating rate, particularly during the past thirty years, and, with the monopoly of credit resting where it does, it is no surprise to find that that indebtedness is owned almost wholly by banks and financial institutions.

We should expect to find nations struggling to achieve export surpluses—to dispose externally of their "surplus" goods (i.e., goods not represented by effective demand at home). This is the only way under existing rules for a nation to keep its own nationals in full employment, and so to prevent stagnation at home. And we do find such a struggle, waged perpetually by means of tariffs, quotas, trade treaties and so on during so-called "peace" time. The struggle has already led to the major world war of 1914-1919, and is bidding fair to explode into a major conflagration once again.

Reshuffling No Good

It is quite clear that no solution to all this muddle and mess can be found by any amount of reshuffling of income as between individual and individual within the borders of any nation, or of external markets as between nation and nation. Gains in one direction will be offset by corresponding losses in other quarters. The only possible solution is for each nation to clean up the backyard of its own domestic credit and

system—to assure to its citizens the essentials of maintaining life, even if their services are not required in productive industry, and to ensure, above all, that money will flow into the citizen's pocket at a rate sufficient to buy the whole of domestic production, and will only be taken out of that pocket for cancellation as production passes into consumption. It is the rate of flow that is vital.

Under such a system there could be no incentive to find "work." Things would be done in the most efficient way possible, and "log-rolling" would cease. Consumers would decide by votes over the counter what type of production they required. Citizens would have security and the real freedom, which comes from the possession of assured incomes. There would be no accumulation of debt, for the system would be self-liquidating. The flow of income to the community and the flow of money back from the community would be scientifically regulated to reflect the actual facts of production and consumption.

If goods were exported, as they would be in large quantities, care would be taken to see that an equivalent value of imported goods was received in return.

And imports, instead of being a curse, would be adequately represented by money, and of great value in diversifying consumption. The whole urge of individuals and nations to intermeddle with each other's affairs would be destroyed at its root.

American Trade Treaty and Other Palliatives

It is against the background of the foregoing remarks that we must consider the present move for an Anglo-American trade treaty, the proposed revision of the Ottawa pacts, the trade discussions between Australia and New Zealand, the German and Italian demands for colonies, and the references of bankster inspired politicians to the need for economic appeasement.

It will be appreciated readily that in none of these matters has the correct solution of appropriate domestic action been considered, and that consequently no happy results can be expected. If America is to gain in her balance of trade, other nations will suffer. An advantage to Britain will be reflected by a loss to other countries. Those other countries may or may not be Britain's own Dominions—her alleged co-partners in the British Commonwealth. For the remorseless pressure of a shortage of domestic income will cause one dominion to cut the throat of a sister dominion, and will even drive a mother nation to devour its young.

In the present negotiations there is more than a hint of the recrudescence of dollar diplomacy. It is reliably reported that at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, the American Ambassador to Britain reported to his President "the British Empire is now delivered into our hands."

Britain went heavily into debt to her own bankers internally, and to American bankers externally. At the close of the war American bankers had one Montagu Collett Norman appointed Governor of the Bank of England, a position still held by him. Britain deflated, sabotaged her magnificent productive and fighting organisation, disarmed, lost her best artisans to America, and finally returned to the gold standard. Montagu Norman, alias Professor Skinner, flitted in disguise back and forth across the Atlantic to receive further orders from Wall Street and the Federal Reserve Board.

There was no kick until the abandonment of the gold standard less than five years ago, and the

refusal to pay more than token payments in respect of the external war debt. Although Britain is rearming, it is clear that she is even still in the uncomfortable position of the small boy with his pants only half on.

Time alone will tell whether the existence of this debt to America is being used by Wall Street as a lever to dictate trade policy to Britain. Mr. Cordell Hull has previously acted as the mouthpiece of financial interests.

Rehandicapping

Bankers, besides being lacking in honour, are destitute of patriotism. Professor Skinner would sell the Empire tomorrow. The Morgans and Warburgs of America would do the same by their adopted country. There is the further factor that they always have to appear to be doing something to alleviate the world's ills. It is possible, therefore, that national aspirations scarcely enter into the present talks, which may merely be evidence of some re-handicapping by international finance, and a further attempt to pull wool over the people's eyes.

Interests which so far have had a raw deal may be given a better time at the expense of interests which so far have been favoured, thus engendering new hope in the breasts of the have-nots. In support of this hypothesis news has come from London that Australia is not expected to forego any of her present volume of trade, but is expected to allow her trade to be reorientated in many respects.

Australia will naturally mistrust such expectations and assurances,

Saving Civilisation

Both the great Churches of Christendom, the Roman Catholic and the Anglican, are now beginning to take a leading part in the effort to save civilisation. Under the leadership of the Pope and the Archbishop of York, respectively, a group of leading men in both Churches have declared for the supersession of private Monopoly of Credit by its socialisation; and both are explicit as to the means and the objective.

It is certain that if the Churches succeed in saving civilisation, they will at the same time save themselves, since there need not be the smallest doubt among churchmen that the first institution to perish irrevocably in a catastrophe of civilisation will be the institution of the Church. Who, in fact, could have any use for an institution that had betrayed its trust and allowed its sheep to be done to death by wolves?

—"New English Weekly."

but, as Australia's Government boasts of its subservience to banking interests, and as Mr. Neville Chamberlain accepts orders from Monty, we may find that the various Governments are merely giving their blessing to something already decided by Threadneedle and Wall Streets.

Even if Australia were able to achieve an immediate advantage from the present talks (which she will not), she would be no nearer to an ultimate solution of her problems.

Whatever the immediate outcome, she will find that she has been dumped again—unless she once more asserts sovereign control over her own money system, and operates it in accord with the principles indicated in the earlier portions of this article.

The matter is a domestic one, which does not necessitate going into consultation with external interests. No world conference is required.

There can be no solution of the problems of markets until the home market is made to function properly. Then the problem will disappear.

DON'T LET 'EM WALLOW IN IT

By YAFFLE, in "Reynolds News."

The Government has decided that there is no necessity to adjust the scale of unemployment relief to the rise in the cost of living.

The rise of 5 per cent, in the cost of living "cannot be said to warrant a general revision of the scales," so the Unemployment Assistance Board "will avail itself of the existing powers for increasing benefits in cases of proven hardship," says Mr. Ernest Brown.

"The mechanism of the Board," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "is working smoothly," and "the general need will be generously met."

The news that unemployment relief is going to be as generous as before is expected to cause great rejoicings throughout the country. Bonfires will be lit, and in some places Rural District

of the Act, should concern such things as the coldness of rooms, the paucity of furniture and bed-clothes, the porosity of boots, and the thinness of trouser seats. The statutory unit of measurement of hardship, therefore, must take all these elements into consideration.

With the British Empire in its usual state of balancing on the edge of ruin, things have to be cut very close.

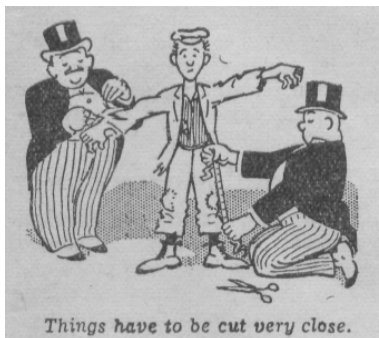
Two haricot beans more than necessary for dinner, a roof two degrees more watertight than it need be, a trouser patch of more than minimum thickness—and

"Do Banks Create Credit?"

Here is a little conundrum for those who say No: How did Australians manage in the last financial year to pay over £108 millions in Commonwealth and State taxation (to say nothing of their living expenses and a few odd items like that) with only about £55 millions in notes and coin?

How to enter for the competition:—No money is required. We are not raising money for a Christmas treat for anyone. Anyhow, you will need all your money for your current taxes. Simply write your answer, print your name in block capitals (no, not capital), enclose a photograph of Doug, Copland, Dick Casey, or Joe Alluwishus Lyons; and address your answer to New Times Ltd. The prize will be a framed portrait (in boiling oil) of Otto Niemeyer.

—DO



Councils have arranged that a large potato will be roasted whole on the village green.

* * *

It will be noted that statutory generosity has now been fixed at 24/- a week for man and wife, with 4/- for a child. But how can we be certain that this is scientifically correct?

Before relief can be increased, you observe, hardship has to be proved. But how can you prove hardship without a scientific unit of measurement?

It is not enough to have a standard of measurement for malnutrition. Malnutrition is only one department of hardship. By fixing the statutory number of calories and proteins you only discipline the stomach. But many people can be quite happy on a low diet. Man cannot be miserable by lack of bread alone. Clearly, other discomforts must be ensured.

Hardship, within the meaning

of the whole delicate fabric of our imperial economic stability will, it would appear, fall to the ground.

And what shall it profit a man if he gain two haricot beans and lose his whole Empire?

Readers will, I am sure, endorse what I say about the need for exactitude.

It has been generally felt that one of the most terrible calamities that can befall the nation is that the unemployed shall enjoy themselves unnecessarily.

We all remember the anxiety that was caused when unemployed relief was first started. The awful thought that, at any moment, somewhere in the country, some unemployed man might be enjoying himself

caused untold misery in respectable circles.

Gloom settled on the West End of London. When the news spread that in all parts of the country the unemployed were still sleeping in beds and eating off tables, a fierce epidemic of apoplexy raged from Pall Mall to Notting Hill. Society leaders grew haggard; debutantes took to drink. In the clubs, blood pressure soared on every hand, and innumerable fits were thrown.

Armies of investigators went on journeys through industrial areas looking for examples of the debauchery of the workless, and every time an unemployed man was seen coming out of a pub or smoking half a Woodbine, the press was full of harrowing accounts of the way the unemployed were wallowing in luxury at taxpayers' expense.

I shall never forget the terrible night when I sat by the bedside of a wealthy landowner who had fallen in a fit on the floor of the Savoy grill-room on hearing that an unemployed card-room operative in Lancashire had had a chop for dinner on Sunday.

* * *

I do not want to see England suffer like that again. We must be assured that in the future the scale of relief shall be estimated on the most scientific basis.

In fixing the statutory degree of misery there is one most important factor to be remembered: Careful note must be taken of how often the unemployed laugh.

No matter how cleverly they may hide their comfort under the assumed garb of misery, there is no mistaking a laugh. It is a clear indication that a man is enjoying himself.

We must, therefore, have an increased number of inspectors, or, better still, armies of plain-clothes detectives, to move about in industrial areas noting signs of merriment.

By such means we shall be able to check the emotional reactions of the unemployed to their conditions, and by reducing the rate of relief at the rate of 2d off every laugh, we shall establish the statutory minimum of enjoyment.

Not until laughing has been abolished from industrial areas, I feel, shall we rest assured that the conditions of the unemployed are consistent with the economic stability and the resources of the Empire.

Santa "Claws" and the Spirit of Father Xmas

By M. R. WENTWORTH LEE.

The Christmas season overflows with all the good things—particularly good tidings of great joy and good wishes. In some cases and places good dishes also appear, but these are only for the elect. Feasts for the few and famine for the rabble has been ordained. No one, not even our learned entomologists (students of hum-bugs, humans and other insects), can say why. Nor can they explain why it is that at the festive season the shops are gorged with "Christmas presents for all," while people wander back and forth on the pavement wondering where their few pence will go farthest.

The statement re "presents for all" sometimes shouts at you from the same shop front where the management has plastered an animated life-size cross-section of Noah's Ark. But the whole thing is a sell. Never once have I had one of these stores rush me with Christmas presents. They insist on selling them to me—selling me gifts.

Father Xmas is Dead

Father Christmas is dead. His homeless spirit looks down upon the world in horror, to see Santa Claws clutching at the widow's mite. Santa Claws, impersonating Father Christmas, trampling on age-old traditions, selling his soul to trade. Santa Claws, the star attraction of the season, which lasts as long as Big Business can make it. The horn of plenty is made to sound the dirge of democracy, or play a requiem for a fallen people. Amidst the blare of tin trumpets, and glare of tinny goods and rattles, the ghost of Father Christmas rises in despair. Santa Claws parades in perspiring rig, in order to attract buyers; shop windows are titivated up, to attract buyers; large (paper) bells and sweet sprigs of (paper) holly are hung in the street, to attract buyers. And, in a hush in the noise of a blasé Christmas crowd, we hear a subdued whisper: "Freely ye have received; freely give."

"Business is Business"

But business proceeds, and gives itself a pat on the back. It has had a good day. Sales have broken all records. Business says the spirit (the ghost!) of Christmas can only manifest itself in the midst of such buying and (if possible) more selling.

Should we but rub the film from our eyes we should see all the would-be-happy children who can only look through shop windows at the outpourings of the cornucopia, and sigh and dawdle on. It may be possible to hear alone the cry for the children, the cry of the children. We might hear the sigh of the parents who hurry their children past shop windows, thinking of the Christmases of some more happy day.

In a lull in the trafficking in "gifts" it is borne in upon us that Christmas ends, "not with a bang, but a whimper."

And the Wise Men of the Feast have decreed that there shall be peace on earth and goodwill among men. Havelock Ellis reminds us that this should really be:

Peace on earth to men of good-will.

But the ghost of Father Christmas is lost in the shadows of war.

The Torch of Progress

Mr. T. Belk, clerk to the Middlesborough Magistrates: "Why have you not sent your child to school regularly?"

Mr. J. T. Hewlett: "Because he has no boots."

Clerk: "But you went to school without boots when you were going, didn't you?"

Parent: "Yes, sir"

Clerk: "then why cannot your son do the same? It will not do him any harm"

—"Social Credit."

New Times SHOPPING GUIDE and Business Directory

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MELBOURNE (Cont.)

(Continued from page 2.)

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ANDERSON'S, 141 High St. Authorised Newsagent. Haw. 1145. BUTCHER, S. Daw. High Street, Opp. Union St. Satisfaction, S'vice. C. KENNEDY, Grocer. Haw. 229. Opp. Cemetery Clock, Parkhill Rd. DRY CLEANING, Depot & Library A. I. Fraser, 182 High St. H. 8733. E. WHITE, 109 High St. Confectionery and Smokes. FLORIST, "Mayfair," Haw. 1452 Cotham Rd., near Glenferrie Rd GIBSON'S, High St., opp. Rialto. Hosiery, Underwear and Aprons. GIFTS, & All Jewellery Repairs. Old Gold Bought, Greaves, opp. Rialto.

(Continued on page 7.)

Mr. T. W. White,
Minister for Trade and Customs,
Canberra

Dear Mr. White, —

So you have been sent off to New Zealand in a hurry to take part in some "trade talks"! Sir Henry Gullett did something the same a year or two ago, but had no success. The same abortive result must be your experience, too, for whatever your ostensible aims, and whatever your hopes, there can be no success in these trade matters until FINANCE, which controls commerce as it controls everything else, is put on a more sensible footing. But that is a matter you always dodge, apparently shutting your mind to the fact that globetrotting and talking and splashes of organised publicity are no remedy for an error in arithmetic. We understand that you sent a letter to Dr. Frank Buchman, leader of the Oxford Group Movement, containing the following: "I intend to apply the Oxford Group principles to my personal and political life, realising it is the needed solution to personal and political problems and the welfare of the world." That sounds fine, particularly when it is explained that the principles referred to are Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity and Absolute Love.

In view of this, it is a pity in a way that we heard you speak during the recent election campaign, for on that occasion you made statements from the platform, which were not true. Misrepresenting your opponents, suppressing vital facts, and attempting to discredit citizens whose conduct was beyond reproach is entirely out of step with the high-sounding virtues referred to. Even if it be claimed that when you did these things you believed you were doing right, there is still the fact that when you were asked if you agreed with the Banking Commission's admission that the Commonwealth Bank could provide money

for Governments without any charge at all, you denied that the report contained any such thing. Not only so, but when the report was handed to you and the admission pointed out, you sought to avoid the fact, instead of telling the audience that you had been grossly in error.

We now say that your continued attempts to make the people believe that their economic success depends upon the disposal of their production in other countries is seriously at variance with honesty. The economic success of our producers depends upon the people of Australia being placed in the position to purchase the whole of the Australian production, which is entirely a question of FINANCE, and until that essential is faced up to, it is farcical and even dangerous to be running across the face of the earth trying to force our goods into other lands, while our own people are prevented from having access to them. People who cannot buy the production of their own country are obviously not in the position to buy the production of other countries.

Right here in Australia is a market capable of doubling its consumption if only the people were supplied with sufficient Australian money, but instead of attending to this urgent matter you have your eyes elsewhere and sanctimoniously announce your adherence to the principles of absolute honesty, absolute purity and absolute love. While you go on acting as you are now doing such declarations are hypocritical and dishonest, for you must know that so long as the present financial swindle is permitted to continue, then all the talk of honesty, purity and love as the solution of the world's problems is so much humbug. You are partly responsible for the continuance of the swindle, and perfect men would still starve unless they could get MONEY.

AND YOU KNOW IT.

THE NEW TIMES

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1937.

The Royal Australian Air Force Crashes

On a recent training flight to Queensland accidents occurred to almost every 'plane in the flight, and there were injuries to officers and equipment.

The fact emerges that none of our fighting 'planes are able to fly from Melbourne to Sydney without having to come down for more fuel. Though their ability to dive, climb and stunt is superior to that of large American commercial machines operating here, we have not one military machine capable of catching a Douglas or Lockheed Electra transport in level flight.

Our fighting equipment would be, like our tanks, of little use in the event of a real war. Their value would seem to be in their threat to the civilian population in the event of any attempt at self-help. Readers will remember rumours during the depth of the depression of possible uprisings and riots by the unemployed and destitute, and it is known that many young hot heads in the militia were itching to be up and at them.

Unconstitutional action invites action through the *muzzle* of a machine gun. And, since the constitution has gradually been warped to protect financial interests, it is difficult to do much in the way of self-help, which will not offend the law.

We are still taking belated delivery from England of the types of 'plane used in the training flight, though later and better types have been in use for a considerable time in England. The English manufacturer seems to regard Australia as a happy dumping ground, and to believe that a delay of three years in delivery is a mere nothing.

But perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the disastrous training flight arises from the statements of Mr. Hartnett, of General Motors, that our country aerodromes are too small and in bad condition, and that there are not sufficient maintenance staffs at these aerodromes. In short, the Air Force authorities "feel bound to see that pilots are correctly trained to fulfill the needs of the service in terms of Australian defence, which

means seeing that they get long-distance training; *yet they have insufficient funds to do the job properly.*"

Mr. Hartnett also referred to the lack of proper fuel at country centres, and the effect of such fuel on delicate engines.

It is clear, then, that shortage of money, the very factor which, in the last analysis, makes it necessary that we should have defence forces at all, also renders it impossible for us to equip and maintain those forces properly. Valuable young lives are endangered through lack of tickets and numbers, for that is all that money is. And meanwhile, of course, it must be borne in mind that our rapidly expanding civilian air services are short of qualified pilots.

Tantalite for Guns

The following news item recently appeared in the Melbourne *Herald*, and in view of the present international situation, appears to be worth quoting in full:—

"What becomes of the large quantity of tantalite shipped from Western Australia to Japan—90 per cent, of the State's output for one year? From it is made the almost indestructible tantalum, and it is believed that the Japanese are using this for lining gun barrels.

"The greater part of the world's tantalite supply is centred in the North-West. During 1936 14 tons were shipped; 12 tons to Kobe and the rest to New York. So far this year about 13 tons have been shipped—six tons to New York, four tons to Kobe, and three tons to London.

"The Mines Department sets the value of the mineral at approximately £630 a ton, but this is considered a low estimate. Extraction of the tantalum is an excessively difficult and costly process."

Whatever may be the avowed policy of nations, it would appear that the exigencies of trade are paramount. Nothing must be permitted to prevent the export of certain commodities, no matter what use they are to be put to, and no matter into whose hands they are to come.

It would be interesting to know what financial interests control these metal resources of Australia, also to speculate on the possibility of the Japanese one day letting us have a look down the muzzles of the finished product (after our air force has all crashed on the way to meet our Oriental visitors and the Larrakia has been laid up with engine trouble).

Armaments Expenditure

World expenditure on armaments in 1937 has reached the record total of £2400 million sterling, according to the League of Nations Armaments Year Book. The previous record was £2016 millions in 1936.

There are now 8½ million men permanently under arms, compared with six millions in 1913.

The League estimates are based on official Army, Navy and Air Force budgets.

They do not include huge expen-

diture on semi-military organisations, strategic roads, aerodromes and other works of military value.

It is not the slightest use deploring this huge waste without recognising the causes, which make it inevitable. It is, for instance, quite futile to set about working out how much better off we would all be if the money had been spent on houses, roads, parks or cotton underpants.

The vital point is that our present monetary system can endow us with a bare semblance of prosperity only when some huge waste of this nature is taking place.

The waste may be the waste of excessive capital development (Professor Copland's "stimulation of investment") or it may be the waste of armament manufacture, or it may be the biggest-and best waste of all, namely, war. Money flows out to the community only through production, and only to those in employment.

It is taken back from the community in accordance with totally wrong principles, before production has passed into consumption. There is a chronic and increasing gap between the money in people's pockets and the prices they are called on to pay.

One orthodox palliative measure for temporarily overcoming this sorry position is to embark on production, which is not immediately to be charged to the people through prices or taxation. Factories and battleships come within this category. The money paid out during production becomes available to buy ordinary consumable goods, and people feel temporarily prosperous.

Once cut off this wasteful and unnecessary production and we find ourselves in the depths of depression. Food must be destroyed, crops ploughed back, and coffee burnt. All because of lack of money.

Under our present insane system it is necessary to build a machine gun to give people the money to buy a cabbage. The problem could not even temporarily be relieved by spending armaments money on the production of more cabbages, as that would merely aggravate the position. Of course, palliative measures bring only a temporary benefit. The capital goods and arms must eventually be paid for. We have merely sidestepped a present deficiency by a heavy draft on the future. Debt snowballs, as there is, after purchase of the cabbage, no money left to pay for the machine gun.

This way of doing things, glorified by Professor Copland and other asses as sound finance and a proper utilisation of our national resources, is enormously wasteful both of human energy and of materials.

It must be stopped, and those who will be "unemployed" as a result must be paid to enable them to continue their essential function as consumers. The leakage of money must be ended, and "unemployment" must be recognised for what it is—a sign of man's triumph over his environment, not a catastrophe. It is not possible to justify a waste of man's energy and God's bounty on arms, redundant factories and bad beer, merely on the ground that these activities provide work.

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LOCKED DOORS

By ELECTRON

Statesmen all over the world are in a turmoil of plans and pacts and conferences and covenants of a more or less ephemeral nature, but they all turn a blind eye to the telescope, and pretend not to see what is really wrong with the world. Important representatives are always dashing across the world with such objects in view as seeking markets, making trade alliances, or defensive alliances against possible aggression. Treaties are made to be broken when it suits any of the signatories, and the whole business resembles the sea in a storm, waves advancing and receding, tumult and noise and froth, the scene always changing, no stability anywhere, and no abiding trace of anything accomplished.

The Obvious Truth

And yet the truth is so obvious. The whole civilised world is short of money tokens, and, as well, is staggering under a colossal burden of debt. The key to the world's vast treasure house is lost, and men starve outside the locked doors. This

satisfaction can be gained from the knowledge that we can go across the world in a week, that we can hear each other's voices 20,000 miles away, that we can draw treasure from the depths of the ocean, that we have subdued the jungle, and have brought the gramophone, motor transport and wireless into the heart of darkest Africa? We can make silk out of nettles, grow crops in laboratories, manufacture synthetic wool, rubber and goodness knows what else, but the toiling (or unemployed) millions are still wanting not only the silk and wool, but bread, milk and fruit in sufficient quantities. We can make good weather-proof houses out of straw, but thousands are either homeless or living in foul, airless slums, crowded together like rats. In short, we have learnt to provide ourselves with every necessity and luxury, but we have not learnt how to change a monetary system that is keeping all these things from us, and, in addition, is racking us with fear—fear of poverty, of unemployment and of war.

Kings and Money Power

It was an exquisitely ironical comment on the world of today that the only man who told the plain truth on Armistice Day was declared insane, and hustled off to an asylum. For my part, the only doubt I have about his complete sanity was the fact that he rushed up to the King with his appeal. The poor man could not have been quite right to imagine that the King of England would ever be allowed to challenge the money power. We all know what happened to the one who did.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

"In the light of the investigations made, the Government has decided that a practical plan of national insurance for Australia is possible, and, therefore, it intends to submit concrete proposals to Parliament."

—Prime Minister's Policy Speech. "Argus," 29/9/37.

eral Election, 23/10/37. Government Returned.

"Canberra, Tuesday.—Proposals for the establishment in Australia of a plan of national insurance against unemployment are certain to be abandoned by the Federal Government."

—"Argus," 8/12/37.

At the previous election in 1934, the Prime Minister's Policy Speech included the promise that if his Government were returned the Railway Gauges would be made uniform. That also was abandoned immediately after the election.

is the reason for the fevered search for markets, for we have been brought to believe that we can only enjoy what we produce when we sell it (mostly at a loss) to someone else. This is the reason for the armament race, and for the whole tense position in Europe.

Tail Wags Dog

The money system was intended merely to facilitate the exchange of goods and services, but in process of time the tail is wagging the dog, and the money power is driving the world into war, revolution and despair because instead of performing its true function, it is actually preventing the exchange of goods and services. And yet if the people as a whole could but be brought to see where the fault lies, how soon and how easily it could be rectified, how the normal flow of trade and commerce could be restored and man enter his rightful inheritance as the heir of all the ages!

Frustration

Of what avail is the march of science, the accumulations of knowledge, the triumphs of machinery and invention, if all we are allowed to draw from it is ever new and newer means of destroying each other? What satisfaction can

A Life for a Ride

More than 800 people were killed and 900 injured during four months of this year while "riding the rods" on American trains, or otherwise trespassing on railway property.

In the U.S.A., persons who are short of money tickets with which to buy railway tickets, often take free, but risky, rides by travelling on the roofs or couplings of trains.

Yet there is room enough for them inside—if only there were not a shortage of MONEY tickets. There are plenty of railway TICKETS.

—"Social Credit."

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WHY SUFFER IN SILENCE?

A Christmas Carol by Scrooge

I gazed in silence at the recumbent form of my master, Sir Capulet Saxon. Worn out by the day's work, he reclined, fast asleep, in the simple but elegant armchair beside the dying fire. Slave to Society as he had always been, he had summoned me to attend at his home that night to take further instructions in the campaign to alleviate the sufferings of the Great Depression. Halfway through the discussion, his voice had become fainter and fainter until it had trailed away to nothing. Overcome by fatigue—for he never spared himself when the welfare of the people was at stake—the thin frame had succumbed to the exigencies of Nature, the blue-veined, almost feminine hand slipping gently away from the chaste Lalique whisky nobbler at his side. The greatest banker in the world slept like a child.

Softly I removed the glass and the half-emptied whisky decanter from the arm of his chair, and placed them on the antique William and Mary sideboard—one of the few luxuries, which Sir Capulet permitted in his almost ascetic surroundings. With difficulty I suppressed a shudder of revulsion as my nostrils caught the medicinal tang of the whisky. Invaluable though I knew the stimulus, which a few glasses of the rare old spirit supplied in my master's exhausted condition, I have always disliked the liquid, preferring malted milk for the calorific value of its dextrin-maltose content, stimulating rather than soporific.

As noiselessly as possible I replenished the fire and waited patiently until Sir Capulet should awaken, refreshed from his slumber. I reflected, not without bitterness, upon the constant carping criticism directed at him by irresponsible persons who never did and never could realise how prodigally my revered master squandered his energy in the service of mankind, unrewarded and seeking no other recompense than the knowledge that he was doing what he could for humanity—the "mens sibi conscia recti" of Horace. Few knew, and fewer still cared to admit, how deeply the nation was indebted to this man; a veritable prince among men, and almost god-like in his serenity and his exaltation above things mundane. Once, indeed, he said to me, in a rare moment of self-revelation, "These people seem to think I am a god, Jones. But I am not, really." I have never forgotten that occasion.

Up-ah-oo-oo-oo-oo! A dog nearby broke the silence with its melancholy howl. I started. A tremor ran through the frame of my sleeping master. Again the long-drawn howl resounded. A spasm of pain contracted the serene features of the sleeper, and I silently cursed the wretched animal that so wantonly disturbed his sorely needed rest. Sir Capulet sat up, wearily rubbing his eyes.

"I must have been asleep," he said, shrewdly.

I rose, and brought back the decanter and his glass, for I knew that he would need a little refresher if we were to continue our arduous task. He filled his glass and raised it to his lips.

"Up-ah-oo-oo-oo-oo!"

Yet again came the dismal howl. A look of horror dawned upon Sir Capulet's face, and he drained the whisky at a gulp.

"Have those devils started again?" he asked in a whisper.

My surprise must have shown on my face, as I replied, "That was only Mr. Appleton's dog, sir."

"A dog, did you say?"

"Yes, sir," I said soothingly. "I

was afraid the little brute would wake you."

A look of relief appeared upon his face, and he smiled reprovingly at me.

"Come, come, Jones," he said. "You surely know that when a dog howls it is the dog's master who is to blame! Dogs howl because they are unhappy; because they are cold or hungry. And yet, so many people direct their wrath against the poor animal, instead of against its callous or thoughtless owner."

Knowing the innate kindness of the great banker, I might have expected this attitude, yet I marvelled that one who was so constantly engrossed with the sterner affairs of life should show so deep an insight into animal psychology. I felt ashamed of my own feelings of a moment before.

"Up-ah-oo-oo-oo-oo!" again the howl resounded. Sir Capulet smiled grimly.

The Dream of Sir Capulet

"I have had an unpleasant, a horrible experience!" he said. "I have had a dream, so terrible that I think God it was only a dream, after all. I dreamt that a new leader had arisen amongst the un-

The Same in Australia

"At present the general public are kept like half-wits in a complete fog by so-called experts professionally interested in a monetary system as a weapon for the acquisition of private wealth, and no education of the public on the communal aspect of money is possible in this benighted land. The Press, the Radio, Parliament, and the proper constitutional authorities supposed to protect us from the falsification of money and of weights and measures, refuse any assistance in getting these matters ventilated, whereas in more enlightened communities they, or sufficient of them at least, can be hired out for anything. Democracy with us means freedom in matters which do not matter—in the matters but not the money of money-matters, because the matters do not matter but the money matters."

—Professor F. Soddy, London, 7/11/37.

We may discuss anything but MONEY.

employed . . . a man of strong personality, of compelling sincerity, and a past master in mass psychology. Disguised as a professor of entomology, I attended his meetings, for I felt that this was a danger concerning which I required information at first hand. I expected that, before long, he would give me the opportunity to nip him in the bud. These demagogues usually do. But this man was of a different calibre. Not once did I hear him incite his hearers to violence, or even to commit the simplest breaches of the law. No, Jones; he was much too clever to do anything like that. No fewer than nine meetings I attended. On each occasion he confined himself to a clear and incisive analysis of the existing financial system. With consummate skill he laid bare the intricacies of our wonderful system. He held up to the most withering scorn the published utterances of the brilliant economists we have hired to defend our cause. In fact, he made me feel heartily ashamed of them. I realise only too well what a difficult task is theirs; but we pay them well, and they will have to do a great deal better in the future. What fools he made them appear! His arguments were unanswerable, and

had his vast audience with him all the way. I watched them drinking in his words, and I knew that each one was prepared to do his bidding. Each night, as I set out to attend his meetings, I asked myself, "Will he have a plan tonight?" and each night I returned home disappointed, and yet fearful of the future. If he intended to rely upon the ballot box, under the party system, or upon the use of force, I knew, of course, that he was doomed to failure. Resistance on either of those lines we do not fear in the least. I knew he was no fool, and I did not expect that he would rely on either of these methods. I knew, too, that he was no idealist, content merely to spread his teaching and wait for some result. I felt that eventually he would counsel action of some kind, and I waited anxiously to see what form that action would take."

The Plan

Sir Capulet poured himself another drink, and after a few moments resumed his story.

"I was not disappointed! At his tenth meeting, the man had changed. Gone was the calm, analytic attitude. This time there was fire in his voice, and, as he harangued his followers, he whipped them to a frenzy. He held them there, like a pack of hounds, straining at the leash . . . and then he unfolded his plan—a plan so diabolical in conception that I broke into a cold sweat as I listened, for I realised with despair that his plan spelt disaster for us all. It spelt the ruin of our beloved financial system, for he offered to the unemployed a weapon against which we have no adequate defence. I saw, immediately, that if this weapon were used with even moderate skill, we should be forced to capitulate in a very short time."

My master had gone ashy pale, and his voice had sunk almost to a whisper. I feared he would collapse under the emotional strain. With a visible effort he regained his composure, and resumed.

"I can hardly believe it was all a dream. I can see him now, with his hair all ruffled, and his eyes blazing as he roused the mob to fury. He explained and commended the 'regulation' strike, which, as he truly said, was one of the shrewdest inventions of modern times. As you know, Jones, the 'regulation' strike does not achieve much, but it is a source of annoyance, and a weapon to which we have no really effective counter. The men who employ such tactics are within the law, for they are carrying out their duties strictly to the letter. They cannot be discharged without causing a general outcry from the soft-hearted public. We are indeed fortunate that such methods are not generally available to all workers in industry, or they would be in possession of a weapon, which would ensure fairly reasonable treatment, which, of course, it is not our policy to grant. All this the speaker pointed out to his hearers, and then he reviled them in scathing terms for their dispirited acceptance of poverty when plenty surrounded them on every side. He accused them of not even using the 'regulation' strike in any but a half-hearted way. He said that he could put into their hands a weapon against which no resistance could prevail; but that he felt that they were unworthy of assistance; that he would not help them unless he felt that they would strive to the uttermost for release from their present bondage. And then he paused dramatically. The response from that crowded audience was almost unbelievable. They shouted. They screamed. They cheered. For nearly ten minutes he could not make himself heard; but at length the excitement abated, only to merge into a clamour for the speaker's plan. He held up his hand for silence, and then began, he thundered, 'the money barons treat you like dogs. Then act like the miserable curs they believe you to be!' Again he paused. The silence could almost be felt. Again the compelling voice rang

out. 'When a dog is cold, or hungry, or unhappy . . . what does it do? Does it suffer in silence? No, my friends! It howls! And what does a tiny infant do when it is hungry? It cries. It howls, until it has been satisfied! Animals and children obey their natural instincts . . . and they get what they want! We have become civilised. We grumble, but we suffer in silence. And why should we suffer in silence? The things we want . . . food, clothing, enjoyment . . . they are all here in generous measure. We must learn to complain aloud. There are two million of you unemployed. Can you not see how enormously powerful you will be if you complain aloud in unison?'"

Sir Capulet's voice, which had risen to a shout, stopped. He passed his hand wearily across his brow.

"I can still see him," he said. "I can hardly believe that it has not all happened as I have told you."

A wild light came into his eyes, and he clutched me by the sleeve.

Psychological Pressure

"While that vast throng listened as if spellbound, he unfolded his plan. He told them that they must choose between action and acquiescence; that such action as they might decide upon must be within the law; that any form of violence was playing direct into the hands

An Example for Archbishop Head

Speaking in London on November 6, the Right Rev. Bishop Pigott said:

"We now know better than ever before that the Father of all through Nature pours out His gifts with lavish abundance. Poverty in the midst of Plenty indicates a wrong so cruel in its incidence, a sin against Brotherhood so glaring, that those who claim to represent their Master, Christ, in the world can never rest till this wrong has been thoroughly exposed and righted."

Archbishop Head, on the other hand, preaches "Hands Off the Banks," the institutions whose policy is responsible for the existence of so much Poverty in the Midst of Plenty and for the desecration of God's "lavish abundance."

of the financiers; that action along strictly constitutional lines could never meet with success; that their only hope lay in the utilisation of psychological pressure. This, he said, could be done without any complicated organisation, without any expensive apparatus. He counselled that each member of the unemployed, together with their dependents, should at regular intervals, to be selected by the individual concerned, raise his or her voice in lamentation. This, he pointed out, could be done without great effort, could not be said to be against the law, and would have the effect of continually riveting the attention of the general public upon the appalling condition of the unemployed. The very fact that the howling, which, he said, should resemble the howling of dogs, was not synchronised, would make it more effective. There would be a constant wailing chorus, now concerted, and now individual. If properly carried out, there would be few hours, either in the day or night, when the howling of the unemployed would not be heard, either far off or near at hand. Eventually, just as in desperation one attends to a crying child, or a howling dog, it would become a matter of the first importance to satisfy the wants of the mourners, and again regain peace. He suggested that they should start then and there, and, thereafter, at intervals of half an hour, repeat their mournful howls."

Sir Capulet paused for breath. His story had stirred me strangely, and I urged him to continue.

"Well, Jones," he said, wearily,

"there is not much more to tell. They took him at his word. I hope never to hear in actuality the awful sounds that followed. Two thousand of them, there were, and they lifted their heads and howled like ravening wolves. Again and again they howled, and as they dispersed, at intervals came those terrible sounds. All through the night, as his message spread, the howling was repeated. All the next day, in the streets, on the trams and trains, the howling continued. There was literally no place, in the city or the suburbs, where the howling could not be heard. At first, the public and the newspapers took it as a huge joke. But it was no joke. It grew into the ghastliest of nightmares. One never knew when or whence the next howl would resound. For a fortnight it continued. We were powerless, for nothing could stop it. We could not gag two million people. We could not throw them into prison. If we had, they would have howled there. We could not use the military forces, for the unemployed were not here or there. They were everywhere. You cannot imagine the mental torture we all underwent. The slightest sound made one jump. We, who are naturally more sensitive than the rabble, could stand it no longer, but the howlers seemed positively to enjoy it. We called their leaders into conference. They merely laughed at us, and howled the louder. We could stand it no longer. No flesh and blood could have stood that strain for long. A meeting of bankers and financiers was held, and it was decided to agree to the demands of the unemployed. They demanded that a national dividend be paid to every man, woman and child, irrespective of whether they were employed or not. We called in the economists, and instructed them to make the necessary alterations to the economic system. We prepared a letter of authority to the Government to pass the requisite legislation. I took up the pen to affix my signature to the document . . . and then, thank God, my dream ended!"

"Up-ah-oo-oo-oo-oo!" The wretched animal outside howled once more. My master shuddered, but quickly showed himself to be, as usual, in complete command of the situation.

"Who did you say was the owner of that creature?" he asked coldly.

"It belongs to Mr. Appleton, the timber merchant," I replied.

"Has he an overdraft with us?" The question came, sharp and staccato, showing the rapidity of his thought processes.

I replied, giving the approximate amount of Appleton's indebtedness, and Sir Capulet said, coldly and deliberately, "See that it is called in first thing in the morning!"

I must have shown some surprise at this unexpected command, for he added, with a kindly twinkle in his eyes, "I can never tolerate cruelty to dumb animals."

"What Makes Us Laugh?"

Under the above heading, last Saturday's "Sun" included the following among a number of other samples of humour:—

"Now that the Federal Government is again floating a loan abroad, some guile may even glimmer in the schoolboy's answer when asked the capital of Australia: 'It's got no capital; it's all borrowed money.'"

Do you see the joke? Ha, ha! — and a couple of sardonic chuckles!

The same issue gave the Statistician's taxation figures for 1936-37. Commonwealth and State taxation amounted to £15/18/4 per head of the population, as against £4/14/4 for 1913-14. Another interesting item was the Commonwealth receipt and expenditure account for the first five months of the current financial year. Of a total expenditure of £32,677,000, the sum of £6,326,000 was paid in interest, sinking fund, and exchange.

It is certainly a matter for mirth — for SOMEONE. But we are beginning to see through the joke that has been "put over us" for so long.

- D.O.

PARALYSIS

Infantile and Mental

Sir,—

Infantile paralysis has been causing grave concern to the community in recent months, and according to reports from what are regarded as authoritative quarters, we must expect conditions to become even worse before we can hope for improvement. That is a serious state of affairs, and while we may be ready to excuse the experts for not knowing the *cause* of the epidemic we cannot excuse ourselves and our Parliaments for the chaotic and entirely inadequate arrangements so far made for dealing with the *effects* of it.

Some of the things we are reading in the newspapers, and some of the things our alleged "leaders" are saying, are so astonishing that one wonders whether there are not other forms of paralysis just as bad as, if not worse than, the infantile paralysis. I refer to mental paralysis on the mesmerism of money.

Shortage of Splints Explained

"Vesta," the well-known writer of the women's page in the Melbourne *Argus*, wrote on December 1 that "If we could for the next three weeks isolate in their own homes all the people who have had contact with patients suffering in the first stage of the disease we could effectively check the epidemic and clear it up by the New Year." That was ultra-optimistic to say the least of it, but in the final paragraph of the same article she made the admission that "Even such things as the provision of splints has been delayed to some extent by the lack of money." So when we want splints the "money" to account for them is more important than the wood to make them! Money seems to have the commanding part in everything, doesn't it? In this particular case the lack of money is not only preventing proper care of the afflicted ones, but is also preventing proper research into causes and remedies. Why have we not detailed our most brilliant medical men to find the cause? The best of our medical men are quite willing to give us the full benefit of their time and ability, but, while engaged on that important work, they would need to be fed and clothed, and that means they would have to be paid money. It is entirely a question of finance.

Why After-Care Facilities are Lacking

Why have we not provided after-care facilities equal to all requirements? Producers are willing to supply materials, architects and workmen to put up buildings, doctors and nurses to give skilful attention, teachers to give educational instruction, and so on, but they, too, would need to be fed and clothed, which means that they would have to be paid money. Again, it is entirely a question of finance, and yet our public men never attempt to find out what finance really is and who is responsible for our being so short of it as a community.

Impositions on Children

Instead of looking into these fundamentals of the problem we go on in an uncivilised fashion, even imposing on little children. According to the Melbourne *Herald* of November 29, the Consultative Council issued an official statement containing the following indictment: "Concerts arranged by children to raise funds for charity are implicated in the infection of at least four children." To raise funds for charity! Please note, it was not to raise potatoes or something else that will

reproduce itself, but to raise *money*—a mere symbol, utterly incapable of actually *doing* anything. What a commentary that *is* on our much-vaunted civilisation and community organisation! Here we are even defrauding the poor little kiddies and subjecting them to unpardonable risk in the name of commercialised charity. If we want to raise bread we ask the bakers to produce more, and when we want to raise funds we should require the makers of the funds to produce more. Instead of this we improperly use the youngsters in an effort to bring about a redistribution of an inadequate supply of funds.

Clearing it up by the New Year

And, notwithstanding the super-optimism of "Vesta" on December 1 about clearing it all up "by the New Year," the *Argus* editorial on December 6 came out with this: "The epidemic has steadily been increasing in magnitude, and will probably continue to increase during the warm months of summer, not relaxing its grip upon the community until cold weather and frosts have stamped it out in the late autumn or early winter." But did it not break out in the winter? And if it did break out in the winter, what are the grounds for assuming that the advent of winter will stamp it out?

Find Money and the Rest is Easy

Commonsense suggests that something more than "waiting for winter" is necessary, and the writer of the editorial admitted it at the end of the article, as follows:—

"The responsibility for avoiding a residue of human wreckage as the consequence of an epidemic is upon the Government. It is the Ministry's task to find all the money that is necessary, and the fulfilment of that task, with the subsequent spending of the money to best advantage, brooks no delay."

That would have been quite sensible had the *Argus* indicated *where* the money *could* be found. The *Argus* not only admits, but actually and somewhat vehemently asserts that no more can be found in the pockets of the taxpayers, but that, on the contrary, too much has already been stolen from them. The *Argus* also knows that borrowing can be done only through the Loan Council, and that the maximum amount permitted by that august body has already been borrowed and earmarked. Where else can the Ministry go?

Federal Parliament Responsible

For some reason which can only be guessed, the *Argus* refrains from speaking the truth on the subject and conceals the fact that we are in this mess because we have not written sufficient figures in the money books—that we have not written sufficient figures in the money books because the money books are allowed by the Federal Government to remain in the hands of a private monopoly, known as the Banking System, and that until the Commonwealth Parliament takes steps to see that our supply of money is always equal to the community's needs we must inevitably encounter disgraceful conditions of the nature under notice.

Minister for Customs' Wife

Mrs. T. W. White, wife of the Minister for Customs, also

felt called upon to give advice on the question to the congregation of the Kooyong Road Methodist Church at Caulfield on December 5. She occupied the pulpit on that occasion, and said that the help of the whole community was needed if the victims of the paralysis epidemic were to be made happy and useful. When she was saying that she knew, or should have known, that the only obstacle to the proper training of the sufferers, mentally, spiritually and educationally, is an unpardonable lack of money, and that money is not produced by the community at all. It is produced only by the Banking System, which purposely keeps the quantity in short supply to serve its own ends entirely.

Doctors and Surgeons Not Blameless

Then there is the remarkable attitude of those who are gaining control of the medical and surgical professions. This infantile paralysis is a disease, which entails a lot of arduous attention, and, strangely enough, seems in the main to have affected that section of the people from whom money cannot be reaped in rapidly. Is this, I wonder, why there seems to be so much difficulty in getting the powers of medicine into what might be called an active condition? We do not find these newly-created and privately-controlled centres of power such as the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons worrying much about the non-lucrative sections of the people requiring medical attention; and it is peculiar that, while these same powerful private bodies can get such a valuable piece of land as is now occupied by the College of Surgeons' building, and can also get handed to them for their own use and extension of power the Prince Henry's Hospital for nothing, there seems to be such slothfulness about the acquisition of any suitable building or institution for not only the immediate treatment of those who have been stricken with such a cruelly disabling disease, but also for the after-treatment of those whose lives are saved but who are unable to do for themselves. Even the acquisition of Stonnington, which, I understand, has been condemned by certain authorities, brought up a tirade of opposition.

Fill the Empty Cradles

We are frequently hearing the cry, "Fill the Empty Cradles," and it is coming from politicians, clergymen, doctors and others who themselves have done little to meet the need in that particular respect. But all of them overlook the fact that those who do fill the cradles subject themselves to increasing financial stress and strain. On top of this, some are unfortunate enough to have a child or two attacked by this infantile paralysis and thereupon are required by the Hospital authorities to fill in an inquisitorial form regarding their "financial resources." Few will dispute that the financial resources of the great bulk of the people are always below necessity, and that at the very best these resources merely provide from one week's work just a mere sufficiency to feed up for the next week's toil. Therefore, when epidemics come most people find their resources already fully taxed and we should avoid adding a further financial dragnet to the burdens of the childbearing families. Instead we should see that the treatment of all little sufferers is *free and of the very best that is possible by medical science.*

The Proper Thing to Say

It seems to me that the proper thing for the millions in Australia who have not been stricken by this disease to say is that from the increasing bounty of the land, and the greater output from our factories, we

require that these unfortunate children shall be fully provided for according to their material necessities for the remainder of their lives, and that from the wonderful amount of modern knowledge and skill in the cultural arts that can be taught, even to cripples, they shall receive of this teaching whatever their physical condition can assimilate. All the things actually required to do this are available in abundance. We lack only the symbol called money, about which the College of Physicians and the College of Surgeons are strangely silent.

A Free National Wage

Now, as money is the most convenient mechanism by which these unfortunate members of society can claim their share of this material bounty and cultural learning, and as money simply consists of pieces of paper, there is no reason at all why, without taxation, argument, or humbug, the money system cannot be made to function for the benefit of the needy, when it would be a simple thing for the Government, which can manufacture these paper claims free of charge, to allot them as a free national wage to those unable to care for themselves.

As in all other matters, however so in the case of this paralysis epidemic. The official attitude is to delay or trim down

the opportunities for either medical after-treatment or even existence after-treatment to what is hypnotically regarded as an unalterable state of insufficiency of money, instead of realising the relative costlessness of money and the great need for medical and educational help to the stricken.

All of Us Are Guilty

Whether we are ready to admit it or not, we are sacrificing the children on the altar of an unnecessarily-imposed shortage of money tickets, based on a system of finance which is fraudulent, and everyone of us must share the guilt so long as we allow the criminal sacrifice to be continued. In this respect there is widespread mental paralysis, but, fortunately, it can be cured without dependence on the College of Physicians or the College of Surgeons, both of which seem to be more deeply affected with the disease than the great body of laymen and lay women. Any body of men with a university education who permit themselves to be thwarted as the best elements in the medical profession are thwarted by figures and tickets, and submit to it without protest, as they are doing, must surely be the victims of a serious mental malady just as paralysing in that region as infantile paralysis is to the other organs. —Yours faithfully,

BRUCE H BROWN

SANITY OR SUICIDE?

By DYNAMICS

There is marked agreement amongst commentators that military warfare is merely an extension of the commercial warfare, which is being waged extensively and intensely in and between the mechanised countries, but something more precise is needed if the diagnosis is to be satisfactory.

The Germ of War

In the first steps of investigation, it may help some if they take a simple example, and this is easily located, for throughout the world in small villages the germ trouble can be isolated and identified. If there are two storekeepers competing for an inadequate trade and attempting, by "modernising" their premises, to stave off the day when one of them must cave in, we behold the whole ghastly business epitomised. Again, very much more marked and widespread is the feeling (more or less boldly expressed) that something must be done to stop the rot, and yet few seem to be willing or able to follow the simple train of reasoning which nails the responsibility upon a fault in the price-income structure of commerce.

The use of grandiloquent phrases, like "the struggle for economic expansion," a la Strachey, will only get us more and more muddled in our thinking, for neither the words "economic" or "expansion" have any specific meaning, and, in the accompanying arguments of Socialist writers, like Strachey, the ever-increasing tendency to bankruptcies and/or loads of unpayable debts (which are the proper index of the concomitant fault) are rarely mentioned. So much depends upon money and the conceptions people have concerning it, that it is well to remind ourselves that money is only (and should never be other than) a claim on goods. This is true of new money released to stimulate production and of money returning from the consumers on its way to cancel the producer's debt.

What is a Market?

Now let us remember that finding a market means finding

a buyer with money equal to the price. It follows then that if all the goods produced are to be sold, that the flow of incomes of consumers must equal the flow of prices. Actual money does not cross national boundaries, so that the problem narrows itself to separate responsibilities in each country regarding the sufficiency of consumers' incomes. There can be no shadow of doubt that, if these conditions are complied with, then the export of really surplus goods becomes a natural and easily arranged matter, if there are goods of any nature, which we wish to receive in exchange for those exported. In Australia, for example, if the money is automatically in the pockets of the people to buy all the wool, and we send some to Japan (as we did, and should freely) then that same money can be used to purchase imported cheap cloth, or expensive works of art, according as the people with the money choose, and this without hurting any employer or employee in Australia.

The outline thus indicated can be so completed that it is impossible to find fault in it, but it should be noted that no mere nationalising of the banks or other alteration of the personnel of oversight in industry would of itself make a ha-p'orth of difference towards getting it accepted in practice.

Change Policy,

Not Administration

What is needed is a change of policy, rather than of machinery functions. Policy is merely a concrete statement of something we wish done, and as none of us doubt that the figure records are merely a tallying convenience, and that food, clothing and physical amenities are the substance of our desires, let us unite, every Tom, Dick and Harriette of us, and insist that the restricting shackles of a false finance-accounting system shall be remodelled by the experts until it does, in fact, reflect the facts and never stand between us and the physical possibilities.

DEPRESSIONS ARE NOT INEVITABLE

By D. OMINIE

"I'm thinking of selling the farm," said the mild-looking passenger in the corner. "Not that I'd expect to get much out of it when everything was squared, but it seems a hopeless task to try to pull up when the odds are against you."

"You farmers are all the same," commented the soft goods traveller. "If it's not drought, its caterpillars, or floods, or something—always something to grieve about."

"That's hardly a fair statement," countered the farmer. "I've taken things like drought, bad seasons and occasional visitations of pests as they came, but this depression—"

"But you've got to look for depressions every now and then," argued the traveller. "You know from past experience that they come in cycles, just like the seasons. Why, they're inevitable."

"But how do you account for them?" said the farmer.

"Oh, they just come. I mean, just as there is a plague of grasshoppers every few years. You can't get away from experience, you know."

"Pardon me for intruding into this discussion," said the doctor, "but do you look upon a depression as an intervention of Providence?"

"Something like that. It seems they can't help coming. Sort of natural phenomenon, so to speak."

"Well, let us examine the situation. Take the last few years in Australia—and things were much the same elsewhere. We know the depression was worldwide, and we can recall the conditions pretty well. We've had hardly time to forget the circumstances. That's right, isn't it?"

"Too right," said the farmer. "I know I'll remember it for a long time."

"Well, for a start, did the land lose its productivity in such food-stuffs as wheat, potatoes and onions, cabbages, root crops or pastures to provide for stock?"

"No; these things were quite up to the average, at least."

"Did the crops rot? Did the wool fall from the backs of the sheep and so become a dead loss?"

"Not at all."
"Did cows cease to give milk? Or was the milk short of butter-fat?"

"No; none of these things happened."

"Were pastures and crops ravaged by plagues of caterpillars or grasshoppers just when they were ready for harvesting?"

"Not more so than usual."
"Did shearers, farm workers and other operatives go on strike so that all production was held up?"

"No; strikes were, perhaps, less frequent than usual."

"Did the inventive power of man fail? Did machines develop paralysis? Or did man lose his cunning in operating them?"

"Quite the reverse."
"Did coal resources fail? Did

coal and water power lose their electric potentialities?"

"No; electric energy is used more and more."

"Well, turn to raw material. Did trees cease to yield timber? Was there a shortage of cement? Could bricks no longer be made?"

"No; all these things were as plentiful as ever—if not more so."

"Well, turn to navigation. Did the boys of the bulldog breed (and boys of all the other species) lose their courage to go down to the sea in ships, so that goods could not be exchanged between nations? Or did winds cease to blow and engines fail for want of fuel?" "Can't say that they did." "Were men afraid to go down into the bowels of the earth to hew for coal? Did supplies of iron and steel become exhausted?" "No; it wasn't that."

"Well, take the human element again. Are mechanics nowadays of inferior calibre?"

"Bet your sweet life they're not! Look at the 'Spirit of Progress!'"

"Was it that land transport failed?"

"No; we have better roads and better motor trucks than we had before the depression hit us."

"Well, we've covered a rather goodly list of material things—the things that usually spell prosperity when they are abundant. And you are ready to admit that in none of these has there been a shortage?"

"There certainly has been no shortage of the things man needs. In fact, now that I come to think of it, I've read a lot about over-production of a lot of commodities. Why, they had to destroy a surplus of foodstuffs and other goods because they couldn't sell them!"

"Quite correct. And yet you regard the depression as an act of Providence! Does it not strike you that Providence has made rather a good job of its part of the business?"

"Well, when you put it that way—"

"Then, how do you put it?"

"Oh, they tell us that there is a cycle of depressions. And they seem to know what they are talking about."

"But who are they?"

"Well — University professors, politicians, directors of companies, bankers—"

"Exactly. And did it never occur to you that they might have a motive for trying to make people believe in these mysterious visitations?"

"Of course not. It takes experts to understand the finer points of commerce and production and exchange of goods. What are experts for but to guide us? But, look here, you've asked a good many questions. Let me put some to you. You haven't offered any explanation of the depression. Have you got one?"

"I have. Let me put it this way: Suppose we have an abundance of all the materials that man needs for his welfare and comfort. And let us suppose that a sum of £600 millions is circulating among the people of the Commonwealth, and that this is reasonably adequate for the smooth exchange of goods between producer and consumer. Then suppose that suddenly the amount of money circulating is reduced by some means to, say, £500 millions, would that, to your mind, explain why many people with goods to sell would fail to find buyers? Would that account for the existence of what you call over-production? In short, would that explain the depression?"

"I suppose it would."
"Well, believe it or not, something like that does happen periodically; and that, and nothing else, causes a depression?"

"Nonsense. There's something else in it besides that!"

"What else?"

"Oh, I don't know, but there's something else."

"Then, you place yourself in the illogical position of refusing

to accept an explanation that you admit would cause a depression, while blindly accepting a vague theory that has no valid or rational explanation behind it. I suppose you would resent being called superstitious?"

"I should say so! But, look here, didn't you admit that the depression was world-wide?"

"Yes, and so is the international financial power."

"What has the international financial power to do with it?"

"Everything. Here in Australia (and the same practice exists in other countries) we have about £55 millions of money created by the nation in notes and coin, while bank deposits stand at about £600 millions — the difference being money created by financial institutions through loans to Governmental bodies and private individuals, in the form of overdrafts. Every so often, the banks refuse to issue these overdrafts any longer, and, in fact, call in a considerable proportion of those already issued. That creates a shortage of money, and the slump has arrived."

"Ah! This is my station. Well, you're one of these cranks I've heard about, but I must say you have helped to make the trip seem short. I must ask my friend, Professor Dopeland, about these cranky ideas, and next time we meet— Well, cheerio!"

a little later on, as in this present instance with the *Argus* they criticise the same Governments for not spending. Yet they know very well that the spending power of Governments is limited by the criminally insufficient supply of credit doled out by the anti-social money monopoly.

The *Argus* was evidently not really sincere when it published the article under discussion, for if it had been, if it were really anxious that the victims of the epidemic should be afforded every possible chance of being permanently cured, it would attack the rotten, un-Christian money system that attaches greater value to symbols than to the welfare of crippled children.

And the mesmerised and seemingly submissive Australian people will have to put up with that system until such time as they exert themselves and demand of their political servants, their members of Parliament, that it be altered and made to reflect facts.

DOUGLAS MILES
Box Hill.

NATURE AND FUNCTION OF MONEY

The letter of Mr. C. Ellis, of 10/12/37, prompts me to make the following comments: The phrase, "monetary reform," is not a very satisfactory one to use in discussing the alterations needed regarding policy in finance.

Money is always (and should never be other than) a claim on goods—that is, it is merely a tallying device—and so, in a formal treatise, it is not wise to connect the ideas of money and value.

In ordinary conversation we speak of value as if it ranged roughly with the price of goods, but highly priced armaments are merely weapons of destruction, and should be considered as having negative value. In other words (a la Ruskin), bombs are "illth" and not wealth.

If money incomes are put into a bank for future use, it is not proper to consider this as an act of "saving." Standby money in the banks should not, on the average, change the rate of spending income money. If it does then some correcting factor is necessary.

Savings are only necessary in the community sense of keeping a standby of such commodities as can be safely stored in case of drought or disaster.

C. H. ALLEN.

Ashleigh Grove,
Millwood, S.A.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AFTER-CARE FOR THE PARALYSED

In a leading article in the *Argus* last week attention was drawn to the imperative need for the provision of proper after-care treatment for the unfortunate sufferers from infantile paralysis. It was pointed out that an amount of £90,000 was required to establish the necessary curative facilities, and that, as the paralysis epidemic was in reality a national emergency, the Victorian Government should, without any further delay, find the money and thereby give the afflicted children a chance to regain normal health.

The *Argus*, in writing in such a strain, revealed a rather curious attitude, an attitude that, in my opinion, smacks somewhat of hypocrisy. Being, naturally, in complete accord with the sentiments expressed in the article, one would ordinarily feel inclined to shower the highest praise on the *Argus* for ventilating such a vitally important public question, and for giving voice to what must unquestionably be the popular will in regard to it.

But the *Argus* made no mention whatever of the fact that the provision of the money was, or could be, the easiest part in the establishment of the proposed after-care treatment. And it is for this reason that I would accuse that journal of arrant hypocrisy. For the *Argus* is well aware that the requisite amount of credit (money) could be made available at once for such an urgent purpose by the simple process of making a few entries in the national ledger account. But that would necessitate the national control of credit, which the *Argus* steadfastly and viciously opposes.

It seems a terrible shame—indeed, it is a willful crime—that so many hundreds of our Australian children should be cruelly deprived of the opportunity to escape from an existence of paralysed torture. Apparently such an opportunity is physically possible of presentation to the young victims, but they are to be denied it because of artificial financial difficulties.

Our great dailies, and the *Argus* in particular, are notoriously self-contradictory in their editorials. At one moment they are fulmination against Governments for allegedly spending too much money, and then

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MELBOURNE (Cont.)

(Continued from page 3.)

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"WHAT I THINK OF THE CHURCHES TODAY"

The above article by Mr. W. Macmahon Ball, which appeared in the "New Times" of September 17, has elicited so much comment and brought so many requests for a reprint, that it has been reprinted by the "New Times" as an eight-page brochure.

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AUNT BERTHA'S LETTER

My Dear Little Tots,—I was so pleased to get letters from so many of you, and to find that, despite the incompetence of the medical profession, there are still some of you who have survived the infantile paralysis epidemic. Isn't it just too sweet? And I do hope that your luck will keep up.

I have not read much of the news in the papers lately, but I was very distressed to hear that the Japanese had shelled some English ships, wounded an English Ambassador in a useful part of his anatomy, and sunk an American gunboat. I hope that the Japanese will be compelled to make full apologies. You know, in 1914 these things might have precipitated a war, but we are more civilised now; and we think an apology is sufficient. But, please, little children, don't try and bring this into your own dear little lives; because, if you go out and dong little Johnnie Jones with a beer bottle, you might find that Johnnie's father has the money to go to law about it—and you may be in trouble. If you think that Johnnie's father isn't quite ready, then dong him by all means.

It was so sad to read that Judge Foster had occasion to talk in a paternal fashion to Dr. Ellis over the League of Nations. Personally, I think the League is up the pole, but what can we do about it? It stood by while Italy took over Abyssinia, and didn't have a word to say about the British attack on Waziristan, and now it seems to think that Japan ought to be left alone. Mind you, in view of all this talk at Geneva, I think that the members of the League may be right; because it was Sir Robert Walpole, I think, who said "Let sleeping dogs lie"; so I suppose, as far as concerns the delegates to the League of Nations, now assembled at Geneva, we ought to say, "Let lying dogs sleep." But I must say that the idea is lovely, and I am all on Judge Foster's side and I wish there were more like him, but at present the League seems to consist of persons who have a good time at our expense and who say, "War is forbidden." Of course, it is; and so were apples in the Garden of Eden. But if Judge Foster thinks he can make the League do something useful, he will have my support, and I can only say, "Good luck to him and them or it."

I read a most beautiful thing in the *Sun* a few days ago—the article stated that Lord Halifax, Lord Sankey, and Lord Hugh Cecil and a lot of other noblemen whose names I can't remember (except that I think the list included Lord Godelpus and Count Rendered) had told the Archbishop of Canterbury that the cost of missionary work must be decreased, and that the clergy should not get married until at least five years after being ordained. Don't you think it is just too sweet of these great men to take such an interest in missionary work? Some dirty skunk suggested to me that the result these noble lords desire might be obtained by the noble lords coughing up a few thousand quid, but I squashed him by pointing out that the *Sun* said that the noble lords were concerned with the financial and not the theological aspect of the question, and that was that.

I have been reading a most beautiful book entitled, "Hags Harvest," by Mr. J. B. Morton, but I was very angry with him because of the disrespectful way he speaks of politicians. Personally, I think that politicians are the finbody of men that money can buy, but Mr. Morton is rude enough

NOTICE

Will Milton L. Davey, now on holiday, or any reader knowing his whereabouts, kindly communicate with the Editor of the "New Times," who has information of importance.

ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN NOTES

VICTORIA

Nineteen hundred and thirty-seven is drawing to a close. To say that we are satisfied with the work accomplished during the year would not be true. To lapse into a state of mind that pats one on the back with, "Well done, my boy," is a sure sign of waning enthusiasm—a sliding into the realm of yawns, and "Why worry? We are doing all right." There is always the danger of enthusiasm reaching the stage of self-satisfaction, which rapidly becomes inactivity. Only a feeling of "so little done" and its pent-up urge are conducive to real activity. Still, there is the other side, which should be a correct balance to prevent a descent into despondency and the dampening of one's ardour. Evidence of progress, and the goal in sight, are incentives for increased energy. And, in all good faith, we can claim the satisfactions and the encouragements, given by these happy auguries.

The most positive indication of progress is found in the mind of the average casual contact. The idea of our objective has so circulated that rarely does one meet a person who is not conscious of it to some degree. He may not have heard of the U.E.A., but he is possessed of some of the principles of the Campaign to Abolish Poverty, showing conclusively that the idea is being passed from one to another. Then we find a distinct change in the socialistic basis of that great body termed itself Labor; even in the Communistic outlook. In fact, all reform bodies and political parties are showing a distinct tendency to adopt real democracy as the basis of their platforms. And that favourable change to a sound, *common* basis can be attributed to no other cause than the passing from one to

to say this, or something like it: "They blamed the members of Parliament for it—as though the poor, miserable puppets had the power to do anything even if they had the ability." Now isn't that low, and, besides, it is true, and, as the lawyers say, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," so if I were not addressing you dear little children, I would say, "To - - with him." And our dear Professor Wood Jones objects to having religion in a Melbourne university. I think he is quite right, because religious principles are a terrific handicap to a man who wants to get on in the world. I think personally that a man should be allowed one hour of religion on each Sunday in the week. He could take it out at a specified time—say, 10 o'clock, with his Sunday suit, and then park it for the rest of the week with the suit and the mothballs. But it was such a pity that the dear Professor didn't express his sentiments a long time ago, because then some of those busybodies who seem to imagine that people have some other purpose in life than attaining material prosperity might have given him a chance to demolish their arguments, but now, of course, he is going away. But isn't it funny how these Professors of Anatomy get such definite views on theological questions? There must be something very enlightening and illuminating about the intestines of rabbits and frogs; at any rate, the Professors seem to get very definite views, not only on those subjects, but also about the Supreme Being, who created rabbits and frogs and professors.

So now, my little loves, I leave you with the hope that you are all aware of the fact so frequently stated by our beloved Joe Lyons and our dear Dick Casey, that prosperity has returned. And even if Daddy can't get home from the sustenance camp for Xmas, remember that you will soon again hear from - Your loving

AUNT BERTHA.

another of the idea issued to the community through the U.E.A.

A fine boast to make—nevertheless, a little reasoning and observation will tell you it is true; and it is this considerable achievement that transforms the bitterness of "so little done" into the honey of "well done."

The United Electors of Australia wish each other a bright and happy Christmas, with a determination to enter the New Year girded with increased vigour. Dark clouds are gathering, and the atmosphere is heavy with destructive forces, but we know the chart, and it is our job to pilot and guide the people so as to circle the dangers and enter a state of peace and plenty. Before 1938 is spent, may it prove to be a happy year.

The Bridge Evening held in the Rooms on Monday evening last initiated a pleasant diversion from the serious side of the work. The social side of the movement has been neglected, which is a serious mistake, and more attention will be given to it in the future. The bridge evening provides the opportunity for good folk to meet and to know each other. It is deplorable to think that some stalwarts of the movement met for the first

time on Monday evening. Christmas coming along will naturally delay the thorough organisation of the bridge evening, which is intended to extend to the suburbs and country centres, but a successful start has been made and will be followed up. The next evening will be in the Rooms, McEwan House, 343 Little Collins Street, City, on Wednesday evening, December 22. Supporters are urged to come along and meet some of their co-workers, but to send their names in, so that tables can be provided. There were five tables on Monday, and the Rooms can comfortably place three more. Charge per player, 1/6.

Competitions.—Another innovation for the New Year will be a series of competitions—jumble-words and such like. Supporters will be given more detailed explanations after the holidays.

Miss Josie Robertson will attend a Home Meeting at Preston on Friday evening. On Saturday she will visit Werribee and arrange home meetings. During the holidays Josie will be in Sydney attending the Grand Rally of the Youth Movement. Also, she will be in close touch with Mrs. Budge, president of the Women's Movement for Social and Economic Research, of which movement Josie is secretary of the Victorian section.

WOMEN AS PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES

By LEONORA POLKINGHORNE.

But why women? Have not all Parliamentary candidates points in common? Are not the same qualities demanded in both? No. For instance, when a woman stood for the S.A. State Parliament in 1930, the women who were canvassing for her were asked such questions as, "Is she good-looking?", "Is she a good housekeeper?" Now, if a certain pulchritude were insisted upon in the Federal House, how many of them—that is, it is a good thing, isn't it, that canvassers for Federal candidates are not asked that question? In the instance quoted, one truthful lady responded, "O, well, not exactly, but she has a very nice face!" It does seem that a nice face has some value in the Legislature. We all remember how, when Cabinet was suspected of militaristic leanings, when threats of compulsory training and compulsory enlistment seemed to hover over the horizon, we were told to look at Mr. Lyons's face, and then ask ourselves whether it was the sort of face that favoured war. So some faces, not claiming to be handsome, have some value as window-dressing.

With regard to the second question, "Is she a good housekeeper?", some woman really ought to ask a canvasser if the candidate was a good gardener and if he brought his wife a cup of tea in the morning? Imagine such a gentleman in full flow on the soap-box, and an interjector breaking into his eloquent defence of Empire preference, collective security, or the necessity of adhering to the principles of orthodox finance with, "Yes, that's all very well, but have you cut the lawn and chopped the wood?" If the candidate should reply that such activities had no connection with his ability as a legislator, he might be told that it was his first duty to be a good husband, and that all others were of secondary importance. That is what the woman candidate is up against, anyway. Probably never has a woman stood on a public platform requesting the suffrages of the audience, but some man among them evinced a passionate concern for the condition of her husband's socks. It is difficult to understand such altruistic

solicitude, but it seems that men are very noble like that.

Even Mme. Curie

Even Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium, did not escape it in her first lecture to the Sorbonne after her husband's tragic death. The fact that she no longer had any socks to darn did not seem to affect the impropriety of her not doing them. One wonders what form the criticism would have taken when we all wore sandals.

As a matter of fact, it does not appear that any particular qualities are demanded of a male candidate for Parliamentary honours—not even honesty. But the whole beauty and glory of the party system lies in the fact that nothing is required for the plebiscite but strict adherence to party principles. True, it does sometimes happen that a man gets by who has a will of his own, and a few independent ideas, but the error is always rectified by getting him an Agent-Generalship or making him a chairman of some perpetual commission.

It is not so with a woman, for women are not herd-like. Indeed, it has been levelled at them in an accusatory way that they "have not the team spirit." They do not readily fall in line at the word of command. They persist in thinking for themselves, which, of course, is destructive to sound government. A prominent member of the Conservative party in South Australia summed up the general party view thus: "They (the women) are very useful at election times for canvassing, and all that, but, thank God, we have none of them in Parliament."

What Does Time Matter?

Wouldn't it be just too dreadful if *Parliament* were different from what it is! No; it seems that women are temperamentally unfitted for legislative positions. They can't be brought to see things the politician's way. Look at Mrs. Weber, for instance. Having passed the required standard of Parliamentary fitness by beauty and good housekeeping, what does she do soon after taking her place but protest against the waste of time by members over the reform of the Legislative Council? She said she thought that, having heard both sides and weighed

the evidence, they ought to have come to a decision. Think of that! No one can be a real politician if he or she has those ideas. What does time matter? There are some members of the House who scarcely attend at all till rung up for purposes of voting on a party measure. I am terribly afraid that if women succeeded in getting inside the sacred precincts, that many ancient privileges would be threatened, or, at least, challenged. No wonder the gentleman thanked God.

But he misplaced the thanks. He should have thanked the party system. He need not have feared that he would have been asked to include a woman in his party plebiscite. The women belonging to the Conservative section have their politics carefully handed out to them, and

When Bathrooms Were Taxed

When, in 1842, the first bathroom was installed in an American private house, the doctors of the U.S.A. became wildly excited over this startling event. Such ridiculous crankiness and mania for cleanliness could not fail to be the cause of pneumonia, tuberculosis, rheumatic troubles and what not.

So opposed were the medicos, that a year later the police in Philadelphia put a stop to all bathing between November 1 and March 15.

—"Social Credit."

imbibe them so meekly that they receive some painful shocks when they come in contact with non-party women, and learn something outside the carefully walled-in garden plot where they are kept.

Nor is there much danger of a woman getting in on a Labor ticket. At a recent Labor Women's Conference, the women bitterly complained that if such an attempt were made, it would be quite certain that the aspiring one would be allotted a district in which she could not possibly succeed. At the present moment there is a Democratic Women's Association in Adelaide, which aims at reforming the electoral system, preventing any interference with the Constitution without a referendum, and doing other things liable to disturb the peace of Parliament. This association is non-party, and intends to send a fair number of its members to contest the next State elections.

It is all very distressing; as it is certain that they will go about things in a way quite contrary to time-honoured precedent. I hear that they are pledged not to make a single promise to voters, nor to abuse their opponents. Another extraordinary feature of their programme is the careful study of past and present Acts of Parliament, with the quaint idea of fitting themselves to take part in debate and answer question? without asking for time to look the matter up.

But women always have been troublemakers. It is no wonder that there was so much opposition in the past to having them educated. If they had never learned to read, what a lot of trouble would have been saved!

Beam in the Church's Eye

At the autumn session of the Church Assembly, Mr. G. W. Currie will call attention to a report, prepared on the instructions of the Church Union, that the Church has been participating in ground rents of houses of dubious reputation morally in part of the London Bishopric Estate in Maida Vale and in Paddington, and "That on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners' Walworth No. 1 Estate near Lambeth Palace, "every house in one 'bad patch of property' from which ground rents are drawn seems to be infested with vermin."

—"Social Credit."